

# FEVER

Drat. I've got it again. It seems that I catch it every year around this time. It's horrible. I change from my usual jolly easy-going self to a short-tempered miserable not very nice person. I get bored easily and impatient with the normal routine of life.

I'll bet it's the weather after all. We go from a happy socially active December to a rotten, dark, menacing January and February. March is horrid with only two days of note, the Ides of March (15th) marking the death of Caesar and the March 17th celebration of the death of St Patrick - how appropriate!

Besides Canadians blame the weather for everything bad and talk incessantly about it. Have you noticed that we don't even talk about how good the weather is (when it is) but rather how bad it isn't!

The columnist in the Toronto Star, Lyn Barclay wrote a column the other day about a new disease that's causing all kinds of problems in society. He called it the P.C. flu and listed a number of symptoms only three of which I'll mention. He talked about the unexplainable symptom that results in people who we would normally consider to be rational, acting in the most stupid way. His example is the activity in Queens Park that cuts hospital care and other services particularly for the elderly, and soon to be elderly, just when there is going to be the greatest increase in the number of seniors. We know about the hospital cuts, so get your letters in about PECMH.

The second symptom is the belief by governments that to correct things we must punish those in society that have already suffered abuse. He mentions the Queen's Park treatment of the Dionnes and Ralph Klein's unbelievable attempt to further punish those who were improperly sterilized by the Government in Alberta.

His third symptom could cause a chuckle, if it weren't so silly, is that politicians showing symptoms of 1 and 2 blame it on lawyers and bureaucrats who have hoodwinked them into error!!

I suppose one positive aspect of this P. C. flu is that I don't think I have it and another is one can always be careful in the next elections.

This latter aspect isn't quite so positive since despite the silly actions by the P.Cs. the Federal Liberals started off

all the cuts to social services by cutting \$7 billion from the provincial transfer payments and their backslapping over surpluses merely means we the taxpayer are being overcharged by billions for the services we receive at the Federal level.

We could of course look to the Reform Party whose only claim to fame seems to be that they treat all non-westerners with equal intolerance and as for the other guys, the NDP, well with less than 40% of the popular vote they took control of Ontario, the economic engine of Canada, and almost brought about fiscal ruin in four short years.

I only mention these things to show you how depressed I've become and that most unusual for me, how I demonstrate a little meanness with my despair. My problem of course is ever recurring Spring fever.

When I was young anything that caused you to feel a little out of sorts was treated promptly by my Mother. She felt, as did most Mothers at the time, that non-normal behaviour in a child was probably caused by some blockage in the digestive system. This was treated with sulphur and molasses in the Spring and by castor oil mixed with orange juice on all other occasions. It worked. Particularly for the vague stomach ache that I would get on a school day that miraculously cleared up by about 9.15 a.m. Out would come the castor oil cure since my Mother believed that if you were home from school you should be kept busy and this cure certainly did that!

As I got older and had to deal with Spring fever on my own, I learned several things. Spending money seemed to help -- particularly buying a new car. This year we started on my tire kicking visits to various car dealers and I must say I detect a lessening of my symptoms.

Valerie, who really doesn't suffer as I do each Spring has however taken to the money spending cure with great enthusiasm. Perhaps it works like a vaccination for her.

If all else fails, time is the great healer. As the days grow longer and warmer, as the tulips and daffodils push up through the soil as the birds nest and all nature enters into furious procreative activity, I feel better. I find my good nature returning, my temper lengthening, my depression disappearing and my level of activity rising. Of course this increasing love of life and goodwill to all is greatly enhanced if the driveway also sports a new car.

- John A. Jackson