



David's Web Wonder

Ormand Family Activity

David's Recent Adventures

- [Sardinia Trip](#)
- [Huntsville in Spring.](#)

May 2007: Pima County Fair

Background

Every year, we try to take in either the Pima County Fair, or the Arizona State Fair. So far this year, we went to the County Fair with Charity's friend Rachael. Rachael provided two free-entry wristbands and a free parking pass, so I guess we'll let her tag along.

The first fun thing we did was arrive just before a serious rain squall hit. We came in, walked past the [KLOVE](#) singers and the Child Evangelism Fellowship [Wordless Book](#) booth, and had just come up to the old steam engine and antique tractor area when it started sprinkling. We walked a bit faster toward the display hall, and the sprinkles turned to rain. We had to dash the last few yards to the exhibition hall porch in a heavy downpour! That fast! So we poked around for about half an hour, dodging the leaky areas under the skylights, until the squall passed. Faith had bought a hair goober (hair clip, for the uninformed) with a little of her hard-saved money.

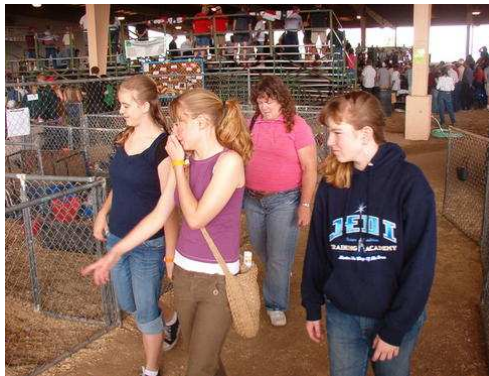
When we came out, it was all steamy for a little while, but the breeze quickly carried the mist away, and since we were close, and Rachael is an old 4-H hand, we went to see the animals.



Here's Charity as a Dog, Rachael as a Cow, and Faith as a Bunny.



Now Charity is the Cow, and Rachael as the Dog, and the two other sillies are enjoying this silliness.



Four cowgirls inspect the animals in the Livestock area.

Usually, we visit the livestock area, but we did two things we don't usually do:

1. Visit the bunny area, which for some reason is enclosed in a tent, perhaps for cooling purposes, and we met a new breed of rabbit that the rabbit breeders are trying to get recognized as an official show breed. Don't ask me what it was. Raising bunnies and pigeons and the like is fine for 4-H-ers, but the Fair is supposed to be about commercial animals; cattle, sheep, that sort of thing. No, don't ask me what breeds of cattle and sheep were present; I'm an engineer, not an agriculturalist.
2. Visit the horse stables. They've always been there, they've always been open, but we've never gone back there. Rachael is a horse person, so we had some additional impetus to inspect the dogfo^H^H^H^H horses in their stalls. Some of the horses kept whinnying; I suspected they were laughing at these silly girls.

After escaping from the livestock area, and taking an obligatory look at the Clydesdales, we went into the arts and crafts hall, where we looked at the paintings and drawings, hobby collections, fabric crafts, and such like. We spend way too much time playing with the "hands-on science" exhibits. Finally we leave, and we're ready for lunch.

I love eating at the Fairs; there's so many *different* things to get! The Gem of the Show is Piggly Wiggly's (not to be confused with the southeast US grocery store chain), with huge burgers or conie dogs, plates full of greasy fries, and "Blooming Onion" dishes. But we didn't do that; we did

pseudo-Mexican food and pseudo-Chinese food, and we sat in the Pig's dining tent to eat it.



Just about finished with dinner.



Charity is wondering just how much she wants to finish this bean burrito



Rachael scarfs an ice-cream cone



Faith is... well... Faith, after all!

With dinner down, and ready to come back up, we head for the Midway and the carnival rides!

I like Fairs. I like the exhibits, the events, the competitions, the shows. I hate the rides. I don't mind rides at amusement parks, where you pay at the door and you go on as many rides as you have time for. At Fairs, you pay an exhorbitant amount to go on *each* ride. It was worse this year; instead of buying tickets, in which case you can gauge how much you have left and whether the ride you are contemplating is worth it, now you buy a barcoded pass, and you have no clue how much is left on it until the ride attendant tells you you don't have enough to ride. I dropped \$160 for ride passes. Mommy didn't care for nearly all the rides. Rachael had a limited preference as well. Still, that \$160 didn't go very far. We all enjoyed the log flume ride. And I always like the giant Ferris Wheel.



The Pima County Fair from the top of the Ferris Wheel. The city is hidden below the desert expanse north of the Fairgrounds, and the Catalina mountains loom over all. There's still the clouds from the stormy day blowing overhead.



Mommy doesn't like Ferris Wheels, but she *does* like cotton candy. I spy you, Jerri!

We have spent all our ride tickets and too much money, so we leave the Midway and visit the last exhibition hall, where all the commercial booths are. It's interesting to see what people have to sell, and the interesting product ideas they have. This is one reason I prefer the Pima County Fair to the Arizona State Fair, because the latter is really more the Maricopa County Fair, and the exhibiting businesses are almost entirely Phoenix-based. Of course, here, the businesses are Tucson-based, and you can actually *deal* with them. Faith is moaning about having spent all her cash already, and trying to beg for more. Charity and Rachael purchased a graduation gift for a school friend.

So now it is time to leave, not having seen as much as I would

like, but having spent much more than I would like, but we have DONE THE FAIR! Looking forward to next year (and maybe brakes on the ride tickets...)!