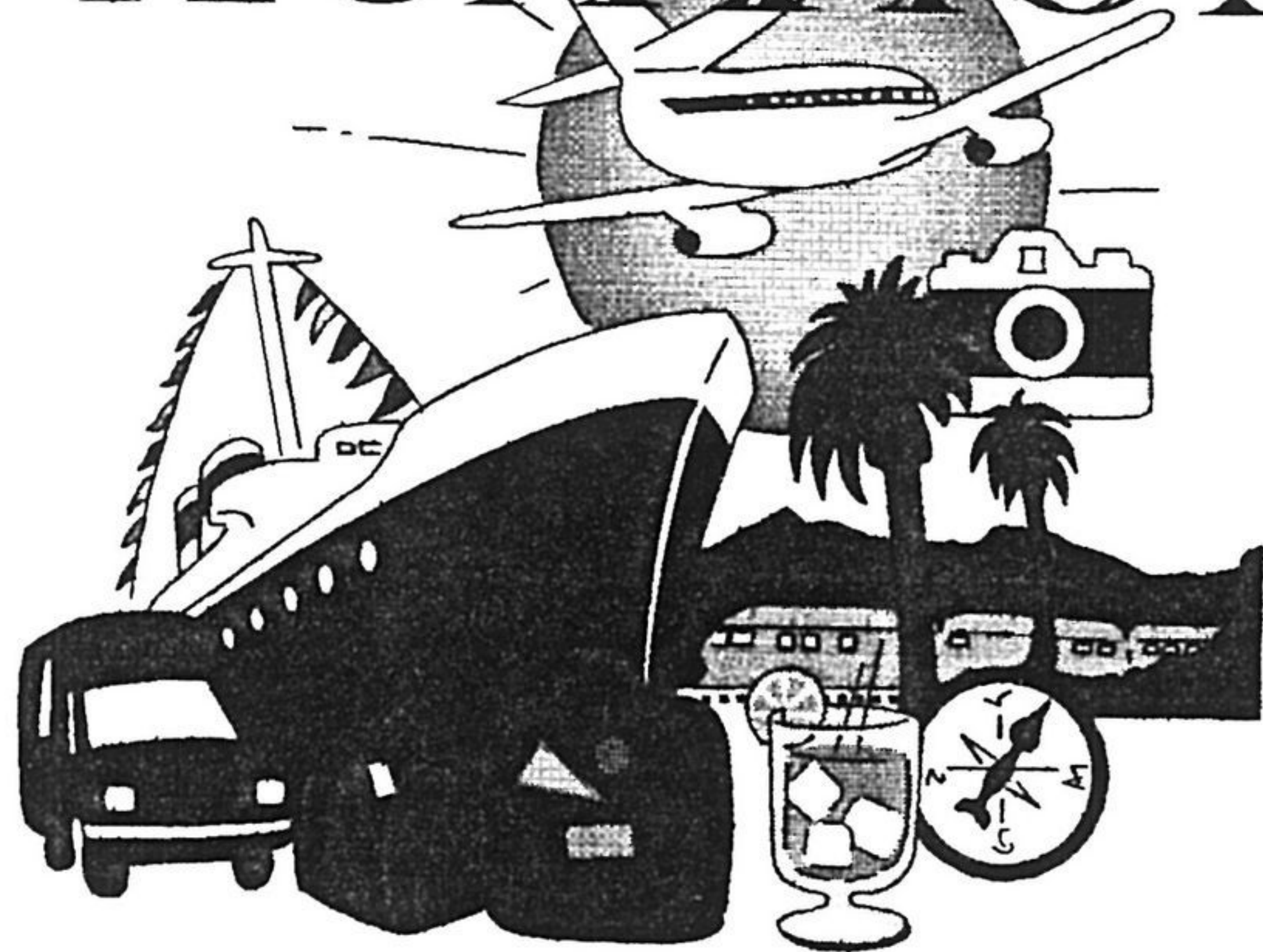


# VACATIONING



(WITH FRIENDS)

It sounds like a good idea, doesn't it? Take your vacation with some good friends so the memories and camaraderie can be enjoyed jointly. I don't think, by and large, it works that way. One summer when I was working in Montreal, we decided to rent a cottage on Lake Memphramagog for the summer with friends (call them Winston and Janine). We had two kids, one less than a year, the other about three. So did they.

Well! Our three year olds were in a possessive stage. MINE! MINE! I swear, they would fight over the ownership of grass on the lawn. We were treated to a never ending screaming battle. The kids slept in a bunkhouse over the main living area, and if one kid wasn't keeping the babies awake, the other kid was. When the three year-olds lapsed into an exhausted sleep, the babies started howling. The weekends were utter chaos. All told, it was a bad idea. After three week-ends, I said to my friend we had better schedule alternate weekends or we wouldn't remain friends. He agreed, and except for a few long weekends, arduous ones even though there few of them, we vacationed separately and it worked out fine.

Another time we shared a vacation in Florida with friends (call them Bill and Linda). No kids, just adults sharing good times, dining out, bridge, fishing and bird watching. We stayed in a luxurious home owned by a friend of my friends. When we arrived, the first discussion centered around which bedroom we would occupy. Now if it's just men, each guy wants the bedroom that is the most spacious and has the best view, and we'd flip coins to decide temporary ownership. But it's not just men. The women take an opposite view (surprise, surprise) and each want to give the other couple the best bedroom. Logical men will leave this discussion to the women, go

downstairs and have a stiff drink, the first of many.

When we arrived, the owners of the house were just leaving, and we were introduced to them, had a drink or two, wished them a pleasant trip back to Canada, and put away our "groceries". When Bill and I went downstairs to have the first drink of our vacation, I discovered that Bill had unpacked our liquor and put it in the liquor cabinet. He's an accountant so has a penchant for organization. The owner of the house (having met me and not being a fool) had locked the liquor cabinet before departing... not noticing our booze was carefully stowed away inside it, rightfully fearing we'd glom onto his booze..

I'm telling you, we tore the house apart looking for that key. "I know, he'd hide it in the kitchen cabinets!" "NO! It's in the master bedroom!" Fortunately an old guy lived next door who was reputed to be a retired gangster, and when he was appraised of our difficulties, came over and deftly picked the lock. A subsequent telephone call to Toronto revealed that the owner had not hidden the key, he'd attached it to his key ring and taken it back to Toronto.

*Continued on page 16*



*Relax in a quaint and cozy atmosphere*

*Join us for homemade soup, scones  
and delectable desserts  
Sample our specialty coffees and teas*

*Drop by and see our unique gift items*

279A Main Street  
Bloomfield, Ontario  
KOK1G0  
613-393-1450

*Spring and Summer Hours  
Tuesday thru Saturday 10:30am - 5:00pm  
Sunday - 11:00am - 4:00pm*