

# stouffville comment

## Quebec quota not a valid argument

It seems one of the main concerns with the constitutional reforms is the fact Quebec will receive one quarter of the seats in the House of Commons.

This comes down to a question of not merely demographics, but prejudice.

What about the seats that have been guaranteed since 1867 for PEI. There are four. Who is objecting to this guarantee? What of the guarantee for the territories? Why is there no objections being voiced here?

One or two extra seats for Quebec will not matter one iota in the implementation of government policy, as no one party is ever likely to hold all 25 per cent of the province's seats. This argument is akin to two small children who have each received a gift. One is always going to think the other has the best of the bargain. However, what is best for Canada would be to set aside prejudices and vote with a clear head.



## You never forget your first turkey.. unfortunately

Your never forget certain things.

Your first car. Your first airplane ride. Your first kiss. And your first turkey.

This past weekend, I learned from my mistakes and decided my parents house was a much option than trying my own hand at a bird once again.

Last year, however, was a different story. There was much ceremony when I made the decision to serve up a 10 pounder last Thanksgiving to a bevy of friends who, for the most part, were spending their first holiday away from family.

Acting as surrogate father would be fun, I suggested to my wife, who had reservations

We had made chicken with stuffing, and had stuffed manicotti, but never a big bird.

I offered to do it all, right from the yams to cranberry sauce.

Kim reluctantly agreed, but with one watchful eye on the kitchen when the fateful day came. I made bread sauce, corn on the cob, carrots (with a honey glaze no less), chilled the wine, heated the rolls, whipped the potatoes and generally had a ball doing it.

Until it came to the bird.

I used my mother's world famous stuffing recipe, but having never stuffed a turkey before, I made my first mistake when I molded the breadings, eggs, spices and sausage into a



big, wet ball. I found out later, you don't knead stuffing, and you don't make a ball out of it.

That is usually the way it looks when it comes out of the oven, so I thought no more about it. I salted the bird's insides, laid aside the gizzard and all those other nasty bits for the gravy and the cats, and set about stuffing the turkey.

After I had jammed it with the wet, gooey ball, the cavity was only about half full.

Not enough. I made another big, wet ball, and pushed it into the turkey.

At this point, Kim came in to check my progress. Mistake number two came when I shoed her out immediately, spouting off about how well it was all going. (I didn't want her to think I was making a pills of the whole thing because I was short on stuffing.)

Into the oven went the bird, and for 20 minutes a pound, I basted, primped and carefully spiced my creation, giving it all

the attention of a small child.

Company arrived, wine was served and at the appointed time, with much ceremony, out popped the bird. With a flourish of the electric knife, I set to carving while oohs and aahs came from the dining room.

"There's no meat on this bird!" I screamed in horror. It was true. Skin, broasted golden brown, and under that were bits of stringy flesh and then just bone. I was crestfallen. Kim came in, and quickly discovered mistake number 3.

"You've cooked it upside down," she said.

We sent out for pizza.

## Want to achieve perfect hair?

Want to know how to achieve perfect hair?

Arrange to have it cut off, permed or otherwise chemically enhanced and, hours before your date with destiny, it will undergo a miraculous transformation. My hair always goes wrong until the day I'm due to have radical surgery performed on it.

Suddenly it shines more brightly than a shirt washed in Sunlight, hangs more beautifully than an original Chanel, has more body than Arnold Swartznegger and exudes more bounce than Tigger.

But I've made the appointment and, in any case, it doesn't usually look like this. Thus, previous experiences notwithstanding, I go ahead. My first thought as I emerge from the salon is that I didn't get what I asked for. Then I arrive home and look in the mirror. The hair's right, it just looked



a lot better on the model in the magazine than it does on my head. And while my hairdresser can achieve that artfully tousled look, my attempts at the same studied disarray suggest that I have just been dragged through a hedge backwards.

Fortunately, the angst engendered by self-inflicted hair woes lessens with age. While I can live with the fallout from a rash change of style, however, my children are less easily mollified.

Mornings start early, at Chateau Gilderdale. By 6:30, my son is desperately trying to gain control over his hair with a dollop

of mousse the size of a compact car. It won't go right and he begins to lose his temper. My husband, who spends about two seconds combing his own thatch, is unsympathetic, particularly in view of the fact that another of his combs has disappeared, and he has a pretty good idea of the culprit's identity.

A few heated words are exchanged. Exit son, hurling the last remaining comb, while my husband mutters darkly about priorities and the crass selfishness of youth.

Meanwhile, my daughter is in her bedroom, spraying her crowning glory into submission and rendering the air unbreathable in the process. Now if only what was inside their heads received the attention lavished on that which is on on top, their wit and wisdom would be enough to make any one's hair curl.

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