

LONG-TIME SCHREIBER RESIDENT DIES

SCHREIBER — A long-time Schreiber resident and World War I veteran, Hugh Stewart, 69, died Tuesday in a Sudbury hospital where he had been taken three days earlier.

Born in Carleton Place, Ont., he came to Schreiber as a child and had lived there since.

At outbreak of World War I, he enlisted with the 94th Regiment here and served overseas throughout the war. He was one of the Vimy veterans honored each year by Royal Canadian Legion Branch 109, of which he was a member.

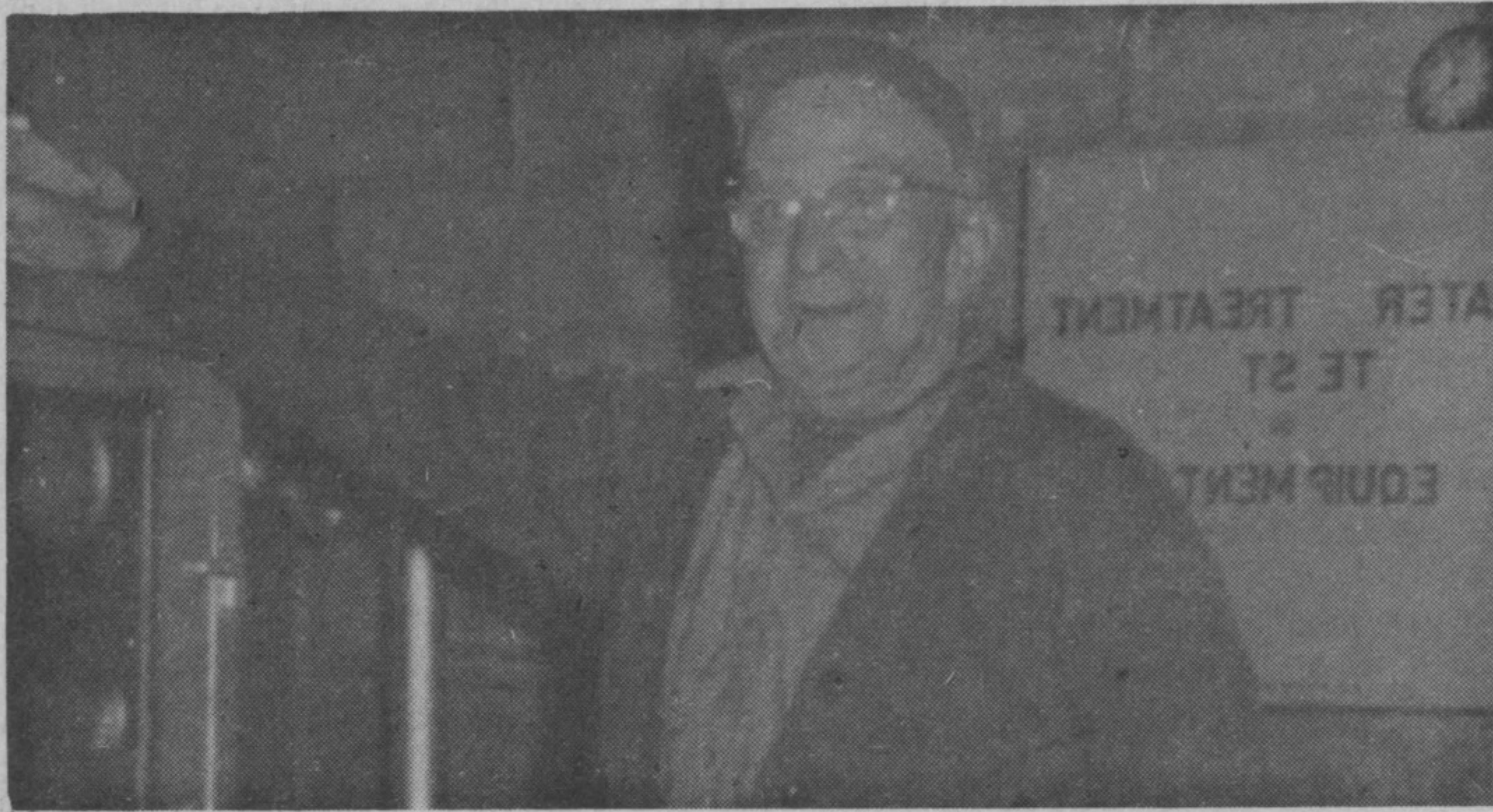
He was apprenticed at the CPR shop in Schreiber, became a machinist and retired in that capacity five years ago.

Mr. Stewart was a noted musician and could play the trumpet, cornet and saxophone. He performed in many bands and orchestras.

He was also one of the original volunteer fire brigade at Schreiber and helped construct the town's first fire truck.

Mr. Stewart is survived by his wife, the former Elma Caldwell; three sons, Donald, Terrace Bay; Brian, Duncan, B.C., and Robert, Ottawa; one daughter Sally (Mrs. Ray Cote), Espanola; eight grandchildren: two sisters, Miss Juanita Stewart, Port Arthur and Joan (Mrs. David Rooney), Fort William.

Funeral services will be held in Schreiber.



In addition to the many friends in the immediate district attending the service were the following: Robert Stewart of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Caldwell of Ottawa, Mrs. Joe Sloan of Mitchell, Ontario, Mr. and Mrs. D. Rooney and family, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Rooney of Fort William, Miss Juanita Stewart of Port Arthur, Brian Stewart of Duncan, B.C., Mr. and Mrs. Ray Cote of Espanola, Mrs. Jack Hepburn of Fort William, Mrs. J.V. Moore of Dryden and Bill Johnson of Fort William.

LEGION ZONE MEETING HELD IN SCHREIBER

Zone 82 of the Royal Canadian Legion held a meeting in the Schreiber Branch on March 16th with Peter Laushaway, zone commander, presiding.

The zone is comprised of four branches - Manitowadge #242, Marathon #183, Terrace Bay #223 and Schreiber #109, each branch holding four meetings annually. At this occasion, much of the business discussed concerned the support of work for Retarded Children's Schools.

There were three representatives from each branch attending, and following the meeting, supper was served by the Schreiber Branch of the Ladies Auxiliary.

Shown in the photo by I. McCuaig on page 16 are, from l to r: Jack Winters, president of the

SUGAR AND SPICE by Bill Smiley



'Tis a taxing time

When he smacks us
With taxes,

The Minister says
It's to battle the beast of inflation.

It's for our own good,
And everyone should
Stop roaring with deep indignation.

Pretty rotten doggerel, but I hope I speak for the rest of you serfs when I serve warning to all levels of government, here and now, publicly, that we've had enough.

With one more tax hike of any kind, the Fall of the Bastille, and the October Revolution of 1917 will look like a couple of Sunday school outings. The gutters will run with blood, and heads will roll.

I've never seen a gutter running with blood, but I don't think it would bother me much. Not this month, at any rate. And how would the head of the Finance Minister look, stuck on the end of a pike? It certainly wouldn't do much for his image, in the Liberal leadership race.

Remember what happened to the British when they went too far with taxation! It was a nice cup of tea, with Boston Harbor as the teapot. Shortly afterwards, they had lost half of North America.

Eighteenth-century France had absentee landlords. We have absentee M.P.'s. But the real cause of the French revolution was oppressive taxes. The absentee landlords lost their heads. Some of our absentee M.P.'s may lose their seats. And if you want to be vulgar, there's not that much difference, come to think of it.

Same story in Russia. Inflation and taxation. Ivan was making four kopecks a day. It cost him three to live, one for taxes. The Czar jacked up the tax on vodka by one kopeck and something had to give. It wasn't Ivan.

Now I'm no George Washington, Robespierre or Lenin. But I do have a shot-gun, and

when our leader emerges, I'll be there, fully loaded — if I can afford a jug at current prices — and shouting bilingually, "A bas les taxes!"

I don't want to sound unreasonable about taxes. Some are essential. Education taxes, for example. We've got to keep the kids off the streets somehow, and at the same time turn them into potential tax-payers, so that we'll be able to draw our old-age pensions.

And I don't mind contributing to those same old-age pensions and help for the crippled and the blind and the helpless. Nor do I mind paying for sewers and garbage collection and street-lighting.

But I do object to subsidizing the free-loaders: the credit card boys who can write off entertainment, drinks, food, travel; the crafty knaves who use unemployment insurance as a private bank; the shiftless dogs who revel in welfare as a way of life.

It irks me to help maintain an armed force, fine chaps all, but one which couldn't defend this country against a determined attack by Iceland.

As a motorist, I am willing to pay heavy gas and car taxes and licence fees so that roads may be built. But I have an adomination for taxes on building materials and clothing and a contempt for taxes on restaurant meals and entertainment.

At the moment, my pet hate is paying taxes for a new municipal snow-blower that throws up on my lawn a filthy mixture of snow, salt and sand. Guaranteed to kill lawn, flowers and probably trees.

The list is endless and arbitrary. But I know I'm not a lone voice crying in the wilderness. I'd be happy to hear from others who are ready to respond when our leader cries, "Aux barricades, all youse who are ground in the mills of the tax gods."