

Opinion

Look out for man who wields the axe

Duck
Premier Mike Harris is about to swing a very large axe in his effort to control the spiralling deficit and expenditures rung up by the previous government.

And the swath of that axe will likely come within a hair of touching most of us who live in the GTA.

Finance Minister Ernie Eves is set to make more than a billion dollars in cuts next week, mainly from the areas of welfare and transportation.

We can safely say the new Toronto subway lines, which have begun construction, will be halted almost immediately. Major



Viewpoint

Andrew Mair

highway projects are likely to fall to the axe as well. Does this mean the long-awaited Hwy 407 will once again be put on hold?

It is now nearly a decade since then-Premier David Peterson made his clarion call of "407 in '87."

That highway was sorely needed then. It is urgently needed now.

Of less importance is the

404 extension to Lake Simcoe.

You couldn't get a Las Vegas oddsmaker to take a bet on the future of that stretch of road. It's gone.

The Catch 22 Harris is facing is that Ontario needs to redevelop its infrastructure to remain competitive, but at the same time, we are in a position of financial desperation.

Our roads are in sorry shape, from the lowliest of rural backroads to the deteriorating pile of rubble known as the QEW. But we cannot afford to fix them up.

This means geographical

areas like Northern Ontario and the eastern portion of the province will continue to wallow economically from a lack of infrastructure.

In the GTA, we will continue to grow without the transportation networks to successfully cope with the growth.

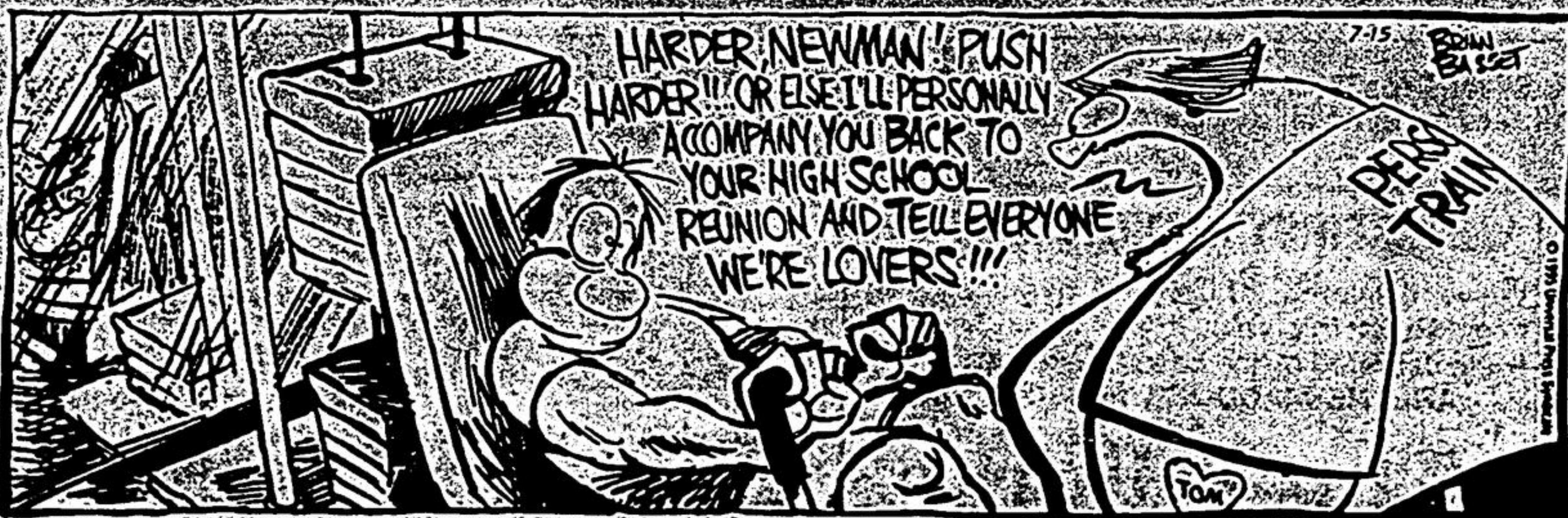
It's a real quandary. We hope Harris will halt the swing of his budget axe at as many of the vital roads projects as possible. But don't hold your breath.

The former golf pro-turned-premier has been known to have a wicked slice.



Adam

by Brian Basset



Hazards of modern living



Basic Black

Arthur Black

There was a time not so very long ago when occupational injuries were easy to spot. A woman with a beauty mark on her cheek was most likely an actress or a dancer. A man hopping about on a peg leg or sporting a hook where his hand should be was probably a pirate.

If his front teeth were missing there was a good chance he played pro hockey.

But that was back in the good old simple days, before we found ourselves with too much time on our hands and had to invent ways to pass our leisure hours.

I call it the PFF era. PFF? Pre-Frisbee Finger. That's an injury that began to be reported back in the '60s, shortly after someone discovered that you could have a lot of fun tossing a plastic pie plate back and forth in a park.

It wasn't difficult. You simply grasped the Frisbee by its edge with your throwing hand and with a kind of underhand flick, you launched it at your partner who was waiting to catch it across the field.

Trouble was, if you played Frisbee long enough, you came down with a case of Frisbee Finger - a painful throbbing and swelling of the digit that rubbed against the frisbee when you flicked it skyward.

Not everybody plays Frisbee of course. Some couch potatoes prefer to stay inside, locked in mortal combat with their Game Boys, Sega or Nintendo games.

Their reward? Nintendo Thumb. Doctors claim some victims play with such intensity that they squeeze the blood right out of their thumbs. Which smarts.

We've always had conventional sports injuries of course - tennis elbow, golfer's wrist and wonky knees from contact sports such as football and soccer. But it took the Fitness Craze of the past few years to introduce us to the misery of Jogger's Nipple. This is an ailment caused by a runner's syn-

thetic jersey, repeatedly rubbing against his or her chest.

Sounds funny, it ain't. Then there's Surfer's Toe. Human beach rats who spend their summers clinging to surfboards in the ocean waiting for The Perfect Wave come down with this one. Surfer's Toe is basically a callous that builds up on the big toe. It's caused by - what else - too much rubbing up against a surfboard.

But you don't have to be a jock to suffer from modern-day maladies. Take musicians. You would think a symphony orchestra would be a pretty safe place to hide from bodily aches and pains, would you not?

Don't believe it. A few years back an Australian surgeon did an extensive medical study of members of eight orchestras. Some of the problems he uncovered:

Piper's Pinkie. The player's baby finger becomes rigid and immobile from being held stiff for long periods.

Violinist's Neck. A painful condition caused by holding the violin in the standard position between chin and left shoulder.

Cellist's Back. Low back pain resulting from hours of sitting in a restricted position.

There is also Clarinetist's (and Oboeist's) Thumb, Bassoonist's Hands, Flautist's Elbow, Cymbalist's Shoulder, Percussionist's Palsy and my favorite Trumpeter's Piles.

I ask you - what did musicians ever do to deserve fates like these? All they want to do is make beautiful sounds. They'd be safer opening a Kosher hot dog stand in downtown Beirut.