

COLLECTOR'S EDITION

70TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

MOST READ  
MOST TRUSTED  
OCTOBER 2017

digest



# Secrets to a Smarter You

INCLUDING  
READING THIS  
MAGAZINE!

PAGE 44

Plus

3 OF THE MOST MOVING RD  
STORIES EVER! **PAGE 49**

BREAST CANCER CAUSES  
WE CAN CONTROL **PAGE 84**

HOW TO SPEAK UP—FOR  
YOURSELF AND OTHERS  
**PAGE 106**

DRAMA: HOURS FROM DEATH  
IN THE DESERT **PAGE 90**





## SMART KEY SYSTEM UNLOCKS WITH A TOUCH.

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**TOYOTA**

COLLECTOR'S EDITION

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# Reader's digest



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DRAMA: HOURS FROM DEATH  
IN THE DESERT PAGE 90



The background is white and filled with festive decorations. There are several vertical ribbons in shades of blue, red, and grey. Scattered throughout are small, colorful confetti pieces, including red and blue rectangles, grey squares, and red, blue, and grey circles of various sizes.

# HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

to the country's biggest  
little magazine



From your friends at Canada Post

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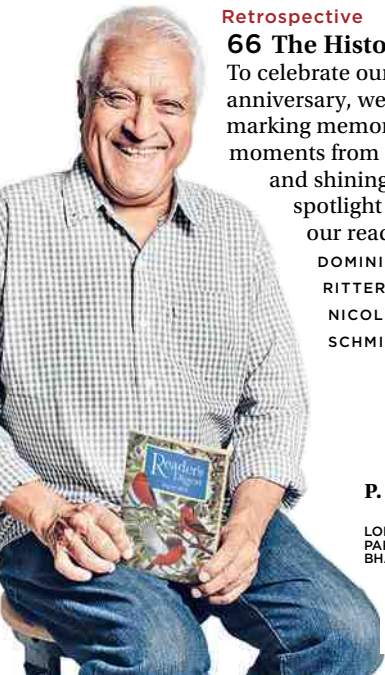
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# SWAP IN MORE VEGGIES

Try Green Giant® Riced Veggies instead of rice, Mashed Cauliflower instead of potatoes and Veggie Tots instead of fries and discover new ways to add veggies to your plate.



Find New Green Giant® Riced Veggies, Mashed Cauliflower and Veggie Tots in the frozen vegetable aisle.



## REIMAGINE YOUR RICE™



### CAULIFLOWER PIZZA CRUST

#### INGREDIENTS

- 1 pkg (340 g) Green Giant® Riced Cauliflower**
- 1 egg**
- 1/3 cup** shredded mozzarella cheese
- 1 tbsp** grated Parmesan cheese
- Your favourite pizza toppings

#### DIRECTIONS

Preheat oven to 400°F. Microwave Green Giant® Riced Cauliflower according to package directions. Drain cooked cauliflower in a colander, pressing out as much moisture as possible with paper towels. Stir in egg and cheeses.

Spray baking sheet with nonstick cooking spray. Press cauliflower mixture into an 11-inch circle.

Bake 25 minutes or until edges are brown and crust is crisp. Top with desired pizza toppings. Bake 8 to 10 minutes.

## MIX UP YOUR MASH™



### EASY SHEPHERD'S PIE MASH

#### INGREDIENTS

- 1 pkg (567 g) Green Giant® Original with Olive Oil & Sea Salt Mashed Cauliflower**, cooked according to package directions
- 1 lb** ground beef
- 2 cups** Green Giant® Frozen Mixed Vegetables, thawed
- 1/2 cup** beef broth
- 1 tsp** Worcestershire sauce

#### DIRECTIONS

Brown ground beef in large skillet and drain. Add vegetables, broth and Worcestershire and simmer 10 minutes or until hot.

Serve beef mixture over hot Green Giant® Original with Olive Oil & Sea Salt Mashed Cauliflower.

## A NEW TAKE ON TOTS™



### CAULIFLOWER TOTCHOS

#### INGREDIENTS

- 1 pkg (454 g) package Green Giant® Cauliflower Veggie Tots**, cooked according to package directions
- 1 lb** ground beef
- 1 (16-ounce or 454 mL) jar** salsa
- 2 cups** shredded Mexican blend cheese
- 1 cup** shredded lettuce
- 1 cup** chopped tomato

#### DIRECTIONS

Preheat oven to 425°F. Brown ground beef in large skillet and drain. Stir in salsa and cook 3 minutes or until heated through.

Arrange cooked Green Giant® Cauliflower Veggie Tots in 2-quart baking dish. Top with beef mixture then sprinkle with cheese. Bake 8 minutes or until cheese is melted.

Top with lettuce, tomato and your favourite nacho toppings.

For more recipes, go to [GREENGIANTCANADA.CA](http://GREENGIANTCANADA.CA)





# Editor's Letter

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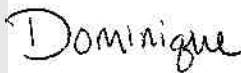

## A Celebration of Readers



**READER'S DIGEST CANADA IS TURNING 70!** That means for close to seven decades—or nearly half as long as our country has existed—this magazine has been telling stories about Canadians, by Canadians, for Canadians. We couldn't be more proud of this achievement.

Many aspects of RD have changed over the years, often reflecting the shifts we see in the world around us. But in assembling this special collector's issue, the editorial team was struck by the qualities that have remained constant. As we leafed through back issues to single out choice pieces to mark our anniversary, we were reminded of the value of heartfelt storytelling, critical health advice, in-depth reporting and uplifting profiles. *Reader's Digest* stories are carefully chosen to inform, entertain and inspire. We hope you enjoy this selection, which includes close to 20 extra pages of beloved classics from the RD Vault.

Another special feature of this issue is "The History of Us" (page 66)—a timeline of *Reader's Digest* highlights alongside anecdotes from our readers about how the magazine has transformed their lives. These personal reflections reveal what is most magical about our publication: how it affects you. From everyone at RD, I thank you for celebrating this anniversary with us and I look forward to continuing to receive your valuable feedback. **R**



Send an email to [dominique@rd.ca](mailto:dominique@rd.ca)



# Reader's digest

Published by the Reader's Digest Magazines Canada Limited, Montreal, Canada

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 We acknowledge the financial support of the Government of Canada.

Print subscriptions, \$32.97 a year, plus \$8.99 postage, processing and handling. Please add applicable taxes. Outside Canada, \$53.96 yearly, including postage, processing and handling. (Prices and postage subject to change without notice.) ISSN 0034-0413. Indexed by the Canadian Periodical Index. Single issue: \$4.95.



Reader's Digest publishes 10 issues per year and may occasionally publish special issues (special issues count as two), subject to change without notice.

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# Contributors



## NATHANIEL BASEN

(Writer, “That’s Outrageous,” page 135)

**Home base:**  
Toronto. **Previously**

**published in** *The Walrus* and on TVO.org. **People see their lives as** narrative, a story they’re writing. We find it thrilling when strange events like these exist as potential plot points. **Capturing the mood of these stories** in small bites is the gummi candy of writing: instant gratification. Tracking down the sources is a tall shot of wheat grass.



## SADIYA ANSARI

(Writer, “Finding Your Voice,” page 106)

**Home base:**  
Toronto. **Previously**

**published in** *Chatelaine* and the *Toronto Star*. **Advocacy is about** acting on a feeling that someone—possibly even you—is not getting what they deserve. **Standing up for yourself** or for others doesn’t necessarily have to lead to conflict. It simply means being really clear and vocal about the things that you want.



## JENN LIV

(Illustrator, “Finding Your Voice,” page 106)

**Home base:**  
Toronto. **Previously**  
**published in** *The New York Times* and *Plansponsor Magazine*.

**I speak up for myself**, but I also try to be diplomatic. It is very important to consider the tone you use while communicating. **Self-advocacy is crucial**, but it’s equally important to keep an open mind while listening to the perspectives of others.



## THOMAS FRICKE

(Photographer, “I Want to Forgive,” page 120)

**Home base:**  
Winnipeg. **Previously published in** *Canadian Geographic* and *Forbes*. **In this portrait, I wanted to capture** a blend of memory, home and peace. **Portrait photography is** the act of telling a story through facial expressions. It has always fascinated me how small changes in someone’s expression can completely alter our read of their emotional state.



“Less bulky bladder protection means more dresses like this.”



Depend\*



Always Discreet

Always Discreet with 360° FormFit™ is less bulky than Depend and drier too.\*



Always Discreet.  
For bladder leaks.

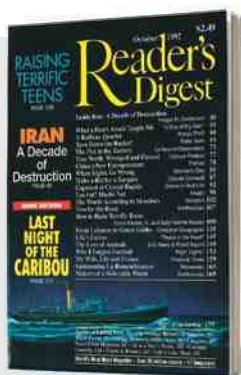
\*vs. Depend Fit-Flex Small/Medium, Maximum absorbency. Depend is a trademark of Kimberly-Clark Worldwide.

# Letters

READERS COMMENT ON OUR RECENT ISSUES



In honour of our 70th anniversary, we reached out to readers to ask, “What does *Reader’s Digest* mean to you?”



## SHARING THE JOY

My family has subscribed to *Reader’s Digest* for 25 years, and in that time, the magazine has brought us a lot of laughs. It’s also provided us with tonnes of useful health tips and stories about what life is like for others across the country. That’s what I like most about the magazine: it gives readers all kinds of information. There isn’t one page of the book that I don’t read. Every March we take a vacation down south, and I bring multiple issues with me since I know I won’t be able to find it while I’m away. When I’m finished reading, I leave my copies in the hotel lobby for others to enjoy. Thanks for many years of amazing stories. We’re customers for life!

**PAULINE BOUDREAU, Bathurst, N.B.**

## CREDIT WHERE IT’S DUE

I recently finished reading “What’s Wrong With Me?” (July/August 2017). In my opinion, the nurse who

returned to the ward to follow up on the patient’s comment about his pet rat biting him is the real hero of this story, yet that nurse is not even

acknowledged by name. It's because of her diligence that the patient received the appropriate test—and, eventually, treatment—that led to his full recovery. Talk about an unsung hero!

CARMEN LEGER, *Welland, Ont.*

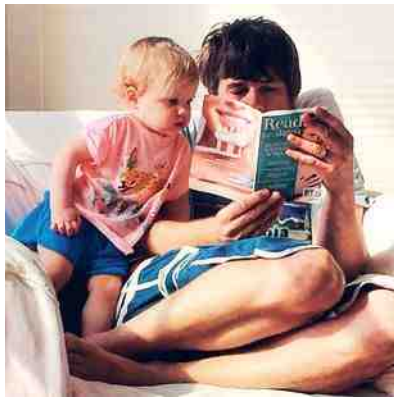
## GIFT THAT KEEPS ON GIVING

I was incredibly inspired by “Hand Muffs for Peace” (December 2016). After I read the story, our senior ladies’ group in Bradford, Ont., decided to make some hand muffs of our own. We’ve created 24 of them so far and will be donating them to a local long-term care facility that is home to quite a few patients with Alzheimer’s. Thank you for the inspiration—we’re excited to contribute as much as we can!

OLGA BISHOP, *Bond Head, Ont.*

## NEW RECRUIT

On our recent vacation, my 16-month-old Charlie discovered a copy of *Reader’s Digest* in the cottage we were renting. She sat quietly by herself, flipping pages, engrossed in the sea of letters. Throughout that week, she’d run to get the magazine and bring it over as if to say “Come on, read to me!”



Since returning home, we’ve bought her some more issues. Now, every time she’s fussy, I say, “Charlie, go get your *Reader’s Digest*,” and then she’ll sit calmly on my lap for an hour or more as I read it to her. I’m only sorry the magazine doesn’t elicit the same reaction from Charlie’s twin brother, Henri!

The obvious next move was to get Charlie her very own subscription. I have to guess that she’s the youngest person in your database!

SEB PARADIS, *Montreal* **R**

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Published letters are edited for length and clarity.

## WRITE TO US!



**We want to hear from you!** Have something to say about an article you read in *Reader’s Digest*? Send your letters to [letters@rd.ca](mailto:letters@rd.ca). Please include your full name and address.

**Contribute** Send us your funny jokes and anecdotes, and if we publish one in a print edition of *Reader’s Digest*, we’ll send you \$50. To submit, visit [rd.ca/joke](http://rd.ca/joke).

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# Unlike other people, I'm not afraid of...

**...openly discussing my  
struggle with depression.**

**LOUISE OUELLETTE, OTTAWA**



**...mice!**

I think they're  
adorable.

**CHARLIE POND,  
STONEY CREEK, ONT.**



**...starting to  
volunteer in  
my 70s.**

I've been doing  
work in a men's  
prison for the  
last five years.

**SHIVANI PATEL,  
TORONTO**

**...being alone.**

**KAREN TOMPKINS, CONSECON, ONT.**

**...speaking up**

when I see injustice. We all need  
to be there for each other.


**SHELLEY SHIPT, TORONTO**



**...dying.**

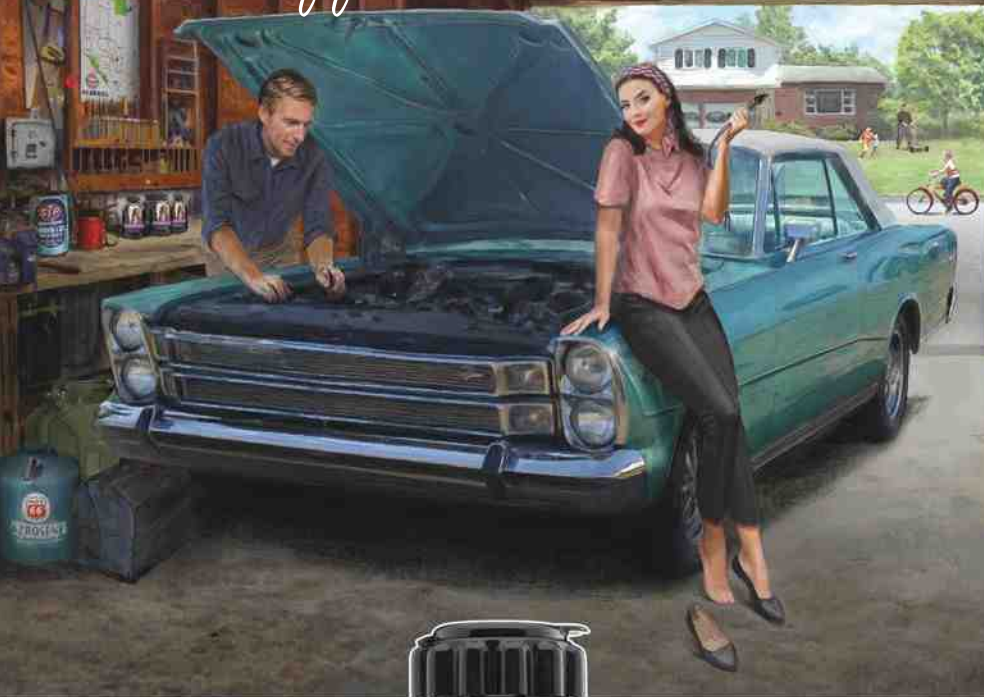
I'm going to be the  
first person to live  
forever!

**VALERIE BOWSER,  
SEVERN, ONT.**

 Visit the Reader's Digest Canada Facebook page for your chance to finish the next sentence.



# Pain Relief for Men with Know-How



**You** were the top guy. No one could figure stuff out better than you. Guys marvelled at your skills. You don't call the repairman.

But lately, pain and stiffness are getting in the way. Untwist your joints. Try **Lakota Joint Care** for pain relief. The choice for men with know how.

**Get Medicine that Works!**



**Women**, help your guy be the top man again. Get him Lakota Joint Care. And Lakota Joint Care is strong enough for a woman's joint pain.

Lakota Joint Care provides miraculous pain relief the traditional way, with natural pain relievers. Try it for 30 days to see if it works for you. Money back guarantee.



# ART of LIVING

Sing for Your Life Canada founder Nigel Brown  
turns music-loving seniors into friends

## Stay Tuned

BY VIBHU GAIROLA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDREW LIPSETT

AS THE SUMMER fades away, the lights flicker on at the Heritage, a seniors' centre in West Kelowna, B.C. Joking and chatting, 50 participants take their seats, forming a large circle. For the next hour and a half, the group belts out nostalgic selections from their handouts—"Edelweiss," "Somewhere My Love" and Vera Lynn ditties from the 1940s.

But Sing for Your Life Canada is more than an amateur choir. Established by executive director Nigel Brown in 2009, the organization was envisioned as equal parts activity (the sessions encourage elderly members to socialize and stay engaged) and advocacy (Sing for Your Life is outspoken about health issues such as dementia and offers strategic coping

mechanisms). Brown is no stranger to charity work: he co-founded the Canadian chapter of the Make-A-Wish Foundation in 1983. And it was Brown's brother who founded the first incarnation of Sing for Your Life, based in Britain.

At 73, Brown's mother, a songbird, moved into a residential care facility in Kent, U.K., that didn't have a formal music program. Her mood plummeted. At the time, Brown says, "we just couldn't understand why. But loneliness is an immense health hazard. The people who really need us most are those who are depressed and isolated, situations that are both commonly associated with dementia. We provide them with a community."

***As executive director Nigel Brown notes, Sing for Your Life Canada is about more than music. Members celebrate birthdays and worry when friends are absent.***



The sessions are the result of two clinical studies conducted by the U.K.-based Sidney De Haan Research Centre for Arts and Health, which examines the role of participative art activities in promoting individual well-being. The research affirmed that subjects reported numerous benefits, from better lung function and breathing to stress reduction and improved mood.

“The goal is to get our members’ brains to really work,” says music facilitator Patricia Dagleish, who oversees a satellite group of between 25 and 35 regulars who meet every second week at Sarsons Beach in Kelowna. A typical session involves much more than singing and clapping along. At times, Dagleish will

switch up the rhythms to familiar tunes, pose trivia questions between numbers or challenge attendees to guess the name of the song she’s playing on the piano.

During livelier sessions, members strike up a dance; other days, Dagleish takes requests. Popular picks include “Que Sera, Sera,” “When I’m 64” and “A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square.”

“We always finish up with Vera Lynn’s ‘We’ll Meet Again,’ and I take

that with me until the next time,” says Doreen Murdoch, 82. A retired realtor, Murdoch knows the power of a singalong: in the final years of her husband’s life, music was one of the few things that had the power to draw him out of his Alzheimer’s. She found Sing for Your Life through an events listing in the newspaper in 2013 and has been a frequent attendee at the Sarsons Beach circle ever since, often bringing along friends to check things

out for themselves.

The sense of community among regulars has strengthened with time. Brown admits the West Kelowna group—which started out as a crew of fewer than 15 people—might be too big to handle moving forward, but he jokes that friendships within the circle have grown

so tight that members would mutiny if he tried to split them up.

Brown’s dream is for Sing for Your Life Canada to spill out of the Okanagan region and run nationwide. As he works on gathering the funds to host more collaborative song groups and increase the frequency of current sessions, members like Murdoch keep on trilling. “You don’t have to be a singer,” she says. “You just have to want to experience the happiness of singing.” **R**

“  
***Brown jokes  
 that friendships  
 have grown  
 so tight that  
 members would  
 mutiny if he tried  
 to split them up.***”

# Life's Like That

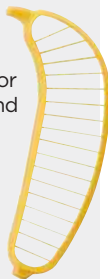
(BANANA SLICER) COURTESY HUTZLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, INC.; (PEN) PHOTOGRAPH BY MATTHEW COHEN

## PUT IT IN MY CART

Many reviews for products on Amazon are helpful, and others are jokes—literally.

### The Hutzler 571 Banana Slicer

“What can I say about the 571 Banana Slicer that hasn’t already been said about the wheel, penicillin or the iPhone? My husband and I would argue constantly over who had to cut the day’s banana slices: ‘You think I have the energy to slave over your @\$% bananas?’ ‘I worked a 12-hour shift just to come home to THIS?!’ The minute I heard our six-year-old re-enacting our daily banana fight with her Barbie dolls, I knew we had to make a change. That’s when I found the 571 Banana Slicer. Our marriage has never been healthier.”



### BIC Pen

“Worked fine with my right hand, but when I used my left hand, my writing came out looking like the work of an imbecile. I assume BIC created a right-handed-only pen.”



**I CAME HOME TO FIND** my husband sitting on the couch, watching TV.

“I thought you were going to mow the lawn,” I said.

“I’m waiting on a part,” he replied.

“What part is that?”

“The part of me that wants to do it.”

**BETH MADDEN**

## AS SEEN ON TV

Car commercials grossly overestimate how much time I spend driving around in the desert.

**@TASTEFACTORY**

## BAD ADAGE

I haven’t eaten an apple in days. The doctors are closing in. My barricade won’t last much longer. They’re coming. Tell my family I love th—

**@SLIGHTLYFUNNY77**

## END RESULTS

**PERSONAL TRAINER:** No pain, no gain.

**ME:** Deal.

**@ABBYCOHENWL**

Send us your funny stories! They could be worth \$50. See page 11 or visit [rd.ca/joke](http://rd.ca/joke) for more details.

Musician, writer and proud Newfoundlander Alan Doyle on touring Canada, hosting kitchen parties and why he doesn't give career advice

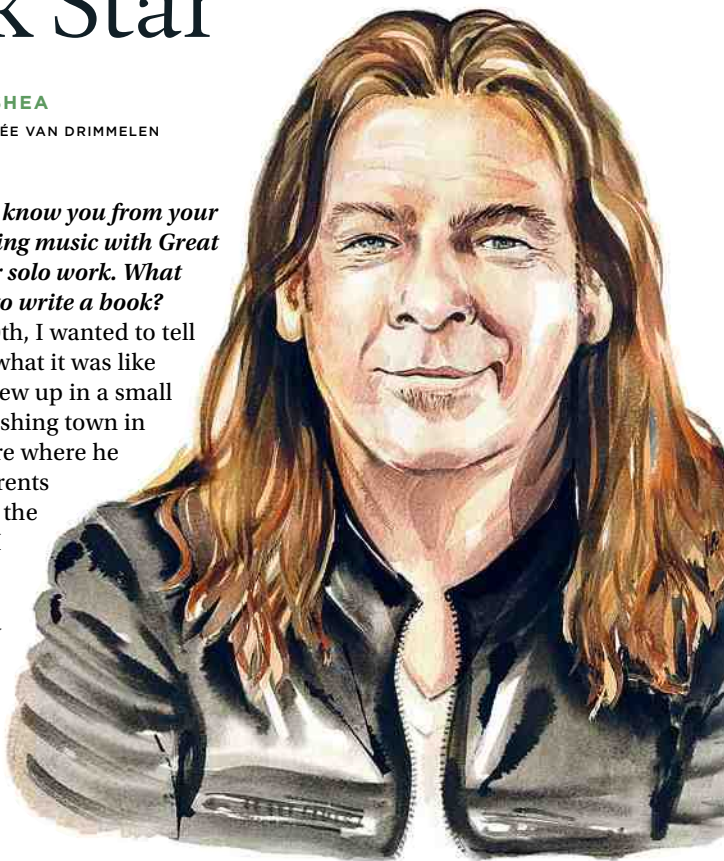
# Rock Star

BY COURTNEY SHEA

ILLUSTRATION BY AIMÉE VAN DRIMMELEN

***Most Canadians know you from your many years playing music with Great Big Sea and your solo work. What made you want to write a book?***

For Canada's 150th, I wanted to tell this story about what it was like for a fella who grew up in a small Newfoundland fishing town in the '70s to explore where he was from. My parents and I come from the same place, but I was born in a country called Canada and they were born in a country called Newfoundland. As a kid, Canada was something I had to go discover.



***Did you see being a musician as your ticket to get out there and explore?***

When I was 16 years old, the two things I wanted to do most were play in a band and see the world.

***You often kick off gigs by promising the crowd a proper Newfoundland kitchen party. What is that, exactly?***

It's a celebration that started generations ago, when the kitchen would've been the biggest and warmest place in the house. People ate there, studied there, partied there. Kitchen parties were always musical, especially in my house, because my parents were both musicians. It was always very inclusive. In Newfoundland, the best accordion player is the one who fills the dance floor. The best singer is the one who gets everybody to sing along.

***Where are Canada's rowdiest fans?***

Anywhere in Saskatchewan. I think it's because they have a survivalist mentality like Newfoundlanders. They're content to work like dogs, but they play harder than anyone else.

***In the book you describe how Great Big Sea was booked to play a Canada Day concert in 1997. You learned they planned to introduce you by telling a Newfie joke. That didn't go over well.***

No. We felt slighted. As a band, we'd spent most of our career putting that era behind us. Then we show up for

a national celebration in Ottawa, and *that's* how they want to portray us?

***Has the stereotyping of Newfoundlanders improved since then?***

Yes. Our province occupies a radically different space in the country than it did 20 years ago. We've gone from being this unknown thing in the ocean to a beloved destination. Most people see Newfoundland as a jewel in the crown of Canada. St. John's has become a culinary hot spot.

***Do young people back east still feel the Newfoundland/Canada divide?***

I was part of the last cohort whose parents lived in the country of Newfoundland. That division is a generation or so further away, but the physical separation of living on an island doesn't go away. There's still a fascination with the mainland—it's the thing you either aspire to or try to avoid.

***Any words of wisdom for up-and-coming Canadian pop stars?***

I'm reluctant to give advice. I was asked once, "If you could talk to the 16-year-old boy on the bridge in Penny Harbour, what would you tell him?" I replied, "I wouldn't say a word. He has to figure it out. That's part of the fun." **R**


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*A Newfoundlander in Canada* is available Oct. 17.

Our top picks in books, movies and TV

# RD Recommends

BY SARAH LISS

**1**  **BLADE RUNNER 2049**  
Set three decades after Ridley Scott's landmark film, this sequel plunges us back into the neon-and-noir dystopia of the original—which now feels less like a cautionary projection than an unsettlingly plausible future. Denis Villeneuve (*Arrival*) directs Ryan Gosling in the role of an LAPD officer who teams up with Harrison Ford's Rick Deckard, hunter of rogue cyborg “replicants,” to prevent humanity's downfall. *Oct. 6.*



**DID YOU KNOW?** Harrison Ford isn't the only one making a return appearance. Hampton Fancher, who wrote the original *Blade Runner* (based on a novel by Philip K. Dick), also scripted the sequel.



## 2 **POWERED BY LOVE: A GRANDMOTHERS' MOVEMENT TO END AIDS IN AFRICA**

**Joanna Henry and Ilana Landsberg-Lewis**

The devastation wrought by HIV/AIDS in Africa is immense—it's estimated that over 25 million people on the continent are living with HIV. In 2006, the Stephen Lewis Foundation devised a compassionate strategy: The Grandmothers Campaign, which connects African matriarchs affected by the disease with grandmas in Canada. Their stories comprise a remarkable collection of portraits that helps put a human face on a global pandemic. *Oct. 10.*





**3 ALIAS GRACE** True-crime luridness meets buttoned-up Victorian morals in this adaptation of Margaret Atwood's 1996 novel. Screenwriter Sarah Polley enters the mind of Grace Marks (Sarah Gadon), a housemaid imprisoned for her role in the deaths of her employer and his housekeeper. As Grace excavates memories at the behest of a shrewd psychologist, the layers of truth and uncertainty form a fractured picture of what really happened. *Sept. 25.*



**4 FOREST DARK**

**Nicole Krauss**

In parallel, thematically connected narratives, Nicole Krauss follows two characters—a divorced Manhattan lawyer and a Brooklyn writer in a crumbling marriage—whose spiritual quests lead them to Israel. True to form, the New York novelist dives into heady territory with an intoxicating combo of subtle humour and gorgeous prose. *Sept. 12.*



**5 BREATHE**

The triumph of love over adversity provides the beating heart of myriad romantic dramas; *Breathe* presents that tension in terms of life or death. Based on the experiences of Robin Cavendish, who was diagnosed with polio in 1958, a year into his marriage, the film maps out his unlikely journey to beat the odds—fuelled largely by the strength of his wife (*The Crown*'s Claire Foy). *Oct. 13.*



# The Experts' Guide to Downsizing

BY VANESSA MILNE

IT'S EASY TO SEE the appeal of moving from a big home into a compact space that requires less maintenance. But the process involves careful planning. Here are seven tips to make sure you find the right fit.

## BE REALISTIC ABOUT YOUR BUDGET

"The biggest misperception is that people equate downsizing with paying less," says Barb Sukkau, the president-elect of the Canadian Real

Estate Association and a realtor in the Niagara region. "But a lot of new bungalows and condominiums are quite pricey." If you need your house to provide a nest egg, consider other ways you can make your budget work, such as looking for homes in a less expensive location.

## DON'T GET CAUGHT BY UNEXPECTED COSTS

Even if you make money off the sale of your home, moving will take a

bite out of your profits. Closing costs—which include things like a home inspector fee, bank appraisal fee and, in many provinces, land transfer tax—range from 1.5 to 4 per cent of the selling price. If you're buying a condo, factor in monthly maintenance fees and keep a small reserve for unforeseen expenses.

### **BUY A PLACE YOUR FUTURE SELF WILL THANK YOU FOR**

Even if you're purchasing at 60, think of what your body will be able to manage at 80. That might mean searching for a residence that doesn't have stairs or scoping out locations that have amenities within walking distance. Another option is to consider a condo or a townhouse, where monthly fees buy you snow removal, repairs and the maintenance of common areas.

### **START WITH THE END IN MIND**

Sukkau says a surprising number of people buy a place that fits their furniture, rather than the other way around. "I'll have couples say, 'Oh, this bedroom won't fit my king-sized bedroom suite,'" explains Sukkau. Buy the place that's right for your lifestyle—even if it means selling your stuff and purchasing condo-sized furniture after, or renting a storage locker to house heirlooms.

### **SCHEDULE A DECLUTTERING DATE**

Before you move, you must sort through your stuff. Victoria, B.C.-based Stephanie Deakin, president of Professional Organizers in Canada, recommends tackling the project in two- to three-hour chunks. That's enough to get one task done—like cleaning out the kitchen cupboards or your closet—but not so much that you'll be overwhelmed. "Block that time out on your calendar and honour that appointment," she says.

### **PROCRASTINATE A BIT**

Not every decision needs to be made immediately. If you can't choose between two end tables, pack them both or revisit the decision in a week, says Deakin. Sometimes you won't be 100 per cent sure about a choice you need to make; knowing that there's room to recalibrate afterwards can allow you to move forward.

### **GET ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT WHAT'S AHEAD**

There are a lot of feelings tied up in leaving a home—especially one you've lived in for a long time. Still, think about how your new house will help you live the lifestyle you want "Obviously [people are] moving for a reason," says Sukkau. "It is emotional, but it's also exciting. It's a new adventure." **R**

# Points to Ponder

BY CHRISTINA PALASSIO

While most people like the notion of free time, actually having to deal with it is horrible. It's a deal with the devil. At least when they're employed they don't have to do deal with the free fall, the nothingness of free time.

*Artist and author*

**DOUGLAS COUPLAND**, in *The Guardian*

I think people mistake yelling really loudly for comedy.



*Actor and comedian* **JASON JONES**,  
in the online publication IndieWire

I was asked to do some jokes, both in French and in English. Of course, when I was making jokes in French, I was making fun of the anglos and vice versa. And I was expecting to have the crowd laughing—your turn

to laugh, my turn to laugh—but that's not what happened. Everybody laughed at all of the jokes.

*Bon Cop Bad Cop actor*

**PATRICK HUARD** remembering the moment, while presenting at the Genie Awards, that he got the idea for a bilingual comedy

"Follow your heart," they say, "and you'll never work a day in your life." I don't know who it is that feels this way, but it's certainly not me. The way I see it, following your heart is the hardest thing you can do.

*Olympic cyclist*

**MONIQUE SULLIVAN**, on CBC Sports

It is time to remind ourselves why we developed such a passionate and, we thought, unshakable commitment to democracy and human rights, to

I wish I could believe that nothing should ever, ever be censored under any circumstances. I don't think I do believe that, though.

*Poet* **DENNIS LEE**, in *January Magazine*



PHOTOS: (JONES) © JAGUARPS | DREAMSTIME.COM; (LEE) HOUSE OF ANANSI QUOTES; (COUPLAND) MARCH 30, 2017; (JONES) APRIL 25, 2017; (LEE) MARCH 2001; (HUARD) MONTREAL GAZETTE (MAY 2, 2017); (SULLIVAN) MAY 31, 2017; (ABELLA) THE GLOBE AND MAIL (MAY 22, 2017).



Reading is an activity that causes the brain to wonder again... Whenever I finish a book, I put it down and the world seems to explode with new meanings. On some level, literature assumes that every reader is a child.

**Novelist HEATHER O'NEILL**,  
on the literary website The Millions

remember the three lessons we were supposed to have learned from the concentration camps of Europe: indifference is injustice's incubator; it's not just what you stand for, it's what you stand up for; and we can never forget how the world looks to those who are vulnerable.

**Supreme Court Justice**

**ROSALIE ABELLA**, in a commencement speech  
at Brandeis University

I try to live up to what I'm paid to do.

**Nashville Predators defenceman**

**P.K. SUBBAN**, in the *National Post*

I think real leadership is being yourself and having an apt willingness to do whatever job is in front of you, regardless of your position.

**Chef HUGH ACHESON**, to Eater.com

For Native people, art and culture are not separate. The art of West Coast carvers is inseparable from their

heritage. Same with Inuit sculpture and Cree beading. Anything that infringes upon our art can be considered a direct threat to our culture. So, understandably, Indigenous people react.

**First Nations playwright DREW**

**HAYDEN TAYLOR**, in *The Globe and Mail*



I've never had that need to be the ringmaster with the whip. When you have everything working beautifully, get out of the way.

**Director DAVID CRONENBERG**,

in *Canadian Business*

Curling fans are very knowledgeable and respectful, but when they are cheering for their home team, things can sometimes change. You hear cheers for misses, the odd heckle—I personally think it is great.

**Curler BRAD GUSHUE**,

on CBC Sports

What you need to know about this medical condition

# Hepatitis: Who's at Risk?

BY SAMANTHA RIDEOUT

**TIME TO REVISIT YOUR ABCS:** viral hepatitis—inflammation of the liver—is classified with different letters depending on which virus is to blame. All varieties are contagious and may cause fatigue, stomach pain, fever or yellowish eyes, and some put so much strain on the organ that they can lead to scarring, cancer or the need for a transplant.

Thankfully, the overall chances of contracting hepatitis are fairly low. Hep A (transferred mainly by food or water contaminated with feces) comes and goes in small outbreaks, while D (a complication of hep B) and E (usually spread by dirty water) are uncommon in developed countries. Ultimately, most of the hepatitis burden comes down to B and C, which are chronic in less than one per cent of Canadians (although underreporting may be an issue.)

Hep B is found in blood, semen and vaginal fluids, so your risk is above average if you've had unprotected sex with multiple partners, if you've ever injected drugs or if you've shared toothbrushes, razors or nail clippers with an infected person.

If you contract hep B as an adult, there's a 95 per cent chance your immune system will defeat it without medical treatment. However, children—most often infected during delivery—typically become lifelong carriers. This strain doesn't necessarily show symptoms until it leads to complications, which are a risk for a quarter of chronic carriers. Therefore, most national health authorities suggest that children get the vaccine, along with at-risk adults who missed it in childhood.



Meanwhile, hep C is mainly spread by blood. Your risk is higher if you've used intravenous drugs, shared personal hygiene items or received a blood transfusion before the 1990s, when screening technology became available. There isn't yet a vaccine for hep C, and often symptoms won't appear until severe liver damage is present. Your chances of getting rid of the disease without

treatment are only one in four, but there are new medications that will cure it 90 to 97 per cent of the time, says Dr. Helena Cortez-Pinto, a liver expert for United European Gastroenterology.

**70 to 80%**

of acute hep C carriers don't show any symptoms.

"The World Health Organization is aiming to eliminate hepatitis B and C as public-health threats by 2030," says Cortez-Pinto. With the help

of vaccines, treatments and risk awareness, it's a realistic goal. **R**

## News From the World of Medicine



### Home Massages: To Give Is to Receive

Some things are best left to the pros, but the DIY version of a relaxation massage works well, according to a study from Northumbria University in the U.K. Healthy but frazzled couples took a three-week course to learn a handful of simple massage techniques. Their perceived stress levels diminished, both during the training and afterwards, as they used their

new skills. What's more, both the partner who received the massage and the one who provided it got a wellness boost across eight domains, including energy, pain and mood.

### Spice Your Meat to Block Carcinogens

Cooking meat at high temperatures—grilling or broiling, in other words—creates carcinogenic compounds called heterocyclic amines (HCAs).

The good news for barbecue lovers is that certain seasonings can prevent HCAs from forming. A Kansas State University experiment showed that a gram of black pepper almost totally inhibits the HCAs on 100 grams of ground beef by binding with the free radicals involved in their formation. Piling on antioxidant herbs and spices works equally well, the most effective ones hailing from the mint (rosemary, thyme and oregano, for example) and myrtle (cloves and all-spice) families.

## There Are Upsides to Worrying

Fretting can be hard on the mind and body, but sometimes it does more good than harm, says a recent report out of the University of California. First, worrywarts are more likely to take preventive health and safety steps such as wearing seat belts or using sunscreen. A bit of anxiety also makes you brace for the worst, which means you'll be emotionally ready for a bad outcome and relieved if there's a good one. In short, a surplus of concern is paralyzing, but a bit from time to time is nothing to worry about.

## Short-Term Oral Steroids Carry Risks

Corticosteroids are powerful anti-inflammatory drugs that mimic hormones. They are prescribed sparingly for the long term because of

complications such as blood clots and osteoporosis. However, they are still commonly used as a short-term measure against problems such as respiratory-tract infections and allergies. A cohort study of 1.5 million people in the U.S. found that within the first 30 days following a short prescription, corticosteroid pills more than tripled the risk of blood clots and multiplied the risk of sepsis by five. The researchers acknowledged that oral steroids can be very helpful but urged people not to take a higher dose than needed. **R**



### TEST YOUR MEDICAL IQ

Hirsutism is...

- A.** sun spots.
- B.** an overactive immune system.
- C.** the inability to feel hungry.
- D.** male-pattern hair growth in women.

**Answer:** D. Hirsutism is excessive female hair growth in areas where hair is more typically visible in men: the face, neck, back, chest, belly and so on. Involving a surplus of androgens, hirsutism can be caused by heredity or menopause, but it can also point to polycystic ovary syndrome or a tumour on the adrenal glands.



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# What's Wrong With Me?

BY SYDNEY LONEY

ILLUSTRATION BY VICTOR WONG



**THE PATIENT:** Georgia, a 29-year-old office manager in London, U.K.

**THE SYMPTOMS:** Infected insect bite

**THE DOCTOR:** Dr. Diana Lockwood, a consultant in infectious diseases at the UCLH Hospital for Tropical Diseases in London.

*🌀* IN NOVEMBER 2015, Georgia returned from a two-week holiday in Peru and noticed an itchy insect bite, about the size of the eraser on a pencil, on her left calf. She slathered it with aloe vera, then tried to forget about it. Instead of going away, the bite got bigger and more inflamed. It was red and puffy, so Georgia went to see her family doctor, who thought it was an infected mosquito bite. But after two weeks of broad-spectrum antibiotics, the wound was no better. The doctor prescribed a second two-week course of the same medicine, without results.

Georgia was beginning to worry. The ulcer was still growing (it was now the size of a quarter) and had started oozing pus. Considering the patient's recent travel history and the fact the sore hadn't responded to treatment, her doctor referred her to the Hospital for Tropical Diseases, part of the University College London Hospitals system.

There, Georgia saw Dr. Diana Lockwood, who examined the ulcer, noting that the edges were raised, firm and inflamed, which made her suspect cutaneous leishmaniasis, a parasite transmitted by sandflies. She did a punch skin biopsy, using a circular tool to remove a very small, tube-shaped piece of skin and underlying tissue, and sent the sample off to the lab. Two weeks later, her diagnosis was confirmed by a lab technician who could see the parasite under the microscope. Another

lab test was able to identify the bug's DNA in the tissue sample.

"I see this type of infection quite regularly when I examine ulcers," Lockwood says, adding that there are many species of the parasite, which fall into two categories: those found in the Old World (Asia, Africa, southern Europe and the Middle East) and those found in the New World (Mexico, Central America and South America). There are up to 1 million new cases of cutaneous leishmaniasis worldwide annually.

Infections caused by Old World leishmaniasis typically resolve on their own, although it may take up to a year. Those caused by New World species, meanwhile, can make their way through the bloodstream and destroy tissue in the nose and larynx, potentially leading to scarring or disfigurement (this usually takes several months). Georgia had the latter. An avid birdwatcher, she was likely bitten while hiking. The sandfly is found in wooded areas (not beaches), and the risk of a bite is highest from dusk to dawn because the flies typically feed at night and during twilight hours.

Georgia doesn't recall being bitten. Sandflies are just one-third the size of mosquitoes, and don't make any noise. After her diagnosis, she went back to the hospital each day to have sodium stibogluconate injected into her bloodstream, which kills the

parasite. The treatment takes 21 days. The sole side effect of the injections is general muscle stiffness; the patient found she had difficulty playing tennis as a result. "You feel a bit poisoned afterwards," Lockwood says.



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### *The best protection against sandfly bites is an insect repellent with DEET.*

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Halfway through the treatment, Georgia noticed that the ulcer was finally beginning to heal. By the time she had her last injection, the ulcer had disappeared completely, though she'll always have a loonie-size scar. She also had to return to the hospital three, six and 12 months after the end of treatment to ensure the parasite was eradicated and the ulcer hadn't resurfaced. Had the parasite survived, Georgia would have undergone an additional course of injections.

The best protection from sandfly bites is the liberal and regular application of an insect repellent that contains DEET, Lockwood says. "It's important to be aware that sandfly bites are common, and the parasite they carry affects numerous people each year," she says. "If you've been travelling and notice a bite that looks infected, you should see a tropical disease specialist right away." **R**

Does one of your Thanksgiving guests require a special diet? Take these steps and they'll have even more to appreciate.



# How to Host a Diabetic

BY JILL BUCHNER


**THE THANKSGIVING TABLE** may be full of harvest goodies, but it's also a bounty of carbohydrates, from stuffing to mashed potatoes to pumpkin pie, which break down into glucose. For diabetes sufferers, those foods can lead to dangerously high blood sugar. Here's how to make sure your dinner satisfies both their palates and their health needs.

## Give your guest space.

"When someone is living with a chronic health condition, they can get self-conscious about how people perceive their self-management,"

says Sally Ho, a certified diabetes educator and registered dietitian at Motivate Nutrition in Edmonton. While some people feel comfortable testing their blood sugar in a group or giving themselves insulin at the table, others don't. Direct them to a private space where they can take care of those needs.

**Start fresh.** When it comes to appetizers, it might be time to give your beloved pumpernickel bread and spinach dip a rest. Since the main course at Thanksgiving tends to be carb heavy, veggies and dip,



## Binge Eating Disorder: It's a real medical condition

### You're not alone.

**In a multinational survey, almost 2% of people experienced Binge Eating Disorder.<sup>†</sup>**

Binge Eating Disorder (BED) isn't just overeating. It's a real medical condition, and one that's quite common. In fact, in a multinational survey of over 24,000 people, the prevalence was higher for BED than bulimia in all countries surveyed.<sup>‡</sup> Characterized by repeated episodes of binging (eating a large amount of food in a short period of time), BED may be accompanied by feelings of distress, disgust and a sense of a lack of control.<sup>‡</sup>

### There is help.

BED can be managed, but it can also be a very sensitive topic. You might not be comfortable discussing it, or maybe you've hidden it from your loved ones. But now, there's more information and understanding about BED than ever before.

Getting the support you need starts with a simple conversation. If you think you might have BED, reach out to family, friends or your doctor for the help you deserve.

**Reach out. Ask for help.  
Start the conversation.**

<sup>†</sup> A survey to assess BED was performed using the DSM-IV<sup>®</sup> diagnostic criteria across 14 countries including the United States, Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, New Zealand, Northern Ireland, Portugal, Spain, Colombia, Brazil, Mexico and Romania.

<sup>‡</sup> This does not represent the full diagnostic criteria as per the DSM-5<sup>™</sup>.

<sup>§</sup> DSM-IV is a registered trade-mark of the American Psychiatric Association.

<sup>¶</sup> DSM-5 is a trade-mark of the American Psychiatric Association.

reduced-sodium pickles and cheese are more balanced pre-dinner alternatives. Want to serve a hot starter? Consider stuffed mushrooms.

**Offer variety.** People with diabetes don't need to cut out carbs entirely. Rather, they should enjoy them in moderate amounts, says Andrea Toogood, a registered dietitian and certified diabetes educator at Essence Nutrition and Wellness Coaching in Regina. Providing a selection of alternative choices, such as steamed green beans, roasted carrots or a green salad, can help lighten the load.

### **Play with the classics.**

Toogood says puréed cauliflower is a great alternative to mashed potatoes. While raw potatoes pack 17 grams of carbohydrates for every 100 grams, raw cauliflower comes in at just three grams—and two grams of that is fibre, which the body doesn't break down and convert into glucose. Remember to let everyone know the main ingredients in each dish so those who have various dietary restrictions can enjoy accordingly.

**Stock the bar.** Remember to keep a variety of low-sugar beverages on hand, including water, sparkling water and diet pop, says Ho. "People who have diabetes know

they should be mindful of alcoholic drinks," she says, explaining that beer, wine and liquor can both raise and lower blood sugar depending on how it is consumed and when. It's a good idea to have a bar set up where guests can mix their own drinks, giving them control over ratios.

**Make something sweet.** If your guest likes dessert, it's a nice gesture to tailor a sweet dish to their needs. While Ho says regular desserts are fine in small portions, you can also try baking with sucralose (commonly known as Splenda), which is heat stable and doesn't raise blood sugar. Another option: fresh fruit.

**Walk it off.** Thanksgiving isn't just about food; it's about enjoying time together, says Toogood. One of the best ways to do that might be to plan a post-dinner activity, such as a stroll to enjoy the autumn colours and fresh air. "It helps the person burn the carbohydrates or sugars they've eaten," she explains.

**Show respect.** Both Toogood and Ho stress that your guest knows what's best for them. Don't pressure them into having seconds or trying dessert, or pass judgment if they choose to eat a lot of sweets. "That's not helpful," says Ho. "Guests are responsible for their own health." **R**

SPECIAL FEATURE



## MEET THE WINNERS!

We are proud to announce the results of our ninth annual Trusted Brand™ Survey, confirming that trust is an important driver in Canadian consumers' purchase decisions. We asked Canadians to vote for the brands they trust most across 30 categories of products, services, and retailers—the brands that deliver quality, value, and reliability. On the following pages you will see who has come out on top.

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**SUNLIFE FINANCIAL**  
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**SILK**

**Comfort/Walking Shoe**  
**NIKE**

**Coffee Maker**  
**KEURIG**

**Beauty Retailer**  
**SEPHORA**

**GOLD WINNER**
**Bank/Trust Company**  
**TD CANADA TRUST**  
 2012-2017

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**Dry/Sensitive Skin Lotion**  
**AVEENO**

**GOLD WINNER**
**Coffee Retailer**  
**TIM HORTONS**  
 2013-2017

**Arthritis Pain Reliever**  
**TYLENOL**

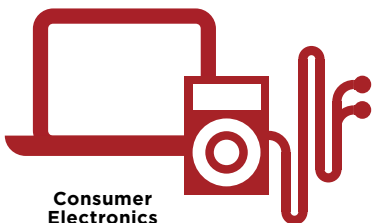
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GOLD WINNER

**Sensitive  
Toothpaste**  
SENSODYNE  
2011-2017



**Consumer  
Electronics  
Retailer**  
BEST BUY



GOLD WINNER

**Sunscreen**  
COPPERTONE  
2010-2017



**Blood Glucose  
Monitor**  
ONETOUCH



**Cough Syrup**  
BUCKLEY'S



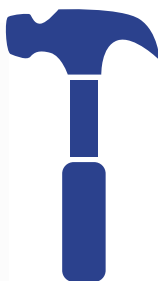
**Quick Service  
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McDONALD'S



GOLD WINNER

**Passenger Car Manufacturer**  
TOYOTA  
2009-2017

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Improvement  
Retailer**  
THE HOME DEPOT



**Tea**  
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**Travel Insurance**  
BLUE CROSS



GOLD WINNER

**Cereal**  
KELLOGG'S  
2010-2017



GOLD WINNER

**Hybrid Car Manufacturer**  
TOYOTA  
2011-2017

Toyota led a powertrain revolution with the Prius, selling more than nine million hybrids. Today, they account for three of every four hybrids sold in Canada. Exceptional fuel economy and lower emissions—paired with the range and fueling of conventional vehicles—means a Toyota or Lexus hybrid for every lifestyle.



GOLD WINNER

**Headache  
Pain Reliever**  
TYLENOL  
2013-2017



**Automotive  
Parts Retailer**  
CANADIAN TIRE



GOLD WINNER

**Pet Food**  
IAMS®  
2010-2017

PURINA®



**Bottled Water**  
NESTLÉ

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GOLD WINNER

**Vitamin**  
JAMIESON  
2011-2017



**Weight  
Loss  
Program**  
WEIGHT  
WATCHERS



**Disinfectant  
Cleaning  
Spray**  
LYSOL

GOLD WINNER

**Pharmacy/Drug Store**  
SHOPPERS  
DRUG MART  
2013-2017



## ABOUT THE SURVEY

In an independent opinion poll, commissioned by Reader's Digest, Ipsos Canada conducted an online survey of over 4,000 Canadian adults from Sept 9-16, 2016. Quota sampling was used and the sample was stratified by language (English n = 3,053 and French n = 956.) Respondents were asked for their most trusted brand within each category, in an open-ended question format. Results were weighted to census data to be representative of the population. Using a credibility interval, the overall results are considered accurate to within +/-1.8 percentage points, 19 times out of 20, of what the results would be had the entire population of adults been polled.

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# PEDESTRIAN DETECTION HELPS TO SEE THE UNSEEN.

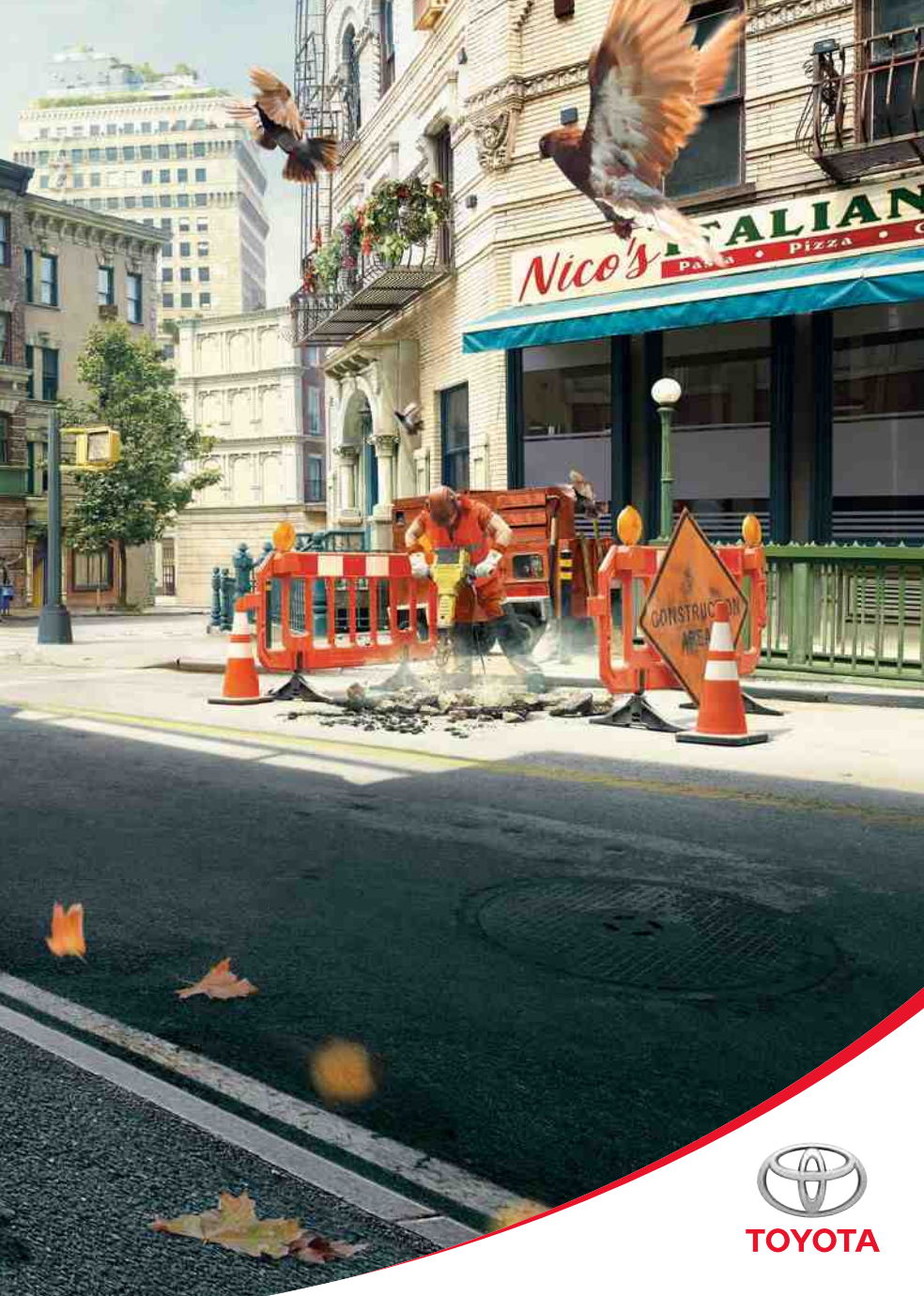
**Standard** as a part of Toyota Safety Sense™ P\*, the 2018 Toyota RAV4 has a Pre-Collision System with Pedestrian Detection. This advanced system may help detect and automatically react to pedestrians and other obstacles posing a risk of frontal collisions— making the road safer than ever before.

## RAV4

[toyota.ca](http://toyota.ca)



\*The TSS Pre-Collision System is designed to help avoid or reduce the impact speed and damage in certain frontal collisions only. It is not a substitute for safe and attentive driving. Please see [toyota.ca/safety](http://toyota.ca/safety) for full details.



Nico's ITALIAN Pizzeria

CONSTRUCTION AHEAD



TOYOTA

Want to be bright as a button and quick as a whip? Hone your wits by harnessing the power of words, languages and mnemonics.

# Secrets to a Smarter YOU

BY ANDREA AU LEVITT AND BRANDON SPEKTOR

ADDITIONAL RESEARCH BY SAMANTHA RIDEOUT

PHOTOGRAPH BY NIKKI ORMEROD





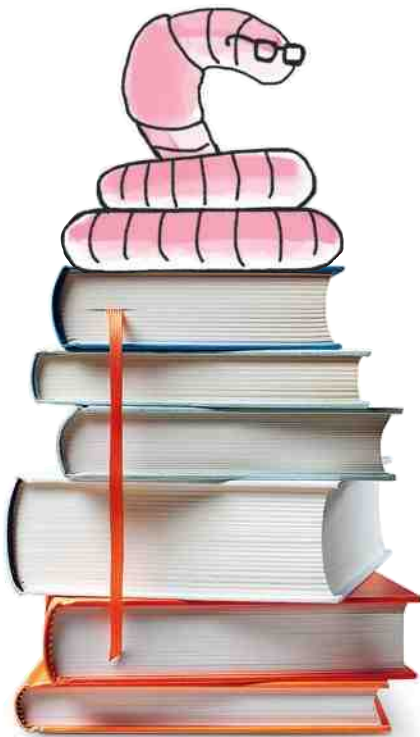
**MOST OF US** yearn to improve our mental acuity. As it turns out, beefing up your brain is like building a limber body: with a few simple exercises, you can be in tip-top cerebral shape. Here, some workout options.

## BECOME A BOOKWORM

How many hours did you spend reading books last week? This question has been asked in thousands of homes every other year since 1992 as part of the University of Michigan's Health and Retirement Study (HRS). In 2016, when Yale researchers dug into the HRS data collected from more than 3,600 men and women over the age of 50, a hopeful pattern emerged: people who read books for as little as 30 minutes a day over several years were living an average of two years longer than people who didn't read anything at all. Newspapers and magazines granted a smaller but similar advantage.

Why would a sedentary activity add years to your life? For starters, reading—especially fiction—has been shown to increase empathy and emotional intelligence. Sharpening these social tools can lead to an increase in positive human interaction, which in turn can lower stress levels—both factors that lead to health and longevity.

Then there's the fact that books expose you to fresh words and



phrases. New findings from Spain's University of Santiago de Compostela indicate that a large vocabulary may foster a more resilient neural structure by fuelling what scientists call cognitive reserve. You might think about this surplus as your brain's ability to adapt to damage. Just as your blood cells will clot to cover a cut on your knee, cognitive reserve helps your brain cells find new mental pathways around areas that may have been injured by stroke, dementia and other forms of deterioration.

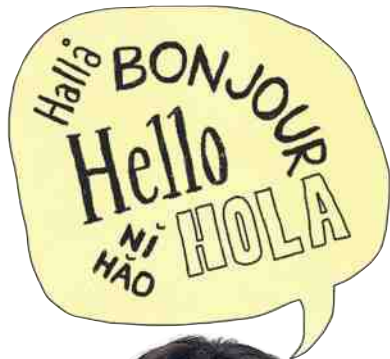
PREVIOUS PAGE: (TALENT) ROBIN HAGEN/GOTTI; (CASTING) MILO; (HAIR & MAKEUP) ROMY ZACK; (WARDROBE STYLIST) STEPHANIE MAJOR

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## LEARN A SECOND (OR THIRD, OR FOURTH) LANGUAGE

Words from languages other than your native tongue are also good for shoring up cognitive reserve. Polyglots have been shown to be stronger at multitasking, superior at memorizing and better at focusing on important information. Toronto-based research published in 2006 in the journal *Neuropsychologia* has shown that multilingual people develop initial dementia symptoms four years later, on average, than their monolingual counterparts. And while a brain that learns another language at an earlier



THIS SPREAD: ISTOCKPHOTO



age will likely see more cognitive benefits than a late-life learner, there are gains no matter when you start.

## TRAIN YOUR MEMORY

What's the difference between someone who can remember hundreds of words or numbers and the rest of us? It's not based on brain structure; it's simply mental training and good strategies. Here are some handy tricks for use in daily life.

**TARGET:** Your PIN.

**TECHNIQUE:** Count it out.

You could use your birthday or your phone number, but identity thieves have a way of ferreting those out. Instead, try this tip from Dominic O'Brien, a British mnemonist and an eight-time World Memory Champion. Write a four-word sentence, then count the number of letters in each word. For instance, "This is my PIN" = 4223.

**TARGET:** Facts and figures.

**TECHNIQUE:** Say them aloud.

It turns out the one-room-schoolhouse teachers of yore were onto something when they made students recite their lessons. An influential 2010 paper out of Ontario's University of Waterloo suggested there's a benefit to actively "producing" data by typing it, drawing it or saying it aloud. "The dominant theory is that the extra stuff one does, beyond silent reading, renders that information more distinctive

in memory," says Dr. Glen Bodner, director of the Memory and Cognition Lab at the University of Calgary. However, this strategy works best for helping you recognize a fact as familiar and correct when it comes up later on, rather than helping you pull it out of thin air.

**TARGET:** New vocabulary words.

**TECHNIQUE:** Switch up your study routine.

In a classic experiment conducted at the University of Michigan in the 1970s, subjects studied a list of words in two separate sessions. One group spent the whole time in the same room, while the other split the lessons between two locations. When tested—in yet another room—the students who crammed in multiple places recalled 53 per cent more than the others. Subsequent studies showed that varying other aspects of your environment (the time of day, the music in the background, whether you sit or stand, etc.) can also help your recall. The theory is that your brain links whatever you are learning to the context around you, and the more contextual cues you provide, the more your brain has to draw upon when it's trying to remember.

**TARGET:** Faces.

**TECHNIQUE:** Focus on noses.

Rather than focusing on someone's eyes, focus on the centre or to the left

of the nose. Doing so allows you to take in the whole face at once, suggests a 2008 gaze-tracking experiment from the University of California San Diego.

**TARGET:** Your grocery list.

**TECHNIQUE:** Use the body system. Transforming information into a vivid mental image is a tried-and-true memorization technique. Picture the items on your list with different parts of your body. For instance, imagine balancing a package of cheese on your head, an egg on your nose and a bottle of milk on your shoulder.

**IF THE PROSPECT** of adopting all these brain-boosting habits at once seems daunting, fear not: the key is choosing target areas that make sense for you and applying those strategies in earnest. Before long, you may notice your mind is faster, stronger and sharper than ever before. Good luck! **R**



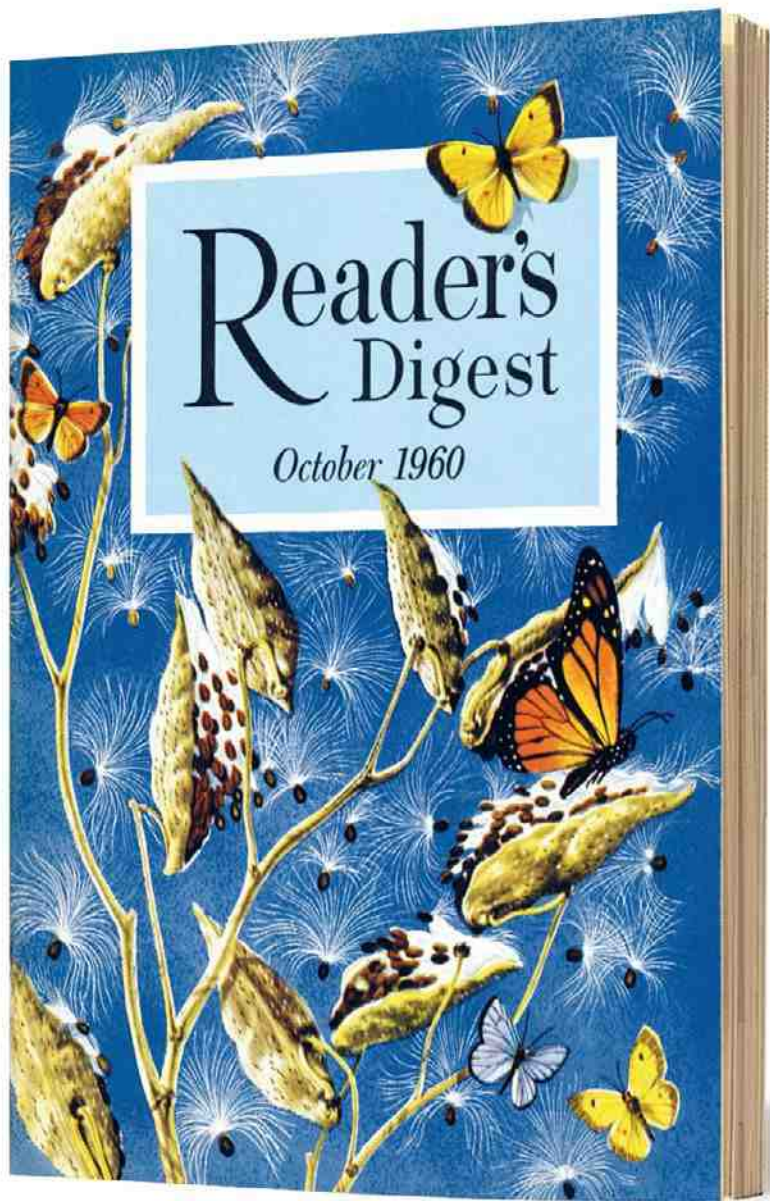


# Character Studies

THESE CLASSIC TALES ABOUT LARGER-THAN-LIFE FIGURES ARE A REMINDER THAT THE CONNECTIONS WE MAKE—WITH FAMILY, FOES OR FRIENDS—CAN TRANSFORM OUR LIVES FOREVER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MIKE ELLIS







# My Greatest Olympic Prize

BY JESSE OWENS

FROM *READER'S DIGEST*, OCTOBER 1960

**IT WAS THE SUMMER** of 1936. The Olympic Games were being held in Berlin. Because Adolf Hitler insisted his country's athletes were members of a "master race," nationalistic feelings were at an all-time high.

I wasn't too worried about all this. I'd trained and sweated for six years with the Games in mind. While I was going over on the boat, all I could think about was taking home one or two of those gold medals. I particularly had my eye on the running broad jump. A year before, as a sophomore at Ohio State University, I'd set the world record of 8.13 metres. Everyone kind of expected me to win that event hands-down.

I was in for a surprise. When the time came for the broad-jump trials, I

was startled to see a tall boy hitting the pit at almost 7.9 metres on his practice leaps! He turned out to be a German named Luz Long. I was told that Hitler had kept him under wraps, evidently hoping to win the jump with him.

I guessed that if Long won, it would add some support to the Nazis' Aryan-superiority theory. After all, I am Black. A little hot under the collar about Hitler's ways, I determined to go out there and really show *der Führer* and his master race who was superior and who wasn't.

An angry athlete is an athlete who will make mistakes, as any coach will tell you. I was no exception. On the first of my three qualifying jumps, I leaped from several centimetres beyond the takeoff board for a foul.

On the second jump, I fouled even worse. Did I come 6,000 kilometres for this? I thought bitterly, To foul out of the trials and make a fool of myself?

Walking a few yards from the pit, I kicked at the dirt in disgust. Suddenly, I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned to look into the friendly blue eyes of the tall German broad jumper. He had easily qualified for the finals on his first attempt. He offered me a firm handshake.

"Jesse Owens, I'm Luz Long. I don't think we've met." He spoke English well, though with a German twist.

"Glad to meet you," I said. Then, trying to hide my nervousness, I added, "How are you?"

"I'm fine. The question is: how are *you*?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Something must be eating you," he said. "You should be able to qualify with your eyes closed."

"Believe me, I know it," I told him—and it felt good to say that to someone.

For the next few minutes, we talked. I didn't tell Luz what was "eating" me, but he seemed to understand my anger, and he took pains to reassure me. Although he'd been indoctrinated in the Nazi youth

movement, he didn't believe in the Aryan-supremacy business any more than I did. We laughed over the fact that he really looked the part, though. He had a lean, muscular frame, blue eyes, blond hair and a handsome, chiselled face. Finally, seeing that I had calmed down somewhat, he pointed to the takeoff board.

"Why don't you draw a line a few

centimetres in back of the board and make your takeoff from there?" he said. "You'll be sure not to foul, and you certainly ought to jump far enough to qualify. What does it matter if you're not first in the trials? Tomorrow is what counts."

The tension seemed to ebb out of my body as the truth of what he said hit me. Confidently, I drew a line a full 30 centimetres behind the

board and proceeded to jump from there. I qualified.

**THAT NIGHT I WALKED** over to Luz's room in the Olympic village to thank him. If it hadn't been for him, I probably wouldn't be jumping in the finals the following day. We sat in his quarters and talked for two hours—about track and field, ourselves, the world situation, a dozen other things.

“ ”

DESPITE THE  
FACT THAT  
ADOLF HITLER  
GLARED AT  
US FROM THE  
STANDS NOT A  
HUNDRED  
METRES AWAY,  
LUZ LONG  
SHOOK MY  
HAND HARD.





*Newly minted pals Carl Ludwig  
"Luz" Long and Jesse Owens at  
the Berlin Olympics in 1936.*

When I finally got up to leave, we both knew that a real friendship had been formed. Luz would go out to the field the next day trying to outdo me if he could. But I knew that he wanted me to do my best—even if that meant beating him.

As it turned out, Luz broke his own past record. In doing so, he inspired me to deliver a peak performance. I remember that at the instant I landed from my final jump—the one that set the Olympic record of 8.06 metres—he was at my side, congratulating me. Despite the fact that Hitler glared at us from the stands not a hundred

metres away, Luz shook my hand hard—and it wasn't a fake smile with a broken-hearted grip, either.

You can melt down all the gold medals and cups I have received, and they wouldn't come close to outshining the 24-carat friendship I felt for Luz at that moment. He was the epitome of what Pierre de Coubertin, founder of the modern Olympics, must have had in mind when he said, "The important thing in the Olympic Games is not winning but taking part. The essential thing in life is not conquering but fighting well."



May 1991

\$1.97

# Reader's Digest

World's Most Widely Read Magazine

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70th Year • Over 28 million copies in 15 languages bought monthly



# A Feathered Friend

BY JO COUDERT

FROM *READER'S DIGEST*, MAY 1991

**“I AM GOING NUTS HERE** by myself,” Pat Myers confessed to her daughter, Annie. Pat had been virtually confined to her house for a year as she was treated for an inflamed artery in her temple that affected her vision and stamina.

A widow with two adult children, Pat had been happily running a chain of dress shops. But now that she had to give up her business, her home began to feel oppressively silent and empty. Finally, she admitted to Annie how lonely she was.

“Do you think I should advertise for someone to live with me?” Pat asked.

“That’s such a gamble,” Annie said. “How about a pet?”

“I haven’t the strength to walk a dog,” Pat said. “I’m allergic to cats, and fish don’t have a whole lot to say.”

“Birds do,” said her daughter. “Why not get a parrot?”

And so it began.

**PAT AND ANNIE** visited a breeder of African Greys and were shown two little featherless creatures huddled together. Pat was doubtful, but Annie persuaded her to put a deposit down on the bird with the bright eyes. When he was three months old and feathered out, he was delivered to his new owner, who named him Casey.

A few weeks later Pat told Annie, “I didn’t realize I talked so much. Casey’s picking up all kinds of words.”

“I told you.” Her daughter smiled at the pleasure in Pat’s voice.

The first sentence Casey learned was “Where’s my glasses?” followed by “Where’s my purse?”

Whenever Pat began scanning tabletops and opening drawers, Casey chanted, "Where's my glasses? Where's my purse?" When she returned from an errand, he'd greet her with "Holy smokes, it's cold out there" in a perfect imitation of her voice.

Casey disliked being caged, so Pat often let him roam the house. "What fun it is to have him," she told Annie. "It makes the whole place feel better."

"I think *you're* beginning to feel better too," said Annie.

"Well, he gives me four or five laughs a day—they say laughter's good for you."

Once, a plumber came to repair a leak under the kitchen sink. In the den, Casey cracked seeds in his cage and eyed the plumber through the open door. Suddenly the parrot broke the silence, reciting, "One potato, two potato, three potato, four."

"What?" asked the plumber.

"Don't poo on the rug," Casey ordered, in Pat's voice.

The plumber pushed himself out from under the sink and marched to the living room. "If you're going to play games, lady, you can find yourself another plumber." Pat looked at him blankly. The plumber hesitated, "That was you, wasn't it?"

She smiled. "What was me?"

"One potato, two potato—and don't poo on the rug."

"Oh dear," said Pat. "Let me introduce you to Casey."

Casey saw them coming. "What's going on around here?" he said.

At that moment, Pat sneezed. Casey immediately mimicked the sneeze, added a couple of Pat's coughs and finished with her version of "Wow!" The plumber shook his head slowly and crawled back under the sink.

**ONE MORNING** while Pat was reading the paper, the phone rang. She picked it up and got a dial tone. The next morning it rang again, and again she got a dial tone. The third morning she realized what was going on: Casey had learned to mimic the phone faultlessly.

Once, as Pat opened a soda can at the kitchen table, Casey waddled over and snatched at the can. It toppled, sending a cascade of cola onto her lap and the floor. "##@!" Pat said. Casey eyed her. "Forget you heard that," she ordered. "I didn't say it. I never say it, and I wouldn't have now if I hadn't just mopped the floor."

Casey kept his beak shut.

Later, a real estate agent arrived to go over some business. She and Pat were deep in discussion when Casey screamed from the den, "##@!"

Both women acted as though they'd heard nothing.

Casey tried it again. "##@!" he said. And again. "##@!" "##@!" "##@!"

---

---

Pat put her hand on her guest's arm. "Helen, it's sweet of you to pretend, but I know you haven't suddenly gone deaf." They both broke up laughing.

"Oh you bad bird," Pat scolded after the agent left. "She's going to think I go around all day saying four-letter words."

"What a mess," Casey said.

"You're darned right," Pat told him.

**CASEY'S** favourite perch in the kitchen was on the faucet; his favourite occupation: trying to remove the washer at the end of it. Once, to tease him, Pat sprinkled a handful of water over him. Casey ceased his attack on the washer and swivelled his head toward her. "What's the matter with you?" he demanded.

If he left the kitchen and Pat heard him say "Oh you bad bird!" she knew to come running. Casey was either pecking at her dining room chairs or the wallpaper in the foyer.

"Is it worth it?" her son, Bill, asked, looking at the damage in the front hall.

"Give me a choice between a perfect, lonely house and a tacky, happy one," said Pat, "and I'll take the tacky one any day."

But Pat did decide to have Casey's sharp talons clipped. To trim them without getting bitten, the vet wrapped Casey tightly in a towel, turned him on his back and handed him to an assistant to hold while he went to work. A helpless Casey looked at Pat and said, piteously, "Oh the poor baby."

Pat often wondered if Casey knew what he was saying. Sometimes his

statements were so appropriate she wasn't sure, like the time a guest had lingered on and on talking in the doorway and Casey finally called out impatiently, "Night, night."

Yet whenever Pat wanted to teach him something, Casey could be so maddening. Once, she carried him to the living room and settled into an easy chair as Casey sidled up her

arm and nestled his head against her chest. Pat dusted the tips of her fingers over his velvet-grey feathers and scarlet tail. "I love you," she said. "Can you say, 'I love you, Pat Myers?'"

Casey cocked an eye at her. "I live on Mallard View," he said.

"I know where you live, funny bird. Tell me you love me."

““  
PAT TRIED TO  
TEACH CASEY  
“JINGLE BELL  
ROCK.” “IT’LL  
BE YOUR  
CONTRIBUTION  
TO CHRISTMAS,”  
SHE SAID.  
“WHERE’S MY  
GLASSES?”  
HE REPLIED.

"Funny bird."

Another time, Pat was trying to teach Casey "Jingle Bell Rock" before her children and grandchildren arrived for Christmas dinner. "It'll be your contribution," she told him.

"Where's my glasses?"

"Never mind that. Just listen to me sing." But as Pat sang "Jingle bell, jingle bell, jingle bell rock" and danced around the kitchen, Casey simply looked at her.

Finally Pat gave up, and Casey was silent all through Christmas dinner. When it came time for dessert, Pat extinguished the lights and touched a match to the plum pudding. As the brandy blazed up, Casey burst into "Jingle bell, jingle bell, jingle bell rock!"

**PAT'S** health improved so much that she decided to go on a three-week vacation.

"You'll be all right," she told Casey. "You can stay with Annie and the kids."

The day her mother was due back, Annie returned Casey to the apartment so he'd be there when Pat got home from the airport.

"Hi, Casey!" Pat called as she unlocked the door. There was no answer. "Holy smokes, it's cold out

there!" she said. More silence. Pat dropped her coat and hurried into the den. Casey glared at her.

"Hey, aren't you glad to see me?" The bird moved to the far side of the cage. "Come on, don't be angry," Pat said. She opened the door of the cage and held out her hand. Casey dropped to the bottom of the cage and huddled there.

In the morning Pat tried again.

Casey refused to speak.

Later that day he consented to climb on her wrist and be carried to the living room. When she sat down, he shifted uneasily and seemed about to fly away. "Please, Casey," Pat pleaded, "I know I was away a long time, but you've got to forgive me."

He took a few tentative steps up her arm, then moved back to her knee. "Were you afraid

I was never going to

come back?" she said softly. "I would never do that."

Casey cocked his head and slowly moved up her arm. Pat crooked her elbow, and the bird nestled against her. She stroked his head, smoothing his feathers with her forefinger. Finally, Casey spoke.

"I love you, Pat Myers," he said.

“WERE YOU  
AFRAID I  
WASN'T  
COMING  
BACK?”  
ASKED PAT.  
CASEY MOVED  
UP HER ARM.  
FINALLY, AFTER  
HIS LONG  
SILENCE, THE  
BIRD SPOKE.



# A Story About My Larger-Than-Life Uncle

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

FROM *READER'S DIGEST*, JULY 1941

**IN 1876, WHEN I WAS** six years old, my father settled on an Ontario farm. There, we lived in an isolation the like of which is almost unknown today. We were 50 kilometres from a railway. There were no newspapers. Nobody came and went, for there was nowhere to come and go.

Into this isolation broke my dynamic uncle, Edward Philip Leacock, my father's younger brother. E.P., as everyone called him, had just come from a year's travel around the Mediterranean. He was about 25, bronzed and self confident, with a square beard like a Plantagenet king. His talk was of Algiers, of the Golden Horn and the Egyptian pyramids. To us, who had been living in the wilderness for two years, it sounded like *The Arabian Nights*. When we asked, "Uncle Edward, do you know the Prince of Wales?" he answered, "Quite

intimately"—with no further explanation. It was an impressive trick he had.

In that year, 1878, there was a general election in Canada, and E.P. was soon in it up to the neck. He picked up the history and politics of Upper Canada in a day, and in a week, he knew everybody in the countryside. In politics, E.P. was on the conservative, aristocratic side, but he was also hail-fellow-well-met with the humblest. A democrat can't condescend because he's down already, but when a conservative stoops, he conquers. E.P. spoke at every meeting. His strong point, however, was socializing in barrooms, which gave full scope to his marvellous talent for flattering and make-believe.

"Why, let me see," he would say to some modest rural resident in threadbare clothes beside him, glass in hand, "surely, if your name is Framley, you



# The Reader's Digest

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Party Chatter, 46

JULY 1941



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must be a relation of my dear old friend General Sir Charles Framley of the Horse Artillery?"

"Mebbe," the flattered fellow would answer, "I ain't kept track very good of my folks in the old country."

"Dear me! I must tell Sir Charles that I've seen you. He'll be so pleased."

**THUS, IN A FORTNIGHT**, E.P. had bestowed distinctions on half the township of Georgina. They lived in a recaptured atmosphere of generals, admirals and earls. How could they vote any other way but conservative!

The election was a walkover for John A. Macdonald. E.P. might have stayed to reap the fruits, but Ontario was too small a horizon for him. Manitoba was then just opening up, and nothing would satisfy E.P. but that he and my father should go west. So we had a sale of our farm, with refreshments for all comers, our lean cattle and broken machines fetching less than the price of the whisky. Off to Manitoba went E.P. and my father, leaving us children behind at school.

They hit Winnipeg on the rise of the boom, and E.P. rode the crest of the

wave. There is a magic appeal in the rush and movement of a boom town—a Carson City of the 1860s, a Winnipeg of the 1880s. Life is all in the present, all here and now, no past and no outside—just a clatter of hammers and saws, rounds of drinks and rolls of money. Every man seems a remarkable fellow; individuality shines, and character blossoms like a rose.

E.P. was in everything and knew

everybody, conferring titles and honours up and down Portage Avenue. In six months he had a great fortune, on paper. He took a trip east and brought back a charming wife from Toronto. He built a large house beside the Red River, filled it with pictures of people he said were his ancestors and carried on a roaring hospitality inside it.

He was president of a bank (that never opened); head of a

brewery (for brewing the Red River); and secretary-treasurer of the Winnipeg, Hudson Bay & Arctic Ocean Railway. They had no track, but E.P. received free passes for travel over all of North America.

He was elected to the Manitoba legislature; they would have made him prime minister but for the existence

“  
E.P. FLOATED  
ON HOTEL  
CREDIT, LOANS  
AND UNPAID  
BILLS. A  
BANKER WAS  
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HE LEFT ONE,  
HE CARRIED  
\$100 WITH NO  
SECURITY.”

of the grand old man of the province, John Norquay. At that, in a short time, Norquay ate out of E.P.'s hand.

To aristocracy, E.P. added a touch of prestige by always being apparently about to be called away—imperially. If someone said, “Will you be in Winnipeg all winter, Mr. Leacock?” he answered, “It will depend a good deal on what happens in West Africa.” Just that; West Africa beat them.

Then the Manitoba boom crashed in 1882. Simple people like my father were wiped out in a day. Not so E.P. Doubtless he was left utterly bankrupt, but it made no difference. He used credit instead of cash; he still had his imaginary bank and his railway to the Arctic Ocean. Anyone who called about a bill was told that E.P.'s movements were uncertain and would depend a good deal on what happened in Johannesburg. That held them another six months.

**I USED TO SEE HIM** when he made his periodic trips east—on passes—to impress his creditors in the west. He floated on hotel credit, loans and unpaid bills. A banker was his natural victim. E.P.'s method was simple. As

he entered the banker's private office he would exclaim, “I say! Do you fish? Surely that's a greenheart casting rod on the wall?” (E.P. knew the names of everything.) In a few minutes the banker, flushed and pleased, was exhibiting the rod and showing trout flies. When E.P. went out, he carried \$100 with him. There was no security.

He dealt similarly with credit at livery stables and shops. He bought

with lavish generosity, never asking a price. He never suggested payment except as an afterthought, just as he was going out. “By the way, please let me have the bill promptly. I may be going away.” Then in an aside to me he'd say, “Sir Henry Loch has cabled again from West Africa.” And so on. They had never seen him before and wouldn't again.

When ready to leave a hotel, E.P. would call

for his bill at the desk and break out into enthusiasm at the reasonableness of it. “Compare that,” he would say in his aside to me, “with the Hôtel de Crillon in Paris! Remind me to mention to Sir John how admirably we've been treated; he's coming here next week.” Sir John was our prime minister. The hotelkeeper hadn't

“”

THIS DOES NOT MEAN E.P. WAS DISHONEST. TO HIM, HIS BILLS WERE MERELY “DEFERRED.” ALL HIS GRAND SCHEMES WERE AS OPEN AS SUNLIGHT, AND AS EMPTY.

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known Canada's elected leader was coming—and he wasn't.

Then came the final touch. "Now let me see ... \$76 ..." Here, E.P. fixed his eye firmly on the hotel man. "You give me \$24, then I can remember to send an even hundred." The man's hand trembled, but he gave it.

This does not mean that E.P. was dishonest. To him, his bills were merely "deferred," like the British debt to the United States. He never made, never even contemplated, a crooked deal in his life. All his grand schemes were as open as sunlight, and as empty.

E.P. knew how to fashion his talk to his audience. I once introduced him to a group of my college friends, to whom academic degrees meant a great deal. Casually, E.P. turned to me and said, "Oh, by the way, you'll be glad to know that I've just received my honorary degree from the Vatican—at last!" The "at last" was a knockout. A degree from the Pope, and overdue at that!

**OF COURSE**, it could not be sustained. Gradually faith weakens, credit crumbles, creditors grow hard and friends turn away. Little by little, E.P.

sank down. Now a widower, he was a shuffling, halfshabby figure who would have been pathetic except for his indomitable self-belief. Times grew hard for him and, at length, even the simple credit of the barrooms broke under him. My brother Jim told me of E.P. being put out of a Winnipeg pub by an angry bartender. E.P. had brought in four men, spread the fingers of one hand and said, "Mr. Leacock. Five."

The bartender broke into oaths.

E.P. hooked a friend by the arm. "Come away," he said. "I'm afraid the poor fellow's crazy, but I hate to report him."

Free travel came to an end. The railways found out at last that there wasn't any Arctic Ocean Railway. E.P. managed to come east just once more. I met him in Toronto—a trifle bedraggled but wearing a plug hat with a crepe

band around it. "Poor Sir John," he said, "I felt I simply must come down for his funeral." Then I remembered that the prime minister was dead and realized that kindly sentiment had meant free transportation.

That was the last I ever saw of E.P. Finally, someone paid his fare back to England. He received from some

“  
AT AN ENGLISH  
MONASTERY,  
E.P. LOOKED  
INTO THE  
BROTHERS'  
FINANCES AND  
DISCOVERED  
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LARGE IN  
AMOUNT AND  
VALID BEYOND  
DOUBT.

family trust an income of two pounds a week, and on that he lived, with such dignity as might be, in a remote village in Worcestershire. He told the people of the village—so I learned later—that his stay was uncertain: it would depend a good deal on what happened in China. But nothing happened in China.

There he stayed for years, and there he might have finished but for a strange chance, a sort of poetic justice, that gave him an evening in the sunset.

In the part of England whence our family hailed there was an ancient religious brotherhood with a centuries-old monastery and dilapidated estates. E.P. descended on them, since the brothers seemed an easy mark. In the course of his pious retreat he took a look into the brothers' finances and his quick intelligence discovered an old claim against the government, large in amount and valid beyond doubt. In no time E.P. was at Westminster,

representing the brothers. British officials were easier to handle than Ontario hotelkeepers.

The brothers got a lot of money. In gratitude they invited E.P. to be their permanent manager. So there he was, lifted into ease and affluence. The years went easily by among gardens, orchards and fish ponds as old as the Crusades.

When I was lecturing in London in 1921 he wrote to me. "Do come down; I am too old now to travel, but I will send a chauffeur with a car and two lay brothers to bring you here." Just like E.P., I thought, the "lay brothers" touch. But I couldn't go. He ended his days at the monastery, no cable calling him to West Africa.

If there is a paradise, I am sure the unbeatable quality of his spirit will get him in. He will say at the gate, "Peter? Surely you must be a relation of Lord Peter of Titchfield?" But if he fails, then may the earth lie light upon him. **R**

\*  
\* \* \*

### RETORT CARD

A teacher was having trouble with his bank. Neither the bank's accuracy nor its mode of expression lived up to his standards. The last straw arrived in the form of a letter from the bank that read:

"Your account appears to be overdrawn."

The teacher wrote back: "Please write again when you are certain."

**JOHN C. CREEDOM**, quoted in *The Wall Street Journal*, from *Reader's Digest*, September 1988

# Laughter

THE BEST MEDICINE



## THE BEST JOKE I EVER TOLD BY KATE DAVIS

Kids are expensive, I didn't even realize how broke I was until last year someone stole my identity and it ruined her life.

*Find Davis online at [katedavis.ca](http://katedavis.ca) or check out her web series Bestbeforeshow on YouTube.*



### LOST AND FOUND

A man loses his dog, so he puts an ad in the paper, and the ad says: "Here, boy." *Comedian SPIKE MILLIGAN*

### ANY WAY YOU WANT IT

\*Ordering cake over the phone\*  
"And what would you like the cake to say?"

\*Covers phone to ask wife\*  
"Do we want a talking cake?"

@KEETPOTATO

### NEED A NEW HOBBY?

Spent all evening gluing watches together to make a belt. Complete waist of time. @PUNDAMENTALISM

### THREE TIMES THE FUN

Hey, nice try, people named Tristan. Or I should say Stan Stan Stan.

@GROWLYGREGO

### UNMENTIONABLES

I bought my friend an elephant for his room, and he said, "Thanks."

I said, "Don't mention it." [reddit.com](http://reddit.com)

**Send us your original jokes! You could earn \$50 and be featured in the magazine. See page 11 or [rd.ca/joke](http://rd.ca/joke) for details.**

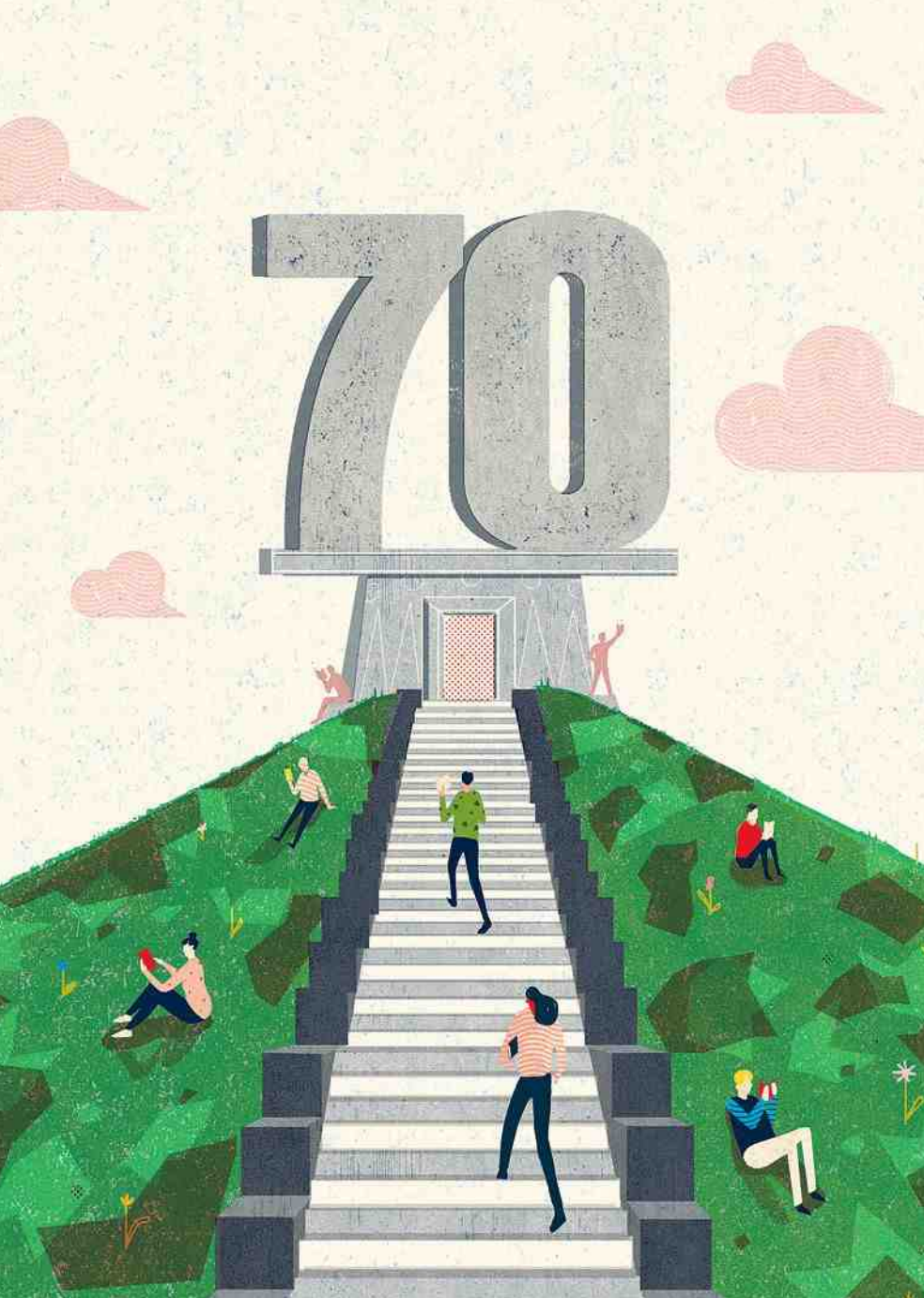


# The History of *US*

Almost everyone has a story about *Reader's Digest*. Over the decades, our iconic magazine has touched the lives of so many—across Canada and around the globe. To celebrate our 70th anniversary, we're marking notable moments from our company's rich legacy and shining a spotlight on long-time readers who have special connections to our pages. Here's to enjoying our past, present and future—together.

BY DOMINIQUE RITTER AND NICOLE SCHMIDT

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE ELLIS



## 1921

When DeWitt Wallace first proposed a magazine containing condensed, easy-to-read articles, his concept was rejected by publishers across America. Convinced that the idea had serious potential, Wallace went ahead and solicited 1,500 subscriptions. Soon after, the **Reader's Digest Association opened its first office** in a New York City basement, and Wallace, alongside his Canadian-born wife, Lila Acheson Wallace, began assembling the first issue.

## FEBRUARY 1922

The first issue of *Reader's Digest*—featuring a simple white cover with an illustration of a woman writing on a scroll—is published in the United States with a print run of 5,000 copies. At the time, the magazine cost 25 cents and contained 31 condensed articles (one for each day of the

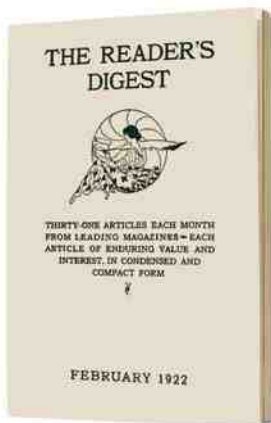
month), including one story about Henry Ford and another about the art of conversation. It was the Wallaces' **mission to select articles of exceptional interest and value**—ones that were “worthy of a permanent place in the storehouse of the mind.”

## 1928

*Reader's Digest* becomes the **first magazine to be printed in Braille**. For many years, it was the only ink-print publication that was also made accessible to people with visual impairments. This edition will draw more than 3,000 subscribers within a decade of its launch.

## 1938

The first international edition of *Reader's Digest* is published in England. Over the following years, the magazine would be **printed in 16 languages and distributed in 163 countries**.



Lila (left) and DeWitt Wallace (right) in 1961.





## **Parmjit (Paul) Bhangu,**

VANCOUVER

### **MEMORABLE ARTICLE:**

**"It Pays to Increase  
Your Word Power"  
by Wilfred Funk  
(August 1959)**

I've been reading this magazine since 1958, when I was a Grade 9 student living in India. My dad was a subscriber, and our family would wait eagerly for the postman to bring *Reader's Digest* every month. Back then your articles helped me learn English—especially Word Power, which enabled me to expand my vocabulary. I also devoured the book excerpts, which always contained inspirational stories of courage and basic human goodness—two virtues that remain important to me. I'm grateful to have had this valuable resource growing up, and I still read the magazine regularly today.



## ***Linda Woolridge,***

MOUNT PEARL, N.L.

**MEMORABLE ARTICLE:**

"Kelly's Gift," by James Ricci  
(April 1984)

In the summer of 1984, my 16-year-old daughter Danette read an article in the magazine about a family who had donated their child's organs after the youngster had died unexpectedly. Danette brought the piece over and asked me to read it. She was impressed by the story and made it clear that she too would have wanted to be a donor if she had been in the child's place. That September, five days after being in a car accident, Danette died of a severe head injury, leaving us heartbroken. In accordance with her wishes, my husband and I donated her organs.

## APRIL 1945

Stanley High, associate editor of *Reader's Digest*, is among 17 editors and publishers selected by U.S. Army General Dwight D. Eisenhower to fly overseas and **inspect German concentration camps**.

## MAY 1945

After helping interview prisoners in concentration camps and studying documents regarding the German occupation of France, High is involved in creating a call to action for the U.S. to adopt an **urgent policy on war criminals**. A statement released on behalf of the reporters while they are still overseas claims that the Nazis were pursuing “calculated and organized brutality.”

“We are more than ever convinced that there can be no peace on earth until the right of the earth’s peoples to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is recognized and protected under law,” the statement reads.

## DECEMBER 1946

The Reader’s Digest Association announces a **French-language edition for Canadians**, scheduled for release in July of the following year.

## 1948

One year after *Sélection* makes its first appearance on newsstands, ***Reader’s Digest* begins publishing an English-language edition in Canada**. The



*The first issues of the Canadian editions.*

publication quickly builds a reputation as one of the country’s most read and most influential magazines.

## DECEMBER 1952

While statistics about the health risks of smoking cigarettes started to surface as early as the mid-1940s, the majority of the public is kept in the dark until *Reader’s Digest* publishes the groundbreaking article “Cancer by the Carton.” The story summarized the **latest science linking tobacco to lung cancer** at a time when an estimated 54 per cent of Canadians smoke.

*Reader’s Digest* is credited with contributing to the largest drop in cigarette consumption since the Depression.



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## Sandy McArthur,

CRANBROOK, B.C.

### MEMORABLE ARTICLE:

"Leave Home or Get Help,"  
by Mary Ellen Pinkham  
(January 1987)

On August 11, 1987, I was sitting with my two sisters in the younger one's living room, anxiously awaiting our mother's arrival. She'd agreed to meet us for tea; in reality, we—along with our aunt and a drug and alcohol counsellor—were planning an intervention. We had all read the same piece in *Reader's Digest*, which prompted us to talk openly about Mom's drinking and what to do about it. Alcoholism wounds, and it kills—our father had passed away four years earlier, ravaged by the effects of his drinking. Thanks to the advice in this article, Mom remained sober for the last 22 years of her life.



## Elechia Barry-Sproule,

NEWMARKET, ONT.

### MEMORABLE ARTICLE:

"Minutes From Death,"

by Nicholas Hune-Brown

(August 2013)

After a fall in July 2013, I broke the navicular bone in my ankle. Over the next two weeks I moved around very little and began feeling a sharp ache in my calf. Chest pains followed, along with laboured breathing when I climbed stairs, so I made plans to see my doctor in the near future. Then I came across the article about Cari MacLean and how she nearly died from a pulmonary embolism. I immediately called Telehealth Ontario and was advised to rush to the hospital, where a CT scan revealed three large pulmonary embolisms and a number of smaller clots. *Reader's Digest* saved my life.



MIKE FORD



Channing Tatum and Rachel McAdams in *The Vow*.



## SEPTEMBER 1982

The Reader's Digest Association publishes a condensed version of the Bible—40 per cent shorter than the 850,000-word revised standard version—after seven years of planning. The special edition is later presented to Pope John Paul II.

## 1987

When the AIDS crisis starts making national headlines in the 1980s, *Reader's Digest* responds by launching an **advertising campaign to educate people** on protecting themselves and their loved ones. The six-page magazine spread runs in 38 countries and 15 languages.

## JUNE 1995

The **true story that inspires the romantic drama *The Vow* (2012)**, starring Canadian Rachel McAdams and Channing Tatum, appears in the pages of *Reader's Digest* as “For Better, For Worse.”

## 2001

In a Roper poll, *Reader's Digest* Canada is named **the country's most trusted magazine brand**—a status it has held almost every year since.

## JANUARY 2008

An expert panel convened by *Masthead*, the periodical industry's watchdog, names *Reader's Digest* Canada the **most influential magazine in the country's publishing history**.

## SEPTEMBER 2010

“Map of Shame,” an investigative health feature in *Reader's Digest* Canada, **reveals a lack of standardization in cancer treatment across the country**. The story exposes enormous discrepancies in drug access between provinces, amounting to a “postcode lottery.”

## 2017

Reader's Digest Magazines Canada **turns 70 and thanks all of you!** 





# She's Still the One

BY COURTNEY SHEA

**SHANIA TWAIN** has made it through a painful divorce, self-doubt and a vocal-cord ailment. At 52, she's back—with her first new record in 15 years and a confident, sunny outlook.

**S**hania Twain didn't start out with dreams of becoming a country-pop icon. Growing up in Timmins, Ont., in the 1960s and '70s, she faced poverty and family dysfunction; as a kid, she sang in local bars to make ends meet. It wasn't until the mid-'90s—with the help of Robert "Mutt" Lange, an influential pop and rock producer and her then-husband—that Twain ascended to stardom. Fans were drawn to her plucky attitude and lively brand of female empowerment that put unworthy men on notice in anthems like "That Don't Impress Me Much" and "Man, I Feel Like a Woman." To this day, Twain remains the best-selling female country artist in history, thanks in no small part to the success of her 1997 smash hit, *Come On Over*, the top-selling country album of all time.

But success had its downsides: in 2000, she and Lange moved to a remote town in Switzerland—an attempt, Twain said at the time, to "leave behind the whole 'Shania' thing." Nearly a decade later, the singer's professional and domestic lives were thrown into upheaval when she discovered Lange was having an affair with her closest friend. The devastation and stress from this betrayal, she says, factored into her 2010 diagnosis of dysphonia, a disorder of the vocal cords that causes

hoarseness; it left Twain unable to sing and deeply uncertain of her future.

After so much turmoil, finding her voice again has been as much an emotional journey as a physical one. In 2015, Twain embarked on a farewell tour that was, she thought, a chance to say goodbye while still at the top of her game. It turned out she wasn't quite finished. As she prepares for the late-September release of *Now*, her first album in a decade and a half, the Canadian icon opens up about weathering adversity, navigating social media and why, this time around, she's stressing less, sleeping more and finally having fun.

***The first single on your new album is called "Life's About to Get Good." Does that optimistic outlook encapsulate how you're feeling these days?***

That song is about transition in my life—from sad to happy, lost to found, starting off feeling pretty devastated and then seeing the light. *Now* has to do with all that I've been through—what's important and what I don't need to take with me. It's kind of like cleaning house. That's the phase I'm in at the moment. I don't need to rush into the future or run away from the past. I'm okay addressing it all now.

***You've said making this album was about frightening yourself. How so?***

It was scary for me to get back into the studio after 15 years—even just



*Twain serenades audiences in 2012 during her residency at Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas.*

on a level of getting my voice back, because I had lost that. I also had to push myself through that threshold of fear in terms of writing alone. I was determined to see how productive I could be on my own after so many years spent collaborating. When that drops away it's like, Where do I start? Where do I go from here?

***Can you describe that experience?***

I grew into my own skin, and I was very much involved and very much at home. I guess I'd gained enough experience with Mutt over the years. I couldn't have worked with anybody better to prepare me for this moment.

***It sounds like you've been able to consider even the most challenging experiences in a positive light.***

I came to terms with a lot of things while making this album, not just the emotions surrounding my divorce. People get divorced every day, and it's devastating in most cases, but for me that separation was really the straw that broke the camel's back. I had so many years of pretty low lows and never really dealt with them. I address things best creatively and cathartically through songwriting. I've never been as transparent as I have been with *Now*. My intentions were to create an album that is relatable. I don't want people to think, I don't get this.

***Your last record, Up!, came out a decade and a half ago. In the years since then, pop culture has gone through massive changes, including***

***the rise of social media. As an artist who values her privacy, what has that adjustment been like?***

I use social media to communicate with my fans, and I love it. You're getting real, direct feedback and thoughts and ideas. Because I've got a teenage son, I kind of evolved with it. He had just been born when I released *Up!*, so we've both grown up with social media.

***Along with that direct communication comes the expectation of greater transparency.***

***How do you know where to draw the line?***

Somebody asked me recently what I thought of Katy Perry [who live-streamed her entire life round the clock for four days to promote her latest album]. I said, Well, I would never film myself sleeping and share that, because I'd probably fart and snore.

***Why step back into the spotlight now? Two years ago, you embarked on a so-called farewell tour. What changed your mind?***

At the time, I thought it was a farewell. I was procrastinating a lot with making the new album. I was always writing, but my voice wasn't there

yet. I was floundering. Then I got busy with my Las Vegas residency and with the tour. It takes an hour and a half of preparation work for me to sing [due to the dysphonia], and as I was getting through those rehearsals I thought, This is one hat I'd better hang up. I wanted to leave at the top. But the tour went so well, and I learned about myself and my limits. I realized I could physically

do it, and I was also motivated by the fact that the album came together so well.

***I suppose premature farewell tours are part of a grand tradition. Look at Cher!***

I so understand that. I could never have known I was going to be ready to go on.

***In country music, men can gracefully evolve***

***into hairy outlaws, while women are expected to defy the aging process. How do you handle that?***

That's my determination again. I'm not going to be a victim of that kind of discrimination. What do you mean women are not allowed to age? I'm aging, I've got cellulite and I'm getting bags under my eyes. That's just the way it is—take it or leave it. I'm still going to make an



**I'm aging,  
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cellulite and  
I'm getting  
bags under my  
eyes. That's  
just the way  
it is—take it  
or leave it.**

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effort to look good; I always have. And I believe in self-care.

***What does that look like?***

Fitness is important to me. I don't want to see myself in the mirror and feel like I'm turning into a lazy blob, but it's about health. If I'm taking care of myself and eating well and exercising and I'm still a blob, then that's what I've got to live with. We just have to do our best, whatever that looks like; that's what we should love in ourselves. Otherwise it's not worth it.

***You recently attended the opening of Shania Twain: Rock This Country, a retrospective exhibit spanning your career, at the Country Music Hall of Fame and Museum in Nashville. What was that like?***

It was great. It was truly an exhibit of my life since I started out so young, at the age of 10. Looking back at that early memorabilia gave me a complete sense of my journey in music, not just the successful years.

***The exhibit features some of your most iconic looks. What Shania Twain artifact would you save in a fire?***

Oh boy. I'd want to save the [leopard-print suit from the video for] "That Don't Impress Me Much." I'd also want to save the biography my mother wrote about me when I was 12. She's not here anymore, so it

really means a lot. It still has the coffee stains from her cup.

***Speaking of iconic looks, I see you've got your double denim on today—a.k.a. the Canadian tuxedo.***

Ha! The double denim is very in right now. I love it. Wool socks too.

***You've said you didn't take enough time to have fun while your career was exploding. Are you doing anything now to rectify that situation?***

I sleep in when I want to. Not on weekdays, because I still get my son to school, but if I want to go back for a nap afterwards, I do. These are things I never would have allowed myself before—I was just so disciplined. Now I realize some things can wait. And then there's fun: I love going to the movies, and I see more concerts now.

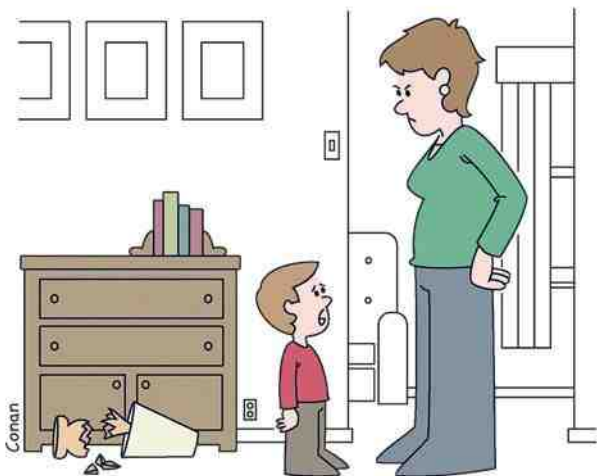
***Any recent highlights?***

Drake was amazing—technologically awesome and very communicative.

***One of Drake's chief messages is a sense of pride in his hometown—and his home country. You now spend the majority of your time in Switzerland and the Bahamas. In light of that, what does being Canadian mean to you?***

Canada means home—the smell, the feel, the seasons, the history, my childhood. It has stayed with me. **R**

# As Kids See It



*"You always seem a lot taller when I'm in trouble."*

**MANY YEARS AGO**, I had dropped my eldest daughter off at kindergarten. I decided to stop for a Tim Hortons coffee on the way home. As we approached the drive-through line, I remarked that we were in for a long wait. My three-year-old piped up from the back seat: "Is Tim Horton not home?"

**JENNIFER GOODNOUGH**, *Edmonton*

**WHY DO KIDS CRY** when you brush their teeth, but they can't feel food on their face?

**Comedian JIM GAFFIGAN**

**THE BEST PART OF** working from home is having your five-year-old run in while you're on a conference call and cry, "I accidentally peed in the wrong place!"

**@BEHINDYOURBACK**

**MY FOUR-YEAR-OLD GRANDSON**, Michael, was taken to the ER after a fall that resulted in a cut lip. He ended up needing stitches. Following the procedure, the doctor led Michael over to a mirror, hoping to reassure him that all was now okay. Upon seeing his swollen, stitched

face, Michael exclaimed, “You should have let my grandma do it. She sews better than you!”

MARGARET AVENUE, *Kitchener, Ont.*

**GIVE MY SON A** lacrosse stick and he’ll dominate. Give him a broom and ask him to sweep and he’ll act like he’s never held anything ever.

🐦 @PETRICKSARA

**THE SAME KID** who claimed she needs a fidget spinner because she “can’t focus” just spent eight minutes picking every sesame seed off her bagel.

🐦 @SIX\_PACK\_MOM

**MY TWO-YEAR-OLD** called the vehicle for sick people a “wee-woo truck,” and now I don’t even remember what the right name is anymore.

🐦 @XPLODINGUNICORN

**MY DAUGHTER GETS SO** pumped watching Disney films. She loves that they all have singing, dancing and a part when the parents die.

Actor RYAN REYNOLDS

**FIVE-YEAR-OLD:** I’m not going to have a job.

**ME:** Where are you going to get money?

**FIVE-YEAR-OLD:** The ATM.

🐦 @MSEMILYMCCOMBS



## AND ONE FOR THE KIDS

**Q:** Where do ghosts like to water ski?

**A:** On Lake Erie.

funkidsjokes.com

**WE HAD JUST CELEBRATED** Halloween. My husband nabbed some of the chocolate out of our seven-year-old’s bag and was snacking on it. Our daughter, quick as a whip, noticed her father had something in his mouth. Realizing his fingers were covered in chocolate, she exclaimed, “Daddy, I caught you left-handed!”

KARLA HEWITT, *Burlington, Ont.*

**I KEPT MY LAST NAME** when I got married. When my daughter was in Grade 2, her teacher got hitched and took her partner’s surname. Soon after, my daughter and I had a conversation about the custom. I asked her if she thought she’d change her name if she ever got married. She replied, matter-of-factly, “Well, that depends on what my adult brain thinks about it, doesn’t it?”

reddit.com

**Are the children you know seriously funny? Tell us about them! A story could earn you \$50. For details on how to submit an anecdote, see page 11 or visit [rd.ca/joke](http://rd.ca/joke).**

The disease is a killer,  
but as many as half of all cases in Canada  
are linked to causes we can control

—→ A PLAN FOR ←—  
**PREVENTING**  
BREAST  
CANCER

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BY LISA BENDALL





**BREAST CANCER IS THE MOST** common cancer among Canadian women. Even though the five-year survival rate—87 per cent—has vastly improved over the past three decades, one in eight women can still expect to be diagnosed with breast cancer. (It's about 100 times rarer in men.) Many risk factors are out of our control: we're more likely to develop the disease the older we get, for instance, or the taller we are, although this link may have to do with factors such as childhood diet that contribute to height in adulthood. But current research is finding that we can, to some extent, shape our own odds.

"It's incredibly important that people know they are not powerless," says Susannah Brown, senior scientist at the World Cancer Research Fund (WCRF) in London, U.K. "There are steps they can take to help reduce their risk." Earlier this year, WCRF partnered with the American Institute for Cancer Research to analyze more than 100 studies drawing on data from millions of women around the world. They found strong evidence of lowered breast cancer risk with simple lifestyle interventions. "It's never too late to get healthier," says Brown. "But the earlier you start, the better."

Here's how to lower your risk.

## 1. REDUCE YOUR ALCOHOL INTAKE

If you're drinking for your health, think again. What you're doing is raising your risk of seven cancers, including liver cancer. One drink a day increases your chances of developing breast cancer specifically by as

much as 10 per cent. Two drinks and you double it by up to 20 per cent.

"A lot of women are shocked by that," says Dr. Julian Kim, a radiation oncologist with CancerCare Manitoba in Winnipeg. "They drink a glass of wine to relax, and they think they're getting away scot-free." Alcohol can increase levels of estrogen, which, like other hormones, delivers messages that control cell division in the body. Increased lifetime estrogen exposure is associated with breast cancer. That's why getting your first period before age 12 and reaching menopause after 55 are risk factors.

Plus, when we metabolize alcohol, it's converted into acetaldehyde, a toxic by-product that can damage DNA and interfere with our ability to repair it. "There is no safe amount women can drink without increasing their risk of breast cancer," says Brown. "However, the women who drink the most alcohol are at the greatest risk."

When it comes to another common vice, smoking, the news is surprising. Although smoking-related illnesses cause about 100 deaths a day in Canada and may be implicated in some breast cancers, “smoking is not as strong a risk factor for breast cancer as it is for other cancers,” notes Shawn Chirrey, senior manager of health promotion for the Canadian Cancer Society in Toronto.

## 2. BE PHYSICALLY ACTIVE

Exercise lowers the risk of breast cancer, and being inactive increases it. The protective effects vary depending on whether or not you’re postmenopausal, whether the exercise is moderate or vigorous, and how much time you devote to physical activity.

“There’s a dose response. The more exercise you do, the greater the benefit,” says Dr. Christine Friedenreich, a Calgary-based cancer epidemiologist at Alberta Health Services. In all, about 17 per cent of breast cancer can be blamed on inactivity. Aim for at least 30 minutes of brisk exercise a day for prevention, but remember that any activity is better than none. “We know it also reduces the risk of at least 13 other cancers,” says Friedenreich, who is part of a project to quantify all modifiable risk factors for all cancers across the country.

It’s likely there are many ways physical activity is protective against breast cancer. Exercise decreases levels of

estrogen in postmenopausal women and improves the immune system, and if you’re active outdoors, vitamin D exposure from the sun may even make a difference. However, further research is needed to understand the impact of different kinds of activity.

It can be challenging to incorporate exercise into our hectic lives, but Chirrey says that policy shifts in workplaces and municipalities are helpful. Employers can provide discount gym memberships or find ways to increase activity levels, and cities can build bike lanes. “Environments can encourage people to make physical activity part of their day,” he says.



### WHAT WON'T CAUSE BREAST CANCER

“There are many myths floating around online,” says the Canadian Cancer Society’s Shawn Chirrey. Despite what you may have heard, there’s no evidence that cutting these things out of your life will help you avoid breast cancer:

- antiperspirants and deodorants
- cell phones
- underwire bras
- tofu and other soy foods
- mammograms

### 3. CONTROL YOUR WEIGHT

Being overweight or obese throughout adulthood is a risk factor for postmenopausal breast cancer (a category that includes most cases; an estimated 83 per cent of breast cancers are diagnosed after the age of 50). Putting on pounds after menopause also makes you more likely to get breast cancer. "Every 10 kilograms of postmenopausal weight gain is associated with an 18 per cent relative increased risk," notes Kim. ("Relative risk" means you're 18 per cent more likely to get breast cancer than someone of similar age and body type who hasn't gained weight.) Maintaining a healthy weight protects against other types of cancer as well, not to mention diabetes, heart disease and stroke.

As with exercise, there's no single reason why weight influences breast cancer risk. What makes it even more complex is that carrying extra weight as a young woman (ages 18 to 30) appears to be protective—perhaps because heavier women frequently have disrupted hormonal cycles and reduced estrogen levels.

After menopause, however, fat tissue is a main source of estrogen. Researchers have also identified links between obesity and chronic inflammation of fat tissue, which may be responsible for an elevated cancer risk in the breast. The same applies to higher levels of insulin. Whatever

the reason, controlling weight, particularly after menopause, will protect you against breast cancer.

### 4. AVOID HORMONE REPLACEMENT THERAPY

Hormone replacement therapy (HRT) is used to treat symptoms of menopause caused by sharply declining estrogen levels, such as hot flashes, sleep disruption and vaginal dryness. It involves taking supplemental estrogen by pill or patch, sometimes in combination with the hormone progesterin. But experts estimate that HRT, which exposes postmenopausal women to increased estrogen, causes 15 per cent of new cases of breast cancer. "HRT is to be avoided if at all possible, except for extreme cases when women are really suffering with menopause," says Friedenreich.

"It's important to have a conversation with your health care provider," adds Chirrey. "Talk about the risks and benefits of HRT." Depending on your symptoms, a physician may suggest local estrogen therapy, which uses low-dose vaginal estrogen, released by a cream or ring, and carries a much lower risk because very little estrogen will get into your bloodstream. If you do opt for hormone replacement therapy, use it for as short a period as possible, and no more than five years. The elevated risk of breast cancer dissipates a few years after stopping HRT.

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## 5. EAT WELL

Evidence linking specific foods to breast cancer is still very limited. The WCRF report revealed that it's possible that breast cancer risk may be lowered by consuming non-starchy vegetables (items other than potatoes and corn, for example), carotenoid-rich produce such as carrots and pumpkin and foods high in calcium. "There weren't enough studies to make strong conclusions," Brown cautions. "However, we do know that eating lots of vegetables is important for a balanced diet and to help maintain a healthy weight, which is incredibly important for cancer prevention."

Chirrey agrees. "There's no magic bullet, no superfood you should eat to reduce your risk," he says. What's most important is consuming a variety of nutritious foods and balancing your total caloric intake with your physical activity.

**WHILE THE EMERGING** evidence for preventing breast cancer is hopeful, putting it into practice may seem daunting. "To make healthy lifestyle changes that will last, find a way to fit them into your daily routine, and don't try to incorporate too many at once," advises Brown. "Even making a few small tweaks, such as cycling to work or choosing to make a few days within the week alcohol-free, are great ways to begin to reduce your risk of breast cancer." **R**

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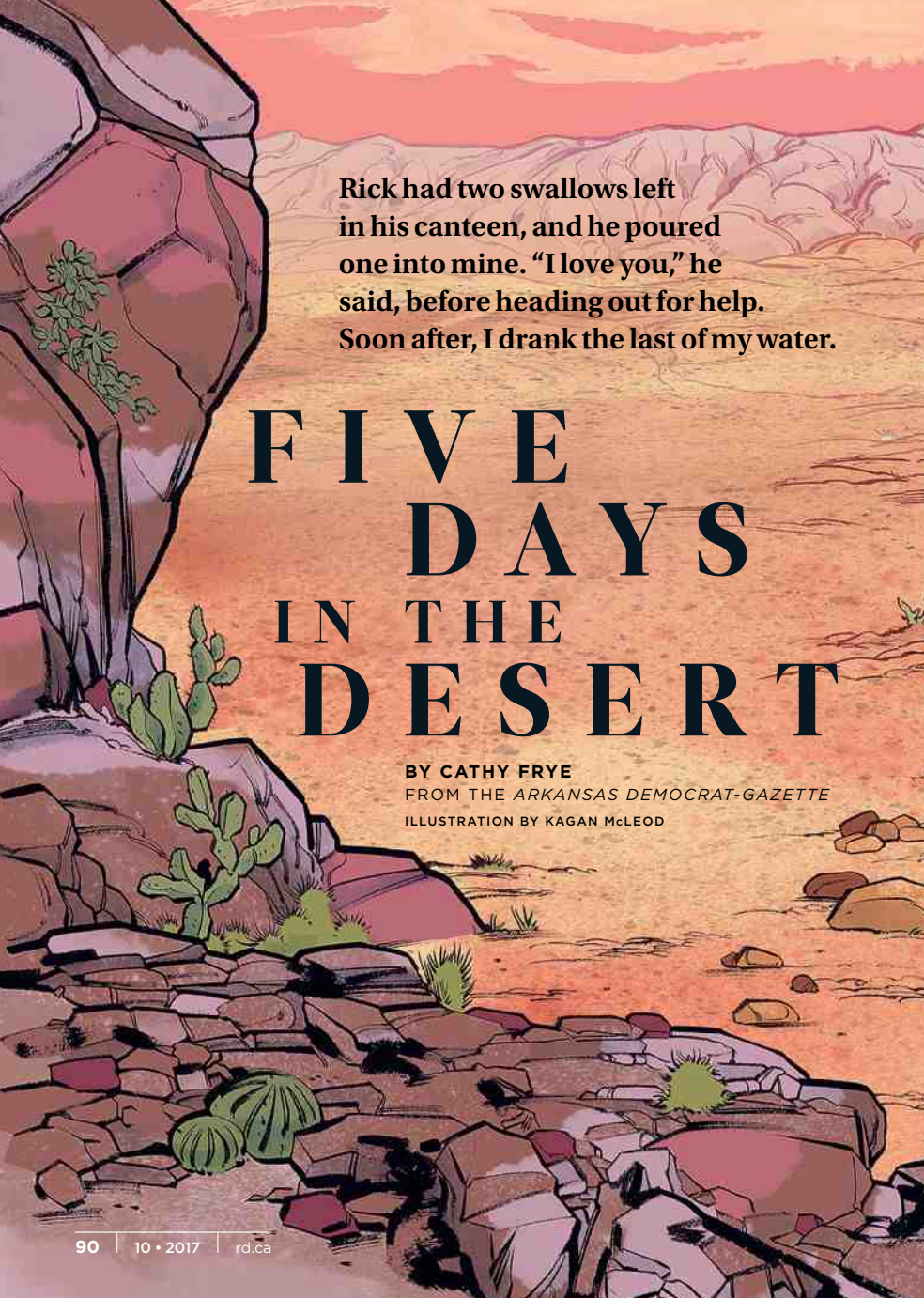
## PREVENTION IN PILL FORM

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Did you know that several medications to treat breast cancer have been shown to stave off the disease in healthy women? "Of all the big cancers, there's only one that can be prevented with medications, and that's breast cancer," says Dr. Julian Kim at CancerCare Manitoba. Tamoxifen and raloxifene, which block estrogen receptors in breast cells, provide up to a 50 per cent reduction in relative risk. Exemestane and anastrozole lower residual levels of estrogen in postmenopausal women, resulting in an up to 65 per cent relative risk reduction.

This matters if your risk happens to be higher than average. In 2015, an international study of over 67,000 women resulted in a new breast cancer risk calculator. Called the polygenic risk score (PRS), it takes into account what's in your genes—not whether you carry a BRCA gene mutation, which accounts for less than 10 per cent of breast cancer cases, but whether a particular set of spelling mistakes in your genome is associated with greater or lower odds of developing breast cancer.

Currently, Kim is leading a breast cancer prevention trial in which women will be assessed regarding their decision to use or to forgo preventative medications, then shown different ways of lowering their risk. For some women, increasing exercise and making healthier diet choices may be sufficient. But those with a higher PRS may also choose to take medication. For them, side effects, such as hot flashes, may be well worth it.



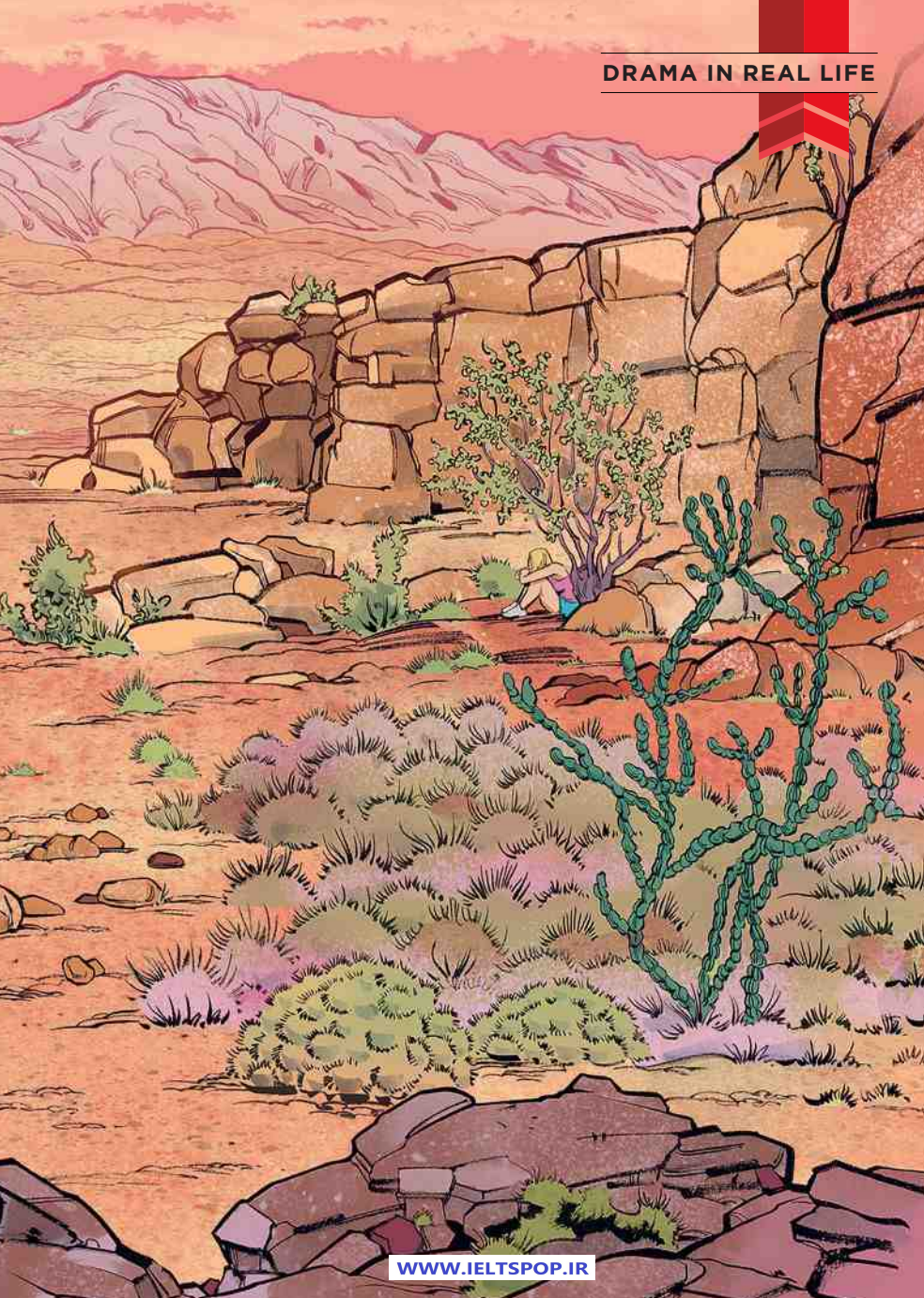
Rick had two swallows left  
in his canteen, and he poured  
one into mine. "I love you," he  
said, before heading out for help.  
Soon after, I drank the last of my water.

# FIVE DAYS IN THE DESERT

BY CATHY FRYE

FROM THE *ARKANSAS DEMOCRAT-GAZETTE*

ILLUSTRATION BY KAGAN McLEOD



**MY LOVE AFFAIR WITH THE CHIHUAHUAN DESERT** of western Texas began in 1996, during my time as a reporter at the *Odessa American*. The Big Bend—named for a sharp turn in the Rio Grande River—was part of my beat. I loved the silence, the night sky so dark and clear. My husband, Rick McFarland, a photographer, enjoyed the area as much as I did—we were married in Big Bend National Park in 2001.

In the fall of 2013, we returned to the area from our home in North Little Rock, Ark., for a hike on the trails of the Fresno West Rim in neighbouring Big Bend Ranch State Park. The eight-kilometre round trip to the West Rim Overlook promised beautiful views of the Solitario flatirons, steeply inclined and inverted v-shaped rocks. If you hike past the overlook, the trail takes a full day.

### Day 1: Hike

At around 10:15 a.m. on Wednesday, October 2, Rick and I pulled in to the parking area, which was a kilometre and a half away from the trailhead. The temperature was 22 C and would peak at 32 C by that afternoon. We grabbed two canteens and eight bottles of water from the cooler, and we stuffed granola bars and bananas into my pack. Bees buzzed around patches of yellow flowers. Pink blooms dotted the desert floor. This might become my new favourite trail, I thought.

When we began the descent into Fresno Canyon, the path turned steep

and rocky. Each step required me to plant my wooden hiking stick in front of me to brace myself. I skidded and slid, cursing all the way down.

At the bottom of the canyon, we followed a jeep trail alongside the dry bed of Fresno Creek. At one point, a second creek bed intersected it. We weren't sure whether to keep following the branch to the left or switch over to the one on the right. We tried the latter option first, but there were no signs or cairns (piles of stones used as trail markers). "Let's go the other way," Rick said.

We did, and soon found an abandoned ranch that we'd seen on the map—we were back on our trail. A Jeep was parked out front, and we collapsed in its shade. Each of us had already guzzled three bottles of water.

"I think we should wait for these people to come back and ask for a ride," I said. "I don't think I can climb back up what we just came down."

It was nearly 1:30 p.m., almost the hottest part of the day. It had taken us a long time to descend into the



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canyon. Going up would take longer. We might lose the daylight before getting back to the trailhead. Rick studied our map. “It looks like we’ve made it almost halfway around the loop,” he said. “We could keep going.”

Over the next several hours, the sun beat down mercilessly. We stopped frequently. When we ran out of water, we stuck our tongues inside the bottles and licked the interiors.



AS I ATE THE  
CACTUS PADS, TINY  
HAIRLIKE NEEDLES  
EMBEDDED IN MY LIPS,  
CHEEKS AND TONGUE.  
I DIDN'T CARE.

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It seemed we’d been walking forever. The cairns kept disappearing, obscured by vegetation. Backtracking and searching for the trail burned time and energy. It also required us to forge our own paths through cacti.

And then we came to a dead end: the edge of a canyon. It was 8 p.m. We’d hiked nearly 14 kilometres and gotten nowhere.

“Help!” Rick yelled, startling me.

I joined him. “Help! We’re lost! We need water!”

There was no answer but our own voices echoing off the canyon walls.

Rick took out his phone. No signal. The phone, however, did provide enough light to scan the overlook. Rick worried about wild-life—mountain lions, snakes, coyotes. He found a rocky patch of ground, and we lay down.

“It’s going to get cold,” he said. Shorts and light shirts were all that we had on, so we entwined our legs and lay chest to chest to share body heat. I closed my eyes and tried to sleep.

## Day 2: Hope

Dawn. It had been 13 hours since we’d finished our water. Rick and I trekked the 500 metres back to the last rock cairn we’d seen the night before. “So that’s what happened,” he said. “We followed the markers to the overlook instead of staying on the trail.” According to the map, there were eight kilometres between us and our pickup truck near the trailhead.

We hiked steadily for a while, and I began to feel a little more upbeat—until we lost the trail markers again. We backtracked and criss-crossed our path multiple times in search of hidden cairns.

“When will this stop?” I shouted.

“Never,” Rick muttered, plowing through yet another prickly bush.

“We’ve got to get back to the kids,” we told each other, our voices hoarse from lack of water. Amanda, 10, and Ethan, eight, were at home with my parents.

We hiked for another four hours. At 2 p.m. and 32 C, I insisted we find shade.

As it happens, I'd read a book called *Death in Big Bend* in which a woman survived the desert heat because she took shade in the afternoon and walked at night. I saw a rock formation that offered a patch of shade big enough for both of us. Cooler air flowed through a hole near the bottom of the rock. I sat down next to it, revelling in the breeze. A moment later, a bright green prickly pear cactus caught my eye. They put cactus juice in margaritas; surely there'd be something to drink in there.

After wresting away two cactus pads, I used Rick's knife to slice the bottom off one and sucked liquid out of it. Then I pulled it apart and ate the pulp. Its tiny, hairlike needles embedded in my tongue, cheeks and lips. I didn't care.

"That's disgusting," Rick said, spitting out the pulp.

"Don't spit! We need all the water that's still in us."

We lay down in the rock's shade. Every so often, I pinched my skin and it stayed folded, a sign of severe dehydration. My lips were cracked, and my tongue felt thick and useless.

"Babe, I'm worried that we're not going to make it," I said, hoping he would contradict me.

"Me too," Rick mumbled.

Hours later, when the sun began its slow descent, Rick stood. "We need to get going," he said.

As we staggered along the trail, Rick spotted something in the canyon below: cottonwood trees. In a desert, cottonwoods mean water. He took off at a near run.



I DRAGGED MYSELF  
OVER TO THE MESQUITE  
TREE IN THE RAVINE.  
"I'M DONE,"  
I TOLD RICK. "I'M JUST  
HOLDING YOU BACK."

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"Water!" Rick yelled. He crossed a dry stream bed and disappeared into the cluster of cottonwoods.

"Bring it to me!" I begged, struggling over a rock.

I found Rick crouched over a tiny triangular spring hidden beneath a large limestone rock. He filled my canteen with water, and I guzzled it.

Darkness descended. We would have to spend another cold night on the ground, but we were too giddy about the water to care.

### Day 3: Separation

"We have to get back on the trail," Rick said after we'd woken up.

Though the spring had undoubtedly saved our lives, I knew he was

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right. No one knew we were out here. We had to keep going.

We refilled our canteens, then climbed out of the canyon. As we did, we found the trail. And then, just as on the previous two days, we lost it.

“Damn it!” Rick shouted. “I know the way! My truck”—he pointed with his hiking stick—“is THAT WAY! We are done with the damn markers.”

And with that, we abandoned the trail for good. Rick knew if we headed that way, we would stumble across the trail we had initially set out on. And he was right. We did reach the trail, but neither of us recognized it. We crossed it and kept going.

Rick kept a close eye on the time. We had until 2 p.m. to find the trailhead. Otherwise, we would have to stop and take shelter from the sun.

At 12:30 p.m., I spotted a small mesquite tree in a narrow ravine. I dragged myself over and sat in its shade. “I’m done,” I said. “I’m just holding you back.”

Rick wrestled with his choices. He couldn’t imagine leaving me behind. At the same time, if he forged ahead on his own, he could make it out and summon help.

“I can hang on,” I told him.

Rick had two swallows of water left in his canteen, and he poured one into mine.

“I love you,” he said, clasping my hands in his.

“I love you too.”

“Want anything when I come back?” he joked.

“Yeah, two waters and a beer.”

Soon after he left, I drank the last of my water.



RICK ROARED UP  
TO THE PARK’S  
HEADQUARTERS,  
BLARING HIS HORN  
AND YELLING. “MY  
WIFE IS OUT THERE!”

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IT WAS EVENING on Friday, October 4—several hours since Rick had left—and the oppressive heat had lessened a bit. Even so, Rick was near the end of his endurance. He hadn’t eaten for days. He’d hiked on and on, with only one swallow of water to keep him going. And still, there was no indication that he was even headed in the right direction. It would be so easy to give up, so easy to welcome death rather than keep fighting it. But then Rick thought of me lying helplessly underneath a mesquite tree. If he died, I died too.

Then, a glimmer in the distance. A truck. It was parked at an area next to the trailhead, which meant our pickup waited just a mile down the road. An hour and a half later, Rick roared up to the park’s headquarters, blaring

his horn and yelling. His erratic driving caught the eye of the assistant park superintendent, David Dotter.

"My wife and I were lost in the desert," Rick yelled. "She's still out there!"

Dotter drove Rick to the trailhead. Severely weakened, Rick let the ranger attempt to find me without him. But when Dotter returned nearly two hours later, he was alone. The first thing he did was call the Texas Department of Public Safety to request help.



WHEN THEY REACHED  
ME, I WAS SHIVERING  
AND BABBLING ABOUT  
HOW MY HUSBAND AND I  
HAD GOTTEN MARRIED  
AT BIG BEND.

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**THE THRUM OF A** passing helicopter roused me from a fitful sleep. A searchlight blazed from the chopper, cutting through the darkness. A wave of euphoria swept over me.

"Rick!" I yelled. Then, inexplicably: "Mommy! Daddy! Please help me!"

The helicopter flew slowly and methodically back and forth across the horizon. Too weak to stand, I used my hands and feet to crab-walk up a small incline. "I'm here!" I yelled. "I'm here!"

In the end, it didn't matter. The helicopter's spotlight never illuminated the deep ravine in which I lay.

## Day 4: Alone

When my wedding ring fell off my shrivelled finger, I listlessly groped the twigs and rocks within reach. Nothing. The desert had already taken so much from me. Now it had my ring, too.

My physical condition continued to deteriorate. Fluid leaked from my body as my kidneys, heart, liver and lungs suffered from the extremes of heat and cold, as well as from exertion and severe dehydration. Organ by organ, my body was shutting down.

Rick, now rested, was back on the trail with two dozen rescuers. As he plowed through thickets of cacti, park superintendent Barrett Durst had to jog just to keep up with him.

They spent the day trying to retrace the path back to where we had separated 24 hours earlier. Rick looked for landmarks, in particular a pair of boulders near the mesquite tree, but nothing looked familiar.

## Day 5: The Last Day

By 6 a.m. on Sunday, October 6, 42 hours after Rick left me, the number of searchers had grown to nearly 40. Most feared this would be a body recovery, not a rescue. No one wanted Rick to see my remains, so when the



*(Above) Soon after being found, Frye was carried by volunteers to a rescue helicopter. (Right) Frye, the day after she returned home from the hospital.*

teams left for the trailhead, Dotter persuaded him to stay at headquarters.

As the searchers wended their way through the desert, volunteers called out for me. Meanwhile, state park police officer Fernie Rincon and game warden Isaac Ruiz scrambled down into a deep valley. In the distance, they could hear people shouting, "Cathy, can you hear us?"

"Help!" I yelled out.

Rincon turned to Ruiz.

"Help me!"

Following my cries, Rincon and Ruiz ran to a precipice and peered into the ravine. "We've got her!" Rincon hollered as they clambered down. "She's alive!"

When they reached me, I was shivering and babbling about how Rick and I had gotten married at Big Bend National Park. Rincon managed to interrupt. "Do you know your name?"

His simple question brought me to my senses.

"Cathy Frye," I croaked. "Is my husband okay?"

"He's with we're here."

AT UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CENTER of El Paso, doctors told me I was only a few hours from death when the searchers found me. I was in acute renal failure. My heart, lungs and liver were damaged. I was diagnosed with rhabdomyolysis, a condition in which muscle fibres disintegrate and dump cell contents into the bloodstream, often causing kidney damage. My temperature fluctuated wildly. Cactus spines protruded from all over my body.

I was a mess, but I felt a wave of relief the moment Rick arrived at the hospital. He really was okay. When he eventually prepared to leave for the night, a nurse asked if he wanted to take any of my valuables with him. "Maybe her wedding ring," Rick said. Then he noticed my stricken expression.

"It fell off my finger, and I couldn't find it," I told him.

Rick clasped my hands long and hard, just as he had when I'd told him to leave me. The desert had taken my ring, but it hadn't claimed us. **R**

ARKANSAS DEMOCRAT-GAZETTE (OCTOBER 12, 2014) © 2014 BY ARKANSAS DEMOCRAT-GAZETTE, INC., ARKANSASONLINE.COM

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## HIDDEN POTENTIAL

Men are wise in proportion not to their experience  
but to their capacity for experience.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, from *Reader's Digest*, May 1951

# @ Work



*“Nine out of 10 doctors recommend keeping their stethoscopes in the freezer.”*

**A NEW LAW IN FRANCE** gives employees the right to disconnect from work email when they're out of the office. Current affairs magazine *The Week* asked its readers what such legislation might be called.

- The Civil Nights Act
- The E-mancipation Proclamation
- The Freedom From Information Act
- Social Networking
- The French Disconnection

## **HOW TO WORK FROM HOME**

Note to self: before baby-talking to the cat, make sure conference call has disconnected. [🐦 @BRADKNEWMAN](#)

## **STEP BY STEP**

My co-worker Ruth had reached a milestone birthday, so we planned a little celebration. I was tasked with ordering the cake. I wrote a short verse and asked the bakery to decorate the cake with the four lines of text, then to add “Happy birthday Ruth” at the end. They followed the directions verbatim. My poem was written on the cake in pretty blue icing, followed by “Happy birthday Ruth at the end.”

**SHARON MCGREGOR**, Campbell River, B.C.

**Are you in need of some professional motivation? Send us a work anecdote, and you could receive \$50. To submit your stories, visit [rd.ca/joke](http://rd.ca/joke).**

Could salmon carcasses help restore our rivers?

# A FISHY



A person wearing a dark blue jacket and blue gloves is holding a large fish. The fish is heavily contaminated with white foam and greyish residue, particularly on its head and back. The person's jacket has a zipper and a button visible. The background is blurred, showing green foliage and brown ground.

# SOLUTION

BY FRANCES BACKHOUSE FROM *HAKAI MAGAZINE*



**IN A CHILLY JANUARY MORNING IN 2017**, four-year-old Eli Burger stands on the bank of Douglas Creek, on the outskirts of Victoria, B.C., hugging a dead salmon against his red parka. He looks up at his father, Andrew, who nods encouragingly.

“Go ahead,” he says. “Chuck it in.” The young boy shuffles forward and heaves the fish as far as he can into the shallow water. It lands with a splash and drifts before finally settling against a boulder. “It’s floating!” Eli exclaims, delighted. For a moment, it’s almost as if the handsome coho could wriggle back to life.

Eli’s salmon is just one of 100 or so chum and coho carcasses that will land in Douglas Creek in a half-hour frenzy of activity this morning, deposited by dozens of volunteers. None of the salmon will miraculously rise from the dead, but Darrell Wick, who has convened this gathering, is in the resurrection business.

Co-founder and president of the Friends of Mount Douglas Park Society, Wick also leads the group’s campaign to re-establish this urban waterway’s salmon population. The Friends of Mount Douglas started investigating the possibility of restoring the salmon run in their little stub of a creek in the mid-1990s, part of a zeitgeist focused on river restoration in cities worldwide. Back then, the prospects looked bleak.

Time has been unkind to Douglas Creek, which flows down Mount Douglas—also known as PKOLS in the SENĆOTEN language—and

empties into the Salish Sea off southern Vancouver Island. Over the past eight generations, much of the creek’s 5.6-square-kilometre watershed has been transformed from forest to farmland to suburbia. The upper reaches run through underground culverts; only the final 1.1-kilometre stretch, which lies within Mount Douglas Park, sees daylight. Pollution from roads, lawns and residential oil tank spills is now largely curtailed, thanks to municipal regulations and the construction of a weir and settling pond at the head of the creek. But storm surges fed by runoff from paved surfaces and roofs still threaten the creek’s integrity, eroding its banks and scouring the channel.

Biologist Peter McCully helped assess the waterway’s potential in the early ’90s. “The only thing we found was a scud,” he says, a hardy little crustacean. “We didn’t turn up any fin fish, any amphibians, nothing.”

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The ceremonial casting of deceased and potentially putrid fish into the creek is only one part of the process of creek rejuvenation. But luring life with death has deep roots in overlapping ecosystem management practices. For millennia, up and down the west coast, Indigenous peoples ritually honoured each year's first-caught salmon by returning its carefully cleaned bones to the river. And scientists today recognize that a vibrant salmon creek needs an annual influx of dead fish for overall ecosystem sustenance and, more specifically, to provide a hearty meal for aquatic invertebrates, which in turn nourish juvenile salmon. Distributing salmon carcasses is now part of stream restoration programs in various west coast communities.

**BEFORE THE CARCASS** toss, Wick and I meet at an unmarked entrance to the park, off a cul-de-sac just up the street from his home. A short walk takes us into the shade of towering Douglas firs and cedars and down a fern-lined path to the creek. "Yesterday," Wick tells me, "I met a man who remembered being here in the early '60s, when this creek was

full of salmon and cutthroat trout." Those days were gone by the time Wick moved to the neighbourhood in 1973, but this vision of the recent past—and a possible future—hooked him and hasn't let go.

Inspired by stories of the waterway's past glory, he and his group are intent on giving the creek a full makeover. This monumental repair job, supported by approximately \$95,000

of funding from the Pacific Salmon Foundation over the past 15 years, has involved strategically distributing truckloads of gravel to create spawning habitat and cabling massive boulders, tree trunks and root balls along the banks to hinder erosion. Work on the creek's final section, a meandering 136 metres just downstream of the



WHEN SALMON  
RETURN TO  
THEIR NATAL  
WATERWAYS  
TO SPAWN,  
THEY BRING  
THE RICHES OF  
THE OCEAN  
WITH THEM.

weir, was completed in July 2017.

As early as 1997, the group was busy seeding the creek with salmon, releasing fry raised in local schools and at the nearby Howard English Hatchery. Five years later, they began the fish toss, with the hatchery providing the carcasses. It's since become an annual tradition, though they missed 2007, when no dead fish were available, due to a low return to the Goldstream River.

**"WHY ON EARTH** would we put dead fish into a creek in order to try to get live fish back?" McCully's question sends a ripple of laughter through the crowd gathered at the park entrance. Coffee and doughnuts, the dazzle of sun on the frosty grass, and the warmth of Wick's opening remarks have put everyone in a relaxed and cheerful mood. An equal mix of adults and kids, the group includes Friends of Mount Douglas members, hatchery volunteers, municipal politicians and employees and curious neighbours. The veteran salmon tossers have heard McCully's homily before, but they listen to the bearded biologist—the hatchery's technical adviser—as attentively as the novices.

Pacific salmon, McCully says, begin and end their lives in freshwater streams but in between spend one to seven years in the open ocean. There, gorging on a banquet of small fish, krill and other delicacies, they store up phosphorus, nitrogen and carbon—vital elements that are limited in the west coast's riparian ecosystems, because heavy rains constantly wash them away.

When the salmon return to their natal waterways to reproduce, they bring the riches of the ocean with them. "They spawn, they die, and their carcasses degrade very quickly," McCully concludes, noting that within a few months, "you'd be hard pressed to find anything save

maybe a jawbone, a few teeth, and the hard gill plate." As scavengers and decomposers reduce the salmon to bony scraps, the nutrients carried in their bodies fan out through the food chain. "The luxuriant trees on the west coast benefit from those nutrients. The next generation of juvenile fish benefit from those nutrients. It's a tremendous recycling program—better than anything we could ever devise."

The ecology lesson over, it's time for action. After a few final instructions, Wick claps his hands. "Let's go!"

The participants leap into action, hefting bags of dead salmon from a pickup truck into wheelbarrows, pushing heavy loads down the wood chip trail and then lugging the cargo down narrow footpaths to the two distribution sites. Down at the creek, they rip open the plastic and pass the contents to those who are eager to deliver the bounty. Eleven-year-old Ingrid Riccius later tells me she got to launch three or four carcasses—excellent research for the speech on the salmon life cycle she's working on for her Grade 6 class. "It was cool," she declares.

With the unseasonably cold weather, the carcasses have not thawed since they were taken out of the hatchery's freezer almost a week ago. They emerge from the bags stiff as boards and glazed with ice, but as the water warms them, it burnishes their skin, highlighting their red and green markings. A faint fishy odour



*Darrell Wick dreams of helping the creek become a salmon-friendly habitat again.*

starts to rise from the creek. Paradoxically, the sight and smell of these dead fish makes the place seem more alive.

**DOUGLAS CREEK IS** still far from being a self-sustaining salmon run, with enough fish returning and dying each year to fertilize the creek naturally. By McCully's reckoning, children like Eli and Ingrid will be adults before the damage wrought by previous generations is undone. But the progress so far is gratifying. In 2003, for the first time in decades, an adult salmon returned to the creek. This

male coho "was lonely as hell," says McCully, "but the fact that he came back at all was really encouraging." Each fall since then, coho and chum have migrated up the creek to spawn, with some achieving their ultimate goal, the proof coming in springtime when fry emerge from the gravel.

The satisfied smiles as volunteers walk back to the parking lot suggest that the ritual is as important as the dead fish themselves. The carcass toss is a reminder that salmon are vital community members too, as precious in death as they are in life. **R**

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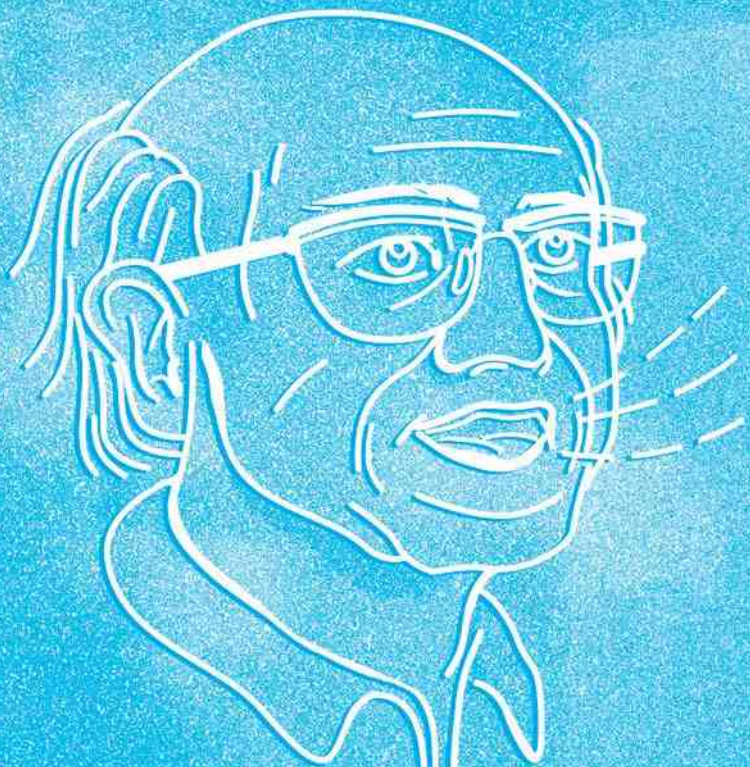
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## BYWAYS

The road to success is marked with many tempting parking spaces.

EXECUTIVE SPEECHWRITING NEWSLETTER, from *Reader's Digest*, September 2003



How to speak up—for yourself and others

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# FINDING YOUR VOICE

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BY SADIYA ANSARI

ILLUSTRATION BY JENN LIV

**THERE'S A SINKING SENSATION** that happens when you've been silent in a situation where you wish you'd said something—whether it was standing up to a bully as a kid or keeping mum in a meeting while a peer railroaded an idea you worked on for months.

Speaking up seems like it should be easy, but when we're faced with power imbalances or struggling to navigate bureaucracy, it can be challenging to summon an inner advocate. This conundrum often comes up in

medical settings, where jargon-filled conversations and limited time with doctors can leave you feeling unheard.

Robin McGee experienced this firsthand. In 2008, at 46, she was told her rectal bleeding was likely a reaction to an antibiotic she'd taken months prior for an infection. She wanted to believe her GP, but two years, three other doctors and many medical mistakes later, the clinical psychologist based in Port Williams, N.S., learned she actually had stage 3 colorectal cancer.

McGee's experience is common for anyone eager to have their needs taken seriously by people in positions of authority. Her persistence meant she received treatment and went into remission for a time. She's since written a book about the experience and helps advise others who are navigating similar situations. Her tips may be useful if you're struggling to speak up.

## Being Your Own Best Advocate

McGee was armed with knowledge and had the confidence to question her doctors. But despite her escalating symptoms and family history of the disease, she was repeatedly dismissed.

If you're worried about being heard, start by making sure you're using all of your available resources. If you're talking to a doctor, for instance, McGee suggests doing your homework: look up your symptoms online so you have a sense of the range of conditions that should be discussed.

If you're struggling with an authority figure who doesn't seem to take your concerns seriously, don't be afraid to reach out to someone else for help. In a medical setting, that might mean asking for a second opinion, either by requesting a referral to a specialist or finding another practitioner. If you're navigating roadblocks within a government agency, contacting an ombudsman—who investigates complaints—may help resolve the issue.

Finally, follow up: don't hesitate to call a clinic to ensure your referrals have been sent and received or contact a case manager to inquire about the status of your financial-assistance application.

## Standing Up for Others

It can be tricky to speak up for someone else, especially if we don't have a close relationship to the person who needs help. But it's especially crucial to look out for people as they age. Phoebe Van Ham, a Chicago-area social worker and life coach for seniors, says older adults can find it tough to make demands: they may expect others to look out for their interests, or they may lack a support network as friends die or move away.

Mary M. Gilhooly, a professor in the department of clinical studies at Brunel University London, in England, has studied the financial abuse of elders and says there can be many reasons why people don't intervene—a neighbour worrying she shouldn't poke her nose into someone else's business, for instance.

The key to a successful intervention is to make sure you have permission from the person affected, according to the Canadian Network for the Prevention of Elder Abuse. There may be a reason why someone hasn't addressed a situation you may view as exploitative—an aging parent may realize they're being taken



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advantage of but would rather live at home with their children than be put in a nursing home, for example.

Confronting the abuser should be avoided—they may take it out on the vulnerable party. While reporting abuse to the authorities might seem to make the most sense, other options, such as connecting the victim with a lawyer or social worker, may lead to more productive outcomes.

## Fighting for the Greater Good

Agitating for change on a broader scale is a daunting prospect for many of us. “Dwelling on how helpless we feel toward larger problems is the greatest inhibitor to advocating,” says Ilana Landsberg-Lewis, the Toronto-based executive director of the Stephen Lewis Foundation.

Another barrier, she notes, is the idea that only a certain type of person can make a difference—that if we haven’t devoted our lives to activism, we’re powerless. “That isn’t true,” she says, “because it takes everyone’s talent, passion and individual contributions to create social change.”

Through her work at the United Nations and the charitable organization she established alongside her father in 2003, Landsberg-Lewis has supported grassroots organizations with issues like combating violence against women and stemming the spread of HIV/AIDS in Africa. She

advises those who have never done advocacy work to find a cause that moves them and remember that everyone has something to contribute.

Samiya Abdi was moved to act in February 2017, when she learned that Somalia was on the brink of famine just six years after around 260,000 lives were lost during the last crisis. “I made a vow to myself—I’m not willing to see such devastation again,” the 35-year-old Torontonion says.

Abdi had never done fundraising, so she solicited help through Facebook. She connected with six young Canadian women of Somali descent, all of whom boasted specific skill sets—from fearlessly requesting donations to spreadsheet mastery.

In April, Abdi and her group, Fight the Famine, hosted an event in Toronto. In combination with their online campaign, it netted \$30,000—and they’re still collecting. Since the event, the Canadian government has decided to match individual donations, meaning the group’s \$30,000 contribution to Islamic Relief Canada will actually be worth \$60,000.

At the end of the fundraiser, Abdi realized they’d be able to support emergency relief for 400 families for a month. She focuses on the impact that money will have, rather than getting overwhelmed by how many people are still at risk of losing their lives. “We need to continue,” she says. “This isn’t a sprint, it’s a marathon.” **R**

DEPARTMENT OF WIT



A tribute  
to the five  
women who  
raised me

# *My Mother Lode*

BY MARK PEYSER

ILLUSTRATION BY NISHANT CHOKSI

**WHEN I TELL MY CHILDREN** stories about my mother, like how she used to share her cocktails with our golden retriever or when I woke up in the middle of the night and caught her making a tooth fairy delivery in the nude, the kids always ask the same thing: which mother are you talking about, Pop?

It's a fair question. After all, there are five.

Only one of them is my biological mother, of course. (She was the acting tooth fairy, and just for the record, she says she wasn't wearing any clothes because she remembered her job only after going to bed, which she did naked.) I also have a mother-in-law. And, thanks to my dad's *cando* matrimonial motto—"If at first you don't succeed, tie, tie the knot again"—I've also been the recipient of three stepmothers. Somehow, when they leave my father, they stay attached to me.

I'm not complaining, mind you. With multiple moms, you can expect multiple birthday cards and holiday presents, not to mention a deep bench

of low-cost babysitters. On the other hand, you also get a host of opinions on how to raise your kids, what you should and shouldn't eat, and where to spend your vacations. (The answer to the last one: at *her* house.)

**HAVING MANY MOMS** has made me something of an expert on the species, and I mean species in the horticultural sense.

For instance, one of my moms is a total gardenia. She brightens any room and smells wonderful, but she also demands precise care. She needs lots of son (me) and requires immediate adjustments if her environment turns hostile. This explains her weekly SOS calls when she forgets her Wi-Fi password, as well as her impatience with other drivers and her cable remote. I made the mistake of teaching her how to FaceTime on her phone so I could lend a virtual hand when possible. Bad idea. I am now the frequent victim of the accidental purse dial when she's rooting around for her wallet, usually when she's driving with her friends. It sounds like

this: “*Snarfle rumble grbrrrr* terrible facelift? No wonder she *rumple frizzle clank* sugar daddy. Of course *jingle jangle* play mah-jong. Can you drive...”

With one very high-maintenance mom/houseplant, it's a relief to have another who is a cactus. Sure, she pricks if I get too close—no gratuitous hugs there—and she's been known to forget my birthday. But on the plus side, this mom hardly ever requires a drink and can take any heat I throw at her. When my other mothers get on my nerves, it's the stoic cactus I turn to.

cartoons. She thought they were hilarious; my Grade 5 teacher thought otherwise. My flytrap mother is naturally a diehard carnivore, and the more unhealthy the meat, the better. If the word “nitrate” isn't on the label, she won't look at it.

Lastly, there's my aloe vera mother. She kisses boo-boos and makes them better, just like how aloe gel can soothe a minor sunburn. “Fussy” isn't in her vocabulary—she's happy anywhere, indoors or out. She's the perfect mom to curl up with on the



## *My aloe vera mother makes a mean lasagna, but I never divulge one mom's gifts to the others. (Oops.)*

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Helpful in an entirely different way is my maternal dieffenbachia; dieffenbachias literally suck impurities out of the air. True to form, this mom tidies my kitchen and does the laundry without being asked. Like Mary Poppins, she's practically perfect in every way. In fact, she's almost too good. What's the point of having a mother if you can't carp about her a little?

Without a doubt, my most entertaining mother is my Venus flytrap. She's an exotic show-off from her head to her toes. She used to go to a special pedicurist who would paint cartoons on her big toenails—X-rated

couch to watch an old movie, snug under the afghan she crocheted. She also makes a mean lasagna. Flytrap mom would kill for the recipe, which is why I never divulge one mother's culinary gifts to the others. (Oops.)

I'm tempted to note that one anagram of “aloe vera” is “love area,” but that wouldn't be fair to my other mothers. They all create maternal love areas. Some may have unusual preferences in food or nail decor, but they all love me despite my own peccadilloes. So thanks, Dad. You may have dubious taste in wives, but when it comes to moms, you sure know how to pick 'em. **R**

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From getting dressed to finding meaningful work, Canadians with disabilities navigate countless obstacles each day. It's time for a change.

# ALL

BY STEPHEN TRUMPER FROM *THE WALRUS*  
ILLUSTRATION BY JEFF KULAK

A C C E S S S



**T**HE SPORT OF PARKOUR involves running, climbing, vaulting, jumping, rolling and various other physical movements, none of which I can possibly perform due to the spinal cord condition (Arnold-Chiari malformation) I was born with. But the object of the activity, to get around urban and natural obstacles of all kinds, is something I do out of necessity and, on my best days, with pleasure.

My variation, disability parkour, is conducted with a wheelchair, but it is just as inventive when it comes to busting barriers, many of which are put up by able-bodied people and accepted by other able-bodied people as the way things are.

My wife, Judith Wilson, first made the connection between parkour and disability one day as we started our morning routine. First she helps me wrestle on my clothes, then she hooks straps to my ceiling lift, a device that hoists me from bed to a wheelchair, in which I descend to street level by way of an elevator so I can get to work (or elsewhere). Many of us with disabilities make it a point of pride to get to work on time—or earlier—even if we have to wake up well before you do.

Scenes like this play out daily across Canada in homes where

disability resides. Jake Miller, a member of my posse of personal support workers (PSWs), used to take his morning routine for granted: a quick cup of coffee, clothes on, hair combed and out the door in five to 15 minutes. “Then I discovered it could take an hour or two to get some clients ready,” he says.

PSWs are one way of getting me around barriers: I need them to brush my teeth and hair, feed and wash me, help me with the bathroom and complete all sorts of chores. They are my arms and legs. I am supposedly the brains of the operation, a role that is at the core of the philosophy of independent living—I make the decisions about what I need to do and accomplish on any given day.

Still, there are barriers I haven't yet figured out how to get around, but they are minor compared to the



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obstacles that prevent far too many Canadians with disabilities (physical, intellectual or otherwise) from more fully participating in society. Among the causes of such obstacles are fear, ignorance, lack of money, hollow political promises and failures of imagination.

In its most recent survey, the federal government found that there are 2.3 million Canadians between the ages of 15 and 64 with disabilities, yet the overall labour force participation rate for this group is in the woeful range of 50 per cent, a figure that sinks even lower for people with severe disabilities. It's an incredible waste of human potential.

**I HAVE BEEN** fortunate to find relatively well-paid work (for a journalist), and I have had (mostly) mindful bosses who understand my needs. In the late 1980s, the editor at *Toronto Life* arranged to install an early cellphone in my car. I would use it to call the receptionist, who would dispatch someone to haul the wheelchair out of my trunk. (This was back in my limp-lurching period, when I needed the chair only for specific situations, before an abrupt deterioration in the state of my spinal cord brought increased limitation.)

Since then, “liberation technologies”—software, equipment, vehicles—have made it theoretically easier for disabled people to find work. I wrote this column by talking into a microphone plugged into my laptop. Voice-recognition software then magically—or so it seems to me—causes my words to pop up on the screen, more often than not spelled correctly, pleasing my inner editor to no end.

“**Liberation technologies come with hefty price tags. A power wheelchair can run as much as \$24,000.**”

Fortunately, my voice software costs only around \$100. My other liberation technologies, however, come with hefty price tags: more than \$30,000 for a home elevator; more than \$1,700 for my (third) ceiling lift; roughly \$3,500 for my (fifth) manual wheelchair; and another \$650 for what I call the

world's most expensive cushion (my seventh or eighth), made of layers of foam that prevent pressure sores, which, if left untreated, could lead to a deadly infection. A power wheelchair can run as much as \$24,000, a number that amazes me, as I bought my first car, a second-hand 1964 Pontiac Parisienne, for \$300.

An accessible van costs more than I can afford (the original price of the vehicle, plus around

\$12,000 to \$30,000 for conversion), so I do the next best thing in a city where accessible public transit is fraught with problems: take accessible taxis that cost me \$45 each way. Fortunately, my main driver, the big-hearted Mohmud Abdulle, takes some of the sting out of the high price by regularly bringing me my favourite coffee—an iced latte—when he picks me up.

**SOME PROVINCES**

and territories provide government and charitable programs that can offset some costs, including the \$15 to \$25 an hour paid to a PSW, and I access a number of these initiatives. Yet for many people with disabilities, there is a deep chasm between what they earn and the cost of the products and services that would improve their lives.

This disparity was at the heart of a successful advocacy effort by the Thalidomide Victims Association of Canada, which was set up to wrest compensation from the federal government for the terrible deformities and abnormalities caused in hundreds of babies after their mothers took the so-called morning-sickness medication in the early 1960s.

In 2015, the remaining thalidomid-ers at last began to receive meaningful compensation—a \$125,000 lump sum followed by annual payments ranging from \$25,000 to \$100,000. Their average annual income before the settlement had been \$14,000—hardly enough to live on, let alone access technologies that make life easier.

Throughout my boyhood and adolescence, I knew a lot of kids who had been disfigured as a result

of thalidomide. I also knew a lot of kids with cerebral palsy, muscular dystrophy, polio and acquired brain injuries. This was a time when the larger society had little idea about what to do with us, other than put us in disability-specific institutions.

Many of us had other ideas.

What I have discovered over the course of my life is that disability parkour can be done in various places: in the courts, in the schools, in the hospitals—wherever there are barriers. But despite our progress, this country is still without national legislation that would guarantee against discrimination and enact strict standards for greater inclusiveness in all areas. It continues to surprise me that it has taken so long



**We need legislation to ensure that Canadians with disabilities are not shut out of large swaths of everyday life.**

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for Canada to even consider enacting our answer to the Americans with Disabilities Act (ADA), which, despite its flaws, was a bold attempt to create a barrier-free United States.

**TODAY, AS I WRITE** (well, voice), it has been 27 years since the passage of the ADA. Consultations across Canada seeking public input for the development of new accessibility legislation wrapped up earlier this year, with the findings forwarded up to the next level of the bureaucratic process.

Ultimately, no one piece of legislation can destroy all the barriers. The world of disability is full of complexities, brimming with a variety of specific needs and overrun, sometimes, with the tyranny of good intentions. But if the bill that eventually does come forward gets the basics right—making it easier to find an accessible home, to get an

education in a supportive environment, to get a job, to access public transportation, to get financial help with PSWs and liberation technologies—then it will greatly increase the chances that Canadians with disabilities will no longer be shut out of large swaths of everyday life.

It all sounds so hopeful. But it is important to remember that any proposed legislation will still be a long way from actually being introduced, let alone made law. We don't yet know any details. We don't yet know whether there will be enforcement mechanisms with teeth. There is definitely room for optimism now that national accessibility legislation is actively being considered. But if it falls significantly short of what Canadians with disabilities need, well, we have all learned a few things about getting around barriers—both old and new. **R**

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## HOLY ZINGER

Pope John XXIII was a kind man with a marvellous sense of humour. Someone once asked him how many people worked at the Vatican.

“Half of them,” he said.

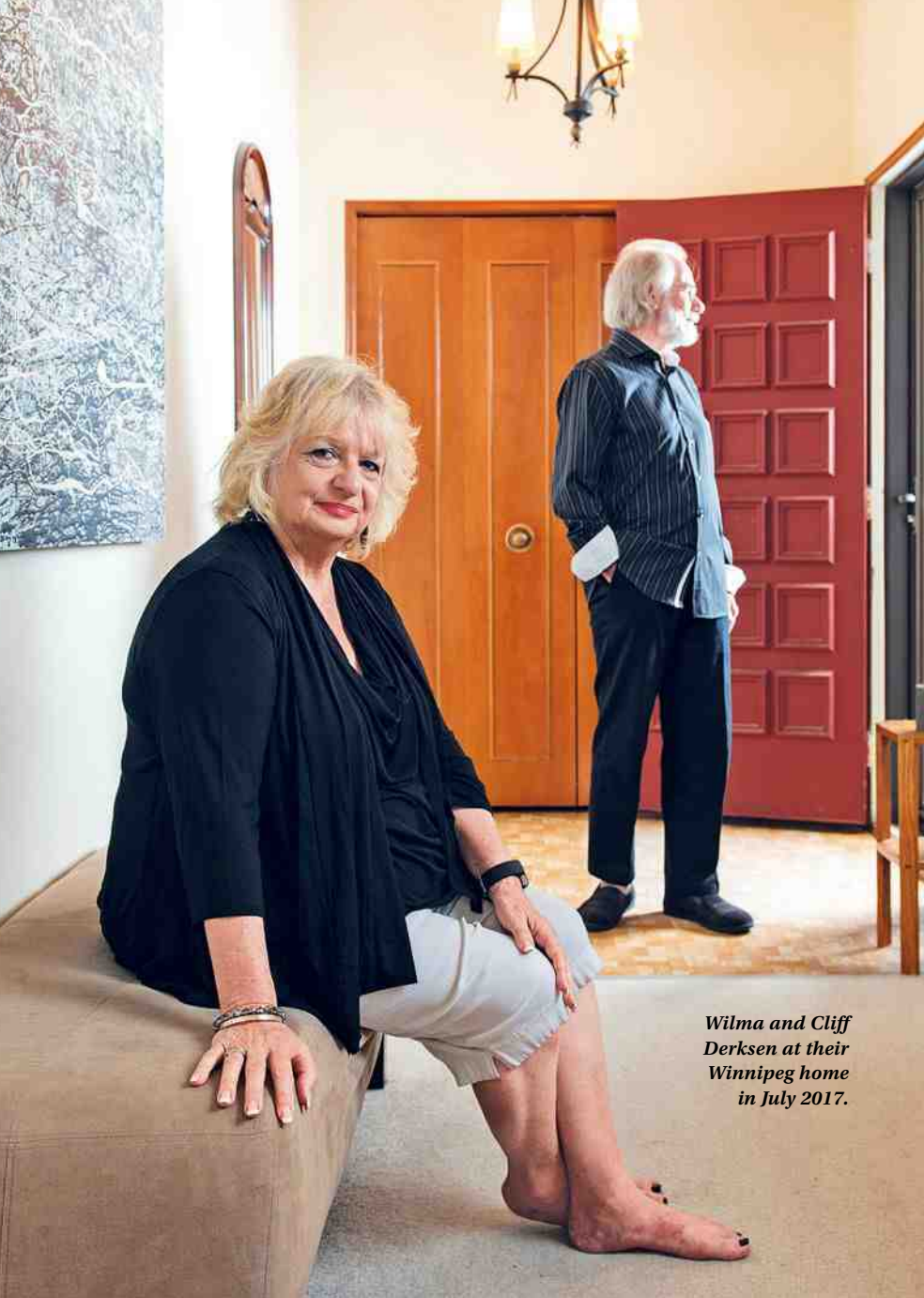
Writer **THEODORE M. HESBURGH** in *God, Country, Notre Dame*,  
from *Reader's Digest*, May 1994

In 1985,  
**Wilma Derksen**  
faced the unimaginable:  
the murder of her young  
daughter. Three decades  
later, she looks back on  
her complicated journey  
out of the darkness.

**“I Want to  
Forgive”**

FROM *THE WAY OF LETTING GO*

PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS FRICKE



*Wilma and Cliff  
Derksen at their  
Winnipeg home  
in July 2017.*

# At the end of the most horrific day, January 17, 1985, there was a knock on the door of our Winnipeg home. I glanced at the clock; it was 10 p.m.

I opened the door, and there was a stranger in black standing against the dark night.

"I too am a parent of a murdered child," he said, introducing himself. I could feel the blood drain from my face.

I was now a parent of a murdered child. At around noon, we had heard that the body of Candace, our 13-year-old daughter, had been discovered by an employee of Alsip Brick, Tile and Lumber Company as he was checking an abandoned shed on the yard.

Who was this man at our door? Every stranger was now a suspect. Everyone was a potential murderer.

"I have come to tell you what to expect next," he said.

It was hard to believe that only seven weeks ago we had been an unknown, unnoticed, happy family. Cliff, my husband, was a program director for one of the largest summer camps in Manitoba, and we had three children: Candace was our oldest, Odia was nine and Syras was three. I was working my way into a journalism career.

Candace had called from school that Friday to ask for a ride home. Ordinarily I would have picked her up, but I was running late. I asked her if she wouldn't mind walking so that by the time she returned I would be finished with my writing project. I promised to buy party food for her sleepover that weekend.

She said she didn't mind at all and then told me, rather breathlessly, that she had just had her face washed with snow by David, a schoolmate. The way she said his name, I knew he was special to her.

When she didn't come through the door at the expected time, a little after 4 p.m., I had a sinking feeling. I quickly packed up the younger children and drove down the street looking for her. Then I went to pick up Cliff from the office. Once home, we started calling all of her friends and our friends and family until we exhausted our leads. Around 10 p.m. we called the police.

**OUR DAUGHTER'S** disappearance sparked Winnipeg's most comprehensive missing person search to date. We

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plastered the city with posters reading “Have you seen Candace?” For seven weeks we pleaded with the public to help us find her, exposing our shattered lives. Now that her body had been discovered, we knew for certain someone had abducted her, taken her to a shed, tied her hands and feet, and left her there to die in the plunging temperatures of the winter’s first extreme cold front.

We were exhausted; it had been a full day already. After hearing from

I cried uncontrollably; other times I was emotionless.

“She was murdered at the doughnut shop,” he continued. He seemed to have told his story many times.

As he spoke, I kept wondering what had compelled him to come to our house late at night.

He said he couldn’t work anymore because he couldn’t focus on anything but the murder of his daughter. He told us every detail about the day she was killed.

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“My daughter was murdered too,” he began. That’s when we recognized him from past TV news reports.

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the police, we drove to the hospital morgue to identify her body. After that, friends had come by with food and words of comfort.

Now this stranger had appeared on our doorstep with the promise of answers to questions we were just beginning to ask.

“My daughter was murdered too,” he began. That’s when we recognized him from past TV news reports. It was a well-known local story. There were no tears as he spoke. But then again, I could talk about my daughter without tears as well. Sometimes

He pulled out a collection of black notebooks from his suit jacket. He had recorded all the court proceedings, meticulously and in detail. There had been two trials already.

“I won’t rest until there is justice.”

He kept shaking his head, “I’ve lost so much—everything.”

And then he paused. “I’ve even lost the memory of my daughter.”

The act of murder had taken his daughter, but the aftermath of murder had taken his life. The worst part was that there was no end in sight for him.

We sat stunned and horrified. I couldn't believe his audacity—telling us this on the worst day of our lives. Yet I listened intently, sensing there had to be a reason for his coming.

I knew the potential effects of this trauma on our marriage and relationships. I knew the potential damage that could be caused by this publicity we'd so desperately cultivated and that would now remain focused on us.

I was obsessed with watching the neighbours. I suspected everyone of

LIGHTS FROM THE TV cameras had dimmed, and I thought the press conference was over. We had talked entirely about our daughter—relieved that we had found her, shocked that she had been murdered and thankful for everyone who had been searching for her. Just as we were about to leave, someone asked the question.

"And what about the person who murdered your daughter?"

The reporter's question hung in the air as we just sat there.



The argument made us worried  
we were heading for emotional disaster.  
It was something I called the abyss.

having something to do with Candace's disappearance. I couldn't read, eat or breathe without pain. Sleep was elusive.

I knew exactly what this strange man was talking about.

At midnight, our visitor left and my husband and I went to bed. We were scared. We had just lost our child. Were we going to lose everything? Was this the beginning of a spiral that would leave us dark, desperate and insensitive to everything around us?

There had to be another way.

We were in a fog. We had been planning Candace's funeral. I will never forget going into the display room filled with coffins. Candace will suddenly show up and tell us to stop this nonsense, I kept thinking. But it was real.

Driving back home, as Cliff and I reviewed our decisions regarding the funeral, we started fighting.

The argument made us all the more worried we were heading for emotional disaster, for the same torment as our 10 p.m. stranger. For me, it was something I called the abyss.



*Candace Derksen,  
shown in a 1984  
school picture.*



I had faced it at the age of 30, seven years before Candace disappeared.

We were living in the small town of North Battleford, Sask. Cliff had just accepted a position as pastor of a small church, and I thought I would finally be free to pursue my dreams. Since I had supported him through college, it was now my turn to finish university—but we had two little girls who needed my full attention.

Suddenly I was overwhelmed with a sadness I didn't understand. I had

“Let go,” I must have told myself a million times. “Don't hang on. Let the past go and find something new.”

**THE TERM “FORGIVE”** derives from “to give” or “to grant,” as in “to give up.” To me, it has always meant relinquishing my right to do what comes naturally and to deliberately choose what my response will be. Sometimes the outcome is the same, but the process is different. Most often, there are new, astonishing results.



I didn't want God to know I had other children. I couldn't entrust them to a God who had let Candace die.

a wonderful husband and delightful children, but I could barely get through the days.

My abyss would not be denied. Living in a new community, I felt trapped at home without any social supports in place. Throw in a little postpartum depression, and I knew I was in a dangerous place.

The only way I could deal with it was to sneak out late at night when my family was sound asleep—safe—and get into our car and race across the prairie. I needed to feel as if I were flying.

From a young age, through my Mennonite roots, I had learned that forgiveness was a viable option. I had learned it wasn't a miracle drug but a process that demanded patience, creativity, faith, humility and a deep love.

Now the reporter's question was hanging in the air: “And what about the person who murdered your daughter?” Cliff was the first to answer it. He said it with assurance: “We forgive.” I would do the only thing I knew how to do; I would let go. But this time I was facing an abyss far more dangerous than the one I had escaped before.

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I envied my husband's confidence; I still do. I am a reluctant forgiver—a determined but reluctant forgiver who needs a lot of time.

I answered the question honestly. "I want to forgive."

I was stunned the next day that our attitude was what had grabbed the attention of the city. I had thought the stories would focus on the murder. They didn't.

After the funeral, we were again shocked as the newspaper headlines—both papers, front page—jumped out at us. "Peace Triumphs!" said the *Winnipeg Sun*, which devoted the first four pages to our story. The piece in the *Winnipeg Free Press* centred on Candace. Both suggested that somehow, in all of this tragedy, good had triumphed.

My father, who was staying with us, had been unusually quiet. I watched his reactions as he read the stories. When he laid down the paper, a new peace was on his face.

"Now I understand," he said softly. "On the train trip here, I was so puzzled. I wondered how God could allow something like this to happen. But now I know."

**AT FIRST I REMEMBER** being so confident about God. I had no choice really—everything was out of control and we needed a higher power. But over the years, slowly, surely, my resentment grew. God hadn't helped

us find Candace when it was critical. When her body was discovered, he didn't help us find the person responsible. When the lies and innuendoes were swirling regarding our family's possible involvement in her death, he didn't provide resolution. When it came to the real issues, like good and evil, he had left the building a long time ago.

We shouldn't be surprised if the criminal violation of society's moral code and social contract calls into question the order of the universe and the role of the Creator in all of this. But anger toward God can result in a dreadful darkness.

I remember driving home one day in 1990, worried about Odia. Now that she was a teenager, she was manifesting the usual angst.

What to do about Odia? My fallback position was always to pray—give it to God. But I couldn't.

I was puzzled. I had no trouble praying for Candace's legacy or my work; why didn't I want to pray for Syras or Odia? Then I realized I didn't want God to know I had other children. I couldn't entrust them to a God who had let Candace die.

It is hard to remain pure after being violated. It is hard to resist acting out on one's frustrations.

In dealing with doubt and anger toward God, we have two options, depending on our theology. If we think God is in control of everything



*Candace Derksen (right) shown with her father, Cliff, and her sister, Odia, in 1978.*

that happens and is the one who allowed the violation, we would have to forgive him and assume he made a mistake. However, if we believe God didn't make a mistake, we might have to recognize that, though he's the creator of the universe and controls the science of our world, he has given us freedom of choice. Life happens. Evil exists.

**IT WAS 22 YEARS** after Candace's murder. I was just about to call Cliff on his cell when I noticed his van pull up the driveway.

We were expecting the police; they were coming to tell us something. We had been in contact with them over

the years, but there was something different about this visit.

A few moments later, three officers were at our door. I invited them into the living room and hung their heavy leather jackets in the closet.

I don't remember the conversation word for word, but it went something like this:

"We found him," he said. "We found the man who murdered Candace."

They were waiting for a response.

"Are you sure?" I said finally.

"Yes." I looked at each one of them separately. They all nodded.

"Do we know him?"

"No, you don't," said the man who started the conversation.

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He leaned slightly forward. "And I just want to let you know it isn't anyone known to your family."

The supervisor, who was sitting beside me, repeated, "It isn't anyone you know."

"No one we know," I repeated, in disbelief.

"Aren't you relieved?"

We nodded. Our poor, traumatized minds could not absorb it. It was hard to erase 22 years of careful defense-building in one second.

They told us they would be picking him up in two to six weeks and that they had a team of 12 officers working on the case.

We talked about every detail, again and again. Once we were finally satisfied, they left. Could justice be a possibility after all this time?

**OVER THE YEARS** I've become more and more convinced that we need to teach the way of forgiveness as an option. But the research shows that even though people think this approach is important, not many know how to enact it.

In 1997, I was invited to Washington, D.C., for a round-table discussion on forgiveness organized by Neighbors Who Care and Prison Fellowship Ministries. I had just begun my research in earnest and was looking for words and ideas to help crime victims heal. I thought that if I only found the right definition of "forgiveness,"

I could develop a wonderful program of healing and justice.

I hoped I would find it at this two-day meeting of learned theologians. But as the proceedings unfolded, I became anxious. Even though the words were beautiful, there was nothing for the group of crime victims at home awaiting my return.

Half an hour before we were to leave, someone asked, "Have we defined forgiveness yet?"

The room was quiet. There were some valiant attempts to summarize the discussions, but from where I was sitting, they all fell flat.

It was still dark when I climbed into the back seat of the taxi at 5 a.m. the next day, miserable.

"Good morning," the driver called out as I entered the cab. He started to chatter, but I didn't respond, offering only the occasional one-syllable answer.

Finally he paused. "I'm sorry for talking on and on like this," he said softly, "but you are the first sober fare I've had all night."

I apologized. I told him I hadn't had my coffee. I explained I was disappointed in the conference—I just wanted to be with my family.

He nodded. He said he understood. Apparently my accent gave me away, so he asked about Canada. When he found out my work centred around homicide issues, he seemed interested. So I asked him why D.C.,

where he lived, had the highest rate of murder in all of North America.

He fell silent. Then he said, "My brothers are still angry because of the years of slavery, the racism in this country and the poverty. This anger shows itself in violence."

Even though he was identifying with his people, describing great sorrow and pain, he spoke without rage or bitterness.

I couldn't resist. I asked him the burning question. "Why aren't you angry?"

In that moment, I knew that forgiveness doesn't need to be defined to be lived and felt.

**HOW DOES THIS** journey in forgiveness end?

I remember a day about two years ago when, after hearing me tell my story in a church, one woman looked at me with a measure of impatience. "Well, have you forgiven the murderer? Have you met with him?"

I hesitated. I have met with the man, figuratively. I have met with



Imagine if I had waited for justice or resolution. I would have spent most of my life on the shelf.

He said simply, "I believe in forgiveness." My heart stopped. Without any further prompting, he explored this idea with an eloquence I hadn't heard before or since. He talked about the beauty of being set free, of letting go of the past, embracing the moment and anticipating the future.

In his simple terms, he was able to accomplish what we'd failed to do in the previous two days. He not only described forgiveness, he radiated the word. By the time I reached the airport, I felt like a new person.

him almost daily since our daughter was taken. There seems to be a hidden issue in each day that reminds me of my loss and can take me right back to that initial pain.

But no, I have not met face to face with the man accused of Candace's murder. Thirty-three years later, a second trial has wrapped up. Closing arguments have been made, and we are waiting on the judge to give her verdict, possibly sometime this fall. Until there is an end to this justice process, the law prevents us from

having any interaction. Reconciliation, as such, is not possible.

For the past 33 years, we have had no justice or hope of resolution. Imagine if I had waited for it. I would have spent most of my life on the shelf.

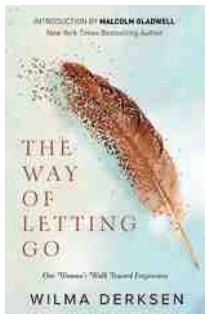
So what is the conclusion? What does forgiveness look like for us?

We have to change our expectation. It's not about resolution but about overcoming the impact.

Recently, at the end of a tiring but wonderful day, I looked across the bed at Cliff, grateful for the time spent with our children and their little ones.

"I am really happy," I said to him. He looked at me. "I am too." How did we get here? There was no logical rationale for our happiness.

Surprised, we said, "Let's not tell anyone." We felt guilty for being so



Reader's  
digest  
**EDITORS'  
CHOICE**

happy. It was as if we were betraying Candace.

But then we caught ourselves again. Justice was happening. Candace was thriving. Even though our daughter had been murdered, she was still alive. Her memory and legacy were more powerful than any of ours.

Having scraped the bottom of life as we had, there is nothing more divine than to resurface into the sunshine and

feel that warmth, that healing and that beauty. On top of the feeling of fullness, there is a sense of victory. We have seen the worst; fear was gone. We were so thankful for everything, even the experience of surviving a tragedy.

Gratitude brings more happiness, as happiness brings gratitude. It is a wonderful cycle—a vortex for good rather than the abyss. **R**

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## SMART TALK

A publisher, known for his loquaciousness, returned home from a dinner party. Did you have a good time?" his wife inquired.

"Oh, so-so," he replied. "Who interrupted you?" she quipped.

Naturalist **EDWIN WAY TEALE** on NBC, from *Reader's Digest*, May 1950

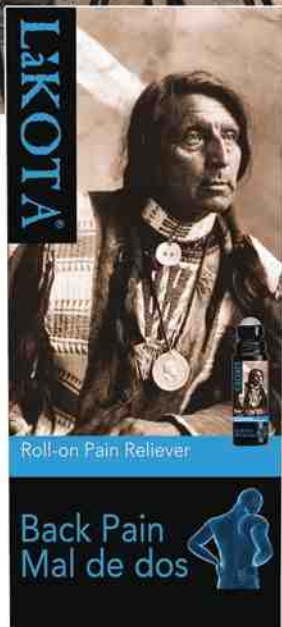
# Back Pain Relief for the Busy Woman



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**Get Medicine that Works**

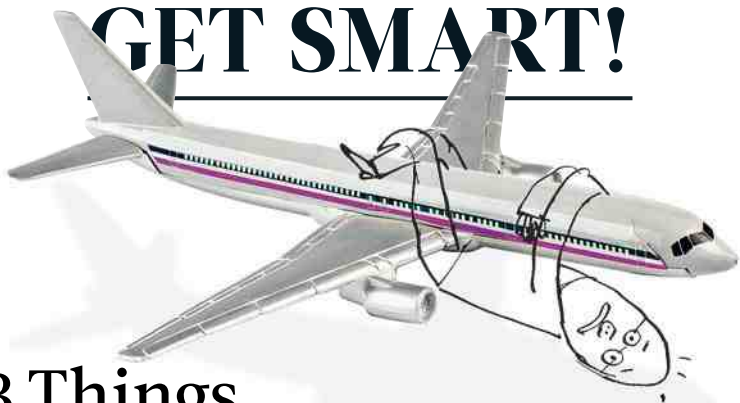


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# GET SMART!



## 13 Things Airlines Won't Tell You

BY MICHELLE CROUCH

ADDITIONAL RESEARCH BY ANDREA BENNETT

ILLUSTRATION BY SERGE BLOCH

**1** If your flight is overbooked, don't accept the first voucher you're offered. "The plane can't take off with an extra person," says Melanie N., who works for a Canadian charter airline. Airlines typically increase incentives until they have enough volunteers willing to give up seats. If you're bumped involuntarily, insist on cash compensation instead of a travel credit (many companies will reimburse you at the airport).

**2** Here's what safety demos don't say: staff dim cabin lights at night so your eyes are adjusted to the dark

if you need to find a way out. Tray tables must be folded at take-off and landing so passengers can escape if necessary. And you should open your window shade, so if there's a crash, emergency crews will be able to see in and you'll be able to assess potential danger outside.

**3** If your flight is delayed, check your airline's policy, otherwise known as a tariff—they might be required to provide you with meal vouchers and accommodation or, depending on where you're flying from, even cash compensation (the

EU, for example, mandates customers be reimbursed in cash).

**4** If you book a group trip, look for one ticket at a time. If you search for, say, four tickets, and there are only three available at the lowest fare, all four are bumped to a higher price bracket.

**5** Airlines usually don't allow two pilots flying together to eat the same meal on-board—and they're required to eat half an hour apart. No one wants both pilots to be doubled over with food poisoning.

**6** Luggage didn't arrive with you? Make a claim before you leave the airport, where you can talk to an airline representative in person. Some airlines will refund your baggage fee, and most will deliver your luggage when it arrives.

**7** You're not imagining it: airplane seats really are getting tinier. In the Boeing 777s used for long-haul international flights, chairs recently shrank by one inch so airlines could fit an extra seat in each row.

**8** Most Canadian airlines try to wipe down tray tables between flights, but you never know who's been in your seat, says Melanie N. Before you touch anything, clean the surface with sanitizing wipes.

**9** Speaking of tray tables, don't change your baby there! Or on the seat. Every plane has at least one bathroom outfitted with a proper change table.

**10** If your flight is cancelled, get in line at the ticket or gate counters—but also get on the phone. You'll probably reach a phone agent before you reach the frazzled employee behind the desk.

**11** Flying with something out of the ordinary? You can probably bring your bicycle—or the fragile cello you don't like to vacation without—but every airline has different regulations regarding how to transport large items like sporting goods and musical equipment. Make sure to check in advance.

**12** If you're across the country when a loved one becomes gravely ill or dies, look into bereavement rates—WestJet and Air Canada both offer them.

**13** “Check in online 24 hours before a flight,” says Charles P., who works at a Canadian airline. “You're able to pick a better seat.” Based on your airfare and the flight's vacancy rate, you might be able to upgrade—say, to a seat in the emergency exit row, where there's more legroom—at no added cost. **R**

# That's Outrageous!

OUT OF PLACE

BY NATHANIEL BASEN

## GROSS GARNISH

Earlier this year, one Florida couple discovered an unappetizing bonus in a newly purchased package of salad greens: a dead bat. While most bats are primarily insectivores, the fuzzy surprise was discovered nestled among the romaine, arugula and radicchio spring mix. The horrified customers sought treatment for rabies, but thankfully neither showed signs of infection. Still no word on how the creature wound up in the typically mammal-free fare.

## CATTLE TALE

A quiet stretch of British countryside turned chaotic when 30-plus cattle staged an impromptu sit-in at Haver railway station, a little over an hour southeast of London. The horde—which wandered over from a nearby farm—mobbed the platform, shocking onlookers and delaying train traffic by nearly an hour. A response team of Network Rail staff eventually negotiated the group's removal. Tensions rose as one clumsy



bovid tumbled back onto the tracks, but the entire herd was eventually led safely back to pasture.

## CREEPY CARRY-ON

This past April, on a United Airlines flight from Houston to Calgary, an eight-legged stowaway made a grand entrance. Despite United's strict passenger manifest, a scorpion—around six centimetres of undocumented legs, pincers and stinger—bided its time in the overhead compartment before plunging into passenger Richard Bell's hair. Bell plucked the arachnid from his head and placed it on his seatback tray, then tried to move the beast and was stung on the hand. Fellow passengers leaped into action: one crushed the attacker and another, who was a nurse, gave Bell anti-inflammatory medication. Scorpions are rarely dangerous to humans, but Bell received medical attention upon landing just in case. It seems any poison carried must have been within TSA guidelines.

MORE GREAT READS THIS MONTH

# Rd.ca/connect

FOOD

## 12 Tips for a Perfect Thanksgiving Turkey



TRAVEL

## 7 Stunning Spots Across Canada to Watch the Leaves Change

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## FEEL THIS FRESH FROM AM TO PM

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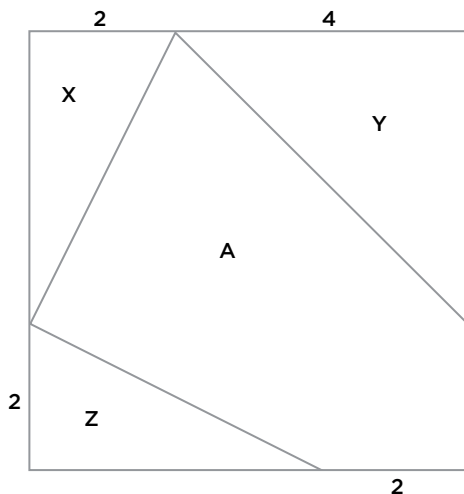
# Brain teasers

Challenge yourself by solving these puzzles and mind stretchers, then check your answers on page 140.

## UNKNOWN AREA

(Moderately difficult)

If the outer shape is a perfect square and the numbers indicate the lengths of the corresponding line segments in centimetres, what is the area of A?



## HAPPY CAMPERS (Moderately difficult)

You just bought nine beautiful lakeside campsites, which you can rent out to campers with tents for \$20 per campsite per evening. You can also upgrade the sites with electrical hookups: this will cost you \$60 per campsite but will allow you to rent them to RVers for \$40 per evening. Suppose you can always fill your campground to capacity. If you're starting without any cash on hand, how many nights will pass before you'll be able to upgrade all nine sites?

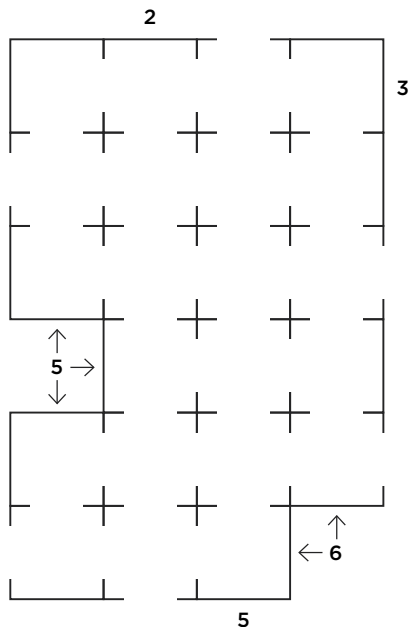
(UNKNOWN AREA) MARCEL DANESI



### PATH PUZZLE REDUX

*(Difficult)*

Draw a path that leads from any one of the grid's openings to any other. As the path winds from one cell to the next, it can move up, down, left or right but not diagonally. It cannot pass through any cell more than once. The numbers around the grid tell how many cells the path must pass through in the corresponding row or column. Numbers adjacent to both a row and a column represent the total number of cells in the path from both the row and the column. If a row or column has no number, then the path may pass through as many or as few cells as you'd like.



### GETTING TO THE ROOT

*(Moderately difficult)*

What number is  $x$ ?

$$\sqrt{3x - 5} = 7$$



### THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT *(Easy)*

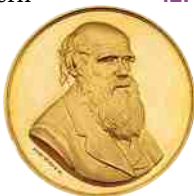
Six neighbourhood children—Leisha, Benito, Delia, Charlotte, Weldon and Zina—were measured yesterday. Weldon is taller than Delia but shorter than Zina. Leisha is taller than Benito but shorter than Delia and Weldon. Benito is not the shortest. List the kids in order of height from tallest to shortest.

(PATH PUZZLE REDUX) RODERICK KIMBALL; (GETTING TO THE ROOT; THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT) MARCEL DANESI; (ILLUSTRATION) ISTOCK

# Trivia Quiz

BY PAUL PAQUET

1. What's the only song performed at the Eurovision Song Contest that went on to win a Grammy?
2. What Oscar-winning 1995 film convinced its star, James Cromwell, to become a vegan?
3. Which ocean is surrounded by the member countries of APEC?
4. Which Roman emperor's daughter, Julia, was exiled for breaking her father's stiff adultery law?
5. Muslim lore has it that Abraham's hometown of Ur was in modern-day Urfa, in which country?
6. If you multiply  $4/3$ , pi and the cube of the radius, you get the volume of what geometric object?
7. Which country had "Outer" in its name until 1924, to distinguish it from the "Inner" one found in China?
8. What Australian mammal's cube-shaped droppings allow it to mark its territory over uneven surfaces?
9. How many Spice Girls were there?
10. What Irish '80s pop star shaved her head, in part to make herself less conventionally "pretty" in an industry known for exploiting women?
11. In the film *Pretty Woman*, which actor was improvising when he snapped a jewellery case down on Julia Roberts's hand?
12. Half the English books he owned were about conspiracy theories. There were even some 9/11 truther texts, oddly. Who was he?
13. In ancient Egypt, animals were mummified. True or false?
14. Which country put Albert Einstein on its five-lirot note in 1968?
15. *Not to be confused with the Darwin Awards, the Darwin Medal is a prestigious honour for what kind of scientists?*









# Word Power

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*It takes at least one vowel to make a word. Test your knowledge of these terms that contain all five—and even one with “y.”*

BY BETH SHILLIBEER

---

- 1. emulation**—A: atomic radiation. B: imitation. C: anticipation.
- 2. nefarious**—A: wicked and immoral. B: unwarranted. C: from outlying regions.
- 3. auriferous**—A: helping with hearing. B: having perfect musical pitch. C: containing gold.
- 4. inoculate**—A: hide from sight. B: drink the first alcoholic beverage of the night. C: inject with a weak form of a disease for protection.
- 5. exultation**—A: triumphant rejoicing. B: promotion to a position of higher authority. C: surreal out-of-body experience.
- 6. oleaginous**—A: exaggeratedly complimentary. B: profusely blooming. C: concerning a planet's orbit.
- 7. delusional**—A: known to magicians. B: believed despite evidence to the contrary. C: previously misunderstood but now clear.
- 8. eunoia**—A: goodwill. B: broad and encompassing knowledge. C: annoyance and agitation.
- 9. gelatinous**—A: gilded in the Roman style. B: vibrantly coloured. C: viscous like jelly.
- 10. fluoridate**—A: defend an academic thesis. B: distill flower scents for perfume. C: add fluorides.
- 11. ambidextrous**—A: able to use both hands equally well. B: with an amber-like glow. C: having extremely flexible joints.
- 12. adventitious**—A: adventurous and daring. B: concerning Advent in the church calendar. C: by chance rather than by design.
- 13. renunciation**—A: act of joining a holy order. B: act of refusing or giving up. C: planned sequence of events.
- 14. mustachioed**—A: seasoned with mustard. B: with a moustache. C: sneezing because of allergies.
- 15. facetiously**—A: flippantly. B: apologetically. C: confusedly.

## Answers

- 1. emulation**—B: imitation; as, Mrs. Zachariah knew her young students would learn their manners by *emulation*, so she was always polite to them.
- 2. nefarious**—A: wicked and immoral; as, The *nefarious* art thief replaced the *Mona Lisa* with a fake.
- 3. auriferous**—C: containing gold; as, Many electronic connectors are *auriferous* because gold is an efficient conductor.
- 4. inoculate**—C: inject with a weak form of a disease for protection; as, Volunteer doctors came to the remote village to *inoculate* the children.
- 5. exultation**—A: triumphant rejoicing; as, Rihanna whooped with *exultation* when she realized she'd won the race.
- 6. oleaginous**—A: exaggeratedly complimentary; as, Martha's *oleaginous* praise of the customer's taste did not produce a sale.
- 7. delusional**—B: believed despite evidence to the contrary; as, John's friends urged him to give up his *delusional* notion that Doreen was attracted to him after she rejected him for the third time.
- 8. eunoia**—A: goodwill; as, In a flash of *eunoia*, Louis-Fernand decided to drop his grudge against the next-door neighbour.
- 9. gelatinous**—C: viscous like jelly; as, Shuji's first attempt at making gravy produced a *gelatinous* disaster.
- 10. fluoridate**—C: add fluorides; as, Many Canadian cities *fluoridate* their water to help fight cavities.
- 11. ambidextrous**—A: able to use both hands equally well; as, The *ambidextrous* fencer deftly switched hands and scored the winning point.
- 12. adventitious**—C: by chance rather than by design; as, Meeting his favourite author at the bookstore was *adventitious* for Barat, since he'd had no idea she'd scheduled a signing there.
- 13. renunciation**—B: act of refusing or giving up; as, Anita declared her *renunciation* of potato chips to her friends in hopes they would hold her to it.
- 14. mustachioed**—B: with a moustache; as, Hercule Poirot is the famous *mustachioed* sleuth created by Agatha Christie.
- 15. facetiously**—A: flippantly; as, Tranh *facetiously* described his messy room as a form of self-expression, but his mother was not amused.

---

### VOCABULARY RATINGS

**7-10:** fair

**11-12:** good

**13-15:** excellent

# How To: Fix Your Fatigue and Get More Energy

According to patients at the Center for Restorative Medicine, a discovery has completely transformed their lives.

Founder and Director **Dr. Steven Gundry** is a world-renowned heart surgeon, a best-selling author, and the personal physician to many celebrities. But his breakthrough could be the most important accomplishment of his career.

Dr. Gundry has unveiled a simple — yet highly effective — solution to issues that plague millions of Americans over 40: low energy, low metabolism and constant fatigue.

“When you’re feeling low energy, that’s your body screaming **HELP!**” Dr. Gundry’s radical solution was inspired by a breakthrough with a “hopeless” patient who had become massively overweight, chronically fatigued and suffering from severely clogged arteries.

The secret to his breakthrough? “**There are key ‘micronutrients’ missing from your diet,**” Dr. Gundry said, “If you can replenish them in very high dosages, the results can be astonishing.”

This unorthodox philosophy is what led Dr. Gundry to create an at-home method for fatigue — which has since become remarkably successful with his patients.

“They’re reporting natural, long-lasting energy without a ‘crash’ and they’re



feeling slim, fit and active,” he revealed yesterday.

Dr. Gundry’s team released a **comprehensive video presentation**, so that the public can be educated as to exactly how it works.

Watch the presentation here at [www.NewEnergy33.com](http://www.NewEnergy33.com)

Within just a few hours, this video had gotten thousands of hits, and is now considered to have gone viral. One viewer commented: “If this works, it’s exactly what I’ve been praying for my whole life. I’ve never seen anything like this solution before...the truth about my diet was shocking and eye-opening.”

It makes a lot of sense, and it sounds great in theory, but we’ll have to wait and see what the results are. Knowing Dr. Gundry, however, there is a great deal of potential.

See his presentation here at [www.NewEnergy33.com](http://www.NewEnergy33.com)

# Quotes

BY CHRISTINA PALASSIO



IELTS POP



People are very nice when they see me. They ask me, "How come they don't make movies like they used to?"

RICK MORANIS

**I'VE NEVER BEEN BORED A DAY IN MY LIFE.** JANN ARDEN



**I'M THE KIND OF GUY WHO WOULD HAVE KIDS BEFORE GETTING MARRIED. THE FIRST THING WOULD BE KIDS. MARRIAGE IS SCARY TO ME, MAN.**

THE WEEKND, A.K.A. ABEL TESFAYE

When I was 16 I moved to L.A. I asked my grandmother if she had any advice. I'll never forget her answer: "Give those sons of b\*\*\*\*s hell."

SETH ROGEN

If you were always happy, you'd suck. You wouldn't force yourself into doing things differently. DEADMAU5, A.K.A. JOEL ZIMMERMAN

*Science is one of the few institutions remaining that seeks the truth.*

BOB McDONALD

**I REFUSE TO BECOME TOUGH.**

EMILY HAINES



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**Lakota Arthritis Roll-on** pain reliever is odourless so your friends won't know the secret to the new bounce in your step. And it's natural.

Comes in a handsfree applicator people love. Time tested medicine proven to work - we guarantee it.

**Get Medicine that Works**