

# Editorial Page

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## Tax reform unpopular

Taxes, taxes, taxes. It seems you never hear the end of them. If it's not being increased on tobacco, gas or alcohol then it's something else.

Actually, with the news concerning Michael Wilson's proposed Goods and Services Tax, it's been everything else - not just something else.

If the proposed tax changes go through, and with the Tories holding a convincing majority in the House of Commons there's little reason to think the tax reform won't go through, Canadians will only be spared paying tax on rent and food (bought at the grocery store, not restaurants).

It's not surprising the Tories have taken a nose dive in the polls recently.

Canadians have to be asking themselves "when will it end?" Well, probably not until the very air we breathe is taxed. Currently, every penny we earn up until July 14 belongs to the government in the form of taxes.

It's estimated that by the year 2000 Canadians will be working until Labor Day to pay their taxes. That certainly doesn't leave much time to stash away some money for the future or for those little extras. And what happens after the year 2000. If Canadians will be working until Labor Day to pay their taxes, that only leaves 17 weeks of the year for personal income.

On the other hand, it only leaves a total of 17 additional weeks that the government can tax us in the future.

Wilson seems to think a nine per cent federal sales tax on everything will actually reduce taxes and inflation because the current federal sales tax is 13.5 per cent.

Think about it though. Does Wilson really believe businesses will reduce their prices by 4.5 per cent just because their taxes go down? Not on your life. They'll simply pocket the extra money instead of passing the lower tax on to the consumer.

Sooner or later, Canadians are going to "Just say NO" to taxes. What will happen then? You can't lock up every Canadian for not paying taxes.

Before that day happens, the government had better take steps to bring about fairer tax reform, not to mention eliminating the burgeoning national debt.



## Possible to eat off hospital floors

Dear Editor:  
When I read the paper the week of August 9th, I was compelled to "reply" to Mary Hubelits article.

I have spent time in the hospital and have been an outpatient off and on for many years. If it

was humor she was trying to portray I wasn't impressed.

The staff at this hospital are professional, friendly and need not change in any way. I have been in Thunder Bay hospitals where the cleaning cannot be

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The News welcomes your letters to the editor. Feel free to express comments, opinions, appreciation, or debate anything of public interest. Write to:

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So we may verify authorship, please sign your letters and include your phone number.

## "Strutting their stuff" is nothing new for men

*In difficult times, fashion is always outrageous.*

Elsa Schiaparelli

Elsa was a European fashion designer with a sharp eye and a sharper tongue, who died in 1972.

That means she probably never got to eyeball anything like the apparition I saw slouching along a downtown street this morning -- a teenage kid in a purple Mohawk with what looked like a Victorian Cross hanging from his earlobe. He was also wearing stovepipe jeans with the knees out, paratroopers boots, and a black leather jacket sporting more chrome than a '58 Cadillac.

Shriner?

Hallucination?

Venusian?

Nah -- just a 1980s version of an ageless male obsession: the urge to get out there and Strut Our Stuff.

You don't have to be a card-carrying member of the genus Homo Sapiens to feel

the itch. Peacocks do it with their fancy tail assembly.

Tomcats caterwaul, ruffed grouse drum, lions roar, bull moose bellow and baboons -- never mind.

The point is, males of all species simply love to show off -- even if it means looking like idiots.

Most species have the innate good taste to stick to one shtick.

The peacock does not attempt to sing arias.

The Holstein bull does not try to become a snappy ballroom dancer.

But not human males. Tattoos, bones through the nose, covering ourselves with blue dye or eagle feathers -- we'll do anything.

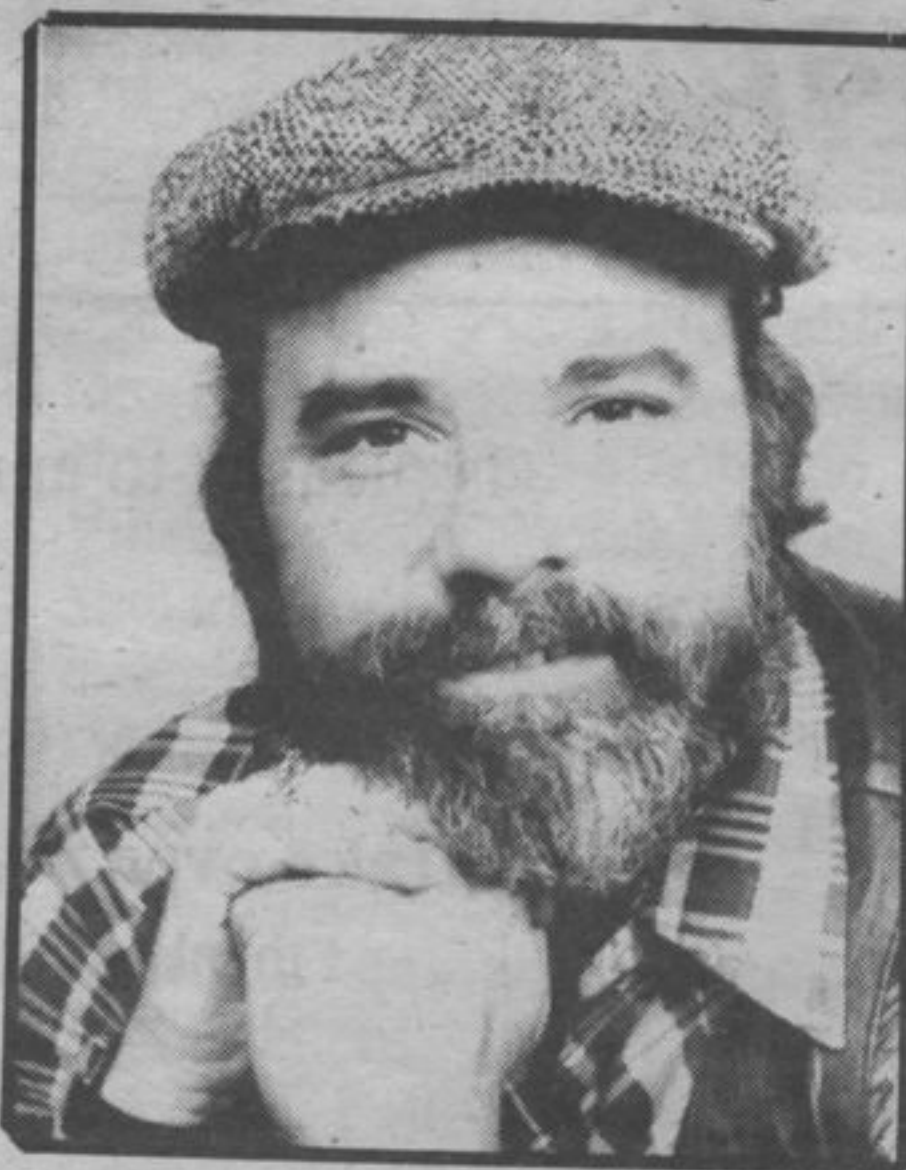
We've been doing it for years. Way back in the 1600's during the reign of Elizabeth I, men of fashion dressed like...well, queens, actually.

They wore earrings and necklaces and great, gobbety rings.

They stuffed themselves

into corsets, wore conspicuous flashy garters on their thighs and padded their hips with straw.

A century later, Paris spawned a bloom of male dandies that could have given



Arthur Black

our Skinheads a lesson in outrageousness.

They were called the Incroyables -- and they were fairly incredible alright.

They wore coats so long that the tails trailed on the ground. Their shirt collars

rose past their ears while their pantaloons (which were mustard-coloured) came right up to their armpits.

The Incroyables also wore earrings, heavy rouge and artificial beauty spots on their cheeks, just to make certain they'd stand out in a crowd.

Things have been a little quieter on the male fashion front in this century.

Quieter, but not entirely dormant.

Some of us are old enough to remember the Zoot Suit of the '30s, with its hourglass waist, draped pants and shoulders that looked like somebody'd forgotten to take it off of the coat hanger.

There are no Zoot suits in my closet, but I'm pretty sure if I dug right to the back I'd unearth a couple of Carnaby Street psychedelic shirts, a Nehru jacket, some moth-eaten bell bottoms and a pair of winkle-picking Disco boots so ridiculous I don't have the nerve to even put them in a garage sale.

Skinheads aside, there's not much happening in the male flamboyance department these days.

Trouble is, we don't have any role models.

We need someone like Beau Brummel, the 19th century British fop who wore skin-tight pants, polished his boots with champagne, and decreed that "a perfect gentleman must change his gloves six times a day."

Who've we Canucks got to match that? Oh, Trudeau cut a fairly raffish figure with his roses, his cloaks and his George Raft fedoras, but he's faded from the stage.

Nowadays there's just Don Cherry and his incroyable shirt collars.

They tell me that this year the Batman Look is in for men -- black denim jeans and a black blazer over a Batman T-shirt.

Pretty lame stuff. If Beau Brummel was around we'd all be wearing capes, bat ears and purple body stockings.