Reader's digest

SEVEN DECADES OF EXTRAORDINARY CANADIAN STORIES
70 YEARS

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APRIL 2017

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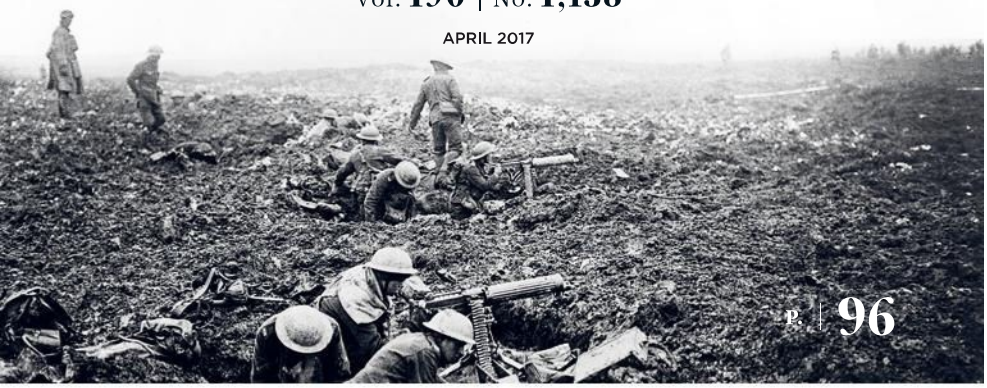

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ROGER AZIZ

Editors' Letters

Turning the Page

A NEW CHAPTER IS BEGINNING for this magazine, on its 70th year of publication in Canada, and it's an exciting one. After some 30 years at *Reader's Digest* in various roles—the last seven as editor-in-chief—I am retiring and leaving you in the expert hands of my dear colleague Dominique Ritter, who has been my second-in-command since 2011.

My time here has been an incredible adventure. How else could I have satisfied my curiosity about so many topics, met such interesting, talented and good people, and learned so much about myself and the world around me? As I look back on more than four decades in the publishing business, I don't regret a day of my career. Now the time has come for me to undertake new endeavours.

I would like to thank you, the millions of readers who have remained loyal to the *Digest* over the years. There is no other publication like this one, in great part because of you and your determination to improve your lives and those of others. Your belief that one person can make a great difference in the world is at the core of what we do. These values will surely continue to guide the editors of this magazine for decades to come. R

Robert Gagnon | Send an email to **robert@rd.ca**

ROGER AZIZ

Keeping Your Trust

IT'S DIFFICULT TO IMAGINE *Reader's Digest* without Robert Goyette. He has been an exemplary custodian of this magazine and he embodies its values: kindness, wisdom, humour, trustworthiness. As you will have noted from his editor's letters, he's also an excellent storyteller.

In our weekly meetings, talk of business has been punctuated by Robert's anecdotes about life at the company. By his accounts, he's often been surrounded by jokesters who, in addition to producing this fine publication, found time to prank colleagues, sabotage desks and, at least once, stick an unsuspecting editor with an exceptionally large bar bill. In a similarly playful spirit—and in honour of the month of April—we hope you enjoy our cover story, "Fool's Paradise" (page 38).

ROGER AZIZ

On a more serious note, I want to express how lucky I am to have had Robert as my boss. He's been a thoughtful and reliable mentor, and he will be missed. Please join me in wishing Robert all the best in his upcoming adventures: learning new languages, exploring far-off destinations and hooking unsuspecting fish in country lakes closer to home. And please join me, too, as the *Digest* reaffirms its commitment to sharing inspiring stories with you, the readers who are at the heart of what we do. R

Dominique

Send an email to
dominique@rd.ca

Reader's digest

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Contributors

ELAMIN ABELMAHMOUD
(Writer, "Fool's Paradise," page 38)

Home base: Toronto. **Previously published in:** *The Guardian* and CBC.ca. **I'm not a big trickster!** You know those creative, funny people who have genius prank ideas all the time? They're not me. **Humans are driven to laugh** with others. I think practical jokes are one of the great ways to do that. We prank because we want to bond.

ANNE T. DONAHUE
(Writer, "Fool's Paradise," page 38)

Home base: Cambridge, Ont. **Previously published in:** *Flare* and MTV.com. **"The simpler, the better" is my motto when it comes to pranking:** a straight face, a lie and then sitting back to watch it play out. This is making me sound like a sociopath, isn't it? **I'm a good sport** when I get fooled, but that rarely happens—I've learned to be wary of everybody!

LEEANDRA CIANCI
(Illustrator, "Fool's Paradise," page 38)

Home base: Toronto. **Previously published in:** *Chatelaine* and *Toronto Life*. **I like to think that** my illustration style is playful and easygoing. I hope my work will make people smile. **I always seem to forget** to watch out on April 1 and often end up being the one who gets tricked. I don't mind though. I'm a fan of pranks and think they can be super fun.

AUDREY MALO
(Illustrator, "Humour Me," page 70)

Home base: Montreal. **Previously published in:** *Today's Parent* and *Frankie Magazine*. **I wanted this illustration to** come across as intimate, like an evening with pals. I chose warm colours to evoke positive feelings. **The people I find funniest** are my best friends. Our group has shared so many humorous experiences, and this illustration reminds me of our relationships.

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?"

RELENTLESSLY RELIABLE

I have been a *Reader's Digest* subscriber for decades. Whenever I pick up a copy, I always seem to find interesting stories and useful advice I can trust. If something is written in the magazine, then I know it must be so. Because of that confidence, I've bought subscriptions as gifts for many other people over the years: my children, my niece, a friend from church. In the past year, I've given out half a dozen.

I'll be turning 90 in June. I've always told my children that when you read, you can travel anywhere. Your magazine has kept me in touch with the world.

EVELYN SMITH, *Kingston, Ont.*

TRUE, NORTH AND STRONG

I would like to thank you for the inspirational collection of stories, "Mission Fort McMurray" (December 2016). As a Member of Parliament for Calgary-Nose Hill and a proud Albertan, I have been privileged to witness first-hand the compassion and generosity of Canadians during these devastating forest fires. Your eye-opening accounts demonstrated how ordinary Canadians can make a difference in the lives of others when a disaster occurs. Thank you for highlighting Alberta's strength and Canadians' compassion.

HON. MICHELLE REMPEL, M.P., *Calgary*

WELCOME BACK

Last year, after a miscommunication, I came to believe that *Reader's Digest* was no longer going to be published in Canada, so I let my subscription lapse. I'm not one to peruse magazine stands, so it wasn't until months later that I realized—to my surprise and delight—that the magazine was still being released. I immediately read the latest issue front to back. You were so missed! *Reader's Digest* has been a part of my life since my youth. I'm looking forward to resubscribing and continuing my relationship with my favourite magazine.

SONYA KLASSEN, *North Vancouver, B.C.*

A FRIENDLY REMINDER

I have been a subscriber of *Reader's Digest* for the last 63 years. I eagerly await its arrival each month and always read it cover to cover. When I spotted "Bradley's Last Hope" (January/February 2016), a reprint of an inspiring story originally published in 1999, I immediately recognized Dr. Shapiro's name. He is a remarkable health care professional. My son-in-law went to him 10 years ago for surgery, and thanks to Dr. Shapiro, he is still with us. I am forever thankful for the physician's phenomenal care. Thank you for this lovely reminder.

NOELLA LACOUVEE, *Port Alberni, B.C.* R

Published letters are edited for length and clarity.

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. 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.

If I could, I would tell my teenage self to...

...sit back and
enjoy the ride!
BARBARA NIEBLER MARSH, AURORA, ONT.

...not date your friends' exes!
LISA GIESBRECHT, ABBOTSFORD, B.C.

...be yourself.
It won't matter in five years what your peers think of you.
KAREN TOMPKINS, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

...do your job well and focus—
and at 5 p.m., GO HOME!
SUSIE SOVEREIGN, CUMBERLAND BEACH, ONT.

...get better grades,
go to college and build a proper career.
KATHY BURKE SUMMERELL, CAPE BRETON, N.S.

...treat people with love and respect.
You only pass through life once.
MARGIE SUMMERELL, DOMINION, N.S.

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5 Foods You're Spoiling by Putting in the Refrigerator

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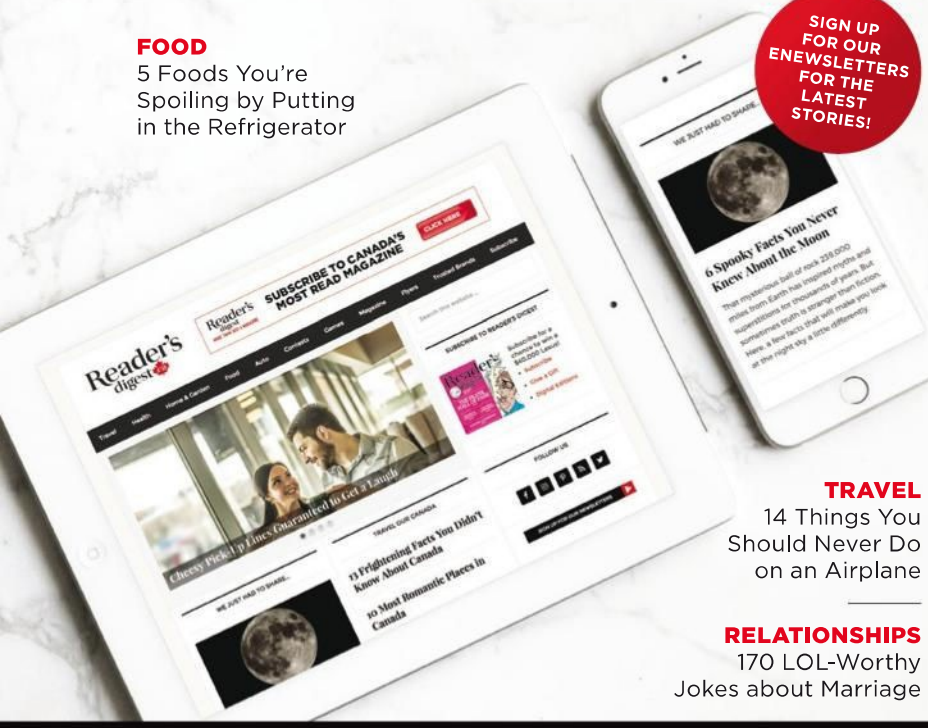

TRAVEL
14 Things You Should Never Do on an Airplane

RELATIONSHIPS
170 LOL-Worthy Jokes about Marriage

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Simone Cavanaugh works to improve the lives of kids with special needs in Nicaragua

Mission Mobility

BY STÉPHANIE VERGE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROGER AZIZ

THE ACHING STARTED when Simone Cavanaugh was six years old, acute enough that she'd wake in the night crying, clutching her knees and ankles. Doctors dismissed her concerns as growing pains, but within two years, Cavanaugh—eventually diagnosed with juvenile idiopathic arthritis—needed a wheelchair to get around. The condition affected her hips, as well, and would later attack her back and sternum.

"It took almost seven years for doctors to find the right treatment," says Cavanaugh, now 24. "We tried gluten-free diets, naturopathy, and many medications with many side effects. Nothing ever got me out of the wheelchair."

The right treatment—injections of biologics, which are proteins derived from human genes—wasn't available when Cavanaugh was young. Today, this regime allows her to walk on her own and provides effective enough pain management that she can study law at McGill University, as well as help children with physical challenges in Central America through her Montreal-based organization, Pivot International.

Founded three years ago, Pivot was born out of a college trip Cavanaugh took to Nicaragua in December 2011. Originally intending to pick coffee for a women's cooperative with the rest of her classmates, Cavanaugh spent the bulk of her time with Milton, ➳

In January 2017, Pivot International founder and director Simone Cavanaugh was appointed to the Prime Minister's Youth Council to help advise Justin Trudeau on disability rights.

the four-year-old grandson of the woman who was housing her.

Milton was largely non-verbal and couldn't walk or sit up on his own. Having been the coordinator of a summer camp funded by the Arthritis Society, a staffer at a program for kids with special needs, and a volunteer with Handicap International, Cavanaugh knew the boy had cerebral palsy. But, living in a rural area without access to services, he hadn't been diagnosed. As Cavanaugh played with Milton, she showed his family how to communicate with a child with limited verbal and motor skills.

"Rather than push a crayon into his hand and guide it, I would hold up each colour and ask if it was the one he wanted," says Cavanaugh. "He was able to say 'yes' and 'no.' He ended up saying 'no' to everything because he was so excited to express himself."

When Cavanaugh arrived back in Montreal, she made a plan to raise enough money to buy Milton a wheelchair, a walker and other aids. In December 2012, she returned to Nicaragua with occupational therapist Marie-Kim McFetridge, currently the paramedical director at Pivot. They worked with Milton for two weeks, focusing on his motor skills. Four years later, his verbal capabilities have greatly improved, and he eagerly engages with others.

"We have fewer resources in Nicaragua than in Quebec, but we have more freedom to build personalized services," says McFetridge. On each annual trip, the group—which now includes two more occupational therapists and two project managers—assesses an average of five children and brings equipment for kids evaluated the previous year. Families receive an update on their child's condition and, when appropriate, a set of therapeutic activities.

Having people on the ground in Nicaragua is essential to Pivot's success. Since 2012, Madeline Mendoza, whose background is in community development in Managua, has been in charge of local logistics. "Pivot has had such a positive impact," she says. "This last trip, the team brought a Braille machine for a 15-year-old blind girl who just finished elementary school and is eager to continue her education. It's rewarding to witness how motivated she is."

In time, Cavanaugh would like Pivot to be Nicaraguan-run and have other bases in Latin America. For now, she'll keep getting Canadians involved. She regularly visits Montreal's Mackay Centre, an elementary school for kids with disabilities. She shares stories about Pivot, and the students throw bake sales and host toy drives. "They're so passionate," says Cavanaugh. "It's really cool, having kids here working for kids there." R

@ Work

"He's not much of a people person. He won't even invest in mutual funds."

SUSAN CAMILLERI KONAR

ALL ABOUT INSURANCE

Before I could enrol in my company's medical insurance plan, I needed to fill out a questionnaire. As expected, the form was very thorough, leaving nothing to chance. One question asked, "Do you think you may need to go to the emergency room within the next three months?"

I spent 20 minutes explaining insurance options to one of our employees. After reviewing the different plans and monthly deductions, he decided to max out, choosing $100,000 worth of life insurance. But he had one last question.

"Now," he said, "what do I have to do to collect?" gophercentral.com

WHAT'S YOUR EMERGENCY?

Each year, Ontario's Chatham-Kent police force releases its list of silliest 911 calls. Here are 2016's highlights:

- One woman called to say all her cable TV programs were in French but she didn't speak French.
- Police were called to settle a heated dispute between two neighbours who were arguing over who owned a jar of peanut butter.
- A woman inquired whether it was legal to trap squirrels and let them go in a nearby farmer's field. CTV News

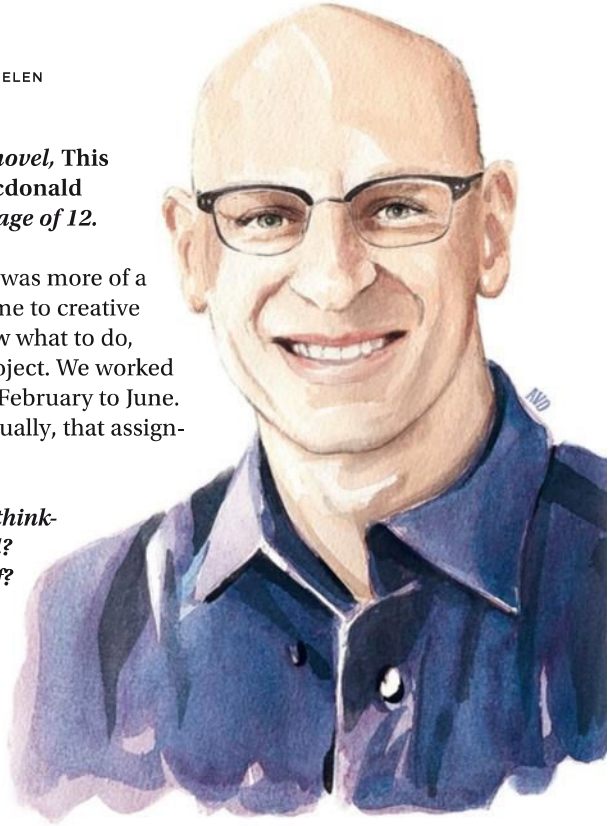
Are you in need of some professional motivation? Send us a work anecdote, and you could receive $50. To submit your stories, see rd.ca/joke.

Author Gordon Korman on the serendipitous beginning of his career, the definition of Canadian culture and keeping pace with kids today

Telling Stories

BY COURTNEY SHEA

ILLUSTRATION BY AIMÉE VAN DRIMMELEN



You published your debut novel,* This Can't Be Happening at Macdonald Hall!*, 39 years ago—at the age of 12. What's the backstory?
My Grade 7 English teacher was more of a phys. ed. coach. When it came to creative writing, he didn't quite know what to do, so he gave us a very long project. We worked on it one period a day from February to June. I got really into it, and eventually, that assignment became my first book.

When I read it, I remember thinking, Who is this wunderkind? Is that how you saw yourself?
I was aware that being a published author at 12 was unusual, but because I'd just been through it, it seemed totally doable. Now I look back and realize it was a miracle.

Almost half a century later, your Macdonald Hall series is still popular. How did you manage that?
Readers will ask why there's no Internet or cellphones in those books—that's what kids today care about—but they still read them. I think it's because the fundamental themes are universal: friendship, us versus them, misfits winning acceptance.

There must be many original readers who are now sharing your work with their children.
It's really cool. I have yet to hear, "This was my grandfather's favourite book!" That'll freak me out.

Is there something inherently Canadian about your books?
Well, there are certain references—when they play football, they play three downs. But what I think is significant is the balance between humour and heart. It's that form of comedy associated with Canada: *Saturday Night Live* and that whole *SCTV*/Lorne Michaels school. I couldn't necessarily say what it is, but I know it when I see it.

In the early 2000s, you switched from humour to suspense. Why?
As an author, you need to step outside your comfort zone. I think my best and most successful books might have come out of the fear that maybe I couldn't pull them off.

Your latest,* Masterminds: Payback*, is the third in a series about kids who find out that they are clones. Where did that idea come from?
I was thinking about what makes my kids do the crazier things they do. That led me to consider the question of nature versus nurture; I wondered if it'd be possible to design a formal experiment to resolve that issue once and for all. And, presto, the series was born.

How do you manage to stay plugged into youth culture?
Having my own kids—who are 17, 14 and 11—helps; I still do a lot of school appearances. I think you don't have to hit the vernacular on the nose, because people will still understand. No one reads *The Great Gatsby* and thinks, "Old Sport? *That* doesn't make any sense."

Have you ever tried to write for an older audience?
For the longest time, I thought I was going to write an adult book, and then it just never happened. You could joke that my mental age is still 12, but I think there's something incredibly powerful about writing books for young people. There's something special about the books you choose to love when you're first in charge of your own opinion. R

Masterminds: Payback is available now.

Our top picks in books, music and movies

RD Recommends

BY SARAH LISS

1 ROUGHNECK
Jeff Lemire

Sometimes, revisiting your demons is the best—and only—way to exorcise them. That's the revelation shared by the siblings at the heart of Jeff Lemire's stirring new graphic novel. Fleeing an abusive relationship, Beth Ouellette turns to her estranged brother, Derek, a pro-hockey goon who's been banned from the league, and the two head to the forest. There, in the Northern Ontario chill, they slowly begin coming to terms with buried family traumas and their shared Cree heritage. *April 18.*

DID YOU KNOW? Jeff Lemire collaborated with Tragically Hip frontman Gord Downie on last year's *Secret Path*, a comic-book complement to the musician's poignant album about the life and death of Chanie Wenjack, a young First Nations boy.

2 PARADISE
Jenn Grant

The Nova Scotian singer-songwriter is known for her self-reflective compositions, but for her sixth album, Jenn Grant sets her sights on the cosmos. *Paradise* draws on large-scale ideas and images to explore universal themes: love, loss, our desire to find meaning. These lush, soulful songs are a balm at a time when global uncertainty spurs us to look beyond ourselves. *March 3.*

(LEMIRE) JAIME HOGGE; (GRANT) DANIEL LEDWELL

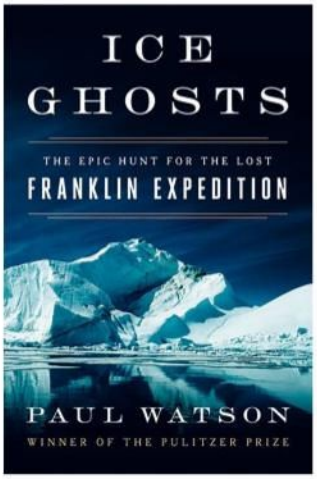
3 THE OLD WORLD

Cary Fagan

Inspired by a trove of found photographs, this new collection of short fiction by the Toronto author embarks on flights of fancy both marvellous and macabre. These 35 bite-sized tales will tantalize anyone who's ever happened upon a stash of sepia snaps at an antiques market and wondered about the secret lives of the subjects in the pictures. *March 18.*

4 ICE GHOSTS

Paul Watson



This is a remarkable account of the lost Franklin Expedition and the serendipitous story of the ships' eventual discovery more than 150 years after their disappearance. *Ice Ghosts* combines extensive research with first-hand observations from Paul Watson, a celebrated journalist who was present during the mission. A must-read for anyone fascinated with the history—and future—of Arctic exploration. *March 21.*

5 GIFTED

In this bittersweet family drama, Chris Evans stars as Frank, a devoted guardian who promised his late sister he'd give her daughter the most normal life possible. When it becomes clear the seven-year-old is a math prodigy, Frank is torn: if he sends the girl to a specialized school, he'll undermine his vow. *Gifted* pulls at your heartstrings while tapping into the relatable parental conundrum of how to ensure your child's happiness while helping her reach her full potential. *April 12.*

Points to Ponder

BY CHRISTINA PALASSIO

I can't imagine what it would be like to be satisfied with your work. I remember, once, reading about Ray Bradbury. He said that he would go down to his library if he couldn't sleep, pull out one of his works, read it and think, That was good. Then he'd put it back and be able to go back to bed. That man is the luckiest bastard imaginable!

Giller Prize–winning author **ANDRÉ ALEXIS,** in *The Globe and Mail*

If prose is a house, poetry is a man on fire running quite fast through it.

Poet **ANNE CARSON,** in the *Guardian*

Anyone can yell or throw pans. But if you take five minutes and talk to somebody, you'll get respect and you'll get the best out of them.

Chef and television host **MATTY MATHESON,** in *Canadian Business*

I don't ever want to be a Kraft cheese slice of music. Overly processed, preconceived to placate the masses, bland and as chemical as possible just so it can be bought.

Musician **TANYA TAGAQ,** in *Now Magazine*

PHOTOS: (CARSON) PENGUINRANDOMHOUSECANADA; (ALEXIS) HANNAH ZOE DAVISON; (TAGAQ) TANYATAGAQ.COM. QUOTES: (ALEXIS) SEPT. 23, 2016; (CARSON) OCT. 30, 2016; (MATHESON) NOV. 25, 2016; (TAGAQ) NOV. 21, 2016.

You see how things really work when they start not to work.

TIFF MACKLEM, ***dean of the Rotman School of Management,*** in *U of T Magazine*

As Inuit, our history has been recorded for 4,000 years. We've been living up there, hunting and gathering. Basically, that's what we're trying to protect: our way of life.

JERRY NATANINE, ***former mayor of Clyde River, Nunavut,*** on the community's fight against seismic testing in Baffin Bay

I had some of the greatest times anybody ever had walking this earth with Levon. And something happened over time that he became bitter and angry. I felt terrible about that, but I didn't know how to fix it, so I had to walk away.

The Band's **ROBBIE ROBERTSON,** on CBC Radio's *q*

The precision of language, married with facts, is the most effective weapon the journalist has to hold people to account. This is never more keenly felt than at times of polarized debate.

DAVID WALMSLEY, ***editor-in-chief of*** **The Globe and Mail**

Only a third of [health] problems are solved in primary care. The other two-thirds are solved at home, and that's where we need to go. The hospitals that figure this out will win.

DR. MIKE EVANS, ***creator of Evans Health Lab,*** on why encouraging people to adopt healthier habits is the best road to a healthier population, in *Maclean's*

When showering, I like to face the spray, head down, with a hand on the wall, like an athlete who's been kicked out of a game. Intense!

Comedian **DEBRA DIGIOVANNI,** on Twitter

I wanted to write a story that tells the stories we never hear, about overwhelmed social workers, immigrants who can never seem to break out of working poverty and women and children who really aren't in control of their own lives.

Author **JEN SOOKFONG LEE** on her novel *The Conjoined* R

PHOTO: (MACKLEM) ROTMAN SCHOOL OF MANAGEMENT.

QUOTES: (MACKLEM) *U OF T MAGAZINE* (FALL 2016); (NATANINE) CBC RADIO'S *AS IT HAPPENS* (NOV. 25, 2016); (ROBERTSON) NOV. 22, 2016; (WALMSLEY) *THE GLOBE AND MAIL* (NOV. 25, 2016); (EVANS) OCT. 19, 2016; (DIGIOVANNI) SEPT. 28, 2015; (LEE) *THE GLOBE AND MAIL* (SEPT. 27, 2016).

What it is, who gets it and how to treat it

Metabolic Syndrome Explained

BY SAMANTHA RIDEOUT

IN A 1988 lecture given in New Orleans and hosted by the American Diabetes Association, Dr. Gerald Reaven observed that the following health problems tend to show up together and might share a common cause: glucose intolerance, resistance to insulin-stimulated glucose uptake, high blood sugar, high triglycerides (a type of fat in the blood), high blood pressure and reduced high-density lipoprotein cholesterol (so-called good cholesterol). A large waist circumference is an additional risk factor. Anyone with at least three of these problems can be diagnosed with "metabolic syndrome," a concept that grew out of Reaven's talk.

Sufferers have an above-average likelihood of developing type 2 diabetes and cardiovascular disease (CVD) from blocked or narrowed arteries. The conditions involved in metabolic syndrome (hypertension, cholesterol imbalance and so on) each increase the chances of heart trouble on their own, but they may also amplify each other, creating an even greater CVD risk.

An estimated 20 to 25 per cent of the world's population has metabolic syndrome. There's no consensus about its root causes, although one common theory blames insulin resistance (when the body can't respond to the hormone that helps move sugars from food into cells for energy, causing a cascade of imbalances). Often, insulin resistance is triggered by excess weight, plus a lack of physical activity.

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16388ROPA

You can carry extra pounds without developing the syndrome, and the condition occurs in obese women at a lower rate than in obese men. "Until menopause, women have higher levels of estrogens, and this is associated with higher HDL cholesterol levels and lower triglyceride levels," says Dr. Bruce Wolffenbuttel, a professor of endocrinology and metabolism at University Medical Center Groningen in the Netherlands. Metabolic syndrome is more likely when the fat is concentrated around the waistline, he adds, because this fat secretes more potentially harmful proteins.

Compared to the general population, those with metabolic syndrome are

3 times

more likely to suffer a heart attack and

5 times

more likely to develop type 2 diabetes.

If you fit the criteria for the syndrome, your doctor may prescribe medications for the individual disorders. It's also key to attack the entire cluster with an increase in exercise and a healthier diet—you'll be aiming to lose about five to 10 per cent of your body weight over a year. With effort, metabolic syndrome is reversible, and so are its risks. R

News From the World of Medicine

THE VOORHES

Roller Coasters May Help Pass Kidney Stones

Researchers at Michigan State University grew curious about the Big Thunder Mountain Railroad roller coaster at Walt Disney World in Florida after a number of patients claimed to have passed kidney stones after riding it. They decided to test it using a 3-D-printed model of a kidney; the forces exerted by the ride did cause mock stones of all sizes to pass. Sufferers who enjoy roller coasters might find them worth a try, the lead researcher says.

Low-Factor Sunscreen Leads to Unsafe Exposure

In an observational study of 143,844 women led by the University of Oslo,

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the subjects who used low-factor sunscreen (SPF of 15 or less) had a greater melanoma risk than those who didn't use sunscreen. People may believe sunscreen lets them soak up rays safely, but this isn't true if they don't wear enough, forget to reapply it periodically, miss areas of exposed skin or use products with an insufficient SPF.

Yoga Fairly Safe, but Don't Push It

Yoga-related injuries are relatively rare, but they're more likely as you age, according to a 13-year *Orthopaedic Journal of Sports Medicine* report. The rate for people 65 and older was 58 per 100,000, compared to 12 per 100,000 for those 44 years of age and under. In all groups, the most common mishaps were sprains and strains, and the most affected area was the torso. It's important to choose a qualified instructor and start off slowly. R

TEST YOUR MEDICAL IQ

Anosmia is...

A. colour-blindness.
B. confusion brought on by lack of sleep.
C. a lack of zinc.
D. an inability to smell.

Answer: D. Anosmia is the medical term for the loss of the sense of smell. It can be an early symptom in neurodegenerative diseases such as Alzheimer's or Parkinson's, though it's more commonly caused by a nasal problem (such as a cold) or a brain injury. Patients with long-lasting or permanent anosmia should take precautions because they can't smell fires, gas leaks or food that has gone bad.


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Be sure this product is right for you. Read and follow the label.

The type 2 variety of the disease can cause serious symptoms. Here's what you need to know.

Diabetes Dangers

BY ANDRE MAYER

THE GOVERNMENT OF Canada estimates that 60,000 new cases of type 2 diabetes crop up every year, making it one of the country's fastest-growing diseases. Yet many people don't realize that it can cause symptoms well beyond feelings of occasional sluggishness.

Diabetes occurs when the body doesn't produce enough (or can't effectively use) insulin to transport energy-providing glucose. In type 1 diabetes, which usually develops in childhood, your pancreas doesn't generate any of the hormone. In type 2—which usually develops after age 40 and accounts for roughly 90 per cent of all diabetes cases—your body makes too little insulin, or your cells become resistant to it. All these scenarios allow glucose to build up in the blood, which can lead to serious consequences.

Type 2 diabetes can result from obesity and a poor diet combined with a sedentary lifestyle, or due to genetics and environmental factors. Dr. Jan Hux, chief science officer at the Canadian Diabetes Association, says in most cases it's a progressive disease that requires medication to manage its numerous risks. If you have the condition, here are some things to look out for.

Heart and Stroke

A buildup of glucose is hazardous to your vascular system. In extreme

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cases, blocked arteries can lead to heart attacks or strokes; according to the Canadian Diabetes Association, those with the condition can develop heart disease 10 to 15 years earlier than the general population.

Eyes and Ears

High blood-sugar levels can have significant effects on smaller blood vessels. For example, this can cause overgrowth and potential bursting of vessels behind the eye, near the retina, which is why diabetes is a leading cause of blindness.

High blood pressure can pose a similar risk in your ear canal. While the precise cause isn't yet known, the American Diabetes Association reports that diabetics are twice as likely as non-diabetics to suffer hearing loss.

Kidneys

The disease can also affect vessels in your kidneys, limiting their ability to clean your blood. Up to 50 per cent of Canadians living with diabetes experience extreme damage to these organs, and many of them require ongoing dialysis, says Hux.

Nerves

Another risk of diabetes is nerve damage, resulting in a loss of sensation in parts of your body. Diabetes patients must be vigilant about their feet, as numbness in the area can spell major problems. Unnoticed and untreated, the smallest cut or abrasion can become infected and even lead to gangrene. "What started with a pebble in your shoe could one day lead to the amputation of your leg," says Hux.

Skin

Type 2 diabetes can also reduce blood flow to the skin, which can lead to a host of visible symptoms, from a dry, flaky epidermis to cuts that are slow to heal.

Psyche

Managing the potential effects outlined above can take a psychological toll on people—"diabetes distress," in Hux's words. "Every day, diabetes robs them of something—happiness or a sense of their future," she says.

Diabetics who experience feelings of anxiety or depression are encouraged to speak to their family physician about psychotherapy and antidepressants. According to the Canadian Diabetes Association, these measures "have positive effects on both mood and blood-glucose management."

THOUGH ALL THESE symptoms may sound daunting, those living with type 2 diabetes have cause for optimism: the condition can often be managed with exercise and a more moderate diet.

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Case History

BY SYDNEY LONEY

ILLUSTRATION BY VICTOR WONG

THE PATIENT: Marjorie, a 69-year-old retired accountant
THE SYMPTOMS: Intense headache and nausea
THE DOCTOR: Nicholas Pimlott, associate chief, department of family and community medicine, Women's College Hospital in Toronto

AROUND 1 A.M. on a Saturday in February 2015, Marjorie rose with severe nausea and was violently ill. She blamed the oysters she'd eaten during a dinner out the previous evening and fell back asleep. Two hours later, she was jolted awake by a headache that kept her up till morning. When that pain didn't disappear after three days, she called her doctor.

Such a headache, says Dr. Nicholas Pimlott, Marjorie's long-time GP, "can be ominous. A doctor's first concern is that it could be an intercranial hemorrhage or a stroke."

When Marjorie arrived at Women's College for her appointment, she was seen by a resident who conducted a neurological exam. The patient's speech and gait were normal and she didn't exhibit any overt signs of stroke, such as facial drooping. But she couldn't easily point back and forth between the tip of her nose and the doctor's index finger.

Marjorie's headache abated on its own, but an MRI revealed a bleed on the right side of her brain. She was transferred to Toronto Western Hospital to consult with the neurosurgery unit, where she was diagnosed with moyamoya disease, a rare, chronic, progressive disorder in which vessels at the base of the brain narrow, reducing blood flow and causing a stroke. (The tangle of vessels at the base of the skull resemble a puff of smoke, which is what moyamoya means in Japanese.) It's most

common in children, and there's some evidence that the condition may be hereditary.

There's no medication to reverse the progression of moyamoya; treatment focuses on decreasing the risk of another stroke, the odds of which go up as blood flow is restricted.

After several days under observation, Marjorie went home. Her neurologist said there was nothing more the hospital could do, so she sought advice from Pimlott, who began reading up on the disease. Marjorie consulted the Internet and learned the only significant treatment available is surgical bypass, which involves connecting a blood vessel from outside the brain to a vessel on the inside to reroute blood flow around the narrowed arteries. She contacted the neurosurgeon in California who had pioneered the treatment, as well as a neurosurgeon in Toronto who had trained with him—and got two very different opinions.

The U.S. doctor believed Marjorie's condition was more likely due to a possible previous injury that predisposed her to having a bleed and that the risk of her having an additional stroke wasn't high enough to warrant the surgery, while the Canadian surgeon felt she would benefit from the procedure.

"It was difficult for her," Pimlott says. "Whose opinion do you question?" He recommended that she read Atul Gawande's 2014 book, *Being Mortal*, which explores how to navigate aging and dying. One section, on doctor-patient relationships and shared decision-making, resonated with her. "We want information and control but we also want guidance," Gawande wrote.

> ***"It was a lesson for me in patient advocacy," says Dr. Nicholas Pimlott.***

Pimlott coached his patient to ask certain questions. (If she didn't go ahead with the surgery, for instance, what was her risk of having a stroke compared to the dangers of the procedure itself?) In the end, Marjorie felt the potential hazards outweighed any benefit and opted not to have the operation. "It was a lesson for me in patient advocacy and supporting someone in their quest for answers," Pimlott says. "My job was to help empower my patient to talk with her specialists and to help her settle on the best outcome."

More than a year after her stroke, Marjorie is doing well. Although she monitors her blood pressure and cholesterol more stringently, she's active, healthy and confident that she made the decision that was best for her. R

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.

Congratulations to the 2017 winners that have earned our country's trust—and to our gold winners who have continually earned the trust of Canadians for 5 or more consecutive years!

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Non-Dairy Beverage
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Comfort/ Walking Shoe
NIKE

Coffee Maker
KEURIG

Beauty Retailer
SEPHORA

GOLD WINNER

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TD CANADA TRUST
2012-2017

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BEHR

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AVEENO

GOLD WINNER

Coffee Retailer
TIM HORTONS
2013-2017

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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 Restaurant
McDONALD'S

GOLD WINNER

Passenger Car Manufacturer
TOYOTA
2009-2017

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Home Improvement Retailer
THE HOME DEPOT

Tea
TETLEY

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
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Pet Food
IAMS*
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JAMIESON
2011-2017

Weight Loss Program
WEIGHT WATCHERS

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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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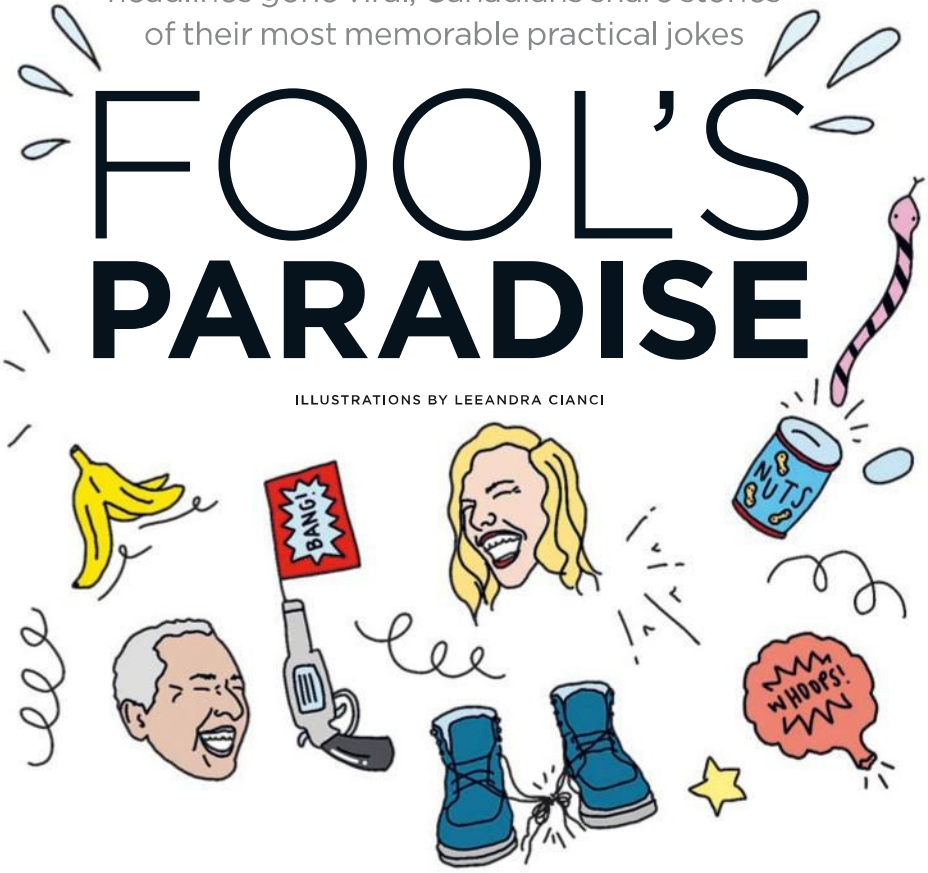
*Tied within this category. ™Trusted Brand is a registered trademark of Reader's Digest.

In need of inspiration on April 1? From prank calls made by mischievous dads to satirical headlines gone viral, Canadians share stories of their most memorable practical jokes

FOOL'S PARADISE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LEEANDRA CIANCI



SLEEP DISTURBANCE

One year when I was in middle school, April Fool's fell on a Friday. Ian, my 11-year-old brother, had the day off for parent-teacher conferences at his elementary school. (Sadly, I still had class.) While eating breakfast, my dad asked if I'd be up for messing with Ian. I answered yes—as would any older sister in her right mind. We typed up a fake letter announcing that conferences had been cancelled due to "low attendance" and classes were back on. It was a flimsy excuse, but we banked on my brother being too groggy to notice. My dad woke him up, crumpled letter in hand, claiming he'd found it in my brother's backpack. Ian was confused, but Dad moved quickly, pulling clothes out of my brother's dresser and telling him to get ready. Bleary-eyed, Ian ambled down the stairs minutes later, and Dad ushered him to the car.

We only got a couple of blocks before Dad, way too pleased with himself, burst out laughing and yelled, "April Fool's!" Ian was mad that we'd ruined his chance to sleep in. The joke was ultimately on me, though: I still had to go to class.

ANNA FITZPATRICK, WRITER

CAUGHT IN A LIE

Six years ago, I worked at a bar in Montreal, bussing tables and washing dishes. Once a year, the place would throw a lavish party, with all-you-can-eat oysters. The best oyster shuckers in the city would come to compete to see who could open the most the fastest. The winner got free drinks for the night and bragging rights for a year. My job was far less glamorous: I had to haul dripping bags of shells to the dumpster. During one of my trips, I had a bright idea. I returned to the kitchen, proudly (and falsely) proclaiming, "Guess what! I found a pearl!"

Production in the kitchen ground to a halt. As everyone clamoured to see my discovery, I was overcome with regret. I was forced to dash their hopes with a feeble "just kidding," and quickly became a staff pariah. During my next trip to the garbage, I seriously considered joining the empty shells in the dumpster.

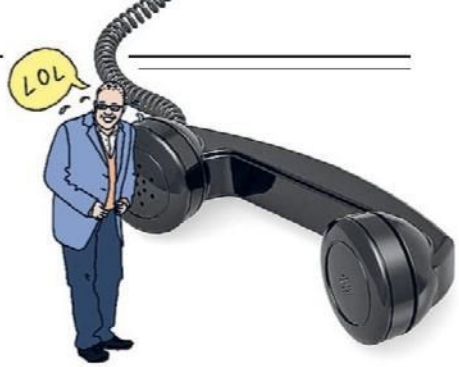
JACKIE PIRICO, COMEDIAN

OUT OF THIS WORLD

In May 2013, Canadian astronaut Chris Hadfield had just returned to earth after a 145-day mission. Writers at *The Beaverton*—the satirical news site for which I work—were searching for a funny way to cover this historic event. We settled on an issue many Canadians can relate to: high cellphone bills. I came up with a brief post titled "Hadfield comes home to $1.37-million Rogers phone bill." To our surprise, tens of thousands of people shared it online, some even falling for the headline.

Later that year, satirist Ian MacIntyre wrote a story about Hadfield being kicked out of a movie theatre for heckling. The piece claimed the astronaut had been pointing out inaccuracies in the portrayal of the space program in the film *Gravity*. The response was once again dumbfounding. A major news website in Australia reported it as fact; TMZ and a number of other outlets reached out to Hadfield's son and social media manager, Evan, for comment. Ian and I felt like jerks, but fortunately, the Hadfields have an excellent sense of humour. They were amused by the second article and didn't demand we take it down. From that point on, though, we decided to leave the commander alone.

ALEX HUNTLEY, EDITOR AT THE SATIRICAL NEWS SITE *THE BEAVERTON*



(PHONE) ISTOCKPHOTO

ACCESS DENIED

At 18, I was accepted to college—it was a miracle considering my less-than-great (read: terrible) grades. I called my dad to tell him. He congratulated me repeatedly, and I ended the conversation feeling accomplished.

Then the phone rang. On the other end was a man who explained that there'd been a mistake: the acceptance was a clerical error and I wouldn't be admitted after all. He apologized and hung up. I immediately started crying. Too devastated to answer the phone when it rang again, I paused my meltdown only when I heard my mom yelling: it turns out the mystery registrar was actually just my dad's friend at work. Since I'd announced my news on April 1, I was eligible for pranking—regardless of how traumatic the experience might be. My dad's joke (and its flawless execution) wound up significantly influencing the kind of person I became: an inveterate prankster. But perhaps most importantly, April Fool's 2004 taught me to never, ever trust anybody who calls you on the phone.

ANNE T. DONAHUE, WRITER

MAKE YOUR MARK

I'd gone to bed the night before knowing I'd planned everything right. The lady who'd applied my temporary tattoo told me that by morning, it would be dark enough to fool anybody into thinking it was real. The next day, as my wife began getting ready for work, I strategically moved my arm so that my fake tattoo of birds in flight would be visible.

A couple seconds went by, and then—success! She spotted it.

"What's that?" she asked apprehensively.

"Oh, this? I was meaning to tell you, I got this a couple of—"

"You didn't!" she interrupted. As we talked, the panic in her voice grew, and I wondered whether to continue. The wise move was to come clean.

"Yeah, I did! I got the tattoo on Wedne—"

At that point, my trick really backfired. My poor partner, who happened to be six months pregnant and had been having a stressful morning, began crying silently.

Tearfully, she said, "I can't believe you didn't talk to me about it. We talk to each other about these things!"

There's nothing quite like the guilt of making your stressed-out, pregnant wife cry. I felt terrible! I rushed to explain that it was fake and I'd been planning the prank for days. This made her more upset: why, she wondered, didn't I just back down after witnessing her shock?

In the end, I learned that when it comes to pranks, context is everything.

A couple of days later, I went to visit my mother. I rolled up my sleeves and turned my arm around slowly.

"What's that?" she asked apprehensively.

ELAMIN ABDELMAHMOUD, WRITER

Do It Yourself

See if you can pull off these simple gags this April Fool's Day

BY SINÉAD MULHERN

BIG MESS: Fill two glasses with water. Place a laminated sheet on top, flip them upside-down on a table, and pull the sheet out from underneath the cups. Anyone who discovers the upturned vessels won't be able to move them without creating a puddle.

NO TOUCH: Bring a new appliance into the office, like a toaster or microwave. Stick a sign on the machine that says, "Voice activated," and see if anyone tries to use it hands-free.

BROWN E'S: Cut out several letter E's from brown construction paper and place them on a plate. Tell everyone there are fresh brown E's waiting in the kitchen.

PHANTOM OF THE OFFICE: This is the perfect way to prank a gullible co-worker. Arrive early to the office with a wireless keyboard. Pair your co-worker's computer with the device, but leave their regular keyboard in place. Control their computer from your own desk and watch how they react when the machine seemingly takes on a life of its own.

DULY NOTED: Be prepared to splurge a little on heaps of sticky notes. The victim of this prank must have a car parked in an accessible location for at least an hour. Use the sticky notes to cover their vehicle in a pattern of your choice. Cross your fingers that once they discover your masterpiece, they'll be willing to take a drive and show it off.

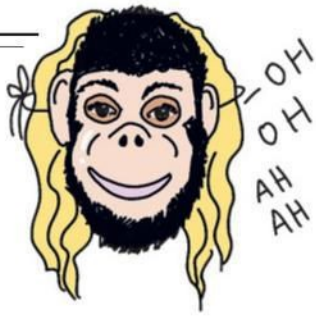
Sources: youtube.com, collegehumour.com, mashable.com, popsugar.com

JOKE'S ON ME

Recently, while looking to purchase speakers, I headed to a Best Buy, where I tested some Bluetooth models using my phone. Then I had a hilarious idea: I would stand at a distance and play fart noises on my phone through the speaker. No one would know I was the one causing the racket. I walked 15 metres away and found a track on Spotify. It was called "Fart Sounds—Over 1,000 Farts," so I knew it must be good stuff. When I pressed play, nothing happened, so I moved closer, assuming I was out of range. Turns out there was a 20-second delay before the first noise. I was standing directly in front of the speaker when it produced a thundering sound. Everyone looked at me. Blushing, I darted out of Best Buy, and drove home, with no speakers and very little dignity.

D.J. DEMERS, COMEDIAN

(SPEAKERS) ISTOCKPHOTO



WHEN MOMS PRANK

When I was 24, my then-girlfriend and I threw a Halloween party. The holiday fell on a Wednesday, though, so only 10 people showed. Sitting around, we heard a knock on the door. I was initially excited, thinking more guests had arrived, but my enthusiasm faded when I saw who—or what—was there: a stranger wearing hockey gear and a monkey mask.

"Who's this?" I asked. There was no answer, just a bunch of grunts as the creature ventured inside. Each time we asked the simian Sidney Crosby to identify itself, it simply jumped around making monkey sounds. After 20 minutes, the ape placed a plastic bag of candy and an unsealed bottle of vodka on our table. As the room debated whether or not the liquor was safe to drink, the interloper slowly peeled off its mask. It was my mom.

"Are you nuts?" I yelled. But she seemed unfazed.

"I thought you'd know it was me," she said. With that, she told us to enjoy the treats and lumbered back to her car, still wearing my dad's hockey equipment.

CHRIS LOCKE, COMEDIAN

Timeline of Trickery

A well-executed prank never gets old. Here, gags that are sure to go down in history.

BY DAVIDE MASTRACCI

USE YOUR NOODLE
On April 1, 1957, BBC's Panorama television program ran a segment documenting a family's "spaghetti harvest" in Switzerland. The segment claimed noodles were grown and showed the family picking them off trees. Back then, spaghetti was a delicacy in Britain, so many viewers fell for the hoax, some even asking where to buy their own plant.

HEAD IN THE CLOUDS
In the lead-up to April Fool's Day in 1976, Patrick Moore, an astronomer and charismatic BBC radio host, imbued the term "leap of faith" with new meaning. On air, he claimed that at 9:47 a.m. on April 1, Pluto would pass behind Jupiter, reducing gravity on earth. If listeners jumped at that moment, he said, they'd float. Soon after, the BBC received calls from people claiming they'd defied gravity. The prank has since been revived, going viral online as recently as 2015.

HOLIDAZED
In 1977, *Guardian* readers fell in love with San Serriffe, a country near the Seychelles islands. There was one problem: it didn't exist. The report on the country's history, which was printed as an April Fool's gag, was riddled with printing puns, including the main islands, shaped like a semi-colon, called Upper and Lower Caisse. The obvious signs of trickery didn't deter readers, who phoned in asking for more information about the new hot spot.

MICROSOFT VC
In December 1994, a fake Associated Press article, spread by a prankster via email, announced Microsoft had bought the Roman Catholic Church, Vatican City and all. In it, Bill Gates was quoted saying the faithful could get Communion and reduce their time in Purgatory, all on the web. It was one of the first successful online pranks.

PHONE FRAUD
In 2008, the Masked Avengers, a Montreal-comedy duo, showed Canadians can pull off a good gag, too. The group recorded themselves calling Sarah Palin, the Republican vice-presidential candidate at the time, posing as French president Nicholas Sarkozy. "Sarkozy" told Palin he'd love to go hunting—so long as Dick Cheney didn't come. The recording received international attention, forcing Palin's campaign to admit she'd been fooled.

(REMOTES) ISTOCKPHOTO

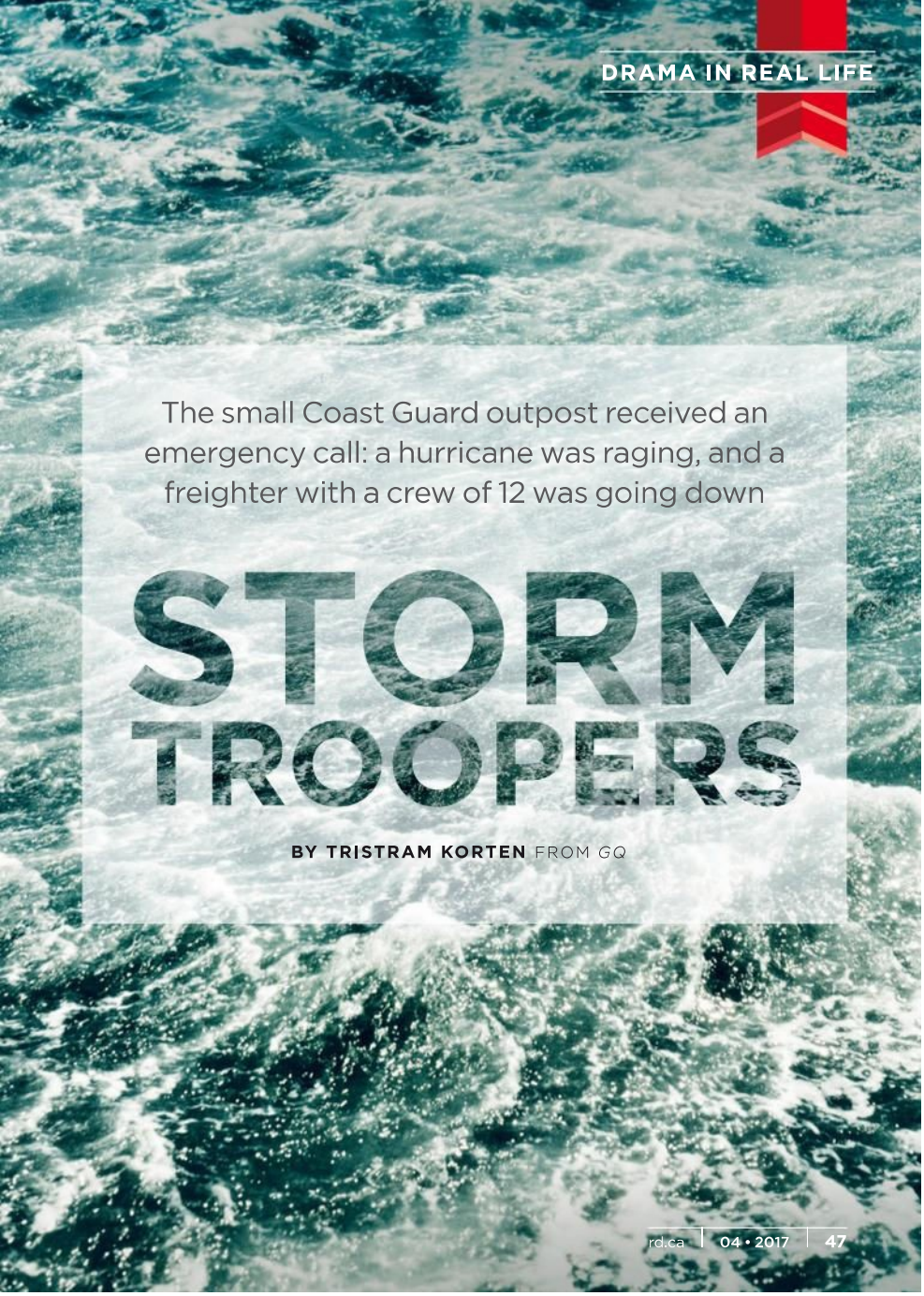
EG4AGERI GD

I have a friend who built an elaborate home theatre. The centrepiece was a coffee table full of remotes. It occurred to me on April Fool's Day, as I was leaving my home for his, that while he might become confused if I hid one of these, he would probably be more confused if I added one. So I brought an old remote of mine and snuck it into the pile. About 45 minutes later, he spotted the foreign clicker, stared at it, then started pointing it at equipment and pressing buttons. Naturally, it had no effect, and over the next few hours this morphed into a full-fledged obsession. After exhausting all the devices in his home theatre, he took the remote upstairs to see if it worked on any of his machines there. When that didn't pan out, he started hauling out older units from his closet to test it on them. Twice I had to head for the washroom because I couldn't hold back my laughter. By the end of my visit, he still hadn't figured out that I'd planted the clicker.

A few days later I was back at his place. During a moment alone, I took out a key to an apartment I was no longer living in and added it to his key chain.

DAVID ACER, COMEDIAN

Coastie rescuers by their Jayhawk, from left: co-pilot Rick Post, flight mechanic Joshua Andrews; rescue swimmer Ben Cournia and pilot Dave McCarthy.



The small Coast Guard outpost received an emergency call: a hurricane was raging, and a freighter with a crew of 12 was going down

STORM TROOPERS

BY TRISTRAM KORTEN FROM GQ

AT ABOUT 8 P.M. on Thursday, October 1, 2015, the Coast Guard's Air Station Clearwater sent word of an emergency to the team stationed on Great Inagua Island, a base in the Bahamas: a hurricane was raging in the area, and the freighter *Minouche*, carrying 12, was going down. On the phone from Florida, Commander Scott Phy had a question: could a chopper crew venture into the storm?

A tiny land mass just north of Cuba and Haiti with a population of 900, Great Inagua Island is one of the Coast Guard's loneliest outposts. For two weeks that fall, the base was home to, among others, the four-man helicopter crew on duty that fateful night: rescue swimmer Ben Cournia and pilot Dave McCarthy, both 36, 28-year-old lieutenant and co-pilot Rick Post, and 32-year-old flight mechanic Joshua Andrews.

Though the team had been anticipating a fairly uneventful deployment—snorkelling, fishing, hanging out—that plan had been upturned by the arrival of the hurricane. When he got the call from Commander Phy, McCarthy didn't hesitate to muster his crew.

THE PREVIOUS MONDAY had dawned cloudy in south Florida. The night before, forecasters just outside Miami had observed a low-pressure system 652 kilometres southwest of Bermuda. Winds were blowing at about 56 kilometres per hour, but experts weren't concerned. Even if the gathering winds of Tropical Depression 11 became a storm, projections showed it staying far from land.

Along the Miami River, the crew of the *Minouche*—a dozen men, about half of them Haitian—was preparing to cast off. The 35-year-old freighter, nearly 65 metres long, was operated by a tiny firm called Eva de Shipping. The plan was to set off that morning for Port-de-Paix, Haiti, carrying around $2 million in cargo, including food, two generators and 800 pairs of shoes that had been collected for a Haitian mission called Waves of Mercy. The crew had no reason to think they wouldn't arrive by Thursday, as scheduled.

But up north, almost 805 kilometres out in the Atlantic, the winds were building. By nightfall they were blowing at 64 kilometres per hour, strong enough to earn the storm a name and an upgrade: meteorologists were now watching Tropical Storm Joaquin.

BY WEDNESDAY MORNING, Joaquin had been classified as a Category 1 hurricane. The winds were blowing at almost 170 kilometres per hour. The National Hurricane Center issued a blunt warning to anybody in the Bahamas: "Preparations to protect life and property should be rushed to completion." The storm reached Category 2 status, with gusts of 83 to 95 knots, that evening.

On Thursday, the *Minouche* was racing east in an attempt to outrun the storm. As the boat battled waves of up to nine metres, cargo had started to rock loose. The shifting weight caused the ship to list to port, so they weighted down the starboard side. Nothing seemed to work, and Joaquin kept up its assault. The crew began tossing containers over in a desperate scramble to stabilize the vessel. That's when they lost engine power.

Drifting powerless, the *Minouche* was nature's punching bag. Night was descending, and there was nothing left to do but enact the terrible routines that every sailor dreads. A crew member sent an email to the agent in Miami and activated the emergency signal that provided would-be rescuers with the boat's location. The captain, Renelo Gelera, authorized a distress call on the Inmarsat satellite network, then ordered his men to prepare to abandon ship.

WHEN THE COASTIES on Great Inagua received the call on Thursday night, the wind was blowing so ferociously that the men had to climb into their Jayhawk inside the hangar and employ a little tractor to tow the chopper out to the tarmac.

Outside, the night was black, and McCarthy and Post strapped on their night-vision goggles. Against the blowing force of the storm, Post manoeuvred off the ground and pointed the aircraft south. The rotors thudded. The radios crackled. The fearsome wind pushed the Jayhawk forward, up and to the side.

On the deck of the *Minouche*, the crew of 12 strapped on life vests. They proceeded to bring out the 104-kilogram life raft, which inflated to form a big black hexagon with an orange tent canopy in the water. The men jumped in and waited for help to arrive. Tiny lights on their life preservers glowed in the dark.

THE SHIP WAS GONE; ONLY LIGHT WAS VISIBLE UNDER THE WAVES. THE SPEED OF THE SUBMERSION SHOCKED THE CREW.

After about 30 minutes in the sky, the Jayhawk reached the *Minouche*'s coordinates. Post piloted over the area in a wide, banking curve. Below was the spectral outline of the doomed freighter. The helicopter zipped by in a sweeping circle, searching for the raft; when it came around a few minutes later, the bow of the ship was already underwater. They made another orbit. This time the ship was gone; only light was visible beneath the waves. The speed of the submersion shocked the chopper's crew. As Cournia stared at

the ghostly glow, whatever enthusiasm he'd had for getting in the water was tempered by nerves.

The raft bobbed in the waves a few kilometres from the ship. The wind was buffeting the Jayhawk, and the rain and dark were messing with Post's equilibrium. Instead of looking out the windshield to get his bearings, he had to rely on the hover bars on the instrument panel that showed the craft's relationship to a fixed point.

With their eyes on the rescue target, the crew discussed their options. They decided to lower Cournia down on a cable into the water, where he'd disconnect and swim to the raft. Then Andrews would use the hoist to lower a steel basket, and Cournia would load survivors in one at a time, to be lifted up to the Jayhawk.

Cournia strapped on his swim helmet and buckled his vest, donned his mask and fins, stepped to the door and looked down at the maelstrom nine metres below. A blast of wind rushed in. Rescue swimmers are the Coast Guard's most elite operatives, and the path to becoming one is brutally difficult. Approximately one-fifth of those who are tapped to try out make it through swimmer school, a gauntlet of harrowing simulations and near drownings. All that effort prepares graduates physically and psychologically for this sort of moment—a battle with the wind and the waves. The more I stand around, Cournia thought, the more nervous I'll get. So let's start moving. He flashed Andrews a thumbs-up.

"Swimmer's ready," Andrews shouted into the radio, knowing he needed to be the pilot's eyes. After a few final checks, he got the okay. "Swimmer's on the way down," he told McCarthy. "Swimmer's in the water. Swimmer's away. Swimmer's okay. Clear to move."

The water felt reassuringly warm, but the ferocity of the waves caught Cournia off guard. He was amazed at how fast the raft was moving. Catching up and grabbing hold, he peered inside. Cournia asked if anyone was injured. The answer was no. Then he explained that he was going to get them all into that helicopter whooshing above, one at a time. "Any questions?" A crew member wanted to know the status of their ship.

"It's gone," Cournia told them. Shock spread across their faces. It was as if, bobbing alone out there in the storm, they only now were grasping the gravity of their situation.

SEIZING THE MOST frightened-looking man in the raft, Cournia pulled him into the water. He signalled for the basket, a kind of walled metal seat, and loaded in the survivor. Then he turned to swim back to the raft—only it wasn't there. Winds and current had pulled it nearly 100 metres away.

The men who came to the **Minouche***'s aid, clockwise from top left: Ben Cournia, Commander Scott Phy, Dave McCarthy and Rick Post, ready for action.*

THOMAS PRIOR

It took Cournia five minutes of hard swimming to catch up. He pulled out another sailor and waved for the basket. After sending it up, he noticed the raft had again drifted. Watching from the Jayhawk, Andrews wasn't sure Cournia could last if he was forced to constantly chase his target.

Andrews and McCarthy decided to "hover taxi" the swimmer, dangling him from the cable above the waves. This worked for two rescues, then Cournia hit a snag. He pointed at one scared survivor, grabbed his collar and pulled him from the raft. Terrified, the man screamed and jumped into the water on top of him.

In a panicked clench, the sailor wrapped his legs around Cournia and pushed down on his rescuer's shoulders. The elite swimmer's training kicked in. Suck, tuck and duck. He sucked in a full breath, then tucked his chin down to protect his throat. He wiggled one arm free and tapped the man gently to let him know everything was okay. But the sailor freaked out more, thrashing his arms. With his free hand, Cournia jammed his thumb into a pressure point under the sailor's jawbone, just as he'd learned; he also managed to ram the thumb on his trapped arm into a pressure point above the man's left elbow. The sailor froze. Cournia quickly grabbed him in a cross-chest carry and swam to the basket.

But two or three rescues later, as Cournia motioned for the hoist, a wave came rearing up. The swell caught the basket—carrying a man—just as a gust of wind dropped the Jayhawk. The survivor was carried away from the chopper. It was as if a hooked fish was pulling line from a reel.

Andrews desperately played the cable out while furiously directing the pilot. The basket, yanked from the helicopter, had come swinging back like a pendulum. After several harrowing minutes—for the crew and for the man yo-yoing in mid-air—it reached the Jayhawk. The sailor inside made it onto the cabin floor, where he joined his crewmates, frozen in shock.

In order to conserve fuel, Post had positioned the hovering helicopter so it faced the headwind. Still, with only eight survivors in the cabin, McCarthy, watching the fuel gauge, signalled that they had to return to base. Andrews hoisted Cournia up to the Jayhawk, and the winded swimmer yanked off his mask. He was exhausted and exhilarated and desperate to get back into the fight. "There's still people there!" he shouted. But McCarthy was firm: "They'll be okay. They're on the raft."

The chopper refuelled, dropped the initial rescues at the base and flew back to the *Minouche* around 3 a.m., about an hour later. Cournia quickly recovered one sailor. But as Andrews guided the cable lifting the basket into the Jayhawk, he felt a snag on his glove. Sure enough, a few strands had broken. There was no way around it—they would have to swap helicopters.

By around 4:45 a.m., when the Coasties returned to the *Minouche*'s crew again in the new chopper, the storm had grown worse. Increased lightning, combined with the static electricity generated by the helicopter itself, had the potential to charge the metal all around them. Cournia was recovering the first of the last three survivors. As the cable lifted the basket out of the water, he reached up to steady the seat, and bam! An electric shock convulsed him. After the charge passed through, he pried his hands off the steel. There

was nothing to do about it, he thought, except be careful. Cournia was lifted up after aiding the remaining two survivors—the *Minouche*'s captain was the last man in the raft—and the Jayhawk turned west to Great Inagua just as dawn began to stain the grey clouds orange.

THE *MINOUCHE*'S HAITIAN survivors were eventually flown home, and with their ship gone, none have so far returned to Miami—at least according to their shipping agent. (None of the crew could be reached for this story. Their accounts are taken from official reports and conversations they had with the Coast Guard crew.)

For the Jayhawk crew, one image is forever seared into their minds: they all recall that dull glow dimming as the *Minouche* went under. "It was one of the eeriest things I've seen in my life, that 212-foot vessel all lit up," says Post now. "It still gives me chills." And they remember how, finally, for a dozen fortunate sailors, they managed to keep the darkness from overtaking the light. R

STORMY WEATHER AHEAD

As the *Minouche* was making its way to Haiti, *El Faro*, an American commercial freighter more than 240 metres long, left Florida for Puerto Rico. After its captain called for help on Thursday morning, his radio went silent; when the Coast Guard reached the area in which the freighter was most likely to be, all they could find was debris. All 33 crew members perished, and the ship now rests 4,500 metres beneath the ocean's surface.

When Joaquin hit in fall 2015, it was the strongest hurricane of non-tropical origin ever recorded by satellite. A few weeks later, a Category 5 squall named Patricia swelled in the Pacific. Its winds reached 343 kilometres per hour, making it the most intense storm on record in the western hemisphere.

On a warming planet, seawater evaporates quickly, transferring heat to the atmosphere, which feeds winds. More heat speeds up evaporation, leading to stronger gales. Everything suggests more superstorms are in the forecast. As *El Faro* illustrates, new strategies are needed to adapt to monster weather systems. Otherwise, we may face more avoidable tragedies in the future.

* * *

HONEST ADVERTISING

2-in-1 shampoo is so bad, it should be called 0 for 2.

EMMY BLOTNICK, comedian

These habits are good for your health but bad for your teeth

WEAPONS *of* MOUTH DESTRUCTION

BY LISA BENDALL

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN diligent about brushing my teeth at least twice a day. (Who doesn't love a minty-fresh smile?) But six or seven years ago, I learned that my technique was sorely lacking. I tended to rush through the job, scrubbing furiously, and after decades of overly vigorous cleaning, my teeth had developed an uncomfortable sensitivity to heat and cold. My dental hygienist explained that the enamel, or protective layer, was wearing thin and exposing the more sensitive dentine

MASTERFILE/ISTOCKPHOTO

underneath. Among her suggestions: brush gently up and down rather than aggressively, and take your time—at least two minutes.

"It's a very typical example," says Dr. Euan Swan, manager of dental programs at the Canadian Dental Association. "A patient is proud of the fact that they're brushing so hard, but they're damaging their teeth."

When we first develop habits to improve our well-being, we aren't always aware of the problems they could cause for our pearly whites. "Teeth tend to be a lower priority in terms of health, so some things tend to get missed," says Dr. Mark Parhar, an endodontist in Port Moody, B.C., who specializes in the soft inner tissues of the teeth. Here are seven healthy practices that could be trashing your teeth—and how to stop the damage.

1. BRUSHING AFTER YOU EAT

Does your morning routine include grabbing a toothbrush immediately after breakfast? Kudos to you for brushing regularly, but your timing needs tweaking. When you consume something acidic, like oranges or tomatoes, the enamel temporarily softens and becomes susceptible to abrasive wear. If you brush your teeth, especially forcefully, you can remove enamel, which will leave your chompers feeling sensitive. It gets worse as you get older, since your gums tend to recede with age and expose more root surface. (Tooth roots aren't covered by enamel, but rather a thinner layer of a substance called cementum.)

If you want to exercise caution, wait approximately 30 minutes to brush. "Saliva is a buffering agent and will bring the acidity of the oral environment down, but it takes time," says Gerry (Geraldine) Cool, a dental hygienist in Calgary and the president of the Canadian Dental Hygienists Association. Eating some types of dairy, especially cheddar cheese, can raise the pH inside the mouth and release calcium and other substances that fight plaque; and rinsing your mouth with water can help wash away debris wedged between teeth. You can also brush *before* eating something acidic instead of after.

2. TAKING MEDICATION (WHICH THEN CAUSES DRY MOUTH)

You may be diligent about controlling your chronic health condition by taking prescribed medications as directed. Unfortunately, if you're on any one or more of the hundreds of drugs—including certain antidepressants and pain meds—that have the side effect of reducing saliva flow, your oral health could suffer. "Patients on those medications tend to have a dry mouth, so they're at

a higher risk of developing tooth decay," says Swan, "because the saliva isn't there to physically wash food debris away or buffer acids."

> LEMON WATER MAY BE POPULAR, BUT ACIDIC FRUIT JUICE IS A MAJOR CULPRIT WHEN IT COMES TO DENTAL EROSION.

The solution isn't to stop your medication, unless your doctor can offer an alternative without that side effect. Instead, try sipping water throughout the day. You can increase saliva flow with sugarless gum, mints containing xylitol, or sprays, gels and tablets designed specifically for dry mouth.

3. EXERCISING (WITHOUT DENTAL PROTECTION)

There are many ways physical activity benefits your body. It helps with cardiovascular health, weight control and mood management, for starters. Participating in impact sports such as ice hockey or martial arts, however, can do a number on your teeth if they aren't properly protected. A custom mouthguard (fitted by a dentist) provides a cushion around your teeth in case of an impact to the face. They can be invaluable when there's a risk of physical contact, whether on the rink or on the basketball court.

"When you don't wear a mouthguard, you see teeth chipping or being knocked out—damage that requires a lot of work to repair," says Parhar, who has a background in sports dentistry.

Intense exercise may also affect the quantity and quality of your saliva. A 2015 study of triathletes in *The Scandinavian Journal of Medicine & Science in Sports* showed that when the athletes were active, their saliva flow slowed down while pH went up. Both changes can have a negative impact on teeth, which suggests that anyone active in sports should practise meticulous oral hygiene and seek regular dental care.

4. DRINKING LEMON WATER

Swigging water with fresh lemon juice is said to help digestion, strengthen immunity and cleanse your body of toxins. "I find it nice as a hot drink in the morning, especially when it's cold out," says 64-year-old Christine Peets of Napanee, Ont., who drinks lemon water throughout the day to calm her digestive issues and stay hydrated.

She became concerned, though, after her relative—also a fan of the drink—discovered it was weakening her tooth enamel, so Peets checked with her dental hygienist. Lemon water may be a popular trend, but acidic fruit juice is a major culprit

when it comes to dental erosion from diet. "Even though you're diluting lemon juice with water, you're still raising the acid level of the mouth. If you sip, and you're doing that two or three times throughout the day over a prolonged period of time, I'd be concerned," says Cool.

Peets's hygienist warned her to delay brushing right away after consuming lemon water, and also recommended trying toothpaste for sensitive teeth and brushing less forcefully. Drinking quickly is not a full fix, but it's much better than sipping the tart mixture at length; using a straw may also lessen detrimental effects. Check that the water isn't too hot, as warmer temperatures intensify the tooth damage. And if you're going to drink the acidic beverage, Cool suggests having a drink of plain, ordinary water soon afterwards.

5. CHEWING ON ICE

Ice is free of calories and sugar, will cool you down on a hot day, is usually pH-neutral and won't stick to your teeth. Isn't crunching ice much more wholesome, therefore, than chewing on candy? Turns out it has its downsides. "Ice is very hard," says Dr. Hendrike van Drie, a periodontist in Maastricht, the Netherlands, and chair of the oral-health working group at the Council of European Dentists. "Chewing on it damages teeth by causing cracks and fractures in enamel and restorations." Van Drie adds that constant exposure to cold temperatures can lead to dentine hypersensitivity.

> FLUORIDATED TAP WATER REDUCES TOOTH DECAY IN KIDS AND ADULTS. IT'S ALSO COST-EFFECTIVE AND SAFE.

"I've got a few ice chewers in my practice, and I'm always encouraging them to break that habit. You just don't want to crunch hard things," says Cool. "The enamel is probably the hardest tissue in our bodies, but when there's chronic wear and tear, there's an increased chance that it can flatten the contours of the teeth." Sometimes the wear is severe enough to change the way the bite fits together, triggering pain in jaw muscles. She says ice can be nice, but only if you let it melt in your mouth.

6. SIPPING WINE SLOWLY

It's true that alcohol in moderation may offer benefits, including reducing the risk of diabetes, heart attack or stroke. Red wine, in particular, contains compounds that seem to raise good cholesterol and boost your heart health. But if spreading out your drinking means you're nursing a single glass

of wine for two hours, your teeth are being constantly compromised.

It's similar to the problem with lemon water. "Sipping wine means an exposure to acid every time a sip is taken," van Drie says. That's not to say you should chug-a-lug, but do drink water when you're having a glass of wine, or nibble on a piece of cheese to buffer the acid. And note that not all wines pose the same problems for your teeth. "White wine has a higher pH and causes more and faster damage," says van Drie. On the other hand, red can stain your pearly whites. Thinking of switching to Perrier instead? "Sparkling water is also acidic and can harm teeth when drunk constantly."

7. OPTING FOR SPRING WATER

According to Statistics Canada, approximately one in five Canadian households turns to bottles instead of taps as the main source of drinking water. Certainly, water is a much better go-to beverage than sugary pop or juice, but if bottled spring water is the only kind you drink, you might be missing out on a potential 25 per cent reduction in tooth decay.

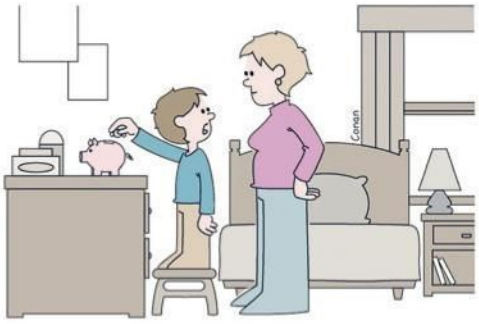
Fluoridated tap water is endorsed by health organizations such as the World Health Organization, Health Canada and the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention. It's well proven to reduce tooth decay in both children and adults; it's cost-effective; and it's safe (levels are low and monitored, and it's impossible to drink enough tap water to reach fluoride toxicity).

Currently, around 37 per cent of Canadians have access to fluoride in their tap water. Even though not everyone takes advantage of it, we all stand to benefit, says Swan. "When you drink fluoridated water, it gets into your system, so your saliva has a low level of fluoride in it that's constantly benefiting your teeth." It's especially protective for older people with exposed root surface that's more vulnerable to decay.

Try to drink at least some tap water every day—you can use filters, as long as they're not the type that removes fluoride. Residents of communities without fluoridated water can consider adding fluoride drops, available by prescription, to the water. If you're in a rural area, have your water tested to find out its mineral composition and then adjust as needed. R

MASTERFILE

As Kids See It



"I'm hoping that if I can save up all of my allowance, I can retire right out of high school."

MY 10-YEAR-OLD granddaughter, Campbell, had a very sore throat. I texted her and asked if she had lozenges. She texted back, "No, the doctor said I probably have the strep throat that's been going around at school." **JOANNE RYAN,** *Seaforth, Ont.*

SENSES SENSIBILITY

One day when my brother, Andy, was four, my mother flipped on her turn signal as she was driving us to school. "Mommy, what's that ticking sound?" my brother asked from the back seat. She smiled into the rear-view mirror and said, "That's so other cars know I'm planning to turn."

"But Mommy," Andy said, "I don't think the other cars can hear it!"

GWEN HILL, *Saanichton, B.C.*

PERPETUAL REJECTION

Apparently I pack an apple in my five-year-old's lunch so it can get out of the house for a few hours.

@BRIANHOPECOMEDY

CREATIVE NON-FICTION

The students in my class were asked to write about the harmful environmental effects of oil on fish. One 11-year-old wrote, "When my mom opened a tin of sardines last night, it was full of oil and all the sardines were dead."

gophercentral.com

SCATHING REVIEW

ME: *singing along with the radio*
THREE-YEAR-OLD: Why don't you let it sing all by itself?

@TOASTYGIRAFFE

CONAN DE VRIES

FAMILY TIES

My five-year-old grandson was growing frustrated with his little sister, Nora, and was complaining about it. I jokingly proposed, "How about we take Nora outside and leave her on a chair with a big sign that says 'Will trade for two kittens'?"

My grandson pondered the idea for a while.

"Grandma," he finally said, "we can't do that."

I was touched, thinking he didn't want to lose his sister.

"Why?" I asked.

His tone serious, he replied, "Because Daddy's allergic to cats."

EDITH, *Bolton, Ont.*

SOPHISTICATED PALATE

ME: What do you want for lunch?
THREE-YEAR-OLD: An apple.
ME: What else?
THREE-YEAR-OLD: Leaves.

@ALEXMcDANIEL

WHEN I TURNED 60, my grandchildren sang "Happy Birthday" to me over FaceTime. My five-year-old granddaughter, Emily, asked how old I was, and after I told her, she seemed momentarily confused. "That must be really old," she said, "because I can't even count that high yet."

BRENDA HATCHER, *Mahone Bay, N.S.*

AND ONE FOR THE KIDS

Q: Why did the chicken cross the playground?
A: To get to the other slide.

reddit.com

PATIENCE-TESTING TOTS

My toddler woke up upset because he couldn't find his glasses. But what really set him off was when I told him he doesn't even wear glasses.

@WORKINGMOM86

To anyone out there thinking about having kids, my two-year-old threw a temper tantrum because she couldn't get rid of her shadow.

@XPLODINGUNICORN

CAN'T ARGUE WITH THAT LOGIC

My son's kindergarten class was learning about outer space, and during playtime, his teacher noticed that he was pretending to land on the sun. She asked if he remembered that the sun is made of hot plasma. "That's okay," he responded, "I threw water on it first!"

WENDY MERCIER, *Penticton, B.C.*

Are the children you know fluent in funny? Tell us about them! A story could earn you $50. For details on how to submit an anecdote, see page 9 or visit rd.ca/joke.

The Searcher Group is determined to prove what half of Canadians already believe: phantoms are real—and they walk among us

Ghost Hunters

BY ELENA GRITZAN
FROM *THE UNITED CHURCH OBSERVER*

The investigators set up video and audio equipment, hoping to catch a glimpse of paranormal activity.

THE FIRST THING THE INVESTIGATORS TELL ME when we meet, just before 2 p.m. on a crisp Saturday in March 2016, is to watch out for the mean man named Henry on the third floor. "Hold on to the railing when you're on the stairs. We think he might push someone."

There's something else unusual about Henry: he's dead.

I'm standing in the parking lot of the Players' Guild of Hamilton, a theatre in Ontario, conferring with four paranormal investigators from a team called the Searcher Group. Peter Roe—who sports a fleece jacket from the historic witch-hunting city of Salem, Mass.—James McCulloch and the moustached Palmisano brothers Richard and Paul are here to collect evidence and learn the histories of the ghosts on the property. Based on their visit the previous fall, they think there are at least four.

Staff at the 141-year-old community theatre, which is believed to be North America's oldest, reached out to Roe in 2015 because they sometimes had the sense they weren't alone, especially on the third floor and in the basement, where they often work late at night organizing props. One volunteer heard a whisper in her ear as she went to lock the front door one evening: "Help me! Get me out of here!" She turned around, expecting to see a friend playing a trick on her. There was no one.

As strange stories continued to swirl around the theatre, the haunting became part of its mythology. The home page of the building's website boasts of "rumours of a ghost in the costume room."

In his 2013 book, *Paranormal Nation: Why America Needs Ghosts, UFOs and Bigfoot*, writer Marc E. Fitch argues that the growth of the Internet and the after-effects of 9/11 have pushed people toward the paranormal; extraordinary explanations for unusual experiences can lend order to the chaos of an uncertain world. Pop culture has seized on this idea. *Ghost Hunters*, a reality TV show in which investigators run around supposedly haunted houses with expensive recording gear and night-vision goggles, aired for 11 seasons before being cancelled in 2016; total viewership peaked at 3.1 million. Countless movies with occult and paranormal themes have come to the big screen, and the work of Stephen King continues to appear on bestseller lists.

For many, ghosts are more than just spooky fiction. A 2007 Ipsos Reid poll found that 48 per cent of Canadians believe ghosts are real and 10 per cent think they are sharing their home with a spirit.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ELENA GRITZAN

I'M AMONG THE 52 per cent of Canadians who do not believe in ghosts, but I'm fascinated by the 48 per cent who do. That's how I found myself having coffee with Richard Palmisano two months before we convene at the Players' Guild.

As a child, Richard heard inexplicable sounds in his own west-end Toronto home—whispers, footsteps, scraping. "I didn't even understand what paranormal was. I just knew something weird was going on," he says. "At that age, I was afraid of it." Curiosity eventually overtook fear: in 1979, at age 18, he decided to start the Searcher Group in an effort to find physical proof that our souls exist after death. Richard recruited his older brother Paul, who had experienced many of the same strange noises in their childhood home.

"Can you tell us your name?" Peter Roe asks. A heartbeat passes, then the electronic voice: "Jim."

Today, along with a cast of six volunteers, the Ontario-based group responds at no charge to requests from businesses and homeowners, arriving onsite with aluminum briefcases of equipment, ready to pick up evidence of spectres.

At the Players' Guild, Roe pushes the buzzer at the theatre's back door, and we're ushered into the kitchen. The Palmisano brothers head to the front parlour to set up one of two cameras that will run all night, while in the auditorium, Roe and McCulloch start unloading equipment. They grab hand-held voice recorders and gaussmeters, which beep and tick in response to electromagnetic fields. Before long, the theatre people who were hanging around have left, and only Carolyn Marshall and her two adult children, Charlotte and Nathan, remain. They've all spent years in the theatre, and the first step in the investigation is to join them on a tour of the building as they answer questions about what they've experienced and where. We switch on our recorders.

LATER THAT AFTER-noon, Roe brings Michele Stableford, a professional medium, to the theatre. He met her a few blocks away; the address was kept from her so she couldn't research the house in advance. She leads us to the basement to start searching for spirits.

It's dark, the only light coming from a door we pass through and a couple of small frosted windows. As I walk past the door, it scrapes shut a couple of inches, pushing away the brick that's keeping it open. "I didn't touch that!" Nathan Marshall

says behind me. I stop. "He doesn't want us in here," Stableford says. "He's very negative. It's like he's still angry that he died."

At about 5 p.m., we decide to break for dinner. Even though we're heading out of the building for food, this is arguably the most important part of the investigation. The video cameras and recorders are left running while we're gone. "Spirits are social," Richard Palmisano says. "They'll talk, just like you and I talk, and we'll gain lots of information, like names and things that are going on." The hope is that they'll communicate more freely when there aren't any living intruders among them.

I leave my recorder behind, too, placing it in the theatre's green room on the second floor. Roe suggests resting it on something plastic—we choose a black wig in a bag—so if it moves while we're gone, I'll hear the rustling on the tape. As we leave, Roe shouts from the kitchen: "Bye now!"

WE RETURN AT 7 p.m., to a room that was once part of an apartment for the theatre's caretaker Jim Hamilton, who was also a painter; he died in 2009. Roe, McCulloch and Stableford try to communicate—Stableford through automatic writing, a technique where a medium in a trance-like state writes words channelled from a spirit, and the investigators with an Ovilus III, a black device sitting on the coffee table.

"In theory," McCulloch says, "spirits are supposed to be able to manipulate this device and produce words." It contains a preset lexicon—the Searcher Group's model has 2,000 words—and takes readings of the surrounding electromagnetic fields, light and temperature before speaking in a monotonic voice. The responses are mostly gibberish and seem unconnected to the questions McCulloch and Roe are calling out, answers such as "foliage," "factors" and "lesser." But the men keep asking questions, and the Ovilus keeps talking back.

"Can you tell us your name?" Roe asks. A heartbeat passes, then the electronic voice: "Jim." My eyes snap to a photo of the departed caretaker on the wall that shows him turning sideways to look at the camera as he works on one of his paintings. The moment of congruence is unnerving.

It could have been a coincidence—Jim is one of 74 common names in the device's vocabulary. "We have to treat data from the Ovilus as very suspect because it's so random," Roe says. Weeks later, when he sends me his final report about the night, the "Jim" moment isn't even mentioned. That's because, to the investigators, a name becomes evidence only when it comes from at least three sources, such as a medium, the Ovilus and a recording device.

This definition of evidence isn't the same as a scientific standard of

Clockwise from top: Michele Stableford (left), Peter Roe (centre) and James McCulloch; Paul Palmisano takes aim with a parabolic microphone; Roe holds a Spirit Box; looking for the ghost in the machines.

proof. It's correlation, not causation, and relies on methods that aren't widely accepted, something Richard Palmisano readily admits. "According to the laws we use in science, we can never prove that the spirit side exists," he says. He sees this as a problem with science, a field in which it's impossible to prove anything without controlled experiments that are repeatable across time by different researchers with consistent results. You can't exactly ask a ghost to participate in a lab test. And the investigators' methods—checking for electromagnetic fields, hearing recorded voices and listening to mediums—don't have any scientific basis, just support from other paranormal believers.

SETTING THE MISGIVINGS of science aside, I shadow the investigators as they make their way through the house later that night. In the basement prop room, Roe turns on something called a Spirit Box, a modified radio that can supposedly transmit words from ghosts. It erupts with a burst of white noise. "Who's down here with us? What year is it, please?" Roe asks. Sometimes sounds crackle out, resembling snippets of radio voices, the kind you get when you fast-forward through a recording.

I look around at the props: shelves of typewriters, shiny vases and even a coffin propped up against a wall. "Please use this device, if you can, to give us a message," Roe continues. "Do you understand?" A blip of sound that could be "yes" emerges, but we give up when not much else comes through.

I follow McCulloch and Stableford up to the third floor to try automatic writing again. Stableford has a stack of white paper and a pen, and I'm kneeling beside her; it's my job to change the pages whenever her continuous hand motions stop or reach the bottom.

"There's a little girl," Stableford says. "I want to see if she'll give me her name. What's your name, honey?" She closes her eyes to concentrate and continues to ask questions.

"Did someone just come into the room?" Stableford asks. "Who is he?" I look at the page and see her write *H-e-n-r-y*. "Henry," I whisper. The writing gets more frantic. I pass the page to McCulloch. "Leave this room," he says to the spirit, his voice raised. Stableford spells out *N-o*.

"I don't care if your answer is no!" says McCulloch. "Out!" Eventually Stableford writes *Henry gone*. When she's done, there are tears in her eyes.

There are some sounds on the recording that aren't easily explained, like a female voice calling out "Elena."

BACK IN MY own apartment, I settle into the real work of a paranormal investigator: listening, waiting, documenting. I have eight hours on my voice recorder to get through. What I'm looking for are electronic voice phenomena (EVP), or the speech of the dead. There's one moment in my entire recording, from our dinner break, that I'm confident is a voice: a man shouting a two-syllable word about three minutes after we leave the theatre. But, I tell myself, it could be someone on the street outside.

A few other sounds could be whispers, but that's a stretch. I ignore

them, and science is on my side here. Humans are susceptible to pareidolia—infusing meaning into a set of random sensory cues. It's why we find shapes in clouds or the face of Jesus in toast. Researchers have found that those who believe in the paranormal are more likely to hear a voice when listening to an ambiguous recording. So are people who are thinking about ghosts, whether they imagine they exist or not.

Richard Palmisano believes those recordings are anything but ambiguous. To him, they're ghosts communicating at a frequency lower than the bottom limit of human hearing. Paranormal investigators' recording devices are set to capture low-frequency sounds, which are pitch-shifted up on playback. Apparently, the investigators' equipment picked up several vocalizations in the theatre that night. When Richard entered a room alone, the video camera caught a voice saying, "He's still here." And as we packed up at the end of the night, right before shutting off the last recorder, a whisper: "We're all dead."

LATER THAT SPRING, I head to Toronto's waterfront after Roe ends his day spent working as a children's television animator. I've come to his office to discuss our results. His notes are organized, with names bolded and dialogue indented. Red text signals potential EVP, green for items that merit follow-up.

There are some sounds that aren't easily explained. In Roe's recording of the Spirit Box session, for example, he heard a female voice calling out "Elena." "It gave me chills," he says.

I put on headphones to listen. "Is there someone named Henry hanging around upstairs?" Roe asks on the tape as I follow along with the transcript. A deep voice sounds like it says, "Well, certainly is." Another spits out an angry expletive. And then I hear it—a third, higher-pitched, that says "Elena!" I know what I know about pareidolia and expectation, but I can't un-hear it—it sounds like my name. I get chills, too. R

INTERNAL AFFAIRS

BOB ELLIOTT AND RAY GOULDING,

Can you teach a person to be funny?

Humour Me

BY PASHA MALLA

ILLUSTRATION BY AUDREY MALO

A FEW YEARS AGO, I invited eight friends to perform a night of stand-up comedy at my house. None of them was a professional comedian, nor had any of them tried such a thing before. But it was my birthday, and what better present than the gift of laughter—or at least the mild humiliation of my closest pals? The more ambitious of the would-be performers were anxious to test their comic mettle before a live audience, while others accepted the assignment with reservations. "I'm more *sit-down* funny than *stand-up* funny," one of them claimed—which, I told him, is a funny thing to say.

Stand-up comedy, of course, is a profession like any other, and anyone who makes a regular go of it can speak to the highly refined levels of craft, practice, dedication and resilience vital to honing a live act. So, while my eight friends are socially amusing, their sets were more fun than funny, and most of the night's entertainment came from the absurdity of the whole enterprise, with a microphone stand spotlit at one end of my living room and my dog meandering through the crowd.

There's a huge difference, of course, between shared laughter among friends and the exacting routines of professional comedy: one of them relies on comfort and familiarity, and the other, at its best, cleverly upends those things. In the 2011 HBO special *Talking Funny*, after Ricky Gervais suggests anyone can be funny, Jerry Seinfeld counters, "They can't do it as well."

"We're pros," adds Louis C.K.

Chris Rock takes it a step further: "We're drugs, in a sense."

But can hallucinogen-level hilariousness be learned, or is it limited to those born that way? Etan Muskat, an alumnus of Toronto's Second City Mainstage, the famed venue that helped launch the careers of Dan Aykroyd, Catherine O'Hara and

Mike Myers, leads improv workshops at Bad Dog Theatre Company to help performers harness their inner entertainer. But Muskat's process involves more than simply teasing out zingers and slapstick.

"Funny is just a piece of the puzzle," he explains. "I encourage people to be present and connected, to live in character (even if that character is themselves) and to be spontaneous. Sometimes that results in hilarity, but sometimes other emotions come out."

FIND YOUR INNER KID

Jan Henderson, one of Canada's leading clown instructors, agrees that comedy can create a path to and out of sadness, anger and frustration. Henderson teaches at MacEwan University and the University of Alberta, and also leads independent workshops through her company, Fool Moon Productions. Being funny seems to be less the point of her pedagogy than a fortunate by-product: "I teach people to investigate their inner child, their inner fool—the part of them that lives in the moment, accepts all of its thoughts and feelings, isn't focused on the future and doesn't worry about the past."

While Henderson acknowledges technique is an essential aspect of her profession, and her students are rigorously instructed in the fundamentals of the craft, she also stresses the need for audience members to identify with the performer, understand what's at stake and hope for them to succeed. That human connection is something anyone can foster through a willingness to make themselves vulnerable and work through self-discovery as kids do: by way of play.

For Terry Fallis, whose novels have twice won the Stephen Leacock Award for Humour, being funny involves a similar balance between craft and instinct. In his humour-writing class at the University of Toronto School of Continuing Studies, he examines satire, word play and irony, but Fallis is also wary of digging too deeply into what's funny and why. "It's kind of like dissecting a frog," he says. "Yes, we learn about the frog, but it usually dies in the process. Sometimes analyzing funny writing too much ends up killing the humour."

So whether you're onstage or holding court at the family dinner table, accessing your inner comedian relies a lot on intuition, and that begins with really knowing yourself. But Henderson also warns of a critical difference between self-awareness and self-consciousness. "Never *try* to be funny," she advises. "I'm teaching people to contact something that already exists in them and let it out."

KNOW YOUR AUDIENCE

So what do these three teachers think is the key to comedic success? Certainly, some people are just innately gifted humourists, as others are skilled at rock climbing or macramé. "You can definitely spot when someone has that special sparkle or charm," says Muskat. But for those less naturally inclined, he adds, "There are a lot of skills that can help a comedian grow."

Fallis offers some useful tips: "Less is more. If you have to explain why it's funny, it's probably not very funny. And understand your audience."

THE BEST COMEDIANS ARTICULATE OR ADMIT THINGS WE'VE BEEN UNABLE OR UNWILLING TO SAY OURSELVES.

That last piece of advice is critical. There's an element of empathy involved in all comedy, of isolating something essential that speaks to a shared experience, and then expressing it in some surprising way. Think about the last time you were able to make someone laugh—chances are that whatever you said articulated something known but unspoken between you and your audience.

Muskat evokes an old maxim: "Tell the truth." Henderson agrees: one of the pillars on which she builds her routines is "the revelation of truth." She stresses that searching out that truth often requires going to dark places, though there's light at the end of that tunnel, too: "The more we can laugh at the pain, the more we disempower the pain. If you're truly laughing, you're not afraid of the thing you're laughing at."

And using humour therapeutically doesn't require full clown regalia to be a significant part of your life. Being funny isn't just about the approval attendant to making someone laugh; it can also help guide us through difficult personal experiences.

Comedians are at their best when their material feels at once brave, surprising and honest, and the best of the bunch are those who admit or articulate things we've been unable or unwilling to say ourselves. But, as Fallis warns, "Humour is not always a consequence-free exercise."

After all, comedy is also that rare thing with an inbuilt gauge of success: either people laugh or they don't. Whether you're hoping to headline Madison Square Garden or just be the life of the office party, part of learning to be funnier is accepting a failed joke, figuring out where you went wrong, digging a little deeper and deciding to risk trying again. R

Chick Webster, 96, may be the oldest living former NHLer, but in his hometown he's known as the wisecracker who remembers everyone's name.

A Quiet Player

BY CURTIS RUSH
FROM *THE NEW YORK TIMES*

MATTAWA, ONT., A LOGGING town 300 kilometres northwest of Ottawa, along the Quebec border, is the perfect hiding place for a former NHL player who does not want attention.

A town of about 2,000, this northern outpost, once an important transportation corridor for fur-trading voyageurs, is tucked away at the confluence of the Ottawa and Mattawa rivers, providing sweeping views of the Upper Laurentian Mountains.

The solitude suited John Webster's humble, shy nature perfectly when he moved here in 1969.

The town's biggest draw is Big Joe Mufferaw, the French-Canadian folk hero who many think was modelled after a real person, a river driver in the 1800s by the name of Joseph

IAN WILLMS

Chick Webster, in a Rangers alumni jacket, at home in Mattawa, Ont.

Montferrand. Visitors take pictures of the wooden sculpture depicting Mufferaw, a logging giant who was immortalized in a Stompin' Tom Connors song and was thought to be the inspiration behind Paul Bunyan.

Outsiders had no idea about Webster, known as Chick.

He was mostly unknown until former Boston Bruins great Milt Schmidt died on January 4 at the age of 98, leaving Chick in the spotlight.

Now Webster, who turned 96 on November 3, 2016, is thought to be the oldest living former NHL player—and that has made him something of a celebrity.

SUDDENLY, PHONE CALLS came in, and newspapers and radio stations wanted interviews, as if Webster had done something special.

Although quite a stickhandler in his day, Webster will never be remembered for what he did on the ice. He had an undistinguished career with the New York Rangers, playing just 14 games in the 1949–50 season. He scored no goals. He collected no assists. His only statistical marker in the NHL is that he tallied four minutes in penalties. A broken hand ended his chances with the Rangers. He finished out his career in the minors and retired after the 1952–53 season.

Webster's younger brother, Don, had marginally more success. He played 27 games with the Maple Leafs and had seven goals and 13 points in the 1943–44 season. He also played several years in the minors before dying of a brain tumour in 1978, at age 53.

WHEREVER HE GOES, WHETHER IT'S THE POST OFFICE OR THE ARENA, WEBSTER KNOWS EVERYONE BY NAME.

AS UNREMARKABLE AS Chick Webster was on the ice, he is a beloved figure in town. Everyone calls him Chick, a name given to him for his love of chewing Chiclets gum.

"He's still vibrant," said Jacques Bégin, the recreation director at the local arena. "He's always been a community supporter. I've never seen him angry. He has a good air about him."

Wherever he goes, whether it's to the post office, the hardware store or the arena, Webster knows everyone by name, and everyone's family members, too. People are often rewarded with a wisecrack, most often directed at himself.

Gerry Belanger, a local gas station attendant, told of an encounter several years ago, when Webster came in with muffler problems and was offered a lifetime warranty.

(Left to right) Webster playing with the New York Rangers during the 1949–50 season; a cane fashioned by Webster's son Rob from a hockey stick sits unused.

(WEBSTER) COURTESY ROBERT WEBSTER

"Why would I do that? I don't even buy green bananas at my age," Webster joked.

At five feet eight inches tall and 172 pounds, Webster would never measure up to Big Joe in height. But he has one advantage: he's still in one piece. The huge wooden carving of Big Joe fell apart recently, and a local artist, Clermont Duval, has been commissioned to build a new, longer-lasting one. It's Webster, though, whom Duval called "a force of nature."

ALTHOUGH WEBSTER IS hard of hearing now and has occasional back problems, he's in relatively good health and betrays few signs of his age, with a crown of luxurious silver hair and none of the visible facial scars that can be telltale markers of former hockey players.

He usually walks without a cane, although his son Rob, 68, fashioned one in the form of a hockey stick.

"He's very stubborn and wants no help at all," Rob said.

Webster takes one pill a day to control his blood pressure. He doesn't smoke and isn't much of a drinker. He fixes oatmeal every morning. He rarely takes naps. He goes to bed late and gets up late. Asked why he isn't an early riser like a lot of seniors,

Webster quipped, "What's the point?" Rob broke out in laughter.

Longevity can also be a curse. You have to bury loved ones.

One of his five children, a son, was killed at 27, and his wife, Leona, died in 2009 of Alzheimer's disease. Webster was devastated. Residents spotted him driving aimlessly around town late at night. Leona is buried nearby, and he would visit her every night until last fall, when he was still allowed to drive.

Music lifts his spirits; he learned to play the piano as a youngster. There is a keyboard in his house, and he plays the 1948 Doris Day hit "It's Magic" with aplomb.

WEBSTER USES WIT TO DEAL WITH LIFE. A SIGN AT HIS FRONT DOOR READS: "FRIENDS WELCOME. RELATIVES BY APPOINTMENT ONLY."

WEBSTER HAS FOND memories of his fellow players, but he doesn't like to talk about Rangers management too much because, he said, they didn't treat him very well. When he broke his hand, they sent him down to the farm team in New Haven, at lower pay, and never called him back. But he enjoyed several aspects of life in New York, including going out with teammates to nightclubs such as the China Doll.

"Broadway was just about a block away from where we stayed," Webster said. "That was a big deal. It was a great town then."

It was a different time for the NHL, too. The league had six teams; the players all still wore wool jerseys; and they mainly travelled by train.

WEBSTER DIDN'T START out as a small-town guy. He grew up in Toronto, played in the minors and was spotted by a talent scout. In 1940, he attended training camp with the Bruins, where he met Schmidt. At age 23, Webster went overseas to serve in World War II, came back in his mid-20s and thought he was too old for hockey. In 1946, he married Leona. He didn't join the Rangers until he was 29.

After his hockey career, he worked awhile at the de Havilland Aircraft Company in Toronto, then retired in Mattawa, where his wife's parents were based.

If Webster seems ageless, it may be because time seems to stop in this town. The arena has the feel of an old barn, and some establishments appear as if they have not updated their decor since 1950. In the late afternoon, Main Street achieves a haunting effect as it empties, and large, wooden statues outside many shops are silhouetted in the darkness. These statues commemorate

An autographed photo of Webster hangs over a counter at a Mattawa gas station.

the Aboriginal people and explorers who paddled through here, including 17th-century explorer Samuel de Champlain. Stores close early, and there are no taverns to speak of, or pool halls.

"I miss playing pool," said Webster, who used to be a member of a now-defunct local league. "Instead, I go down to the rink and watch the kids play hockey now and then."

For excitement at night, a half-dozen regulars, including Webster, sit around the dining room counter at Valois' Motel & Restaurant, joking around and guffawing. When it closes at 9 p.m., they sometimes drift over to the local Tim Hortons.

THIS TOWN HONOURS its heroes in wood, concrete and brass. The arena is named after NHL referee and football coach Mike Rodden, a member of both the Hockey Hall of Fame and the Canadian Football Hall of Fame who was also a long-time sports journalist.

Webster's imprint is much smaller. There's a hockey trophy named the Chick Webster Award, created three years ago to honour a career player in the Mattawa minor hockey system who has demonstrated leadership and respect.

The first winner was Nicholas Dimick, who received the prize at the end of his career in the minors. As it happens, he was at the arena on a

recent day when Webster made a visit. It was Dimick's first day on the job as a Zamboni driver.

When he learned that Webster had commented on how nice the ice surface looked, Dimick began to grin from ear to ear. Then he hid it.

In Mattawa, you can't get too full of yourself, even if your name is Chick Webster.

INSIDE MR. GAS, a filling station on the Trans-Canada Highway heading out of town, a small portrait of Webster in his Rangers uniform is pinned up behind the cash register. Webster autographed it for the station's owner and operator, Corey Lacelle, who hung it over a counter stocked with pain relievers and disposable lighters.

This winter, the town has been covered with snow. Although he doesn't drive anymore, Webster still gets down to the station every couple of days, either by taxi or by getting a lift from a friend.

Webster will not let the cynicism of old age creep into his soul. He likes to deal with life with grace, humour and wit. At the front door of his home, a sign reads: "Friends welcome. Relatives by appointment only."

Webster doesn't think of himself as special just because he has lived so long and happened to play in the NHL. He admitted to being so nervous about the interview for this article that he couldn't sleep the night before.

There will never be Chick stories to match those of Mufferaw, a brawler of legendary strength. At 96, Webster is a fighter of a different sort.

"His real story is about longevity, not hockey," Webster's son Rob said. "Hockey was just something he was lucky enough to be a part of." R

THE NEW YORK TIMES (JANUARY 23, 2017), © 2017 FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES, CO., NYTIMES.COM

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HERE'S THE FORMULA!

Three mathematical equations that explain some of life's conundrums.

$$\text{TRUTH} = \frac{\text{WHAT I THINK HAPPENED}}{\text{WHAT REALLY HAPPENED}}$$

CREDIT CARD = I CAN'T AFFORD IT – I CAN'T AFFORD IT

CARJACKING = CAN I BORROW YOUR CAR? – NO, YOU CAN'T

Source: Craig K. Damrauer on assortedbitsofwisdom.com

Life's Like That

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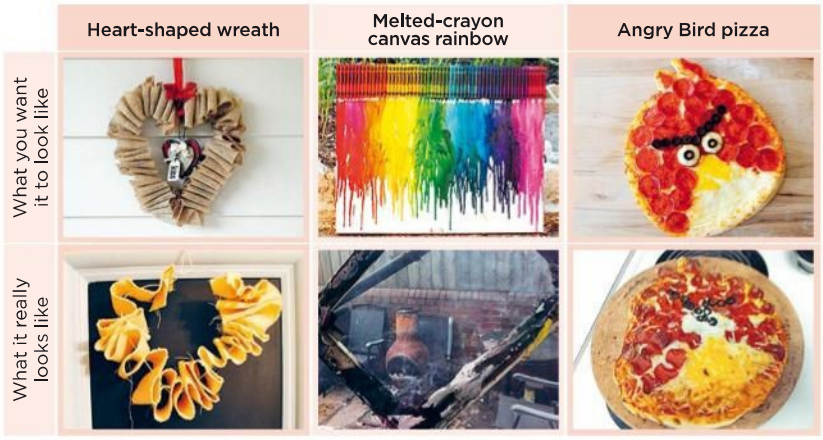
Craft sites make it look so simple, but these epic fails show otherwise.



Cj)er Yj) BF Pj mF 'kFCataC—
The stand that holds my husband's prized samurai swords was dusty, so he left our housecleaner a note reading "Check out my swords." That evening, he found the stand just as dirty as before but with this added message: "Nice swords."

gophercentral.com

'aPkeF 'j e)(aj h'
A few days ago, my husband told me he was tired.

I replied, "There's a nap for that."

b)ra(v PA(vj h" ***Kelowna, B.C.***

u)F'' . vj —
. vA((vFY 'AY0"Hi, I'm Brandon. This is Liz and Steven."
. vA(amFP FP BFm0"Hi, I'm BLERP-BLAP. This is GLAUNGH and CRAIG, or maybe GREG."

3 AmaFer)PA'

'vj m(Ahr '. FF(
It's called "celery" because "cold, wet plant bones" takes too long to say.

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FROM *CRAFTFAIL* BY HEATHER MANN (WORKMAN PUBLISHING)

A long-cherished photograph unlocks a wartime mystery that binds two families

Anna, 1925

BY MICHAEL R. GEISTERFER

FROM *READER'S DIGEST*, MARCH 2004

I WAS READING the newspaper in Gatineau, Que., on January 23, 2001, when I spotted an article entitled "41 Things to Do This Winter." I looked at No. 12: "Find your mother's hometown in an atlas, and then find your grandmother's" was the suggestion. By way of illustration, it included a small map of a foreign country with strange, barely pronounceable names. In the middle was a city called Leeuwarden.

A tingle went down my spine. That's where my mother was born in January 1933, way up in the northern part of Holland. And her mother, too. My other grandmother was born just under 60 kilometres away, in Gröningen—too far afield to fit within this map's borders. Though the coincidence was striking, it was nothing compared to the way in which the lives of my two grandmothers had

(BACKGROUND IMAGE) MASTERFILE;
(PHOTOGRAPH) COURTESY OF MICHAEL R. GEISTERFER

intertwined—even after one of them passed away.

Long before my maternal grandma, Oma Jantje, even became a mother, her best friend, Anna Drexhage, presented her with a recent photograph. It was of Anna, then 27, perched on the veranda of her home and smiling enigmatically at the person taking the photo, whose shadow can be seen in the foreground. On the back was written "Anna, 1925."

> IF ANNA MISSED HOLLAND, SHE NEVER LET ON. INSTEAD, SHE DIRECTED HER ENERGY INTO STARTING A FAMILY.

"Why are you giving me this photograph?" Oma Jantje, who was 19, asked.

"Because I am going far away," Anna replied. "You may never see me again."

A few weeks later Anna packed her belongings into a trunk, took a train to Amsterdam and then boarded a steamer for Batavia (the area we now call Jakarta) in the Dutch East Indies. This was long before the country declared independence and became known as Indonesia. She assured Oma Jantje she would write often and would return if things didn't work out, but my grandmother never heard from her again.

Oma Jantje pasted Anna's photograph into an album. In 1952, she placed that album in a box that she took along on her own train ride to Amsterdam, where she and her family boarded a steamer for Canada. A few weeks later, another train took them across Canada to Edmonton, a city in the rolling hills of Alberta. There my grandmother unpacked the album and placed it on a bookshelf—where it remained until 1983, when my father took it down and began flipping through its pages.

That's when my grandmother learned what had become of Anna.

WHAT HAPPENED WAS this: Anna had taken the steamship to Batavia to marry a man she had never met—an expatriate Dutch widower named Johannes Geisterfer who'd seen her photograph (the same one she'd given Oma Jantje) on the mantelpiece of a friend, who was married to Anna's sister. Taken by her beauty, he wrote her a letter asking her on a transcontinental date. The terms were simple: he would pay her passage to Batavia if she would at least consider marrying him. If, in the end, she chose not to, he would pay her passage home.

When Anna stepped off the boat in Semarang, she was met by a tall, robust man in his early 30s with a

blond moustache and round spectacles that framed eyes so sad and intense and blue that she knew at once she would marry him. While Anna was a practical woman, she had an unusually large heart. After a time, she agreed to be his wife.

A wealthy widower, Johannes was part of the Dutch elite who'd ruled the Indonesian archipelago for nearly 300 years. He oversaw a number of thriving businesses in the town of Malang, on the island of Java, and lived on a large estate with servants, gardeners and cooks. He was a successful and well-respected man, yet neither of these things was what appealed to Anna.

She was drawn to the air of sorrow that hovered around Johannes. He may have possessed all the trappings of success, but he harboured a tragic secret. Abandoned at birth, Johannes had grown up in a large orphanage in Amsterdam.

If Anna missed Holland, she never let on. Instead, she directed her energy into starting a family with Johannes. They had six children—one girl and five boys. Each had fair hair and blue eyes, just like their parents.

IN 1942 JAPAN invaded the Dutch East Indies and overthrew the Dutch colonial government. Residents who appeared to be of purely northern European descent were rounded up and interned in concentration camps.

COURTESY OF MICHAEL R. GEISTERFER

Oma Jantje at age 19 in Holland, before she got married and had children.

In the weeks following the invasion, Johannes disappeared, never to be seen or heard from again. Soon after that, Anna, then 44, and the children, who ranged in age from six to 16, were rounded up. Within days, they went from their comfortable life in Malang to being imprisoned in an overcrowded detention centre in the region.

Over time, families got separated—men to one camp, women to another. Anna was shipped to a sprawling camp on the coast, near Semarang. Her daughter and two youngest sons went with her. The other three boys were sent to a men's camp five kilometres away, as was the rule for any males over 12. Sometimes, when they were all out working in

the fields, which adjoined both facilities, they would wave at one another through the haze of the hot sun. Often Anna assumed that it was simply a mirage, a dream, that these were not her sons and she would awaken back in her bed in Holland. She never did.

In August 1945, just days before Allied troops liberated the camps, Anna Drexhage died of starvation in that facility near Semarang. Her ration of rice and water, she had reasoned, should be used to nourish her young children's bodies, rather than her own.

All her children survived—although one just barely. The third youngest, Aren, was a thin, scraggly boy who'd been sickly since he was a child. Asthma attacks had nearly felled him so often that everyone assumed he would be among the first to die in the camps.

But he lived. When Anna's children were deported after the war, he was a scarecrow. They landed in a refugee camp in Ceylon (now Sri Lanka) and were shipped off to Holland.

German occupation of the Netherlands had resulted in severe food shortages, and people were dying in the streets; the Dutch were dealing with their own personal hell, and few were prepared to listen to the travails of a few orphans from Indonesia. "At least it was warm where you were," they said. "In Amsterdam, people were freezing in the streets." Anna's children quickly learned not to discuss their trauma. They focused on figuring out how to survive in this foreign land, where they were cared for by members of Anna's family. At 19, four years after he arrived in Holland, Aren began to make his living as a freelance photographer. Peering through the viewfinder of his camera felt like a safe way to look at the world, as though the lenses filtered out pain.

> MY GRANDMOTHER WAS UNABLE TO COMPREHEND THIS INCREDIBLE TWIST OF FATE. TEARS WELLED IN HER EYES.

IN 1952, FED up with Holland, Aren took the train to Amsterdam and hopped a steamship bound for Halifax. He would have gone back to Indonesia, but he knew the familiar sights and sounds would unleash painful emotions. From Halifax he travelled by rail to Edmonton, where, lonely and isolated, he sought refuge among a ragged enclave of poor Dutch immigrants. He began attending their Sunday morning church services, sitting in the back row.

It was there that one of the church matriarchs, a small, thin woman with long, lustrous hair tied up in a bun,

first laid eyes on him. She did not know who he was, only that he was a photographer. With six children—three of them girls—approaching marrying age, she would probably be requiring his services. "Why don't you invite him over for coffee?" she prodded her eldest daughter, 22-year-old Affina. But Affina was not interested in this reclusive young man, whose hollow eyes and diffident nature kept most people at a distance.

Her younger sister Amelia, though, was intrigued by Aren and extended an invitation. With her charming smile and rapier wit, the 20-year-old was the perfect antidote to his unremitting loneliness, and he soon became a regular fixture at the family's Sunday morning coffee klatches. At first Amelia thought Aren was interested in her older sister, but she was wrong.

They began dating, and in three years' time, they married. A year later, they had a child, the first of eight. I was the third.

Of all the times my father drank coffee in the dark salon of Amelia's parental home, he never noticed the photo album sitting on the bookshelf above the tea cabinet. Never, that is, until 1983, when he pulled it down and began leafing through the pages. That's when he came across the faded photograph of the young woman on the veranda.

"Hey," he said. "That's my mother!"

"No, it isn't," my grandmother, Amelia's mother, laughed. "That's my friend Anna, who went to Indonesia in 1925. I never heard from her again. Look," she said, pulling the photograph off the page and turning it over. Sure enough, there in still-legible handwriting were the words "Anna, 1925."

"That's my mother," he repeated. "Anna Drexhage."

Oma Jantje stared at him, unable to comprehend this incredible twist of fate. Then tears welled in her eyes. She'd always wondered what had become of her dear friend. Her sorrow at hearing the awful truth from Aren was tempered by a sense of wonder: Anna's orphan was now Oma Jantje's son-in-law. That relationship, she believed, was not just coincidence, but forged by the mysterious winds of destiny. Through this next generation, she could honour the strength of the connection between two young women, forged decades earlier in Holland. R

* * *

THE NAME GAME

What idiot called it a sun instead of a space heater?

SAM GRITTNER, comedian

Giving the family cottage a new coat of paint proves surprisingly difficult

Colour WARS

BY PAUL BENEDETTI

FROM *YOU CAN HAVE A DOG WHEN I'M DEAD*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARC JOHNS

WE DECIDED TO paint the cottage this past summer.

I know. On the face of it, that sounds like a pretty simple idea.

Buy paint. Buy brushes. Paint inside of cottage.

It involves absolutely no technical skill and no required contact with machinery that has moving parts. In other words, it seems like the perfect job for me. And because there would be no one there to oversee the project, it was also an ideal set-up for unlimited coffee breaks and occasional naps (to allow things to dry, of course).

But all of that is predicated on the assumption that you actually buy the paint. And *that* is based on the idea that the members of your family can actually agree on the colour of the paint. This has turned out to be only slightly more complicated than manned space flight.

Part of the problem is the simple fact of multiple owners. This was not an issue in 1998, when we rebuilt the old cottage on Lake Erie with my wife's sister, Brenda, and her husband, Woody. It wasn't a problem because what I knew about building a new cottage could fit onto one side of a Smartie, with room left for a map of the world. So, wisely, I just said, "Woody, you build it."

To maintain some semblance of masculinity, I would occasionally interject such comments (in a deep voice) as, "Well, I INSIST on walls or I'm not paying," or, if I'd been drinking, "Oh, listen to you, Mr. Sixteen-Inch-Joists-this and Mr. Poured-Concrete-Footings-that. But how would you do in an arm wrestle, eh? I ask you that!"

After this, my wife would walk me down the hall and put me to bed and construction would resume.

> BEIGE IS NEVER JUST CALLED BEIGE. NO, IT'S GOT NAMES LIKE BARNACLE AND THATCH AND PELEE ISLAND.

THE PROBLEM WITH painting a space is that everyone, and I mean everyone—kids, grandparents, pets—has an opinion about colour. Not surprisingly, to preserve sanity and marriages, the cottage was what I like to call Compromise Beige, the universal paint shade of anyone who has given up on the Colour War.

Of course, this hue is never called beige. Oh, no—it's got names like (and I am not making these up) Barnacle and Thatch and Louisbourg and Pelee Island and Secord and Fieldstone and Galloway.

How do they come up with this stuff? Are there people sitting around in a room all day staring at a square of beige paint and yelling out random words?

Anyway, after 10 years of beige, the first thing we wanted was to, as my wife kept saying, "shake things up a bit." And by this she means painting the walls a colour that would keep a blind man up at night. Of course, this was better than the fateful words that would change everything: "Paul, don't you think babies are soooooo cute?" Sorry, I mean, "Maybe we should hire a designer."

Oddly, considering the cost of raising a child today—with their ridiculous demands for things like iPhones and, you know, food—the second sentence is the one that leads down a path paved with money. So, I quietly suggested this was not a good idea. I think my exact words were, "Oh, for God's sake, it's a cottage on Lake Erie! Whom are we trying to impress? Manny, the guy who comes to pump out the septic tank?" Or words to that effect.

Anyway, we agreed to choose the colours on our own, a process that went on longer than the painting of the Sistine Chapel.

We considered colours with names like (and again, I am not making this up, though I wish I was) Girls Rule, Meet for Drinks and Skinny Jeans.

Just try going into Home Depot and asking the big guy in the paint department to mix you up a can of Angel Wings or Dreams Come True.

So, after much wrangling, several threats to "call in the designer," and at least one arm wrestle, we decided on a colour called Clam Shell for the walls and one called Elephant for the doors.

These are, to the naked, non-professional person's eye, Grey and Slightly Darker Grey. In fact, now that I look at the walls, the colour is a lot like, well, beige.

I like it. R

Laughter

THE BEST MEDICINE

THE BEST JOKE I EVER TOLD BY ED HILL

My doctor told me that I need to exercise in the morning. So I told myself I need a new doctor.

Find Ed Hill's tour dates online at kingedhill.com or listen to his podcast at sonofsmiley.com.

SURPRISE, SURPRISE

You can't believe it's not butter? Buddy, almost everything is not butter.

@HIPPIESWORDFISH

CODE OF ETHICS

I'm against animal testing, unless, of course, you're testing little top hats and miniature sunglasses.

JULIEANNE SMOLINSKI, *writer*

NUMBERS GAME

A woman meant to call a record store but dialed the wrong number and got a private home instead. "Do you have *Eyes of Blue* and *A Love Supreme*?" she asked.

"Well, no," answered the puzzled homeowner. "But I have a wife and 11 children."

"Is that a record?" she inquired.

"I don't think so," he replied, "but it's as close as I want to get."

reddit.com

THAT'S THE CASE

Capitalization can really change a sentence.

Example:

I love to eat candy.

I love to eat capitalization.

@THENATEWOLF

Send us your original jokes! You could earn $50 and be featured in the magazine. See page 9 or rd.ca/joke for details.

A painful—and elusive!—eye condition offers a lesson in seeing what's really important

VISION QUEST

BY VIRGINIA FISHER YAFFE FROM *THE GLOBE AND MAIL*

ILLUSTRATION BY SÉBASTIEN THIBAULT

IT'S CALLED ENTROPION and it's a legitimate condition, not an excuse to have medicare pay for an eye lift, as many seem to think. It's difficult to diagnose ("Lady, there is nothing wrong with you!"); debilitating (imagine a zillion hairs in your eye); tough for a hypochondriac (I guess cancer of the eye is how I'm going to leave this earth) and problematic if one is prone to metaphor (I knew I had already seen too much in this lifetime).

What happens is that the entire lower lid turns inward, forcing those 50 to 100-odd eyelashes to scrape against the cornea. For the three per cent of seniors affected by the condition, looking down is almost impossible—a grim development for someone whose main activity in life is reading, whose escape from suffering has always been between pages. What mathematical construct is pain plus pain? An isosceles triangle? My own personal purgatory?

Entropion is a trickster; the eyelid turns in but occasionally rights itself, usually when a doctor is examining it. The ophthalmologist asked questions: "When did you first notice it?"

"At the beach."

"Were you wearing protection?" (A condom on my eye?)

"Of course."

"So some sunscreen got in your eye. Go home."

Next day. New doctor. "Do you walk outside?" he asks.

"I do."

"Then the feeling of something in the eye must be caused by wind," as he can find nothing there. "Go home. Walk outside less and stay indoors."

"Do you always wear sunglasses?" he asked.

"No, not always."

"Well, this feeling will go away if you do. Go home and put them on. Use drops for dry eye."

Ad infinitum.

Then I got lucky. The slippery customer that had evaded all the rest showed itself to one last ophthalmologist. "My God!" he cried. "That must be excruciating!"

I wanted to marry him.

THE CONDITION IS fixed with eyelid surgery, formally known as blepharoplasty, and the date was set. I knew better than to look online, as I am well acquainted with myself. I would worry about permanent blindness, drastic infections, allergies to the anesthesia, hemorrhaging. It's a long list.

> HOW LUCKY WE ARE! A WAVE OF APPRECIATION BATHED ME, EVEN AS MY EYES WERE WRAPPED IN GAUZE.

Noticeably absent from my list of concerns is my own vanity. Some people in my life view that as a positive characteristic; many consider it—and my disinclination toward makeup and fancy outfits—an extremely negative one. I've taught my children that beauty is inner, and I mean it. But despite the fact that I'm not overly concerned with how I might look, how would I feel if the surgeon's hand shook at the wrong time? I've never *aspired* to facial scarring.

The day of the surgery, I put on my big girl underwear, clean as my mother always warned me to keep them, and hit the hospital ready to boogie. My MO is to do well during tough times and to fall apart once they're over. Let's face it: I counted on some discomfort; after all, I am neurotic, not stupid.

I was thrilled that my surgeon was teaching as he performed my procedure (students have to learn sometime!). What I hadn't counted on was what I would hear.

"Feel the capsule between the lateral and inferior rectus muscle? It's a big bump. Get a good bite."

Rectus muscle?

"Take a 23G hypodermic and inject into the junction."

, SvTaypy, y, , apop| *Petticoat Junction* |, f y vpd SRvgo a, Spdvs o S|o, vyp sv, Q oy pTTda po

g y p, hgTyS f ga Vp o y, |v, , l o n eTpd Va, , f, v, Rv y ya mp R TyS

pvWa|, f RS dR, opo a o| ywgypo i Rda t dvg uHdgypvg aT, vg eo|, vpvygvag RpvW, v i gy, vg Tgoy da pa, f, v, y, ppVf pWa R, Tgda, eV Vo ydoV, vaygoVy,

. y, v f pvWa e o, f Tg s, CgV, r gv, |d c, v, Spd ywSy, py, v, S, pp dT RppV gyT y, gv oa b pR, o dv, a gv, R, ay gQp V, V , ywgTypvy y, v s, ga,

, py, vy o e gVo yTpdoy, Vpo f ga R, o gR, ypa, , gT oaywd , oy ga yypdT, V , g y pd y g, a a, oa, ga S, S, a gV yp R, ps, o , o e aTgv, V eTpa, S, S, a goV ywSyp| oVs, gT, V, , s oa V, f T s vpQ V gW, v yp Vp f , aygvo gy a gvs pR, Tya pOo |dvpda Sf y g Vpf of gWyvg, TypvS i dT S e| oV ap gT, o da Tg y, gyv, f T e gV R, , o ay, o o yp g pyVdvo Sopo v, gVo VgSa ea, oy Sv, T y, V Hdpy, a |vp *Hamilton* yp V aywgTy Sa, | g , aa , pv,

e gQ op v, g V, g p| pf goS s, ps, f, v, o y, ps, vgyo vpp ga e Tpd V po S a, , V v, Ty S gRpQ , Rdye|, y pya p| v, gaadvo goVa ypdT o , , y, g f ga ay, gv

I THOUGHT A v, gyV, g gRpdy pf po, f pd V Tps, f y , oywps po o y , V, Q ps o f pv V pv Vdv o g p pTgday , goaf, v a pROpda po, f pd V R, ypp RdaS agOo po, a |, yp Tgv, f , y, vg|, f aywgS g va f, v, Rpy, vap , c pf dT S f, gv, o r gogVg p g y pa, goT, aypva f p Tg , yp| oV|v, , Vp f , y, S |pdoV, Q o pv,

n f gQ p| gs sv, T gypo Rgy, V , , Q o ga S, S, a f, v, f vgs s, V o gdl, dVV, o S e Tpd Vo ya, , gyg e gVopygoy T sgy, Vy a , y, v mpf edoV, vayppVy , pas yg a gRap dy, oa ay, oT, y gyap , po, R, y, v, yp yg , , p ,

n yy Tda woT f p ga R, , o S , vp a oT, e f ga , y ygd y , y gy Epd o, Q, v v, g S doV, vaygoV g s, vapo doy Spd Tpoa V, vy o a|vp

asp oyp| O, f n v y s, v gsae , gvo, V y gy|vp c gvs, vi , , Rdyyp R, |g v n yy Tda a g v, g s, vapo o S f pv V mpf e gV go o| o y, a g sa, p| |, f y pdyOa po

e , g o e pp , y, pa, v o g| yg g oayk d g gVn , ayyT, a s d goVa, , s o a ypd *Hamilton* a Tv, gypv i o k god, k vgoVg f vpy, i pp gvpdoV pp gvpdoV gy pf i dT S f, gv, yp R, g Q, v yopf

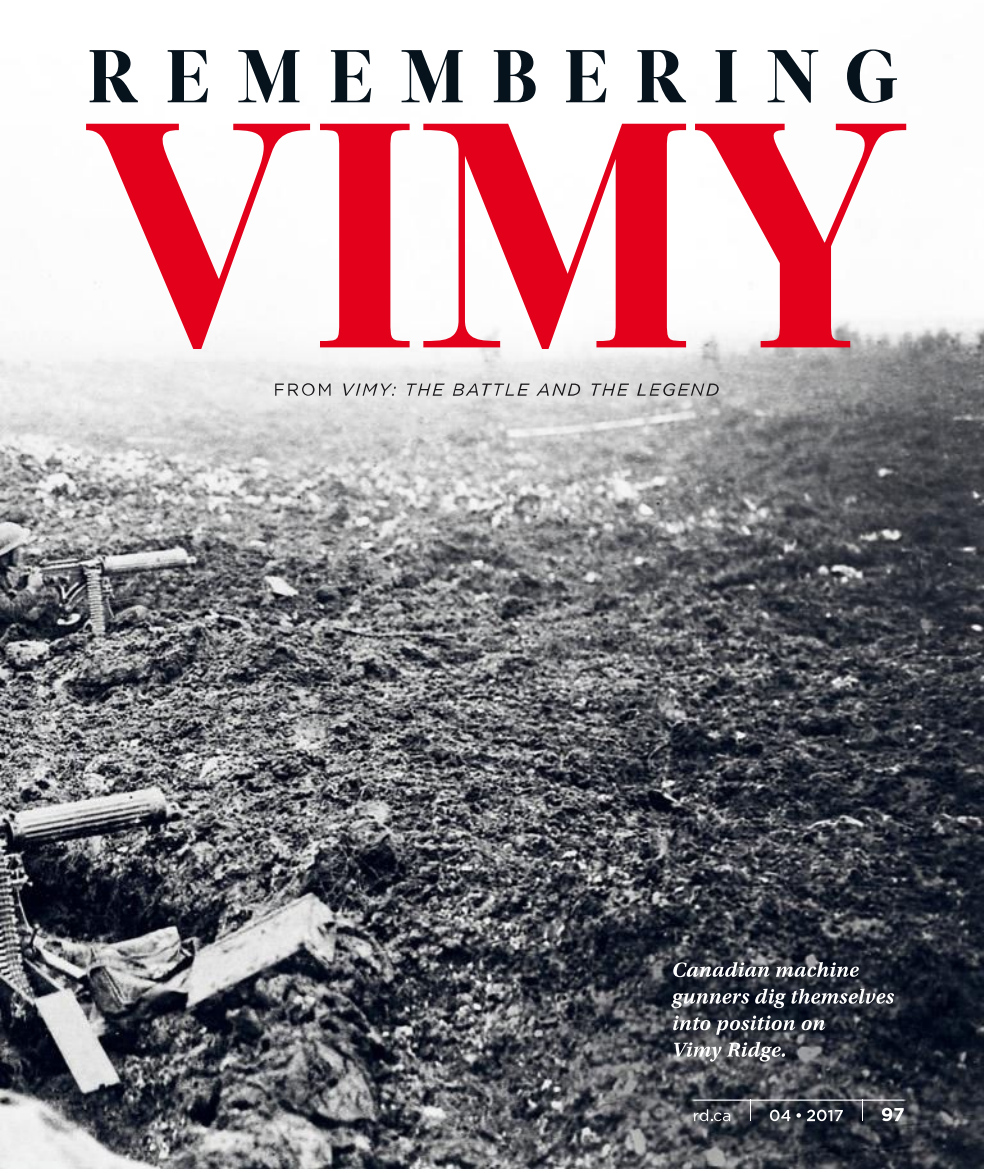
2, v gs a pp o gvpdoV f R, , ga, vg|y, vy a ps, vgypo e p V y gy ywdy yp R, a, | , OV, oy R

EDITORS' CHOICE

In April 1917, close to 3,600 Canadian combatants lost their lives on a ridge in France. A century later, military historian **Tim Cook** explains why those four days of fighting still resonate.

REMEMBERING VIMY

FROM *VIMY: THE BATTLE AND THE LEGEND*



Canadian machine gunners dig themselves into position on Vimy Ridge.

THE VIMY MEMORIAL, *The Ghosts of Vimy Ridge*

THE ASSASSINATION OF

(PREVIOUS SPREAD) CANADA. DEPT. OF NATIONAL DEFENCE / LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA / PA-001017

***Detail of William Longstaff's* The Ghosts of Vimy Ridge.**

WILLIAM LONGSTAFF, VIMY RIDGE (PRINT OF *THE GHOSTS OF VIMY RIDGE*), CWM 19890275-051, BEAVERBROOK COLLECTION OF WAR ART, CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM

retreat from Belgian soil, the British Empire was at war.

As a dominion within the British Empire, Canada was also drawn in. But the country's war effort began as a voluntary one, with men choosing between enlisting in the new Canadian Expeditionary Force or staying home. The response was astonishing. Driven by a desire to aid Britain, save Belgium, liberate France and respond to what was seen as Germany's naked aggression, Canadians enlisted by the tens of thousands. By November 11, 1918, more than 620,000 Canadians had served in uniform.

THE BATTLE OF VIMY Ridge was the most carefully planned operation that the Canadians fought during the war. The seven-kilometre ridge, an important geographical position, was the site of several titanic battles, starting in October 1914.

The ridge protected a coal-rich area that the Germans occupied and desperately needed to retain to supply their war effort. When the Canadians arrived at the foot of the western side of the ridge in October 1916, Vimy was a desert of shell craters and rotting corpses. They faced one of the most formidable positions on the Western

Firing a BL 6-inch Mk VII naval gun on a land carriage.

CANADA. DEPT. OF NATIONAL DEFENCE / LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA / PA-001187

Front. Under the command of British general Sir Julian Byng, the four Canadian divisions, with significant support from British engineers, gunners and soldiers, prepared for the battle in April 1917. Through meticulous preparation, training, determination and sacrifice, the Canadians succeeded where the French armies had failed in the past. The Corps' victory solidified its reputation among allies and opponents as an elite fighting force, and Vimy became an icon of Canadian identity.

The value that Canadians attach to the battle and the memorial is forever linked to the Great War. For many English-speaking citizens, that war marked the country's coming of age, as the Canadian Corps spearheaded a number of Allied offensives and delivered hard-fought victories.

Things were perceived differently in French Canada, which has a distinct identity, and by many of the two million immigrants who had arrived in the country since the late 19th century. Nonetheless, the war was an important transformative event for all. The enormous exertions on the home front saw millions of shells produced, crops grown by farmers to

feed the Allied nations and unprecedented patriotic support of the war effort and the soldiers. Major social changes, from industrialization, income tax and enfranchisement for women to deeper government intervention, were ushered in. Old certainties were swept away.

During the war, death and division plagued the nation. The loss of life brought grief to every part of the country. Even though hundreds of thousands of citizens enlisted voluntarily in the first three years of the war, the fighting overseas demanded even more men to keep shattered units up to strength. By 1916, as recruitment faltered and as fathers and sons were cut down in the trenches, life became harder in the Dominion. Canadians turned on one another, looking for enemies in their midst. Prime Minister Sir Robert Borden's government enacted conscription in the summer of 1917, and during the election that December, divisive tactics that played to linguistic, regional and class conflicts nearly tore the country apart. By the war's end, survivors sought to sift through the ashes to make meaning of the horrendous battles that had killed more than 66,000 members of a nation of fewer than eight million.

Vimy has become an important touchstone that Canadians of multiple generations have employed to tell stories about the country. The event has come to signify, for many, martial strength and unity of purpose. The battle has been described as a key event in our history, but what that means in 2017 is different from what it meant in 1992 or 1967, in 1936 or 1917. As Canada has developed over time, we have cast aside much that grounded us in the past; yet there are some ideas, myths and icons that persistently carry the weight of nationhood. Vimy is one of them.

> OFFICERS BROKE OUT THE BATTLE RUM. AS ONE MAN WROTE, "AFTER DRINKING THE STUFF, I WOULD HAVE KILLED MY MOTHER."

"TOMORROW WILL MAKE history," claimed the war diarist for the 5th Canadian Mounted Rifles on April 8, the night before the attack. "Everything possible has been done.... All ranks calmly confident."

After months of planning, the outcome of the battle was in the hands

Canadian soldiers playing a game of cards in a shell hole on Vimy Ridge.

of the infantry. But they were not alone. The concentration of artillery—almost a thousand available field and siege guns and mortars—was about three times heavier than at the Battle of the Somme a few months prior. Twenty-one first-wave Canadian battalions of more than 15,000 infantrymen were set to capture the ridge. Most of the units went into the line with between 650 and 700 men in four companies, while about 10 per cent of the fighting force was "left out of battle," as the official policy was called, to rebuild the battalions should they be savaged.

"During 18 months of warfare, I have become more or less deadened to feeling and emotion," wrote the 25th Battalion's Staff Sergeant Percy Willmot of the assault, "but I could not prevent the tears from rolling down my cheeks and the choking in my throat for the cheery lads who were marching away, many of them never to return."

Soldiers were equipped with the standard-issue Brodie steel helmet, which looked like a saucepan. It had webbing on the inside to keep the cold steel off the skull and to absorb a blow. Soldiers groused about the weight on their necks, but after the helmet's introduction in early 1916, the number of head wounds dropped significantly.

The soldiers wore their greatcoats, along with shirts and trousers, with the lower legs wrapped in puttees (strips of cloth) to keep out mud. The hobnailed leather boots were a demon to break in but durable through bad weather and long marches. Around the torso was a series of straps and pouches known as webbing. Hanging off it or in the pouches was an entrenching tool, water bottle, haversack, two days of rations, 170 rounds of ammunition, two Mills bombs, a flare, three empty sandbags and a few pans of Lewis ammunition. Some of the men in the secondary waves were also ordered to carry picks and shovels to dig new

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trenches or fill sandbags. Infantrymen travelling through boot-deep mud would need every ounce of strength to keep up with the creeping barrage, which stopped for nothing.

In the early hours of April 9, dozing soldiers were awakened in the tunnels that had been dug to protect them from shellfire. Company cooks attempted to send up warm porridge, but not all men were lucky enough to get some, and some munched on cold meat and bread. To calm nerves, officers in most of the units broke out battle rum. It was fiery, overproof and thick, and it burned as it went down. The rum offered some warmth to the shivering men, many of whom had been told to leave behind their greatcoats, as they became too heavy when caked in mud. The alcohol also allowed men to redirect their anxiety into anger. As one Canadian wrote, "After drinking the stuff, I would have killed my own mother."

The Globe.

CANADIANS LEAD IN TRIUMPH
5816 ENEMY IN BRITISH NET

CANADIANS PUT IN FRONT TO CAPTURE VIMY RIDGE

HAIG'S MODEST REPORT OF NOTABLE GAINS

BEGIN TITANIC STRUGGLE THAT MAY DECIDE ISSUE

BRITISH AND CANADIANS ARE VICTORS IN TREMENDOUS FIGHT AROUND ARRAS

WAR SUMMARY

CP PHOTO

***A front-page story about Vimy in the April 10, 1917, edition of* The Globe.**

NEWS OF THE VICTORIOUS battle reached Canada in time to appear in the late editions of many newspapers on April 9, 1917. The *Edmonton Journal* crowed, "Whole German Line Wavers Under First Spring Attack." The next day, *The Globe* informed its readers, "Canadians Lead in Triumph," while the *Vancouver Sun* exclaimed on its front page, "Famous Vimy Ridge, the Scene of Many Gory Battles, Was Stormed and Carried by Warriors From Canada." *Le Devoir*, the Quebec paper that was critical of the extent of the Canadian war effort, also ran translated accounts from the English papers that extolled the Corps' victory.

Reports of the triumph at Vimy provoked immediate jubilation across the Dominion, followed by a wave of fear. The casualty lists were published a few days after the battle, and even before the long columns of the dead appeared, there were widespread rumours that the ridge's capture had been costly. Survivors at the front, tired and heartbroken, wrote to their killed mates' families, and

these missives arrived two to three weeks after being posted. Letters were almost always couched in the language of cheerful sacrifice and a clean death in battle. They were what the families wanted and needed, although they were not always a very accurate reflection of a dying soldier's final minutes.

Those at home worried as they waited for news of loved ones. Will Antliff, a commerce student at McGill University who enlisted with the No. 9 Canadian Field Ambulance in January 1916, was at Vimy. As early as April 9, his mother wrote, almost pleadingly, "The papers are about the taking of Vimy Ridge." Three days later, as the casualty lists were printed in the papers, she was more anxious, querying in another letter, "Were you at Vimy Ridge? It is all so terrible.... It is very sad, though, that so many fine lives must be sacrificed. The latest one we have heard of whom we know is young Symonds." Antliff survived the battle, and the war, to be reunited with his family in Montreal.

Thousands of Canadian families were not so fortunate. The mother of infantryman Shinkichi Hara, who was killed at Vimy, committed her pain to paper, writing, "Since the death of my son, I feel very lonely, but I am well. My son's ambition was to fight for his country and help bring world peace. It is very difficult for me to realize that he was killed in France. He was my only child." Hara was one of 54 Japanese Canadians killed while serving with the Canadian Corps during the war.

> AFTER THE WAR, CANADA WAS FAR HARDER TO GOVERN. BUT IT WAS NOT GOING TO TURN ITS BACK ON THE FALLEN.

THE GREAT WAR armistice, on November 11, 1918, ended the killing on the Western Front, but the reverberations of those deaths have echoed through history. Today, Canada is a nation with a population more than four and a half times as large as it was back then; the equivalent losses would be about 300,000 dead in a four-year period.

The legacy of the war would be felt strongly throughout the 1920s. The nation had been fractured from the extremity of the war effort, which had pitted region against region. French Canadians, farmers and organized

Canadian troops en route to a rest period after the capture of Vimy Ridge.

W.I. CASTLE / LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA / PA-001267

labour felt aggrieved by the accusations that they had not pulled their weight. The working class roiled in anger against those whom they felt had profited during the war and refused to share the wealth, leaving the less fortunate struggling to survive as inflation ate away at household budgets. This discontent led to widespread protests that culminated in the 1919 Winnipeg General Strike. Two demonstrators were killed and more than two dozen were wounded during a riot on June 21, 1919.

Victory had been more costly than anyone could have imagined. The crushing debt, close to $3 billion, accrued in unfettered wartime spending would not be easy to pay down. The country was further fractured by the hardship imposed by inflation and the pitting of city folk against farmers, with the former believing erroneously that the latter had reaped money during the war from high crop prices.

Everywhere there was rupture. Added to this potent mix of rage and resentment were the hundreds of thousands of veterans who were demobilized and filtering back to Canada in early 1919. They expected

to find a country that had changed for the better, one that would reward them with stability and jobs. Instead, too many veterans found unemployment and disillusionment. After the war, Canada was a far harder country to hold together, let alone govern. But it was not one that would turn its back on the fallen.

TWO MINUTES OF SILENCE. It reverberated like thunder through the busy streets across Canada, as people stood, hats in hands, minds cast back to the war that had ended a year earlier. King George V had made a formal request that throughout the British Empire, the 11th day of November in 1919 would be observed as Armistice Day, and that all would go quiet at the 11th hour, marking the successful end of the war. This stillness was no call to victory but a deep reflection on those who never came home. Anguish and loss over the death of a loved one are usually private and cloistered; now, that loss was shared in public by a nation.

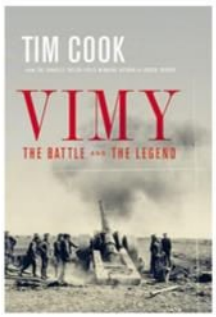
One might have expected a seething population, demanding answers, looking to blame their leaders (politicians, military, business or church) for having tricked the country's youth into serving in a faraway war. But that was not the case for most Canadians in the 1920s, who believed that the dirty job of fighting the Germans had been just and necessary.

Remembrance Day, as Armistice Day was renamed in 1931, went through cycles of observation and gathering. There were debates about whether it should be a holiday or not, and on which day it should fall, but it remained a day unlike any other on the calendar.

Another important symbol, one twinned with Armistice Day, was the poppy, worn on the lapel as a sign of remembrance. The scarlet poppies, first adopted by Canadians in 1921, were inspired by the words of John McCrae's "In Flanders Fields," with its vivid imagery of the fallen lying among the red flowers. McCrae's piece, first published in 1915, had been a martial poem, in

1 A, F1, OWY7OFLGO 1 R, 1
NA IG 1 NG7 SAEG Q NG 17SF
EA, WARGEA, AFOA, IGGS 1 71 F

which slain Canadian soldiers demanded that the survivors keep fighting against the enemy—"To you from failing hands we throw / The torch; be yours to hold it high"—but during the postwar years, it was transformed into a poem of keeping faith with the fallen.



Reader's digest
EDITORS' CHOICE

TO STAND ON VIMY Ridge, in the shadow of the memorial, is to recognize that few other places in the world can make Canadians feel so proud. One also feels the weight of history and the presence of the dead. There is a palpable confluence of what we would like to forget and what we must remember. The ghosts walk this soil, through the claustrophobic tunnels, treading carefully across the cratered battlegrounds, and with the faint touch of fingers on engraved names of the fallen. Vimy is also a place of enormous beauty. The pylons soar to the blue beyond, and the sculptures are intricate in their lines and evocative in their meanings. The creamy white and warm stone provokes strong emotion. The historical inscriptions are minimal, but the names of the missing 11,285 are monumental. Those searing marks in honour of the fallen are thousands of small scars on the stone, a reminder of the terrible loss of the Great War. R

* * *

MONIKER MUSINGS

An armadillo? Wait, you mean highway lobster?

@BEERBATTERBEARD (TYLER)

The Allman Brothers couldn't have had a woman in the band for two reasons.

@EWFEEZ (ROBO-SAURUS)

We have Fox News in Canada. It's not a network; it's a hunting magazine.

PHIL HANLEY

SPECIAL FEATURE

Chicken Crescent Wreath

This is an impressive-looking dish that's a snap to prepare. Even when my cooking time is limited, I can still serve this delicious wreath. The red pepper and green broccoli add a festive touch.

— MARLENE DENISSEN

PREP: 15 MIN. **BAKE:** 20 MIN.
MAKES: 6-8 SERVINGS

- **2 tubes (8 oz (250 g) each) refrigerated crescent rolls**
- **1 cup (250 mL) shredded Colby-Monterey Jack cheese**
- **2/3 cup (150 mL) condensed cream of chicken soup, undiluted**
- **1/2 cup (125 mL) chopped fresh broccoli**
- **1/2 cup (125 mL) chopped sweet red pepper**
- **1/4 cup (50 mL) chopped water chestnuts**
- **1 can (5 oz/150 g) white chicken, drained, or 3/4 cup (175 mL) cubed cooked chicken**
- **2 tbsp (25 mL) chopped onion**

1. Arrange crescent rolls on a 12-in. (30.5 cm) pizza pan, forming a ring with pointed ends facing the outer edge of pan and wide ends overlapping.

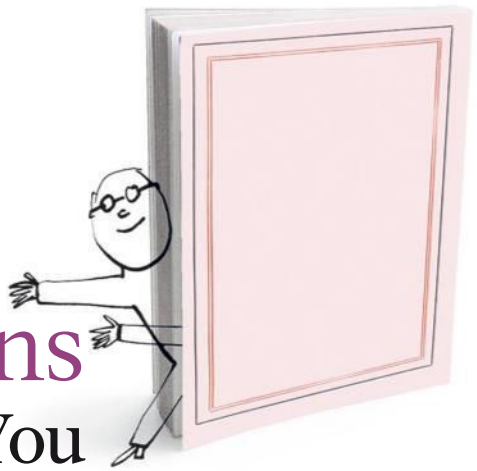
2. Combine the remaining ingredients; spoon over wide ends of rolls. Fold points over filling and tuck under wide ends (filling will be visible).

3. Bake at 375° for 20-25 minutes or until golden brown.

FREEZE OPTION: Securely wrap cooled wreath in plastic and foil before freezing. To use, remove from freezer 30 minutes before reheating. Remove wreath from foil and plastic; reheat on a greased baking sheet in a preheated 325°F oven until heated through.

NUTRITION FACTS: *1 piece: 203 calories, 11 g fat (5 g saturated fat), 23 mg cholesterol, 537 mg sodium, 15 g carbohydrate (3 g sugars, 1 g fibre), 9 g protein.*

GET SMART!



13 Things Librarians Won't Tell You

BY MICHELLE CROUCH
ADDITIONAL RESEARCH BY ANDREA BENNETT
ILLUSTRATION BY SERGE BLOCH

1 Which books are most popular? "The *Harry Potter* series," says Bill V., a librarian with the Toronto Public Library. Current feature films, he says, are also popular. "We're stiff competition for Netflix."

2 Librarians haven't read every book they recommend. Most don't have as much time to read as you might think, and inevitably, there are some genres staffers won't be interested in. Book suggestions may be based on reviews or other readers' comments.

3 Have a question about something other than a book? Bring it. Librarians can help with background checks, genealogy research and formatting resumés.

4 Go ahead and make a little noise. "We're a community hub," says Michael Eaton, a community librarian with the ➳

Edmonton Public Library. "A little bit of bustle is fine." Certain spaces are reserved for quiet study, but others are meant for playing video games, chatting and even eating your lunch.

5 Public libraries average just over two holdings per capita—that's a lot of books, DVDs, CDs, magazines and video games. "Think about the money you spend on movies, video games and music in a month," says Eaton. "You can get that stuff for free!"

6 Be respectful: watch what you put in the book drop. Ben Rawluk, a former circulation assistant at the Victoria Public Library, in B.C., recalls pulling out poop, toys, clothing and empty beer bottles. Once, he even found fireworks.

7 You can, however, donate through the book drop, Rawluk says. Libraries are always looking for more materials, although some may prefer if you bring them in to the counter.

8 A growing number of libraries are installing "makerspaces." These labs provide materials, technologies and tools for do-it-yourself projects. Come in and use a 3-D printer, a video-editing station, and a sewing machine or craft supplies.

9 When it comes to waiving fines, most librarians have formidable power. If there's a good reason you're late (say, you had a family member in the hospital) or if you're especially apologetic, they can make them go away with the click of a button.

10 Many libraries offer services to serve new Canadians, like English-language learning programs. Help out—and meet a new friend—by becoming a volunteer participant in a conversation circle.

11 Be kind to the books. "The more abuse a book sees," Rawluk says, "the shorter its lifespan." Use sticky notes and bookmarks instead of dog-earing pages and writing in the margins. And don't tear pages out of the magazines!

12 Check your books before you return them. You'd be surprised at how many people use their credit cards as bookmarks. Other unexpected choices: unfilled prescriptions, Band-Aids, hockey or concert tickets, photographs, notes and cash.

13 Don't forget that your library also has an extensive digital collection. You can stream music, download MP3s and read newspapers from all over the world, Eaton says. R

That's Outrageous!

NOT QUITE A CRIME

BY DANIEL VIOLA

FAKE AND ENTER

Ceiling tiles on the floor, papers askew. For the worker who stumbled across the scene last May at a property management office in Palm Bay, Fla., the evidence pointed to one thing: burglars. A quick phone call later, the police arrived and searched the premises. After a few minutes, the culprit was spotted, hiding behind a plastic houseplant. But the masked intruder wasn't the person they were expecting—it was a raccoon. After "arresting" the suspect (via catch pole; its paws were too small for cuffs), animal control released the critter in the woods nearby.

STOP IN THE NAME OF LOVE

Robbie Richardson of Quincy, Mass., faced a dilemma: what do you do when someone you care for commits a crime? Ultimately, Richardson's love for the law trumped his love for his father, and last May, the six-year-old contacted the authorities. His dad wasn't a hardened lawbreaker, though; he'd simply driven through a red light. Still, that sufficed. The operator who took the youngster's call asked to speak with Richardson's father, who apologized profusely—and later explained he had been turning right on a red.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

Edie Simms knew it was only a matter of time before the police showed up. It took decades, but when the cruiser arrived at her residence in St. Louis, Mo., with lights on and sirens blazing last September, she felt relief. That's because Simms, who'd just celebrated her 102nd birthday, had arranged for the arrest. Being in the back of a police car was on Simms's bucket list, and local officers were happy to oblige as a gesture of thanks for the woman's years of community volunteer work. When asked by a TV reporter about her ride, she revealed that she'd received the full experience, "Handcuffs and all!"

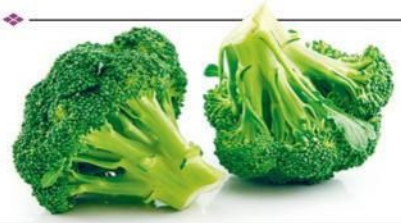
PIERRE LORANGER

MORE GREAT READS THIS MONTH

Rd.ca/connect

FOOD

Diet Tips to Prevent Ulcers



CARS

When's the Best Time to Buy a New Vehicle?

Research and a bit of patience could save you hundreds of dollars.

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Newsletter

TRAVEL

8 Great Canadian Halls of Fame

Spaces that celebrate our nation's most notable figures, from sports heroes and daredevils to medical pioneers and musicians.

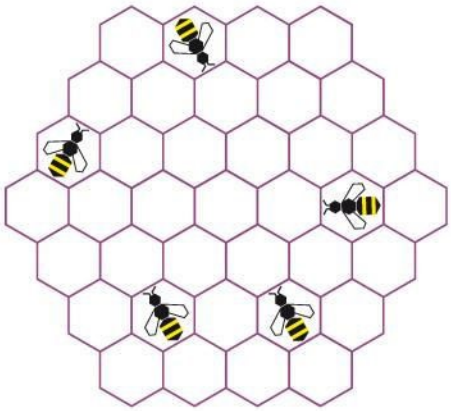
(HALL OF FAME) CANADA'S SPORTS HALL OF FAME; (OTHERS) ISTOCKPHOTO

Brainteasers

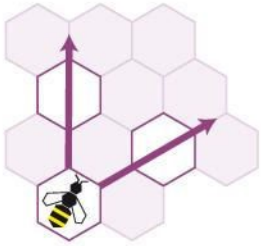
Challenge yourself by solving these puzzles and mind stretchers, then check your answers on page 116.

BEE-FEATERS *(Difficult)*

The larger diagram below represents a beehive. The queen is there somewhere, her position obscured for security purposes. The visible bees are four royal guards and one ambassador from another hive. A dutiful royal guard must be either in a cell adjacent to the queen or else have the queen visible down one of their sightlines, looking ahead of them as shown in the example below. (The bee in the example can see the white cells and all the others lying in that direction, but not the shaded cells.) Where is the queen?



SIGHTLINE EXAMPLE



MUSCLE BUILDING *(Easy)*

Tyrone resolved to get in shape by doing push-ups every morning before work. Each day from Monday to Friday, he did 10 more push-ups than he'd done the day before. If Tyrone did 50 push-ups on Thursday, how many push-ups did he do in total from Monday to Friday?

(BEE-FEATERS) DARREN RIGBY; (MUSCLE BUILDING) FRASER SIMPSON

SHAPE SHUFFLE *(Moderately difficult)*
Rearrange the shapes below into a new sequence that conforms to the following rules:

- The triangle is to the immediate left of the pentagon.
- The circle is to the left of the square and to the right of the triangle.
- The octagon is not the last figure in the sequence.
- None of the shapes remain in their original position.

SPLIT-LEVEL MAZE *(Moderately difficult)*
The numbers in the diagram represent the heights of the platforms making up a maze. The differences in the heights are such that you can safely move horizontally and vertically so long as the levels you're moving to and from are only one level apart (e.g. from a 3 you can move to a 2 or a 4). You carry a stool that will let you go up two levels, but only once. How will you get from start to finish?

7	6	8	9	8	9	10
6	5	7	6	5	7	9
4	7	4	8	4	6	8
7	1	5	6	3	7	5
8	2	6	5	4	6	4
2	3	2	7	5	4	9
1	4	1	3	2	3	4

ADDITION FORM *(Easy)*
Replace each letter in the equation below with a single digit (the same digit everywhere it appears) to make a correct addition. You may not use different letters to stand for the same digit. What number is ABCD?

```
  ABCD
+  ABC
------
  2017
```

(SHAPE SHUFFLE) MARCEL DANESI; (SPLIT-LEVEL MAZE) DARREN RIGBY; (ADDITION FORM) FRASER SIMPSON

Trivia Quiz

BY PAUL PAQUET

1. In the mid-2010s, which European country was governed by two women: a queen and a prime minister?

2. The first issue of *Reader's Digest* appeared in 1922 and featured an article by what Scottish-born inventor?

3. Which seafaring country has a navigational instrument (an armillary sphere) on its green and red flag?

4. The Hawaiian deity Poli'ahu is associated with a weather phenomenon that rarely occurs in Hawaii below its highest peaks. Which one?

5. Blood from a Siberian specimen may contain enough DNA to clone what extinct animal?

6. The only Latin book to crack *The New York Times* bestseller list was a 1960 translation of what classic by A.A. Milne?

7. What's the name of the supercontinent that once incorporated most of the land on Earth?

8. Who is the only Oscar winner to appear on a euro coin?

9. What subtropical beach-resort city hosted the Winter Olympic Games?

10. In what movie did Joe Pesci improvise a scene based on a real incident in which he told a mobster he was funny?

11. PETA disapproved of Barack Obama's "execution" of what creature during a 2009 TV interview?

12. According to the adage known as "Betteridge's law of headlines," what can you say about any headline that ends in a question mark?

13. Put "Angkor" before this word and you have a Cambodian temple. Put "doro" in front and you have an Ethiopian stew. What's the word?

14. Most famous for its raided airport, Entebbe was which country's capital until 1962?

15. Abimelech, Samson, King Saul, Saul's armour bearer, Ahithophel, Zimri and Judas Iscariot are the only biblical figures to die a particular way. How?

ISTOCKPHOTO

ANSWERS: **1.** Denmark. **2.** Alexander Graham Bell. **3.** Portugal. **4.** Snow. **5.** The woolly mammoth. **6.** *Winnie-the-Pooh (Winnie Ille Pu)*. **7.** Pangaea. **8.** Grace Kelly. **9.** Sochi. **10.** *Goodfellas*. **11.** A fly. **12.** The answer is no. **13.** Wat. **14.** Uganda. **15.** By suicide.

Sudoku

BY IAN RIENSCHE

	3		2		4		5	
1				8				4
			3	1				
4						2		5
	5	9		3		1	7	
8		2						3
				6	9			
3				2				7
	2		1		3		8	

TO SOLVE THIS PUZZLE...

You have to put a number from 1 to 9 in each square so that:

- every horizontal row and vertical column contains all nine numerals (1-9) without repeating any of them;
- each of the 3 x 3 boxes has all nine numerals, none repeated.

SOLUTION

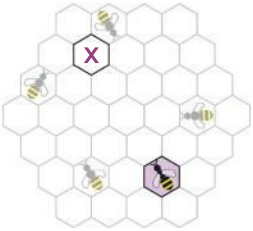
9	8	5	3	4	1	7	2	6
7	1	6	8	2	5	4	9	3
2	3	4	9	6	7	1	8	5
3	4	9	1	5	6	2	7	8
8	7	1	2	3	4	6	5	9
5	6	2	9	7	8	3	1	4
6	9	7	5	1	3	8	4	2
4	2	3	7	8	6	5	9	1
1	5	8	4	9	2	6	3	7

Brainteasers: *Answers*

(from page 113)

BEE-FEATERS

The queen's position is marked with an X, and the ambassador is highlighted.



MUSCLE BUILDING

200 push-ups.

SHAPE SHUFFLE

SPLIT-LEVEL MAZE

7	6	8	9	8	9	10
6	5	7	6	5	7	9
4	7	4	8	4	6	8
7	1	5	6	3	7	5
8	2	6	5	4	6	4
2	3	2	7	5	4	9
1	4	1	3	2	3	4

ADDITION FORM

ABCD = 1834.

(SUDOKU) SUDOKUPUZZLER.COM

Word Power

Are you at home on the range? Whoop it up with these Wild West words.

BY BETH SHILLIBEER

1. calaboose—
A: jail.
B: platform at end of a caboose railway car.
C: unemployed cattle herder.

2. iron horse—
A: saddle rack.
B: nickname for a Colt revolver.
C: train.

3. sidewinder—
A: tornado.
B: desert rattlesnake species.
C: left-handed punch.

4. coulee—
A: shade-producing tree.
B: ravine.
C: cross-eyed horse.

5. deadeye—
A: expert marksman.
B: moonless night.
C: skilled card player.

6. catawampus—
A: askew or awry.
B: swampy and wet.
C: lazy or spoiled.

7. dry-gulch—
A: enforced sobriety.
B: ambush and kill.
C: drained wetland.

8. cantankerous—
A: old and slow.
B: foul-smelling.
C: argumentative.

9. chinook—
A: chin strap.
B: baby buffalo.
C: warm, dry breeze from the mountains.

10. ankle express—
A: act of running for one's life.
B: travel by foot.
C: use of spurs on a horse.

11. dogie—
A: motherless or neglected calf.
B: herding dog.
C: veteran cowboy.

12. cooper—
A: keeper of chickens.
B: wooden-barrel maker.
C: camp cook.

13. grit—
A: strength in hardship.
B: boot spur.
C: gossip.

14. railroad bible—
A: travelling priest.
B: deck of cards.
C: train schedule.

15. bamboozle—
A: brawl in a saloon.
B: rob a bank.
C: cheat or confuse.

Answers

1. **calaboose**—[A] jail; as, Bootleg Pete was no stranger to the *calaboose*, having been arrested twice already.

2. **iron horse**—[C] train; as, Anton and Olga took the *iron horse* out of Montreal to Manitoba, looking for farmland to settle.

3. **sidewinder**—[B] desert rattlesnake species; as, Becky's horse reared to avoid the hissing *sidewinder*.

4. **coulee**—[B] ravine; as, The Mounties chased the bandits into the *coulee*, where there was less chance of escape.

5. **deadeye**—[A] expert marksman; as, "Red is a *deadeye*; she always wins the shooting competition," Diego warned his friends.

6. **catawampus**—[A] askew or awry; as, Maggie's hat was all *catawampus* after her walk in the wind.

7. **dry-gulch**—[B] ambush and kill; as, The outlaws tried to *dry-gulch* the sheriff, but he outsmarted them by taking a different route.

8. **cantankerous**—[C] argumentative; as, Old Man Silas was *cantankerous* enough to argue with the wind.

9. **chinook**—[C] warm, dry breeze from the mountains; as, The settlers were able to catch some fish when the *chinook* melted the lake ice.

10. **ankle express**—[B] travel by foot; as, After his horse was stolen, Zhu had to go by *ankle express* back to camp.

11. **dogie**—[A] motherless or neglected calf; as, The cowboy knew the *dogie* would die if he didn't intervene, so he put it in a pen with a lactating cow.

12. **cooper**—[B] wooden-barrel maker; as, Ma's apple crop was big that year, so she took the wagon to buy new cider barrels from the *cooper*.

13. **grit**—[A] strength in hardship; as, Caroline lost a child to the whooping cough but had the *grit* to raise the remaining three.

14. **railroad bible**—[B] deck of cards; as, The dealer pulled out his *railroad bible* to begin the poker game.

15. **bamboozle**—[C] cheat or confuse; as, Shifty Sally found it easy to *bamboozle* the card players and win the game.

VOCABULARY RATINGS
7–10: fair
11–12: good
13–15: excellent

Quotes

BY CHRISTINA PALASSIO

IMPOSSIBLE IS AN ATTITUDE. IMPOSSIBLE CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED.

KIRSTY DUNCAN

I LIKE BITING OFF MORE THAN I CAN CHEW. ONCE I GET SOMETHING TO THE POINT THAT IT'S "OPERATING WITH EXCELLENCE," AS I LIKE TO CALL IT, THEN I LOOK FOR OPPORTUNITIES TO EXPAND.

SCOTT McGILLIVRAY

If you use your art as an instrument of change and you use it with honesty and integrity, you can spread the word of love, of peace, of hope.

TOM JACKSON

MY PHILOSOPHY IS THAT YOU CANNOT HAVE IT ALL. YOU HAVE TO JUST BE GENTLE AND KIND TO YOURSELF.

CHERYL HICKEY

It's not like I get up in the morning and think, Gee, I'm really going to annoy people today. I guess that's just part of my charm.

CHRISTIE BLATCHFORD

I think I've had success because I've been able to step away, refresh and have something new to say each time.

BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE

PHOTOS: (JACKSON) CRAIG KOSHYK. QUOTES: (DUNCAN) *U OF T MAGAZINE* (FALL 2016); (McGILLIVRAY) *CANADIAN BUSINESS* (MAY 6, 2016); (JACKSON) CBC RADIO'S *UNRESERVED* (NOV. 22, 2015); (HICKEY) *HELLO! MAGAZINE* (MAY 1, 2014); (BLATCHFORD) *TORONTO LIFE* (SEPT. 26, 2016); (SAINTE-MARIE) *CANADIAN BUSINESS* (JULY 15, 2016).

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