

OPINION

THE OAKVILLE BEAVER

467 Speers Road, Oakville, Ont. L6K 3S4
845-3824 Fax: 845-3085
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Ian Oliver Publisher

Robert Glasbey Advertising Director

Norman Alexander Editor

Geoff Hill Circulation Director

Teri Casas Office Manager

Tim Coles Production Manager

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EDITORIAL

The 'sweep'

In the final analysis, it really didn't matter who the Progressive Conservative candidate was in Oakville-Milton...or any of the other 293 ridings that didn't elect a Tory on Monday.

There was simply no way anyone wearing Conservative colors was going to overcome two main themes of the election—a simply terribly planned, poorly conceived and ultimately disastrous Tory campaign and of even more importance, the overwhelming hatred of Canadians for Brian Mulroney.

Political pundits, by their very definition, love to analyze elections to death but in this case it really only required the name of the former PC prime minister to make most voters bristle. It was an image that the Tories couldn't shake. And even though Kim Campbell tried to get all folksy during her campaign, she entered it with no clear objective and even more importantly, a road map to that objective.

And just like a campaign plane hopping from one area of the country to another, Campbell's campaign was erratic, the issues poorly articulated and one four letter word was missing from all of her speeches...hope.

From a Tory perspective, there are a couple of ways to look at the election. The first is that the crushing defeat means the end of the Progressive Conservative movement or worse, a complete merger with The Reform Party. The second is that dozens of ridings would have elected Progressive Conservative candidates, had it not been for the Reformers. That at least gives the Tories some hope (there's that word again) that if they can get back those traditional Tories who were successfully wooed by Reform, they will be in better shape to elect more members in four or five years. On the downside; if they fail to project a realistic vision for the country and offer a real alternative to the Grits and Reform, they will be doomed as a political force in the country.

The election for Oakville-Milton was much like that of 1974 when Dr. Frank Philbrook was pulled into Ottawa by a surging Trudeau Liberal sweep. In that election too, if you were a Liberal candidate, you were 'in'.

However, unlike that two-decades-old election, where the votes were divided between the two leading parties, the election of 1993 brought an entirely new element into play. There were upwards of 7,000 more votes cast in the riding over 1988 and if you add the number of votes garnered by Tory Ann Mulvale and Reform candidate Richard Malboeuf, you see that the election was anything but a clear statement of how voters will feel over the long term. Add Reform votes to the Tory total and get victory, split them and you have a Liberal landslide.

Our new Liberal MP Bonnie Brown ran a thoroughly professional and high-profile campaign and deserves the full support of all riding voters. If there is to be a new kind of government in Ottawa that is responsive to the people of Canada, it must be told how voters feel about issues like taxes and that information must come from our Member of Parliament.

But both our new MP and Prime Minister Jean Chretien should stop and think very carefully about what the results of the election mean. Canadians don't want smoke and mirrors; they don't want more taxation and they won't put up with excuses. And if Mr. Chretien chooses to ignore the new and highly-volatile political landscape in the country these days, he could find the new Liberal dynasty even shorter lived than the Tory majority government he supplanted.

WEEKLY POLL

Should the controversial plan to purchase new helicopters proceed?

Cast your ballot by calling 845-5585, box 5008 to vote.

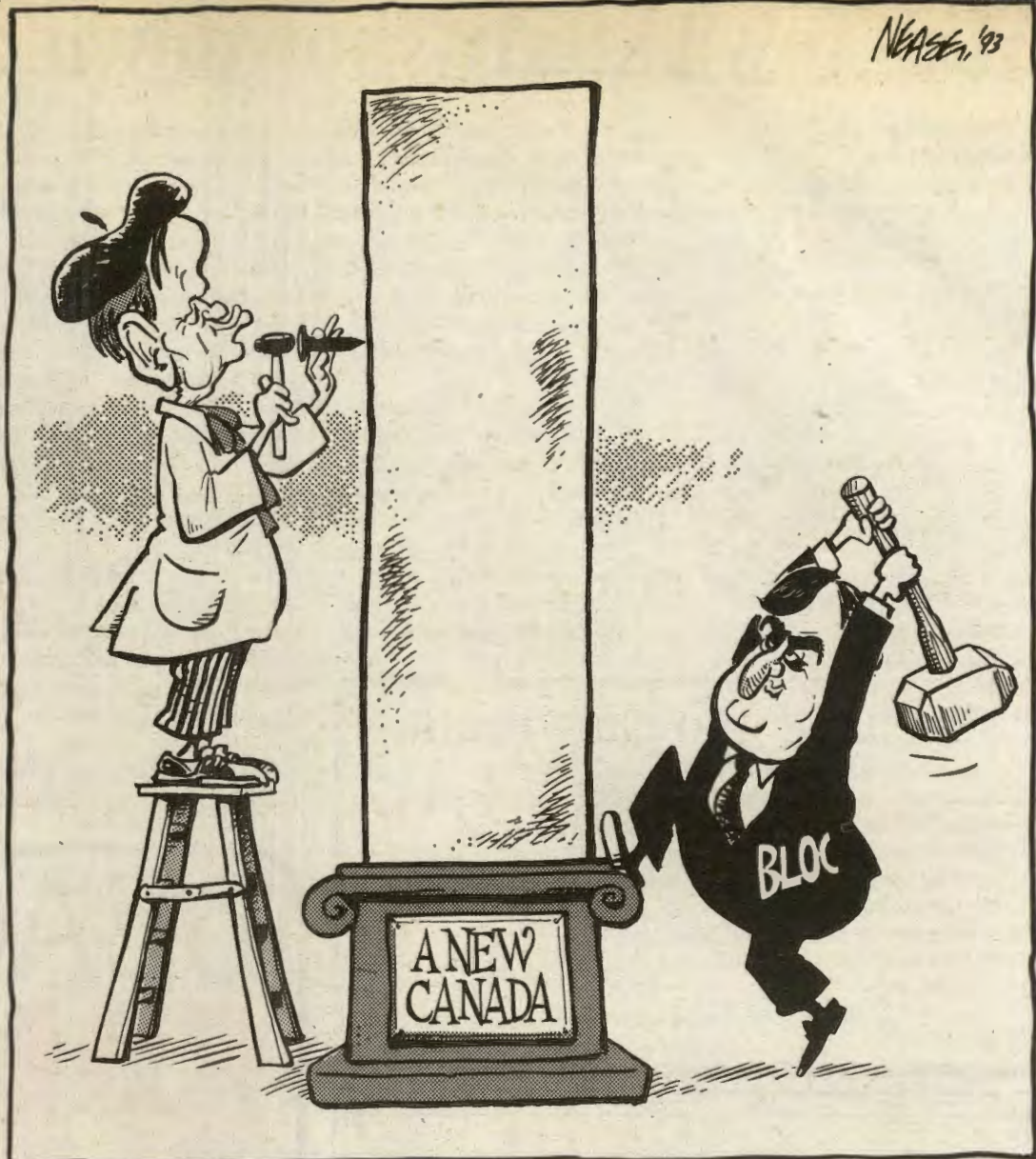
Callers have until 12 noon Thursday to register their vote.

Results of the poll will be published in the next Friday edition of the Oakville Beaver.

RESULTS OF LAST WEEK'S POLL

Are you in favor of a new bridge crossing the 12 Mile Creek?

Yes: 4 No: 28



COMMENT

You never know where you'll see 'go-go' boots

To market, to market,
To buy a fat pig.
Home again, home again,
Jiggety jig...

Of all the people short and squat, tall and thin, black and white, old and young, one woman stood out from the crowd. Perched precariously in white go-go boots that had seen better days, this older woman with bleached blond hair and a fringe jacket, too, had probably seen better days.

But she was fascinating to watch in the midst of a busy Saturday market, weighing out her produce with all the shrewd deliberation of a true market veteran.

Beside her, a man with faltering English pointed to the octopus he wanted and insisted that it be thrown together with the four salmon steaks cut from the large salmon sitting on the flat board.

I love the market on a Saturday morning. I love the noise, the colors, the smells; I even love the way people will line up patiently just to grab some tangy old cheddar or some magnificent chevre.

And I suppose it no longer amazes me what exactly people will arrive in when they go to the market. Be it running shoes or sandals or even go-go boots, we all have one purpose — the blissful celebration of market shopping on an early Saturday morning.

The entire experience of slinging the ubiquitous canvas bag over your shoulder and browsing among all the mounds of fresh food differs enormously from the



run of the mill grocery shopping.

Where grocery shopping can be an ordeal, market shopping is an event.

It can transport you, on a rainy weekend, to the fragrant stalls of another country; another time.

And at this market in Hamilton, it is one of life's simply joys to wander about the area filled with the sounds of different languages, different people and different food.

Outside Bud's coffee shop, a lone potato falls off a massive pile with a sign showing a special price. Sweet grapes on special, bananas for .29 cents, piles of eggplant, rows of olive oil, flats of farm fresh eggs all sit beside each other. One little guy wanders by, a pineapple tucked under his arm.

Over on the ramp there is a stall selling Turkish coffee and baklava and rows and rows of various olive oils. Homemade elderberry pie is just a few short stalls over, past the mounds of apples, the piles of fresh garlic and bags of mushrooms.

The tomatoes, the kind I haven't seen since August, were spilling out of baskets on the floor.

I suspect many of us who are

there gleefully stuffing our bags with all sorts of goodies tend to try to recapture the joy of shopping at other outdoor markets.

Like the woman who was picking a little of this and that — some scallops, some shrimps, some piece of fish... "Bouillabaisse tonight?" we asked, as her treasures were being carefully weighed and tallied up by hand behind the crowded counter.

"No," said she, with a sigh. "To make real bouillabaisse, you have to see the Mediterranean from Marseilles."

Well, perhaps. But sometimes a craving for fish stew will overcome all and rise, this time, from the humble origins of a kitchen in Ancaster. Eat your heart out, Marseilles.

We now make it a point to go market shopping with the kids every so often. They have a great vantage point on our shoulders and when they weary of our oohs and aahs, we stop for awhile and watch the people go by.

And so we stop for a moment outside Bud's coffee shop, the one where a petition is mounted on the wall calling for a ban on any profits made by criminals on the publication of their crimes. We sit, content to do some serious people watching.

And the woman in the go-go boots? I spotted her, loaded down with canvas bags filled to the brim and teetering up the ramp towards the exit. Never let it be said there is a dress code for the market.