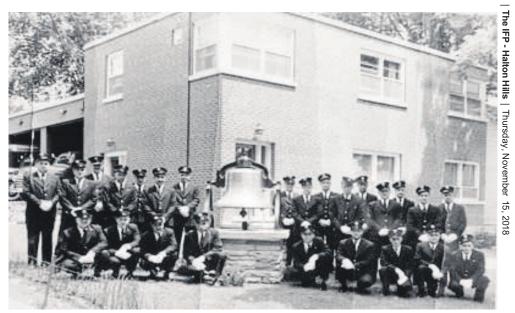
THE WAY WE WERE

Georgetown volunteer fire brigade members proudly pose at the new fire hall on Guelph Street at Chapel Street in1953. Organized in 1892, the Georgetown Fire Department became the Halton Hills FD in 1974. While this building is no longer used as a fire hall, it still stands at the corner of Guelph and Chapel streets. Halton Hills is now served by stations on Maple Street; 10th Side Road in Georgetown, and Churchill Road South in Acton. - Submitted by Heritage Halton Hills



EHS/photo

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OPINION

IT WAS JUST ME, HAMISH AND THE REMOTE CONTROL

DOG'S TASTE IN TV SHOWS REMARKABLY LIKE MINE, WRITES BROWN



TED BROWN Column

Hamish and I had the run of the house last week.

You see, The Sidekick was away for an extended weekend.

The description of the trip's events that I heard was something about a weekend of team building, strategizing and destressing to be better prepared for the office when they returned.

It seems, and I'm not sure how, I didn't fully catch the part about it happening in Florida.

And with The Sidekick purchasing a new swim suit, and the pedicure ... oh right, and the new suitcase - well, I might not have fully garnered all the facts.

Somehow, when I think of team-building retreats and strategizing - well, I instantly think of a wooded area with a nice log cabin, a crackling fireplace and a time to be at peace with Mother Nature, and in doing so, achieve the aforementioned goals of team building and all the other things one does at a log cabin retreat.

So, last Thursday morning, at the crack of dawn, The Sidekick and I gathered up three of her colleagues and I drove them to a meeting place where they would then catch a ride to Pearson Airport to board a plane bound for Florida.

Before leaving, she gave Hamish a hug and scratched under his chin,

saying her goodbyes for her four day "retreat."

Hamish gave her the obligatory happy tail wag, then looked up at me. I could tell he wasn't the least bit concerned.

He turned those big brown eyes in my direction, looked me in the eye and I could read his thoughts. "So, we've got the house to ourselves again for a few days, eh?"

I winked back "Yessir, puppy, it's all ours."

We were set.

Yup, just me, Hamish and the remote control-and four nights having the entire bed to myself!

When Hamish and I are home alone, we establish certain rules.

For starters, he spends a huge amount of time on The Sidekick's side of the loveseat where we sit to watch TV. Somehow that just doesn't happen near as much when The Sidekick's at home.

He can also nod off in minutes - actually, just like The Sidekick. And when the clock strikes at 10 p.m., he wakes, ready for his bed in the barn.

One time, when The Sidekick came back from Ottawa after a weekend visiting with her dad and brother, she asked me if Hamish missed her.

I joked and said that Hamish was just fine, and he slept like a baby, curled up beside me on her side of the bed.

OK, with experience being such a good teacher, I can honestly say that I will NEVER joke about that sort of thing again.

Over the years, we've found when she's away, Hamish and I usually pe-

ruse the television programming and organize our evening's selection of TV shows.

And I find it truly amazing that his taste in programming is virtually identical to mine.

Hamish loves all sorts of car shows, National Geographic programs and a liberal dose of DIY programs - just like me!

Geez, we're almost perfectly matched.

And with The Sidekick being away this time, I knew I'll likely be able to enjoy a "really good" vacation for both of us someday down the road.

You see, The Sidekick's "team-building" weekend exercise fell on November 10, the day before Remembrance Day. Both of us annually make it a priority to attend the Remembrance Day services, so she missed them.

But November 10 has another significance. It happens to be our

It happens to be our 11th anniversary.

And I can honestly say, I'll be able to play that card for at least a couple months.

In doing so, I might even "own" the television remote as well ...

Ted Brown is a freelance journalist for the IFP. He can be reached at tedbit@hotmail.com.

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