

# Reader's Digest

CANADA'S MOST-READ MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 2022

**49 Tips and Tricks Guaranteed to Save You Money!**

ONE HECKUVA

# BARGAIN HUNTER'S GUIDE

**Bring Your Loonies!**

**Cheap! Cheap! Cheap!**

PAGE 29

**The Price Is Right!**

**These Deals Are Steals!**

**PLUS: THE DOC AND THE MYSTERY BABIES PAGE 84**





**"Now this is the kind of  
bladder protection  
my curves have been  
waiting for."**



**Always Discreet. Incredible protection. Smoother-than-ever fit.**

# CONTENTS

# 42

## Features

# 29

COVER STORY

### ONE HECKUVA BARGAIN HUNTER'S GUIDE

49 tips and tricks to stretch your dollar this fall and beyond.

BY ERIN PEPLER

# 42

DRAMA IN REAL LIFE

### Lucky Thirteen

A freak monsoon trapped a soccer team and their coach deep in a network of caves. How an international effort helped get them out.

BY MATT GUTMAN  
FROM *THE BOYS IN THE CAVE*

# 52

HEART

### The Many Lives of Dabba

My mother used recycled yogurt containers to share food—and love. Now I do the same.

BY ARUNDHATI DHARA  
FROM *THE GLOBE AND MAIL*

**ON THE COVER:**

ILLUSTRATION BY KEVIN MORAN  
LETTERING BY CHRISTOPHER ROULEAU

56

HEALTH

### Living With Long Covid

More than two years into the pandemic, some patients' symptoms aren't going away. While experts hunt for treatments, some people have taken matters into their own hands.

BY LISA BENDALL

66

PERSPECTIVE

### The Collector

I started buying records as a kid, and filled my house with thousands. It was one of my greatest joys in life—until it wasn't.

BY WILLIAM ROBERTSON  
FROM BROADVIEW

70

MEMOIR

### Split

My mother carried a secret that sent her searching for another kind of life.

BY LEAH MCLAREN  
FROM *WHERE YOU END AND I BEGIN*

80

LIFE LESSON

### Fade Away

How to deal with the end of a friendship.

BY SARAH LISS

84

EDITORS' CHOICE

### The Family Man

Dr. Norman Barwin used the wrong sperm—and sometimes his own—to impregnate patients. Now the children he created want answers.

BY COURTNEY SHEA



84

## Departments

- 4 **Editor's Letter**
- 6 **Contributors**
- 7 **Letters**
- 18 **Points to Ponder**

### BIG IDEA

- 8 **Bully Busters**  
An after-school program challenges toxic guy culture.

BY RACHEL GIESE

(STIKA) GLORIA WONG; (PAN) ISTOCKPHOTO.COM/  
PHOTOEUPHORIA; (ILLUSTRATION) ALEX GORODSKOY



## Humour

- 15  
Life's Like That
- 40  
As Kids See It
- 55  
All in a Day's Work
- 95  
Laughter, the Best Medicine



## 22

### GOOD NEWS

- 12 **Five Reasons to Smile**

BY LISA BENDALL

### ASK AN EXPERT

- 16 **What's the Real Cost of On-Demand Delivery?**

We quiz Carolyn Kim, urban transportation planner.

BY ARIEL BREWSTER

### HEALTH

- 20 **Bright Eyes**  
Four tips to prevent vision loss.

BY ALLISON BAKER

- 22 **News From the World of Medicine**

BY MARK WITTEN



### MEDICAL MYSTERY

- 26 **Rashly Dismissed**  
Despite a troubling collection of symptoms, doctors sent her home.

BY SYDNEY LONEY

### READER'S DIGEST BOOK CLUB

- 96 **Haven**  
Emma Donoghue returns with a tale of cruelty and survival.

BY EMILY LANDAU

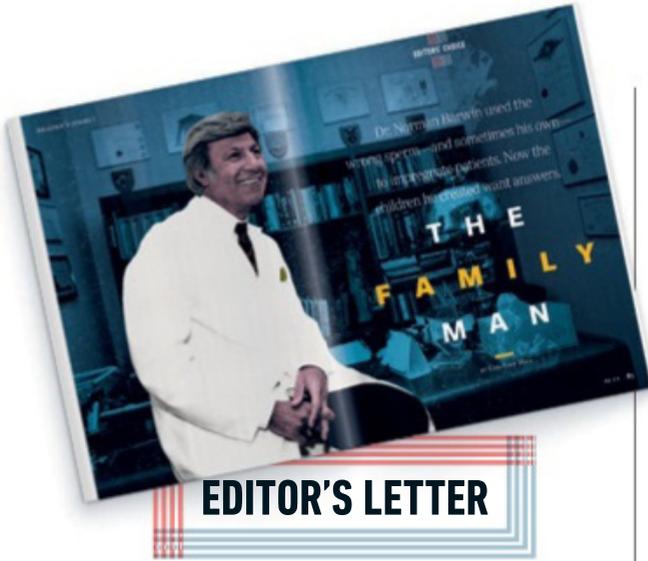
- 98 **Brainteasers**

- 100 **Trivia**

- 101 **Word Power**

- 103 **Sudoku**

- 104 **Crossword**



# Trust Issues

Two national surveys conducted mid-pandemic asked Canadians which professions they trusted the most. Politicians and ad execs, no surprise, sank to the bottom. At the top: doctors. We have trust in our doctors, but we also *want* to have trust in them. We want someone who can tell us, with reassuring confidence, what's going on in our often-confusing bodies and prescribe a fix for what ails us.

But doctors aren't perfect. When accused of malpractice, they're represented by the Canadian Medical Protective Association (CMPA). In its last available report, from 2020, the CMPA represented medical professionals and hospitals in 7,948 new cases.



Of the mere 645 cases that got resolved that year, only eight ruled in favour of the patient plaintiff. A 2019 CBC investigation reported that the number of malpractice cases has dropped significantly over the last 40 years, and suggested that this is because most patients are too intimidated by the court system—especially when the chances of winning are so slim.

An exception is the case of Dr. Norman Barwin, an Ottawa fertility doctor who, since the late '70s, was renowned for his artificial-insemination success rate. As the journalist Courtney Shea explains in "The Family Man" (page 84), dozens of his patients discovered that Dr. Barwin had, without their consent, used the wrong sperm—and sometimes his own. They helped form a class-action suit, and last year the CMPA agreed to an unprecedented settlement of \$13.375 million. Shea interviewed the children (now adults) who participated in the suit. Their stories are poignant and brave—and highlight what can go wrong when our trust in doctors is misplaced.

P.S. You can reach me at [mark@rd.ca](mailto:mark@rd.ca).

DANIEL EHRENWORTH

# Reader's Digest

PUBLISHED BY THE READER'S DIGEST MAGAZINES CANADA LIMITED, MONTREAL, CANADA

Christopher Dornan **CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD**  
James Anderson **PUBLISHER AND NATIONAL SALES DIRECTOR**  
Barbara Robins **VICE PRESIDENT AND LEGAL COUNSEL**  
Mark Pupo **EDITOR-IN-CHIEF**

**DEPUTY EDITOR** Lauren McKeon  
**EXECUTIVE EDITOR, DIGITAL** Brett Walther  
**SENIOR EDITOR** Micah Toub  
**ASSOCIATE EDITOR** Erica Ngao  
**ASSISTANT EDITOR, DIGITAL** Arisa Valyear  
**CONTRIBUTING EDITORS** Rosie Long Decter, Samantha Rideout  
**EDITORIAL INTERN** Talia Kliot  
**PROOFREADER** Jonathan Furze  
**SENIOR RESEARCHER** Lucy Uprichard  
**RESEARCHERS** Martha Beach, Madeline Lines, Veronica Maddocks, Angelina Mazza, David Warner  
**COPY EDITORS** Chad Fraser, Amy Harkness, Richard Johnson

**ART DIRECTOR** John Montgomery  
**DEPUTY ART DIRECTOR** Danielle Sayer  
**GRAPHIC DESIGNER** Pierre Loranger  
**CONTENT OPERATIONS MANAGER** Lisa Pigeon  
**CIRCULATION DIRECTOR** Edward Birkett

**CONTRIBUTORS:** Allison Baker, Lisa Bendall, Kamil Bialous, Derek Bowman, Ariel Brewster, Arundhati Dhara, Daniel Ehrenworth, Rachel Giese, Emily Goodman, Alex Gorodskoy, Matt Gutman, Emily Landau, Maya LeMaitre, Sarah Liss, Sydney Loney, Leah McLaren, Kevin Moran, Jag Nagra, Ronit Novak, Barbara Olson, Erin Pepler, Samantha Rideout, William Robertson, Rolli, Christopher Rouleau, Julie Saindon, Courtney Shea, Beth Shillibeer, Fraser Simpson, Holly Stapleton, Lauren Tamaki, Rémi Thériault, Colin Way, Jeff Widderich, Mark Witten, Gloria Wong, Victor Wong

## THE READER'S DIGEST ASSOCIATION (CANADA) ULC

Corinne Hazan **FINANCIAL DIRECTOR**  
Mirella Liberatore **PRODUCT MANAGER, MAGAZINE MARKETING**

**NATIONAL ACCOUNT EXECUTIVES** Mark Di Cio, Melissa Silverberg  
**DIRECTOR, RESEARCH AND INSIGHTS LAB** Kelly Hobson  
**HEAD OF MARKETING SOLUTIONS AND NEW PRODUCT DEVELOPMENT** Melissa Williams  
**GRAPHIC DESIGNER, MARKETING SOLUTIONS** Kelly Stinziano  
**PROJECT MANAGER, MARKETING SOLUTIONS** Angele Asube  
**PRODUCTION MANAGER** Lisa Snow

## TRUSTED MEDIA BRANDS

Bonnie Kintzer **PRESIDENT AND CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER**

**VOL. 201, NO. 1,192 Copyright © 2022 by Reader's Digest Magazines Canada Limited.** Reproduction in any manner in whole or in part in English or other languages prohibited. All rights reserved throughout the world. Protection secured under International and Pan-American copyright conventions. Publications Mail Agreement No. 40070677. Postage paid at Montreal. Return undeliverable Canadian addresses to CP 38098 CSP Centennial Plaz, Dollard-des-Ormeaux, QC, H9B 3J2.

Print subscriptions, \$35.50 a year, plus \$8.99 postage, processing and handling. Please add applicable taxes. Outside Canada, \$54.96 yearly, including postage, processing and handling. (Prices and postage subject to change without notice.) ISSN 0034-0413. Indexed by the Canadian Periodical Index. Single issue: \$4.95.

 We acknowledge with gratitude the financial support of the Government of Canada. / Nous remercions le Gouvernement du Canada pour son appui financier.



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

# CONTRIBUTORS



**COURTNEY SHEA**

Writer, Toronto

**“The Family Man”**

Shea is a National Magazine Award-winning journalist whose work appears regularly in *Chatelaine*, *Toronto Life* and *Refinery29*. Her story on the prolific con man Albert Rosenberg was made into a feature documentary, *The Talented Mr. Rosenberg*, that will stream on CBC Gem this fall. Read her examination of the disgraced fertility doctor Norman Barwin on page 84.



**RACHEL GIESE**

Writer, Toronto

**“Bully Busters”**

Giese is a journalist and author. She regularly covers gender, sexuality, health and politics, and her work has appeared in *The Walrus*, *Chatelaine* and *The Globe and Mail*. Her 2018 book, *Boys: What It Means to Become a Man*, won the Writers' Trust of Canada Shaughnessy Cohen Prize for Political Writing. Check out her profile of non-profit Next Gen Men on page 8.



**JAG NAGRA**

Illustrator, Pitt Meadows, BC

**“The Many Lives of Dabba”**

Nagra is a self-taught illustrator who has contributed to *Vogue Girl*, *Buzz-Feed* and *Uppercase*. She has created several large-scale public artworks that can be seen around Vancouver, Burnaby and Surrey. In 2021, she reinterpreted the Vancouver Canucks' logo to create limited edition Diwali-themed warmup jerseys. Find her drawing on page 52.



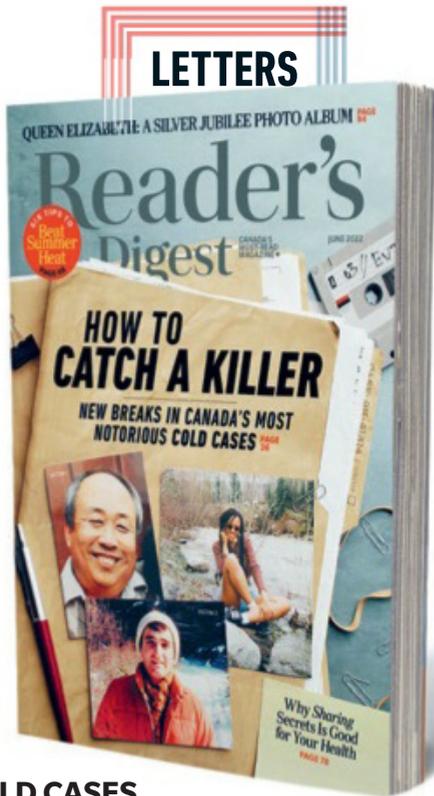
**GLORIA WONG**

Photographer, Vancouver

**“Bully Busters”**

Wong is a visual artist and holds a BFA in photography from Emily Carr University of Art + Design. Her photographs have been featured on *It's Nice That*, *Boooooom* and in *M, le magazine du Monde*. She was the recipient of the Chick Rice Award for Excellence in Photography in 2020 and the Carole Badgley Emerging Artist Award in 2021. See her latest work on page 8.

(NAGRA) AGATA MATYSZCZUK; (WONG) JADE DUNCANSON; (GIESE) ANGELA LEWIS



## COLD CASES

I was disappointed in “How to Catch a Killer” (June 2022). The article explained how killers can be caught, but it never gave an example of a situation where the killer was caught and only showed one case of an actual solution. These were unfinished stories.

— NADEN HEWKO, *Macklin, Sask.*

## CONTRIBUTE

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

Original contributions (text and photos) become the property of The Reader's Digest Magazines Canada Limited, and its affiliates and licensees, upon publication. Submissions may be edited for length and clarity, and may be reproduced in all print and electronic media. Receipt of your submission cannot be acknowledged.

## CONTACT US

**CUSTOMER SERVICE** [customer.service@readersdigest.ca](mailto:customer.service@readersdigest.ca)  
Reader's Digest Customer Care Centre, P.O. Box 970 Station Main,  
Markham, ON L3P 0K2

**CONTACT THE EDITORS** Have something to say about an article in *Reader's Digest*? Send your letters to [editors\\_canada@rd.ca](mailto:editors_canada@rd.ca)

## BY THE WORD

I have always been fascinated with the English language, and I've loved words and reading since I was a young child. My mom introduced me to *Reader's Digest* when I was in my teens and I discovered “Word Power.” It was exciting to challenge myself with how many definitions I could guess correctly and learn new words along the way. I enjoy the section to this day!

— MARIA POWELL, *Calgary*

## STAYING ACTIVE

Thank you for speaking about the health benefits of Nordic walking in “Just Add Poles” (June 2022). As someone who suffers from the often-debilitating and incurable condition of lymphedema, it grabbed my attention. Exercises like walking and aqua-therapy are among the best ways to increase lymphatic flow and elevate one's spirit, and are an important part of a healthy self-care regime for the estimated one million Canadians affected by lymphedema.

— STEPHEN KELLAND, *Ottawa*

**FOR SERVICE TO SUBSCRIBERS** Pay your bill, view your account online, change your address and browse our FAQs at [rd.ca/contact](http://rd.ca/contact).

**MAIL PREFERENCE** *Reader's Digest* maintains a record of your purchase and sweepstakes participation history for Customer Service and Marketing departments, which enables us to offer the best service possible along with quality products we believe will interest you. Occasionally, to allow our customers to be aware of other products and services that may be of interest to them, we provide this information to other companies. Should you wish, for any reason, not to receive such offers from other companies, please write to: Privacy Office, Reader's Digest, P.O. Box 963, Station Main, Markham, Ontario, L3P 0J4. You may also write to this address if you no longer wish to receive offers from Reader's Digest or should you have any questions regarding your record or wish to examine or correct it.



*An after-school program challenges toxic guy culture*

# Bully Busters

BY Rachel Giese

PHOTOGRAPH BY GLORIA WONG

**F**OR BOYS, MESSAGES about who they should be and how they should behave arrive early and remain insistent: *Man up. Grow a pair. Don't be so gay.* The result is that being a young man oftentimes means trading off tenderness and connection for social status and approval.

Jake Stika, the 34-year-old executive director and co-founder of Next Gen Men, a non-profit focused on redefining masculinity for boys and men, knows this dynamic well. Back in 2007, during his second year at Brock University, Stika struggled with depression. To cope, he began binge drinking. Soon, he was getting into fights. At the same time, his friend Jermal Alleyne Jones

was grieving the loss of his younger brother, who had been bullied and died of suicide. Together, and in conversations with friends, they realized just how toxic traditional ideas of masculinity could be for boys' mental health.

"We wanted something different for the next generation," says Stika. He, Alleyne Jones and another friend started Next Gen Men in 2014, beginning with a 10-week after-school program in the Greater Toronto Area. It landed on a simple but effective formula. Along with a recreational activity, like basketball or cards, the boys have facilitated conversations about gender equality, homophobia, bullying, mental health and healthy friendships.



**Co-founder  
Jake Stika  
created a  
safe space for  
boys to have  
tough talks.**

"There is a myth that boys and men don't want to open up about their feelings," says Stika. "The truth is they aren't invited to have these conversations." One of the key lessons from these early groups, he adds, was that boys were eager to talk. Pre-pandemic, Next Gen Men offered after-school programs across the GTA, facilitated by youth program manager Jonathon Reed. The programming has since moved online. Stika estimates that more than 2,300 boys have participated.

## FOR ONE BOY, THE PROGRAM WAS A CHANCE AT A FRESH START. HE LIKED THAT HE WASN'T JUDGED.

---

Twelve-year-old Mateo is a current participant. Another boy had felt picked on by Mateo and asked Reed to invite him to join the program. Mateo agreed and the two worked through their conflict by having conversations both individually with Reed and together. The boys have since become "pretty close" friends, says Mateo, bonding over games like Fortnite and Minecraft. For Mateo, it was also a chance at a fresh start. He liked that Reed didn't judge him. "Jonathon didn't think I was bad," he says, "just that I could do better."

That kind of individual transformation is a central pillar of NGM's work: to support boys in building empathy and in learning to communicate and care for themselves and one another. Most participants are between ages 11 and 14—research indicates that adolescence is when children form their own values and identities. It's also when there is often a rise in bullying, racism, misogyny and homophobia in social interactions.

"There are narratives in media and culture that boys have power, or will have it. But when you're 12, you don't feel you have power," Stika says. "So often boys enact what little power they have through differentiation," that is, by picking on others and jockeying for social status. NGM disrupts this by offering alternative, healthier versions of masculinity. And their work doesn't stop after a certain age, either.

Shortly after NGM started, Stika's friends told him they wished they had groups like his when they were kids. In response, NGM began hosting gatherings for adults of all genders. More than 2,000 people have since participated across five Canadian cities, including Calgary, Edmonton and Vancouver. This year, NGM plans to get even bigger and will soon start a development program for educators called Next Gen Mentors. For Reed, it's all part of a revolution: "What could it look like for this light bulb moment not just to happen for one boy, but for a whole community?" **R**



**If you or a loved one used talcum powder products and have been diagnosed with ovarian cancer, we may be able to help.**

Common talcum powder products include:

- baby powder;
- dusting powder for women;
- shower-to-shower;
- body powder;
- genital deodorants and antiperspirants.

**SISKINDS** | The law firm

Contact us today to determine if you are eligible to pursue a claim for compensation.

**[siskinds.com/talcum](https://siskinds.com/talcum) | 1-866-639-0591**



# GOOD NEWS

FIVE REASONS TO SMILE

BY Lisa Bendall

Care farms help people participate in the community.

## FARM WORK GIVES NEW HOPE

**NETHERLANDS** Every year, about 10 million people worldwide develop dementia. That number is expected to rise as the population ages. In fact, many countries will see a doubling of the dementia rate between 2018 and 2050, reports non-profit Alzheimer Europe. The Netherlands is one of them, but it's also a leader in an innovative supplement to nursing-home care called care farms.

Care farms—the Netherlands has over 1,300 of them, a third of which cater to people with dementia—provide opportunities to spend two or more days a week in an outdoor natural setting, tending chickens or collecting vegetables, among other activities.

Here, people can be active, get fresh air and stimulation, and feel valued while interacting with other workers and volunteers.

Professional care staff are there to assist as needed. “They’re providing the same care as an institution would, but it doesn’t feel like an institution,” says Maarten Fischer, director of the Federation of Dutch Care Farms.

Some care farms serve people with developmental disabilities, addictions or criminal records. Although care farms have existed in a few countries since the 1970s and ’80s, they’ve been gaining in popularity. Fischer regularly receives calls from organizations

GUY ACKERMANS, COURTESY OF THE FEDERATION OF DUTCH CARE FARMS

in Japan, Switzerland, South Korea and other locations. “Giving is important for self-esteem and for healing, but most people who receive care are no longer in a position to give,” Fischer notes. “On a farm, everyone contributes.”

## Restoring Coral Reefs Using the Latest Technology

**FRENCH POLYNESIA** Coral reefs support at least a quarter of ocean life; half a billion people rely on these ecosystems for their livelihoods or food. Yet roughly half of the world’s coral reefs have died, or are dying, because of such factors as pollution and global warming.

A group of French Polynesians is committing to restoring them. Titouan Bernicot, 24, was just a teenager growing up on the island of Moorea when he realized the ocean life around his home was vanishing. In 2017, he founded Coral Gardeners. The organization grows pieces of coral in underwater nurseries and moves them to natural ocean reef sites around Moorea



DAMSEA/SHUTTERSTOCK.COM

when they’re large enough to survive in less protected conditions.

Coral Gardeners has already replanted over 15,000 corals but intends to reach a million globally by 2025. This ambitious goal may actually be within reach, thanks to advanced technologies—like live video feeds and sensors at restoration sites—that are helping to track coral health.

## Preventing Lead Poisoning in Children

**NIGERIA** In 2010, hundreds of children were falling fatally ill and others were developing brain damage in the northern Nigerian state of Zamfara. Community members there were mining on a small scale, processing gold deposits tainted with lead and inadvertently contaminating the water and soil. Young children were becoming poisoned just from touching dusty hands to their mouths.

But a joint effort between state departments and international agencies, led by Médecins Sans Frontières, has saved lives. Over 8,000 children were tested for lead poisoning, with the vast majority of them requiring treatment. Heavily contaminated waste areas were excavated. Local miners are also now trained in safer practices, like processing mineral deposits at sites far from their homes.

Cases of lead poisoning are now all but eliminated, and there have been no child deaths reported since last year.

## Keeping an Inuit Language Alive

**CANADA** Miali Coley-Sudlovenick has created a way for Indigenous people to stay connected to their culture, no matter where they live. Since January, the Inuit consultant and instructor based in Iqaluit, in Canada's far north, has been teaching online classes in Inuktitut.

The language is spoken by almost 40,000 people yet is under threat from

generations of colonialization. When Coley-Sudlovenick's mother was growing up, she was routinely rebuked by educators for speaking Inuktitut at the school she attended.

Response has been enthusiastic, not just from people in her community, but from students all across North America. Coley-Sudlovenick hopes that by sharing her love for Inuktitut, she'll inspire other Indigenous language instructors to teach virtually.

### ACTS OF KINDNESS

## A Hospital to Save Hedgehogs

Hedgehogs are common and beloved in the U.K., featured in folklore and such stories as Beatrix Potter's *The Tale of Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle*. But the country's hedgehog population is two thirds of what it was in 2000, according to People's Trust for Endangered Species. Habitats have been increasingly disrupted by land development. These spiny creatures are also vulnerable to pesticides, parasites and humans who put out slug bait or rodent traps.

Sandra Lowe, a retired psychiatric nurse in Gateshead, rescues sick and injured hedgehogs. "They are just gorgeous. And they're gardeners' best friends because they eat pests," Lowe says. She started her hospital in 2018 in her laundry room, to

pitch in as other nearby rescue organizations struggled to meet the need; it has since expanded to several dedicated sheds. One is housed in another volunteer's garden, and the newest is behind the local community centre. The hedgehogs need medications, fluids, even amputations (they're taken to a veterinarian for any specialized medical care). Then they're treated, rehabilitated and released to the wild.

"I couldn't do it on my own," insists Lowe, who relies on volunteers as well as donors who have provided funds and supplies.

Last year, they looked after 186 hedgehogs. Not all survive, but the success rate is high. Says Lowe, "Every single one that is released would have died if it hadn't come in." 



COURTESY OF HOPE FOR HEDGEHOGS

## LIFE'S LIKE THAT

### Grin and Pour It



#### Toothache

For the past two decades, my wife has been complaining about me not putting the cap back on the toothpaste tube. I decided to change this bad habit and, for a week, I was diligent about doing it. I was expecting her to say something, but she never did. Finally, last

night, she turned to me and said, “Why have you stopped brushing your teeth?”

—NAFISA ABDUL KARIM,  
*Ajax, Ont.*

#### Lost in Translation

When my family immigrated to Canada from India, I had a working knowledge of English. But I was mystified when I spotted an

umbrella on sale and the store’s flyer said, “No rain checks.” Why, I wondered, wouldn’t they check for rain protection?

—SANJEEV CHAWLA,  
*Edmonton*

#### Fine Print

I’m in my late 70s. While I was shopping for a recliner, the salesman looked at me and announced it had a “lifetime guarantee.” After it was delivered, I was removing the tags when I noticed it stated “five years.” I hope he isn’t a psychic.

—FRANK WEAVER,  
*Nanaimo, B.C.*

**When I e-transfer my kids money, I like to make the security question tricky, like, “When was the last time you did the dishes?”**

—[@KMACTWN](#)

**Send us your original jokes! You could earn \$50 and be featured in the magazine. See page 7 or [rd.ca/joke](http://rd.ca/joke) for details.**

ASK AN EXPERT

# What's the Real Cost of On-Demand Delivery?

*We quiz Carolyn Kim, transportation planner*

BY Ariel Brewster

ILLUSTRATION BY LAUREN TAMAKI

**Front-door delivery has boomed during Covid. Is this how we'll all shop from now on?**

Statistics Canada has shown that between 2016 and 2020, e-commerce sales by Canadians grew by more than 350 per cent, so the trend of online shopping certainly started well before the pandemic, but of course Covid accelerated that trend.

We don't have exact numbers for the past two years, but due to this increase, the heavy-duty gasoline and diesel vehicle sector—which includes commercial vans and trucks—is projected



to become the largest source of greenhouse gas emissions from transportation in Canada by around 2030. There are currently more than two million of these vehicles on the road in Canada, and that number has increased by about 57 per cent since 2005.

**That's probably why bike lanes are constantly clogged with vans.**

Yes. What the pandemic has made clear is that the movement of goods is absolutely essential to our everyday life. So it's not about figuring out how to stop urban deliveries, it's about asking how we can better plan our roads.

One option is to create dedicated commercial loading and parking spaces so trucks aren't double-parking or

obstructing the bike lane. Another solution is to help businesses use electric cargo bikes to make deliveries rather than a conventional truck. This is a trend that's already in practice in Vancouver, Toronto and Montreal.

We've seen an expansion of bike lanes in many cities because of the pandemic, which is great. Let's use that infrastructure for commercial purposes.

### **Could the use of delivery vans be regulated by municipalities?**

Some jurisdictions—such as Santa Monica, California and London, U.K.—are piloting and already implementing low-emission zones. That means defining a certain area within cities where the use of carbon-emitting vehicles, including delivery vehicles, is regulated through restrictions or fees in an attempt to incentivize good behaviour.

### **There's also the problem of independent businesses competing with Amazon and other big online retailers. What can be done to make sure they don't disappear?**

We saw local and small businesses quickly pivot to online shopping and curbside pickup during the pandemic. And we've seen the e-commerce platform Shopify launch Go Digital Canada, which provides support for small businesses figuring out how to reach their customers online, but we also need government financial and training support to help them adopt new technologies.

In Louisiana, Gotcha—the electric bike and scooter ride-sharing company—gives discounts to small local businesses. They can rent a scooter for \$15 a day to deliver goods, and that cuts out the third-party delivery services, which often charge 20 to 30 per cent of the order amount.

### **Often deliveries go to post office counters inside nearby drugstores. Even though it's not as convenient as home delivery, is that something that should be used more?**

Yes, this is a common practice that could be scaled up to help cities create more efficient urban delivery systems. In Canada we already have UPS Access Point and Penguin Pickup, where people can collect their parcels on their way to somewhere else. Those business models help people be part of the solution by minimizing truck delivery.

### **Is there anything else we can do to be more responsible consumers?**

Oftentimes, customers have the option for a slower delivery at checkout. Going with the slowest delivery window helps businesses optimize their delivery route in the most efficient way possible.

### **Okay, so patience is a virtue here.**

Yes, rather than getting your deliveries within the hour, or same-day. **R**

---

*Carolyn Kim is a senior director at the Pembina Institute.*

## POINTS TO PONDER



I take the injustices I see in the world and I talk about them. They need to be spoken about. They need to be heard.

—**Kairo McLean**, WHO AT 13 IS THE YOUNGEST WINNER OF THE REGGAE RECORDING OF THE YEAR AWARD AT THE 2022 JUNOS

JOY IS THE VERY CENTRE OF MY EXISTENCE. IT INSPIRES ME, IT MOVES ME FORWARD, IT MAKES MY SPIRIT DANCE.

—**Tomson Highway**, WHO RECEIVED THE LIFETIME ARTISTIC ACHIEVEMENT AWARD AT THE 2022 GOVERNOR GENERAL'S PERFORMING ARTS AWARDS

WE CAN RESTORE SO MUCH OF NATURE IN OUR LAWNS.

—**Craig Sinclair**, ONE-HALF OF A SMITHS FALLS, ONT., COUPLE WHO WON A BATTLE WITH THE MUNICIPALITY TO LET THEIR YARD GROW WILD

*I'm not going to love anybody on either team more or less because of the colour of their jersey.*

—**Toronto Raptors chaplain Herbie Kuhn**, EXPLAINING WHY HE DOESN'T PRAY FOR WINS



A lot of gals have sworn off high heels forever.

—**Jeanne Beker**, SPEAKING ABOUT POST-LOCKDOWN FASHION

Wearing masks, covering coughs and sneezes and practising frequent handwashing continue to be important, especially in public spaces.

–Deputy chief public health officer Dr. Howard Njoo, ON  
THE MONKEYPOX OUTBREAK



**THEY SHOULD GIVE UP. THEY HAD THE FIRST 40 SEASONS. THE NEXT 40 ARE OURS.**

–Marianne Oketch, WINNER OF SURVIVOR SEASON 42, ON WHY AMERICANS SHOULD WATCH OUT FOR CANADIAN CONTESTANTS



**MY DAD WOULD NOT ALLOW ATHLETES TO SAY “I CAN’T.” YOU ALWAYS HAD TO TRY.**

–Hans Lennie, SPEAKING ABOUT HIS LATE FATHER, EDWARD, WHO WAS INDUCTED INTO CANADA’S SPORTS HALL OF FAME FOR CHAMPIONING THE NORTHERN GAMES

***I always tell young people that we all have a responsibility to do the best we can and to be the best we can be.***

–Former senator Murray Sinclair ON BEING AWARDED THE ORDER OF CANADA FOR DEDICATING HIS LIFE TO INDIGENOUS PEOPLES’ RIGHTS AND FREEDOMS

The result is not what I hoped for or, frankly, what I expected.

–Alberta premier Jason Kenney, WHEN RESIGNING AS THE LEADER OF THE UNITED CONSERVATIVE PARTY

**HEALTH**



# Bright Eyes

*Four tips to prevent vision loss*

BY Allison Baker

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX GORODSKOY

## Get Eye Exams

The eyes may be a window to the soul, but they can also be a window to our vascular health. “It’s one of the few places where you can look inside the body,” explains Colin Mann, an ophthalmologist in Bridgewater, N.S.

For instance, since a branch of the carotid artery travels from the heart up each side of the neck and to the eyes, an optometrist can examine the blood vessels in the back of the eye to detect conditions that might not have manifested symptomatically. Narrow blood vessels in the retina could indicate high blood pressure; swelling of those same vessels might be a sign of diabetes. Left untreated, diabetes can lead to diabetic retinopathy, a condition in which high blood sugar levels damage blood vessels, eventually resulting in vision loss or blindness. As well as maintaining healthy blood glucose levels, Mann emphasizes that getting regular eye exams—at least every two years—is the best form of prevention.

## Eat Foods Rich in Antioxidants

As we metabolize food, our cells produce chemical by-products called

free radicals that steal electrons from nearby healthy cells, causing damage. Usually, the number of these free radicals is kept in check by antioxidants. But when antioxidant stores are depleted, free radicals can overwhelm and harm cells, leading to an imbalance known as oxidative stress. Research suggests that this imbalance occurs as we age and plays a role in the development of a number of illnesses and conditions, including cataracts.

Cataracts are most common in people over the age of 60 and are somewhat inevitable. In fact, cataract surgery, where the cloudy lens is removed and replaced with an artificial one, is the most common surgery in North America. The good news for people with healthy diets, though, is that foods like dark leafy greens, red berries and nuts are rich in antioxidants—including lutein, zeaxanthin and vitamin C. These can all help the body defend itself against free radicals and delay the development of cataracts.

You can also reduce your risk of cataracts by blocking ultraviolet rays with sunglasses and a wide-brimmed hat.

## **Quit Smoking**

“Smoking is a significant risk factor for macular degeneration, which causes vision loss,” says Shamrozé Khan, assistant clinical professor of optometry at the University of Waterloo. In fact, smokers are up to four times more likely to develop this condition, which

causes the cells in the centre of the retina to deteriorate. Age-related macular degeneration accounts for 90 per cent of new cases of legal blindness in Canada, according to the Canadian Ophthalmological Society.

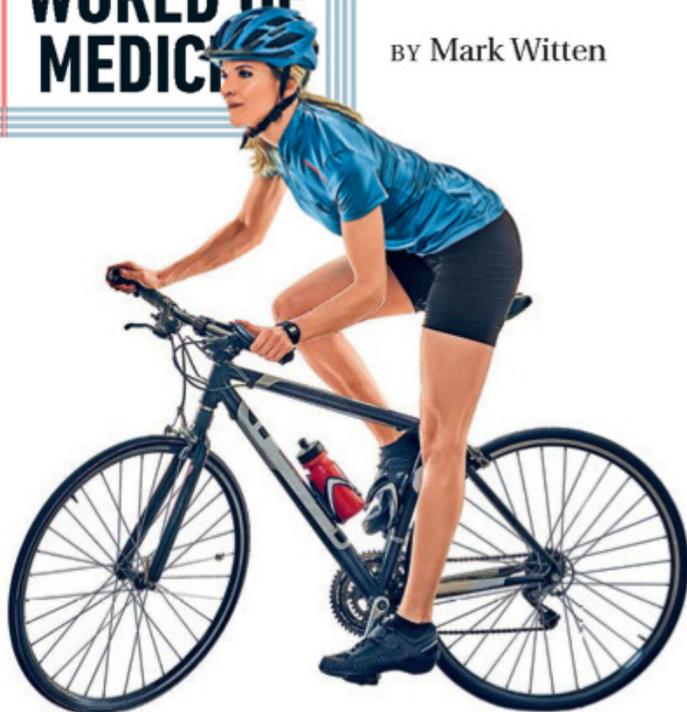
## **Try Medicated Eye Drops**

Open-angle glaucoma—the most common form of the condition—is caused by the clogging of drainage canals in the eye. This increases pressure in the eye and damages the fibres that make up the optic nerve (the part of the eye that transmits images to the brain).

Due to its painless, insidious nature, glaucoma often goes undiagnosed until it’s in an advanced stage; people with glaucoma may only notice it when their field of vision narrows, sometimes described as “tunnel vision.” While surgeries like a trabeculectomy, which involves creating an opening under the eyelid to allow fluid to drain, can stop the progression of the condition, the vision loss can’t be recovered. With regular eye exams, however, glaucoma can be caught early and treated with prostaglandin analogs—medicated eye drops that dissolve blockages. A similar medicated-drop treatment introduced in the 1870s needed to be administered as much as 50 times in a 24-hour period, but now, thanks to the discovery of more effective compounds, a simple once-a-day will do. **R**



BY Mark Witten



## WHY EXERCISE REDUCES CANCER RISK

Regular exercise has been known to reduce the risk of getting many forms of cancer—and now, a British study has identified some reasons why. Physical activity, it turns out, causes a cancer-fighting protein called interleukin-6 (IL-6) to be released into the bloodstream, where it can repair cells and slow tumour growth. Study participants at higher risk of colon cancer had larger amounts of the IL-6 protein in their blood after cycling on indoor bikes for 30 minutes than they did while resting. The conclusion: regular exercise—such as brisk walking, cycling or playing sports—can lower your colon-cancer risk by about 20 per cent, a finding researchers believe applies to other cancers, as well.

## New DNA Test for Drug Reactions

Every year, more than five million people in the U.K. feel no pain relief from codeine because of a peculiarity in their DNA. For the same reason, the antibiotic gentamicin can cause permanent loss of hearing in certain patients who take it. In fact, the British Pharmacological Society and Royal College of Physicians reported that 99.5 per cent of people have at least one abnormality in their DNA that can result in a drug not working or causing harm. Accordingly, the researchers have developed a genetic test that can be performed using either blood or saliva to determine whether a patient will respond appropriately to 40 of the most prescribed drugs. The new test could be rolled out as soon as next year, eventually reducing the risk of these adverse reactions to zero.

ISTOCKPHOTO.COM/OSTILL



## Home Cooking Boosts Mental Health

Cooking dinner can sometimes feel like a chore, but it comes with benefits that carry on long after you've cleaned the dishes. An Australian study found that people who took a weekly cooking class for two months improved not only their confidence in the kitchen but also their self-esteem in general. Before taking the classes, most participants knew little about how to make meals using fresh foods rather than with pre-prepared ingredients. After learning new cooking skills, they reported enjoying their food more, better general health and a greater interest and satisfaction in cooking for themselves and others.

## Activities Can Reduce Loneliness

Everyone wants more time to unwind, but research has shown that too much unstructured time isn't good for your state of mind—and can even instill a sense of loneliness. A Penn State study showed, however, that people who engaged in challenging activities that demanded creativity and concentration—painting or playing the piano, for example—were less affected by this phenomenon. Since loneliness is a leading cause of depression and triples the risk of developing dementia, it's worth taking up an immersive activity that makes time pass quickly.



## Physio May Be Best for an Achilles Injury

A ruptured Achilles tendon is often reattached with surgery, but that shouldn't be the only option considered. A study in *The New England Journal of Medicine* found that patients who skipped surgery in favour of rehab therapy had similar outcomes in terms of regaining their strength and jumping ability. The difference between the two treatments, then, is their risks: the Norwegian researchers showed that patients who underwent surgery were more likely to sustain nerve injuries related to the procedure, whereas rehab patients had a higher chance of re-rupture. Since any surgery also comes with the additional risks of excessive bleeding, infection and blood clots, it's a good idea to talk to your specialist about going the rehab route.

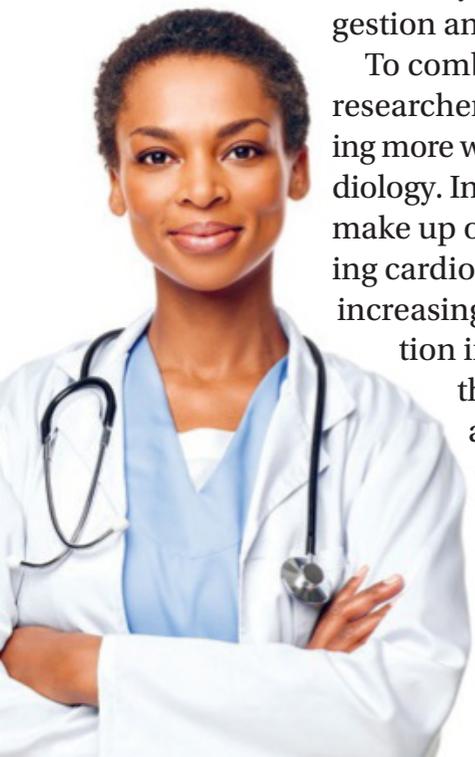
## Why Women Should See Female Cardiologists

According to a *Journal of the American College of Cardiology* study, women with heart disease ended up in the hospital less often and had a lower chance of premature death if their cardiologist was also a woman.

Researchers found that, compared to female heart specialists, their male counterparts generally underestimated stroke risk in female patients. Women were also less likely to receive intensive drug treatment for high cholesterol and high blood pressure when treated by a male cardiologist, leading to poorer outcomes.

One reason gender may influence the course of heart disease is because female doctors spend more time with patients on average and are better at picking up on the subtle cues—light-headedness or brief episodes of shortness of breath—from female patients. Additionally, female cardiologists may be more likely to recognize symptoms that present more in women than they do in men, such as indigestion and back pain.

To combat this phenomenon, researchers recommend encouraging more women to specialize in cardiology. In the U.S, for instance, they make up only 13 per cent of working cardiologists. They also suggest increasing gender-specific education in cardiology training through a curriculum that addresses specific differences in the symptoms, diagnoses and treatment of heart disease in women and men.



## Eat Cranberries for Your Heart

A British study found that people who ate the equivalent of 100 grams of cranberries (nine grams of whole cranberry freeze-dried powder) every day for one month increased their blood flow and prevented stiffening of the arteries.

## Get Less Shoe for Stronger Feet

A University of Liverpool study found that people who wore shoes with less heel and cushioning than a typical shoe—such as lightweight, minimalist-designed running shoes—increased their foot strength by almost 60 per cent after six months of daily use, improving balance and stability.





**Save \$1600 plus get our  
Exclusive free\* Shower Package!  
Call 1-888-315-9837!**

# Step into a safer, more comfortable bath.

*Our walk-in tub will change your bathing experience!*

Just walk in, sit down and enjoy – no more worries about bathing! And with built-in temperature control and powerful hydrotherapy to soothe aches and pains, the Safe Step tub becomes your own personal spa. Call us now to find out more – and **save \$1600** plus get our **Exclusive Shower Package** with height-adjustable showerhead, **free!**



*Low sealed door allows safer,  
easier entry and exit.*



*Handy remote adjusts heat  
and hydrotherapy.*



*MicroSoothe® jets turn your  
bathtub into a home spa.*



*Powerful massage helps  
relieve aches and pains.*



Canadian  
**SAFE STEP**  
WALK-IN TUB CO.

North America's leading supplier of walk-in bathtubs.

**Call for a quote or free info package:  
1-888-315-9837 | [www.gosafestep.ca](http://www.gosafestep.ca)**



MEDICAL MYSTERY

# Rashly Dismissed

*Despite a troubling collection of symptoms, doctors sent her home*

BY Sydney Loney

ILLUSTRATION BY VICTOR WONG

**E**STHER ERZAH COULDN'T afford to be sick, let alone contagious. In 2021, the then 46-year-old was running a licensed daycare out of her house in the Bronx. She also had five children of her own, ages 12 to 19, to keep safe. But on a trip to South Carolina for her eldest son's graduation in late June, she started feeling unusually weak. "I was walking around for a few hours and it was hot so I thought maybe I was just tired," Erzah says.



A few weeks and several negative Covid tests later, Erzah still wasn't feeling better. She had no energy, felt slightly feverish and was short of breath. But taking time off to see a doctor was out of the question; whatever it was, she would no longer be contagious, and too many other parents depended on her for child care. So she waited, hoping the symptoms would disappear on their own.

By August, though, the lymph nodes under her armpits had become swollen, and her head ached constantly. She also developed an eschar (a button-like sore with a black, scabby centre) on her right flank. At first, she thought it was just a pimple or a boil,

but within a week, it was accompanied by a red rash. Erzah headed to the emergency room at the nearby Montefiore Hospital.

Doctors examined the abscess—which can be caused by everything from burns to bedsores—and gave Erzah antibiotics to prevent infection. They told her to take acetaminophen for any pain and then sent her home.

Over the next two days, her symptoms worsened. A spotty, pustular rash appeared on her forehead, chin and cheeks, then spread across the rest of her body. She had a debilitating headache, neck pain, fever and chills, and she couldn't eat. "I thought maybe it was chicken pox, but I had that when I was a child," she says. "I was laid down flat. I couldn't take a shower because I was shivering so much, and I could barely walk from the bedroom to the living room." Her assistant took over running the daycare, and her husband brought her back to the hospital.

This time she wasn't sent home. Instead, infectious disease doctors were called in, and the information gathering began.

Erzah was born in Ghana but had lived in the United States for 14 years. She had no known allergies, was up to date on her vaccinations, no one else in her family was sick and, other than her trip to South Carolina, she hadn't travelled anywhere. Previous medical conditions included asthma, occasional migraines and chronic hepatitis

B, but otherwise she was healthy. She didn't have any pets but informed the doctors that she did occasionally have mice in her home, although she always called an exterminator at the first sign of them.

A lumbar puncture (which involves inserting a needle between two vertebrae to remove a fluid sample) ruled out meningitis. A nasal swab that can detect the flu, whooping cough and bacterial pneumonia also came back negative, and she didn't have Covid-19, West Nile, HIV or hepatitis C. The doctors had no idea what was causing her symptoms. "I didn't know what was happening to me, and it was scary," Erzah says.

## **SHE HAD A DEBILITATING HEADACHE, FEVER AND CHILLS, AND SHE COULDN'T EAT.**

---

Because of her rash, fever and persistent headache, the infectious disease team considered Rocky Mountain spotted fever or, more likely because Erzah had mentioned a mouse problem, rickettsialpox, which is transmitted by mites that live on mice. Either way, they immediately started her on a seven-day course of doxycycline, a broad-spectrum antibiotic used to treat

a range of bacterial infections, including tick-borne illnesses and anthrax.

Rocky Mountain spotted fever has a high mortality rate, so whenever doctors suspect it, they treat it right away, as it can only be confirmed months later with an antibody test, according to Dr. Carissa Windish, who was part of the infectious disease team investigating Erzah's case. The disease is a tick-borne illness, and symptoms include fever, chills, headache and sometimes, but not always, a rash. Untreated, the death rate is up to 80 per cent. Rocky Mountain spotted fever is usually associated with recent travel, but as part of her research, Windish discovered that it had originated in the Bronx in previous cases.

Although the symptoms are similar, rickettsialpox is much more benign and, while unpleasant, will usually resolve on its own in a matter of weeks. The disease was first discovered in New York but is found throughout the world, Windish says. It's named for the bacteria that

causes it (*Rickettsia akari*), and because the first cluster of cases, which were identified in 1946, were originally misdiagnosed as atypical chicken pox.

Doxycycline is the treatment for both Rocky Mountain spotted fever and rickettsialpox, and within two days of taking the antibiotic, Erzah's fever disappeared, along with her rash. But she still had no idea what had made her so sick. "Sometimes when we use doxycycline to treat a mystery illness, we never find out what was causing the symptoms," Windish says.

Erzah was discharged, although it took a month before she made a full recovery. "I was still so weak, but I had to work," she says. "After the parents picked up their children, I would just sit in a chair for three or four hours."

Then, six months later, Windish's team confirmed the diagnosis of rickettsialpox. Erzah was relieved, and grateful. "I am feeling good," she says. "And I'm happy to say we don't have mice in the house anymore." **R**



## Getting Chummy

**Friendship is the hardest thing in the world to explain.  
It's not something you learn in school. But if you haven't learned  
the meaning of friendship, you really haven't learned anything.**

MUHAMMAD ALI

**Lots of people want to ride with you in the limo,  
but what you want is someone who will take the bus with you  
when the limo breaks down.**

OPRAH WINFREY

COVER STORY



**Cheap!  
Cheap!  
Cheap!**

**Bring  
Your  
Loonies!**

ONE HECKUVA

# BARGAIN HUNTER'S GUIDE



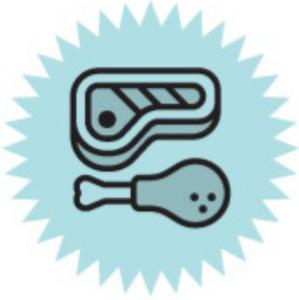
**Two-  
for-  
One!**

**Blow-  
Out  
Prices!**

49 tips and tricks to stretch  
your dollar this fall and beyond

BY Erin Pepler

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN MORAN  
LETTERING BY CHRISTOPHER ROULEAU



**Believe  
Your  
Eyes!**



**Once  
in a  
Lifetime!**



**Save  
Big!**

## Make Your Own Cleaning Products

---

Forget the expensive store-bought stuff and try mixing one part distilled white vinegar with two parts water and a splash of lemon. This home-made all-purpose cleaner is good for the kitchen, bathroom and most floors. Vinegar and cornstarch works for windows, and vinegar and baking soda is great for soap scum.

## Save Your Scraps

---

Instead of tossing your food scraps, get creative. Eggshells can be used to fertilize your garden or mellow out too-bitter coffee. Veggie scraps can make a delicious broth, and fruit scraps can be used to make a zingy vinegar. Next time, try an online recipe search before resorting to the bin!



**These Deals Are Steals!**

## Grocery Shop on Wednesdays

---

Weekly specials usually start mid-week, which means you'll get first dibs before anything sells out. But it's also when the shelves are freshly stocked—meaning it's also when a lot of the previous week's items are reduced for quick sale before their best-by date.

## Ask for Unbaked Goods at Costco

---

Some Costco stores in Canada will let you buy a box of frozen, uncooked Kirkland Signature cookies. You can typically get 120 cookies for under \$30, compared to about \$10 for a dozen baked ones. Call your local store first to check.

## Get Creative With Day-Old Bread

---

Many bakeries will sell their stale bread at a deep discount. It's perfect for French toast, bread pudding, croutons and bread crumbs. Making the latter ahead means you'll save yourself some time in the process!

## Buy Pet Food in Bulk

---

Bulk food stores have long aisles of candy, spices, baking supplies and snacks—but did you know they also carry pet food? Bring in a refillable

container and buy your pet's favourite food by weight instead of by the bag to save some cash.

## Track Your Budget With an App

If you're struggling to follow a budget or just want to see your spending at a glance, consider an app. Mint, YNAB (You Need a Budget) and Simplifi are all highly rated by users for their features and ease of use. Each app will help you track your income, spending, savings goals and more. Couples can also try Honeydue and Goodbudget to share an overall view of their finances.

## Mind Your Emergency Fund

You can mitigate the impact of unexpected expenses by putting a small amount of money into an emergency fund each month. Talk to your bank about high-interest online savings accounts, which are typically free and also tend to offer higher rates compared to a regular savings account, making them perfect for rainy-day saving.

## Redecorate With "Oops" Paint

If you want to freshen up your walls or even your cupboards, ask your local home-supply store if they have any "oops" paint for sale. This is a casual



term for paint that was custom-mixed and rejected or returned by a customer. It's hugely discounted (sometimes just \$10 a gallon!) and a great deal if you can find a colour you like.

## Cancel Subscriptions

During the pandemic, subscribing to multiple streaming services was a necessary way to pass the time. Then the bills came in: nearly \$50 a month if you have Netflix, Crave and Disney+. Cancel anything you haven't used in three months or, if you can't decide, the one that comes with the highest price tag. Also get rid of any club or fitness memberships you aren't using, as well as entertainment packages like satellite radio.

## Haggle Down Your Telecom Bill

If your monthly telephone, cable and Internet bills are higher than you'd like

(and they probably are!), call your service provider to ask about deals and promotions. Even if no promotions are being advertised, providers may be willing to reduce your monthly fee or offer credit. Reps often have a limited number of credits to give customers in a given shift, so the early bird gets the worm (or the better deal, in this case).

## Use Cash

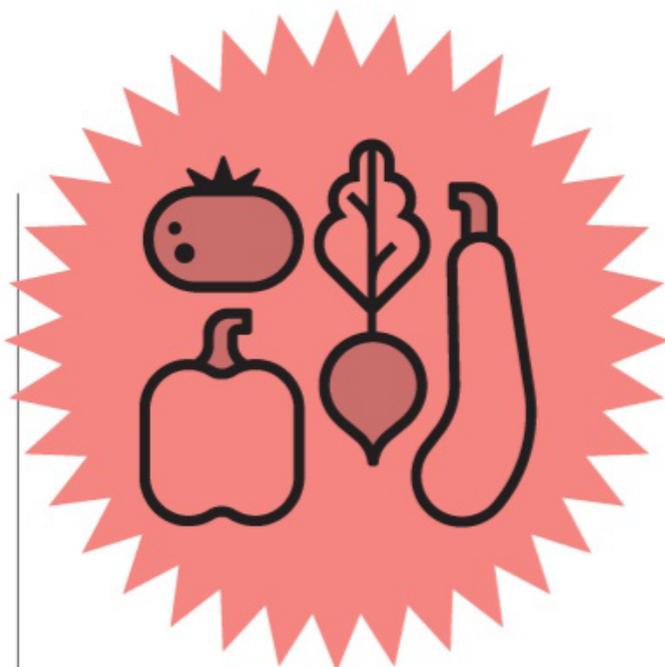
Cut back on overspending by saying goodbye to plastic and making cash your friend. "I started paying cash for everything while tackling some debt—seeing your money disappear makes you spend more conservatively," says Caitlin, a copywriter and mother of two who lives in Toronto. "It forced us to shop sales, compare prices and plan our meals."

## Switch to a Credit Union

Consider a credit union instead of a bank, as they often have lower fees—as much as 25 per cent lower in some cases—and better interest rates. They're also member-owned and not-for-profit. Check different credit unions to see what other perks they offer.

## Grow a Vegetable Garden

Start from seeds to maximize your savings. They're usually no more than a



couple bucks, and you can economize even more by learning to harvest your seeds for future seasons. If you don't have a backyard, use pots or raised planters. Some regions also have community gardens where residents can access a garden plot in a public space (sometimes even for free).

## Keep a Minimum Balance

Kathy, a retired teacher in Burlington, Ont., saves \$360 a year by keeping a minimum balance in her account. Many financial institutions will cover the cost of your monthly or annual fees if you keep your account balance above a certain amount—commonly between \$3,000 and \$5,000.

## Exploit Credit Card Points

Many credit cards offer cash back or rewards points that can be redeemed

for some of the essentials that are eating up your budget, like gas or groceries. Look into credit card options with no annual fee or a low, manageable fee that's worth the payback in points.

## Take Advantage of Tax Rebates

Tax credits and deductions can save you a lot of money, but only if you know about them. Familiarize yourself with tax credits and deductions that could result in a larger refund, such as those for charitable donations, digital news subscriptions and moving expenses.

## Host a Movie Night

Instead of going to the movies, gather around your at-home big screen or split the cost of a projector rental (prices typically start at around \$130) and play your favourite flick in the backyard using a streaming service or DVD. To keep it low cost, BYO snacks!

## Plan Ahead and Drive Less

Whether you own your own car or use a car-sharing service, you still need to pay for ever-pricier fuel. Map out your route ahead of time and combine errands to make each trip more cost-effective. If you can buy gas every 10 days instead of once a week, you'll fill up approximately 16 times less over the course of a year.

## Ditch Your Car

Sometimes the best car is no car. Cut maintenance and insurance fees out of your budget by using a car-sharing option like Zipcar or Enterprise Car-Share. Fees typically run up to \$14 per hour or about \$105 for the day.

## Schedule Potlucks

Share food, laughter and sunshine at a backyard potluck or outdoor picnic lunch. Not only will you get a chance to impress everyone with a new twist on grandma's classic potato-salad recipe, but making—and sharing—one big dish is cheaper than dining out. Invest in some reusable dishes from the dollar store to keep it low waste and even more budget-friendly.

## Always Empty Your Fridge

Caitlin also challenged herself and her family to empty the fridge before bringing in more food. That means keeping



**Blow-Out Prices!**

track of what's already there, eating leftovers, coming up with creative recipes for leftover produce and not buying new condiments (i.e., finish one bottle of salad dressing before buying another). It's made for almost zero food waste and approximately \$50 each week in savings—that's around \$2,500 a year.

## **Beware of "Shrinkflation"**

Watch out for packaged items that have shrunk in quantity while remaining at the same sticker price. That box of cereal you love may still be \$5.99, but if it's been reduced by 10 or even 20 per cent in volume, you're paying more. Known as shrinkflation, this is a sneaky way to overcharge consumers for anything from packaged beverages and foods to cleaning supplies and toiletries. Pay attention to the price per

pound, litre or 100 grams for the best possible deal. This may mean buying in bulk or switching to a comparable product from a discount brand.

## **Buy Meat in Bulk**

If you can afford the upfront cost, you may be able to save big by purchasing larger quantities of meat from a local butcher or a bulk grocery store and freezing it for later use. Also, ask your butcher to suggest less expensive alternatives to your favourite cuts—like a Denver steak instead of a rib-eye.

## **Skip the Big Brands**

Unless they're on sale, avoid the costlier name brands in favour of cheaper (but still great!) alternatives. Look for your grocer's house label, as well as generic products (think "facial tissues" instead of Kleenex). This can save as much as 75 per cent on many items. Buying generic condiments, rice and canned goods is a great place to start.

## **Zap Your Browser History**

The ads you see online are geared toward your browser activity—which is why it might feel like that dress you've been eyeing is following you from site to site. This can make it tempting to spend. To avoid these personalized promos, delete your history and

**The Price Is Right!**



cookies throughout the week—or use a private browsing tab (called going “incognito” if you’re a Chrome user) when looking at e-commerce sites.

## Price Match

You don’t need an app to score a bargain. Try price matching with paper flyers at the register. You can also save money by price matching larger items, like electronics and appliances. Some retailers—such as Home Depot—will even beat their competitors’ advertised price by 10 per cent.

## Plan Meals Around the Flyer

“Shop from the front page of the flyer,” advises Janet Gray, a certified financial planner and consultant with Money Coaches Canada. Plan meals around whatever deals are offered instead of buying the same products

each week—it might even lead you to some new favourites.

## Split Groceries With Friends and Family

If you have a small family or live alone, buying in bulk can still help you save. Plan your shopping trips with a friend or two and divide up those huge bags of oranges, sweet potatoes, snack foods and household goods.

## Do a Clothing Swap

What’s old is new again! Look for a local community swap meet on Facebook or on the announcements board at your library. If you can’t find one, arrange an informal meetup with friends. You can also organize an accessories swap, a book swap or similar events.

## Shop in Pairs

Many retailers place restrictions on “loss leaders”—heavily discounted items meant to attract new customers. To get around “one per shopper,” bring a partner and cash out separately.

## Try Bartering

Make arrangements with friends, family members or neighbours who could benefit from your skills while offering their own. Don’t be shy! If your neighbour is a mechanic and you’re a fantastic

gardener, ask if you can clean up their yard and flower beds in exchange for a tune-up.

## **Pan for Free Gold**

---

Look for Freecycle groups on Facebook, where users give away unwanted items—everything from furniture to clothes, decor and even plants. It's also a great way to declutter your house.

## **Use Online Coupon Finders**

---

Consider installing a browser extension like Honey to automatically apply coupons and save you money when you shop online. You can also use Rakuten to earn cash back. There are more deals out there than you may realize!

## **Sell Unused Items**

---

Try Facebook Marketplace, Kijiji or similar sites. You may end up getting rid of that air fryer that just sits there or the dress shoes you haven't worn in years. This type of purge-and-sell approach may create enough cash inflow to cover the cost of a one-off expense, like a birthday gift or a night out.

## **Repair Instead of Buy**

---

Whether it's a damaged phone or a broken zipper on your favourite winter

jacket, consider repairing an item instead of replacing it. Learning just a few simple sewing fixes—using a small kit from the dollar store—can considerably prolong the life of your clothes.

## **Borrow Your Tools**

---

When you need a tool for a one-time repair, try to borrow the item instead of buying it. Ask friends and neighbours if they have what you need, or check out one of the many non-profit tool libraries across Canada, from Toronto to Vancouver. Many offer cheap annual memberships. Plus you won't need to find space to store that power drill!

## **Find Cheap Admission Days**

---

Many local art galleries and museums offer free or reduced admission on certain days. If you're a senior, it pays to make a list of attractions that discount admission throughout the week. Plus, if you're new to Canada, you get free



admission to over 1,400 attractions by using the Canoo app.

## **Kick the Can Down the Road**

---

You may have to replace a decades-old roof, but do you really need a new TV? If a potential purchase is due to a case of “keeping up with the Joneses,” rather than necessity, kick that can.

## **Access Free Financial Advice**

---

Gray recommends contacting Credit Counselling Canada if you’re struggling to manage debt and need personalized advice. Because they’re a not-for-profit organization, this service is provided at no or low cost. They offer in-person and virtual sessions, and their website also features a self-assessment tool and live chat where you can ask questions.

## **Slash Energy Bills**

---

Channel your inner dad and remind yourself to shut off the lights when you leave the room. Also, unplug small appliances that aren’t in use, run the dishwasher and laundry machine during non-peak hours and keep your air conditioning set to 26 C, which is considered the perfect money-saving temperature for balmy summer months. The earth will thank you (and so will your wallet).



**Check Out These Deals!**

## **Try Free Fitness**

---

Many cities offer free outdoor fitness classes on the weekends. You may be able to try a yoga class, enjoy tai chi in the park or even get some cardio in with a running club. Start by checking your city’s municipal website for public schedules.

## **Party at a Community Festival**

---

Check your local parks and rec website to learn about free outdoor concerts, movie nights in the park or perhaps a cultural festival, then load up your calendar with family-friendly fun. Plan ahead and pack a small cooler to avoid overspending on food and drinks!

## **Use Apps to Find Cheap Gas**

---

Download GasBuddy, Gas Guru or Waze to help find the best price on fuel throughout the day, with each app giving frequent price updates. You may also want to get a points card for each local gas station—you could collect



points for perks, like cash back or other budget-friendly rewards.

## Exploit Your Library

Yes, your local library has thousands of books. But many also provide free computer access, a play space for children, author events, concerts and more. Ask your librarian for guidance and a calendar of events, then make the most of it!

## Get a Free Parks Pass

If you like hiking but can't afford the entrance fee at your favourite conservation area, check with your local library—it's common for branches to have an entrance pass you can borrow for free. They may also lend out passes to other local attractions.

## Apply for Partial Drug Coverage

You may qualify for partial prescription medication coverage from your provincial government. In Ontario, for example, seniors aged 65 and over qualify for support under the Ontario Drug Benefit (ODB) program. Your pharmacist has the details.

## Fly for Cheap

Before booking a trip, check Google Flights to identify potential flights. Then select "track prices" and wait. You'll get an email alert whenever the price goes up or down. Just plan ahead and be patient—it can take a few weeks of price monitoring before you see a number you like.

## Buy Off-Season

When a season wraps, take stock of your needs for next year. Summer's end is the time to buy warm-weather clothing and shoes, as well as BBQs, patio furniture and camping gear. Similarly, buy new holiday decor when everything is on clearance in the days following the celebration. 



### When's Recess?

In my last year of school, I was voted class optimist and class pessimist.  
Looking back, I realize I was only half right.

JACK NICHOLSON

READER'S DIGEST

# Best Health



## Bright Ideas for Healthy Living

Sign Up for the brand new *Best Health* newsletter—it's FREE!

- The latest in health and wellness
- Tasty, low-stress recipes
- Easy fitness routines
- Beauty tips and tricks
- Exclusively for Canadians!

[besthealthmag.ca/newsletter](http://besthealthmag.ca/newsletter)

AS KIDS SEE IT



“It’s a secret family recipe, passed down for generations.”

**My 10-year-old** daughter asked if we have to pick up her brother from school, noting, “He has to go to school tomorrow anyway.”

—[@BUNANDLEGGINGS](#)

**My five-year-old** asked where the app was on my phone for calling people.

—[@MOMSENSE\\_ENSUES](#)

**My kid tonight** at bedtime, after I paused a beat when opening a storybook: “Turn the sound on, Mama.”

—[@CDELLAMORE](#)

**I made my toddler** a smoothie for the first time, and now she keeps asking for more “yogurt water.”

—[@COFFEENCRUSTS](#)

**I came home** one day to find my three-year-old daughter watching TV with my husband. She said, “Mommy! You’re a princess in a movie!” They were watching our wedding video.

—[REDDIT.COM](#)

**It’s hailing.** Or as my kid calls it, “crunchy rain.”

—[@LYDIAYKANG](#)

**While playing with** my four-year-old son, I picked up his Batman action figure and said, “I’m Batman, the Dark Knight.” He then picked up Superman and answered, “I’m Superman, the Sunny Day.”

—CHARLINE AGULTO,  
*West St. Paul, Minn.*

**My four-year-old grandson:** That tree is dead.

**Me:** What does that mean?

**My four-year-old grandson:** That means you have to charge it.

—[@ESTEESTIMLER](#)

**When I asked** my daughter why she didn’t like her school’s guided meditation, she said, “Because I don’t want people telling me when to breathe, that’s why.”

—[@JESSICAVALENTI](#)

**My five-year-old** thought it was living room and dying room as opposed to living room and dining room. No wonder mealtimes have been so stressful.

—[@DAVIDWCOCHRANE](#)

**My three-year-old:** “Mom, when I grow up, I want to be a cozy blanket. Or Santa Claus.”

—[@BRISOMMWITES](#)

**Every day** my daughter regales me with the best stories about recess, and when I asked her once why recess is always so dramatic, she said, “Daddy, one recess can change the world.”

—[@DAD\\_AT\\_LAW](#)

**My 11-year-old son’s** fingernails were neatly trimmed except for his thumbs, which were unnaturally spear-shaped. When I asked him about this, he said he needed them to play the ukulele in music class at school.

—MARIA BARANOWSKI,  
*Winnipeg*

**My six-year-old** daughter just told me she wanted to stay up later. I told her, “Okay, 10 more minutes.” Then she countered, “How about 40 more hours?” I think we need to work on negotiations.

—[@CURIOSITYBOOKED](#)

**I was admiring** my granddaughter’s new gold shoes and said to her, “I want a pair of shoes just like that!” She responded, “Nana, when these shoes get bigger, I’ll give them to you.”

—LAURIE TRAYER, *Hope, B.C.*

**My seven-year-old** grandson talks continuously. I asked him if he thought his tongue would last him a lifetime. He replied, “They say I take after you, and you’re doing all right.”

—CHAS GALLANT,  
*Antigonish, N.S.*

**My three-year-old:** Do you know what pregnant means? It means you can’t bend over.

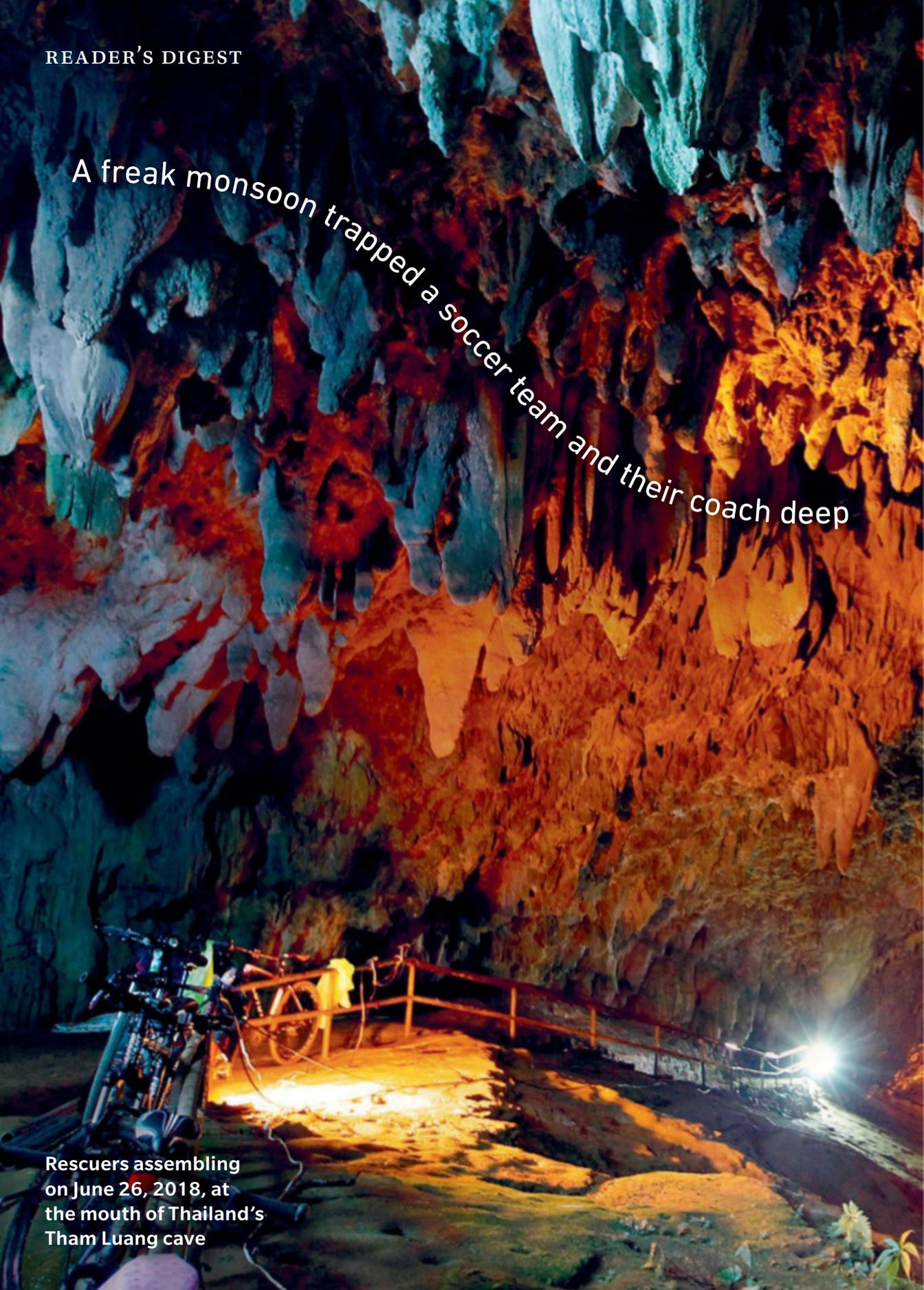
—[@MYCURIOSITYLAB](#)

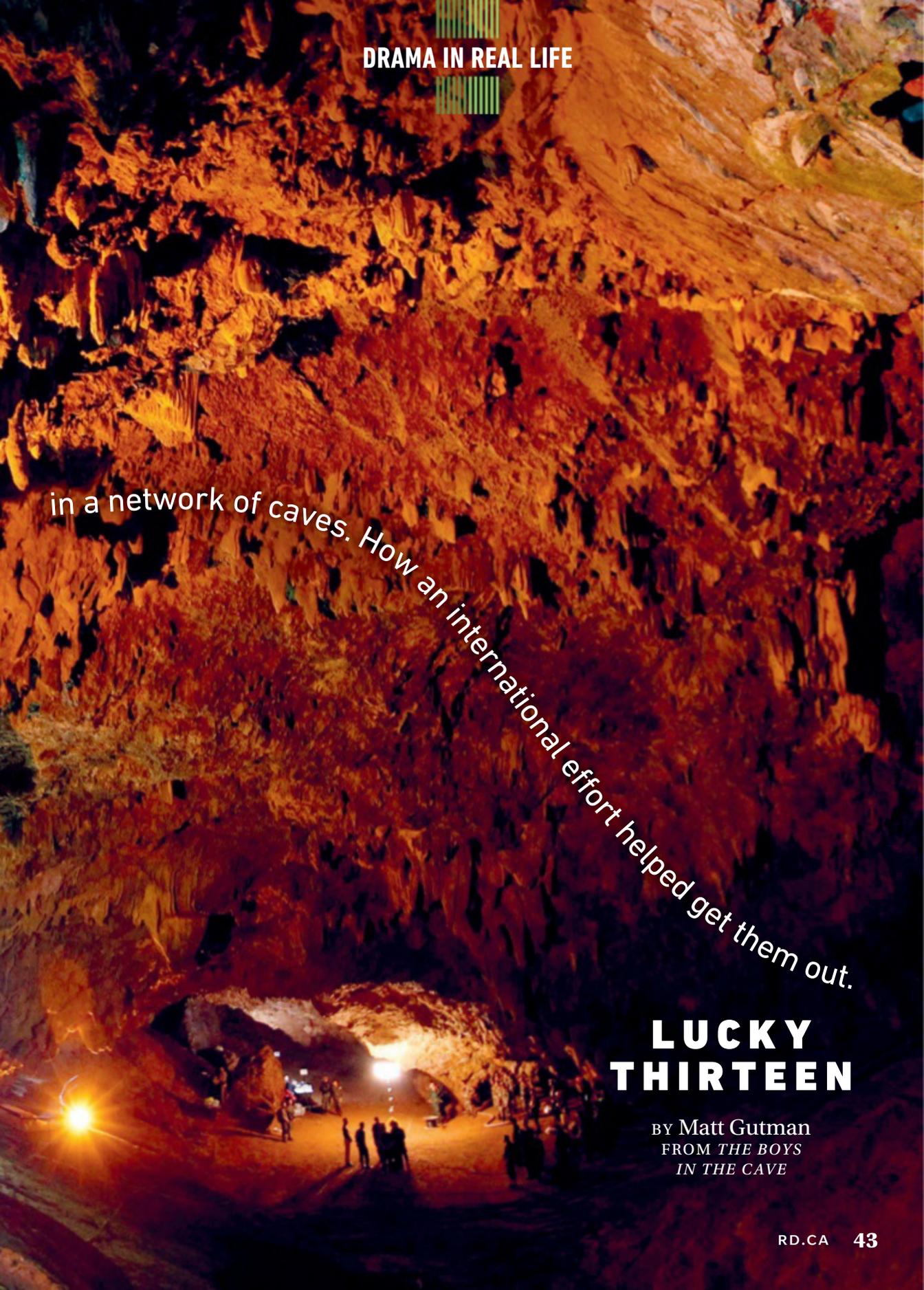
---

**Send us your original jokes! You could earn \$50 and be featured in the magazine. See page 7 or [rd.ca/joke](http://rd.ca/joke) for details.**

A freak monsoon trapped a soccer team and their coach deep

Rescuers assembling  
on June 26, 2018, at  
the mouth of Thailand's  
Tham Luang cave





DRAMA IN REAL LIFE

in a network of caves. How an international effort helped get them out.

## LUCKY THIRTEEN

BY Matt Gutman  
FROM *THE BOYS*  
IN THE CAVE

**SOCCER PRACTICE FOR** the Moo Pa (“Wild Boars”) team had just ended when assistant coach Ekkapol Chantawong—or “Ek”—suggested that he and the players take refuge from the simmering mid-afternoon heat by exploring the Tham Luang cave. Ek, a boyish 25 and more a big brother to the kids than a drill sergeant, heard no complaints. The cave, at the base of a mountain in northern Thailand, was a favourite hangout.

That Saturday, June 23, 2018, at noon, the Moo Pa jumped on their bikes and rode half an hour to Tham Luang. Parking their bikes outside, they entered the cave, passing a sign that read: *Danger!! From July to November the cave can flood.*

Coach Ek wasn't worried; it was June and the monsoon rains that could flood the cave's channels were still weeks away. Behind him were 12 players who, like many Thais, went by nicknames: Night, 17; Tee, 16; Note and Nick, 15; Bew, Adul and Tern, 14; Dom, Pong, Mark and Mick, 13; and Titan, 11.

The mouth of the cave was large enough to fit the Taj Mahal. Mud stains six metres up showed the high-water mark of previous years' floods. Walking farther into the cave, their way lit by flashlights, the team climbed over boulders, slid down steep slopes, walked through puddles and ducked at those points where the ceiling was only a few feet high. About one and a half kilometres in, they turned left at a T-junction

and climbed down into a bowl-shaped recess. Their destination: a sandbar inside the caves named Pattaya Beach, more than a half-kilometre farther in.

About 15 minutes later, they reached Pattaya Beach and stopped for a break. Titan, experiencing the cave for the first time, was creeped out by the dark and the spooky shadows cast by their flashlights. But he didn't dare tell the older boys.

Coach Ek checked his watch; they'd been in the cave about an hour. It was time to head out.

But before they reached the T-junction, instead of the puddles they had crossed on the way in, they found deep, fast-moving water. Ek told the others he would check it out. He pulled a rope from his bag, tied it around his waist and instructed three of the bigger boys: “If I yank twice, pull me back. If I don't, you can come.”

Ek dove down, but the darkness, depth and current defeated him. He yanked twice. Night felt a surge of panic as he helped haul his coach back up.

It was now late afternoon. The boys hadn't eaten in hours and were growing anxious. Afraid they would panic, Ek told them something he didn't believe himself—that the water would recede by morning.

“You'll see,” he said. “Why don't we find a place to sleep?”

They retreated to the high sandbar of Pattaya Beach, which typically remained dry during floods. Ek led the

boys in Buddhist prayers, chants that he hoped would soothe them. As they lay down to sleep, the Moo Pa had no way of knowing that the monsoon rains had arrived early.

**THAT NIGHT, WHEN** their sons hadn't arrived home, the Moo Pa's parents grew alarmed. At 10 p.m., a team of rescuers arrived at the mouth of the cave, only to be turned away by the rising water. A few parents made their way to the mouth of the cave. A ranger stopped them from going in. Instead, they shouted into the entrance: "Night!" "Bew!" "Dom!" "Titan!" No response.

## **RISING WATER FORCED RESCUERS OUT OF THE CAVE AND PUSHED THE BOYS FURTHER IN.**

---

The next day, at 7 a.m., more rescuers arrived at the cave. Among them was Vern Unsworth, a 63-year-old local British man who knew this place better than anyone: over several expeditions, he had created an extensive survey of the cave system.

At the T-junction, Unsworth stopped in his tracks. The bowl he'd seen so many times was now completely underwater. He had been told there was water, but he hadn't expected this

much. There was nothing he could do but return to the mouth of the cave.

While Unsworth was forced out of the cave because of the rising water, the boys were pushed farther in for the very same reason. About two kilometres from the entrance, the muddy ground slanted upward toward the cave wall, leading to a flatter area where they could sit and wait to be saved. They were cold, hungry and scared. Whenever a boy started to cry, the others would hold him and try to cheer him up. They had no food, but the stream below gave them water.

It wasn't much, but it would be home for the next two weeks.

**DAYS PASSED AND** still nobody knew where the boys were in the cave or whether they had survived. Royal Thai Navy SEALs, an elite fighting force, searched various passageways but had no luck finding them. Would-be helpers gathered outside the cave, and the world watched live news reports, hoping for a miracle. But as the waters continued to rise, the military suspended rescue attempts.

On day five, an expert in water management created a system of pipes and pumps to divert water from seeping into the cave. It helped slow the deluge. But over the next few days, rescuers were still unable to find the boys. They simply didn't have the expertise. What was needed were seasoned spelunkers with the technical know-how to

navigate the dark, fast-moving waters and climb the tricky passageways.

On day 10, two of the world's best cave divers, British citizens Rick Stanton, 57, and John Volanthen, 48, arrived. Unsworth sketched a map of the cave system for the two men. It showed nine distinct chambers, all troublesome in their own way. The first two chambers made up the vast entrance. The third chamber featured a steep 45-degree slope crowded with boulders, stalagmites and stalactites that needed to be negotiated. Chambers four through eight were likely completely or partially flooded and extremely narrow. In certain places, rescuers would have to take off their oxygen tanks to pass through. Chamber nine was where Unsworth thought the boys might be.

For three hours, Stanton and Volanthen swam against the current, breathing heavily through their regulators and carefully unspooling a thin guideline behind them, their link to the outside world. They were now deeper into the Tham Luang cave than any of the rescuers before them.

Stanton checked his air gauge; he had used about a third of his supply, which was a signal to turn back soon. Cave divers use a third of a tank on the journey in, save a third for the journey out and reserve a third in case of trouble, like getting lost or stuck.

They passed Pattaya Beach, which the rising water had now swallowed

up. Chamber nine, according to Unsworth's map, was a few hundred metres beyond.

Along the way, any time they noticed air pockets above they'd bob up and take a sniff, their noses supplying information their eyes couldn't. They'd arrived at chamber nine. Before taking his mask off once again, Stanton made a mental note to tell Volanthen they should turn around. And then he sniffed. It was the smell of either human excrement—or decaying bodies.

"Hey, John," he said. "We've got something."

Then they heard voices. As they drifted toward the sound, they saw a beam of light flick on and scan the water.

Moments earlier, Coach Ek had heard the men's voices. He asked everyone to hush. Too tired to move, Ek told Mick, who was holding their flashlight, to go to the water's edge to see if there was anything there. But Mick froze with fear as he watched what looked like two alien creatures with hoses attached to their mouths and helmets with lights surface from the water.

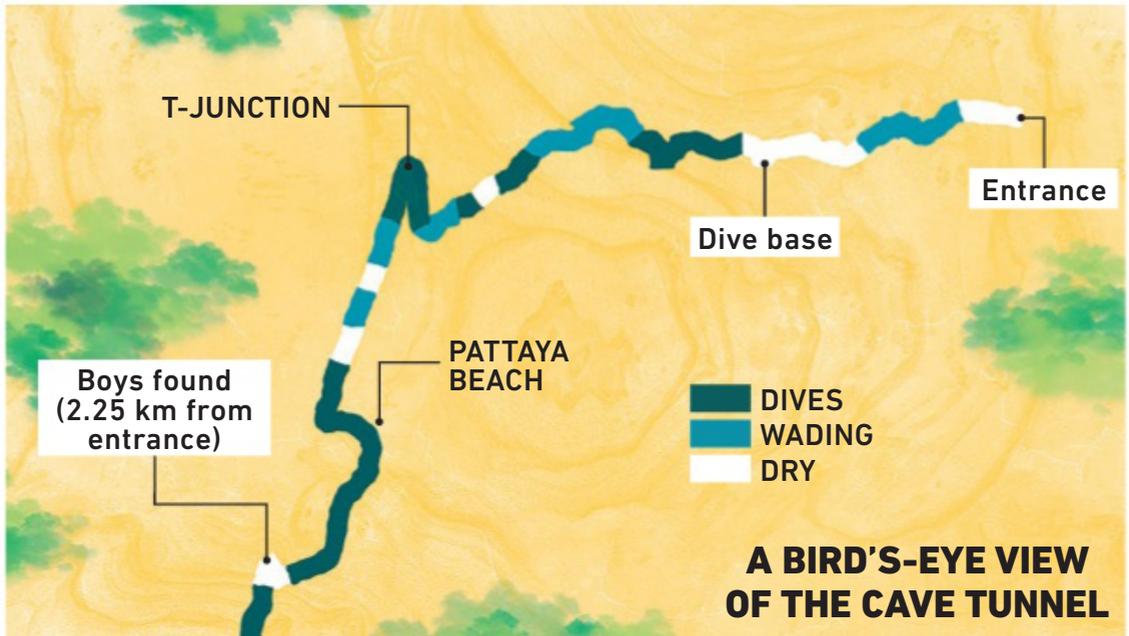
The divers' headlights illuminated the Moo Pa soccer players, momentarily blinding them.

"How many are you?" shouted Volanthen.

"Thirteen!" came the reply in English.

"Brilliant," said Volanthen, relieved to hear they were all alive.

"We are hungry," said the boys. They lifted their jerseys to reveal bony



rib cages. The divers had not expected to find the boys alive and had no food for them.

Stanton took stock of the group. The little ones and the coach seemed lethargic and frail, but some of the bigger boys appeared surprisingly energetic.

After 20 minutes, Volanthen made the difficult announcement that they would be leaving the team behind for the time being. It was too dangerous to try to rescue them then and there.

“But many people are coming,” Volanthen assured them.

“When?” asked one desperate boy.

“We hope tomorrow,” Volanthen said, though he couldn’t possibly be sure. He couldn’t be sure of anything. He couldn’t be sure how untrained rescuers would get through the flooded cave with food and provisions, and he certainly wasn’t sure how to get

the boys out alive. All he and Stanton could do now was return to their base and, with the help of others, devise a nearly impossible rescue plan.

Before the two men dipped back into the water, each boy came over and wrapped skinny arms around them.

“I am so happy,” Adul told them.

“We are happy, too,” replied Volanthen.

**THE NEXT DAY**, seven Thai SEALs, following the guide-lines set up by Stanton and Volanthen, made the perilous journey to chamber nine. They came bearing blankets, medical supplies and food—the first the boys had tasted in nearly two weeks.

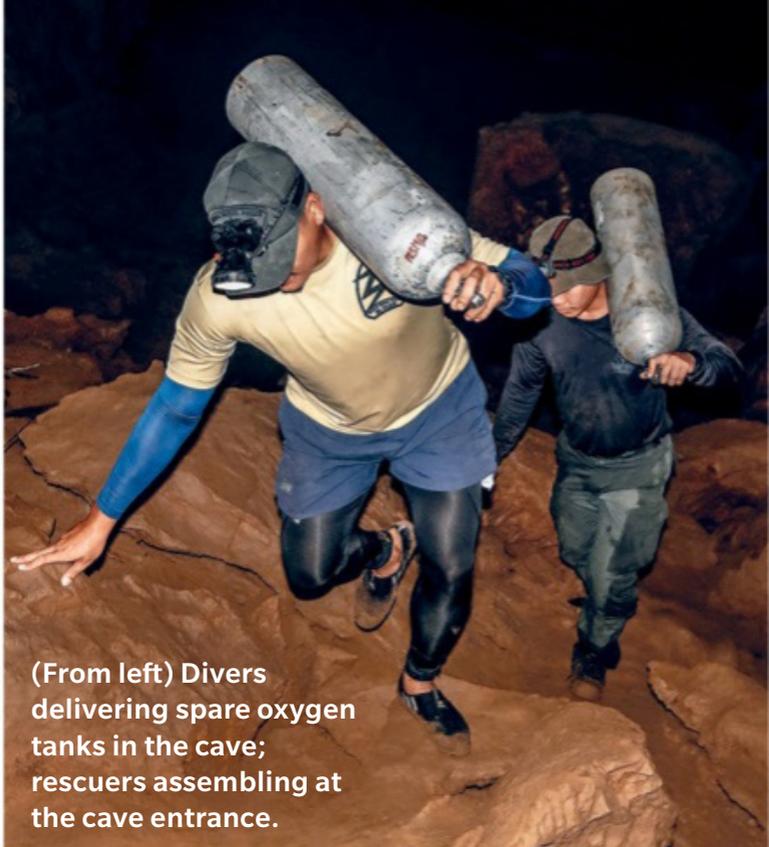
Outside the cave, an American military pararescue unit, called in from a base in Okinawa, Japan, was placed in charge of rescue-plan logistics.

No one had ever attempted a rescue this tricky or of this magnitude inside a flooded cave. There were no easy options. That meant every scheme, no matter how far-fetched, was on the table. The most obvious plan—having the boys swim out—was immediately scrapped. There were long underwater passages. If a boy panicked, he and his rescuers could drown.

One hotly debated proposal called for leaving the boys in the cave until the end of the monsoon season—four months away. Some argued they'd be safe there; others insisted they'd go crazy inside that long. It all became moot when it was determined that there wasn't enough oxygen in the chamber for them to last that long.

Another plan that met with initial skepticism was to sedate the boys and have rescuers swim them out. It sounded doable, but what if the kids woke up during transit? After bandying about other ideas—none that seemed workable—the team came back to the notion of sedation. And the more they talked it out, the more it came into focus.

The linchpins of the rescue team would be two recently arrived Australian cavers: Richard Harris, an anesthesiologist, and his caving partner, Craig Challen. At dive time, Harris would



(From left) Divers delivering spare oxygen tanks in the cave; rescuers assembling at the cave entrance.

administer two injections: ketamine to knock the boys out and atropine to dry up their mouths and lungs so they wouldn't choke on saliva.

The rescue as devised would require a dozen divers working in shifts over three days. Each would be assigned one boy to bring out. The divers would be given a pouch containing loaded syringes and taught how to administer the shots should the medication wear off in passage.

The plan also called for hundreds of air tanks to be hauled to points set up along the extraction route that divers could swap out for their emptied tanks. Flexible plastic stretchers called Skeds, which would wrap around each kid like a taco, were also dropped off in chamber three. The boys would need to be put into them through the



treacherous last stretch before the cave entrance.

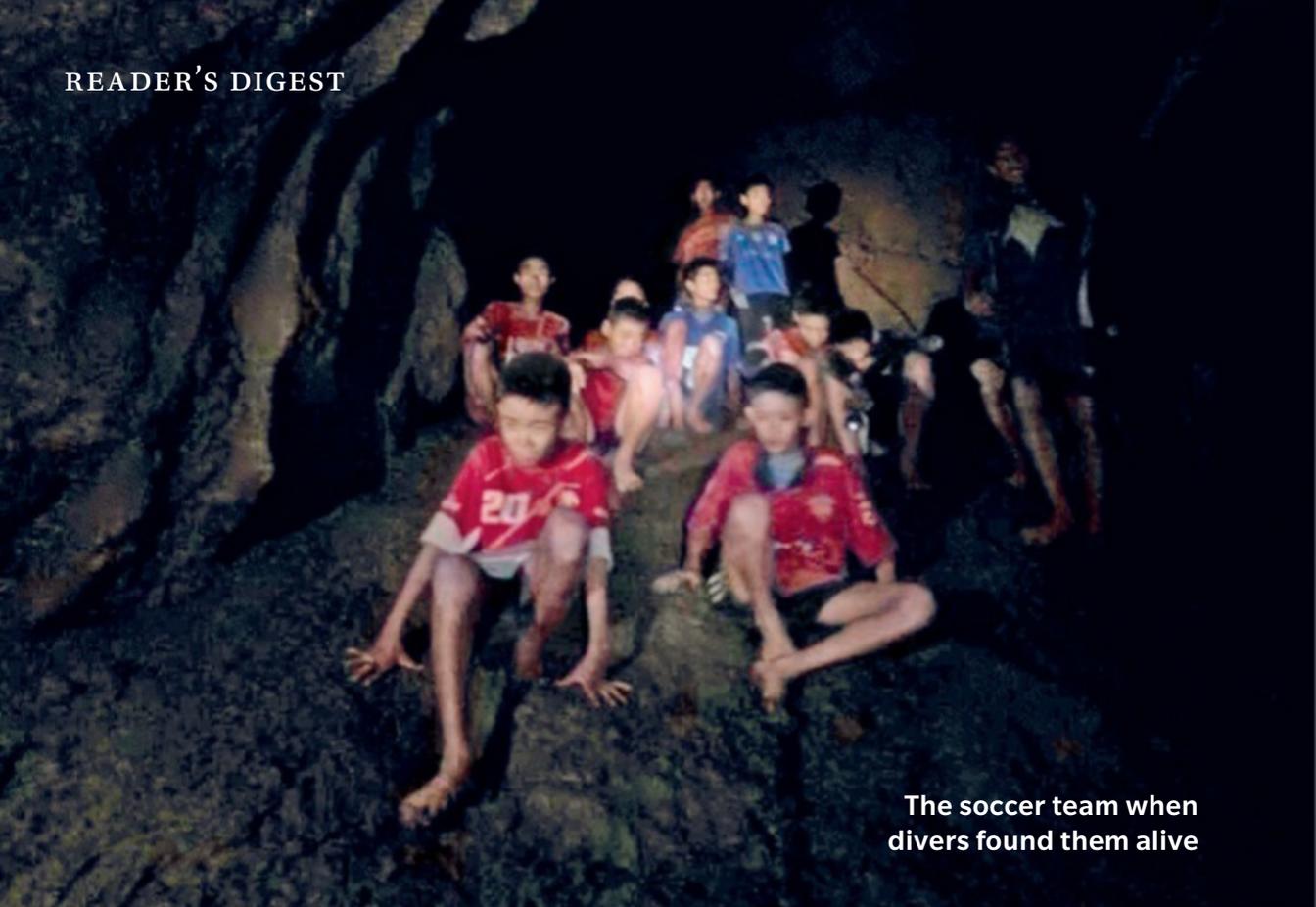
Despite the meticulous planning, the rescuers knew that casualties were a strong possibility. There were just too many things that could go wrong, a fact driven home when a volunteer ran out of oxygen and died while ferrying air tanks.

**AT 10 A.M. ON SUNDAY,** July 8, the lead divers—Harris, Challen, Stanton, Volanthen and two more British citizens, Jason Mallinson and Chris Jewell—slipped into the water at chamber three, spaced a few minutes apart. Medical staff would wait in this chamber for their return with the kids.

The first boy out would be Note. Harris administered the shots, and after Note faded from consciousness, Harris

and Mallinson zip-tied his arms and legs to prevent them from getting entangled or injured, and strapped on a positive-pressure face mask, which would feed air continuously to ensure the boy kept breathing while comatose. Harris tested the mask seal by dunking the boy's head into the water. Note stopped breathing. An eternal 30 seconds later, bubbles flowed from the side of his mask. He was exhaling. Good.

With an oxygen tank now secured around Note's waist, Mallinson gripped the two straps on the back of the boy's inflatable vest and started kicking, following the guide-line. The first section was the longest—a continuous 20-minute, 300-metre swim. At the end was a choke point; Mallinson had to contort Note's body to get him through.



The soccer team when divers found them alive

Note's head, facing down, inevitably struck unseen rocks. His bare feet dangled low and scraped the sharp rocks and gravel on the tunnel floor. But Mallinson's mission wasn't necessarily to bring the boy out unscathed; it was just to bring him out alive. His sole focus was the mask's seal. If it became dislodged, the boy could drown.

Soon after the two emerged in chamber eight, Volanthen arrived with the second boy, Tern, followed 20 minutes later by Jewell with the third boy, Nick. Then one by one, each diver and boy entered the water-filled hollow at chamber seven and kept going.

Back at chamber nine, Harris dosed that day's last boy, Night, with ketamine. For a few moments he stopped

breathing—then a slow breath came. Stanton nosed the boy into the canal, watching carefully for the bubbles that indicated breathing. Fifty metres out, he shouted back to Harris: "He doesn't seem to be breathing much!" Night was breathing maybe three times a minute.

"There's nothing we can do—keep going!" Harris shouted back.

With four boys on their way out, Harris set off. Arriving in chamber eight, he saw that Night was not looking well. He was blue and cold, barely breathing. Harris lay cheek-to-sand cradling the boy's head, trying to keep his airway open, and thinking, *This is going really badly*. But then Night began to take sporadic sips of breath and soon his breathing stabilized—in

fact, he was coming to. Harris knocked him out with another ketamine jab. Stanton resumed their journey.

Ahead of them, Mallinson, the first diver, was leaving chamber seven when he felt Note twitch—he, too, was coming to. In neck-deep water, Mallinson pinned Note against the wall while searching his bag for the syringe pack. When he found it, the syringes popped out and began slowly floating away. Mallinson managed to grab one and injected Note's leg with more ketamine. The twitching subsided.

The last choke point was a vertical squeeze from chamber four into chamber three that went straight up, then straight down. It was the most challenging portion of the dive. Visibility was poor, and for the rescuers, feeling their way was even more difficult when holding both the guide-line and a boy.

Mallinson pulled Note upright, stuffed him through the narrow opening and slid in behind, careful not to let go.

With the worst of the cave-diving behind them, they arrived in chamber three, where the medical staff descended on Note. One pararescuer flipped him onto his side; he was unresponsive. A doctor assessed his vitals.

"He's alive!" came the call.

Now another kilometre had to be covered to get Note out. First he was strapped into a Sked, which was harnessed to a rope-and-pulley system rescuers had built over the previous few days, which would enable the boys

to be lifted over a series of boulders. After that, the Sked was carried about 60 metres by another team, climbing around and over stalagmites and boulders. Then Note's Sked was attached to another rope system so that Thai SEALs could manoeuvre the stretcher down the 45-degree slope to a pararescuer who would carry the boy to chamber two.

On the final stretch, another Thai SEAL team hauled Note through 350 metres of chest-high water and then ran him out of the cave. Note was exposed to his first rays of natural light in more than two weeks.

As the boys emerged, ambulances drove them to a waiting helicopter that flew them to a nearby hospital.

The human shuttle continued for two days until the last boy, Pong, was pulled from the cave and delivered to the hospital. There, he, his teammates and their coach would remain under observation for the next week.

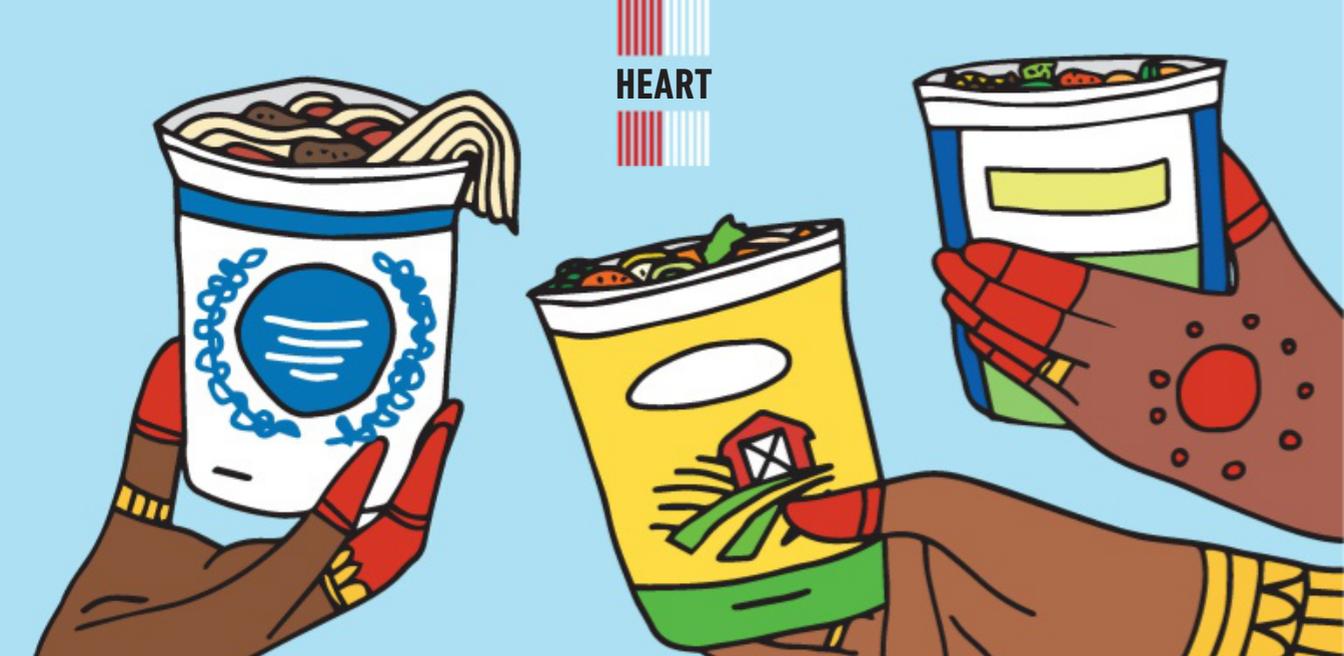
Hours after Pong emerged, the monsoon rains totally sealed off the Tham Luang cave.

Several weeks later, the boys rode their bikes up the hill to Coach Ek's home to celebrate Titan's 12th birthday. It was nearly 9 p.m. when the boys cheerily bid Ek goodbye and pointed their bikes back downhill toward home, betraying not a speck of fear. They were, after all, the Moo Pa. 

EXCERPTED FROM THE BOOK *THE BOYS IN THE CAVE* BY MATT GUTMAN, COPYRIGHT © 2018 BY MATT GUTMAN. REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION OF HARPERCOLLINS PUBLISHERS.



HEART



# The Many Lives of Dabba

My mother used recycled yogourt containers to share food—and love. Now I do the same.

BY Arundhati Dhara  
FROM *THE GLOBE AND MAIL*

ILLUSTRATION BY JAG NAGRA

EVERY AUNTIE I KNOW has a kitchen drawer containing a carefully maintained collection of yogourt dabbas. *Dabba* is a pan-Indian word for “box,” but it refers to all manner of containers, too. Like the Hindu concept of reincarnation, dabbas live many lives; the 750-millilitre containers that hold the yogourt we buy at the supermarket and eat every day are saved and washed, and washed again.

The reused dabbas end up storing leftovers, religious offerings and potluck contributions. They pass from house to house, living in their drawer, the fridge or the pooja room (often it's actually a closet) where the morning prayers are recited. Sometimes they are even returned to their original owners, full of some other delicious food. This is a fairly advanced manoeuvre and one only the elder aunties manage—recognizing their dabba from their friends' seemingly identical container is nothing short of miraculous.

I grew up in a community of South Indian immigrants, and the manufacturer's labelling on the dabbas was a source of information about the families they came from. Rich, fatty yogourts might indicate a still-secret pregnancy, as women are routinely encouraged to eat everything (and I mean everything) when gestating. Low fat—or worse—non-fat yogourt meant someone's doctor had been talking about cholesterol. And sweetened, flavoured yogourt?

That was an abomination that didn't bear mention.

WHEN I WAS a kid, we ate yogourt with just about everything. Every few days, my mother made her own yogourt, scalding milk on the stove and mixing in a spoonful of leftover curd, leaving it on a warm vent in the kitchen to set overnight. Dabba yogourt (which was distinct from yogourt dabbas because it referred to the contents rather than the container) was reserved for dinner parties, religious ceremonies requiring fresh yogourt and the rare event of a failed batch of the homemade stuff.

## BUT JUST AS EVERY AUNTIE CHERISHED HER DABBA COLLECTION, EVERY UNCLE HATED IT.

My mother cut no corners when it came to food, grinding her own spices and grating fresh coconut by hand for elaborate meals—after a full day at the office. The leftovers would inevitably find their way into yogourt dabbas, the refrigerator always full of options for late-night cravings.

But just as every auntie cherished her dabbas, every uncle hated them. My own father, a generally laid-back

man, meticulously avoided the drawer of dabbas. “How many of these things can you possibly need?” he would ask my mother, exasperated. My mother would shoot him a look that would surely have killed a weaker man and place her dabba carefully back in its drawer. Occasionally my father would get fed up with the overflowing drawer and dispose of all the dabbas. But my mother would simply start the process of collecting them again.

## LIKE MY MOTHER, I'M THE PROUD OWNER OF AN EXTENSIVE DABBA SET, WHICH I GUARD ZEALOUSLY.

WHEN I WENT away to university, my mom used to cook food and send it back with me with strict instructions to wash the dabbas and bring them home. I was embarrassed by my dabbas—why did we need to save these things? I weighed the options: if I recycled the dabbas, would she still send me food? I knew the answer was yes, but it was not a risk I was prepared to take. So, I washed the oil- and turmeric-stained dabbas in the common kitchen and just scrubbed harder when I felt the eyes of my roommates on me.

Eventually, I found my way to Halifax, where I'm a physician and have a

family of my own. Like my mother before me, I'm also the proud owner of an extensive dabba collection, which I guard zealously. No matter how many glass, microwave- and oven-safe containers I have, no matter how beautiful and functional they may be, I compulsively collect yogourt containers.

They truly are the most versatile of objects, with uses ranging from food storage to toys for my children: at the beach, in the bath, for endless Lego creations. It is a source of a strange and unnameable comfort. I don't expect them back when I give them away, but a tiny part of me grieves when they go. I'm fairly certain that my friends just recycle them, but I still secretly hold out hope that they continue to be passed from house to house, living their multiple lives and perhaps, eventually, finding their way back to me.

When I married my husband, an American from Boston, my mother was concerned. “You know, you come from very different backgrounds,” she said. Navigating cultural differences is surely an adventure. But the other night, I heard my husband yelling in the kitchen, and the next morning, I found my dabbas in the recycling bin. I narrowed my eyes a little as I fished them out, washed them up and replaced them in their drawer. I was practising my mother's death stare. **R**

© 2022, ARUNDHATI DHARA. FROM “IT'S FUNNY HOW MOM'S ANNOYING KITCHEN HABIT IS NOW MY OWN,” THE GLOBE AND MAIL (MARCH 21, 2022), THEGLOBEANDMAIL.COM

## ALL IN A DAY'S WORK



“It’s pretty slow here. Can you call back when I’m busy?”

**Interviewer:** Can you explain these gaps on your résumé?

**Interviewee:** I just hit the return key a couple times.

— APARNA NANCHERLA,  
*comedian*

“I love deadlines. I love the whooshing noise they make as they go by.”

— DOUGLAS ADAMS, *writer*

### Heartfelt Goodbye

We all had to sign a card for a co-worker who’s retiring, and I wrote, “Please take me with you.”

— [@GLENNA\\_OPT](#)

Working from home is a very exciting opportunity to learn what my roommate’s job is.

— [@ALLISONGEROI](#)

### It’s All Relative

Safety is a major concern at the manufacturing company where I work, so I’m constantly preaching caution to the workers I supervise. I asked them, “Does anyone know what the speed limit is in our parking lot?” The long silence that followed was interrupted when one of them piped up, “Do you mean coming to work or leaving?”

— GCFL.NET

“If **A** is a success in life, then **A** equals **x** plus **y** plus **z**. Work is **x**; **y** is play; and **z** is keeping your mouth shut.”

— ALBERT EINSTEIN,  
*physicist*

### Out of Office

“It’s five o’clock somewhere,” I say as I leave work at 9 a.m.

— [@MICHAELSMARTGUY](#)

Send us your original jokes! You could earn \$50 and be featured in the magazine. See page 7 or [rd.ca/joke](http://rd.ca/joke) for details.

# LIVING WITH

More than two years into the pandemic, some patients' symptoms aren't going away. While experts hunt for treatments, some people have taken matters into their own hands.

—  
BY Lisa Bendall

# L ONG COVID





Long after she recovered from Covid, Shari Ingalls suffers from fatigue, uncontrollable sweating and blind spots.



# SHARI INGALLS

counted herself lucky to make it through most of 2020 without catching Covid-19. She worked at a Calgary hospital as a labour and delivery nurse, looking after pregnant women. A married, 43-year-old mom to three school-aged kids, she was healthy and fit, visiting the gym several times a week and routinely cycling the 11 kilometres to and from work. Then, in the early hours of December 14, during a night shift, she was suddenly gripped by aches and chills. “I wiped down everything I’d touched with disinfectant, went home and rolled into bed,” she says. A PCR test later that day confirmed that she had Covid-19.

Ingalls says her symptoms felt like

the worst flu she’d ever had, but she expected they’d resolve in a week or so. Instead, after two weeks, her heart was still racing, she easily became short of breath, and pain radiated through her chest to her left shoulder. She couldn’t keep her balance while standing in the shower. By early January, the chest pain was no better, and with a family history of cardiac trouble, Ingalls knew she couldn’t leave it unaddressed. She went to the ER, but her heart tests were normal. The physician told her it was probably anxiety.

Despite feeling awful, Ingalls returned to her job in mid-January. “I thought I just had to work through it,” she says. Yet even after reducing her shifts, she was exhausted. Her head ached daily. Her heart rate shot up to 140 beats a minute just from bending over to put on stockings. In the evenings, her husband and children prepared food for her, but she sometimes struggled to eat because certain meals smelled to her like rotten garlic or burned plastic. After, she’d take pain relievers and sleep for 15 hours.

Ingalls kept waiting to get better, but it didn’t happen. Her doctor assured her that a resting heart rate of 80 was fine, but Ingalls, whose previous normal was 60, felt frustrated instead of convinced. Desperate, she found a Facebook group called Long Covid Canada for people whose symptoms persist well after a Covid infection. After learning more about it, in March 2021,

Ingalls asked her doctor for a referral to a Calgary long-Covid clinic.

**ALSO KNOWN AS** post-Covid syndrome or long-haul Covid, this new disorder is described by the World Health Organization as an illness that follows an infection by at least three months, is long-lasting and can't be otherwise explained. Fatigue, shortness of breath and "brain fog"—mental function that is so sluggish, it's a challenge to concentrate or complete tasks—are typical, but a paper published in *The Lancet* last year counted 203 symptoms, often coming and going, that could be attributed to the condition.

Long Covid caught everyone—including medical and scientific experts—by surprise, especially since it often occurs in people who never needed urgent medical care for their initial infection. We've known for decades that patients who are severely ill with a respiratory disease such as pneumonia can take months or years to recover from lung injury or the trauma of ICU care. But it turns out that there are numerous others who had Covid without those complications, who nevertheless seem to experience prolonged problems.

"We never expected those who weren't hospitalized with Covid to still be unwell after six months," says Dr. Angela Cheung, a specialist in internal medicine. She's co-lead of a research consortium called CANCOV that's coordinated by Toronto's University Health

Network to try to understand long Covid.

Estimates of the number of patients affected by the condition vary, but recent reports suggest that at least a quarter of people are still sick one month after getting Covid, and at least 10 per cent have symptoms at the three-month mark. Some studies have pegged it at over 40 per cent, but even if it's just 10 per cent, that would mean there are more than 300,000 Canadians who, like Ingalls, didn't bounce back. They live with pain, dizziness and fatigue. Many of them are unable to work or cook for themselves and are too unwell to spend time with family and friends.

And we're far from understanding this disorder, let alone curing it. "Unfortunately, a lot of patients will say, 'I've done a battery of tests, I've seen numerous specialists, and everything's come back normal,'" says Dr. Emilia Liana Falcone, an infectious diseases specialist at the head of the Montreal Clinical Research Institute (IRCM) Post-Covid-19 Research Clinic, which opened its doors in February of last year.



**COMMON SYMPTOMS  
INCLUDE FATIGUE,  
BRAIN FOG, SHORTNESS  
OF BREATH AND A  
FAST HEARTBEAT.**

Since we don't yet have a test for long Covid, it adds to its elusiveness, making it similar to conditions such as chronic fatigue syndrome, which are only diagnosed after other problems are ruled out. While Falcone treats patients, she also studies their blood for clues that might predispose them to developing long Covid. She would love to find some kind of biomarker that could support an accurate diagnosis. For one thing, "It would help patients who are faced with doubt from their work colleagues or family members," she says.

**CLINICS DESIGNED TO TREAT** patients with long Covid began opening up in Canada in early 2021, but more than a year later, there are still only about 20, scattered in a few centres across the country. Unfortunately, Shari Ingalls was rejected by the Calgary long-Covid clinic to which her doctor referred her. Before November 2021, it only accepted patients with lingering lung symptoms, and Ingalls hadn't had any.



**DUE TO FLUID PRESSURE  
AROUND HER BRAIN,  
INGALLS' VISION BECAME  
BLURRY AND SHE  
HAD BLIND SPOTS.**

With few other treatment options available to her, she decided to help herself. She signed up for an online long-Covid program organized by Calgary's Synaptic Neuro Rehabilitation Centre, and learned how to pace her energy to avoid crashes. In the summer, Ingalls went down to two four-hour shifts a week at work, but it was still too much. Since she couldn't stand up for long, her duties had to be modified. She could no longer help women in labour, and wearing PPE felt uncomfortably hot.

"I had suddenly developed uncontrollable sweating. I had to wear scrub caps to absorb it, or it would be running down my face," she says. The worst was how she'd feel afterwards, so depleted that she worried she had caught another Covid infection—but multiple tests showed she had not. By fall, she was on full leave.

Then, last December, she was alarmed to notice that her vision was blurry. "I had to squint to read ingredient lists, and I had blind spots," she says. "Within a couple of weeks, those blind spots got bigger. Dark curtains started going across my vision."

A neurologist discovered that the fluid pressure around her brain was high, causing her optic nerves to swell. Medication has helped to reduce the fluid and ease some of the vision distortion, but Ingalls can no longer drive. She's lucky to have workers' compensation, but she misses her job.

Meanwhile, the race to understand long Covid has ramped up in Canada. The federal government has spent more than \$300 million on Covid-related research to date and committed \$20 million in its 2022 budget to study the impact of Covid and long Covid on health-care systems.

For Manali Mukherjee, an immunologist and assistant professor at McMaster University who is trying to unravel the mysteries of the condition, it's personal. She herself has had brain fog, dizziness and headaches ever since her January 2021 infection. Now she's studying other people with this condition. "Everyone's immune system is unique in how they respond to a virus, how they tackle a virus and how they recover," she says. Long-Covid symptoms strongly suggest a dysregulated immune system, like an autoimmune disease in which rogue antibodies attack the body.

One thing Mukherjee has learned after the first 12 months of data: "There are a lot of people who do get better." That's consistent with other studies that have shown recovery in some patients at three months, others at six months, still more after a year. But many people, like Mukherjee, are continuing to cope with long Covid after more than 12 months. "I have a feeling there is going to be a small subset who will get a diagnosis for life."

Researchers are also collecting clues about who is most at risk. "We see

## A LOT OF PEOPLE GET BETTER, BUT THERE MAY BE A SMALL SUBSET WHO HAVE A LONG COVID DIAGNOSIS FOR LIFE.



more women with long Covid," says Cheung, but she also points out that the number may be affected by the fact that men are more likely to have died from the acute infection. Most people with the condition are between 40 and 60, although anyone at any age can have it. A study published earlier this year in *Cell* identified biological factors that may contribute to a risk of long Covid, including certain types of auto-antibodies that attack our own immune system instead of fighting germs, type 2 diabetes and a reactivation of the Epstein-Barr virus, which virtually all of us are exposed to before we reach 40.

Maybe certain people don't produce antibodies the way they should: a 2022 study in *Nature Communications* found that people with long Covid have unexpectedly low levels of the antibodies IgM and IgG at times when they should be high to fight infection. Asthma was also cited as a risk factor. Ingalls, for one, was hospitalized for asthma as a teenager.



**Without access to adequate medical resources, Kirk Brant relied on patient support groups to manage the condition.**

**THESE FINDINGS SHOW** that we're making progress. Plus we've discovered a major prevention tool that is already in our hands. Studies are showing that vaccination may reduce the likelihood of long Covid by about 50 per cent. "It's encouraging, but it doesn't bring it down to zero," notes Falcone.

Joy Keil of Prince George, B.C., was doubly vaccinated when she caught Covid last October. More than a month after her infection, the 38-year-old was still so weak and dizzy that at one point she had to crawl up the stairs in her home. She hasn't returned to her job as a nurse in administration. Her vocal cords no longer function normally, making her too hoarse to read bedtime stories to her two young children. "You feel like a broken human," she says. "Sometimes my daughter will start crying and say she just wishes that mommy would feel better. That's really hard to take."

Keil says her friends seemed surprised that she was sick for so long, constantly asking if she was any better. "It felt like, 'You should be feeling better. What's wrong with you?'"

But her condition was more readily recognized by physicians who'd seen many long-Covid patients in the past year and a half, and by February, Keil was accepted into a Vancouver long-Covid clinic. Today, these specialized clinics are typically multidisciplinary, with several types of health care professionals to provide different therapies as

## VACCINATION APPEARS TO REDUCE THE LIKELIHOOD OF GETTING LONG COVID BY ABOUT 50 PER CENT.



needed. We don't yet have a pill for long Covid, but clinicians can focus on treating specific symptoms and complications—for instance, giving iron or other supplements if there's a deficiency, pain relievers for migraines or inhalers for respiratory symptoms. They also teach patients to conserve their energy—using a points system, they track what they spend on different activities—and boost nutrition. Keil's shortness of breath and frequent fevers have improved since she began attending the clinic.

**THE IMPORTANCE OF** having peer support was Susie Goulding's motivation for starting the Covid Long-Haulers Support Group Canada in June of 2020. She was three months post-Covid and dealing with dozens of persistent symptoms. "Everybody thought either you got deathly ill or you got better in a couple of weeks," she says. "Long haulers weren't on the radar. People were saying, 'This is all in your head.'"

Today, the group has around 17,000 members. Goulding partners with

## WITHOUT AN OFFICIAL DIAGNOSIS, MANY PEOPLE HAVE NO ACCESS TO HEALTH BENEFITS OR HOME CARE.



multiple research teams, helping recruit participants for studies. What's most gratifying, though, is knowing that she's helping individuals who are grappling with this distressing condition. "New members are grateful—it's this huge wave of relief," she says. "They were so alone, and now they've found a community that understands what they're going through."

Goulding is convinced that they've saved lives by occasionally calling for police to check on someone's well-being, or reaching out to a member in distress. A 2021 article in the medical journal *QJM* suggested an elevated risk of suicide among those living with long Covid. Goulding herself helped a man who'd ended up in a hospital's psychiatric ward, frequently calling and messaging him to ensure he felt supported. "People come to the end of their rope. We do whatever it takes to get them through a crisis," she says.

Before he caught Covid, group member Kirk Brant, a 52-year-old Indigenous fine artist in Ottawa, was accustomed

to being outdoors, hunting, hiking and harvesting wild plants in the bush. Suddenly he was knocked flat. At one point, he says, "My breathing was so laboured that it was a conscious effort to suck in air."

Over the next seven months, Brant's energy was up and down. He remembers a night spent curled up on the floor in agony. Tremors made it impossible to pick up a cup of coffee, let alone hold a paintbrush steady. Brant visited walk-in clinics and called the province's telemedicine service, but no one seemed to understand what was wrong. "I would describe the symptoms to a doctor, and their response was, 'There's nothing I can do for you,'" he recalls. "It was horrible. I felt forgotten."

By the fall of 2020, Brant knew he probably had long Covid and was relying heavily on advice posted online. "I wasn't getting any medical help, so I'm thankful for that group."

Last year, Brant signed up with a family doctor through an Indigenous health centre and finally received a referral to an immunologist, who in turn sent him to a long-Covid clinic. There, he sees a physiotherapist for light exercise designed to build his strength back while avoiding a relapse of his symptoms. He also meets with a psychologist, a dietitian and an occupational therapist. Some of his symptoms, including brain fog and tremors, are better, but not gone.

**MORE RESOURCES FOR** long-Covid patients across Canada are needed to fill the growing need. The Province of Quebec has been a frontrunner, announcing \$20.5 million for long-Covid clinics and research in its latest budget, released in March. Advocates are lobbying politicians and circulating petitions for additional commitments. “The U.S. has given over a billion. Canada has been really slow to acknowledge long Covid,” says Goulding, who wants federal recognition that this is disabling people. “Without a diagnosis, many long haulers have no access to health benefits or home care.”

There’s a strong chance that these supports will be required for years to come. More than two years after long Covid first emerged, some people are beginning to suspect that their condition might be permanent. “I would love a full recovery, but I don’t know if that’s possible, and doctors can’t tell me if that’s possible,” says Brant.

“We’re learning more as it’s evolving,” Mukherjee says. Even if there are some people who end up with a life-long condition, she doesn’t expect it to be as debilitating as, say, post-polio syndrome. “There will be ways of managing or curing symptoms. We’re

medically advanced, and there are lots of people working on this globally.”

Experts hope one day there will be medications that target underlying causes. “There are a lot of investigations at the moment, and repurposing of existing drugs,” says Falcone. When certain approaches are shown to be effective, it’ll teach us more about what is causing long-Covid symptoms. If blood thinners make a difference to some people, it might suggest the presence of tiny clots. If probiotics help, it could support a theory that gut bacteria have been disrupted. “We just have to keep looking where others haven’t, and keep digging,” says Falcone.

Cheung, who is now the principal investigator of a new Canada-wide trial that aims to assess all kinds of treatments at once, is actively recruiting participants. “We’re open to testing any intervention, whether it’s a drug, a supplement or a different type of therapy. Our team is working hard to find solutions,” she says.

In the meantime, Ingalls wants people to understand the very real consequences of Covid. “You could be someone with many illnesses already, or you could be a cyclist like me,” she says. “This is the great equalizer.” 

---



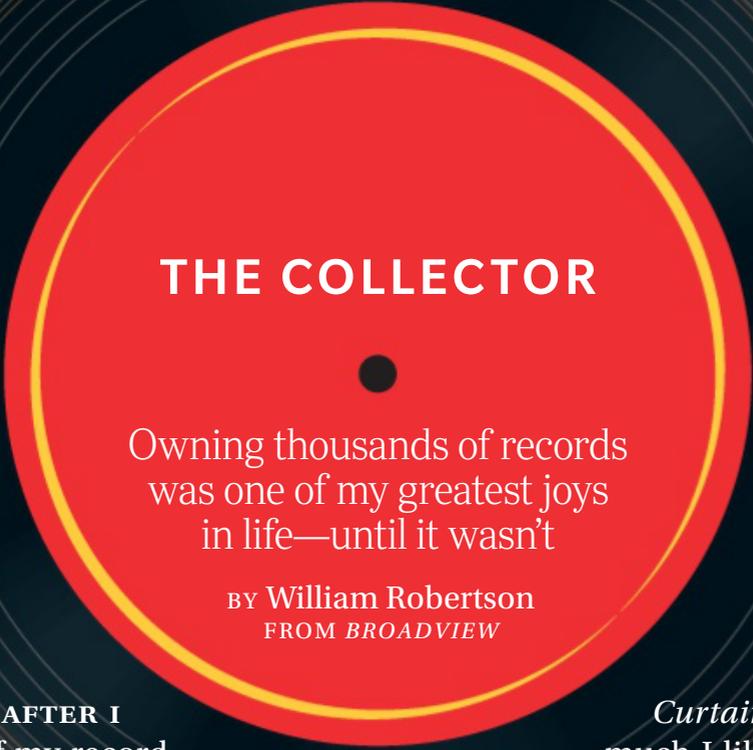
### A Different Perspective

Sometimes it’s a form of love just to talk to somebody that you have nothing in common with and still be fascinated by their presence.

DAVID BYRNE, MUSICIAN



The author with his record collection in 2014, before he sold nearly all of it



## THE COLLECTOR

Owning thousands of records was one of my greatest joys in life—until it wasn't

BY William Robertson  
FROM *BROADVIEW*

**THE NIGHT AFTER I** sold most of my record collection in 2018, I didn't sleep well. A sense of relief at finally having unburdened myself didn't arrive. I had trouble drifting off, then woke in the middle of the night with Billy Joel's "Allentown" playing through my head. The record from which that song came, one I hadn't played in years, was now on the other side of Saskatoon. I remembered buying the album—*The Nylon*

*Curtain*—and how much I liked the song "Pressure," too. What was I thinking when I got rid of that album?

The fact that "Allentown" is about a city with a depressed economy and a closed-down mill was not lost on my midnight self, a self who had become emotionally and spiritually burdened. This weighed-down feeling had led me to sell off most of the records I'd spent over half a century collecting, starting

in Grade 5 with the Beach Boys' *Summer Days (and Summer Nights!!)*. My trove of more than 2,500 was now reduced to a rump of a few hundred, including that first Beach Boys record. I told myself that the pride I'd taken in owning the entire oeuvre of a band or artist would be replaced by a feeling of freedom to move.

## ACQUIRING MORE THINGS BECAME AN INOCULATION AGAINST FEELING SAD AND ALONE.



For years, I had worked as a concert and record reviewer for the *Saskatoon StarPhoenix*. In the late '70s and early '80s, I brought home armloads of records every week. Sometimes on Saturday mornings, I would put one new album after another on the turntable and give it a spin. If I didn't like the first three songs, off it went to the second-hand store. There, I'd trade in 50 to 80 albums for a dozen or so real gems. I kept buying records, too, and eventually I owned thousands.

There were people out there with bigger collections than mine, but in my social circle, my collection was king, and I secretly enjoyed that royalty. But as I approached 65, I began to examine my life and the weight of all the stuff I

was carrying, and I didn't like it. I wondered why I tied my sense of self so tightly to my things. What was I protecting myself from?

**THREE THINGS WENT INTO** making me a record collector from an early age: one, my parents valued music and they had their own stereo. Two, my father was a wanderer and we moved back and forth across the Pacific Ocean and across Canada several times. In response to his constant movements, my things became my constant. Lastly, collections of various kinds were not only tolerated but encouraged. Both of my parents were collectors, too: books, china, stamps and, yes, records.

As a small child, I collected, too. First stamps, then the bird cards from tea. When car wheels and then airplane wheels came in pudding and jelly boxes, I hungrily saved those, like every boy I knew. Three moves later, I gave the entire collection, now in a paper bag, to a boy in my new Grade 8 class. His awkwardly muted but obvious gratitude gave me a feeling of well-being that I wish I'd been able to hold on to, recognizing how good it felt to give things away. But I wasn't ready to be that person yet.

I began collecting records after my parents gifted me with a little record player on my 10th birthday. My collection would only grow once we'd settled in Saskatchewan and we put the brakes on any further roving by my father.

Prior to that, any collection that was too big and costly to move—my rocks, for example—was abandoned in the alley behind whatever house we left.

By the late '60s, I was 15 and my small collection had grown to a still-manageable 50 records. In my small Saskatchewan town, about four stores sold records; they arrived a few at a time and were gone. If you weren't quick, you missed them. I became ultra-vigilant, trolling the record racks at least once a week.

In those days, we had no idea of the glut of music, songs and information that would be everywhere once the Internet was in full swing. If you didn't see the Band on *The Ed Sullivan Show*, you missed them. If you didn't buy those records when they came out, they were gone forever. Acquiring, as I'd long learned, was an inoculation against the next feeling of sadness, of apartness, as our family drove out of town. "Buy now or be sorry later" was my motto. I was too young and headstrong to realize that the feeling of security did not last. I had to buy another record, and another. It took me trading, buying and giving away my collection to realize it was time to move on.

**SHORTLY AFTER I UNLOADED** my record collection, I sat in my home office and realized that, except for the gaping hole where most of it used to be, there were still scads of books, CDs, DVDs, stacks of magazines and papers, and

posters covering the limited wall space. Some people, including my wife, were driven out by sheer claustrophobia—they could feel the walls closing in. Others, like one friend of mine, think of the space as a kind of heaven. Not me, not anymore.

I'd come to know that I had to take my walls down. Through much work, including therapy, I was secure inside. All the tensions between my dad and me, such as those over moving so much as a kid, were forgiven when he died in 2017. He'd done what he had to do, and I was along for the ride. After the records, all my collections went. Most of my record collection has gone to a fellow who knows very little about the artists he's bought, but he loves that I know everything about them. I gave books to students at the University of Saskatchewan, where I taught English and creative writing until my recent retirement. It gives me that feeling of well-being to know the books are being read rather than simply possessed by one man who was using them as touchstones to a past he now trusts himself to remember.

"Allentown" is playing in my head right now, but it's not a sad song about a place that people never found. It's a jaunty tune with a great melody and I don't need to own the record to know the song. I know where I am and I like it, bare wall and all. 

© 2022, WILLIAM ROBERTSON. FROM "MY RECORDS WERE MY PRIZED COLLECTION, UNTIL I SOLD MOST OF THEM," BROADVIEW (JANUARY 25, 2022), BROADVIEW.ORG

My  
mother  
carried a  
secret that  
sent her  
searching  
for another  
kind of  
life

---

BY Leah McLaren  
FROM *WHERE YOU  
END AND I BEGIN*

Split



The author, her mother, Cecily Ross, and her sister, Meg, in 1981

# On Good Friday, 1982, the year I turned seven,

my grandfather died of a stroke and my mother quit ironing. At the time, these two events seemed unrelated, but in retrospect they were a two-step catalyst that culminated in the divorce of my parents, Cecily Ross and Jim McLaren. We lived in Cobourg, Ont., a small town on the north shore of the dinkiest Great Lake. A town with a golf club and a yacht club that got boarded up in winter, one Baskin-Robbins, two Chinese restaurants, a sub shop that doubled as a video arcade and a pub called Scotty's that served haggis all year round. It's still in business.

I never really knew my grandfather, not the one my parents mourned, but we hung out a lot. In my memory, he

was a benignly worrisome presence, a slow-moving lantern jaw in a silk paisley ascot. He smoked a pipe and took daily "walks" round and round the main floor of my grandparents' house, whistling tunelessly on a contented stroll to nowhere, a grown-up man who was not allowed outdoors for fear he might get lost. He smelled of leather, cherry tobacco and woodsmoke. The single clear memory I have of him is of crawling into the warmth of his sunken corduroy lap with a Time Life book—it had a purple jellyfish on the cover—and asking him to read it. He looked at me with what I took to be tenderness, though it may have been confusion, and began patting down his pockets for spectacles. My grandmother appeared and shooed me away gently, whispering about aluminum pots and the holes they had put in his brain.

The day of my mother's ironing strike is more vivid. It was a bright spring morning, sunlight streaming in. My father and I were sitting at the kitchen table, eating Cheerios from white porcelain bowls. There was a bulging bag of milk in the brown plastic pitcher between us on the round table. Dad was reading a story about the Blue Jays in the sports pages. Mum entered the room carrying a plastic laundry basket full of my father's tumble-dried dress shirts and set it down on top of the newspaper with emphasis.

"From now on, Jim, I'd appreciate it if you could do your own shirts." Her

tone was crisp, expectant. Dad nodded, then silently lifted the basket off the table and went back to reading the box scores.

Mum went to the sink and rattled a load of plates into the dishwasher, then turned it on and swept from the room. It was as if nothing had happened, but then Dad raised his head and met my gaze. I brushed my finger across my upper lip to indicate there were crumbs in his moustache. He swiped them away and gave a cockeyed grin, revealing the magic teeth that cleaned themselves each night in a tumbler of Polident. When I was little, I'd spent ages trying to pull mine out while he and Mum laughed.

"She only had to ask," he said.

"Are you mad?"

Dad shook his head. Salt was already creeping into the pepper of his sideburns, though he was just past 30.

"Can I let you in on a little secret?"

I leaned in, thinking he was going to whisper, but he didn't.

"I like ironing. I'm actually pretty good at it."

**AT THE TIME, MY MOTHER** thought the end of her marriage to my father was the start of her third act, but she was young then, so much younger than she knew. Later she would offer a different assessment of the timeline, one in which her "journey toward selfhood" had begun two decades earlier, on a warm spring evening at the Caledon

Riding Club when she was just a few weeks shy of her 13th birthday. After her riding lesson, the club's stable manager, her instructor, the man I call the Horseman, led my mother into the empty clubhouse, then calmly raped her on the yellow vinyl sofa. He was 45, married, with four children of his own, two of whom were older than she was. Utterly unknown and perfectly familiar, a man hired by her father.

## MY GRANDFATHER WEPT AND MY MOTHER BURNED WITH SHAME. SHE WAS GROUNDED FOR THREE WEEKS.

---

What to say about this man who stole my mother's girlhood? He was quiet and gruff, a man whose hands were callused from years of literally shoveling shit for money, who smoked in the stables, near straw bales, patting down the horseflesh of the rich. A man saddled with a duty of care for animals and children he did not own and perhaps for that reason resented. An undistinguished rider but a charismatic teacher, one who engendered the devotion of his mostly young female students with a combination of grim self-seriousness and a dearth of praise. He was a man who broke horses and girls, taking his pleasure where he could.

After she was raped, my mother fell hopelessly in love. Weird, right? Wrong. It's the oldest story in the book. A classic. Years later this love would be reinterpreted by therapists, by me, by my mother herself, as a child's attempt to survive, a romantic conflation of violation and desire. But love is what she called it at the time.

They carried on all through that summer until being discovered by my grandfather in an empty cottage on the grounds of the family farm on a clear, hot night in late August 1964. My grandfather wept openly; my mother burned with shame. For three weeks she was grounded. The Horseman and his family vanished overnight. My mother and her parents never spoke of it again.

For my grandfather the story was over, but for my mother it had just begun. The Horseman moved to the next county over, a few miles down the road. He picked her up in his truck after school, then drove her out to the woods. They corresponded through a post office box. She broke it off two years later, when she was 15, indignant and jealous, having learned she was not the only one.

After that, she focused on her studies, began dating a boy from high school, a gangly, affable hockey star who lived with his parents and two older sisters in a cramped flat above the family shop, the Silver Dollar in Hillsburgh. Granddad approved of Jim. Everyone did. He was reliable, hardworking, handsome and unerringly kind. He didn't ride or

ski or play tennis, but horses and dogs calmed around him. He had an easy laugh, big competent hands that could mend a fence and change a flat. He never smoked in the barn.

My parents were engaged by 18 and married at 21, the summer after my mother graduated with an English degree at my grandfather's insistence. They moved to Winnipeg, where my father managed a mattress factory and Mum worked as a bank teller, a job she loathed and escaped by quietly going off the pill. By the time I was born, they were safely ensconced on a farm in Grafton, Ont., the down payment a wedding gift from my grandfather. My sister, Meg, arrived a couple of years later. Dad became a travelling furniture salesman. Mum stayed home. She was lonely in the country, so they moved into Cobourg, to the big grey house on Hamilton Avenue.

Then my grandfather died and my mother stopped ironing. It was, she would later write, as if "his death opened a gap in the thicket of my inertia, a gap that became a portal to change, to another kind of life." Another happy ending that was, in fact, the beginning of a very different story, the one that became mine.

**AFTER THE IRONING STRIKE**, Mum went back to university. She wanted to complete her honours degree in English, writing the optional thesis she had skipped in her rush to marry my father.

She chose Trent, a small liberal arts college in Peterborough, Ont., a 45-minute drive north of Cobourg. The experience transformed her. She threw out all the Harlequin romances she and I used to pass back and forth and instead filled her hours with Virginia Woolf, James Joyce, Siegfried Sassoon and Rupert Brooke. Penguin paperbacks piled up on the family room coffee table. The radio in her Honda Civic was now permanently tuned to Classical FM. When I complained, begging her to let me change the dial to the Casey Kasem countdown on CHUM, she explained that I was too young to understand Mozart. “One day, when you’re older,” she assured me, “you’ll learn to appreciate the sublime.”

THE ELECTRIC  
EPSON WAS ALIVE  
AND PURRING.  
IT COMPLETELY  
CONSUMED HER.



The Penguins, with their tissue-thin pages and tight, constricted type, looked menacing to me; I regarded them as tedious interlopers. Like Mozart, they seemed designed to bore me to death.

Mum became entranced by one of her professors, a weedy little man with receding tufts of hair and an expertise in oral history. Years later, in one of

life’s strange coincidences, I would fall deeply in love with his cousin, with whom I would live happily for six years. My mother and the oral history prof embarked on a short-lived affair during which she invited him sailing with my father on their boat, *Eilween*. It was a bright, gusty day on the lake, clouds scudding across the sky. I still remember my mother’s high excitement, the anticipation with which she approached her professor’s arrival, the way she kept repeating his full name at moments when a pronoun would do.

I still have a photograph of the three of them on the boat: my father, my mother and her professor. I may have taken the picture myself. My parents both look happy, ruddy, at home on the water. Between them sits the professor, older, smaller, balding, drowning in a borrowed yellow mackintosh as panic scrambles across his face. How do I know my mother had an affair with this man? She told me so. Not while it was going on, but a few months later, after the split, when she started telling me everything. “Your father also had affairs,” she added. “Or at least the one he told me about.”

My mother’s honours thesis was on the subject of water imagery in the novels of Virginia Woolf. I remember her typing it furiously for hours on an electric typewriter, having taken over the small, dark study we still called Daddy’s office, though my father was mostly on the road, his desk a neglected



McLaren and Ross in 1983

heap of fabric swatches. We continued to call it Daddy's office long after my mother took it over, no matter how long or hard she worked.

Daddy's office was just off the front hall. It was the sort of room that's dark even on bright days; a veil of smoke tinted the air blue regardless of whether anyone was smoking. It was, by some distance, the least appealing place in our house. Hamilton Avenue was a mid-century marvel of secret balconies, laundry chutes, *trompe l'oeil* rugs and high, slanted ceilings. There was light and loveliness all around. The garden went on forever, into a birch forest, then the real forest, the cornfields, the cliffs, at the bottom of which

was the runt lake, in fact as big as an ocean. We were living surrounded by magic and bounty, but Mum couldn't see it because she had fallen in love with a boring machine. The electric Epson had sat on my father's desk for years, collecting dust under a blue plastic cover, eternally out of ink. Now it was alive, purring, my mother's fingers flying across the keyboard. The Epson completely consumed her.

"Mummy's working," she'd say when I tried to interrupt her. "Mummy needs to work."

The page, I see now, was the secret place she'd been trying and failing to find as she wandered around the house, pretending to be a housewife,

thumbing through Laura Ashley patterns, practising her harp, pitting plums for jam, polishing wedding silver, cutting lilies from the garden and arranging them in a vase. Did she really do any of these things? Am I inventing them? I'm not, apart from the harp. But what she did at night with the Epson was something different.

In retrospect, the signs of her desperation were obvious and everywhere. The times I came home from school and found my sister, then just a toddler, beet-faced and howling, fists raw from battering the door to the master bathroom, behind which my mother was often locked. "I'm fine, sweetheart," she'd call out to me, her more reasonable elder daughter. "I just don't want to hit her."

My mother was vehemently anti-spanking, which I understand now was part of her liberalism, a principle that required true restraint at a time when most kids got smacked, many of them ritualistically, bent over a father's knee with lashings counted out, painfully administered with a belt or a spoon. "Never hit a child in anger" was the accepted wisdom of the time. Emphasis on the last two words.

Mum was emphatic: she did not have tastes or opinions, but principles and beliefs. There were many things she "did not believe in" that seemed confusingly normal to everyone else. She didn't believe in calling people we weren't related to Auntie

or Uncle. She didn't believe in having godparents on the grounds we didn't believe in God. She didn't believe in taking off her shoes indoors or wall-to-wall carpeting or plastic on furniture or keeping things "for best." She didn't believe in driving children to school—or anywhere, in fact, under any circumstances, ever, if she could help it. In a time and place where there was no such thing as a vanguard, Mum found ways to set herself apart. It was a long time before I parsed the difference between cosmopolitan politics and petty snobbishness. In her mind, I don't think there was a distinction; aesthetics and values were one and the same.

## AFTER SHE LEAVES, HER RESTLESSNESS LINGERS ON IN THE HOUSE, THE MADDENING HUM OF A MAGNETIC FIELD.

---

WE LIVED AT 60 HAMILTON AVENUE for five years; my parents split when I was eight. It was the longest time I ever lived anywhere until I became a mother myself. In my mind's eye, those years have gelled into a montage of snow fort building and games of pretend in the forest. Much of my contentment, I suppose, was material—financial security really does buy a modicum of

happiness—but I also suspect it stemmed from something deeper. It wasn't just having my own bedroom or a big garden and cornfields to run through, or being able to come home for lunch on school days to the buttery grilled cheese sandwiches and bowls of tinned tomato soup cooled with milk. I was a happy child then, not just for what my mother gave me but for what she managed to conceal and withhold.

It's said narcissists treat people as resources, but so do children. And happy children are the worst.

**THE DAY SHE MOVES OUT** is sweltering, a Saturday in July. Mum splits the cost of a full-sized U-Haul with her best friend, Maureen, who also happens to be leaving her husband, Ron, an appliance salesman.

Once the van is packed, Mum climbs up into the cab. She looks like a Virginia Slims ad, I think, in her sweaty white singlet and frizzed-out blond perm.

Dad reaches down and ruffles my hair in the damp place at the nape of my neck. I know I'll get to see Mum next weekend, but this does nothing to soften the impact of the moment. Maureen gets the van into gear and it swings out onto the road. Mum gives one quick backward wave, then turns forward, chin jutting out, eyes on the road.

After she leaves, her restlessness lingers on in the house, unseen but insistent, the constant maddening hum of a magnetic field. After my grandfather,

it was my father who lived with her secret—the story of the Horseman—the longest. Years later he told me he rarely thought of it, he tried his best. My dad is competent and practical but also hopelessly squeamish. The sort of man who can hold down a whimpering dog and extract porcupine quills from its muzzle with pliers but gags at a poopy diaper. Tell Dad a secret and he will not just keep it; he will lock it in a box and swallow the key. In the years after the divorce, he did not repeat my mother's story to anyone, not even my stepmother, in 30 years of marriage. When I asked him why, he shrugged and said he didn't see it as having anything to do with him. This stood in stark contrast to how I felt. In my mother's narrative of our lives, the one I accepted and understood, the Horseman was both the clue and the final reveal. He was the keystone in the arch, the signature at the bottom of every page. As Homer Simpson once observed of alcohol, the Horseman was the cause of and solution to all of life's problems. I mean my mother's problems, which after the divorce became impossible to distinguish from my own.

My parents were both unfaithful, but it wasn't adultery that did them in. According to my mother, it was her own shame and self-loathing. Shame, she has always maintained, was the reason she married Dad in the first place. When my grandfather died, she was released from it and, by extension, us.

The family she'd created was not what she wanted after all. The fact that it involved actual people who loved her desperately did not make up for the fact that she'd been dreadfully miscast in a play she accidentally wrote for an audience of one: her father. The point of the pantomime was to prove that the Horseman hadn't soiled her completely, that she was, if not good, at least capable of acting the part. Now that her father was dead, the show was over. My mother stepped offstage and embarked on her "journey toward selfhood"—an exploration into the darkest recesses of her own suffering and desire for self-abnegation at the hands of men. Even if she'd known what was coming, I wonder if she might have welcomed it. Torture was what she thought she was made for. She was the daughter of a gentle, loving man, and she'd married a gentle, loving man, but because of the Horseman, what she wanted was to be punished. This was her story, the one she later explained to me at the kitchen table. My grandfather died, and within the year she was gone.

After she leaves, the house on Hamilton Avenue seems structurally compromised, as if it has shifted on its foundations. Cracks appear in the drywall.

My father goes on mowing the grass, changing the storm windows, applying spackling to the fissures, but nothing seems to help. The cracks in the walls lead to blurry in-between places I fear but find I am drawn to.

The half-furnished rooms where I once played with my sister, choreographing dances to records, building forts out of sofa cushions, I now walk through guardedly. Eventually I learn the spots to avoid. In the gap where the sideboard meets the curtain just behind where her reading lamp used to sit, there's a wormhole; if I stand at a safe distance and tilt my ear to the left, I can hear a low sucking sound. There's a portal to a netherworld beside the oven, right at the very spot where the Cuisinart used to sit.

The objects my mother took with her still exist, of course—I've seen them with my own eyes in her apartment across town—but the unfaded square on the wall where the oil painting of the rowboat used to hang is more real to me now than the painting itself. "A presence of an absence," my mother would have said. 

EXCERPTED FROM *WHERE YOU END AND I BEGIN*, BY LEAH McLAREN. COPYRIGHT © 2022, LEAH McLAREN. PUBLISHED BY PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE CANADA LIMITED. REPRODUCED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE PUBLISHER. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.



## Wise Up

Why is it a surprise to find that people other than ourselves are able to tell lies?

ALICE MUNRO

## How to deal with the end of a friendship

# Fade Away

---

BY Sarah Liss

ILLUSTRATION BY  
HOLLY STAPLETON

**KIM FRY, A 40-SOMETHING** teacher in Halifax, tries her best to live by her values. As a lifelong grassroots activist, Fry's commitment to progressive causes informs the way she approaches her family, her job as an educator and her relationships. She's aware that her dedication to lefty politics may seem over-the-top to some people, and she's okay with it. Those in her carefully

chosen network largely understand—and share—her principles.

So Fry was alarmed when, well into the Covid-19 pandemic, people in her circle started posting conspiracy theories and vaccine myths on social media. "It was scary," she says, "because these are people I felt politically aligned with—in some cases for more than two decades." Fry shared resources and



tried to engage in healthy debate. But with one longtime friend, she says, she found herself fighting a losing battle.

Fry was gobsmacked to see her pal voice support for the “Freedom Convoy” in Ottawa, while also seeming to dismiss the presence of hateful and xenophobic messaging. In numerous private conversations, her friend held firm. “It was so hard,” Fry says, sadly. “I really thought we could come to a place of understanding.”

According to a 2022 report by the Abacus research group, nearly a quarter of all Canadians had relationships that were negatively affected by contradictory views over Covid-19. Even in normal times, we gain and lose pals all the time. One 2009 study found that adults replace 50 per cent of their social circle every seven years. But how do you decide when a friendship has run its course? And, once you do, what's the best way forward?

## Be Clear and Accountable

Danielle Bayard Jackson is a certified women's coach who specializes in friendship and communication. In summer 2020, she noticed an uptick in the number of people who came to her seeking guidance in severing ties with a formerly kindred spirit. “People were saying, ‘I see my friends differently,’” she says. “Cultural and global events during the pandemic led many of us to reassess who we want in our circle.”

Beyond conflicts over core values, there are many reasons why people stop being friends: maybe one of you has hit a milestone (parenthood, say) and the other can't relate; maybe you and your joined-at-the-hip dorm-mate drifted apart after graduating from university; maybe your work bestie got a new job and the two of you no longer bond over office drama. No matter the context, clarity is key, says Bayard Jackson: “First, ask yourself why you're considering terminating the friendship. Next: have you verbalized that to the other person?”

Even when you're parting with a pal who suddenly seems to have a different worldview, let them know what's going on. Stacy Thomas is a psychologist in Toronto. She recommends going point by point and using “I” statements to ground the conversation in your personal point of view, and avoid blaming the other person: “This is my experience here. This is what I struggle with. And this is why I don't believe it's healthy for me to continue.”

For Fry, setting firm boundaries was key. After cutting ties with her friend, Fry posted a public message on Facebook to let others know she'd unfriend anyone who spread disinformation.

## When to Let It Fade Away

Having clarity about the reasons why a friendship has ended may not dull the pain of the split, but it can provide both parties with a sense of resolution.

In my 20s, I became besties with one of my colleagues. We laughed deliriously at inside jokes and frequently talked on the phone. Our friendship outlasted our tenure as colleagues, but at a certain point I realized that I hadn't heard from my erstwhile BFF in ages. I never asked what happened.

"Sometimes there's nothing to say or do," says Thomas. "The person didn't do something that was astronomically wrong, but they triggered something inside us." If you were ditched by childhood friends who switched schools, for instance, you might be hypersensitive to feeling abandoned, even if you can't quite pinpoint why you were triggered. Bayard Jackson adds that a gradual fade can be fine—if both parties are aware it's happening. Otherwise the question becomes: are you just avoiding the conversation because you don't know how to navigate conflict?

Even so, there are certain situations where ghosting is the best strategy. Friendships can take on toxic qualities. According to one survey, 84 per cent of women and 75 per cent of men report having had an abusive pal. These friends might gaslight you, bully you or reveal something you've shared in confidence. Prioritize your well-being and quietly cut ties without guilt.

## Find a Silver Lining

No matter how a friendship ends, it hurts to let go of someone you love. "Human beings," says Thomas, "are

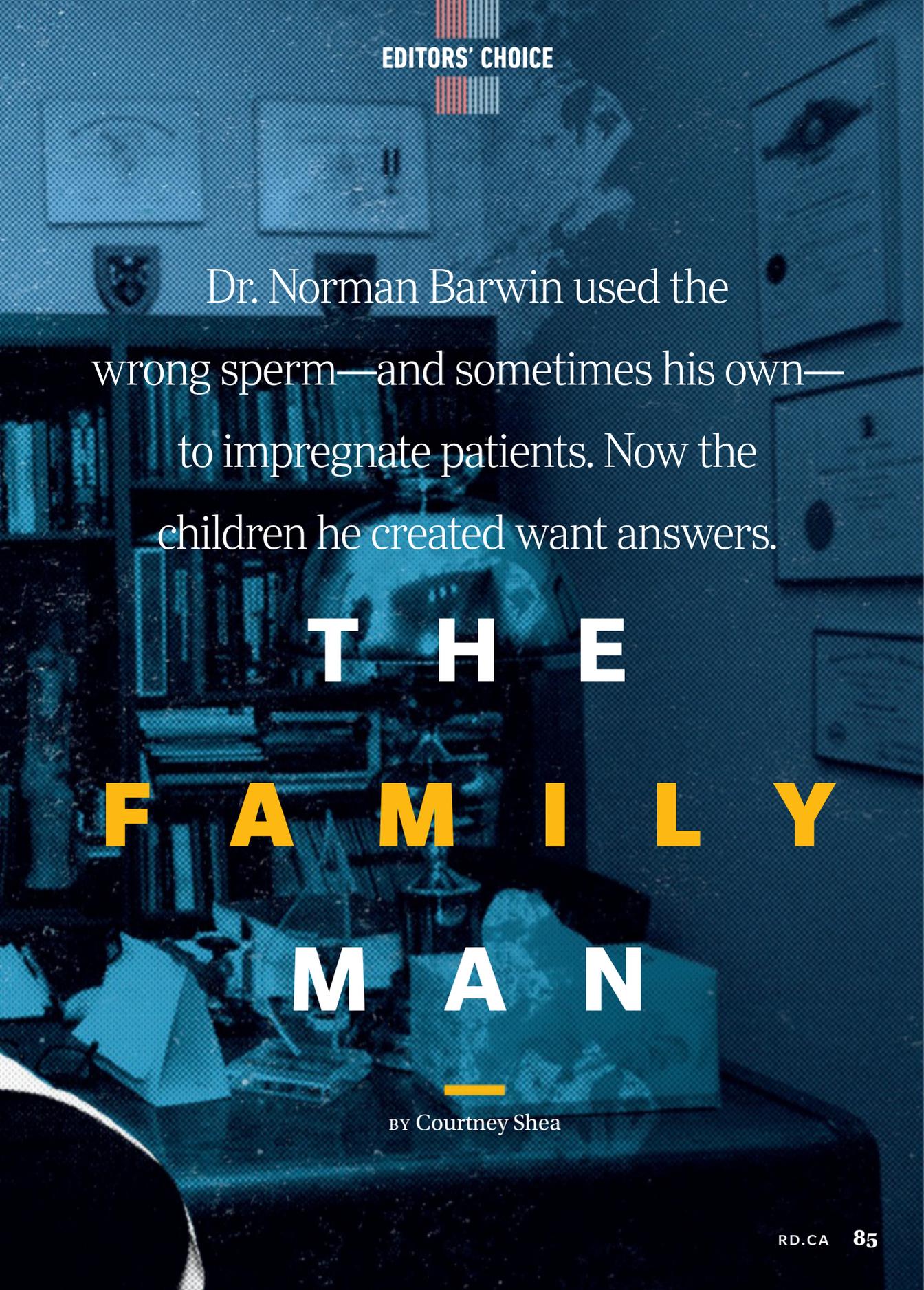
attachment creatures. And grief is the flip side of love." Struggling to accept the situation is normal, Bayard Jackson adds. Counterintuitive as it may seem, finding something to be grateful for in the former friendship can help, and it can also stop you from fixating on what you could have done differently.

It can be hard to wade through the complex emotions that accompany this kind of upheaval, especially when you're the person who's been friend-dumped. It's hard to feel rejected by someone who knows you intimately, and it's hard to receive feedback, no matter how constructive. "Our ego doesn't like it," says Thomas. "We feel like we've done something wrong, like we've been a bad person."

Bayard Jackson and Thomas both also stress that all relationships, at their core, are part of how we learn and grow. If we abandon the idea of "best friends forever," we can grasp that an ending isn't necessarily tragic. "Take a moment to recognize how much you've learned from this experience," says Thomas, and take note of what you might want to do differently next time.

As for Fry, she says her experience has made her more cautious in how she approaches close connections. But she also has a deeper appreciation of the friends who are able to learn and grow, who have continued to share her values and who, despite the upheavals of the pandemic, have been unwavering in their support. **R**





EDITORS' CHOICE

Dr. Norman Barwin used the wrong sperm—and sometimes his own—to impregnate patients. Now the children he created want answers.

**T H E**  
**F A M I L Y**  
**M A N**

BY Courtney Shea

# Kat Palmer was in Grade 9 biology

when she began to doubt everything. The day's lesson was on basic genetics and her teacher explained that the odds of two blue-eyed parents giving birth to a brown-eyed child were extremely remote. When she got home, Palmer broached the topic with her mother, Janet, who always knew this moment was coming. In the late 1980s, Janet and Kat's father, Lyon, had wanted, very badly, to have a baby, but biology refused to cooperate. The Palmers, who lived in Ottawa, were thrilled to book an appointment with Dr. Norman Barwin, a local fertility specialist known as the "Baby God." Out of a selection of possible donors, the Palmers chose a German-Irish medical student who played cello. Kathryn Rose Palmer was born on January 31, 1991 with coffee-bean eyes, a thick tuft of dark hair, and a determined jawline that everyone said looked like Lyon's.

Kat and Lyon had always been close. So while she was shaken by her mother's revelation, she decided this wouldn't fundamentally change her relationship with the man who raised her. At the time, she didn't have much interest in learning anything more about the sperm donor.

Mostly she didn't think of him at all, though she did start to make little connections: her love of the performing arts and her talent as a musician (Kat would later study at Victoria's Canadian College of Performing Arts) must come from her cello-playing bio-dad. "I had no idea that I was building my identity around a lie," she now says.

A lie that, once uncovered, revealed a decades-long deception. It wasn't until 2014 that the Palmers learned Janet was one of more than 100 women who had been impregnated at Barwin's clinic with the wrong sperm. In some cases, the specimens came from men who were not the agreed-upon donor; in other cases, from the Baby God himself.

In 2016, Kat Palmer was among the first claimants to join a class action lawsuit against Barwin. By the time the unprecedented, \$13.375-million settlement was reached last November, it included 226 plaintiffs (including children, mothers, partners and donors). The settlement is believed to be the first of its kind and could establish a precedent for similar civil charges. But it doesn't address the systemic failures

that allowed Barwin to practise, largely unfettered, for nearly 40 years. And it does nothing to appease donor-conceived Canadians who say the Barwin case highlights a culture of secrecy that denies them basic rights. The case also raises troubling questions about a medical establishment that prioritizes the interests and reputations of physicians over the needs of patients. Like Palmer, children conceived at Barwin's clinic are left to wonder about the motivations of a doctor whose deity status obscured a devastating reality.

**WHEN KAT FIRST FOUND OUT** that Lyon Palmer wasn't her biological parent she didn't think that DNA mattered. Today she feels differently: "Of course DNA matters. If it didn't, this whole situation never would have happened in the first place." And she's right. Many aspiring parents challenged by infertility dream of shared genetics: the same deep-set gaze or determined jawline. Barwin's ability to outmanoeuvre Mother Nature kept him in constant demand. Between the mid-1970s and the late aughts, he impregnated hundreds of women using artificial insemination. His success rate (Barwin claimed 76 per cent with fresh sperm and 63 per cent with frozen) spoke for itself. If that success bred a sense of imperviousness, it was hard to recognize under the white coat and soft-spoken, gentle veneer.

Born in South Africa, Barwin earned his university degree and married his

wife, Myra, before moving to Northern Ireland to complete his medical training. In Ireland the couple had four children and, in 1973, relocated to Canada, drawn by its progressive reputation and the offer of a job running the high-risk pregnancy unit at Ottawa General Hospital. But he left that position in 1984 after failing the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of Canada gynecological exam multiple times. From there he launched his private practice, the Broadview Fertility Clinic, bringing many of his loyal patients with him.

## **BARWIN'S ABILITY TO OUTMANOEUVRE MOTHER NATURE KEPT HIM IN CONSTANT DEMAND.**

---

Barwin was politically engaged, at the forefront of reproductive rights and an advocate for LGBTQ communities long before the medical establishment had come on board. In the early '70s, he was among the first to perform gender-affirming surgery and contributed to some of the first ever textbook chapters on this emerging science. In the late '70s, he set up the first sexual health clinics in Ottawa's public high schools. His four children decorated an old school bus—the "Sex Bus"—which drove around Ottawa distributing information on

sexual health and anti-smoking. In 1988, he campaigned against Bill C-43, which would have seen abortion added to the criminal code. He also served as president of Planned Parenthood and of the International Society for the Advancement of Contraception. A glowing 2001 profile in the *Ottawa Citizen* described Barwin, in an inadvertent foreshadowing of the revelations to come, as a physician who “believes in doing whatever he feels is necessary to help his patients, regardless of taboos or conventions.”

In 1995, a couple named Loree-Ann Huard and Wanda Cowton sued Barwin when they found out their daughter was not a genetic match to their intended donor. The case was settled privately in 1998, a year after Barwin was awarded the Order of Canada and praised for his “profound impact ... on both the biological and psycho-social aspects of women’s reproductive health.”

Also in 1995, the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario (CPSO), the self-governing body responsible for overseeing the conduct of doctors, contacted Barwin about the Huard-Cowton complaint. He responded that he had taken steps to ensure such errors would be avoided. If that is true, the measures weren’t successful.

In 2008, another former Barwin patient, Trudy Moore, learned her daughter (born by surrogate) was not a genetic match to the intended donor (her husband). When Moore asked

Barwin for an explanation she was told that her husband’s sample may have been contaminated by a sample from a sperm bank. She consulted the Donor Sibling Registry, which connects individuals conceived with the same genetic material, and was referred to Jaqueline Slinn, a former Barwin patient who was also under the impression that her daughter, Bridget, was conceived using the same sperm bank donor. Expecting their daughters to be genetic half-sisters, the two mothers tested their DNA only to learn that the girls weren’t related. Nor was either girl a match to other children conceived ostensibly using sperm from that donor. Moore and Slinn filed two separate \$1-million lawsuits against Barwin: the former for malpractice and the latter for information regarding the donor, including a genetic sample from Barwin to rule him out as a potential father.

In an interview with *The Globe and Mail*, Barwin called the situation “my worst nightmare,” and claimed he was still “unable to find where the basic problem lay.” Both lawsuits were settled out of court and included non-disclosure agreements. In 2012, the CPSO ordered a disciplinary hearing. The following year, Barwin was found guilty of professional misconduct. The chair of the five-member panel described his “substandard failure to establish adequate safeguards,” suspended his medical license for two months and charged

A woman with dark hair, wearing a black sleeveless dress with a white polka dot pattern and a floral print, stands on a dirt path in a lush green field. She is looking to her left with a thoughtful expression, her hand resting on her chin. The background is filled with tall grass, yellow wildflowers, and a large, leafy tree.

**“I WAS  
BUILDING  
MY IDENTITY  
AROUND  
A LIE.”**

**—KAT PALMER**

him \$3,650 in costs—in other words, a wrist slap. But the publicity surrounding the hearing would capture the attention of a whole new group of Barwin's victims, including Kat Palmer.

**BY 2012, PALMER** had moved to Vancouver, where she worked in musical theatre. She still wasn't particularly interested in meeting her birth father, but she was very curious about potential half-siblings. As an only child she had always dreamed of having a brother or sister. One day she broke down in tears watching an Anderson Cooper talk show about uniting long-lost siblings, and took this as a sign that it was time to do something. When she contacted Barwin's clinic to learn more about the mysterious donor, she was told that, in accordance with provincial regulations, the clinic destroyed records after 10 years. Undeterred, Palmer sent a DNA sample to Family Tree DNA, one of many commercial genetic testing sites that have gained popularity over the last decade. She hoped the results would help her find siblings who shared her Irish-German donor. But when the results came back, she learned that she was almost certainly of Ashkenazi Jewish descent. For a brief moment, Lyon Palmer (who is Jewish) thought that perhaps, miraculously, he was the biological father. But further testing ruled this out.

Family Tree DNA did connect Palmer with relatives, all several degrees

removed, which is how she ended up speaking on the phone with a third cousin. Palmer mentioned that she had been conceived at a clinic run by Dr. Norman Barwin. When the cousin later mentioned this to his mother, she paused, feeling the name sounded familiar. A quick record search confirmed she had a distant relative named Norman Barwin.

**“I HAVE FOUND  
INFORMATION THAT  
MAKES ME BELIEVE  
THAT I AM YOUR  
DESCENDANT.”**

Long before any of these revelations, the Palmer family had known Barwin socially. It was impossible to be a member of Ottawa's Jewish community and not be aware of Barwin and his good works. Kat had even taught one of Barwin's grandchildren at an after-school theatre program.

That her pupil might, in fact, be her niece was something Palmer was beginning to process. She started to follow Barwin's family members on Instagram, marvelling at physical similarities and how many worked in the arts. Her urge to connect with these people—her biological family—felt somehow more important than whatever anger she felt towards Barwin.

On August 13, 2015, Palmer sent an email to Barwin: “I am writing this letter because I have found information that makes me believe that I am, genetically, your descendant.” He wrote back immediately and soon the two spoke on the phone. During their conversation, Barwin agreed to a DNA test. Palmer isn’t sure why he was so quick to hand over the genetic smoking gun. “I think I seemed so non-threatening. And then at the same time, I had him backed into a corner.”

When the test confirmed that Barwin was Palmer’s biological parent, he attempted to explain the situation. He had purchased new equipment in 1990—perhaps it had been contaminated during testing. Palmer thought that sounded implausible but wanted to avoid conflict in the hopes of connecting with her half-siblings. That hope was dashed when Barwin explained that learning of Kat’s existence would be too difficult for his wife and four children, and his dozen-plus grandchildren, all of whom lived in Ottawa. He sent Palmer an email: “My compensation for this inadvertent medical error is that you have been so successful in your career, but more importantly that you are a sensitive and special person.”

To Palmer, the response was a rejection, and also deeply narcissistic—like he was taking credit for her positive traits. She contacted Trudy Moore, whom she’d read about in media coverage of the 2013 disciplinary hearing.

Moore referred her to the law firm Nelligan O’Brien Payne LLP, which was preparing to launch a class action suit against Barwin. The suit accused him of using, without consent, the wrong semen for artificial insemination, and failing to safekeep semen entrusted to him. The main plaintiff was Rebecca Dixon, a 25-year-old civil servant who lived in Ottawa. She learned Barwin was her biological father after she was diagnosed with an autoimmune condition that doesn’t run in her family.

After being connected by their lawyers, Palmer and Dixon began texting almost daily. Their bond was immediate—they discovered they had attended the same Ottawa high school, that they both talk with their hands and love music. Four months later they met in person at Pearson International Airport. Palmer ran out from behind the arrivals door. Dixon held a sign that read “Welcome Sister” in multicoloured bubble letters, and the two women attempted to make up for more than two decades of lost hugs in one epic embrace.

Palmer and Dixon soon learned about a half-brother, James, and a half-sister, Marie, plus 24 others, ranging in age from 30 to 50-plus. Some have connected through the class action lawsuit, others through genetic testing. The group jokes that they need to brace themselves for more siblings after Christmas, when DNA kits are often given as gifts. Last summer, 30 of the half-siblings gathered at Dixon’s home

for an atypical family reunion. “The relationships we have developed are amazing,” says Palmer. “But that doesn’t make what happened okay.” She gets angry when people act like nothing bad happened. *Can’t you just be grateful you’re alive?*

It’s a conundrum, but not one Dixon is willing to spend a lot of time with. “You can think about it in circles forever,” she says. “Or you can just accept that I can be happy that I’m alive and that what he did was a terrible thing. Both things can be true.”

**FERTILITY FRAUD IS SHOCKINGLY** common. Dr. Donald Cline, the Indiana fertility specialist and subject of the recent Netflix series *Our Father*, impregnated more than 50 women with his own sperm in 10 years. Dr. Quincy Fortier of Las Vegas used his own sperm to impregnate at least 24 patients from 1950 to the late 1980s. In 1992, Dr. Cecil Jacobson of northern Virginia was convicted on numerous counts of fraud and perjury for inseminating unwitting patients with his own sperm.

“It’s not that it is happening more, it’s that we are able to catch it,” says Sara Cohen, a Toronto fertility lawyer. The rise of commercial DNA testing and donor-conceived sibling registry websites has brought a previously difficult to detect misdeed into the foreground. At the dawn of artificial insemination



Rebecca Dixon (left) on a 2017 visit to Kat Palmer in Vancouver

in the 1940s, record-keeping was not the norm. Doctors would often solicit “donations” from medical students. Prospective parents were happy to get “future doctor” sperm and the thinking was that the lack of a paper trail between donor and child was best for everyone involved. Although not officially sanctioned, doctors using their own sperm was common enough that two percent of American fertility doctors said they engaged in the practice in a 1980s survey.

In the early ’70s, when Barwin established a sperm bank at Ottawa General Hospital, he made no secret of the fact that it was largely stocked by his medical students (he said nothing about using his own sperm). By the time he opened the Broadview Fertility Clinic in the mid-1980s, the culture was beginning to change. With artificial insemination now a mainstream practice, a

COURTESY OF REBECCA DIXON

regulated sperm bank industry emerged to serve a growing market.

Did Barwin freeze his own samples? Or did he produce live sperm (known to be slightly more effective) in the short window before an appointment? Were his decisions guided by negligence? Malice? A misguided sense of benevolence? These are the questions that haunt Palmer, but she believes she and the other Barwin descendants are, in some ways, luckier than many of her co-plaintiffs who haven't been able to track the identity of a biological father. "It's not the answer we want," she says, "but at least we have one."

**IN 2004, CANADA PASSED** the Assisted Human Reproduction Act (AHRA), regulating how donated sperm is tested and processed, but a constitutional challenge by the Province of Quebec has resulted in a stalemate, and it remains unclear which level of government has the authority to regulate assisted reproduction. Meanwhile, compliance is, at best, spotty. "There is a joke in the donor-conceived community that it is hard to find a clinic that hasn't had a fire or a flood," says Kevin Martin, co-founder of the Donor Conceived Alliance of Canada. Donor-conceived individuals face a frustrating battle when looking for their biological information. The organization is pushing the government to update the AHRA with requirements for expanded donor health screening, record-keeping for up

to 110 years, limits on how often a single donor can be used and, above all, a ban on donor anonymity. The thinking there, Martin explains, is that a donor-conceived individual's right to their biological information should outweigh a donor's right to anonymity. I ask Martin how rules around anonymity would have made a difference with Barwin—it's not like he would have written his own name on the form. Martin says that it's about deception thriving in dark corners: "Anonymity is what allowed Barwin to do the things he did, to lie and obfuscate with zero accountability. Anonymity is how this happened. Transparency is what can fix it."

Indeed, a culture of silence could explain how Health Canada inspected Barwin's clinic in 1999 and 2002, and found numerous infractions, including mishandled and missing sperm. Despite this, he wasn't shut down. Worse, the CPSO claims it was never made aware of these findings.

Paul Harte, a medical malpractice lawyer, argues that the self-governing College system for doctors is inherently biased. "There's a tendency to protect your own," he says. Harte would like to see the introduction of an independent body similar to the Securities Commission. The Barwin case, he says, is a good example where you have, on one side, a very vulnerable group (people struggling with infertility) and then on the other side a significant financial

incentive. "Inevitably there is going to be a certain amount of corner-cutting to ensure success," he says.

Many experts believe that classifying fertility fraud under the criminal code is an important step towards justice in Canada. In the United States, some states have created laws against it. Texas, for instance, made insemination with sperm the patient did not consent to a form of sexual assault.

**NORMAN BARWIN RETIRED** in 2014. After investigating complaints that Barwin had used the wrong sperm, or his own sperm, at his clinic, the CPSO revoked his medical license in 2019 and fined him \$10,730. Barwin pled no contest to the allegations. Last November, an Ontario Superior Court judge approved the agreed-to \$13.375-million settlement from the class action suit, which included 17 plaintiffs who were conceived using Barwin's own sperm. The settlement will be paid out by the Canadian Medical Protective Association, which represents doctors subject to legal actions. Because the case was settled out of court, Barwin made no admission of wrongdoing and offered no explanation.

There is this story, though: In 2000, Barwin, a life-long runner, competed

in the Boston Marathon, finishing 14th in his age group. Later inspection revealed that he had missed checkpoints and had cheated his way to a strong finish. The incident was covered by Ottawa media, with many of Barwin's former patients coming to his defence. But the following year, he was caught cheating again at the National Capital Marathon in Ottawa, the behaviour of a man for whom the rules simply do not apply.

When Palmer and Dixon first learned the truth about their conception, they asked themselves if they were the products of one man's deranged plot to populate the earth with his descendants. Now they are more inclined to see the story, their story, in shades of grey. The man who is responsible for their existence was a doctor who would do anything for his patients up to and including things to which those patients would never consent. He was a champion of women's rights who also violated the rights of women in the most intimate and offensive ways imaginable. A "Baby God" and a monster. And while there is an inclination to see these dichotomies as either-or, for the people who share Barwin's DNA it is perhaps better, and easier, to believe that both things can be true. **R**



## Shocking

Thunder is good, thunder is impressive; but it is lightning that does the work.

MARK TWAIN

**LAUGHTER**  
THE BEST MEDICINE

**The last four letters in the word “queue” aren’t silent, they’re just waiting their turn.**

—REDDIT.COM

**Brine on the Rocks**

How do you recognize a drunk cucumber? It’s pickled!

—LESLEY OPHEIM,  
*Port Moody, B.C.*

**People with babies:** I don’t see why people stop travelling when they have kids. You can just strap the baby in

and go hiking. Grab a stroller, fly to Europe, it’s really all in your mindset!

**Those people a year later with a toddler:** It only took us 23 minutes to get down the stairs this morning.

—LUCY HUBER, *writer*

**Money Troubles**

In high school, some kids told me they’d give me \$20 to hang out with them but it turns out it was just clique bait.

—REDDIT.COM

**Circle of Life**

Young people think they know it all, old people think they know it all, and there’s a sweet spot right in the middle where we know that nobody really knows anything.

—[@CROCKETTFORREAL](#)

**Seven movies in,** I’m starting to suspect that most of the Missions *are* possible.

—STEPHEN COLBERT,  
*comedian*

---

**Send us your original jokes! You could earn \$50 and be featured in the magazine. See page 7 or [rd.ca/joke](http://rd.ca/joke) for details.**

THE BEST JOKE I EVER TOLD

By **Tamara Shevon**

**Stew is just starting to make a bunch of good meals separately and then deciding to make one big, horrible meal because you got lazy.**

*Tamara is a Toronto comedian.  
Follow her on Instagram @teemair.*



READER'S DIGEST  
**BOOK CLUB**



*Emma Donoghue returns with a tale of cruelty and survival*

BY Emily Landau

EMMA DONOGHUE IS one of Canada's top literary shapeshifters. She's written Dickensian Victorian sagas, shimmering fairy tale retellings and heart-pulsing historical mysteries. But Donoghue is at her finest when she does away with all that epic window dressing. Her best—and bestselling—novel is, of course, *Room*, about a young woman and her five-year-old son who are held hostage for years in an 11-by-11-foot shack by the mother's kidnapper and rapist. In a setting so spartan, Donoghue forces herself to find new terrain, plumbing her characters' relationships, needs and fears to create a psychological thriller that manages to be harrowing and hopeful all at once.

Somehow, Donoghue conjures the same magic with her latest novel, *Haven*. Set in seventh-century Ireland, it chronicles the journey of two monks and a scholar-priest to find and settle the real-life island that would come to be known as Skellig Michael—a craggy peak jutting out of the North Atlantic that's been home to monasteries for at least 1,500 years. On the surface, this novel couldn't be more different than *Room*: it's historical rather than contemporary, sweeping instead of cramped, a journey as opposed to a

confinement. But Donoghue is using the same tool kit in both books: the horrors of isolation, the desperation to survive, the power to save or destroy another human being.

When the novel opens, the three main characters are dining together at Cluain Mhic Nóis, a monastery in what is now County Offaly in central Ireland. There's Trian, a strapping young rookie monk whose farming family sent him to the abbey as a child. There's Cormac, middle-aged and weary, who took his holy orders after his family died of plague. And finally there's Artt, a visiting priest who dreams one night that he and the other two men will embark on a journey to establish a new monastery on an uninhabited island, cloistered far away from the sin and indulgence of human society. First, Artt demands the brothers swear an oath of unquestioning obedience to him, trusting in his learnedness, his force of personality and his relationship with God. Then they embark down the River Shannon in a boat made from a dozen ox hides, with only one spare set of clothes for them to share and some meagre food and water rations.

Donoghue sends readers down a gripping garden path. At first, the book appears to be a tale of man versus nature: the brothers contend with torrential storms, learn to hunt and forage in the river and on its banks and, after Artt has yet another vision from God,

settle on the barren island, which is inhospitable to any life except for thousands of screeching orange-beaked razorbills. As the novel progresses, it becomes clearer that it's actually about something far more dangerous than the hostile wilderness: the cultish devotion to a charismatic leader.

## **THIS STORY OF DARK AGE MONKS STARVED INTO SUBMISSION IS TERRIFYINGLY MODERN.**

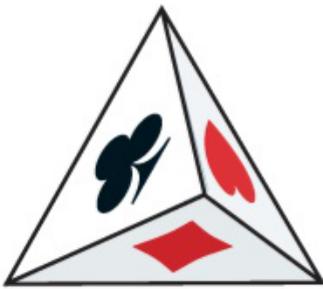
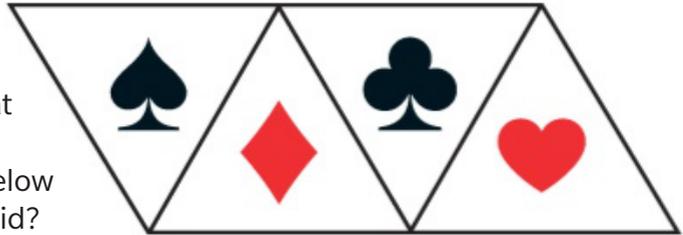
---

In Artt, Donoghue has created a deliciously loathsome villain. He's pathologically convinced of his own superiority, even though Trian knows more about navigating the sea and Cormac has a way with herbs and medicine. Like any cult leader, he belittles and undermines his followers, starves them into submission and leads them into treacherous territory on the basis of his supposed communion with God. Somehow, Donoghue has turned a novel about Dark Age monks into something terrifyingly modern. In a different time and place, Artt could be a Scientology guru, an Instagram influencer or Donald Trump. And he turns out to be a hell of a lot scarier than a barren island in the middle of nowhere. **R**

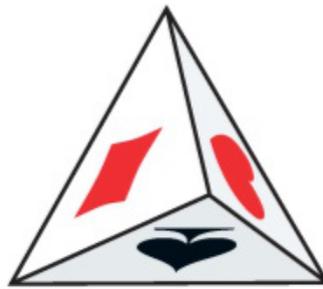
**BRAINTEASERS**

**Prism Problem**

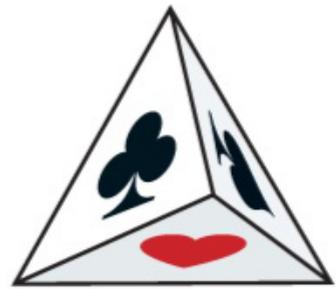
**Easy** Here's a flat template that can be folded into a triangular pyramid. Which of the views below represents the resulting pyramid?



**A**



**B**



**C**

**Canadian Astronauts**

**Difficult** In the following cryptoquotes, one letter stands for another. Single letters, apostrophes and the length and pattern of words are all clues. The code is different for each quote. Can you crack the code to reveal the quotes?

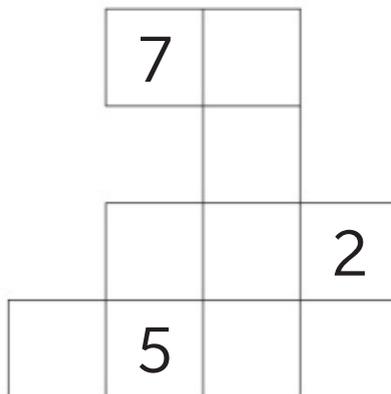
1. XYDK R XEZ DRPYB QDEGZ AST,  
BA LD E ZWEHDCEK XEZ BYD CAZB  
DFHRBRKP BYRKP R HAIST RCEPRKD.  
—GALDGBE LAKTEG

2. QWZ'X IAX ISCA KRZQWPIT NSHN  
TWL SZXW XEA RQLIX TWL QWZ'X  
BRZX XW MAHWPA.  
—HEKSU ERQCSAIQ

(PRISM PROBLEM) EMILY GOODMAN; (CANADIAN ASTRONAUTS) DEREK BOWMAN

### 1-9 Fit-In

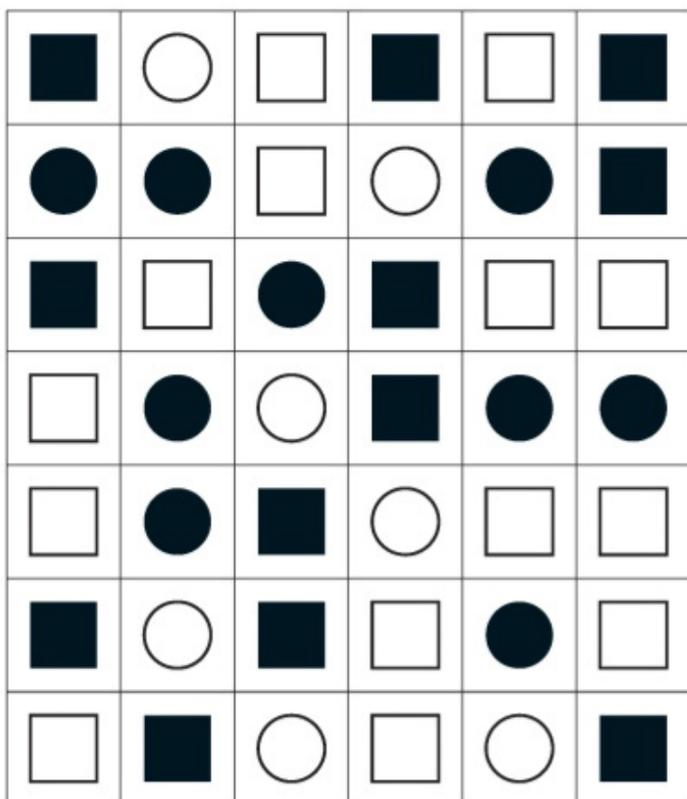
**Medium** Insert the numbers 1 to 9, one per square, so that no two consecutive numbers are in squares that touch in any way, even at a corner. Three numbers have been placed to get you started.



### Black and White Maze

**Easy** In this maze, start on the black square in the top-left corner and end on the black square in the lower-right corner as you follow these rules:

1. Move from cell to adjacent cell up, down or sideways, but never diagonally.
2. The cell you move to must contain the same shape (square or circle), the same shading (black or white), or both the same shape and the same shading as the one you're currently on. For example, if you're on a white circle, you can move to an adjacent cell containing a white circle, a black circle or a white square. Can you find the path?





BY Samantha Rideout

1. So far, how many planets have astronomers found in our galaxy: at least 50, 500 or 5,000?
2. French thief Stéphane Breitwieser is notorious for stealing what?
3. *The New York Times* received 2,500 complaints in 2015 after dropping its long-standing column about what game?
4. Halloumi cheese comes from what island?
5. Despite the gender barriers of the 1930s, Pearl Kendrick and Grace Eldering led the development of a vaccine for what deadly childhood disease?
6. Which famous Ottawa singer lent her music to

the score for a 2019 Broadway show?

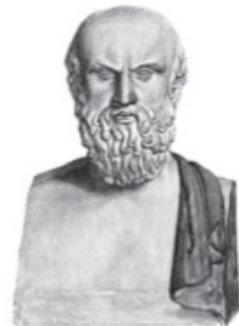
7. Which of these is not a common migraine trigger: cheese, broccoli or red wine?
8. The United Nations University runs institutes around the world, but where would you find its headquarters?
9. Who recently wrote, "Political life no longer has to do with healthy debates ... but only with slick marketing techniques aimed at discrediting others"?
10. In the United States, translations from foreign languages make up only three per cent of all published books. True or false?

11. What was the first streaming service-owned movie to win Best Picture at the Oscars?

12. The average person in a low-income country uses roughly two metric tons of natural resources each year. How much does their counterpart in a high-income country consume?

13. Do walrus sleep in the water, on land or both?

14. What cute collectibles accounted for a tenth of eBay's sales in the late 1990s?



15. According to legend, what animal killed the ancient Greek playwright Aeschylus?

**Answers:** 1. At least 5,000. 2. Art. He has admitted to stealing hundreds of works from European museums between 1995 and 2019. 3. Bridge. 4. Cyprus. 5. Pertussis (whooping cough). 6. Aladdin. 7. Broccoli. 8. Tokyo. 9. Pope Francis. 10. True. 11. *CODA* from Apple TV+, in 2022. 12. Twenty-six metric tons. 13. Both. 14. Beanbag chairs. 15. An eagle, when it dropped a tortoise shell on his head.

## WORD POWER

### Curate your vocabulary with these terms from the world of museums

BY Beth Shillibeer

#### 1. animatronic—

**A:** exhibit viewed from a moving platform.  
**B:** lifelike moving robot.  
**C:** animated exhibit.

#### 2. material culture—

**A:** physical objects used by a people. **B:** the economic history of a society.  
**C:** lab tests for artifacts.

#### 3. armature—

**A:** distance an object needs to be displayed to stay out of reach of visitors. **B:** sculpture support framework.  
**C:** weapons display case.

#### 4. universal design—

**A:** specialty designs for observatories.  
**B:** exhibits arranged along a unidirectional walkway. **C:** practice of organizing and constructing a space to maximize accessibility.

#### 5. repatriation—

**A:** object's return to its community of origin.  
**B:** repair of an object for display. **C:** selecting artifacts for a touring exhibit.

#### 6. Cybrary—

**A:** reference materials held online.  
**B:** exhibit featuring old technology. **C:** robotic retrieval system in an archive.

#### 7. folksonomy—

**A:** study of folklore. **B:** system of classifying and organizing content with keywords. **C:** explanation of the beliefs and values underlying an artifact.

#### 8. provenance—

**A:** a museum's area of expertise. **B:** geographic and social setting of a museum. **C:** background and history of an object.

**9. gamification—****A:** use of interactive play elements. **B:** artifact auction. **C:** exhibit of flora and fauna from a given area.

**10. specimen—****A:** taxonomic identification. **B:** rare item. **C:** item typical of a larger group.

**11. stanchion—****A:** maximum capacity of a museum. **B:** ticket purchase area. **C:** upright poles forming a barrier.

**12. organigram—****A:** display of organic material. **B:** messenger service. **C:** organizational chart.

**13. philately—****A:** archive of photographic records. **B:** collection and study of postage stamps. **C:** philanthropic policy.

**14. desiccant—****A:** use of sound in an exhibit. **B:** drying agent. **C:** archaeological site.

**15. radiocarbon dating—****A:** test to measure the age of organic items. **B:** carbon deposits on old electronic equipment. **C:** test to produce a Raman spectroscopy.

## WORD POWER ANSWERS

**1. animatronic—B:** life-like moving robot; as, The Jurassic World exhibit used *animatronics* to bring dinosaurs to life.

**2. material culture—A:** physical objects used by a people; as, Researchers found *material culture* artifacts such as pottery at the dig.

**3. armature—B:** sculpture support framework; as, The museum staff laid out aluminum *armatures* for their “make your own sculpture” workshop.

**4. universal design—C:** practice of organizing and constructing a space to maximize accessibility; as, Shoto used *universal design* to make museums more accessible to deaf and blind visitors.

**5. repatriation—A:** object's return to its community of origin; as, Several Maori relics were returned in a *repatriation* effort.

**6. Cybrary—A:** reference materials held online; as, Eleanor used the *Cybrary* to ensure the re-enactments were accurate.

**7. folksonomy—B:** system of classifying and organizing content with keywords; as, Abdias used *folksonomy* to tag items for user accessibility in the online exhibit.

**8. provenance—C:** background and history of an object; as, The label described the sword's *provenance*.

**9. gamification—A:** use of interactive play elements; as, Online *gamification* project *The Voyage* teaches players about Australian history.

**10. specimen—C:** item typical of a larger group; as, The geology room displayed *specimens* of igneous, sedimentary and metamorphic rocks.

**11. stanchion—C:** upright poles forming a barrier; as, Part of Ben's job as security guard was to ensure that the public stayed behind *stanchions*.

**12. organigram—C:** organizational chart; as, Dr. Aranui studied the museum's *organigram* on her first day as director.

**13. philately—B:** collection and study of postage stamps; as, Passionate about *philately*, Cody often visited stamp museums.

**14. desiccant—B:** drying agent; as, Phoebe put *desiccant* in the display cases to reduce humidity.

**15. radiocarbon dating—A:** test to measure the age of organic items; as, *Radiocarbon dating* proved that the Egyptian textile was from the third dynasty.

## CROSSWORD ANSWERS

FROM PAGE 104

R	B	C		L	Y	S		A	D	O
O	U	R		M	O	N	D	I	E	U
B	R	I	A	N	S	L	I	O	N	S
E	N	C	L				S	L	I	T
				K	I	M	S	W	H	I
						P	I	T		
J	O	E	S		P	R	O	S	E	
A	F	T	A					I	D	E
P	A	U	L	S	B	R	A	W	L	S
A	L	D	E	N	T	E			I	S
N	L	E			O	O	P		N	E

# BRAINTEASERS ANSWERS

FROM PAGE 98

## Prism Problem

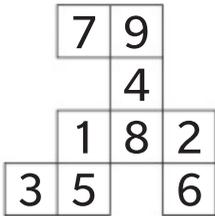
B.

## Canadian Astronauts

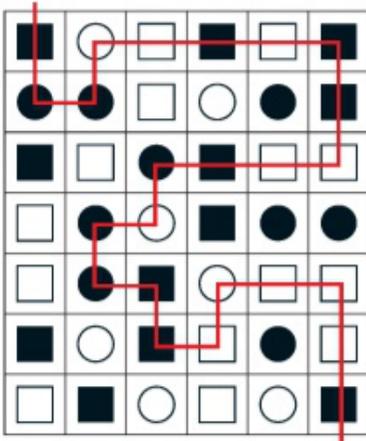
1. When I was eight years old, to be a spaceman was the most exciting thing I could imagine. —Roberta Bondar

2. Don't let life randomly kick you into the adult you don't want to become. —Chris Hadfield

## 1-9 Fit-In



## Black and White Maze



BY Jeff Widderich

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

## To Solve This Puzzle

Put a number from 1 to 9 in each empty square so that:

◆ every horizontal row and vertical column contains all nine numbers (1-9) without repeating any of them;

◆ each of the outlined 3 x 3 boxes has all nine numbers, none repeated.

## SOLUTION

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



# Prime Rhymes

BY Barbara Olson

1	2	3		4	5	6		7	8	9
10				11			12			
13			14							
15							16			
		17		18	19	20				
				21						
22	23	24	25				26	27		
28							29		30	31
32				33	34	35				
36								37		
38				39				40		

**ACROSS**

- 1 Financial inst. with a blue and yellow logo
- 4 Fleur-de-\_\_\_
- 7 Fuss, in a Shakespeare title
- 10 Third word of Canada's anthem
- 11 "Tabarouette!"
- 13 Mulroney's maned mammals?

15 Env. extra

- 16 Thin cut
- 17 Campbell's sudden fancies?
- 21 Cherry discard
- 22 Clark's essays?
- 28 Post-shave brand
- 29 \_\_\_ fixe (obsession)
- 32 Martin's slugfests?
- 36 Pasta phrase meaning "to the tooth"

- 37 Hadfield's 2012-2013 "home": Abbr.
- 38 Phillies' MLB div.
- 39 Alley-\_\_\_ (basketball play)
- 40 Movement-revival prefix

**DOWN**

- 1 Something you might slip on after a bath
- 2 Spend too much time in the sun, maybe
- 3 Pain in the neck
- 4 Trio between K and O
- 5 Casual hollers
- 6 Long-running NBC sketch show
- 7 Sauce for garlic lovers
- 8 Casual Friday fabric, maybe
- 9 Boots from office
- 12 Meal, or item containing it
- 14 Hassan or Wong of comedy
- 18 T.O.'s Queen's Park electee
- 19 \_\_\_ Elton John
- 20 Global commerce alliance: Abbr.
- 22 Origami origin
- 23 Jack \_\_\_ trades
- 24 Piece of piano practice
- 25 Closing-out event
- 26 Australian "Chandelier" singer
- 27 Poet \_\_\_ Arlington Robinson
- 30 "Anything \_\_\_?"
- 31 Petro-Canada rival
- 33 Lead-in to Caps or Cat
- 34 Rocker Randy's Winnipeg band
- 35 Sales agent, for short

For answers, turn to PAGE 102

SPECIAL FEATURE

# THE 2022 READER'S DIGEST TRUSTED BRAND™ AWARDS

For the past 14 years, Reader's Digest has conducted an annual Trusted Brand™ Study to uncover which brands Canadians trust most. In 2022, 4,000 votes were tallied to identify the winning brands across 35 categories such as consumer packaged goods, insurance companies and Canadian retailers.

We are pleased to showcase the following 2022 Trusted Brand™ winners!

Aveeno. **BEHR** *REACTINE* **SMIRNOFF** **Tetley** **TYLENOL**



Curious to find out what other brands came out on top?  
Visit [trustedbrands.rd.ca](https://trustedbrands.rd.ca) for the full list of winners!



™Trusted Brand and Trusted Brands are registered trademarks of Reader's Digest.



## Our commitment to you

As the world continues to change, our commitment and focus remains the same – helping to ensure the Canada Pension Plan Fund is there for generations to come. Over the past two decades our active management strategy created a widely diversified and resilient portfolio, designed to weather market ups and downs while continuing to generate long-term returns. That’s why the sustainability of the CPP Fund remains secure.

For an update on the state of the CPP Fund, visit [cppinvestments.com](http://cppinvestments.com).

## Notre engagement à votre endroit

Pendant que le monde continue d’évoluer, nous poursuivons le même objectif et restons fidèles à notre engagement : contribuer à assurer la pérennité du Régime de pensions du Canada (RPC) pour les prochaines générations. Au cours des deux dernières décennies, notre stratégie de gestion active nous a permis de créer un portefeuille largement diversifié et résilient, conçu pour résister aux turbulences du marché tout en continuant de générer des rendements à long terme. C’est pourquoi la viabilité de la caisse du RPC n’est pas remise en question.

Pour une mise à jour sur l’état de la caisse du RPC, consultez le site [investissementsrpc.com](http://investissementsrpc.com).