



Service Corner
By Mahlon W. Shantz

Serve others

Many years ago there was a teacher who held up a grain of wheat as he faced his audience on the hillside. He challenged them to learn from this small part of the process of nature. He reminded them of the difficulty to preserve the seed. Eventually it would return to the elements and be forgotten. But, if on the other hand the seed is planted and voluntarily loses its present identity by giving its life to feed a new life, there is not only a plant with many seeds but a continuing process of life which never ends.

In my last column, I wrote about the experience of some people who work at full capacity right up to the fateful day of retirement at age 65 and find themselves with nothing to do. At that time I planned to share the experience of several people I have known who did have, or found something to do and continued to enjoy life at its best.

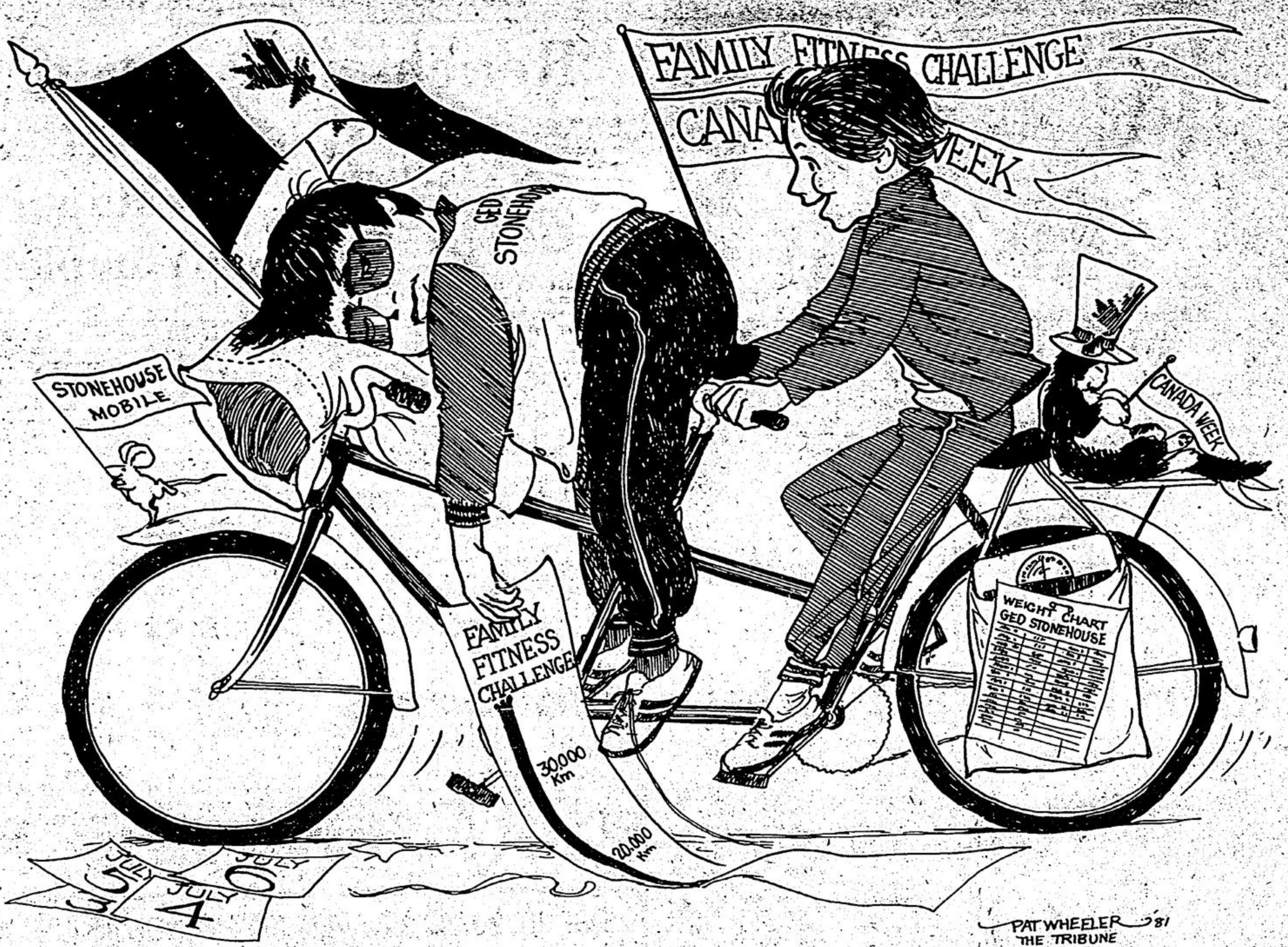
As I pick up my pen to-night, I have two major news items on my mind. I take the liberty to change my stance a little in commenting on current events but I feel that the very core of my interest and concern in this series at this time is held up for all to see.

The death of Terry Fox has brought sadness to many people across Canada, but the feeling of pride in Terry and his Marathon of Hope one year ago may be the stronger emotion as we feel thankful for the contribution he made to our lives.

The 23 million dollar response to the challenge of his example speaks for itself.

He brought hope and courage to many who share his experience of suffering. May he also inspire and influence all of us to give ourselves in service to others. We might even discover a new dimension not known in the highly-competitive climate in our way of life today.

The other news item — the mail strike. There is no compromise, no more giving and the whole country suffers. I'm not qualified to evaluate the situation or to say how the dispute might be settled, but I keep thinking about the lesson of the grain of wheat and Terry's example as he gave and gave and kept on giving till there was nothing left to give.



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Roaming Around
Soccer gains another convert
By Jim Thomas

I love sports. Most people that know me, know this: They remember (a few of them anyway), when the arena was my 'second home'; the ball park too. I practically 'lived' at both locations and got to meet a lot of great guys.

Being of very average ability, made me appreciate more than ever, the skills of the stars. And I still do.

In recent years, other duties have taken me off the sports beat. And during this absence, a whole new generation has stepped into the spotlight. A few new sports as well.

One of these is soccer.

Admittedly, all I know about soccer, you could tie into the lacing. It was no big thing when I was a kid and still isn't; just a big bore.

Sure, I played it at high school; football everybody called it. But I called it something else and it wasn't complimentary. The trouble was, I couldn't kick the stupid thing, not correctly. Never had enough speed to break a pane of glass; not too accurate either.

How was I to know that thirty-five years later, this incompetence would come back to haunt me.

With Sports Editor Jim Holt on vacation, I dropped into the Office last Wednesday (after the paper had been put to bed), to find a note on my desk. It read: "Big soccer game tonight — Stouffville vs. Ireland — very important — thought you might want to cover it — have fun. Signed J.H."

Wow. That's all I needed. Still dragging from a three o'clock in the morning session the night before, I had the 'pleasure' of covering a game I knew nothing about, at an undisclosed location, involving players I'd never ever met. What could be worse?

Regardless, I decided I'd give it my best.

When I arrived at the site, (across from the High School), I was floored. The mayor was there; the band was there; half the town was there.

Not wishing to have my presence announced over the local P.A., I slipped around the Irish end of the field. Unfortunately, the bulky camera I carry, attracted a home fan's attention.

"Hey, The Tribune's here," he called out, "we're gonna get some coverage tonight". I could have crowned him.

Because of anticipated resentment, (I'd never attended a soccer game before), and suspicion (I know next to nothing about the sport), I expected to be treated as one of the enemy — or worse. To my surprise, the reaction was exactly the opposite. A member of the league's hierarchy actually came over and shook my hand. "Glad you're here," he said.

Never too old to learn something entirely new, I settled down to enjoy the game; and enjoy it I did.

I watched two teams of ten and eleven year olds, all neatly attired, give it their best. I saw the Stouffville goalkeeper bury his head in his hands over a missed shot then, minutes later, pull off a dazzling stop. I watched one boy, then another, drop to their knees in obvious pain, only to recover quickly and carry on.

I saw parent support like I couldn't believe and sportsmanship like I wanted to believe. I saw organization — everything arranged; nothing omitted.

More importantly, I saw kids having fun in a sport that just gained another convert.

Editorials

Town can return to normal after Canada Week success

The week that was — July 1 to 5, five days of events and activities that provided something for everyone.

Nothing on this scale could have been attempted without the co-operation of many people for, in fact, it was two events in one — the hosting of Kirkland, Quebec in the Family Fitness Challenge and Canada Week, a celebration that grows bigger and better each year.

For chairman Ged Stonehouse, the success of the occasion must have been personally satisfying. The time and funds he

invested in this program, cannot be measured in days or dollars. He deserves our thanks: Appreciation too must go to Mayor Eldred King. He was everywhere he was asked to be and more, performing his duties in a manner that provided the municipality full measure of esteem and respect.

Stouffville needed Canada Week. It provided us an opportunity to let down our hair and kick up our heels.

We did it and we're glad. Now we can go back to being ordinary people again — until next year.

Town board member adopts surprising negative stand

Seldom (if ever), does an elected official take a stand against his constituents, particularly if those constituents represent the wishes of the majority.

First (with most), it's politically not the smart thing to do and second, it's not the right thing to do.

The confrontation that occurred Thursday, was related to keeping the Grade 7 graduates in Orchard Park and Summitview Schools one more year. Opinions expressed were basically re-runs of an earlier meeting only this time Town trustee Harry Bowes was present by choice rather than by chance.

While undoubtedly wise to the (political) inner workings of the Board, Mr. Bowes negative stance to what would seem to be a legitimate request, is difficult to understand. We suspect the local administrator feels

relatively safe in adopting this attitude, due to the fact a recently circulated petition has less than fifty per cent of all parents' signatures.

He shouldn't be misled, but rather should attach more significance to the opinions of those people who have already made their feelings known. These are the opinions (both for and against) of the truly concerned and the opinions that should count.

Parents, convinced that Grade 8 at the elementary level is the only way to go, are just "whistling in the wind", however, unless the trustee representative is wholly on their side. We're not convinced that Mr. Bowes is.

The majority of parents who spoke, Thursday, are appealing for trustee guidance and help, an appeal that's been heard (in fragmented fashion) since 1975. The time is now to make the move.

Window on Wildlife
Always be beware of a bear
By Art Briggs-Jude

The first time Kim saw a bear, she let out two woofs and dove under the bed. I guess the pup couldn't figure out what that thing out there in the fur coat was doing sneaking around on its hands and knees. So while we did our best to get her settled down, we also tried to figure out what had caused this unusual behavior. For up to this point bears were the furthest from our mind as a reason for upsetting the young dog.

"Probably a skunk or raccoon," I muttered, rubbing my eyes and staring out into the half light. Then a shadow moved, and as I blinked in disbelief, a large black bear emerged from the nearby bushes and ambled across the clearing.

We had stopped here at Devil's Lake some 200 miles north of Winnipeg after a long day on the road that started somewhere above Lake Superior. Campsites are few and far between on that lonely stretch of No. 6 highway heading up to Thompson, Manitoba, so we just pulled the van off at a likely looking picnic spot, had supper and went to bed. All went well until sometime after midnight when that bear came poking around and got the dog excited. It was the first of a half dozen bears we saw during our western trip, all of which were black except one real light critter. This off-shade bruin was along the shoulder of the road one morning, feasting on a road kill. As our vehicle approached, it turned away from the road and moved towards the forest fringe. Here it paused only long enough for us

to snap a picture and at the same time notice it was wearing an identification tag in its left ear.

On another occasion on the return trip, as we went about getting supper ready, the dog, a little braver by now, began to bark from the front seat. Wendy glanced out and immediately exclaimed in a somewhat pained tone, "There's a bear out there". I moved Kim out of the front seat and after my wife got the little dog quiet, I rolled down the window and took some pictures. There were several large garbage barrels in the area and the bear took no time in pulling these over and checking the scattered contents. At one point it picked up one large sized pop bottle and carrying it in its mouth waddled in a comical fashion for some distance before losing interest and dropping it to the ground.

Our next encounter with a bear was, however, not the least bit comical. We had turned in early that night, figuring on getting a good start in the morning. I remember hearing a flock of geese going over and somewhere on the other side of that little crystal lake we had chosen for our camp site, the unmistakable sounds of sandhill cranes could be heard. Soon even these soft sounds of solitude faded as we drifted off in wilderness slumber. And sometime within the next few hours our dreams of a quiet restful night also drifted off into the same wilderness.

At first the gentle rocking of the van led me to believe sudden gusts of wind had

displaced the previously quiet night air. But when this slight movement was accompanied by several cushioned thumps and a more violent scraping noise, I raised on one elbow and peered out the bedside window.

It's hard to describe what transpired in the next few moments. I pressed my face against the dusty glass on the inside and came face to face with one very big bear pressing his muzzle against the same glass on the outside. With a gasp of frightened surprise, I yelled out something at the top of my voice. Don't ask me what it was, I just hollered till my lungs were empty. But the bear merely dropped down on all fours and stood there defiantly, making no effort to retreat. By this time the pup was on the bed barking encouragement to my yelling, but even with all this commotion the bear stood its ground and refused to budge.

As I wondered what would happen if the bear lunged in our direction or swung its heavy paw at the window, I remembered the hood fan in the vent overhead. The whirring noise as I switched on the small motor somehow unnerved the menacing bruin and it finally moved off into the moonlight limping noticeably on one hind leg. Now whether this bear had been previously shot, hit crossing the highway, or caught in a trap or a fight, we'll never know. We do know we're glad we weren't sleeping in a tent that quiet night in northern Manitoba.