## Hip: that's me

I've noticed over the years that you carry less rural news, so imagine my surprise when last Saturday's paper informed me that coveralls are suddenly a key item in "this summer's men's-wear mantra" (Well Suited, Life & Arts).

Thank goodness. I've been wearing these things on the farm for years, mostly to keep grease, oil, and what I'll <u>3</u> call organic material from staining my "good" work clothes.

While writer Jeremy Freed picked up his jumpsuit at a shop in Japan, I buy used industrial coveralls from a surplus outlet in North Bay. Twenty dollars or less gets you a serviceable outfit, with the added hip factor of having the previous wearer's name over the pocket. Over the past few years, I've been, variously, John, Marc and Shiraz. Now, you can call me Fashion Forward.

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