THE CANADIAN CHAMPION

Box 248, 191 Main St. E., Milton L9T 4N9 878-2341

Toronto Line 821-3837 Fax - 878-4943

Classified Advertising: 875-3300

Neil Oliver

Advertising Director/

General Manager

Jane Muller

Karen Huisman Circulation Manager

Teri Casas

Office Manager

Tim Coles

Production Manager

The Canadian Champion, published every Wednesday and Friday at 191 Main St. E., Milton, Ont., L9T 4N9 (Box 248), is one of The Metroland Printing, Publishing & Distributing Ltd. group of suburban companies which includes: Ajax/Pickering News Advertiser, Aurora Banner, Barrie Advance, Brampton Guardian, Burlington Post, Collingwood Connection; Etobicoke Guardian/Lakeshore Advertiser, Georgetown Independent/ Acton Free Press, Kingston This Week, Lindsay This Week, Markham Economist & Sun, Mississauga News, Newmarket Era, Oakville Beaver, Orillia Today, Oshawa/Whitby This Week, Peterborough This Week, Richmond Hill/ Thomhill/ Vaughan Liberal, Scarborough Mirror, Today's Seniors, and Uxbridge/Stouffville Tribune.

Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of a typographical error, that portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, together with a reasonable allowance for signature, will not be charged for, but the balance of the advertisement will be paid for at the applicable rate. The publisher reserves the right to categorize advertisements or decline.

A civil pay equity formula

Spend your way out of debt. Kick-start the economy. If you or I tried this approach the banks would seize our assets and the courts would take our children and force us to undergo psychiatric therapy.

Think about it. You have a family income of \$50,000 a year but you're up to your eyeballs in debt and your job is in jeopardy. What do you do? Do you buy a new car and install a swimming pool — create jobs? If it's right for the government why isn't it right for us?

The only ways to save money is to spend less than you earn. The only way to reduce costs is to reduce spending. Why can't the thickheaded bureaucrats figure this out?

Our government's idea of reducing costs is to lay off the little people. Knock off the guy at \$15 and hour who cleans the road, fixes the broken water mains or delivers the mail. You know, the guy who actually does something. What about the slugs? Why does government have one management staff for every two or three workers?

Why are the salaries and benefits of these people the best in the country?

Why does our federal cabinet require twice as many cabinet ministers as the U.S. President?

Are these people really that inefficient? We know they are too expensive but not one political party at any level has been able to do anything about it.

Here's the solution.

Cut their salaries by 25 per cent. No more of these 0 per cent and one per cent hold-the-line budgets. If they don't like the results they can try the real world where they will find that few of them will come within 50 per cent to 70 per cent of their current incomes — that is if they can find a job.

Cut 25 per cent in pay and benefits to all the M civil servants earning more than \$30,000 a Tou year — no layoffs or firings. It's time for a lit-tions.



the reverse pay equity. The private sector has borne the brunt of this recession and the public sector has benefitted. Zero increases are not good enough. If everyone does at least the same job, that's a 25 per cent increase in cost

performance (productivity).

All previous attempts at reducing government costs have been bandaid solutions to a major hemorage. The private sector needs some breathing space to catch up with government expenditures.

The objective should be that everyone keeps his or her job, even at reduced income, until economic recovery is a reality and not a figment of some overpaid economist's imagina-

This scenario could actually be realized in the public sector with undoubted gnashing of teeth, strikes, petitions and who knows what other forms of revolt. Is this reality? Is this what we have to do? Give me a better idea.

In talking with many civil servants over the past number of weeks, not one disagreed that there is an overabundance of fat at the top mether that be at the school board's limited pleasure palace? or the Region's "green be monster". Even Prime Minister Mulroney said at the civil service is too big and promised to reduce it. Instead it grew.

The chiefs outnumber the Indians and we need a Boston-style tea party and not more of the Mad Hatters.

Tough times, tough problems, tough solutions.



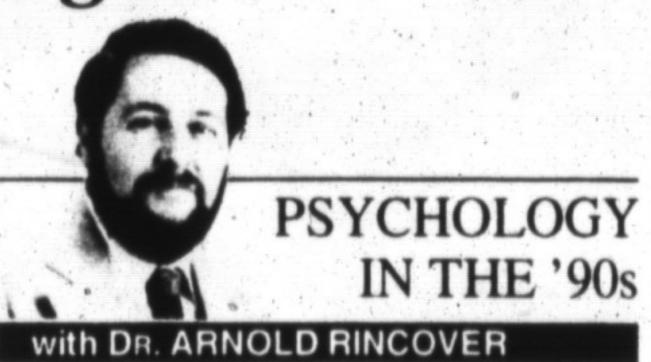
How to spot eating disorders

Eating disorders are more prevalent and more widely recognized than ever before. One, however, is not very obvious and difficult to detect, though its effects can be traumatic.

Bulimia, most common in teenage girls, involves an obsession about food and body weight. The bulimic will typically "binge" and then "purge" — stuff herself with incredible quantities of high-calorie food and then get rid of the food through the use of laxatives or self-induced vomitting. Bulimics can consume as much as 50,000 calories of food at one time, and may purge several times per day.

Bulimia is very difficult to detect because these girls have a more realistic view of a normal body weight and manage to lead what looks like a relatively normal life, including boyfriends and going to restaurants. Bulimics also maintain a relatively normal weight and appearance.

We have learned that bulimia can kill. First, the bulimic may see blood in her vomit or stool, then experience more and more frequent dizzy spells. Other warning signals include low blood sugar, unbalanced electrolytes, even calcium or potassium deficiencies. Instan-



taneous death can occur, though it is rare, from internal bleeding or a heart attack.

Psychological problems are prevalent in bulimics. Feelings of inferiority, loss of friendships, obsessive thoughts about food and hiding the binges/purges, fears of virtually any social or group situations, especially those where food will be served, will cause chronic, daily stress in the bulimic's life and prevent or destroy most social relationships.

Fortunately, there are treatments for bulimia, ranging from counselling, support groups (Overeaters Anonymous) and psychotherapy, to hospitalization. It is possible, though not easy, to beat this syndrome. First, however, the problem must be identified.

A special report, Helping Children Through Crisis, edited by psychologist Lewis Lipsitt at Brown University (1988), lists specific signs that parents can look for if they suspect a child may have bulimia.

1. Look at how often, how much and what she eats. Does she eat a big breakfast at 8 a.m. then have a snack at 9 a.m.? Does she eat an extrememly large amount of food at one sitting? Does she eat predominantly sweets or carbohydrates?

2. Is she obsessed with thinness or irrationally afraid of fatness?

3. Does she have a scar on her hand? Look above the knuckles on her first three fingers for redness and scratches. If she is throwing up frequently, her fingers and knuckles will probably be cut or scraped by her teeth.

4. Does she have stained or spotted clothing? The bottom of skirts and the shoulders are good places to look after she comes out of the bathroom. There may be water splashes in these areas.

5. After returning from the bathroom, is she teary-eyed, flushed in the face, or have wet hair? She will often clean herself off after vomitting, while the redness, teary eyes and flushing result from the physiological stress her body goes through when vomitting.

6. Does she have a chronic sore throat or are her teeth in a state of decay? This often results from excessive vomiting.

7. Does she abuse diuretics or laxatives?

If several of these signs are present you should immediately consult with your family doctor or a therapist/counsellor who specializes in eating disorders for advice on how to handle it with your child.

Coping on a cruise: when it's too late to abandon ship

"I survived a Caribbean cruise." I should have those words printed on a T-shirt.

Sadly, I was not an ideal candidate for a cruise. Firstly, there's the fact that one has to spend time on a ship (a moving one, no less). Since I get motion sickness on a swing, I was extremely anxious about being at sea.

Actually, I fared well in that respect. Apart from one evening near the end of the cruise when the sea was a little rough, I managed to keep my meals down. Since it turned out to be such smooth sailing, I was surprised that for several days after the trip, I felt dizzy and disoriented.

As soon as the library opened on our first day at sea, I borrowed two books but soon discovered that cruising along was a sensation uneversal similar to motoring along in a car and my eyes and stomach quickly rebelled at the written word. So much for my plans to get caught up before on some reading and writing. All was not lost; had be hubby read both books with no problem.

While I am aware that cruises can differ, this particular one would appeal to people who like to party, sunbathe and shop. I do none of those.

It astounds me that in 1993 people are still eager to cook their skin in the unrelenting sun. Are tans still so socially acceptable? Some of the passengers lost a day or more of their holidays because of overexposure.

And then there's shopping. Before we'd us. reach a port, the cruise director would inform P

ON THE HOMEFRONT

interested passengers of bargains they would find at each of our stops. Hubby and I, meanwhile, scooped up the first t-shirts we came across and packed them away for our kids

Our other shopping excursions were equally unevenful. Even before we boarded the ship at Ft. Lauderdale, hubby was rushing around that Florida city in search of superglue. Only hours before, when we were at the Toronto hotel, he had bitten open a packet of coffee at the same time breaking a front tooth off his top denture. And his glue was at home in his briefcase.

At Grand Cayman Island, we found the nearest drugstore for bandaids to cover toe blisters. It must have been that six-mile hike through town and along the beach. We also tracked down a store that the locals frequented where I bought a spool of red thread to repair the strap on my backpack. No exquisite perfumes, unique jewellery or other treasures for us.

Partying turned out to be one thing hubby

and I did not have in common. He was in his element socializing (and spending money) at the casino or in one of the ship's bars. He also found his way poolside for dancing and hog calling. He came third for his memorable call, winning a genuine leather bookmark bearing the ship's name.

I, on the other hand, strolled around the deserted Promenade Deck then headed for our cabin, sitting at our picture window and gazing out at the sea and starry sky, catching a movie on TV, or making an early night of it.

I made a major mistake in ordering vegetarian dishes for the evening meals. They turned out to be boring and unimaginative—vegetables every night swimming in a non-descript tomato sauce. And it took me half an hour to eat the enormous bowl of salad presented to me nightly. I never thought I could grow tired of salads. Obviously, the chefs had never heard of rice, beans and grains. Needless to say, I didn't pack on any pounds.

I could have exercised off any unwanted fat in the fitness room that featured the latest in weight equipment and exercise machines. Instead, I chose the aerobics classes. Trying to follow the fancy footwork and complicated arm movements proved to be challenging.

I'm back home now, enjoying the crispness and freshness of an Ontario winter that I now realize I prefer over the stifling heat of the tropics. And I'm none the heavier and none the darker, just a little wiser.