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He looked at me incredulously. "No way, boy. This is it. This is as close as I get!" Well, you go figure. I take this young fellow all the way up here to get pictures of bears, and at the most opportune time he just refuses to cooperate. "Go on, Gerard, there's not enough meat on either of us for them to bother with." "Prove it," he says. So I backed up until I was able to see him and the bears through the viewfinder. He kept looking at me, probably thinking I was going to whistle to the bears or something to make them look up. I gestured for him to watch the bears instead, using my binoculars. A few moments passed while I waited for some clouds to go by so I could get some light on the subjects. I wasn't paying any attention to Gerard or the bears; just watching a bug go by at my feet. Suddenly there was a roar. I looked up and saw both bears coming toward us full tilt. Now Gerard is lying there on this patch of lichen, watching them through the binoculars, and at about a hundred meters he can probably see their eyeballs, and is sincerely wishing he was home watching paint chip. It is amazing what can go through your mind in the space of a few seconds. My first thought was "Holy smokes, if they get Gerard, Joe and Lillian (his parents) will never speak to me again." Then I realized that this was no movie, that I, too, was part of the scene and events, and that Joe and Lillian nor anyone else might be speaking to me. If they get the both of us, at least we'll have some good pictures for posterity. When they find the camera and develop the film, what a sequence of shots they'll see: 40 meters...20 meters...a close-up of a head of a charging bear in all its fury, and one final frame with a view down the bear's throat.

Nova Scotia has become a world leader at diverting valuable materials from disposal. Seizing the opportunity to turn waste into resources, the Province has created hundreds of jobs while protecting the natural beauty of Nova Scotia. We are investing in our people and our newest resource: solid waste. Less waste means fewer and safer disposal sites, a cleaner environment and a stronger economy. Nova Scotia is moving into the next century with a sustainable vision and a will to ensure that our natural resources are protected and job opportunities are maximized for future generations.

Environment Clarence's Wild Kingdom. Was it Livingstone or Albert Schweitzer who told of being attacked by a lion, yet feeling no pain as the beast munched on his arm. He wondered if Providence granted this mercy of a painless death to wild animals who were attacked by predators. We might soon find out. For a few seconds the bears charge toward us, one leading the other. But what's this? The second bear overtakes the first and attacks it. The snarling and growling are frightful as one bodychecks and then grapples with the other. I figure they're fighting to see who gets first dibs on us. For a few moments it looks as if they will tear each other's throats out, but then it dawns on us that they are not actually fighting, but just playing. For ten or fifteen minutes they kept it up. Sometimes they rose on their haunches, swatting or embracing with their fore-paws. Locked together in a bearhug, they would lose their balance and topple over, rolling down a side of the knoll. Sometimes one would put its maw right around the muzzle of the



other. When one of them bit too hard, the other would roar indignantly so that the aggressor would loosen its grip and break away with the other one in pursuit. We never knew which direction they were going to run in, whether toward us or away from us. It was entertaining to watch them wrestle, like two people dressed up in bear suits, but not so funny when they headed our way. Eventually they began to tire of their sport and went back to their grazing, gradually moving farther away from us. We decided to take a walk around the barrens and see some of the scenery. We arose from our bellies and turned around