

# Comment

## Quebec's ties must be made unbreakable

The country is breathing a collective sigh of relief.

Quebec has voted to remain in Canada, but the margin was no great victory for the No side.

This leaves the door open to a similar process in the very near future.

Canadians must push their representatives in government to strengthen our national constitution to prevent another attempt to break up the country in the future.

It is an act of treason, no matter how you look at it. Quebec is not a separate entity within this country. It is not an autonomous body, despite what Parizeau and his ilk would have many in that province believe. Quebec is part and parcel of Canada. It has unbreakable ties with this nation.

Will we have to endure another assault on our nation again? Something must be done to prevent demagogues like Parizeau from attacking our stability again. He has now proved himself to be a

power hungry tyrant with no regard for or tolerance for others.

We are very fortunate to live in this country. The first job of the No force

must be to convince those ignorant enough to have voted Yes of that fact.



## Our Canada includes Quebec despite Neverendum

We pulled our goalie and stormed the net to save the country.

I know I know you're sick of going to the rink. None the less, we scored a razor blade victory. I like to think I was part of it.

On Friday, armed with a love of Canada and a belief that you can't lose if you try, I stood shoulder to shoulder with 175,000 Canadians in Montreal's Place Du Canada and did the one thing I do well: I cried.

Crying for Canada may be un-Canadian. Having a 20-year veteran of the media wave the flag and bawl like a baby may be unprofessional.

Sue me, gag me, taunt me, fire me. I don't give a flying hoot. As of now my friend, we'd better recognize. The stiff upper-lip approach to Canada is over. We have a new country. The new Canada, born at the stroke of midnight Monday was conceived at high noon on Oct. 27 in the little park in Montreal. The new Canada is a firm but fair love-child. It was a difficult birth. There were too many doctors and too few nurses. It was breach, forceps were used and, as we all know, it was darn near still born. I found out early Thursday that Canada's Mr. Fish (MP Brian Tobin) was organizing a rally in Montreal.

This was the deal. Canada was to drop what she was doing, head to Montreal and tell Quebecers three things. Thing One: We love you. Thing Two: Don't go. Thing Three: If you go, close the door behind you.

It took me six seconds to rearrange my life. It was Montreal



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or Bust. Since I was on a three-day vacation, I called an area MP and volunteered to help get Durham residents to Montreal.

Within hours, we filled 20 buses in Durham. With the buses full, car pooling was next on the agenda. I linked strangers with strangers. I put two university

students in a senior citizen's car, a plumber and his wife in an accountant's car, a French Canadian family of five in a van driven by a German-born piano teacher. And, on it went.

Except for a love of Canada, the Montreal-bound had zip in common. The direction given was: pack your lunch, your passion, your good will and don't forget your manners. Shore up the 'NO' vote and while you're at it, respect the 'Yes' camp.

When we boarded the bus at 5:30 a.m., we were heading into the unknown. It was like jump-

ing out of an airplane for the first time or trying to catch a greased pig. There were plenty of what ifs.

What if the Quebecers didn't want us? What if it backfires? What if Louis Riel rolls over in his grave? What if he doesn't?

Outside of Kingston, we got a taste of things to come. People stood on bridges and waved flags. Others lined the roadside and cheered us on.

While organized in less than two days, we were about to make up the largest assembly in Canadian history.

Once at La Place Canada, I was

overcome with the splendor of it all. I was standing smack dab in the middle of a miracle. While we were a nation in question, it was still Canada's finest hour. Canadians took matters into their own hand. I saw us save ourselves.

Yes, the vote was a cliff hanger. Yes, the outcome is a wake up call. Winning by the skin of your teeth is scary. We feel bruised and perhaps worried that we will always be in Neverendum Land.

Still, we, including our beloved Quebec, stand together. Canada remains the finest nation in all the world.

## Give me black jeans and Docs anytime

If someone asked me to describe my approach to fashion, I guess early bag lady would cover it nicely.

During my checkered fashion career, I have worn hooped petticoats, hot pants, platform boots, shiny red clogs, pedal pushers which required surgical removal and drainpipe jeans. In my young day, posh occasions called for duster coats, boringly smart beige shoes with modest heels and flower print dresses in pastel prints (distressingly reminiscent of the nursery).

Funky was not a word which sprang to the lips of fashion editors anywhere until I was past my prime, so when I finally came out of the closet, I went ballistic. Now I commit every fashion crime in the book.

As I idle my time away at that oxymoronic locale, the supermarket express checkout, I flip through magazines with snuffy articles by experts (usually self-

absorbed men with expert hair-weaving jobs, wearing real Rolexes) which advise me that my mode of dress is just not appropriate to my advanced years.

Anyone over 30, they admonish sternly, should dress in the chic but sober manner to which only lottery winners can afford to aspire. Elderly fashion-challenged baby boomers are advised to eschew leggings, too much jewellery and anything remotely youthful or cheap.

This year, we are being exhorted to emulate Jackie O or Audrey Hepburn, but I've already been there, done that, when I was young. If I was expected to look 40 when I was 14, now that I'm of a certain age, it's time to reclaim my long lost youth.

Forget prissy little shift dresses in powder puff pink with hemlines which hover discreetly on the knee, or pillbox hats, or



kate gidigan

tasteful clutch purses with matching pumps. Give me skinny black jeans, Docs and a leather bomber.

Give me leggings and oversize tops, many of which have been purloined from other members of the household.

Elegant hip length jackets in virgin wool, retailing at \$300 and teamed with an equally expensive demure wool skirt, are not an option for this fashion dropout, ditto those understated yet classy \$150 black pumps.

If you're talking sartorial finds, consider my current favorite: poor boy shirt, a soft cotton in sable brown, originally the top

half of a pair of a boy's black polo pajamas, which I bleached to see what would happen.

A must-have staple of my motley collection of clothing, it cost a princely \$9 (including the bottom half which has mysteriously vanished). Tucked into a pair of \$29.99 black jeans (I bleached the budget on these) (this amusing little number from the late lamented House of Woolco is the epitome of small town savvy and is equally at home in the cowshed or on assignment at a maple syrup festival).

Of course, the world of business and commerce will be forever denied my expertise, on account of the fact that I couldn't afford to the clothes required for office work, but at least I can provide a sterling example of how not to dress for success.

Dolly Parton once remarked "You'd be surprised how much it costs to look this cheap." She should have consulted me.

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