

Out in Left Field

By LAURA LEE MACLEAN
Sports Editor

It's amazing how time flies by when you let your course load, family and social life slide and start paying attention solely to the sports happenings going on around you.

I'm happy to announce that the following paragraph is dedicated to those people who so rightly deserve a pat on the back right now. Let's begin with Neil Lawless that amazing 4th year UNB student who raised over 615 dollars for the Terry Fox run... applause... applause you've got my vote for Prime Minister! Of course I can't forget the organizer of the Annual Terry Fox Run - Sue McMaster. Organizing is one of those-lots-of-work no credit deals - but Sue, baby you sure did one bang up job! Feet stamping and loud whistles also go out to all the "little" helpers who gave out water, stood by those checkpoints and wrote up them thar certificates too.

If you can stand more cheery "felicitations" to people, I just have one more to hand out, and that belongs to those 75 brave souls who cheered our Red Sticks field hockey team onto victory. THANK!

In case you're just hangin' around this weekend on campus with nothing to do but think about what you did the night before... remember there is a soccer game Saturday at Chapman Field at 2:00 - GO TAKE UP SOME SPACE ON THOSE BLEACHERS!

For all you engineering types out there... get out your ball gloves and golf clubs for this weekend. Rumor has it you guys have a busy sporting weekend planned... don't be shy to bring in your results.

Till next week!

Terry Fox

The following editorial written by Bob Mossman, Editor of the Bridgewater Bulletin was recently awarded top honours in the 1981 National Editorial competition sponsored by the Canadian Community Newspapers Association.

Terry Fox deserves an editorial that really can't be written.

You always lose something in transferring a feeling, or life itself into words, because words really are just man-made labels. They only describe life or our feelings. They are not life, and they are not feelings.

There are times when television has its place. Television showed us Terry Fox. Shortly after we were introduced to him, and the nightly news clips of his Marathon of Hope progress started to be televised our affinity with him began to grow. It grew to the point that many of us began to accept our tears as a natural part of the

film clip we were viewing. We were simply saying: "How can you do that. Here I am with all of my limbs. And you're doing that, and I'm sitting here. This is not right. By God, at least I can cry."

The tears probably helped him. Terry Fox was pure spirit. He gave up any lasting concern for his body long before he began his marathon in St. John's in April of 1980. To him it was just a machine. He put it in the best shape possible, and the spirit took over and drove that damn machine.

Terry possessed a quality that everyone naturally envies. He was one-pointed in a good sense. Being one-pointed in a good sense is an attribute that few of us have. The world would be a much better place if more people were like Terry Fox. Like Albert Schweitzer, or Mother Teresa, or Martin Luther King Junior. Canada has had only a small number of selfless giants. Such people are not hatched out of political

worlds. In fact they very often avoid the political maze. Their route is more direct, and in many cases they just don't have the patience "to play the game".

People who are guided by rightful inspiration in this world very often lay aside considerations held sacred by the majority. Whether or not an action on our part will be painful is always a major consideration. Terry Fox, from what he went through in running half way across the country, must have considered pain almost a non-priority on his list of considerations.

Terry's sense of determination is still for the most part a mystery to us. Certainly he was angry at cancer, and being awakened to the high cost of treatment and research, through his own experience with the disease, decided to launch himself, in an effort to literally beat cancer into the ground. The worthiness of his cause is unquestionable. Cancer is an indiscriminate killer. It strikes at any age and shatters the happiness of families all over the world.

We may never know the exact nature of Terry's inner self that prompted his crusade. In just four and a half months Terry's profile went from very low to very high, as stations around the world began to televise his marathon progress. Perhaps his action tells us enough. God, he was determined. We couldn't watch him without almost feeling his pain. We couldn't watch him without internally pleading for him to stop. But Terry wouldn't.

I don't think he ever did stop. The machine halted temporarily in Thunder Bay, but not the spirit. The machine gave out completely on Sunday, June 28 in British Columbia. But not the spirit. It's just impossible to destroy the spirit.

Terry Fox was trying to tell us that. Let's never forget it.

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