

Comment

Foxes an inspiration to local efforts

When Terry Fox was forced to stop his cross-Canada run June 28, 1981, he could never have imagined that from his own personal tragedy, hope for millions of cancer sufferers would emerge.

And now, after 15 years, his dream lives on strong, and determined.

This part of the country has always been involved heavily in the annual run, and organizers are hoping this will be the best year yet.

Betty and Rolly Fox stopped by our community on Monday, to kick off the local campaign.

Betty Fox has become an accomplished speaker and advocate for those who are suffering the devastating effects of cancer.

Her thoughts were inspiring to not only the people who must deal with the disease each and every day, but also for those who came to hear her speech.

Betty Fox said country-wide, a remarkable \$152 million has been raised for innovative cancer research projects. She stressed that more than 550,000 Canadians walked,

ran, wheeled and roller-bladed their way to a record year. The run is now held in 54

countries around the globe.

We have come a long way since Terry Fox was forced to

give up his dream. But we still have a long way to go before we can rest.



Many tears will be flowing with start of school

There will be tears flowing next week.

The start of a new school year is always a traumatic experience. Traumatic for parents because with the possible exception of their own birthday and the stroke of 12 on New Year's Eve, there is really no other time in the year that it becomes so blatantly apparent that they are getting old as when their young ones trundle off to school again. And it's traumatic for the kids because, of course, the days of spearing frogs, suffocating fireflies in a jar and kidnapping local dogs only to return them later in the day for a reward, are over.

Of course, there are also often tears of joy, as some beleaguered war-weary moms and pops relinquish their wicked little charges to the care of the school system.

If starting school again was not stressful enough, imagine the feeling for those who are starting a new school. It's not so bad for Kindergarten kids. Three hours after the tears fall, and they are singing along with Barney, or fighting over who gets the blue mat at nap time. They have forgotten all about the initial trauma, even if their mothers are still at home crying into their coffee and commiserating with the sorry lot on the Ricki Lake show.

But for those experiencing the stress of a new school, new classmates and new teachers in a new neighborhood, there are few moments in life as humbling. I will remember my first day



at a new school in Grade 3. I dreaded it for weeks. I agonized over what the day would be like, even down to what I would wear. When the day finally arrived, I opted for a white turtleneck, white pants, white belt and

white shoes. I thought I looked pretty spiffy, and managed to get past my mother before she could show me the error of my ways.

The first comment I was greeted with at my new school came from a sarcastic little girl in her Sunday best. "What are you, the Man from Glad?"

I was floored. What was I thinking? Now, feeling very self-conscious, I went into my new classroom. My new teacher welcomed us back from vacation

and then proceeded to invite me to the front of the class to be introduced as a new student. Despite my entreaties, she made me stand red-faced in front of my peers.

"Class, this is Andrew. He is new to our school. He is also obviously not aware of the rules of fashion. Wearing white after Labor Day is a no-no. Let's make him feel welcome."

Naturally, the class erupted into gales of laughter. I spent the rest of that first day

in a haze of embarrassment, my face burning, eyes welling with tears and my back aching from trying to hide under the seat. By the time the final bell rang, I was really angry. I would show them all not to make fun of me.

The next day, I strode into school wearing a green shirt, green pants and green sneakers.

The first person I met was the girl in her Sunday best.

I smiled confidently at her until she said, "What are you, the Jolly Green Giant?"

Seeing my dotage through rose colored glasses

"Middle-aged life is merry, and I love to lead it.

But there comes a day when your eyes are all right but your arm isn't long enough to hold the telephone book where you can read it." *Ogden Nash*

Of late I have been forced to face the fact that there is no giant plot afoot among printers of telephone directories and the newspaper classifieds to render their products unreadable. It's merely another unpleasant manifestation of middle age, an unwelcome reminder that, from here on, it's all down hill.

Last week, after a painful session of unsuccessful squinting at the instructions on a package of Uncle Ben's pasta, I succumbed to reality and went in search of reading glasses. Most of them put me in mind of aging professors or elderly eminent surgeons and were hardly the thing for someone who is a senior boomer. (I can't believe I'm admitting

this) and thus comes equipped with a built-in resistance to believing the evidence of her own eyes.

Acknowledging the need for glasses was one thing, finding a pair which looked cool was quite another. Eventually, I happened on a brand which fitted my criteria nicely.

They were oval in shape, with chic, bronze metal frames, and they looked good on me. (One major advantage of reading glasses is, you can't see images clearly at a distance, which is where I was standing in relation to the mirror when I checked).

I returned home and amused myself by going through the medicine cabinet and reading labels on bottles of pain reliever, eye drops, and indigestion tablets. It transpired we were hoarding a lot of Neanderthal stuff in there, which I hastily chucked out before indulging in a leisurely perusal of our dism-



integrating local telephone directory.

Even in a darkened corner, I could decipher each number without so much as a narrowing of the eyes. It occurred to me that here was another, previously unconsidered, bonus; not only could I now see clearly, I was also avoiding future wrinkles.

Something tells me that cool reading glasses are just the beginning of a trend which could, one day, encompass Harley-Davidson wheelchairs, walking frames sponsored by Pepsi and rock concert venues equipped with wheelchair elevators.

In the halcyon days of the com-

ing boomers, dotage, the prototype magazine model will bear a closer resemblance to Hazel McCullion than Kate Moss. Persons of both official genders living in adult lifestyle condominiums and retirement villages will boogie to the beat of The Grateful Dead and Led Zeppelin, while hapless younger people in the surrounding communities will lobby for more stringent noise restrictions within a three mile radius of old folks' homes.

Our descendants can hardly be blamed if they're looking forward to the time when we're carried off to that great love-in in the sky, but with technology developing at the current pace, who knows? We could gain immortality and go on gumming up the airwaves with '60s nostalgia through the next millennium and beyond.

The Generation That Wouldn't Die, brought to you by McDonald's.

Stouffville Tribune

6244 Main St. Stouffville, Ont. L4A 1E2
(905) 640-2100, (905) 649-2292
Fax (905) 640-3477

Publisher: Patricia Pappas
General Manager/Editor: Andrew Mair
Editor-in-Chief: Jo Ann Stevenson
Director of Advertising: Debra Weller
Retail Manager: Mike Rogerson
Distribution Manager: Barry J. Goodyear
Administration: Vivian O'Neill
Operations Mgr.: Pamela Nichols

Questions?
News: Andrew Mair, Editor; Joan Ranshery, Julie Caspersen, Roger Welgrave, reporters; Sjoerd Witteveen, Steve Somerville, photography.
Retail Advertising: Joan Marshman, Catherine Dunkeld
Classified: Doreen Deacon
Real Estate: Joan Marshman
Distribution: Arlene Maddock

The Stouffville Tribune, published every Wednesday and Saturday, is one of the Metroland (Printing, Publishing and Distribution) group of community newspapers which includes: Ajax Pickering News Advertiser, Aurora News, Markham Era, Banner, Barrie Advance, Brampton Guardian, Burlington Post, CityParade, Collingwood Connection, Elobeoke Guardian, Georgetown Independent Action Free Press, Kingston This Week, Lindsay This Week, Markham Economist and Sun, Milton Canadian Champion, Mississauga News, North York Mirror, Oakville Beaver, Orillia Today, Oshawa-Whitby Clarion, This Week, Northumberland News, Peterborough This Week, Richmond Hill/Thornhill/Vaughan Liberal, Scarborough Mirror, Today's Senior, Uxbridge Tribune. Contents cannot be reprinted without written permission from the publisher.