



ONTARIO  
DEPARTMENT OF LANDS AND FORESTS

FOR SALE BY TENDER

Year	Lands & Forests No.	Descript. & Series No.
1 1962	548	1/2 Ton 4 wheel drive Pick-up International CW16294B
1 1962	549	1/2 Ton 4 wheel drive Pick-up International CW16287B
1 1962	700	1/2 Ton Pick-up Ford 90904A-6661022
1 1962	691	1/2 Ton Pick-up Chevrolet 2C143610 2C143610509A

Vehicles will be sold on an "as is basis". Vehicles may be inspected at the Department of Lands and Forests at White River, Ontario.

Tenders must be submitted individually, by vehicle. Tenders must be accompanied with a certified check for the full amount of tender price, payable to the Department of Lands and Forests, White River.

Tender closing date is 12.00 o'clock noon, February 26th, 1968. Tenders will be received in an envelope marked "Truck Tender" and addressed to the District Forester, Department of Lands and Forests, White River, Ontario.

The highest or any tender is not necessarily accepted.

W.D. TIEMAN,  
Acting District Forester.



THE HOME TEAM



"Well, we lost show off!"

by Bill Smiley

Dr. Smiley's remedy

Well, the old 'flu bug, or something equally virulent, hit me on the weekend. This column comes to you via gobs of aspirin, hot toddies and sheer will-power.

Sunday morning, I woke up feeling like a mackerel. Not just out of the sea, fresh and quivering. No. One of those that have been gutted, packaged, frozen and then cooked over a hot fire and re-frozen and re-cooked.

My wife had several theories, as usual. First, I had a hangover, plain and simple. There's no such thing, but I reminded her that we'd spent the previous evening quietly watching television and fighting as usual. Proof positive came when she offered me a hair of the dog and I recoiled in horror.

Next, she decided I was going through the change of life, with those hot and cold flushes. I pointed out that my breasts hadn't grown, and that I wasn't growing any more hair on head, face or legs, which have always been like an Airedale's. She was discom-bobulated.

Finally, she proclaimed it was food poisoning, because Kim and I are always thawing fish and stuff and then re-freezing it, for some reason. Obviously I'd had bad fish. Turned out we'd had steak, all fresh.

Couldn't convince her that I might have the 'flu, which has been knocking people on their keisters for weeks at a time around here, all winter. That's because I never get sick. Or rather, I'm half-sick all the time, but never take a day off.

When I do, about every three years, she panics and starts demanding to know where the insurance policies are. I never have a clue, so I just groan and say, "Leemee-lone!" Which increases her anxiety problems, which are already Grade A.

Whatever it was, I take back all my public and private utterances about people who've had the 'flu this winter. In public, "Pampering yourself. Take some whiskey and an aspirin." Or, to myself, "What a slacker. Do anything for a few days off work."

I didn't have a headache. I wasn't sick at the stomach, I

didn't have a sore throat or the snuffles or the sneezes. But I haven't felt like that since October, 1944, when five burly Germans set about me with fists, boots and rifle-butts, for some trifling crime which I can't even recall.

And I took the same escape this time that I did that time. I read. That time, after they cooled off, the Germans brought me a couple of books.

But I lay there, in a box-car, on a siding in the Utrecht station-yard in Holland, and read Upton Sinclair. Since I was a dangerous criminal, my wrists were wired together, as were my ankles. There were no handcuffs. It took some physical manoeuvring, and I could see out of only one eye, but I read. And the pain floated away.

About the third night, the Feldwebel in charge actually brought me a tin of poisonous coffee and we talked, in a garble of English, German, French. We had only the most rudimentary idea of what the other chap was talking about, but it bucked me up. I think he felt better, too.

It was about the same last weekend. I read. I could read for only about ten minutes at a shot, without half-fainting. But amidst the fever and the cups of coffee proffered by my personal, local Feldwebel, I re-read "The Last Enemy" by Richard Hillary, and the new "And Now Here's Max", by Max Ferguson, CBC and freelance radio comedian.

Hillary was a young Englishman, Oxford, upper-class, egotistical, self-centred, who realized through his own suffering (he was shot down and terribly burned) man's inhumanity to man, the universality of suffering. It was his only book. He was killed later in a night-fighter. It took me back into a world of training and night-flying and Spitfires that was like re-living an epoch.

Ferguson's book is consciously funny, but it is funny. And both writer's are individualists who offer some hope to all the rest of us, who fear we are being ground between the upper and nether millstones of the twentieth century.

Get the 'flu. Read. Simple.  
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