

Reader's digest

NOVEMBER 2016

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Dear Readers

HERE'S A QUIZ: Since 1988, *Reader's Digest* has interviewed every major presidential nominee except two. Who are they? Answer: Donald Trump and Hillary Clinton. It wasn't for lack of trying—Trump never responded, and Clinton canceled on us (though we're still trying for rd.com).

The saga began when it became clear that the election would be a contest between two people with low favorability ratings, and I wondered: Did you even want us to cover the candidates? So, using our inner circle of readers at tmbinnercircle.com (please join!), I asked you. And surprisingly, three quarters said we *should* both interview and cover them—as real people. “It would be awesome to know how he or she acts with family and friends, not in the political arena,” said one. “We need to get beyond rhetoric,” another advised.

That's when we decided to do what *RD* does best: read though mountains of commentary and reportage by journalists and biographers from the right, left, and center for insights into these two living, breathing people.

I think the result, “Who They Really Are,” on page 102, reveals as much as or more than the thwarted interviews would have. From it, I discovered that he has been obsessed with nuclear issues nearly his whole life and that she's an avid Bible reader. One writer observes Clinton's lack of nation-changing accomplishments, while an attorney who worked for Trump recalls him being gleefully loose with facts. And I learned the deep-seated traits that make each so hard to know: Trump's performer mentality and Clinton's defensive need for privacy.

I don't agree with every writer; nor will you. But each carries authority, and the collective chroniclers create the evenhanded portraits we all need more of.

P.S. Starting next issue, you'll get to know other RD editors when they stop by to write this note.

First up: features editor Daryl Chen. Enjoy meeting her!



Bruce Kelley,
editor-in-chief
Write to me at
letters@rd.com.



NO 16

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Letters

COMMENTS ON THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE

A Different Kind of Genius

I got a lump in my throat reading Connie Schultz's article about visiting the plant where her late father worked. Both of my parents held factory jobs, and my first job was also at a plant.

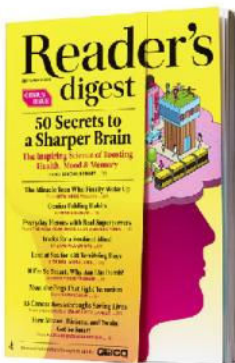
After that first tough week, I appreciated the grit my parents had shown every day, and I was thankful for the sacrifices they made to provide for me. I'm glad that Connie now feels the same way.

T. S., via e-mail

Folding Like a Genius Will Change Your Life

Thoroughly enjoyed the September Genius Issue, especially the article on folding clothes, socks, and underwear. I was first acquainted with proper folding techniques by the military some 50 years ago and was soon able to get an entire clothing issue into a single duffel bag. Is there any possibility you could get that genius to offer some help on how to fold fitted sheets?

LAWRENCE WOOD, Coeur D'Alene, Idaho



Everyday Heroes

I was so touched by Heather McHugh's organization that gives caregivers a vacation. I have been with my son 24/7 since his birth nearly three years ago and his subsequent

diagnosis
of Joubert

syndrome. Some

days it makes you; some days it breaks you; but every day, it is the reason I keep going.

AMANDA CRAVER,
Lexington, North Carolina

All in a Day's Work

In your list of "actual meals and blunders spotted on menus from around the world," you mocked bacon butty. But have you ever had one? A common dish in England, it's a bread cake (like a hamburger bun) filled with bacon ... delicious! Don't knock it till you've tried it.

DIANA JONES, Marysville, Washington

Photo of Lasting Interest

"The Space Equation" was quite thought provoking, but not because it showed a group of scientists in

1957 working on a massive blackboard full of equations. What struck me was that all six were white, male, and wearing long-sleeve white dress shirts. And all but one were wearing gray dress slacks. The one nonconformist was wearing brown dress slacks. My, how times have changed.

JOHN S. DUTY, *Winchester, Kansas*

Unfreezing Frozen

I started reading my parents' issues when I was in first grade and got my own subscription when I bought my first house. Thanks to this article on the Disney film, my six-year-old is now a third-generation *RD* reader.

CORINNE WRIGHT,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The Case of the E-Cig Rebel

I'm glad to see that the resistant sub-way rider won his case. Isn't vaping really what the antismokers wanted? It has no more odor than the guy who doesn't shower and poses fewer secondhand health risks than smoking. I think people are just looking to complain about something. If we "smoked" candy cigarettes, they would complain about that next.

DAN HIGGINS, *Mount Laurel, New Jersey*

The Miracle of Dylan's Brain

I was so happy to hear of the amazing progress Dylan made after his accident, but it is disturbing to think of the many traumatic-brain-injury patients at the mercy of insurers so impatient to cut costs and pull the plug. We live in an era of amazing medical technology, if you can afford it.

JERRIE HILL, *Blair, Oklahoma*

Word Power

It was unnecessary to use Donald Trump as an example of *bifurcate*. I'm sure that there are many other examples of "divide into parts" that could be used without entering the political arena.

RON SCHUITEMA, *Fruitport, Michigan*

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Ahmad named her company Copia, which is the Latin word for abundance.




EVERYDAY HEROES

FOOD  SPECIAL

Three innovators tell us how they share the bounty with the less fortunate

Feeding Our App-etite

BY DARYL CHEN

 **WHEN SHE WAS 18**, Komal Ahmad had her future figured out: “I was going to study integrative biology in college, I would fall in love while I was there, I’d get engaged one year after graduation, and then I was going to medical school.” In reality, “nothing worked according to my plan,” Ahmad, now 26, says with a laugh. “Except I did fall in love, but it wasn’t with a person. It was with an idea.”

That idea was feeding the hungry by redistributing wasted

food. Ahmad is the founder and CEO of Copia, which she describes as “match.com meets Uber for food recovery.” Companies use the Copia app to report when they have leftover food, what kind, and how much. When recipients such as shelters, soup kitchens, and agencies first register with Copia, they indicate how many people they need to feed, on what days, and what kind of food they’ll take. The app uses an algorithm to place the excess food, which is

delivered by trained food handlers. The San Francisco-based Copia makes a profit from the fees that companies pay to remove excess food; the companies—Ahmad works with entities like the 49ers, Stanford Hospital, hotels, and catering companies—receive a tax write-off for their food donations.

How did Ahmad create Copia? As a senior at UC Berkeley, she was walking near campus one day when she saw a young man begging for food. She invited him to sit down for a meal. He told her his name was John and he had recently returned from a second tour in Iraq, but he hadn't eaten for three days because his VA benefits hadn't kicked in.

Ahmad had an aha moment then: While homeless people like John were starving in Berkeley, across the street the university dining halls were tossing out still-edible food. After she did some research, she says, "I realized that this was emblematic of a much larger problem." Nearly 50 million Americans are at risk of going hungry every day, while more than 133 billion pounds of edible food are discarded each year. Ahmad started a student group that recovered food from campus venues and distributed it to local nonprofits.

As rewarding as this was, the

inefficiencies bothered her. One day, she got a call from the dining hall manager, who had 500 gourmet sandwiches left over from an event. If Ahmad wanted them, she needed to pick them up ASAP, before they spoiled. She rented a car, loaded it with the food, and called nonprofits.

She found takers for only 25 sandwiches and ended up giving out the rest at a nearby park.

"I remember thinking how cool it would be if people who had food could say, 'Hey, we have stuff,' and people who needed it could speak up, and then we could connect the two."

After she graduated, Ahmad worked with software developers and a tech incubator to launch Copia earlier this year. It operates in 40 cities in Northern California and has served over 700,000 people. Its biggest triumph—and challenge—to date was this past Super Bowl: Copia recovered more than 14 tons of food, which fed more than 23,000 people.

Despite her busy schedule, Ahmad tries to do one food pickup a week. "When you get to the shelter," she says, "someone opens the door, sees all the food, and says, 'If you hadn't come today, 270 women wouldn't have eaten.' And that's when I'm like, 'This is why I do what I do.'" **R**

“
She thought how cool it would be to connect people who had food with those who needed it.
 ”

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The suggested donation guests pay for a seat in the Dumpster varies and goes to local food-rescue organizations.

Dinner in a Dumpster


BY JULIANA LABIANCA

AT MOST New York City restaurants, you'd be hard-pressed to find a menu advertising wilted basil, past-prime tomato, and bruised beets as ingredients. But at the Salvage Supperclub, you'll get just that. Oh, and the entire six-course meal takes place in a Dumpster.

Founder Josh Treuhaft, 32, launched the club in 2014 as a way to inform people about food waste and how they can squander less. "We use foods that ordinarily would have been thrown away," he says. In a country that discards about 40 percent of its food supply, it's a worthy effort. It's estimated that the average family of four wastes up to \$2,275 a year on food they end up tossing.

Treuhaft and his team keep this in mind when they plan their menu. One favorite recipe was a banana cream tart made of leftover chocolate-chip cookies Treuhaft rescued from a work event and blackened bananas bought at a reduced price from a local grocer.

And then there's that Dumpster. It's parked outside one of the dinner-goer's homes, where it's cleaned and disinfected. To add a touch of elegance, Treuhaft hangs tea lights and sets the table with matching place settings.

The dinner's polished aesthetic shows that even imperfect foods can be used to create a special experience. "Getting people excited around waste is hard," Treuhaft says. "It's icky and makes you feel kind of guilty." But each dinner has a similar effect on diners: "Attitudes change and minds shift," he says. "There's a conversation that has a ripple effect beyond the people in the Dumpster." 

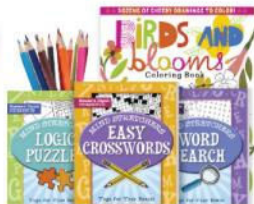
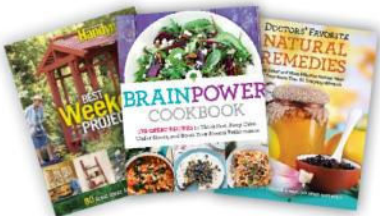
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Sweet Pickings

BY ALYSSA JUNG

OFFENSIVE LINEMAN Jason Brown retired abruptly from the NFL in 2012 in order to tackle something bigger than anything he'd faced on a football field: sweet potatoes.

Brown, then 29, moved with his wife, Tay, and their children from Missouri, where he'd played with the St. Louis Rams, back home to North Carolina, where he bought 1,000 acres in Louisburg. Overnight, he went from football star to family farmer. "For most people, it doesn't make sense—why would you leave an awesome NFL career?" he says.

But Brown wasn't going to become just any farmer. He would give away nearly everything he grew. "I didn't feel I was just supposed to use my millions to buy food and donate it. I had to be out there doing the work and leading the way," he says.

Brown is deeply religious, and this radical step came to him one day when he was struck by an overwhelming feeling that he had a purpose beyond sports. "Farming chose me; it was my calling in life," he says. "I'm that guy who left a life of materialism and fame to follow a path much more humbling." Only one problem: Jason didn't know the first thing about farming. So he did



Farming, says Brown, "was so different from what I thought I'd do after football."

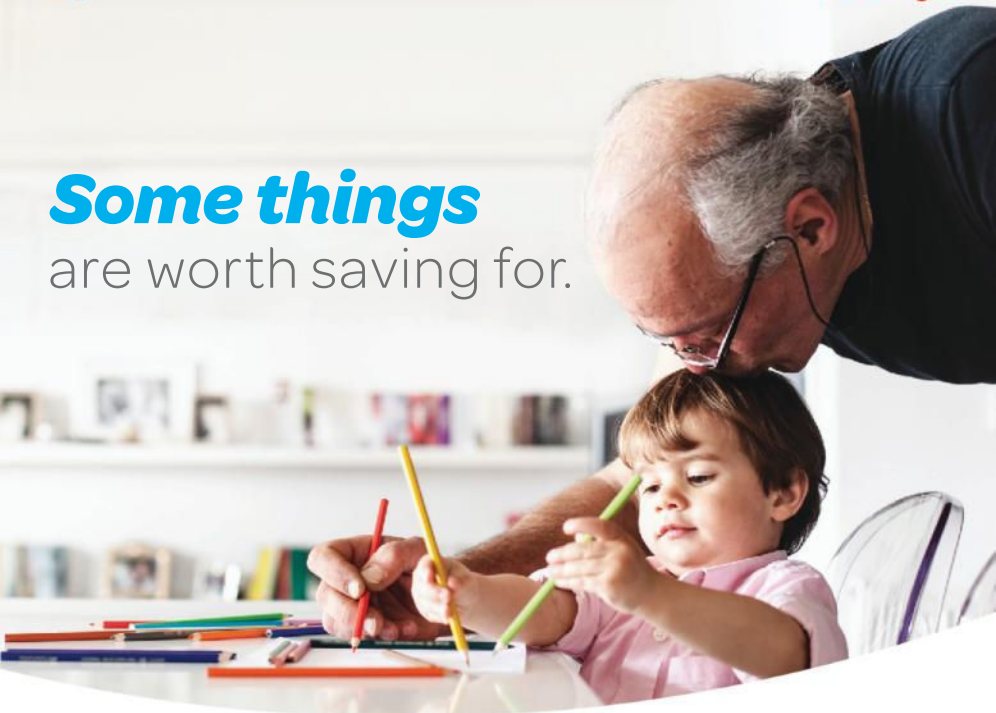
what all novices do today—watched hours of YouTube videos. Then he partnered with another local farm that helped him cultivate and plant fields of sweet potatoes. He named his land First Fruits Farm.

In early fall of 2014, the first harvest was ready. Fifty pickup trucks from food pantries and churches arrived at the farm and loaded up 120,000 pounds to distribute locally. In 2015, First Fruits Farm expanded its sweet potato donations to food banks across eastern North Carolina.

Jason uses his unusual story to show local youth what it takes to grow food from start to finish and to see it as the miracle that he does. "They get that food doesn't just magically appear in the grocery store or restaurants," he says. "This is ground zero as far as making a difference." **R**



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VOICES & VIEWS



Department of Wit

How to Pick a Tattoo

BY **BOB ODENKIRK** FROM THE BOOK *A LOAD OF HOOEY*



BOB ODENKIRK is an actor, a writer, a director, and a producer, best known for his role as Saul Goodman in AMC's *Breaking Bad* and *Better Call Saul*.

FIRST, PAUSE! A tattoo, drawn in permanent ink, will stay on your body forever, so you need to make the **RIGHT CHOICE**. You need time to think about the possibilities, contemplate what has meaning for you, and consider how the image will age with you. With this in mind, we have the three criteria you should follow for tattoo hunting:

1. Do not be in a hurry.
2. Do not be drunk.
3. Do not be drunk and in a hurry.

These are simple directives, but if you cannot follow them, we understand. It's very common for these simple rules to be discarded in the face of the notion of getting a permanent tattoo permanently ➤➤

drilled into your skin forever and ever.

So you're set on it, are you? You are getting a tattoo, and you're drunk, and you have to do it right now? Fine. Glad I made that first list. Onward.

Step one: You need to make a list of things you love. These cannot be things you love today, or this week, or even this year. These must be things you've loved for a long, long time. Below is an example list. This is not necessarily the list you would make, but it's close enough so that you can use it, since you're drunk and in a hurry.

Example tattoo list:

1. Mom (yours)
2. Favorite movie
(e.g., *The Big Lebowski*)
3. Favorite rock band (e.g., Rush)
4. Favorite album/year (e.g., *2112*)
5. Celtic/yin-yang design
6. Something you like, have always liked, and will always like
(e.g., a piece of chocolate cake)

Let's look closer at your list.

First of all, "Mom," the classic, made popular by men who'd spent time in the trenches of World War I and its sequel, World War II. These men made wise choices, getting tattoos that reminded them of their

mothers—the only women who truly loved them. Keep in mind, this was the early part of last century, so these were stay-at-home moms. Nowadays, Mom has to work to keep the family in two cars and wireless devices (and a house), so we justifiably feel far less affection for her. Scratch

Mom off the list.

The second one—favorite movie. Here you might choose to get the name of the movie tattooed or the likeness of a character—like the popular character of the Dude from *The Big Lebowski*. This will always remind you of a lazy stoner guy who made

you smile whenever he was on the screen. Here's the rub: If you get this tattoo, then people will always be playing this movie for you—at every birthday, at your bachelor or bachelorette party, on Mother's Day or Father's Day. No movie can withstand this kind of scrutiny; believe me. I know a guy with an image of *Napoleon Dynamite* on his forearm, and he's constantly asked if he "still loves that movie," to which he always grins and says, "Leave me alone."

This same logic can be applied to the next two tattoo possibilities on your list: your favorite rock band and/or album. Your taste will change as you grow older. You may even stop

“
***Do not get a
Celtic symbol
or a yin-yang.
People won't
even ask you
about it.***”

listening to music completely as you turn fifty and become enamored of talk radio and the rantings of your favorite pundit, or when your “favorite” band reunites for “one last tour” and you pay too much to see them and they just sound like garbage, and Neil Peart looks like the angry neighbor who called the cops on you when you were a teenager. I promise you will get sick of your favorite music, no matter how much you like it. However, you can always get a tattoo of “Weird Al” Yankovic, as he’s a “perennial”—and thanks to his ironic dimension, he remains relevant forever.

Do not get a Celtic symbol or a yin-yang design. Either will just become wallpaper. People won’t even ask you about it. What good is a tattoo if it evokes nothing from people around you? It has to be a statement of some kind.

You’re not *that* drunk, are you?

Finally, something you love, always have loved, and always will love. A piece of chocolate cake. Is this a legit tattoo? I’ve never seen it done, but here’s what I know: Everyone likes chocolate, and everyone likes cake. People like chocolate cake even if they’ve *just finished eating* a piece of chocolate cake. Children like it, alienated teenagers like it, and old people love it. Wherever you are, people will see your tattoo and immediately feel connected to you!

Meanwhile, every time you look in the mirror and see it, you will ask yourself, “Why did I get this? Oh, right—I LOVE chocolate cake! I should get a piece right now! Thanks, tattoo!”

So it’s settled, then. You are getting a tattoo of either “Weird Al” Yankovic or the words A PIECE OF CHOCOLATE CAKE. **R**

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FITTING IN

My fitness goal: I would like to stop looking like I’m wearing a bulletproof vest all the time.

PATTON OSWALT

Just walked up a flight of stairs, and my Fitbit e-mailed me to report itself stolen.

🐦@THECATWHISPRER (MARK)

My favorite thing to do at the gym is leave.

🐦@LISAGOODWINI

If you could catch fatherhood in a bottle,
it would be filled with moments like these

An Evening Drive

BY JOE POSNANSKI FROM JOEPOSNANSKI.COM



JOE
POSNANSKI
*is the national
columnist for
NBC Sports.
He lives in
Charlotte,
North
Carolina.*

☛ SHE'S 14 NOW, a turbulent age. Everyone warned us. There will be times when she's still your little girl, they said. And there will be other times when she lashes out with such fury, you will wonder where everything went wrong. Everyone warned us, and we believed them. We had planning sessions about the future, talks about patience and openness and firmness when needed.

We were ready.

We weren't ready.

Elite athletes will tell you that in their first professional game, everything moves so impossibly fast that there is no possible way to prepare for the speed and fury and violence of it all.

We were ready.

We weren't ready.

She gets into the car. It is nighttime, and I'm picking her up from an activity, and she is happy. She used to always be happy. Now it's a 50-50 proposition. She shows me a picture she wants to post on Instagram of her and a friend. She asks if it's OK. I tell her it's OK. I don't know if it's OK; I'm trying hard to keep up with the rules. She is happy.

We sit in the car, and we are stuck at a red light because of the indecision of the car in front of us. I growl at this car. She laughs and growls too. I remember when she was a baby and would make these funny growling sounds. We once took her to a spring-training baseball game in Florida. It was unseasonably



cold, and we had her bundled up in this baby blanket. Every now and again from the blanket there would be a loud “Rahhhrrrrrrr,” and people in the few rows in front of us would look back to see who or what was making that sound.

The light turns green. We talk about nothing. It is pleasing for a moment not to be asking her about school or homework or friends, and pleasing for her for a moment not to be talking about any of it. The air is cool and perfect, and the windows are cracked; “Video Killed the Radio Star” plays on the radio. “I like this song,” she says. I tell her that years

ago, I made lists with my friends Tommy and Chuck of our favorite hundred songs, and this was on it.

“Would it be now?” she asks.

She’s in a curious mood. She used to be curious all the time. “Tell me a story of when you were a little boy,” she’d say. She does not say that much now. Curiosity for a teen is a sign of vulnerability, a too-eager admission that there are things she doesn’t know. I remember that feeling. She yells sometimes, “I don’t need your help!” I remember that. She yells, “Get away from me! You don’t understand!” I remember that. She yells, “It doesn’t matter. I’m

going to fail anyway.” I remember that most of all.

She has little interest in remembering. For her, the clock moves forward, and she wants to look forward—there’s so much out there. In a year, she will be in high school. In two years, she will be able to drive.

In three years, she will start looking hard at colleges. In four years, she will be a senior in high school. Forward. Always forward.

And I look back. Always back. I am carrying her, her tiny head on my shoulder, and I’m singing “Here Comes the Sun,” trying to get her to fall asleep.

I am walking with her through the gift shop at Harry Potter World as she goes back and forth between wanting a stuffed owl or a Gryffindor bag. I am helping her with her math homework when the problems were easy enough that I could figure the answers in my head. I am watching *The Princess Bride* with her for the first time, and I hear her say in her squeaky voice, “Have fun storming the castle!”

“Hey, Dad,” she asks, “can I have your phone? Can I play some music?”

“Sure,” I tell her. She punches a few buttons, the song begins, and immediately I know. It’s her favorite song.

“I once knew a girl

*In the years of my youth
With eyes like the summer
All beauty and truth
In the morning I fled
Left a note and it read
Someday. You will. Be loved.”*

I introduced her to it a while ago. “What kind of music would I like?”

she had asked. “Why don’t we try some Death Cab for Cutie?” I had said. She was smitten.

She is smitten now. She sings along to every word. I do too.

*“You may feel alone
when you’re falling
asleep
And every time tears
roll down your
cheeks*

*But I know your heart belongs to
someone you’ve yet to meet.
Someday. You will. Be loved.”*

She looks up at me and smiles. Her teeth are straight; the braces are gone. She leans closer and says, “Don’t you love this song, Daddy?”

I hear her say “Daddy” and think back to a time when she raced over to me at the airport after I returned from a trip, hugged me, and wouldn’t let go. She’s 14, a turbulent age. Tomorrow, she may look right through me. But now, in the coolness of the evening, she smiles at me and holds my hand, and we sing along with Death Cab for Cutie. We are off-key. We are off-key together. **R**

“
*I think back
to a time when
she raced over
to me, hugged
me, and
wouldn’t let go.*

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Medical related emergencies are on the rise. More seniors are seeking an independent lifestyle and better quality of life. **Over 1 in 3 people over the age of 64 will fall this year.** Nearly half will not be able to get up without support.

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Call Now Toll-Free: 1-800-360-0405 and mention "Reader's Digest"

Sincerely,



Geoff Gross
President



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Should a sheep rancher pay a cyclist for injuries caused by canines that were protecting his flock?

The Case Of the Massive Guard Dogs

BY VICKI GLEMBOCKI

ON JULY 9, 2008, Renee Legro was pedaling over the final hill in a mountain bike race in the White River National Forest near Vail, Colorado. She'd had a flat tire earlier in the competition and had been left behind by the other riders. After cresting the hill, she found herself on a road in the middle of a herd of sheep. Suddenly, two massive dogs pulled her down. The Great Pyrenees—guard dogs trained to protect flocks from predators—mauled Legro. Nearby campers heard her screams and scared the dogs away. Her injuries were severe, including a broken ankle and deep bite wounds, but the most debilitating damage was not so visible. Her psychiatrist said she exhibited the

worst post-traumatic stress he'd seen outside of war veterans.

The dogs were euthanized. Their owner, rancher Samuel Robinson, was criminally convicted under the state's "dangerous dog" law. He paid \$500 to charity and served 500 hours of community service.

On April 20, 2011, Legro filed a civil suit in Eagle County District Court, suing Robinson and his wife, Cheri, for negligence under Colorado's Dog Bite Law. The Robinsons filed for summary judgment, arguing that an exemption in the statute protected them because the Great Pyrenees were working as "predator control dog[s] on the property of or under the control of the dog's" ➔

owner.” Plus, the Robinsons contended, this case fell under the Premises Liability Act (PLA), which states that landowners are not liable if an attack occurs on their property. The court agreed with the ranchers.

Legro appealed to the Colorado Court of Appeals, arguing that the Dog Bite Law did apply because the Robinsons did not own or control the property where the attack occurred. Though the couple had a permit from the U.S. Forest Service that allowed them to graze sheep there in return for a small tax, it was

public land. (The Vail Recreation District had a permit to use the same public land for the race that day.)

In his opening brief, Legro’s attorney, Trenton Ongert, said that the district court’s decision “allows [the Robinsons’] dogs to attack and maul innocent people on public lands with impunity ... [giving them] an unfettered, unregulated ‘license to kill.’”

Should the Robinsons pay damages to bicyclist Renee Legro for injuries that were inflicted by their trained guard dogs? You be the judge.



THE VERDICT

On October 25, 2012, the appeals court ruled that the Robinsons were “landowners” under the PLA but were not protected by the Dog Bite Law, since a grazing permit didn’t afford them enough control of the property to have the “right to exclude persons from [it].” The ranchers took their case to the state’s supreme court, which was charged with deciding if the appeals court correctly interpreted the tricky phrase “predator control dog[s] on the property of or under the control of the dog’s owner.” Did it mean that the dogs were “under the control” of the owner or that the property was? The supreme court ruled that the phrase referred to the dogs and sent the case to trial court to determine if the ranchers had been in control of their canines.

Before it could go to trial, the district court dismissed Legro’s claim, classifying her under the PLA as a “trespasser” on the Robinsons’ land. Legro appealed one last time. Finally, on December 31, 2015, the Colorado Court of Appeals ruled in her favor. According to its decision, she was not a trespasser and the ranchers did not have a sufficient interest in the property to satisfy the Dog Bite Law exemption. Soon after, Legro received a \$1 million policy settlement from the Robinsons’ insurance company. “The case may be over,” says her attorney, “but her injuries will be lifelong.” **R**



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How “Claire’s Day” Began

ON A PERFECT and bright July morning, I had just seen Steve and the girls drive off for five days in Cleveland without me. It had been one of those goodbyes where you hug your kids, then re-hug everyone, then get summoned back for one last embrace. Olivia had hopped into my arms and wrapped her gangly 11-year-old legs around my waist. Sophia had whispered, “Make sure I’m the last person you touch before we drive away.”

I turned toward the house feeling light and happy. I was looking forward to five days alone.

In the kitchen, I flipped open my

laptop and clicked the first e-mail that caught my attention. It was from a reader named Julie Rubini, who’d read about my purple childhood bedroom in the July/August issue.

“Your words made me think of another little purple-loving girl who lived in Ohio. My daughter Claire was a passionate reader and storyteller when she left us all too soon. It has now been just over sixteen years since I gave her ‘one last hug’ as she skipped off to her overnight camp.”

Oh man. I sipped my tea and steadied myself.

“She was just ten. The circumstances of her death were so tragic that my husband and I felt compelled to honor her.”

By the end of the weekend, I’d spent hours on the phone with Julie, listening to a story that was both unthinkable and uplifting. I learned that Claire died from a misdiagnosed heart condition while away at camp. I learned that Claire’s love of reading was inspired by Julie’s husband, Brad, whose dyslexia Claire herself had discovered when Daddy read to her at night. He would



“I needed to find purpose,” Julie says, “to Claire’s sudden physical absence from our lives.”

sometimes switch the words around. When Claire became a better reader than her father, she read to him.

After Claire's death, Julie knew her grieving would involve reading. Then, on a flight to a family wedding in Jacksonville, Florida, she discovered a *Time* magazine in her seat pocket with a story about former first lady Laura Bush's role with the Texas Book Festival. The festival honors authors across the nation, including Texan authors and those who have written about Texas. Julie knew from reading to her children nightly, and making sure that they knew who wrote the words and drew the pictures, that the Midwest had a wealth of literary talent.

"I turned to my husband, handed him the magazine, and, with tears in my eyes, told him I'd discovered the answer to our prayers," Julie says. "We would honor Claire by staging a children's book festival."

Claire's Day was born.

Because of Brad's experience and in honor of Claire's unwavering encouragement of him, the family wanted to recognize children who are challenged

by reading. The centerpiece of Claire's Day is the ceremony honoring the most-improved readers as chosen by school principals. Each child receives his or her award and can then choose one book featured at the event to be signed by the author and/or illustrator. The first year the May festival was

held, the Rubini family awarded 25 children. In 2016, their nonprofit was in 43 schools, reached 20,000 kids, and gave 950 awards.

Today, Julie is a children's book writer herself and is such a well-known figure around Maumee, Ohio, that she was talked into running for city council and has served for three and a half years.

She and Brad have two well-adjusted kids—Ian, 22, and Kyle, 24—a strong marriage, and a life of purpose. "To me, the true tragedy would have been if all of that had fallen apart too." If Claire had lived, she would be 26.

I look around my quiet house, books piled on tables and stuffed in corners. Suddenly I miss everyone acutely. I tell Julie about my "last hugs" moments before I read her note. I say that thanks to her, I'm glad for those silly last hugs all over again. She turned grief into action, and I hope her resilience inspires others. On the phone, she is quiet for a beat. "I'm grateful that you see that." **R**



Julie Rubini turned grief into a push for reading.

LIZ VACCARIELLO is the editor-at-large of *Reader's Digest*. She believes stories are everywhere—you just have to listen. To share yours with her, e-mail liz@rd.com.

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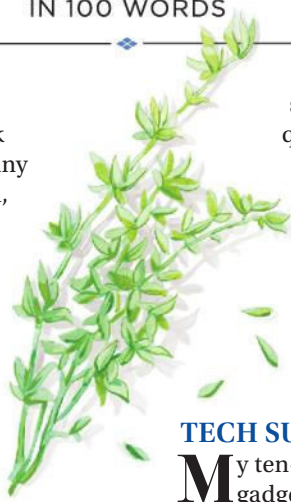
ON THE DOORSTEP

My father did shift work for a chemical company for 30 years. One afternoon, I saw him coming home. As he passed the bush near our front door, he touched a branch and continued into the house. Thinking this was strange, I later asked him about it. I've applied his response to my jobs and many of life's situations since. "I try to hang all of today's problems from work on the bush," he said, "and not pick them up again until I go back."

GREGG TEEARS, Gloucester City, New Jersey

A TOUCHING TRIBUTE

Years ago, while teaching first grade, I was giving directions for a writing assignment. I described the usual format: capital letters and punctuation. I stated that this particular task would be about a person whom they admired, someone who was important to them. We spoke of moms and dads, grandmas and grandpas. I ended my explanation and told them to begin. Then I saw his hand. I walked over to my



student, who could be quite challenging at times. In his quiet voice, he asked, "Can I write about you?" It's those moments that make me stay.

MELISSA O'CONNOR,
Sunrise, Florida

TECH SUPPORT

My ten-year-old son loved gadgets and kept them in working order around our house. I was devastated when he was killed in a traffic accident in Arlington, Texas. For years, I could barely say his name. Alone on a day filled with memories of him, I sat in my kitchen and cried. "If I just knew you were all right, I'd be all right," I said. Then my electric can opener started running by itself, humming for about ten seconds with the handle in the off position. I never had trouble saying my son's name again. Thank you, Jason, Jason, Jason.

JIM SIMS, Omaha, Texas

To read more 100-word stories and to submit your own, go to rd.com/stories. If your story is selected for publication in the magazine, we'll pay you \$100.

PHOTO

OF LASTING
INTEREST






Making Waves

Factory workers wearing traditional leaf hats mend fishing nets in the coastal city of Bạc Liêu, Vietnam. The workers knit speedily, says photographer Ly Hoang Long, and employ tiny needles to weave nets tight enough to catch the various species of shrimp, fish, and crabs that keep the local economy afloat. As they work, heaps of netting mound behind them, like the waves in which they'll soon be deployed.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LY HOANG LONG



Recommended by
the CDC for adults 65+

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The PREVNAR 13[®] vaccine.

As you age, your risk of getting pneumococcal pneumonia increases. It's a serious disease that could put you in the hospital. Symptoms include coughing, fever, chest pain, and difficulty breathing. If you are 50 or older, one dose of the PREVNAR 13[®] vaccine can help protect you. Even if you've already been vaccinated with another pneumonia vaccine,

INDICATION FOR PREVNAR 13[®]

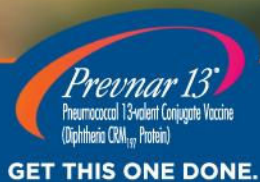
- Prevnar 13[®] is a vaccine approved for adults 18 years of age and older for the prevention of pneumococcal pneumonia and invasive disease caused by 13 *Streptococcus pneumoniae* strains (1, 3, 4, 5, 6A, 6B, 7F, 9V, 14, 18C, 19A, 19F, and 23F)
- Prevnar 13[®] is not 100% effective and will only help protect against the 13 strains included in the vaccine

IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION

- Prevnar 13[®] should not be given to anyone with a history of severe allergic reaction to any component of Prevnar 13[®] or any diphtheria toxoid-containing vaccine
- Adults with weakened immune systems (eg, HIV infection, leukemia) may have a reduced immune response



PREVNAR 13[®] may help provide additional protection. Immune response may be lower if given within one year after another pneumonia vaccine. Ask your doctor or pharmacist if PREVNAR 13[®] is right for you.



- In adults, immune responses to Prevnar 13[®] were reduced when given with injected seasonal flu vaccine
- In adults, the common side effects were pain, redness, or swelling at the injection site, limitation of arm movement, fatigue, headache, muscle pain, vomiting, joint pain, decreased appetite, chills, or rash
- Ask your healthcare provider about the risks and benefits of Prevnar 13[®]. Only a healthcare provider can decide if Prevnar 13[®] is right for you

You are encouraged to report negative side effects of vaccines to the US Food and Drug Administration (FDA) and Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC).

Visit www.vaers.hhs.gov or call 1-800-822-7967.

Please see Important Facts for Prevnar 13[®] on the following page.

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IMPORTANT FACTS



Pnevnar 13[®] (pronounced "Prev • nar 13")

Generic Name:

Pneumococcal 13-valent Conjugate Vaccine (Diphtheria CRM₁₉₇ Protein)

WHO SHOULD RECEIVE PNEVNAR 13[®] (Pneumococcal 13-valent Conjugate Vaccine [Diphtheria CRM₁₉₇ Protein])?

- Pnevnar 13[®] is approved for adults 18 years and older for the prevention of pneumococcal pneumonia and invasive disease caused by the 13 vaccine strains
- Pnevnar 13[®] is a vaccine also approved for children 6 weeks through 17 years of age for the prevention of invasive disease caused by the 13 strains of *Streptococcus pneumoniae* included in the vaccine, and for children 6 weeks through 5 years for the prevention of ear infections caused by 7 of the 13 strains
- Pnevnar 13[®] is not 100% effective and will only help protect against the 13 strains included in the vaccine

Adults 18 years and older:

- In adults 18 years of age and older, Pnevnar 13[®] is given as a one-time, single dose

Children 6 weeks through 5 years of age:

- In children 6 weeks through 5 years of age, Pnevnar 13[®] is given as a 4-dose series at 2, 4, 6, and 12 to 15 months of age
- **Catch-up schedule:** Children 15 months through 5 years of age who are considered fully immunized with Pnevnar[®] may receive 1 dose of Pnevnar 13[®] to elicit immune responses to the 6 additional strains
- The immune responses from the catch-up schedule might be lower for the 6 additional strains (types 1, 3, 5, 6A, 7F, and 19A) than if your child had received the full 4 doses of Pnevnar 13[®]

Children 6 years through 17 years of age:

- In children 6 years through 17 years of age, Pnevnar 13[®] is given as a single dose

WHO SHOULD NOT RECEIVE PNEVNAR 13[®]?

Children or adults who have had a severe allergic reaction to any component of Pnevnar 13[®] or any diphtheria toxoid-containing vaccine should not receive Pnevnar 13[®]

BEFORE STARTING PNEVNAR 13[®]

Tell your healthcare provider or your child's healthcare provider about all medical conditions, including:

- Previous allergic reactions to other vaccines
- Especially tell the healthcare provider if your child or you are taking medicines that can weaken the immune system, such as steroids (eg, prednisone) and cancer medicines, or are undergoing radiation therapy

- If you are pregnant or nursing, or if you plan to become pregnant

WARNING

- A temporary pause of breathing following vaccination has been observed in some infants born prematurely. Decisions about when to give Prevnar 13[®] to infants born prematurely should be based on consideration of the individual infant's medical status, and the potential benefits and possible risks of vaccination
- The safety and efficacy of Prevnar 13[®] when given to persons with a weakened immune system (such as HIV infection, damaged spleen, cancer, or kidney problems) is not known. Children or adults with a weakened immune system may have a reduced response to Prevnar 13[®]

WHAT ARE THE POTENTIAL SIDE EFFECTS?

- In adults, the common side effects were pain, redness, or swelling at the injection site, limitation of arm movement, fatigue, headache, muscle pain, vomiting, joint pain, decreased appetite, chills, or rash
- The most commonly reported serious adverse events in children were bronchiolitis (an infection of the lungs) (0.9%), gastroenteritis (inflammation of the stomach and small intestine) (0.9%), and pneumonia (0.9%)
- In children 6 weeks through 17 years, the most common side effects were tenderness, redness, or swelling at the injection site, irritability, decreased appetite, decreased or increased sleep,

and fever. Most commonly reported side effects in children 5 years through 17 years also included hives

WHAT SHOULD I KNOW ABOUT RECEIVING PREVNAR 13[®] WITH OTHER VACCINES?

- In adults, immune responses to Prevnar 13[®] were reduced when given with injected seasonal flu vaccine
- When given within 1 year following pneumococcal polysaccharide vaccine, immune response to Prevnar 13[®] may be lower

ADDITIONAL IMPORTANT INFORMATION

- The safety and effectiveness of Prevnar 13[®] when used in children less than 6 weeks of age is not known
- In a study in which children received acetaminophen prior to Prevnar 13[®], immune responses to some strains in the vaccine were lower compared with responses among children who received acetaminophen after vaccination only as needed
- Ask your healthcare provider about the risks and benefits of Prevnar 13[®]. Only a healthcare provider can decide if Prevnar 13[®] is right for you or your child

NEED MORE INFORMATION?

- This is only a summary of important information. Ask your healthcare provider or your child's healthcare provider for complete product information
- Go to www.Prevnar13.com or call 1-800-666-7248

Points to Ponder



I don't want to slide into the grave in a well-preserved body. I'd rather skid in sideways, ripped up, scratched, scarred ... screaming, "What a ride!"

STEVEN TYLER,
musician, in GO

THE MOST extraordinary lives are often the ones lived most quietly, most remarkably, by one's neighbors and loved ones, if we just pay attention. If you just listen, everyone has a song.

LARA DOTSON-RENTA,
scholar and translator, on onbeing.org

THIS [tattoo I have] says "I am certain of nothing," and that's how I feel. I'm pretty sure that cheese and sausage are good. Other than that, it's a world of confusion and uncertainty.


ANTHONY BOURDAIN,
television host and chef, in Men's Journal

AN OBSESSION with speed is also the fear of being left behind oneself—which drives the compulsion to buy the new car, the faster laptop, the inflated stock. For fear of becoming dinosaurs, we are turned into sheep.

GARRET KEIZER,
writer, in Harper's

IN THE BLACK COMMUNITY, it's the force they deploy, and not any higher American ideal, that gives police their power. This is obviously dangerous for those who are policed ... For if the law represents nothing but the greatest force, then it really is indistinguishable from any other street gang.

TA-NEHISI COATES,
writer, in the Atlantic



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GO FOR THE GOLD



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FINISH THIS SENTENCE

I would tell

Dryden, WA

Don't sweat the

**petty
stuff,**

and don't pet
the sweaty stuff.

Y MO

**Pay more
attention**

in school so you're not making
pizzas for a living at 47.

RICH REED

Buy more records.

JANA JONES

Jamestown, CO

Bakersfield, CA

**Take
those
risks**

all over again!

PATTY CHRISTMAN

You get one set of parents.
You get one body.

Appreciate them.

You can't go to Home Depot
for new ones.

LAVERO GUTIERREZ

my teenage self ...

You don't know everything.

(But I know my teenage self wouldn't listen.)

CHRISTINA BECKER

Fairfax, IA

Amboy, IL

Watch out!

One day you will wake up and say, "When did I become my parents?"

DIANE G. SENSKE

Cincinnati, OH

That living by the Boy Scout Oath is the path to a

valued and worthy life.

BENNIE O'BRIEN

Dover, DE

Don't ever

smoke that first cigarette!

KELLI HORN

Trenton, IL

West Jefferson, NC

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It turns your wrinkles upside down. And you will have wrinkles!

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Don't let the **small minds**

in a small town get you down.

HEATHER GAUTREAU

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Life

IN THESE UNITED STATES



MY THREE-YEAR-OLD granddaughter was fascinated by a family friend nursing her baby.

"She's having milk for her breakfast," the friend explained.

Intrigued, my granddaughter asked, "Is there orange juice in the other one?"

V. JEAN HERSLAND, *Toledo, Ohio*

OUR FRIEND'S FAMILY came to Virginia from Tennessee via Kentucky.

I didn't realize there were distinctions involved, till the day I heard the grandmother correct her granddaughter. "No, honey, we're not red-necks," she said. "We're hillbillies."

LYNETTE COMBS, *Norfolk, Virginia*

"I DON'T WANT a whole dessert; let's just get two spoons."

—Former friends of mine.

Actress ANNA KENDRICK

SCENE: My teenage daughter and me in the car.

Lauren: Dad, do you know what the most commonly used letter in a girl's name is?

Me: Hmm, is it a consonant or a vowel? (*Silence ensues.*) Please tell me you know what consonants and vowels are.

Lauren: You're no fun, Dad. Forget it.

Me: What is a vowel?

Lauren: OK, OK. A vowel is ... ahh ... eh ... well, oh ... uh ...

Me: Close enough. Source: wattpad.com

I HAD NO IDEA how little my new girlfriend knew about football until the offense scored a touchdown. With a look of utter disappointment, she said, "They were doing so well; why did they change all the players?"

LARRY CRIBBINS, Eugene, Oregon

A NEW YORK matchmaking service has launched "Smell Dating," which allows users to choose potential mates by sniffing swatches of their unwashed T-shirts. The *Week* asked its readers to title a romantic comedy about an aromatic couple:

- *You've Got Smell*
- *The Musk of Zorro*
- *Soapless in Seattle*
- *Bridget Jones's Laundry*
- *When Harry Sniffed Sally*

Got a funny story about friends or family? It could be worth \$100. For details, see page 7 or go to rd.com/submit.

CAUTION! ACTUAL WARNING LANGUAGE FOUND ON PRODUCTS:



FOR ACCESSORY USE ONLY. NOT TO BE USED AS A BATTLE DEVICE.

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On a baby stroller



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On a sheet of bicycle-helmet decals

Source: Center for America

IS YOUR BLADDER ALWAYS CALLING THE SHOTS?

Ask your doctor about Myrbetriq® (mirabegron), the first and only overactive bladder (OAB) treatment in its class. It's approved by the FDA to treat OAB with symptoms of:



Urgency



Frequency



Leakage

In clinical trials, those taking Myrbetriq made fewer trips to the bathroom and had fewer leaks than those not taking Myrbetriq. Your results may vary.

TAKING CHARGE OF OAB SYMPTOMS STARTS WITH TALKING TO YOUR DOCTOR.

Visit **Myrbetriq.com** for doctor discussion tips. Ask your doctor if Myrbetriq may be right for you, and see if you can get your first prescription at no cost.*

*Subject to eligibility. Restrictions may apply.

USE OF MYRBETRIQ (meer-BEH-trick)

Myrbetriq® (mirabegron) is a prescription medicine for adults used to treat overactive bladder (OAB) with symptoms of urgency, frequency, and leakage.

IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION

Myrbetriq is not for everyone. Do not use Myrbetriq if you have an allergy to mirabegron or any ingredients in Myrbetriq.

Myrbetriq may cause your blood pressure to increase or make your blood pressure worse if you have a history of high blood pressure. It is recommended that your doctor check your blood pressure while you are taking Myrbetriq. Myrbetriq may increase your chances of not being able to empty your bladder. Tell your doctor right away if you have trouble emptying your bladder or you have a weak urine stream.

Myrbetriq may cause allergic reactions that may be serious. If you experience swelling of the face, lips, throat or tongue, with or without difficulty breathing, stop taking Myrbetriq and tell your doctor right away.

Please see additional Important Safety Information on next page.



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IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION (continued)

Tell your doctor about all the medicines you take including medications for overactive bladder or other medicines such as thioridazine (Mellaril™ and Mellaril-S™), flecainide (Tambocor®), propafenone (Rythmol®), digoxin (Lanoxin®). Myrbetriq may affect the way other medicines work, and other medicines may affect how Myrbetriq works.

Before taking Myrbetriq, tell your doctor if you have liver or kidney problems. In clinical studies, the most common side effects seen with Myrbetriq included increased blood pressure, common cold symptoms (nasopharyngitis), urinary tract infection and headache.

For further information, please talk to your healthcare professional and see Brief Summary of Prescribing Information for Myrbetriq® (mirabegron) on the following pages.

You are encouraged to report negative side effects of prescription drugs to the FDA. Visit www.fda.gov/medwatch or call 1-800-FDA-1088.

 **Myrbetriq®**
(mirabegron)
extended-release tablets
25 mg, 50 mg



**Myrbetriq® (mirabegron)
extended-release tablets 25 mg, 50 mg**

Brief Summary based on FDA-approved patient labeling

Read the Patient Information that comes with Myrbetriq® (mirabegron) before you start taking it and each time you get a refill. There may be new information. This summary does not take the place of talking with your doctor about your medical condition or treatment.

What is Myrbetriq (meer-BEH-trick)?

Myrbetriq is a prescription medication for **adults** used to treat the following symptoms due to a condition called **overactive bladder**:

- urge urinary incontinence: a strong need to urinate with leaking or wetting accidents
- urgency: a strong need to urinate right away
- frequency: urinating often

It is not known if Myrbetriq is safe and effective in children.

Who should not use Myrbetriq?

Do not use Myrbetriq if you have an allergy to mirabegron or any of the ingredients in Myrbetriq. See the end of this leaflet for a complete list of ingredients in Myrbetriq.

What is overactive bladder?

Overactive bladder occurs when you cannot control your bladder contractions. When these muscle contractions happen too often or cannot be controlled, you can get symptoms of overactive bladder, which are urinary frequency, urinary urgency, and urinary incontinence (leakage).

What should I tell my doctor before taking Myrbetriq?

Before you take Myrbetriq, tell your doctor if you:

- have liver problems or kidney problems
- have very high uncontrolled blood pressure
- have trouble emptying your bladder or you have a weak urine stream
- are pregnant or plan to become pregnant. It is not known if Myrbetriq will harm your unborn baby. Talk to your doctor if you are pregnant or plan to become pregnant.
- are breastfeeding or plan to breastfeed. It is not known if Myrbetriq passes into your breast milk. You and your doctor should decide if you will take Myrbetriq or breastfeed. You should not do both.

Tell your doctor about all the medicines you take, including prescription and nonprescription medicines, vitamins, and herbal supplements. Myrbetriq may affect the way other medicines work, and other medicines may affect how Myrbetriq works.

Tell your doctor if you take:

- thioridazine (Mellaril™ or Mellaril-S™)
- propafenone (Rythmol®)
- flecainide (Tambocor®)
- digoxin (Lanoxin®)

How should I take Myrbetriq?

- Take Myrbetriq exactly as your doctor tells you to take it.
- You should take 1 Myrbetriq tablet 1 time a day.
- You should take Myrbetriq with water and swallow the tablet whole.
- Do not crush or chew the tablet.
- You can take Myrbetriq with or without food.
- If you miss a dose of Myrbetriq, begin taking Myrbetriq again the next day. Do not take 2 doses of Myrbetriq the same day.
- If you take too much Myrbetriq, call your doctor or go to the nearest hospital emergency room right away.

What are the possible side effects of Myrbetriq?

Myrbetriq may cause serious side effects including:

- **increased blood pressure.** Myrbetriq may cause your blood pressure to increase or make your blood pressure worse if you

have a history of high blood pressure. It is recommended that your doctor check your blood pressure while you are taking Myrbetriq.

- **inability to empty your bladder (urinary retention).** Myrbetriq may increase your chances of not being able to empty your bladder if you have bladder outlet obstruction or if you are taking other medicines to treat overactive bladder. Tell your doctor right away if you are unable to empty your bladder.
- **angioedema.** Myrbetriq may cause an allergic reaction with swelling of the lips, face, tongue, throat with or without difficulty breathing. Stop using Myrbetriq and tell your doctor right away.

The **most common side effects** of Myrbetriq include:

- increased blood pressure
- urinary tract infection
- common cold symptoms (nasopharyngitis)
- headache

Tell your doctor if you have any side effect that bothers you or that does not go away or if you have swelling of the face, lips, tongue, or throat, hives, skin rash or itching while taking Myrbetriq.

These are not all the possible side effects of Myrbetriq.

For more information, ask your doctor or pharmacist.

Call your doctor for medical advice about side effects. You may report side effects to the FDA at 1-800-FDA-1088.

How should I store Myrbetriq?

- Store Myrbetriq between 59°F to 86°F (15°C to 30°C). Keep the bottle closed.
- Safely throw away medicine that is out of date or no longer needed.

Keep Myrbetriq and all medicines out of the reach of children.

General information about the safe and effective use of Myrbetriq

Medicines are sometimes prescribed for purposes other than those listed in the Patient Information leaflet. Do not use Myrbetriq for a condition for which it was not prescribed. Do not give Myrbetriq to other people, even if they have the same symptoms you have. It may harm them.

Where can I go for more information?

This is a summary of the most important information about Myrbetriq. If you would like more information, talk with your doctor. You can ask your doctor or pharmacist for information about Myrbetriq that is written for health professionals.

For more information, visit www.Myrbetriq.com or call (800) 727-7003.

What are the ingredients in Myrbetriq?

Active ingredient: mirabegron

Inactive ingredients: polyethylene oxide, polyethylene glycol, hydroxypropyl cellulose, butylated hydroxytoluene, magnesium stearate, hypromellose, yellow ferric oxide and red ferric oxide (25 mg Myrbetriq tablet only).

Rx Only

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Northbrook, Illinois 60062

**Myrbetriq**[®]
(mirabegron)
extended-release tablets
25 mg, 50 mg

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ART *of* LIVING



Morning Glory

Anyone will feel like a morning person with these simple habits to guarantee a great day

BY VICTORIA HOLT

IF YOU WAKE UP each morning in a groggy haze, rest assured you can blame your natural body clock: “Sleep circadian rhythms are longer than a 24-hour day, so our sleep clock pushes us later,” says Rebecca Scott, PhD, a sleep specialist at the New York Sleep Institute. That means that sleep acts like a dimmer switch rather than an on/off switch. It takes time to ease into sleep at night and time to feel fully awake in the morning, which is why, says Dr. Scott, you feel like you need 10 to 20 minutes to fully wake up. These simple tweaks to your routine can get your body clock back on track faster so you face the day feeling alert, mindful, and energized.

When Your Alarm Rings: Don't Hit Snooze

Just those few minutes of extra slumber can trick your body into thinking it does not need to wake up after all; then, when you do wake up to a second loud alarm, you may find yourself experiencing what scientists call sleep inertia but the rest of us call grogginess. Sleep inertia can be characterized by decreased cognitive and motor skills. It typically doesn't last more than 30 minutes, but it can last for hours.

Before You Get Out of Bed: Stretch Fully

Morning stretches help you loosen up stiff joints, improve your circulation, and sharpen your mind—all before your feet even hit the floor. “Any full-body stretch will help,” says Dr. Scott. Focus on your body and breathing, and use this moment of calm to set your most important goals for the day.

■ **Seated side bend:** Cross your legs, hands at your sides on the bed. Arc your left arm up and bend right,

softening your right elbow so that your forearm now rests on the bed. Take a few deep breaths, then do the same on the other side.

■ **Seated forward bend:** Sit cross-legged on the bed and walk your hands forward, stretching your torso as far as feels natural.

As Soon as You Get Up: Open the Shades

Early exposure to sunlight helps you regulate your circadian clock and feel more awake. It also has a surprising bonus effect, found a 2014 study from Northwestern University: People whose daily light exposure took place in the morning tended to have lower BMIs than those who were primarily exposed to light later.

Before Breakfast: Head Outside for a Walk

If hunger pangs are knocking, your body is asking for fuel—skip to the breakfast section below, or at least grab a pre-walk banana. If not, though, moving around in outdoor light within the first 90 minutes ➔



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of your day has been shown to be effective in resetting your body clock and releasing mood-boosting endorphins. By encouraging your body to use stored fat, not breakfast's carbohydrates, for energy, premeal exercise also trims your waistline. "Any cardiovascular exercise is good, even for a short period," says Dr. Scott.

When You Finally Eat: Pick Nutrients That Last

The right mix of nutrients at breakfast kick-starts your metabolism and gives you more hours of energy as well as muscles with more stamina and sturdier bones. Follow these recommendations:

■ Pack your morning meal with 20 to 25 grams of protein, says New Jersey dietitian Amy Gorin, MS, RDN. That amount ensures you'll feel full and satisfied until lunchtime. Make a tasty parfait by topping plain Greek yogurt (which contains roughly twice the protein of regular yogurt) with a half cup of pomegranate arils, two tablespoons of pistachios, and two teaspoons of chia seeds to add protein and fiber. Or scramble two eggs, which provide easily absorbed, high-quality protein.

■ Add a side of vitamin C, an antioxidant that leads to a stronger immune system. Toss pineapple slices (79 mg per cup) or tangerine sections (52 mg per cup) into your yogurt parfait to help meet your daily requirement of 75 to 90 mg. If you elect eggs instead of yogurt, toss in tomato or broccoli.

While Brushing Your Teeth: Boost Your Stamina

Don't miss this simple opportunity to practice the easiest (but effective) core exercise: As you brush, balance on one foot. When you change mouth quadrants (about every 30 seconds), switch feet.

Last but Not Least: Do What You Hate

When you get your most daunting responsibility out of the way first thing, everything that comes after will feel easier. And if your toughest task can't be done until later, then at least prep for it early. Jot down ideas for a difficult afternoon meeting at 8 a.m., for instance. That way you can leave the house feeling accomplished instead of dreading the rest of the day. **R**



EXTRA CHEESE

I want a coffee so dark and rich, it's directed by Tim Burton.

 @PRIMAWESOME (MIKE PRIMAVERA)

1. To the right of the chair.



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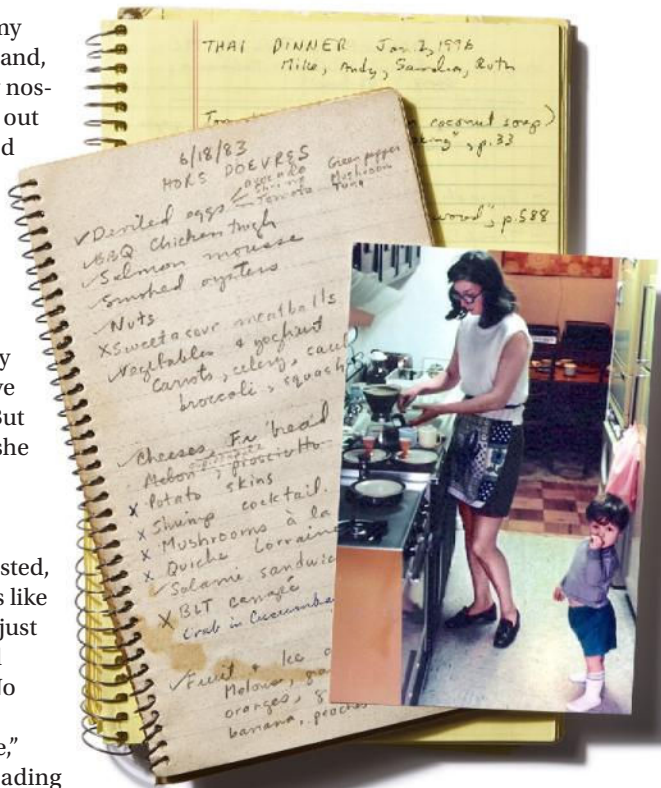
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Mom's Dinner Party Diaries

BY ANDREW SEAN GREER FROM SAVEUR

LAST YEAR, my mother turned 70, and, in a mood of giddy nostalgia, she brought out an old college-ruled notebook: one of the journals in which she has kept a record of all the dinner parties she has hosted since 1976. Ever my mother's son, I have a similar journal. But I am a writer, and she is a chemist. Mine features narratives and feelings about the dinners I've hosted, whereas hers reads like laboratory notes—just the meal plan and who was invited. No digressions.

"Salmon mousse," she announced, reading the first entry. "My God, I must have made that a hundred times. For the Kaufmans and Hurleys; do you remember



(Front) Andrew Sean Greer and his mother, Sandra, in their kitchen in 1971; (back) Sandra's dinner party diaries



Protect your heart. Protect your *Hope*.

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Then my doctor told me about a procedure. He said it was a protected way of doing high-risk stenting, and it would take the strain off my heart. He said it's called a Protected PCI™ procedure with the Impella 2.5™ heart pump. Sure enough, it protected my heart. Now, I'm hopeful for the future."



Actual Protected PCI™ Patient

**If you have been turned down for heart surgery,
learn more by visiting ProtectedPCI.com.**

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How is the Impella 2.5™ Device Used?

The Impella 2.5™ is the World's Smallest Heart Pump and is intended for temporary (less than six hours) use to maintain stable heart function. The Impella 2.5™ can potentially lower certain risks in patients with severe coronary artery disease and diminished (but stable) heart function who are undergoing a percutaneous coronary intervention (PCI) such as an angioplasty or stenting, but are not candidates for surgery, as determined by a team of doctors that includes a heart surgeon. Please see Important Risk Information for the Impella 2.5™ on a following page.

Important Risk Information for the Impella 2.5™ Device

Protected PCI™ is not right for everyone.

You should NOT be treated with the Impella 2.5™ if your doctor determines you have certain pre-existing conditions, such as:

- Severe narrowing of your heart valves
- Clot in your heart chamber
- Replacement heart valve or
- Certain deficiencies in your heart valve.

Many of the risks related to the Impella 2.5™ device are the same as those with the procedure being completed and the placement of any pump used to help the heart. Risks related to use of the Impella 2.5 can include certain allergic reactions to medications, infections, blood clots, injury to heart tissue, valves or blood vessels, bleeding, low blood pressure, low platelet count and/or damage to red blood cells. Some of these conditions could be life threatening.

To access the Patient Information for the Impella 2.5™, which includes additional RISK INFORMATION for the Impella 2.5 and related procedure visit www.protectedpci.com

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IM2-197-16



them?" I did not. But I did remember that salmon mousse. Pink, jiggling, molded in the curved shape of a fish.

"How do you plan a meal?" I asked my mother. She considered this, sipping her red wine. "You start with something you want to make, and you round it out with old favorites. Like salmon mousse," she told me. "Same as a lab experiment: only one variable at a time."

How fascinating to go over the decades with her, there on the couch. First, the adventurous period of youth: making piroshki by hand in 1977; attempting Peking duck because she saw it on Joyce Chen's PBS show. Then, the middle-aged period, where ham was the "old

favorite," complemented by variables of crab in phyllo and jockey club salad; a time of simplicity, less showing off. And the recent era of rediscovered adventure: Thai food and mango salad, taken from one of her 200 cookbooks.

Old friends came and went in her journal. New favorites joined the rotation. My husband's name first shows up at Christmas in 1997, along with a Christmas Eve meal of just hors d'oeuvres that, because he loved it, we have kept as a tradition. My sister-in-law's name arrived in 2006, and with it, all shellfish vanished from family menus (she is allergic). There is my mother's partner, Ruth, who appeared in

1991, heralding almost five years of vegetarian dishes before she succumbed to my mother's ham. And there is my father, who, despite being her ex-husband, appeared every year or so after their divorce, including on the most recent page: a family lunch of salade Niçoise.

I've kept my journal since 1996, but I have never shown it to my mother; I think it would strain her heart. In it, there is no menu planning. Often I get the date wrong. That is because, while my mother has always written in her journal before a dinner party, I write in mine afterward. "MEAL OF DISASTER," reads one entry, with a drawing of flames. There are almost no repetitions and no salmon mousse of my own. It is all variables.

In my mother's books, everything is clear. Hers pass from early motherhood through divorce and

the deaths of friends without a break. I, on the other hand, have three entire years unaccounted for. Was I too content to put anything down? Too distracted? My journal chronicles the meals of a moody, passionate person; hers are efficient and calm.

I see her journals and am envious: By 45, I should not be winging it at dinner. I should learn to plan a menu. I should practice with old favorites. I should have a salmon mousse.

And so I am putting this resolution into practice at a dinner party for writer friends.

The menu is already written in my book—chicken with sunchoke and spinach salad. To start, a favorite of mine already curing in the fridge: salmon gravlax. And for this I must apologize to my mother: It is as close as I can get. I love you; I do. But I have always hated that salmon mousse. **R**

“

**By 45,
I should not be
winging it
at dinner.
I should learn to
plan a menu.**

SAVEUR (AUGUST 2015), COPYRIGHT © 2015 BY ANDREW SEAN GREER.



DEPARTMENT OF YOU CAN'T MAKE THIS STUFF UP

- Jimmy Hoffa's middle name was "Riddle."
- Al Capone's older brother was a federal Prohibition agent.

Sources: britannica.com, dnainfo.com

Take the stress out of your holiday prep with this snip-and-save guide to the big day

Turkey Day Countdown!



AS A GIFT to our readers, we've collected the best of our Thanksgiving recipes, jokes, prayers, traditions, and more into "Eat, Smile, Share," a free downloadable booklet (shown below) to help you and your family have an unforgettable holiday. Here's a sneak peek: your Thanksgiving feast timeline.

■ **A FEW WEEKS BEFORE:** Prepare two grocery lists—one for perishable items and one for nonperishable items. Order a fresh turkey, or get a frozen turkey and put it in the freezer. Buy the nonperishable items, and store them to use later.

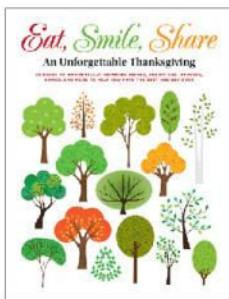
■ **A FEW DAYS BEFORE:** Purchase the perishable items, including fresh turkey, if ordered.

■ **TWO DAYS BEFORE:** Set the table.

■ **ONE DAY BEFORE:** Make sauces and/or soups. Assemble the stuffing. Clean and trim vegetables (but not

potatoes, turnips, or salad greens, as these will spoil). Toast nuts; store in covered containers. Bake pies and/or cakes. Cover and refrigerate all.

■ **ON THANKSGIVING DAY:** In the morning, peel potatoes and turnips. Cover with cold water; refrigerate. Prepare turkey as directed. Bake stuffing. While the cooked turkey is cooling, make gravy. Wash and assemble salad. Cook vegetables. Reheat soup; bring sauces and desserts to room temperature. Warm bread briefly in oven. **R**



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Turn to your spare change for these one-cent solutions

Brilliant Uses for Pennies

BY BRANDON SPEKTOR

When You're Sipping

Don't fret if your pinot noir is past its prime and smells like rotten eggs. According to the American Chemistry Society, stale wine stinks because of sulfur compounds called thiols that form when wine reacts with oxygen. Remove that stink by dropping a clean copper penny into your glass. (Pennies dated 1909 to 1982 will be 95 percent copper; those issued after 1982 are 97.5 percent zinc.)

Stir briefly, then remove the penny. Because copper reacts with thiols to produce odorless copper sulfide, you will smell (and taste) the difference right away. Three cheers for science!



Before Your Road Trip

Slot a penny between the ribs of your car's tires with Abraham Lincoln's head upside down. If you can see all of his head above the tread, a tire is worn

down and should be replaced; if most of his forehead disappears, your tire is still good.

In the Garden

Many a gardener swears a ring of copper pennies buried around your prized plants will keep slugs at bay. Biomedical scientist Chris Bland explains why on huffingtonpost.com: “Copper reacts with the slime that covers snails and slugs, resulting in an unpleasant electro-neural signal (similar to an electrical shock) that repels them.”

It's a Wash(er)

With a drill or metal hole puncher, stamp a hole in the center of a cent to turn it into a non-corroding washer. Sound like a lot of effort? A zinc-plated store-bought washer costs about 11 cents, so you throw away a whole 10 cents with every washer. (Our attorney wants us to point out that it's illegal to deface or destroy U.S. currency for fraudulent purposes; thus, we strongly advise you not to sell your penny washers as another coin, and please don't sue us.)

No Screwdriver?

A penny makes a functional replacement, even if the fit is a bit awkward.



Press the penny's edge into the screw's grooves at a 15- to 20-degree angle, and you will be able to get enough torque to tighten or loosen it. Some furniture compa-

nies even include a penny instead of an Allen wrench with their assembly instructions.

To Make a Table Stable

The bane of every restaurant guest: a higgledy-piggledy table that clatters every time people move their arms on or off of it. Steady it with one or two Lincolns slipped under the problematic table leg. If the wobbly furniture is your own, superglue the pennies onto the bottom of the offending appendage.

To Win a Coin Spin

Heads or tails: a 50-50 call, right? Wrong, says magician-turned-statistics professor Persi Diaconis. A clean penny spun on its edge, he says, will land

tails up a staggering 80 percent of the time. Why? The extra mass of the head side shifts the coin's center off balance, bringing heads down first. When a penny is flipped, meanwhile, there is a 51 percent chance it will favor the side it started on. We know you'll make the right call.



Typical changes in your routine may set you up for sickness. Stay strong instead.

5 Sneaky Ways the Holidays Harm Your Immunity

BY KELSEY KLOSS

■ YOU EAT MORE SIMPLE SUGARS

'Tis the season for mini chocolates, apple pie, and pumpkin-spice lattes, but cold-and-flu season is the worst time to dig in. "Sugar consumption lessens our ability to fight off infections," says Kathryn Boling, MD, a primary care physician at Mercy Medical Center in Baltimore. Phagocytosis, in which white blood cells attack and engulf viruses and bacteria, is significantly reduced when you eat simple sugars. Indulge in moderation and opt for sugar-free beverages.

■ YOU ARE IMMERSSED IN DRY AIR

"A virus replicates much more



effectively on a dry mucous membrane than it does on a moist mucous membrane, so colds and the flu spread like crazy in dry environments," says Dr. Boling. Turn on a humidifier when you go to sleep at night, and drink plenty of water.

■ YOU GET STUCK INDOORS


There's a downside to working extra hours at your desk or hibernating in your warm, cozy house: "When you're not exposed to sunlight, you tend to sleep more and exercise less, which contribute to a weaker immune system," says Neha Vyas, MD, a family medicine doctor at

Cleveland Clinic. You may also produce less vitamin D, which boosts immune cells' production of microbe-fighting proteins. Adults with low vitamin D levels could potentially get sick more often. Consider popping a vitamin D supplement for an extra immunity boost.

■ YOU GO GIFT SHOPPING

Holiday shopping involves handling cash, opening store doors, and using germ-y ATMs. One British study found nearly the same amount of bacteria (the kind that can cause diarrhea and other sicknesses) on ATMs as on public toilets. When New York University researchers tested dollar bills, they identified 3,000 types of bacteria, including varieties that cause gastric ulcers, pneumonia, staph infections, and food poisoning. If possible, keep gloves on when you touch door handles or shopping carts, and wash your hands or use hand sanitizer before you eat.

■ YOU SCREW UP YOUR SLEEP

"We go to parties, stay up a little later, and sleep later in the mornings," says Dr. Boling. "That disruption can be a trigger in people prone to headaches." Choose instead to fight back against holiday chaos once the clock strikes bedtime. In a University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill study, women who had a consistent sleep routine reduced headache frequency and intensity. 

Thanks to BetterWOMAN, I'm winning the battle for **Bladder Control.**



Frequent nighttime trips to the bathroom, embarrassing leaks and the inconvenience of constantly searching for rest rooms in public – for years, I struggled with bladder control problems. After trying expensive medications with horrible side effects, ineffective exercises and uncomfortable liners and pads, I was ready to resign myself to a life of bladder leaks, isolation and depression. But then I tried **BetterWOMAN**.

When I first saw the ad for BetterWOMAN, I was skeptical. So many products claim they can set you free from leaks, frequency and worry, only to deliver disappointment. When I finally tried BetterWOMAN, I found that it actually works! It changed my life. Even my friends have noticed that I'm a new person. And because it's all natural, I can enjoy the results without the worry of dangerous side effects. Thanks to BetterWOMAN, I finally fought bladder control problems and I won!



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Ick! Clean Your Touch Screen!

BY KATE MURPHY

FROM THE *NEW YORK TIMES*

TAKE A LOOK at your mobile device. Do you see oily fingerprints and lint? Dust and crumbs? Is that a hair stuck at the screen's edge?

We take our electronics into public restrooms, hand them to runny-nosed toddlers, pass them around to share photos, and press them against sweaty skin in gyms. Repeated studies show that what accumulates is germy nastiness worse than what is on the bottom of your shoe. Like your toothbrush, "your mobile device is something you want to clean regularly," says Dubert Guerrero, MD, an infectious disease specialist at Sanford Health in Fargo, North Dakota. And probably not something you want to pass around the table.

For Basic Sanitation

Cleaning your device can be tricky because you don't want to damage



it and manufacturers don't give you much guidance. It can be done, however, if you're conscientious. Health experts advise wiping it down with a moist microfiber cloth at least daily, which is sufficient to eliminate fingerprints and dust. Bacteria like *clostridium difficile* (which can cause diarrhea and inflammation of the colon) and flu viruses may require a sterilizing agent like bleach or alcohol.

This is a problem, since Apple officially warns against using "window cleaners, household cleaners, aerosol sprays, solvents, alcohol, ammonia, or abrasives" to clean its products. ➔

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*These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.

Nevertheless, disinfectant wipes made for electronics are great at cleaning grime. But it's far cheaper to make your own solution. To clean his mobile devices, Derek Meister, a technician for Best


Buy's repair and online support service, uses a one-to-one ratio of 70 percent isopropyl alcohol and distilled water, which together cost less than \$4 at most stores.

Fill a spray bottle with the diluted alcohol, lightly moisten a lint-free cloth, preferably microfiber (no paper towels), and gently wipe down the screen and case. Never spray directly onto the device. To clean corners and around ports, use lint-free foam swabs rather than cotton swabs.

To Keep It Looking New

Using a can of compressed air to blow around ports and between keys will help maintain the look, performance, and resale value when it's time to

upgrade. This gets rid of dust and particles that can infiltrate and damage electronics. Another option is to buy a specialized air compressor like the DataVac Electric Duster, which lists for \$100 and comes with all sorts of little attachments for cleaning out your device's crevices and seams.

"An air compressor gets things really clean," says Miroslav Djuric, former chief information architect at ifixit.com, an online do-it-yourself community. 

“
*The germy mess
on your cell
phone is worse
than what's on
the bottom of
your shoe.*

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MUSIC TO MY SNEERS

Ask your doctor if your heart is healthy enough for Adele's music.

 @GOLDENGATEBLOND (SHAUNA)

"Hotel California" is basically a negative Yelp review with a two-minute guitar solo.

 @ROBFEE

Luckily when Cat Stevens was dropped by his record company, he landed on his feet.

 @MOOSEALLAIN

Do You Suffer From:

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- Joint Pain
- Heel Pain
- Back/Knee Pain
- Bunions
- Heel Spurs
- Arthritis
- Neuropathy



Bobby S.

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NEWS FROM THE

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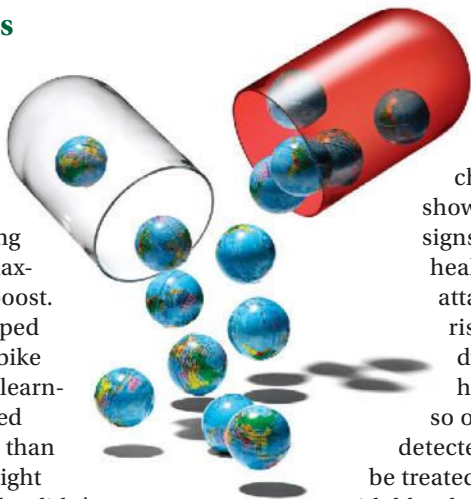
BY SAMANTHA RIDEOUT

Exercise Eases the Learning Curve

A new Dutch experiment shows that working out a few hours after learning something new maximizes the brain boost. Subjects who hopped onto a stationary bike four hours after a learning session retained more information than those who biked right away and those who didn't exercise at all. Physical activity helps the body to produce catecholamines, natural compounds that may improve memory consolidation if released at the right time.

Nearly Half of Heart Attacks Are Silent

Heart attacks don't always present with symptoms. An article in the American Heart Association's journal, *Circulation*, concluded that around 45 percent of them go unnoticed initially. The damage is discovered only later, when patients



undergo an MRI or an electrocardiogram during a checkup or after showing general signs of poor heart health. "Silent" attacks triple the risk of eventually dying from heart disease, so once they're detected, they should be treated aggressively with blood pressure control and lifestyle changes.

Families of Depression Patients Need Support Too

A Norwegian survey suggests that close relatives of severely depressed patients may succumb to depression themselves if they don't get enough information. This may be because they're struggling with powerlessness and the fear that their loved ones may die by suicide. People suffering from depression are often reluctant to let relatives get involved, but when they are involved, everyone benefits.

Avoid This Diabetes Scam

The FDA has issued warning letters to 15 companies for selling unapproved products claiming to treat or cure diabetes. Watch for fraudulent medicines on websites, in infomercials, at flea markets, and so on, particularly those sporting red flag claims such as “Replaces your diabetes medicine” or “Natural diabetes cure.” Illegally marketed remedies may cause some patients to neglect legitimate ways of controlling diabetes, leading to complications.

Just Say “I Can Do It”

When over 44,000 volunteers played an online game against a computer, those who were asked to use self-talk (e.g., telling themselves “I can beat my best score” or “I can react more quickly next time”) and imagery (e.g., imagining playing well) excelled beyond the control group, suggesting that these kinds of psychological skills are of real use in competitive situations.

New Culprit Behind Tummy Trouble

A slower passage of food through the large intestine seems to increase the amount of harmful metabolites produced along the way, according to research from the Technical University of Denmark. This may raise the risk of problems such as colorectal cancer and chronic renal disease. The signs that your food’s

transit time could be sluggish include infrequent bowel movements and abdominal pain. Eating a fiber-rich diet, drinking lots of water, and exercising are all ways of speeding it up.

The Limits of Caffeine

When 48 subjects limited their sleep to five hours a night for five nights, a safe amount of caffeine (200 mg, roughly equivalent to two cups of brewed coffee, five colas, or one energy drink) improved alertness on the first two days. However, it made no difference compared with a placebo on the remaining three. Rather than relying on caffeine to compensate for lost shut-eye, repaying your sleep debt is the best way to restore health and function.

Caution to Daily Pill Takers

People with conditions requiring a regular pill routine sometimes experience adverse effects when they first try using a pill organizer, found a study from the University of East Anglia in England. The probable cause: If they had been forgetting to take their pills before using the organizer, they may not have been getting expected health results, so their doctors increased the amount prescribed. Once they consume their meds properly, they may end up with too much medicine in their systems, leading to incidents such as falls or low blood sugar. **R**

Portable Oxygen For The Way You Want to Live

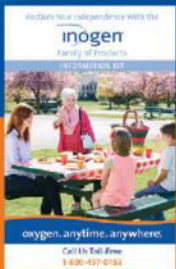


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■ Thank you for your e-mail. Your credit card has been charged \$5.99 for the first ten words and \$1.99 for each additional word in your message.

Source: mistupid.com

A NERVOUS patient arrived at our dental office for root canal surgery. He was brought into the examination room and then left alone for a few minutes. When the dentist returned,

he found the patient standing next to a tray of surgical equipment. “What are you doing?” the dentist asked.

The patient replied, “Removing the ones I don’t like.”

Source: gcfl.net

IF I HAD TO DESCRIBE my 16 years of corporate work with one phrase, it would be “pretending to add value.”

Dilbert cartoonist **SCOTT ADAMS**,

from *This Is the Part Where You Pretend to Add Value*

(Andrews McMeel Publishing)

HALF OF ALL EMPLOYERS know within the first five minutes of an interview if a candidate is a good fit for a position. It’s a wonder these people made it past the first five seconds.

■ Candidate sang her responses to questions.

■ Candidate put lotion on her feet during the interview.

■ When asked why he wanted the position, candidate replied, “My wife wants me to get a job.”

■ Candidate had a pet bird in her shirt.

■ Candidate started feeling interviewer’s chest to find a heartbeat so they could “connect heart to heart.”

Source: careerbuilder.com

I WORK FOR the transportation department at a university. One day, a student came in to buy a parking permit. “What’s your license plate number?” I asked.

She responded, “Front or back?”

MARQUI MOSS, *Orangeville, Utah*



GO TO THE HEAD OF THE CLASS

Teachers ask a lot of questions. Here are some of the answers they’ve gotten in return.

Q: What is the opposite of *main*?

A: New Hampshire.

AMY REBECCA BUTTERS,
Lynnfield, Massachusetts

Q: Who was Joan of Arc?

A: She was Noah’s wife.

JENNIFER EVANS PFOHL,
Downington, Pennsylvania

Q: Use *etiquette* in a sentence.

A: “I don’t know the meaning of *etiquette*.”

PREETHA RENGASWAMY,
Chennai, India

Q: Which state is a peninsula?

A: Pensilvania.

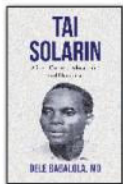
ROBERTA EDGAR,
Warrington, Pennsylvania

Q: What percentage of the European population died following the outbreak of the plague?

A: One hundred percent, eventually.

KIM MCCOLLUM, *Jackson, Michigan*

Be the teacher’s pet and get \$100 if we run your funny work story. For details, see page 7 or go to rd.com/submit.



Tai Solarin
*Africa's Greatest
 Educationist and Humanist*
Dele Babalola, MD
www.xlibris.com.au
 \$32.25 hc | \$16.12 sc | \$4.99 eb

Life in a unique secondary school in Nigeria run by Dr. Tai Solarin, who produced academically and intellectually sound students trained in practical life aspects – farming, cooking, electrical wiring, plumbing, baking, building and others – preparing them for employment and success!



Quetzal
Gian Franco Ricci Albergetti
www.xlibris.com
 \$29.99 hc | \$19.99 sc | \$3.99 eb

The soul of Quetzal has always lived in the heart of the descendants of the ancient Maya. It is like a sort of redemption from the state of slavery imposed to them from the Spanish colonization in Mexico.



Stroke
The View from Within
Douglas James, MBA, MABS
www.xlibris.com
 \$24.99 hc | \$15.99 sc | \$3.99 eb

Stroke - The View from Within was prompted by many conversations between the author and medical personnel during his treatment for his stroke. An enlightening and insightful read, it provides a rare glimpse into the inner struggles of stroke victims.



So Late, So Soon
Telling It Like It Is
Linda K. Anderson
www.xlibris.com
 \$34.99 hc | \$23.99 sc | \$3.99 eb

Linda Anderson, author of *The Secrets of Sadie Maynard* and other novels, writes of aging women discovering a new role their supposed to play without a script. She highlights the lives of thirty women who give their commentary on senescence.



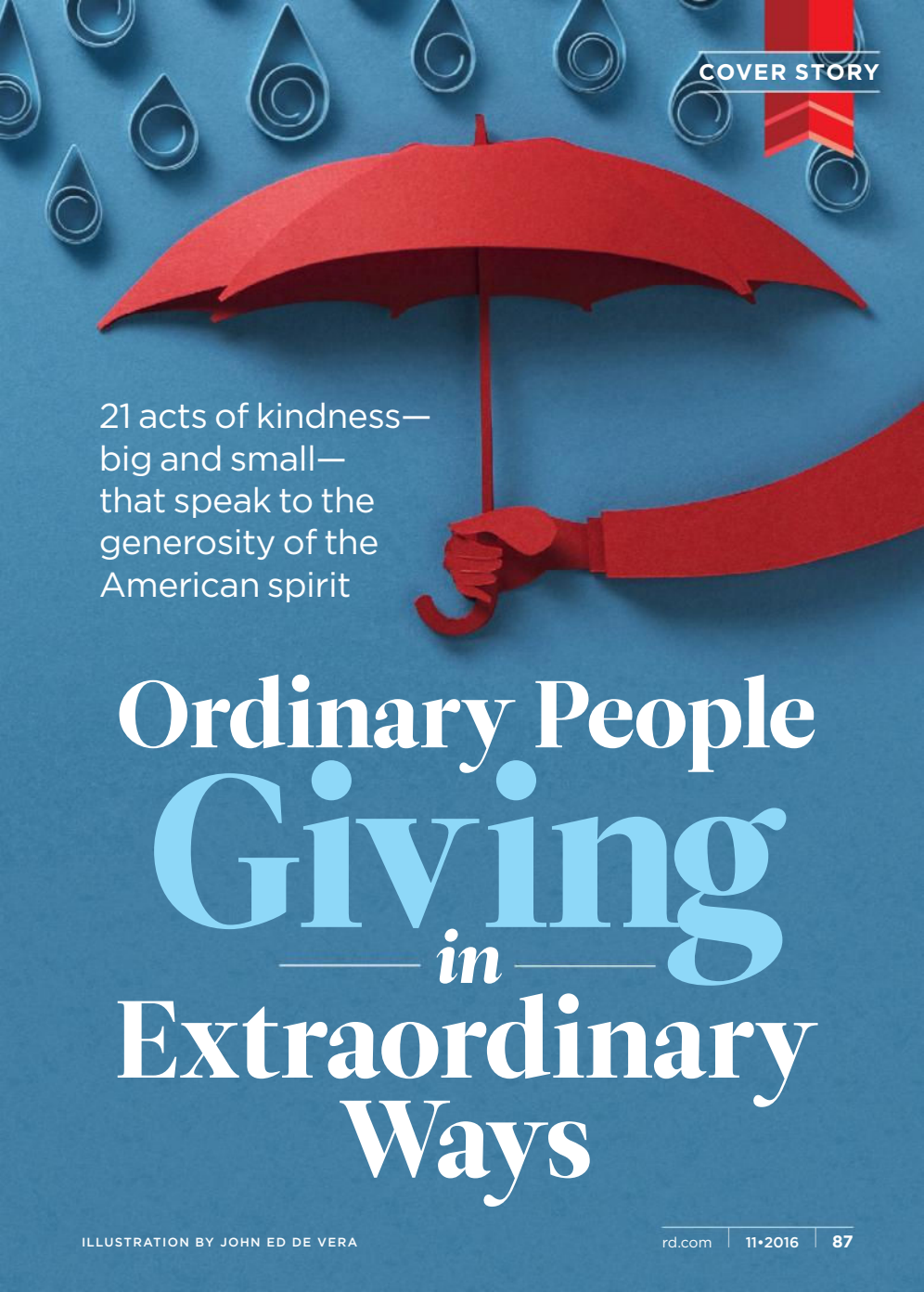
The War I Saw
Eugenia Paguio
www.xlibris.com
 \$29.99 hc | \$19.99 sc | \$3.99 eb

The author narrates her true experiences during WWII when the Japanese Imperial Forces invaded Bataan, Philippines, her home province, where most of the United States forces were encamped and where they made their stand.



The Secret of Blackjack
Huichuan Chen
www.xlibris.com
 \$4.99 eb

Blackjack is a progressive card game. It is impossible to win every single hand when playing a six decks shoe or 8 decks shoe. This book explains why and how. Discover and learn more about *The Secret of Blackjack*.



21 acts of kindness—
big and small—
that speak to the
generosity of the
American spirit

Ordinary People Giving *in* Extraordinary Ways

She Adopts Babies Who Are Dying Alone

BY LEAH ULATOWSKI

FROM THE *SHEBOYGAN PRESS* AND **CORI SALCHERT** FROM TODAY.COM



CORI SALCHERT OF SHEBOYGAN, Wisconsin, sits on a hospital bed parked in the middle of her living room stroking the peach fuzz on top of her newly adopted son's head. One-year-old Charlie is at ease in his mother's arms, drifting off to the hum of his ventilator. His mother adopted him knowing that there was a good chance he would not live long. Serving as foster and adoptive parents did not seem feasible for Cori and her husband, Mark, a few years ago. Both worked, and they already had eight biological children. But Cori had a passion for helping families through difficult times. As a registered nurse and a perinatal bereavement specialist, she helped families cope with the loss of a pregnancy or a newborn child. If parents were too overwhelmed with emotion to hold their sick baby, Cori would cradle the child so "no one had to die alone." Such times made Cori think, Wow, I would really like to take those kiddos and care for them. About five years ago, Cori was struck with an autoimmune disorder. The illness left her without a job and feeling hopeless. But it did open up the time for Cori to connect with Children's Hospital of Wisconsin's treatment foster-care program and foster hospice infants. Here's Cori's story in her own words:

IN AUGUST OF 2012, we received a call from the hospital asking if we would take in a two-week-old baby girl who was nameless and had no one to care for her. The baby was born without the right or left hemisphere of her brain, and doctors said there was no hope for her. She was in a vegetative state—unable to see or hear and responding only to painful stimuli.

She could have died in the hospital,

wrapped in a blanket and set to the side because she was being sustained with a feeding pump. But we brought this beautiful baby home to live, and live she did.

Emmalynn lived more in 50 days than a number of folks do in a lifetime. She had not had a family, and now she was suddenly the youngest sibling of nine. We held her constantly and took her everywhere with us.

There came an evening when I knew



*"We are the ones,
by God's grace, who
will be there for
Charlie, now and
forever," says Cori
Salchert.*

*Cori Salchert,
with Charlie,
says he needed a
family “brave
enough to stay
by him.”*



Emmalynn was beginning to fade. The whole family was home and got to hold her and kiss her. My husband tucked her close with her little head under his chin and sang to her. Eventually, most of the family began to drift off and head to bed, but my daughter Charity and I stayed awake with her.

I was snuggling Emmalynn into my furry, warm bathrobe, holding her on my chest and singing “Jesus Loves Me” to her, when it occurred to me that I had not heard her breathe for a few minutes. I leaned her back and saw that this beautiful creature was gone. She’d left this world hearing my heartbeat. She didn’t suffer, she wasn’t in pain, and she most certainly wasn’t alone.

Two years later, we took in four-month-old Charlie. Charlie has a life-limiting diagnosis but is not necessarily considered terminal. However, children with this type of brain damage typically die by age two. Charlie is

already on life support and has been resuscitated at least ten times in the past year. He now has an altered plan of care, and should he code again, we will not resort to doing compressions and using a defibrillator—this time, we will let him go.

As in Emmalynn’s case, we do everything we can to love Charlie, and we take him on adventures with us everywhere we can.

What a gift it is to be a part of these babies’ lives, to have the ability to ease their suffering, to cherish and love them even though they aren’t able to give anything tangible back or even smile in return for our efforts.

We invest deeply, and we ache terribly when these kids die, but our hearts are like stained-glass windows. Those windows are made of broken glass that has been forged back together, and those windows are even stronger and more beautiful for having been broken.



Giving Till It Helps

Stories of generosity from all over America

You Don't Learn This in College

When police found Fred Barley, 19, living in a tent on the campus of Gordon State College in Barnesville, Georgia, they were prepared to evict him. Then they heard his story. Barley had ridden six hours from Conyers, Georgia, on his little brother's bike, carrying all his possessions—a duffel bag, a tent, two gallons of water, and a box of cereal—in order to enroll for his second semester at the school as a biology major. He'd arrived early to look for a job, but no luck. "I'm like, 'Man, this is crazy,'" Officer Richard Carreker told ABC New York. Moved by Barley's plight, Carreker and his partner put Barley up at a motel on their own dime. Word spread, and soon people donated clothes, school supplies, funds to cover the rest of his motel stay—he was even given a job at a pizzeria. And then there was Casey Blaney of Barnesville, who started a GoFundMe page for Barley after spending time with him. "I thought, Geez, this kid just rode a 20-inch little boy's bike six hours in 100-degree weather. He's determined," she wrote on

her Facebook page. The fund reached \$184,000, all of which is going into an educational trust for Barley.

Karing Kid

Every day, nine-year-old Khloe Thompson passed the same homeless people on her way to school. Their sad state inspired her to create Khloe Kares, a charity devoted to improving the lives of the dispossessed in her hometown of Irvine, California. Khloe sews tote bags—called Kare Bags—and fills them with toothpaste, soap, shampoo, and other donated toiletries before handing them out. "Sometimes they give me hugs," says Khloe of the people she has helped. "Sometimes they say 'God bless you.'"

LouAnn's Last Flight

For 34 years, LouAnn Alexander worked as a flight attendant. But at the age of 58, she received a diagnosis of pancreatic cancer. Soon, the vivacious mother of two and grandmother-to-be was making plans for hospice care. Her older brother Rex Ridenoure was flying to see Alexander when he asked the flight attendant—an old colleague of Alexander's, as it turned out—if he could speak to the passengers. He talked about his sister, even passed his phone around the plane so they could see photos of her. He then handed out napkins and asked if they'd write a little something for Alexander. Ninety-six passengers responded. Some



Khloe Thompson modeling a Kare Bag

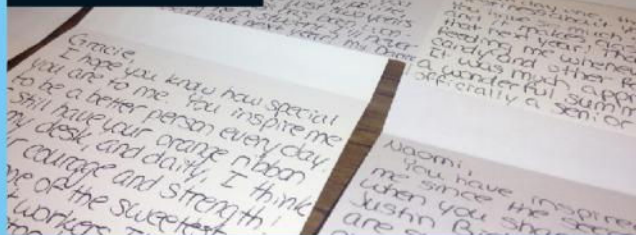
drew pictures. One man and his seatmate created flowers out of napkins and swizzle sticks. But mostly, there were warm words: “Your brother made me love you, and I don’t even know you.” And “My favorite quote from when I had two brain tumors: ‘You’re braver than you believe, stronger than you seem, and smarter than you think.’” Alexander died in April of this year, but Ridenoure never forgot the compassion shown that day. “I’m just amazed that given the opportunity, even total strangers will reach out and show a lot of empathy and concern,” he said.

Source: *Arizona Republic*

Beyond the Classroom

When she learned that one of her students had attempted suicide, high school English teacher Brittni Darras sent a handwritten note to the student at the hospital, praising her for her academic accomplishments and glowing personality. “My student got the letter,” Darras later posted on Facebook. “Her mom said that her daughter cried and asked, ‘How could someone say such nice things about me? I didn’t think anyone would miss me if I was gone.’” Seeing how that one small act had

A few of Brittni Darras’s heartfelt notes to her students



such an impact, Darras crafted personalized handwritten notes for each of her 130 students to remind them how important they are. “It’s not every day that a teacher would take the time to think about every single student they have, let alone tell them how much they love them,” one of Darras’s students wrote on her Facebook wall.

The Donor

Brenda Jones, a 69-year-old great-grandmother, had spent a long year on the donor list waiting to receive a liver. Then, on July 18, a hospital in North Texas called—they had a viable liver for her. Meanwhile, 23-year-old Abigail Flores also needed a liver. Her situation was more urgent than Jones’s. Without a transplant, doctors feared Flores had maybe one more day to live. So they asked Jones to give

up her spot so that Flores could get the precious organ. Jones agreed. “In my heart, I wouldn’t have been able to live with the liver if I had let this little girl die,” she told WFAA. Jones was placed back at the top of the donor list and got a new liver days later.

Unflagging Love

In August, Cari and Lauri Ryding came home to find their rainbow flag had been stolen and their house egged. Antihomosexual vandalism wasn’t at all what they expected in their close-knit Natick, Massachusetts, neighborhood. As it turned out, it also wasn’t what their neighbors expected. “We said, ‘Why don’t we all have the flags? They can’t take them from all of us,’” Denis Gaughan told the *Boston Globe*. Within days, the rainbow flag—the symbol of gay pride—was flying in

(continued on p. 95)

A Random Act Of Roadside Assistance

BY JUSTIN HORNER FROM THE *NEW YORK TIMES*



DURING THIS PAST YEAR, I've had three instances of car trouble. Each time these things happened, I was disgusted with the way most people hadn't bothered to help. One of those times, I was on the side of the road for close to three hours with my friend's big Jeep. I put signs in the windows, big signs that said NEED A JACK, and offered money. Nothing. Right as I was about to give up and start hitching, a Mexican family in a van pulled over, and the father bounded out.


He sized up the situation and called for his daughter, who spoke English. He conveyed through her that he had a jack but that it was too small for the Jeep, so we would need to brace it. Then he got a saw from the van and cut a section out of a big log on the side of the road. We rolled it over and put his jack on top, and we were in business.

I started taking the wheel off, and then, if you can believe it, I broke his tire iron—snapped the head clean off. No worries: He handed it to his wife, and she was gone in a flash down the

road to buy a new tire iron. She was back in 15 minutes. We finished the job, and I was a very happy man.

The two of us were filthy and sweaty. His wife produced a large water jug for us to wash our hands with. I tried to put a \$20 bill in the man's hand, but he wouldn't take it, so instead I went up to the van and gave it to his wife as quietly as I could. I asked the little girl where they lived. Mexico, she said. They were in Oregon so Mommy and Daddy could pick cherries for the next few weeks. Then they were going to pick peaches, then go home.

After I said my goodbyes and started walking back to the Jeep, the girl called out and asked if I'd had lunch. When I told her no, she ran up and handed me a tamale.

I thanked them again, walked back to my car, and opened the foil on the tamale, and what did I find inside? My \$20 bill! I ran to the van. The father saw the \$20 in my hand and just started shaking his head no. With what looked like great concentration, he said in English, "Today you, tomorrow me." 

An Open Letter To the Shoppers Who Consoled Me

BY DEBORAH GREENE FROM REFLECTINGOUTLOUD.NET




DEAR STRANGERS,
I remember you. Eighteen months ago, when my cell phone rang, you were walking into Whole Foods prepared to do your grocery shopping, just as I had been only minutes before you. But I had already abandoned my cart full of groceries in the entryway. My brother was on the other end of the line telling me my father had taken his own life early that morning.

I started to cry and scream as my whole body trembled. I fell to the floor, my knees buckling under the weight of what I had just learned. You could have kept on walking, ignoring my cries, but you didn't. You could have simply stopped and stared at my primal display of pain, but you didn't. Instead, you surrounded me as I yelled through my sobs, "My father killed himself. He's dead."

I remember one of you asked for my phone and whom you should call. What was my password? You needed my husband's name as you searched through my contacts. I remember that I could hear your words as you

tried to reach my husband for me, leaving an urgent message for him to call me. I recall hearing you discuss among yourselves who would drive me home in my car and who would follow that person back to the store. You didn't even know one another, but it didn't matter. You encountered me, a stranger, in the worst moment of my life, and you coalesced around me with common purpose—to help.

In my fog, I told you that I had a friend who worked at Whole Foods, and one of you brought her to me. And I even recall as I sat with her, one of you sent over a gift card to Whole Foods; though you didn't know me, you wanted to let me know that you would be thinking of me. That gift card helped to feed my family when the idea of cooking was so far beyond my emotional reach.

I never saw you after that. But I know this to be true: Because you reached out to help, you offered a ray of light in the bleakest moment I've ever endured. You may not remember it. You may not remember me. But I will never, ever forget you. 

solidarity with the Rydings on over 40 other homes in this family-friendly area. "One person's act of fear and maliciousness created such a powerful statement of love," said Lauri. "Love wins. We win."

An Anniversary She'll Never Forget

May 7, 2016, was to have been Yiru Sun's wedding day. But two months earlier, Sun, a New York City insurance executive, called it off after refusing to sign a prenuptial agreement. Trouble was, she'd put down a nonrefundable deposit on a luxury hall. So, working with nonprofits, she threw a pre-Mother's Day luncheon for 60 underprivileged kids and their families, none of whom she'd ever met. Sun, outfitted in her wedding dress, mingled and watched kids eat ice pops and have their faces painted. "I cannot be the princess of my wedding day," she told the *New York Post*, "but I can give the kids a fairy tale."

No Junk Reading

Last year, Mathew Flores, a 12-year-old from Sandy, Utah, approached postal worker Ron Lynch and asked if he had any extra advertisements or random newsletters. The boy explained that he loved

to read but couldn't afford books or even the bus fare to the library, so he would take anything the mailman had. Lynch was floored. "He didn't want electronics; he didn't want to sit in front of the TV playing games all day. The kid just wanted to read," Lynch told *deseretnews.com*. Lynch asked his Facebook friends for reading material. Soon,

Since 2008, the couple, now 31 and 30, respectively, have donated half their income to charity, a total of \$585,000. "We have what we need, so it makes sense to share with people," Wise told today.com. Wise, a social worker, and Kauffman, a computer programmer, plan on passing the philanthropy bug to their daughters, two-year-old Lily and six-month-old



Ron Lynch, Mathew Flores, and Mathew's instant library

Flores was getting books from all over the world—the United States, England, and even India. For his part, Flores said that he plans to read all the books, then share them with other book-starved kids.

Splitting the Check

Americans donate approximately 2 percent of their disposable income to charity. Then there are Julia Wise and Jeff Kauffman.

Anna. "We hope [they'll] grow up thinking this is a normal part of life," Wise said.

The Getaway

There was a jailbreak in Parker County, Texas, in June, and a correctional officer is alive because of it. Inmates were awaiting court appearances in a holding cell when the officer watching over them collapsed. The inmates called

out for help. When none appeared, they used their collective weight to break down the cell door. Rather than making a run for it, they went to the officer's aid, still yelling for help. One even tried the officer's radio. Eventually, guards heard the commotion and came in. After placing the inmates back in their cell, CPR was performed on the stricken officer, saving his life. "It never crossed my mind not to help, whether he's got a gun or a badge," inmate Nick Kelton told WFAA. "If he falls down, I'm gonna help."

Oh, Baby!

Rebekka Garvison could feel the passengers' eyes rolling as she walked toward her seat carrying her newborn, Rylee. They were flying from Kalamazoo, Michigan, to Fort Rucker, Alabama, where Rebekka's husband was stationed. Minutes into the flight, Rylee wailed. A nearby couple glared, so Rebekka moved. Rylee was still crying when their seatmate, Nyfesh Miller, asked if she could try holding her. Rylee quickly fell asleep in Miller's arms and stayed that way throughout the flight. "Nyfesh Miller, you will never understand how happy this act of kindness has made



*Nyfesh Miller with
Rebekka and Rylee
Garvison*

my family," Rebekka wrote on Facebook. "You could've just been irritated like everyone else, but you held Rylee the entire flight and let me get some rest and peace of mind."

Source: CBS News

A World Away, and Yet So Close

Nigeria is a long way from the Baltimore suburb of Bel Air. Which is why Felicia Ikpum hadn't seen her son Mike Tersea for four years, ever since he'd left Nigeria on a basketball scholarship to John Carroll School. But with his graduation from John Carroll looming, Tersea's teachers and classmates thought his mother should be at the ceremony. "We wanted to do something valuable for one of our classmates," Joe Kyburz, the senior-class president, told the *Baltimore Sun*. Knowing Ikpum

couldn't afford the plane ticket or hotel, the school raised \$1,763 to bring her over. Nigeria can be a dangerous place, and Ikpum traveled 12 hours through terrorist-held land to make the flight. What was her reaction when she laid eyes on her son after four years? "I screamed, I shouted!"

Black and White And Blue

Prayer broke out all over this summer—Walmart aisles, gas stations, roadsides. In a Columbus, Georgia, Walmart, an African American man walked up to a white police officer, and within seconds, the two were holding hands with heads bowed in prayer. In Kentucky, a homeless man and a cop were photographed in a similar position. "They stood this way for about 30 seconds," said the woman who posted the photograph. In Mississippi, Deputy Sheriff Josh Harmon posted on Facebook: "Had one of the most amazing experiences of my life. [An elderly black woman] comes up to me and says, 'Your life matters. Can I pray with you?' And we prayed. And people joined in. They were black, white together. There was no hate. It was just praying."

Source: goodnewsnetwork.org

Everyday Kindnesses

From our readers

When my husband was hospitalized for almost a year, my house was left to fend for itself. One day, I came home from another long day by my husband's bedside to discover our flower boxes brimming with beautiful flowers. A neighbor did this for me. She wanted me to have something nice to look at when I came home.

RUTH BILOTTA,
Churchville, Pennsylvania

Thirty years ago, my world almost fell apart. I had surgery, was fired, and was informed by the IRS that my employer had not paid employment taxes. After a few weeks, I saw a flyer about a Japanese festival. Although a physical and emotional wreck, I decided to go. There, I met a Japanese gentleman with whom I chatted for hours. A few months later, I came home to find a bouquet of flowers and a letter at my door. It was from that same friend. Inside the letter was a check for \$10,000 to help me through my rough patch. Sixteen years later, I met a family that had been evicted from their home and needed \$5,000 to close the escrow

on a new house. Without hesitation, I handed them a check for the full amount. They call me their angel, but I remind them that I, too, once had an angel.

HASSMIK MAHDESIAN,
Glendale, California

I am a widow who suffers from allergies and mobility problems, and I don't have the luxury of having family nearby. Thankfully, I have a kind teenager to do my yard work. One evening, I asked if he'd mind doing some extra work around the house.

When I tried to tip him afterward, he refused. "You're going to spoil me," I said.

Kyle answered, "Somebody needs to."

MARJORIE ANN SMITH,
Westfield, Indiana

I used to work as a nurse's aide in a hospital, where I befriended an elderly patient. We shared stories and jokes—I even revealed to her my lifelong dream of being an illustrator. Once, after I told her about my sorrowfully tiny apartment and cheap furniture, she said, "Maybe one day a good leprechaun will come and help you." Soon after,

she passed away. A few days later, there was a knock on my door. It was her son with a truckload of furniture for me. It had belonged to his mother, and she wanted me to have it. And then he handed me this note: "Betty, I promise to put in a good word for you in Heaven so you can get the job you've always wanted." Three months later, I got an illustrating job. My friend had kept her promise.

BETTY TENNEY,
Sterling Heights, Michigan

I was running through the streets of New York, soaking wet thanks to a sudden storm, when I heard a voice: "Do you need an umbrella?" It was a woman standing in the doorway of a hotel. She grabbed an umbrella and handed it to me, saying, "Now you have at least one more reason to believe there's humanity in this world." Continuing on my way, I was now not only protected by an umbrella but also by the kindness that shows up now and then in the world.

RAIMO MOYSA,
North Salem, New York



Denial. Disguise. And then, finally, acceptance.
Here's how a man learns to embrace his silver fox.

Getting Over Gray

BY WALTER KIRN FROM THE *NEW YORK TIMES*



WALTER KIRN
*is a novelist,
a literary
critic, and
an essayist.
He lives in
Montana and
California.*

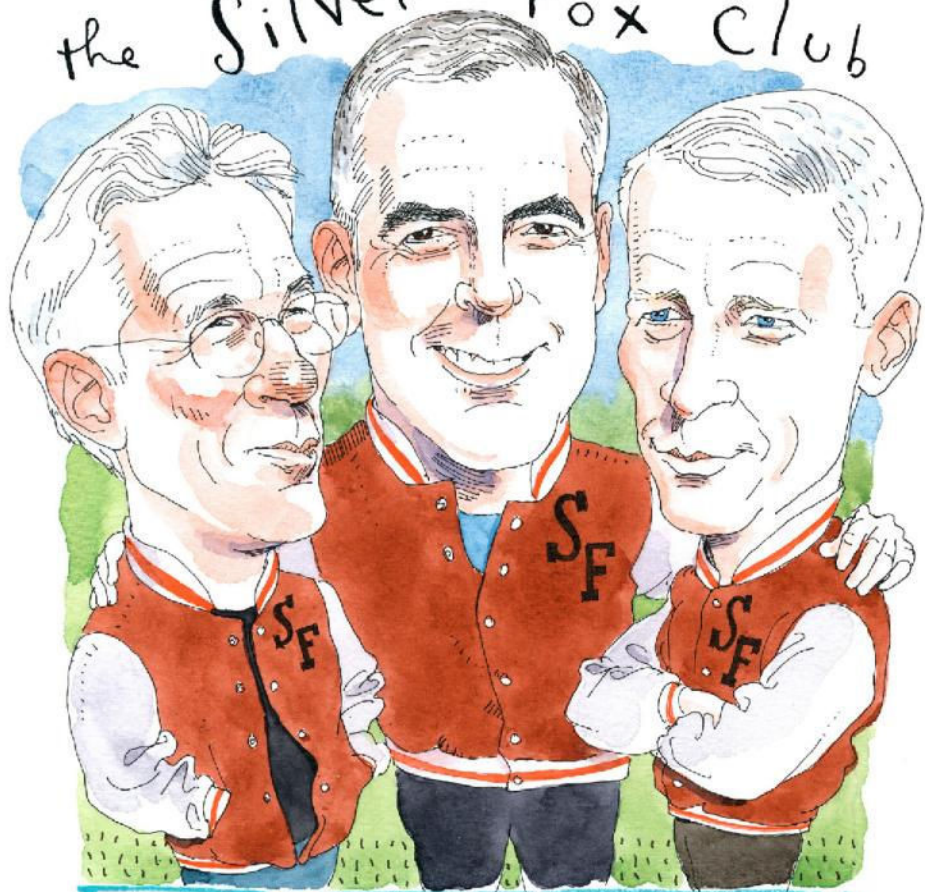
IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE OUR SECRET. My hairdresser claimed to possess a special elixir that could subtly, naturally, almost undetectably “blend away” gray hair, which, at 45, I had a touch of. Sitting before the mirror in her chair, uncertain whether to start the masquerade, I examined my head in a way I shied away from when I was alone at home without support. I looked at myself from angles I wasn’t used to, discovering that the gray was more extensive than I’d been willing to admit.

Instead of threading its way between the darker hairs, it had consumed whole sectors of my head, especially on the sides and in the back. It was advancing the way frost does, or mold.

“I suggest we leave some in,” my hairdresser said. “Just enough to make you look distinguished.” I nodded, but that last word did not sit well with me. It sounded exactly like what it was: another way of saying “old.”

Every month for seven years, this conversation, or some version of it, was repeated. The world moved along, the seasons changed, but my hair stayed the same or approximately the same. Toward the end of each color cycle, my natural color—or lack of it—would reassert itself, a bit more conspicuously each time, forcing me deeper and deeper into fraudulence.

the Silver Fox Club



Richard Gere - George Clooney - Anderson Cooper

My girlfriend at the time, now my wife, began to argue—mildly at first but increasingly emphatically—that gray hair looked terrific on men my age. For evidence, she pointed to various luminaries who looked terrific no matter what. George Clooney. Anderson

Cooper. They were the silver all-stars, and I hated them. I hated them not for their age-defying male beauty but for their ability to accept themselves.

In the short story “The Mask” by French writer Guy de Maupassant, a rakish man about town who loves the

nightlife collapses at a dance. While attempting to revive him, a doctor notices that his patient is wearing a life-like youthful mask. The doctor cuts it off with scissors, revealing the man's white hair and wrinkled face.

I'd read this story when I was young, along with similar tales of postponed decrepitude such as *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. Their gloomy common message seemed to be that when it comes to signs of aging, you can run but you cannot hide—and that the longer you attempt to run, the worse the final reckoning will be.

My hairdresser seemed to disagree: Her faith in modern products was that strong. And so was mine, until six months ago, when my hairdresser tried a stronger potion, convinced that the old one would no longer suffice.

The results were disastrous. Denying that your hair is gray gets easier, but denying that it's green is difficult. I managed the feat anyway, temporarily. The bathroom mirror told me something was wrong, which I decided was its—the mirror's—fault.

I avoided it.

What I couldn't avoid was the mirror in the makeup room of a late-night TV show I appeared on. My hair had become the color of an Army uniform. The makeup woman said nothing. She

only frowned, but my teenage daughter was not so kind. "Your hair is all weird," she said one afternoon, in the pitiless light of 4 p.m.

My wife broke her diplomatic silence then. "It's green," she said. "And not a subtle green." As if there could be such a thing. I'd hoped there was.

“
**My wife broke
 her diplomatic
 silence about
 my hair. “It’s
 green. And not
 a subtle green.”**

The process of coming out as a gray was not, in fact, a process but an event, a little like a first weigh-in at a diet clinic after a decade spent eating chili cheeseburgers. While walking the streets one moody evening, I decided to stop at a beauty shop on a random block in downtown Missoula, Montana,

where I was teaching. I walked into the shop and stood beside the chair of a gray-haired cosmetician with a pompadour. I let my head tell the story; I didn't speak.

He showed me with a gesture to a sofa by the men's room, where I sat for an hour, awaiting emergency treatment. When the time came, I said, "Don't try to save it. Shave it."

Day by day and week by week, my new old hair grew in and grew longer, obliging me to confront, with awful clarity, a general grayness that startled even me. Time had accelerated under the mask, just as the great writers had said it would. Worse, I began to detect in those around me changes in how

they viewed me, treated me. My students in the graduate-school writing program at the University of Montana asked me about authors of 40 years ago as though I might have known them personally. My wife ran her fingers through my hair more often, almost as though she were checking if it would stay on.

One morning, my teenage daughter asked me to change a black T-shirt that I'd obtained at a rock concert that month for a light blue oxford button-down she had spied hanging in my closet. Grumpily, beaten down, I put it on. "That looks a lot more appropriate," she said.

The keenest humiliation of all, the one that at last compelled me to accept myself, occurred at a New York City sandwich shop. After taking my order, one of the girls behind the counter asked if she could ask me something. Being asked if you're willing to be asked a thing is always a bad sign; I instantly stiffened.

"What?" I grunted.

The girl, who appeared to be 18 or so, followed with something like: "It's not that I think you look old or anything, but when was doo-wop? Do you remember? Doo-wop music? When was that? The '60s? The '50s?" It just got worse. "The '40s?"

"Late '50s, early '60s," I said coolly, wondering if I was being paranoid. Did the girl really think that I'd been on the scene then, or did she merely find me

professorial, a man who appeared to be rich in general knowledge?

"That must have been so cool," she said. "Walking around hearing singing on all the corners!"

I've grown into my gray hair since then. I've had to. The celebrity "silver foxes" (to use my wife's term) don't irritate me as profoundly as they used to. On my good days, I even count myself as one of them, convinced that my color shift has revealed in me a certain mischievous élan that was veiled before. When asked by my juniors about the distant past—about doo-wop and the like or whether I ever met Flannery O'Connor—I reply with an overemphatic cheerfulness, as though the questions are patently absurd but I am too seasoned and comfortable with myself to take offense, at anything.

The hard part is when I'm alone, out on the street, and glimpse a male stranger who looks fully as old as I once pretended not to be. Is that how I appear to others now? I try not to think about it. I let it go.

I let my old hairdresser go too. I avoid her now—I still can't face her. Perhaps it's because I've been seeing other scissors, or perhaps it's because I don't want to embarrass her. In the highest tradition of her profession, she attempted to do the impossible and failed.

But she's young. She'll get over it. I won't even try. **R**



The 26 Most Insightful Things We've Read

WHO THEY



About Donald Trump & Hillary Clinton in 2016

REALLY ARE

The 2016 election has been history-making in many ways, including in the tremendous volume written about the two main candidates. Here are our editors' selections of the

Donald Trump ...

... has uncommon discipline.

ON CNN.COM, MICHAEL D'ANTONIO, JOURNALIST AND AUTHOR OF *THE TRUTH ABOUT TRUMP*, SAID: It's ironic to talk about Donald as disciplined when we think about the wild statements he makes ... but there actually is a discipline behind it. **This is a person who is single-minded in his pursuit of what he wants.** You get in Donald Trump's way and you're going to get run over ... For all of his wild talk, there's a point to it all.



... can feel issues deeply.

ON POLITICO.COM, BRUCE BLAIR, NUCLEAR SECURITY EXPERT, WROTE: [Trump] says his nuclear concerns stem partly from his MIT professor uncle's tutoring on the subject, but in any case his interest is deep-seated. Trump once even expressed a wish during the Reagan years to lead the negotiations with the Soviets to reduce strategic

nuclear weapons. At a reception in New York City around 1990, he ran into the U.S. START negotiator, Ambassador Richard Burt. According to Burt, **Trump expressed envy of Burt's position and proceeded to offer advice on how best to cut a "terrific" deal with the Soviets.** Trump told Burt to arrive late to the next negotiating session, walk into the room where his fuming counterpart sits waiting impatiently, remain standing and looking down at him, stick his finger into his chest, and say "F—— you!"

... is a man of few (written) words.

IN THE *NEW YORKER*, JANE MAYER WROTE: [Tony] Schwartz [who was the coauthor of *Trump: The Art of the Deal*] believes that Trump's short attention span has left him with "a stunning level of superficial knowledge and plain ignorance." He said, **"That's why he so prefers TV as his first news source—**

most revealing observations from writers across the spectrum. Read this before you vote to better understand the choice—and our next president, whoever it may be.

Hillary Clinton ...

... is a working dog.

IN NEW YORK, REBECCA TRAISTER

WROTE: Clinton self-identifies as a worker more than as a speechmaker.

When I told her during one of our conversations that the comedian Samantha Bee had described her to me as “a working dog; you’ve got to give Hillary a job,” her eyes lit up. **“When I got to the Senate, I said I was not a show horse!”** she reminded me. It seems the thing Clinton is proudest of in the world.



... is a lover of generals.

IN THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE, MARK LANDLER WROTE: The Afghan troop debate ... is typically framed as a test of wills between the Pentagon’s wily military commanders and an inexperienced young president, with Joe Biden playing the role of devil’s advocate for Obama. While that portrait is accurate, it neglects the role of Clinton. **By siding with**

[former defense secretary Robert] Gates and the generals, she gave political ballast to their proposals and provided a bullish counterpoint to

Biden’s skepticism ... For all their bluster about bombing the

Islamic State into oblivion, neither Donald J. Trump nor Senator Ted Cruz of Texas has demonstrated anywhere near the appetite for military engagement abroad that Clinton has.

... is her own worst enemy.

ON CNN.COM, HILLARY CLINTON BIOGRAPHER CARL BERNSTEIN

SAID: You can talk about her enemies and the damage they have done to her, but **there are so many of these self-inflicted wounds that come from an unwillingness to be truthful at various important times.** The vast right-wing conspiracy did not tell her to put a server in her basement ... This goes to her, not just to enemies. And it may be the question that ultimately will be

information comes in easily digestible sound bites.” He added, “I seriously doubt that Trump has ever read a book straight through in his adult life.” During the 18 months that he observed Trump ... [Schwartz] never saw a book on Trump’s desk, or elsewhere in his office, or in his apartment.

... speaks to the long ignored.

ON TOWNHALL.COM, KURT SCHLICHTER WROTE: Most of Trump’s supporters are good people, patriotic Americans burned by an elite that sees their misery as collateral damage in a coastal, urban-led struggle for feel-good progressive change and personal enrichment. **The positive, optimistic, even Reaganesque language Trump uses when describing the future speaks to them—** and Trump is the first major American figure in a long time to speak to them of hope and with respect.

... will have a presidency that resembles his candidacy.

IN THE WASHINGTON POST, E. J. DIONNE JR. WROTE: Efficient [campaign] operations lead to at least the hope of reasonable



efficiency in the White House. The chaos of the Trump circus should genuinely trouble nonideological sorts of voters. **The notion of a White House run in a way anything like Trump’s stewardship of his campaign is petrifying.** The Trump operation looks more like a medieval court than anything resembling a democratic political effort. Trump’s family is dominant, big donors seem to call the tune, and Trump cannot settle on whom he wants working for him.

... is emblematic of the American dream for many.

IN FORTUNE, JEFFREY SONNENFELD, SENIOR ASSOCIATE DEAN AND PROFESSOR AT YALE SCHOOL OF MANAGEMENT, WROTE: There’s always been a fascination with those who succeed in this system ... **If it’s a success story that combines honest hard work and a little innovation, the American public tends to admire it and wants to emulate it.** Another part of the reason why people are drawn to Trump is that he presents an image, not of a distant godlike business titan, but of someone who’s recovered from setbacks and who’s shown

the answer to whether she will be the president of the United States. Because she is up not just against Donald Trump or Bernie Sanders. She is up against herself.

... is ready when we are.

IN THE WASHINGTON POST, CARLOS LOZADA WROTE: The final clause [in one of Clinton's books, which comes from a favorite Methodist lesson]—"as long as you ever can"—is telling. It embodies the Clinton of her memoirs: familiar, enduring, scarred, but eager and available, if we'd only choose her. Even her Secret Service code name, "Evergreen," is apt, the perfect label for **a candidate whose principal qualification for the presidency is her eternal readiness for it.**

... is a master listener.

ON VOX.COM, EZRA KLEIN WROTE: The first few times I heard someone praise Clinton's listening, I discounted it ... After hearing it 11, 12, 15 times, I began to take it seriously ... [When she was a senator,] in her travels [she] stuffed notes from her conversations and her reading into suitcases, and every few months she dumped the stray paper on the floor of her Senate office and picked through it with her



staff ... These notes, [former staffer Laurie] Rubiner recalls, really did lead to legislation ... Her process works the same way today. Multiple Clinton aides told me that the campaign's plan to fight opiate addiction, the first and most comprehensive offered by any of the major candidates, was the direct result of Clinton hearing about the issue on her tour. **"Her way of dealing with the stories she hears is not just to repeat the story but to do something about the story,"** says John Podesta, the chair of Clinton's campaign.

... really does lack charisma.

IN THE NEW YORK POST, KYLE SMITH WROTE: Is Hillary Clinton more qualified than Donald Trump to be president? ... Of course she is. But if getting elected president were about presenting the better résumé, John McCain would have clobbered Barack Obama. Becoming president is about capturing our imagination.

Hillary may deserve it, but that doesn't mean we deserve her. The president is the person who appears in your family room more than anyone else outside your family. Can the republic endure four years of her every night? ... Ten minutes of any Hillary speech and

the sort of resilience and plucky spirit that Americans so deeply treasure.

... has inadvertent benefits for ISIS.

IN NEW YORK, ANDREW SULLIVAN WROTE: Those who believe that Trump's ugly, thuggish populism has no chance of ever making it to the White House seem to me to be missing this dynamic. Neo-fascist movements do not advance gradually by persuasion; they first transform the terms of the debate, create a new movement based on untrammelled emotion, take over existing institutions, and then ruthlessly exploit events ... **I have no doubt that Trump is sincere in his desire to "cut the head off" ISIS**, whatever that can possibly mean. But the interests of ISIS and the Trump campaign are now perfectly aligned.



... makes a strategy out of not sticking to the facts.

ON HUFFINGTONPOST.COM, THOMAS M. WELLS, ATTORNEY, WROTE: While I was working for Donald, various press reports had Trump and his then-wife Ivana living in a personal apartment in the Trump Tower of 8, 16, and even 20

or 30 rooms. Genuinely curious, I once asked him how many rooms the apartment actually had. I will never forget his response to me: "However many they will print." **Donald Trump was then, as he is now, larger than life, particularly in his own eyes**, and at the same time frighteningly small, with very little moral grounding.

... is a believer in his gut instinct over data.

IN THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE, MARK LEIBOVICH WROTE: His orbit is largely free of handlers and is very much his own production, down to his tweets—

which he types or dictates himself. I asked Trump if his campaign conducted focus groups ... **"I do focus groups," he said, pressing both thumbs against his forehead, "right here."**

... uses anger to his benefit.

IN THE WASHINGTON TIMES, MONICA CROWLEY WROTE: Mr. Trump embraces voters' anger in a way that mirrors and validates it rather than spurns or fears it ... Mr. Trump's decision to walk away from Fox News's Iowa debate because of his anger over how the network has treated him is a

it'll be, "We're bored as hell, and we're not gonna take it anymore!"

... has a history of not connecting with the public.

IN NEW YORK, JASON ZENGERLE

WROTE: She is an introvert by temperament, surely traumatized by the invective thrown at her during her time as first lady, consequently terrified of spontaneity, and insufficiently skilled at pretending otherwise. Still, genuine cautiousness can also be off-putting, and by the time of Clinton's last presidential run, her opacity and rigidity had morphed into what looked like haughty entitlement.

She seemed either unwilling or unable to campaign in a way that allowed voters to feel they got to know her personally.



... will not make left-wing women proud.

IN THE NATION, LIZA

FEATHERSTONE WROTE: A Clinton presidency would be symbolically uplifting, even as it slammed the door on the possibility of genuinely improving the lives of most of the world's women ... "We're not Denmark," she said [in a campaign appearance] ... With this bit of

frankness, Clinton helpfully explained why no socialist—indeed, no non-millionaire—should support her. **She is smart enough to know that women in the United States endure far more poverty, unemployment, and food insecurity than women in Denmark—** yet she shamelessly made clear that she was happy to keep it that way.

... is a woman of faith.

ON CNN.COM, CARL BERN-

STEIN SAID: When [Clinton]

was in the White House and being vilified by particularly conservative Republicans, she was going to prayer breakfasts with the wives of many of those far-right conservative Repub-

licans. And she never let it be known that she was going to those prayer breakfasts. The same when she became a senator ... **Her Methodism is absolutely essential to understanding who she is. She carries a Bible with her and reads it in cars and on planes** ... She knows it.

... is a deal maker.

IN FOREIGN POLICY, JAMES TRAUB

WROTE: [Jeffrey] Bader [Obama's

case in point. **The message he's conveying: I won't allow myself to be disrespected, and I won't let America be disrespected.** He is also demonstrating that anger is necessary (though not sufficient) to win elections and to get the country back on track. Mr. Trump has turned fury into not just an appropriate political emotion, but an asset.



... is a brilliant role-player.

IN THE ATLANTIC, DAN P. MCADAMS WROTE: As brainy social animals, human beings evolved to be consummate actors whose survival and ability to reproduce depend on the quality of our performances ... **More than even Ronald Reagan, Trump seems supremely cognizant of the fact that he is always acting.** He moves through life like a man who knows he is always being observed. If all human beings are, by their very nature, social actors, then Donald Trump seems to be more so—superhuman, in this one primal sense.

... has a good side.

ON CNN.COM, MICHAEL D'ANTONIO SAID: For all of his flaws and all of the provocation that he dishes out on the campaign trail and things that

he says that upset a lot of people, **Donald has a lot of positive qualities that come out, especially in private.** When you're with him, he's able to focus on the conversation at hand.

He's rather kindly. He smiles. He can make fun of himself, and with his staff you can see that there's a loyalty and a mutual admiration that goes back and forth among them.

... can already declare a victory.

ON TOWNHALL.COM, JACK KERWICK WROTE: I'm not backing Trump because of what he promises to do in the future. I'm backing him because of what he's done already. Trump has been a one-man wrecking crew, shattering the sacred cows of both the Democrat and Republican wings of the establishment ... **Whether he wins or loses in November, Trump has already won,** for he's succeeded in emboldening scores of Americans who would have otherwise remained disengaged, Americans who will not go quietly away or back to voting for Bushes, Kasichs, and Romneys. He has made it acceptable, indeed, necessary, to talk aloud about issues that had long been neglected by partisans of both parties. **R**

chief national security aide for Asia] had supported Obama during the campaign, and he subscribed to the collective view of the Obama camp that Clinton was petty and vindictive. He was startled to find ... that she was considerate and warm. He also realized that she thought about diplomacy largely in transactional terms. "She's an immensely pragmatic person," Bader says. **"She's a deal maker. Her attitude is: How can we get this done?"**

... has very mixed feelings about the life she's chosen.

IN THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE, MARK LEIBOVICH WROTE: She reminisced about her early days in Arkansas, back when she drove her own car and took Chelsea to ballet class. **She betrayed an almost wistful longing for that time, contrasting her energy and freedom then with the exhaustions of her public life today**—"the level of relentless scrutiny that now stalks not just people in politics but people in all kinds of public arenas," in her phrase. "It gives you a sense of being kind of dehumanized, I guess." The starkness of this language jumped out at me—"stalks" and, especially, "dehumanized."



... is less accomplished than she seems.

ON DAILYKOS.COM, TED RALL WROTE: We've seen what happens when we elect a president with charisma but minus a résumé ... Obama's signature/single accomplishment, the Affordable Care Act, embodies design-by-committee conception and autopilot execution. **Hillary's admirers have conflated her impressive list of jobs with actually having gotten things done** ... How has this career politician changed Americans' lives? Not in the least.

... is an optimist.

IN ESQUIRE, TOM JUNOD WROTE: She is the only candidate with a chance of winning the presidency—from either party—who speaks of preserving what we have rather than tearing it down and starting over. **She is the only one who rejects the language of radicalism in her speeches.** She is, indeed, the only instinctive moderate, left-leaning though she may be. The candidate who has a chance to become the first woman president turns out to be the last optimist at the apocalypse. **R**

Laughter

THE BEST MEDICINE

HOW TO DRAW A TURKEY



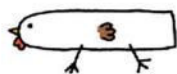
HAND TURKEY



FOOT TURKEY



ELBOW
TURKEY



FINGER TURKEY



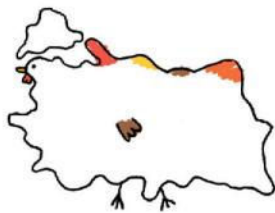
DOG-PAW
TURKEY



LEFTOVER-TURKEY-
SANDWICH
TURKEY



TURKEY-CLAW
TURKEY



BADLY-DRAWN-MAP-OF-TURKEY TURKEY

Gemma CORRELL

LAUREN WAS LYING IN BED one night when she felt her husband's hand caressing her neck in a way she hadn't experienced in quite a while. Then it slid down her side, stopping at her knee, which was as far as her husband could reach. Then he moved closer and did the same on her other side before abruptly stopping and moving away. Aroused and delighted by this

unexpected attention, Lauren whispered, "Honey, that was wonderful. Why did you stop?"

He answered, "I found the remote."

WILLIAM NOVAK, from *Die Laughing* (Touchstone)

TO ME, WATCHING FOOTBALL is like watching a bunch of steaks who came to life and are trying violently to put themselves back together into a cow.

[@TRICIALOCKWOOD](#)

WHAT IF DOGS CALLED A DOG 911?

Case #1:

Dog 911: What's your emergency?

Dog: MY HUMAN WENT TO WORK.

Dog 911: So?

Dog: WHAT IF THIS TIME HE DOESN'T COME BACK?

Dog 911: OMG.

Dog: OMG.

Case #2:

Dog 911: What's your emergency?

Dog: MY BALL IS UNDER THE COUCH.

Dog 911: You try barking at it?

Dog: IT DIDN'T WORK.

Dog 911: OMG.

Dog: OMG.

🐦@REVEREND_SCOTT

A WAITER HANDS the customer his filet mignon with his thumb firmly pressed against it.

"What are you doing pawing my steak?" yells the customer.

"What?" says the waiter. "You want it to fall on the floor again?"

Submitted by M. C., via e-mail

AND THE AWARD for best neckwear goes to ... Well, would you look at that, it's a tie.

🐦@CORNONTHEGOBLIN (CAT DAMON)

Your funny joke, list, or quote might be worth \$\$\$\$. For details, see page 7 or go to rd.com/submit.

OBITUARIES FOR TEENAGE GIRLS IF THEY ACTUALLY DIED WHEN THEY SAID THEY WERE DYING

HUANG, JAMIE, age 14, died suddenly upon seeing a tiny Labrador retriever puppy walk successfully through a set of revolving doors.

THOMAS, MORGAN, age 15, tasted the perfect mango mousse cake just before succumbing to death.

HRUBY, SIERRA, age 13, heard that Emma said Dan told Rebecca that Maggie was hosting a party that Henri would also attend, but it was actually Rebecca who told Dan that Molly was throwing a get-together and Emma was wrong, but it was so confusing that she just gave up and died.

PHILLIPS, EMA ARLENE, age 15, passed away when she saw Taylor Swift exiting the neighborhood gym. She died three times before realizing that the woman was not in fact Taylor Swift, whereupon she died once more.

BRENNER, LIANNA, age 15, lived a healthy life until she made the fatal decision to watch a video of a puppy splashing in a puddle. She clung to religion until the very end, crying out to God via the YouTube comment section, typing "OMG OMG" in the interest of time, but it was too late. She was dying, dying, OMG, and then proclaimed dead.

KAREN CHEE, on mcsweeneys.net

I went to Asia with unresolved questions about my father. I found an answer—just not the one I expected.

A Veteran's Son Goes to VIETNAM

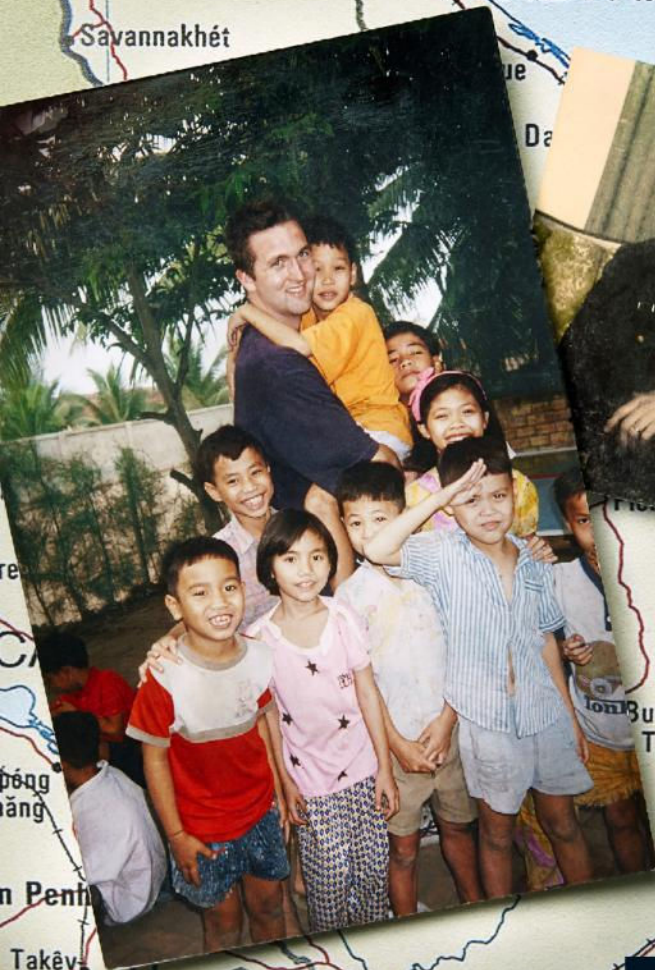
BY GRAHAM SHELBY

O

UT THE WINDOW TO MY LEFT, palm trees bent in the breeze from the South China Sea; to my right, green fields stretched in the distance. As our tour van headed south on a bumpy road near Nha Trang, I kept reminding myself, This is Vietnam. I even tried superimposing scenes from *Platoon* and *Full Metal Jacket* on the landscape, but they wouldn't stick. Everything was too peaceful.

I had come to Vietnam to solve a mystery: What had happened to my father here? My father, Sgt. Jimmy Godwin of the U.S. Army Special Forces, married my mother in 1968, just before he'd shipped out for Vietnam. When he'd returned, he was "messed up"—that's what my mother said, though I'd never understood what that meant. She and Jimmy divorced when I was a baby.

VIETNAM



From left: The author, holding Duy at the orphanage in Nha Trang, 1994; the author's father, Sgt. Jimmy Godwin, 1969

After my mom remarried, Jimmy signed papers so that my stepfather—the man I call Dad—could adopt me. I grew up in a loving house, but we never talked much about Jimmy; we didn't know how.

That left me curious, confused, and even angry at my parents—all three of them—because I wanted the truth about the man who had once been my father and why he had chosen not to be. But at age 23, I needed more than a handful of facts; I felt like I had to have the context to understand them. That's why I went to Vietnam.

IN 1994, I joined a group of volunteers on a goodwill project that was organized by the Friendship Foundation of American Vietnamese, a non-profit based in Ohio. As our group of twentysomethings explored Ho Chi Minh City (formerly Saigon) and the coastal city of Nha Trang, I felt a little like a detective returning to the scene of a crime, only I wasn't finding any clues. The country seemed to have moved on in the 25 years since my father's time. My trip there felt like a vacation, complete with lush scenery, amazing food, and friendly people.

The foundation had arranged for us to build a playground in Nha Trang, but soon after we'd arrived, the government withdrew its consent, which was a painful disappointment. As a plan B, our tour organizers set up a visit to a nearby orphanage. I almost stayed at

our hotel that day because I worried it would be depressing. Plus, what did I have to offer Vietnamese orphans?

About a dozen of us piled into a van to go to the orphanage. On the way there, I thought about Jimmy. By then, he and I had met face-to-face, and we were still trying to figure out what our relationship was or would be. Jimmy hadn't said much about his time in Vietnam, though I knew he'd come to Nha Trang once between battles and spent an afternoon on the beach.

Our van eventually pulled up to a cinder block building. A middle-aged Catholic priest emerged and greeted us in English. He summoned the children and assigned each of us our own pint-size tour guide.

Mine was a little boy named Duy, who looked about six. I'm six foot three, and when Duy came up to me, he had to arch his neck like he was looking at a skyscraper. He said something to me in Vietnamese. I smiled awkwardly; I was embarrassed that I didn't even know how to say "Hi, what's your name?" I asked the priest to translate.

"He says you are very big."

"No," I said, shaking my head. I crouched until my eyes were just below the level of Duy's. "Very small."

The little boy chuckled. Duy took my hand and led me inside to a large room filled with bunk beds. He pointed to his own, a top bunk with an inch-thick layer of woven straw as a mattress, no blanket or pillow. He

seemed to like showing it to me, as if he were proud of it.

"Nice," I said. I picked Duy up and I sat him on his bed to equalize our heights. I tried to think of what to say or to ask. Would Duy have some sort of bedtime ritual? I wondered. It's a Catholic orphanage, so would he say prayers? And what would he pray for?

I asked the priest to translate this. As they spoke, I listened for a tone that suggested the priest might be coaching Duy, but I didn't hear any.

"He does pray," the priest said, "but in the morning."

"What do you pray for?"

"Pray for?"

I looked at Duy as I spoke. "What do you ask God to do for you or to give you?"

Duy smiled a little when the question was translated. He paused; it seemed like he was answering this question for the first time.

"He says he prays for his parents who are in heaven. He prays for his sister because he doesn't know where she is and hopes she will be OK. He prays for God to help him be good that day." And here the priest said something to Duy that sounded like a slight admonition. "And sometimes

he prays for a toy or something like that."

"Really? Is that all?"

"That's all he said."

"He doesn't pray to be adopted? To go home with a family?"

The priest asked Duy, who answered in a bored-kid voice, as if this weren't a very interesting subject.

"He said he, of course, would like to have a family to live with, but he knows that most children his age don't get chosen for a family. And if they do get chosen, often it's a family that needs someone to work. So he says he likes his life here. 'This is my family now,' he said."

This is my family now.

I glanced around the room. This place was spare but clean. Most of the kids were smiling. They looked thin, but healthy. Their clothes weren't new, but they weren't rags. Two of the boys who weren't hosting foreigners were goofing around with a ball.

Duy studied me. His expression seemed to say, What do you think, Big Foreign Fella?

I smiled at him as if I had a secret.

He made a face and looked playful. I grabbed him around the waist

"Duy would like to have a family to live with, but he knows most children his age don't get chosen. 'This is my family now,' he said."

and planted his belly on my shoulder. Then I wrapped a hand around his calf so he'd know that I wouldn't let him fall. I carried him outside and spun him around until he laughed.

This is my family now.

I knew that I wasn't getting a complete picture of Duy's thoughts or experience. I knew his feelings about his life, his fate, and his place in the world likely were—or might one day be—complicated.

I hoped that he would never wonder if it was his own fault that he'd lost his parents. I hoped he'd never think he was flawed in some mysterious, fundamental way and that their absence was the evidence. And yet, Duy shamed me.

This little boy had gone through so much by the age of six, but he'd

just declared that the people at the orphanage were his family. I had questions about my own family that I wanted answered, and someday, I might get those answers, but what right did I have to self-pity? After all, I had been, as the priest had put it, chosen for a family.

The other kids made a circle around us, and they clamored for me to lift them too. I gave each of them a ride on Foreigner Mountain, spinning and spinning until I almost fell over.

I wished that I had a toy to give Duy. Or that I could build him a playground. Instead I offered him turn after turn on my shoulders, more than anyone else, and I also spun him longer than anyone else.

I wanted Duy, in this one little way, to feel chosen. **R**



IDIOMS FOR THE INDECISIVE

- Out of sight, out of mind ... but absence makes the heart grow fonder.
- The pen is mightier than the sword ... but actions speak louder than words.
- What you see is what you get ... but don't judge a book by its cover.
- Birds of a feather flock together ... but opposites attract.
 - Many hands make light work ... but too many cooks spoil the broth.

BRANDON SPECKTOR

Laugh Lines

DAYLIGHT RAVING TIME



Been working 25/7 on some new daylight saving time jokes.

🐦@KENJENNINGS

I think sleeping was my problem in school. If school had started at four in the afternoon, I'd be a college graduate today.

GEORGE FOREMAN

Do you ever wake up, kiss the person beside you, and just be thankful to be alive? I did. Not really appreciated on flights, apparently.

🐦@POLLYCHROMATIK

Never go to bed mad. Stay up and fight.

PHYLLIS DILLER

When people tell me "You're going to regret that in the morning," I sleep till noon because I am a problem solver.

ANONYMOUS

I never knew how long it took a human to fall asleep until I had kids. In case you're wondering, it's 2 hours, 3 cups of water & 18 books.

🐦@OUTSMARTEDMOMMY
(JENNIFER LIZZA)



For over 60 years, Reader's Digest has featured the top novels in a single volume six times a year. Here's a sampler from the latest in the Select Edition series, with excerpts from two fantastic reads.

BOOK LOVERS' BONUS

Hostage Taker

BY STEFANIE PINTOFF



ZERO HOUR, 6:47 A.M. *Good day, New York!*

It's 41 degrees right now in Midtown, with heavy rain and fog for your morning commute. Luckily, we expect these soggy conditions to be out of here by lunchtime. But bring a fleece lining for those raincoats, because temperatures will continue to plummet throughout the day.

Today is a Gridlock Alert Day, due to tonight's tree-lighting ceremony at Rockefeller Center, which we'll have live coverage of beginning at 7 p.m. We expect tens of thousands of people in the area, so do yourself a favor and take mass transit today ...

CRISTINA SILVA HAD never been a believer. When she was a girl, she didn't believe in fairy tales or Santa Claus. Then she grew up and didn't believe in miracles. Cristina had always known better than to believe in God. But she had faith. The kind she'd learned to live by in AA: If you can't believe, just make believe.

Now, staring down the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral toward Fifth Avenue, she was make believing with all her might. Because nothing short of magical thinking was going to help her now.

Daylight had not yet broken. It was still raining, and drops fell through the gaps in the scaffolding directly above her. The streets were blurred by mist. She could barely make out Fifth Avenue, stretching for blocks in front of her. Deserted.

Massive bronze doors closed behind her with a forceful thud. Several thousand pounds of metal—and the images of half a dozen saints—now separated her from the rest of them. Those unlucky fools who, like her, had gone to the Lady Chapel this morning.

Then she had been singled out—for what, she wasn't quite sure.

A drenched passerby scurried down Fifth Avenue.

Cristina opened her mouth. "Help!" she silently pleaded.

The passerby did not turn. In the rain, he couldn't be bothered with glancing toward a woman wearing a yellow rain slicker and carrying a wooden sign with HELP ME painted in brilliant red.

Another umbrella passed. Then two cars. No one slowed.

Just make a call, she prayed. 311. 911. Report the crazy lady standing

**CRISTINA
OPENED HER
MOUTH.
"HELP!" SHE
SILENTLY
PLEADED.
THE
PASSERBY
DID NOT
TURN.
JUST MAKE
A CALL,
SHE PRAYED.**

in the rain. The one at St. Patrick's—a landmark, tourist destination, and religious refuge all rolled into one.

She took a step. Craned her neck through the gloom toward the scaffolding high above. Was he watching? Another step.

She knew that St. Patrick's was a symbol. The sign she carried was a symbol too. Even the confession she'd been forced to make was only a symbol. And for all her nonbelieving, she was terrified that she was about to die as a symbol. Of God only knew what.

A block away, Angus MacDonald got off the M4 bus at the corner of 52nd Street and Fifth Avenue. Ahead of him, he saw virtually nothing. The weather had made Midtown a ghost town.

Then a man wearing an NYPD rubber raincoat emerged from the fog. Angus watched him cross Fifth Avenue. Racing for the cathedral. Not wanting to be late for seven-o'clock Mass.

The cop made it halfway up the stairs of St. Patrick's. Stopped.

There was a woman there. Just standing. Her canary-yellow raincoat stood out. Angus squinted. She was in her mid-20s, he decided. She looked scared, frozen in place, looking around. The cop broke away with a shake of his head—as if there was nothing he could do. Then he turned and walked into the cathedral.

Angus resigned himself to being late to Mass. In his experience, young women loved creating drama. He could see his niece pulling a stunt like this: standing in

the rain with some silly sign, just to prove a point or get attention after a breakup gone bad.

"Hey, lady—why don't you come in out of the rain?" he called.

She was so startled, she whirled and faced him.

She'd obviously been lost in her own world, because Angus wasn't the type to scare people. With his wrinkled black skin, gray hair, and beer belly, he'd pass for Santa Claus, given a red suit.

He reached out a hand to help her—but let it drop when she didn't move. Since the scaffolding provided scant shelter, he moved toward the massive bronze doors. She angled her head to watch.

"My name's Angus. What's yours?"

She didn't reply. Wind pushed away her bright yellow hood.

"You'll catch your death," Angus scolded. "Come inside."

**FOR THE
FIRST TIME,
ANGUS
NOTICED: THE
SIGN SHE
HELD WAS
BOUND TO
HER HANDS
WITH
TIGHTLY
WRAPPED
WIRE.**

She cocked her head, like she was trying to listen to something.

"It's time for Mass," he said. "Whatever's wrong, whatever's upset you, let's talk about it inside, where it's warm and dry."

She looked up, eyes searching the levels of scaffolding.

"Your sign says HELP," he pointed out. "I'll help you."

She tried to raise her arms. For the first time, Angus noticed: The sign she held was bound to her hands with tightly wrapped wire.

A troublesome sensation settled in his gut. No way did she do that to herself. He needed to get help. He needed that cop. He reached for the door and tugged. It didn't budge. These doors shouldn't be locked. Not before seven-o'clock Mass. Not when he had just seen the cop go inside. Something was wrong.

He turned back to the woman, whose eyes were fixed on Angus's. He was trying to decipher the mute plea in them when he noticed a funny red dot dancing on her forehead. It looked just like the laser pointer he used when he taught algebra class.

The shot was silent as it sliced through her forehead. She crumpled, and suddenly there was blood everywhere, mingling with the rain that puddled on the cathedral steps.

Hands shaking, Angus managed to call 911.

It was seven minutes before help arrived for the dead woman with the wire-bound hands, still gripping her wooden sign.

It would be another nine before the responding officer would notice something else. That there was a note taped on the back of the sign. The officer didn't understand it.

But he was smart enough to radio it in.

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The City Baker's Guide to Country Living BY LOUISE MILLER



I ARRIVED AT THE Sugar Maple Inn shortly before 10 a.m. on Monday. It was a beautiful drive, up a long, winding dirt road canopied with oaks and maples. To my left was the Sugar Maple, a yellow farmhouse surrounded by zinnias. Rocking chairs were lined up on the porch. To my right was a wooden rail fence, and beyond it a ridge of mountains.

I walked up the flagstone path, then gave a knock on the door. Margaret Hurley swung the door open, eyed me, and then looked at her watch.

"You're five minutes late," she said.

"Are you sure?" I'd checked my cell phone before I left the car.

Margaret made a huffing sound. "You might as well come in." I followed her down the hallway. Despite her pace, her silver bun stayed perfectly in place. We entered a sitting room, and Margaret led me to a small table by a window. "So Mrs. Doyle tells me you're a baker."

"Yes. My name is Olivia Rawlings. I'm the pastry chef at the Emerson Club."

"How long have you been baking?"

"Twelve years. Since I graduated from the CIA."

"You learned to bake from the government?" She scowled.

"No, no. It's a culinary school in New York."

"Yes, well then. What's your specialty?"

I thought. "Well, *Chocolat Gourmand* magazine requested my recipe for a blood-orange-and-sour-cherry napoleon last year. And—"

"We're a simple place, Miss Rawlings. Nothing too fancy." She leaned forward. "Can you bake a good pie?"

"Pie?" I suppressed the urge to roll my eyes. "Of course I can bake a pie." I leaned back in my chair.

"How's your apple?" She leaned back as well.

"I've received many compliments on my apple pie." I felt like we were playing high-stakes poker.

"Would you be willing to bake one now?" she asked calmly.

"Right now?" I did not succeed in hiding my irritation. Being asked to test-bake in a kitchen was a normal part of the hiring process, but not on the day of the interview.

"Well, not this very second." Margaret stood. "I have to make a few calls first. I'll have one of the girls bring you a cup of coffee." She walked away, calling out, "Sarah ..."

"Don't you want to see my résumé?" I called after her. She had already turned the corner.

A young woman with blond hair appeared with a tray. She placed in front of me a dainty teacup filled with steaming coffee.

"Thanks." I glanced up at her. "Hey, is she always like this?"

"Pretty much. But she's decent to work for." Sarah gave me a smile and walked back toward the kitchen. This was the strangest interview I had ever been on. I was used to being courted, not trying to convince someone

I could do the simplest of tasks. I waited for what felt like hours before abandoning my teacup and wandering around the inn in search of Mrs. Hurley. I found Sarah folding napkins in the dining room.

"I think I may have been abandoned," I said lightly.

"Sorry. There was a problem with one of the guest rooms. She should be back soon."

"Mind if I look around the kitchen?"

"Not at all. It's through that door."

I pushed through a swinging door. It opened onto a room that broke all the rules of kitchendom. It looked just like a farmhouse kitchen, with a yellow tin ceiling and maple plank floors, but it appeared to have been stretched to accommodate the eight-burner stove and the walk-in refrigerator.

I set my bag down on an enamel-topped kitchen table sitting on stacks of Nancy Drew mysteries to make it a respectable height for chopping. I wondered how this place ever passed inspection. I crept about, grabbing tools that I would need for pie baking. Even they seemed odd. The rolling pin was the heavy kind with ball bearings. The measuring cups were glass with painted roosters. In the pantry, I found an old stand mixer, with its original bowl of iridescent glass. I heard Margaret's voice from somewhere in the inn, followed by another, this one more cheerful. The kitchen door swung open, and a plump, snowy-haired woman bounded into the room. "Hello, dear. You must be Olivia!" She grabbed my hand and shook it. "I'm Maggie's friend Dorothy. Call me Dotty."

Dotty was the opposite of Margaret in every way but age. She was rounded in the shoulders, with thin wavy hair that hung down her back in a loose braid. Everything about her seemed fluid.

Margaret marched in carrying a crate of apples and eyed the collection of tools on the table. "Making yourself at home?"

"Just thought I would get familiar with the kitchen—you know, while I waited."

Margaret ignored me and started digging through the apples.

"So what do we have here, Dotty?"

"Let's see. McIntosh, Cortland, Spartan, Northern Spy, Crispin, and Golden Delicious."

Margaret turned to me. "Will that do?"

**"WE'RE
A SIMPLE
PLACE. CAN
YOU BAKE A
GOOD PIE?"
I SUPPRESSED
THE URGE
TO ROLL
MY EYES.
"OF COURSE
I CAN BAKE
A PIE."**

"Sure, thank you." I began to riffle through the crate.

"Let's get going, then."

Margaret dragged two rocking chairs across the kitchen. Showtime. I took what was obviously my place on the opposite side of the table from the two rocking chairs. "Do you want me to talk about what I'm doing, like I'm teaching a class?"

"We know how to bake an apple pie, Miss Rawlings," Margaret said sharply. "We're here to see if you do."

Margaret and Dotty settled into their chairs.

Flustered, I pulled the stand mixer toward me and removed the bowl.

"Any requests? Crumb? Double crust?"

Margaret rocked, her feet firmly planted on the floor. "Whatever is your best."

Remembering her "nothing too fancy" comment, I thought double crust seemed safest. I dipped a measuring cup into the flour and swept across the top with my finger. I eased the butter from its wrapper and began chopping it into chunks. Margaret clucked. "Not shortening?"

"I use a combination," I said, and reached for the tin of Crisco.

"My mother always used all shortening, but I couldn't stand the taste," said Dotty, nodding in agreement.

"If you want to use all shortening, the trick is to baste the crust with butter," I offered, plopping the fat onto the flour and starting the mixture spinning. After I added the ice water, I took the dough into my hands and flattened it into a disk. I laid it to rest in the walk-in, then dug through

the apples, settling on McIntosh and Cortland.

Margaret eyed the Macs. "Those'll turn to mush."

"Only the Macs will, but they add flavor." I dug into an apple with a paring knife.

"How's Henry today?" I heard Margaret ask. I was about to say "Who's Henry?" when Dotty responded.

"About the same." She rocked a little faster.

The women talked on in short clips. I sliced the apples, looking out the windows as I worked. An expanse of lawn stretched out and uphill, where a line of crab apples stood. I caught myself thinking about what it would look like as the sun rose. I tossed the apples into a cast-iron pan and turned on the flame.

**AN EXPANSE
OF LAWN
STRETCHED
OUT AND
UPHILL.
I CAUGHT
MYSELF
THINKING
ABOUT WHAT
IT WOULD
LOOK LIKE
AS THE
SUN ROSE.**

"What on earth are you doing that for?" Margaret asked.

"It'll take some of the water out of the apples—the filling will be thicker." I couldn't believe how defensive I sounded.

Margaret turned back to Dotty, and they resumed rocking. I pulled the dough from the walk-in and began to hammer it with my rolling pin. After sweetening the apples in the pan, I piled the heaping mass in the pastry-lined pie plate and slipped the top crust over them. I crimped the edges and placed the pie in the oven. "Well, there you have it. Any questions?" I looked over at the two women. Dotty was dozing, her mouth slightly open.

Margaret inclined her head toward the door. "Dotty needs her rest," she explained. "Might as well show you around the place while the pie's baking." Margaret led me through the inn. The downstairs housed the dining room and kitchen, along with her living quarters. Upstairs were twelve guest rooms. I followed Margaret back through the kitchen. She opened a door opposite it. "Here are the baker's quarters. They come with the job." I peeked in. It had just enough room for a twin bed and a small dresser.

"I have a large dog, and I don't think he could turn around in this room."

Margaret frowned. "No, a dog wouldn't do so near the kitchen." She tapped her fingertips against her thigh. "There is one other option. Put on your coat." We walked up the hill through the crab apples. Beyond the orchard, we turned left. There in front of us stood a tiny house with a dainty front porch. "This is the sugarhouse," Margaret said. She banged her arm against the door, and it flew open. In the center of the room stood a wood-burning stove. A sink hugged the corner, and there was a tiny oven. A claw-foot bathtub sat behind the stove. I imagined soaking in the tub, looking out the back windows and into the sugar bush.

Margaret paused in the doorway. "It's a year commitment."

"I'll take it," I said, surprising both of us.

"Yes, well. Let's see how the pie turned out first."

R

EXCERPT FROM *THE CITY BAKER'S GUIDE TO COUNTRY LIVING: A NOVEL* BY LOUISE MILLER.
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DRAMA IN REAL LIFE


**FOUR YEARS AGO,
ONE OF THE
WORLD'S MOST
ICONIC SHIPS
SAILED STRAIGHT
INTO ONE OF THE
WORST HURRICANES
IN HISTORY. THE
HURRICANE WON.**

BY NICK HEIL

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An aerial photograph of the pirate ship *Bounty* in the middle of a hurricane. The ship is a wooden sailing vessel with three masts, appearing as a dark silhouette against the churning, white-capped waves of the storm. The water is a deep, dark blue, and the overall scene is one of intense natural power.

“There’s a pirate ship in the middle of a hurricane,” said the first rescuer to spot the *Bounty*, shown here in its last minutes.

OMED

LIEUTENANT WES MCINTOSH of the U.S. Coast Guard was watching *Sunday Night Football* with his seven-person flight crew on October 29, 2012. Around 9:30 p.m., his phone rang. It was the Coast Guard command center, alerting him that they'd received a call from the owner of a ship that was floundering in a ferocious storm off the coast of North Carolina. It was taking on water, having generator problems, and requesting assistance. By 11 p.m., McIntosh and crew were airborne in their turboprop plane, heading east.

Locating the ship on radar would be impossible in such rough weather, so McIntosh and his copilot, Mike Myers, pulled on night-vision goggles. The skies were clear for the moment, a full moon fixed above, but directly ahead, McIntosh could see a sharp wall of dark clouds rising from the surface of the water to 7,000 feet.

They approached just above the clouds but were unable to see down to the ocean's surface. Hoping for visual contact, McIntosh lowered the plane into the storm. The plane lurched and shook violently. Hard rain pelted the windshield. McIntosh wrestled the controls, guiding the plane lower until the clouds shredded and revealed a churning black ocean. They circled, holding at the lowest point they could.

"Anything?" McIntosh asked.

"Yeah," said Myers. "There's a pirate ship in the middle of a hurricane."

HMS *BOUNTY* was one of the most recognizable ships anywhere in the world. Built in 1960 for the MGM film *Mutiny on the Bounty*, it was a scaled-up replica of the original on which Fletcher

Christian led the revolt against Captain William Bligh in 1789. The modern *Bounty* was a classic tall ship. Its three masts rose more than 100 feet, supporting 10,000 square feet of sailcloth and laced with more than two miles of line. It was 120 feet long—30 feet longer than the original—and built of hand-hewn Douglas fir and white oak.

In recent years, however, the ship had fallen into disrepair; it was plagued with dry rot and leaks, and its owner had struggled to keep up with the expensive maintenance. Tired and sagging from 50 years of sailing and dock tours, the ship was now en route from New London, Connecticut, to St. Petersburg, Florida, to entice possible buyers, give dockside tours, and host an event for a nonprofit organization supporting kids with Down syndrome.

The crew of 16 ranged from first-time volunteers to career mariners. Among the most recent to join up was Claudene Christian, 42, a professional singer and a beauty queen from California who claimed to be a descendent of Fletcher Christian himself.

The captain was Robin Walbridge.

Soft-spoken and gravel-voiced, he wore wire-rimmed glasses and hearing aids, and bound his flyaway gray hair in a short ponytail. The *Bounty's* owner, New York businessman Robert Hansen, had hired Walbridge in 1995, and Walbridge had since helmed hundreds of voyages on the *Bounty* up and down the Atlantic coast, in all kinds of weather. Walbridge was considered a good sailor, but he also had the reputation for being something of a cowboy. A few weeks prior to setting sail, he'd told an interviewer, "We chase hurricanes ... You can get a good ride out of them."

Before they left port, Walbridge informed the crew that there was a large storm off the coast. He believed they could safely skirt it, but they'd likely be encountering rough seas along the way. Anyone who wasn't

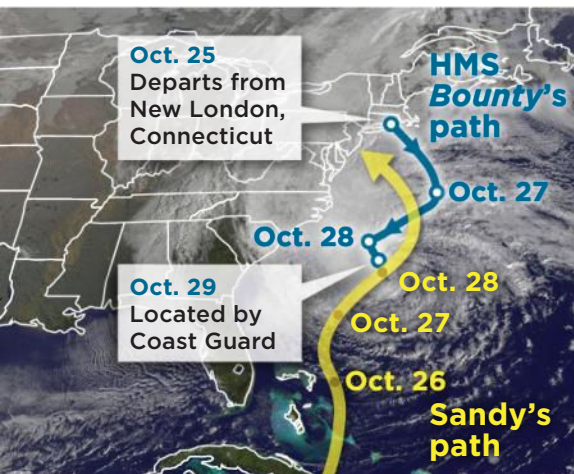
comfortable with this was free to leave, no questions asked.

On Thursday, October 25, the *Bounty* departed with clear skies, light winds, and all 16 crew members on board.

AS DARKNESS FELL on Sunday evening, the *Bounty* sailed straight into one of the worst storms ever recorded in the Atlantic. Dubbed Superstorm Sandy, it stretched almost 1,000 miles across, covering an area nearly twice the size of Texas. Out at sea off the coast of North Carolina, winds gusted up to 90 miles per hour. Earlier that day, a gust had ripped the ship's forecourse, one of its 16 sails, which is crucial for maintaining stability in storms.

As daylight faded, conditions deteriorated. Four feet of water sloshed around the engine room, overloading

MAP BY 5W INFOGRAPHICS. ASSOCIATED PRESS



A deadly collision course: As HMS *Bounty* sailed south from New London, Connecticut, Hurricane Sandy traveled up the East Coast, gaining force. The two met off the coast of North Carolina.

the pumps. The cabin's overhead lights flickered until the generators and engines gave out entirely, leaving only the ghostly glow of the emergency lights.

Belowdecks, Walbridge made his way to the communications room. He moved gingerly; earlier, a powerful wave had thrown him across the cabin into a bolted table, severely injuring his back. He took a seat near the communications console with Doug Faunt, 66, a volunteer who worked as the ship's electrician. The storm had rendered their cell and satellite

message with their coordinates, praying it would reach someone on shore.

IN THE SKIES above, McIntosh banked hard, looking down at a sight unlike anything he'd ever seen. Below was the *Bounty's* hulking black shadow, its giant masts listing at 45 degrees. From the aircraft, the mission system officer radioed down on the emergency channel.

The response was instantaneous: "This is HMS *Bounty*. We read you loud and clear!" It was John Svendsen, 41,



WALBRIDGE TOLD THE CREW HE THOUGHT THEY COULD SKIRT THE STORM, BUT ANYONE WHO WANTED OUT WAS FREE TO LEAVE.

phones useless. Walbridge and Faunt were attempting to e-mail the Coast Guard to alert it to the grim situation.

Walbridge had instructed anyone who wasn't on watch or tending to a crisis to hunker down and, if possible, try to rest. It was going to be a long night. Another crew member, Adam Prokosh, 27, had also been injured, breaking three ribs, separating his shoulder, and suffering trauma to his head and back when the ship was rolled by a wave. Several other people were severely seasick. In the dim communications room, Walbridge and Faunt hunched over a makeshift transmitter, tapping out an e-mail

the first mate. He explained that the *Bounty* was still taking on water at the rate of a foot an hour, but he felt they could hang on until daylight.

McIntosh had hoped to drop backup pumps to the vessel, but conditions were too dangerous to get close enough. His flight crew had been taking a severe beating too. Several were airsick.

As the early hours of Monday morning dragged on, Walbridge positioned himself at the *Bounty's* helm, leaving Svendsen to communicate with the Coast Guard plane. Svendsen told McIntosh that they were planning an evacuation at daybreak. Around

3 a.m., Walbridge and Svendsen directed the crew members to the stern and briefed them on the plan.

"No one panicked," Dan Cleveland, the third mate, recalled later. "The mood was calm, professional. I was really impressed."

For the next hour, the crew members tended to tasks—gathering their "Gumby suits" (bright red neoprene survival suits) and assembling supplies for the life rafts—or tried to find a place to rest, survival suits at the ready. Claudene Christian took care of the injured Adam Prokosh, helping him move to the high side of the ship.

By 4 a.m., Walbridge told the crew to put on the suits. They would depart from the rear of the ship at first light. The water was coming in faster, at around two feet per hour, and the bow was now submerged. It was too rough to stand up on deck, so the crew crawled along the boards on their hands and knees. Those who didn't have a particular task preparing supplies simply clung to fixed objects. Doug Faunt wedged himself against the deck rail firmly enough that he briefly dozed off.

Around 4:30 that morning, the *Bounty* was broadsided by a massive wave that rolled it a full 90 degrees. A few people screamed. Several crew members were tossed through the air and into the sea. Some slid across the soaked deck, hitting the low rail and toppling into the water. Others, fearing the ship was capsizing completely,

jumped from their perches into the ocean. The *Bounty* now lay on its side, masts in the water, surrounded by a web of tangled rigging.

John Svendsen was near the radio and grabbed the handset. "We're abandoning ship!" he shouted into the mic. "We're abandoning ship now!"

The urgent message crackled over the intercom on board the Coast Guard plane, still circling above. The plane's radio operator repeatedly called back but received no reply. McIntosh flew down again toward the water. He could see the *Bounty* foundering and lights in the water: the strobes attached to the survival suits.

The flight crew called sector command, informing them that the *Bounty's* crew had abandoned the sinking ship.

McIntosh circled again, though the plane was running urgently low on fuel. Despite their battered, airsick condition, the crew members, clipped into safety harnesses, opened the rear door and dropped two rafts down into the hammering wind. They could only hope they would land close enough to the ship to be of use.

NO SOONER had they deployed the rafts than the aircraft's fuel light flashed on the dash, indicating they had to head back to base right away. McIntosh veered away from the ship while his radio operator continued to try to hail the *Bounty*. There was no response.

Treading in frothing water, John Svendsen floated amid the wreckage next to the ship. The *Bounty* was lost, and he needed to get away from the sinking carcass as fast as possible.

The water surrounding the ship was now a deadly mess of rigging, loose boards, and other detritus. With each wave pulse, the masts would lurch back up to 45 degrees. Then they would crash back into the water, sink under the surface, and repeat the cycle.

In the chaos, deckhand Josh Scornavacchi, 28, grabbed hold of a mast as it was rising. As he was carried above

tried to grab a raft that was floating past him, but he couldn't reach it. The gloves built in to the suits had no grip, so the safety line attached to the raft slid right through his palm.

NOT FAR AWAY, second mate Matt Sanders, 37, clung to a wooden grate with six other survivors. One of the Coast Guard rafts drifted nearby, but they couldn't catch it. Soon, however, they found a life raft canister and inflated it. It looked like a large kiddie pool with a tent over it. They clambered inside,



THE *BOUNTY* WAS LOST, AND SVENDSEN NEEDED TO GET AWAY FROM THE SINKING CARCASS AS FAST AS POSSIBLE.

the water, he heard a voice tell him to jump, and he did. Where the voice came from, he's not sure. His crewmates don't remember calling out to him, but he's certain the move saved his life.

The entire crew was now in the water, swimming and thrashing amid the huge swells and breaking waves. As the ship slowly sank, everything around it was pulled down, too, so the only safe course was to try to get away from the wreck. The emergency suits made every maneuver difficult. Water leaked inside and filled the boots, weighing them down. Dan Cleveland

pushing and pulling one another till they were all aboard.

Six more crew members sat inside a second raft. Meanwhile, Svendsen was drifting out to sea, clinging to a floating signal beacon. Later, he would credit Walbridge for saving his life; it had been the captain's idea to pack the buoys as standard equipment. But where was Walbridge himself? And where was Claudene Christian, last seen on deck as the ship tipped into the sea?

Dawn's light filtered into the eastern sky as four Coast Guard helicopters arrived on the scene. Rescue swimmer Randy Haba was lowered from a



The body of Claudene Christian, left, was recovered about nine miles from where the ship sank. Above, Coast Guard workers assist a *Bounty* crew member. Fourteen of 16 crew members survived the accident.

hovering chopper into the towering waves. After a short swim, he reached Svendsen, who had now drifted a half mile from the wreckage. The first mate was battered and exhausted; he'd smashed his right hand on the ship, rendering it useless. He had also involuntarily gulped down a dangerous amount of seawater polluted with diesel fuel.

Haba slung Svendsen into a harness and got him safely on board one chopper. Then the rescue crew moved to the first raft, the one containing Sanders and company. The *Bounty* survivors had heard the rotors above

and realized help was at hand. But it was still a shock when Haba's head popped through the raft door. "I bet you guys are ready to get out of here," said the swimmer, flashing a smile.

As Haba worked with the first raft, a second rescue swimmer, Dan Todd, helped survivors from the other raft board a second helicopter. It was dicey work. At one point, Haba got smacked hard enough by a breaking wave that his goggles and snorkel were ripped away.

In all, 14 survivors—Adam Prokosh, Doug Faunt, John Jones, Jessica Black, Mark Warner, Josh Scornavacchi,

Chris Barksdale, Jessica Hewitt, Laura Groves, Drew Salapatek, Anna Sprague, Dan Cleveland, Matt Sanders, and John Svendsen, ranging in age from 20 to 66, staggered off the choppers onto the tarmac at the Elizabeth City, North Carolina, air base—shaken but alive. A scrum of reporters waited for them, along with some bad news: Another rescue crew had found Claudene Christian, unconscious, floating about nine miles away from the ship. Despite heroic efforts to revive her, she didn't survive.

S ANDY HAD BATTERED towns from Maine to Florida, causing 147 deaths and widespread

flooding. During the next three days, after the waters calmed, the search continued for Walbridge. Coast Guard personnel covered roughly 1,500 square nautical miles, but no sign of the captain was ever found.

“Losing two people was tough, but when we saw the survivors getting out of the helicopter on TV, we were overjoyed,” recalls Wes McIntosh. “When we had to leave the *Bounty* that morning, we didn't know if anyone had survived. And even though we didn't meet any of the crew personally, you go through something like that together, and it feels like they're family. We were out there with them that night for a long time.” **R**

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Representative photos: Before and after hand images from one week usage period.
Cream was applied before bed and three times daily. Results may vary.

That's Outrageous!

SO SUE ME

A NEW YORK

lawyer was hit with what he termed a “baseless” lawsuit. Fine, he said, before citing English common law, which he claims was never outlawed, to demand a trial by combat. While the plaintiff’s lawyers did not find his wanting to duke it out “amusing,” the lawyer said his weapon of choice would be a medieval war hammer.

Source: *New York Post*

A FLORIDA SCHOOLTEACHER filed a workplace discrimination lawsuit against her employers for denying her a sought-after job. The fact that she can’t speak or understand Spanish, she argued, should not preclude her from a plum job teaching Spanish.

Source: *Miami New Times*

A TEXAS PLUMBER sued a Ford dealership for more than \$1 million after it gave him free publicity. The plumber traded in his old company pickup and thought that was that. Then the truck showed up in news feeds from Syria—it was being



used by Islamic State militants, with his company logo and phone number still displayed on the doors. As a result, he says, he has been subjected to harassing threats.

Source: CNN

USING BEDSHEETS

and floss, two cell mates rappelled 17 stories down the

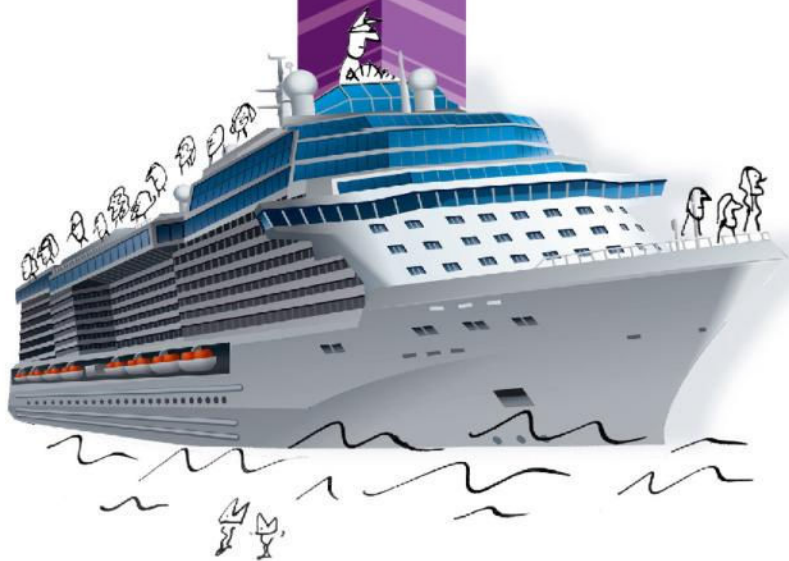
side of a Chicago prison and escaped. They were caught within days. But one of the prisoners was so traumatized by the events, he sued the government. The convict said prison officials should have noticed they were preparing to break out and put a stop to it before they did something like rappel 17 stories down the side of a federal prison using bedsheets and floss. The court tossed out the lawsuit.

Source: Associated Press

A PARISIAN MAN'S JOB is so dull, he’s suing his employer for more than \$405,000. After his responsibilities were slashed, the employee says, his job’s extreme level of tedium actually triggered a seizure while he was driving.

Source: atlasobscura.com

WHO ? KNEW



13 Things Cruise Lines Won't Tell You

BY MICHELLE CROUCH

1 Our “all-inclusive” rate? Typically, that doesn’t include alcohol, tips, shore excursions, Internet, dining outside our dining room, and what you spend on casino or bingo play. And please, do come play: Your odds are often even worse than on land.

2 Always look at the ship’s deck plan before you choose your cabin. Don’t pick one directly under

the gym, the pool deck, the disco, or any late-night venue. Know that if you book a cabin at the front of the ship, you’re going to feel some up-and-down motion.

3 If your ship permits it, pack a charging station or a power strip. Many cruise ships still have only one or two outlets per cabin—and that’s not going to cut it in 2016.

4 If you're arriving by car, do not park in the cruise terminal, which can cost \$20 to \$30 a day. Off-site lots typically cost half as much, offer shuttle service to port, and have your car waiting with the AC on at trip's end.

5 You're twice as likely to be sexually assaulted on a cruise as you are on land, a 2011 study found, and two thirds of assailants are crew members. Yet cases are hard to prosecute, with alcohol often involved and police often not on board. Stay safe by sticking with a friend.

6 Shhh ... here's a secret: You can book many of the same land excursions we offer for a fraction of the cost by arranging them privately with tour companies beforehand.

7 For God's sake, wash your hands. There were 11 outbreaks on cruise ships in the first six months of 2016, almost as many as in all of 2015. Most were norovirus, a highly contagious bug that causes stomach cramps, vomiting, and diarrhea.

8 Thanks to laws that allow us to register our ships in foreign nations, we don't have to comply with U.S. labor regulations, so crew members typically work 12 to 13 hours every day, with no minimum wage, overtime, or benefits. Don't be shocked if your service reflects this.

9 Ever wonder where we get all that freshwater? We make it. That's right—giant onboard desalination systems remove salt and impurities from ocean water so it's safe to drink.

10 Our Wi-Fi prices can be crazy high for subpar performance. So save your surfing for port days, and ask the crew for the nearest free hot spot. (Since they can't afford ship Wi-Fi either, crew members flock to Internet cafés when they disembark.)

11 Sorry, procrastinators: Most cruise lines now favor early booking promotions over last-minute deals, and the least expensive rooms sell out first. For the lowest price, book right when we announce an itinerary, often about 18 months out.

12 We're not required to report thefts of less than \$10,000, so no one knows how much petty crime really happens on board. But it's a lot: Leave your valuables at home.

13 We really do train for pirate attacks (even though they're extremely rare). We can't share many details, but let's just say that our ship's fire hoses are good for more than fighting fires. **R**

Sources: Sherry Kennedy, founder of cruisemaven.com; Jim Walker, a maritime attorney who specializes in cruise-line law; Brian David Bruns, a former crew member on six cruise lines and the author of *Cruise Confidential*; a former cruise crew member from Thailand; and three current cruise-line employees who asked to remain anonymous

A humorist demands that all uses of Coke, baking soda, and Bounce be given their proper due

My Tea Does What?!

BY JOEY GREEN



WHILE WORKING as an advertising copywriter, I was invited into a conference room for a meeting on Nestea and told to generate alternative uses for the iced-tea mix. I thought it was the dumbest thing I'd ever been asked to do.

An account manager in the meeting told us that one weekend while sailing in New York Harbor, he had been badly sunburned. So he'd gone home, poured an entire jar of Nestea powdered mix into his bathtub, filled the bath with water, and soaked in it. We all thought he'd lost it.

"That's not what they meant by 'Take the Nestea Plunge,'" I said.

"No, really," he insisted. "The tannin in the tea relieves sunburn pain. If you're ever badly sunburned, try it. You'll thank me."

In the years since, as a writer of how-to books, I discovered that people pen letters to companies all the time to share alternative uses for their products, but the companies rarely advertise that information. Kraft Foods won't tell you that Jell-O doubles as hair gel, and Procter & Gamble refuses to advertise that

Bounce dryer sheets repel mosquitoes. In that one morning of our Nestea meeting, we generated a dozen options for the product, but Nestlé decided not to advertise them. They never ballyhooed the fact that Nestea iced-tea mix doubles as an air freshener, tenderizes meat, and removes corns from feet, for fear of tarnishing the brand's hallowed image. (Tarnish, by the way, can be removed easily with regular-flavored Colgate Cavity Protection Toothpaste.)

It's clear why corporate muckety-mucks keep some secrets under wraps. If Coca-Cola revealed that its product cleans toilets, fizzes away corrosion from car battery terminals, and removes oil stains from your driveway, you might ask yourself: What's it doing to my stomach? (The truth is, the gastric acid in your stomach is stronger than the phosphoric acid in Coke, meaning you can safely drink the "Real Thing" and clean your toilet with it at the exact same time.)

Still, companies would be wise to listen to their customers, who may know the products even better than the inventors. At this very moment, many Americans have an open box of Arm & Hammer Baking Soda sitting on a shelf in the refrigerator to

deodorize it, even though the product was originally for baking. Church & Dwight, the parent company of Arm & Hammer, realized years ago that people used baking soda for more than just baking cakes. Consumers started suggesting they make a laundry detergent, and soon the company was marketing their baking soda products in new ways. You can

also use baking soda to brush your teeth, deodorize carpet, and clean crayon marks from walls.

Kimberly-Clark Corporation began marketing Kleenex tissues in 1924 as makeup removers for women. But then people raved that the tissues doubled as

disposable handkerchiefs, and executives quickly grasped the fact that more people blow their noses than clean their faces, so ...

In 1953, a scientist at the Rocket Chemical Company invented a water displacement formula for the space program. Sprayed on the Mercury *Friendship 7*, the concoction—perfected on the 40th try and named WD-40—protected the outer skin from rust and corrosion. When employees began sneaking the product home to spray it on their squeaky doors and stuck locks, the Rocket Chemical Company astutely decided

“

Jell-O doubles as hair gel, Nestea iced-tea mix removes corns, and Efferdent cleans toilets.

to start marketing WD-40 to everyone.

One thing's certain: When faced with a complex problem, we humans devise inventive solutions using whatever products we have on hand. During World War II, American soldiers were provided with packs of Wrigley's Spearmint gum in their ration kits, and they were said to have used the chewed-up gum to patch jeep tires, gas tanks, life rafts, and airplane parts. I know someone who, upon returning from the swamps of Vietnam, discovered that Vicks VapoRub cured his toe-nail fungus. When American troops were sent to help the United Nations distribute famine relief supplies in Somalia, battle-weary journalists and soldiers reportedly bartered for Huggies, which they used for sponge baths in the blistering-hot desert.

Let's face it: Does it really matter how we apply these products? What

difference does it make if we use Efferdent to clean dentures, diamond jewelry, or baked-on food from casserole dishes? More people have baked-on food stuck to a casserole dish than stuck to their dentures. The folks making Efferdent should jump for joy over this news because

thanks to modern dentistry, the number of people with dentures is in the toilet (which, by the way, can be cleaned with two Efferdent tablets—let sit for 15 minutes, then brush and flush).

It all comes down to this: Instead of hiding these unconventional uses for our

favorite brand-name products, corporations should kiss the feet of us innovative, think-outside-the-ketchup-bottle customers and publicize them. And while they're at it, they can also shine our shoes with ChapStick—so when they kiss our feet, they won't get chapped lips. **R**

“
*Kleenex was
 created as a
 makeup remover.
 But more
 people blow their
 noses, so ...*
 ”

* *
 * *

THE MEANING OF LIFE IS ...

To be what we are, and to become what we
 are capable of becoming.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

To spread more smiles than tears.

2PAC

Did you own property near and downwind from the former Rocky Flats Nuclear Weapons Plant (in Jefferson County, northwest of Denver, Colorado) on June 7, 1989? Are you an heir of someone who did? If so, you could get money from a proposed \$375 million class action settlement.

A \$375 million Settlement has been proposed in a lawsuit against the former operators of the Rocky Flats Nuclear Weapons Plant. The lawsuit claims that Rockwell International Corp. and The Dow Chemical Co. caused the properties owned by the Class Representatives and the other class members in the Property Class Area (see map at www.RockyFlatsSettlement.com) to be contaminated with plutonium, a hazardous radioactive substance, which caused the properties' values to be less than they otherwise would have been and which substantially interfered with Class Members' use and enjoyment of their property. The case is *Cook et al. v. Rockwell International Corp. and The Dow Chemical Co.*, Civil Action No. 90-00181-JLK (D. Colo.). The parties have agreed to settle to avoid additional delay and uncertainty in a case that already is over 26 years old but, before any money is paid, the proposed settlement must be approved by the Court.

Who is a Class Member?

The Property Class (or "Class") includes all persons and entities that owned an interest (other than mortgagee and other security interests) in real property within the Property Class Area **on June 7, 1989 (one day after a famous FBI raid of the plant site)**. If you are an heir of someone (or the successor of an entity) who owned property on June 7, 1989 in the Property Class Area, you may also file a claim.

What Does the Settlement Provide?

Defendants will pay \$375 million (the "Settlement Fund") to pay Class Members and to pay attorneys' fees (not to exceed 40% of the Settlement Fund) and costs and expenses. Also, Class Counsel will ask for service awards totaling \$780,000 to the Class Representatives for their efforts during over 26 years of litigation. Additionally, the Settlement Fund will pay for the cost of Notice and settlement administration. The remainder (the "Net Settlement Fund") will be divided among Class Members.

What are my options?

To get a share of the Net Settlement Fund, you must file a claim by June 1, 2017. Payments will be calculated as a percentage of the Net Settlement Fund based on the value of the property owned and located within the Class Area as of June 7, 1989. You may opt out of the Class and Settlement by March 1, 2017. If you opt out you will **not receive any money** if the Settlement is approved, but you retain your right to pursue your own lawsuit with your own lawyer. Your own lawyer can advise you about whether your claims may be barred by the statute of limitations. If you do not opt out, you can object to any part of the Settlement on or before March 1, 2017. If you do not opt out, you will remain in the Class and be bound by the terms of the Settlement.

A public hearing will be held on April 28, 2017 at 11:00 a.m. MDT, in Courtroom A802 at the United States District Court for the District of Colorado, Alfred A. Arraj United States Courthouse, 901 19th Street, Denver, CO 80294. The Court will consider whether the Settlement is fair, reasonable and adequate. If there are objections, the Court will consider them. If the hearing time/date changes, it will be posted at www.RockyFlatsSettlement.com. After the hearing, the Court will decide whether to approve the Settlement. You or your attorney may attend the hearing at your own expense, but you don't have to.

This is a summary only. For more information, including a longer Notice, the Settlement, the claim form, the proposed Plan of Allocation, the motion for attorneys' fees, reimbursement of costs and expenses and for service awards, and a list of important deadlines, visit www.RockyFlatsSettlement.com or call 1-844-528-0187.

1-844-528-0187

www.RockyFlatsSettlement.com



Juicy factoids from inside the nation's most private agency

Secrets the FBI May Not Want You to Know

BY BETH DREHER


■ **Even if you've never been arrested, your fingerprints are probably on file.** If you've had your prints taken as part of a background check, they likely live in the FBI's Next Generation Identification system, a database of more than 77 million prints.

■ **You can read your own FBI file online.** The Vault, an FBI reading room of more than 6,700 documents, contains details of investigations into Marilyn Monroe, Joe Paterno, Steve Jobs, and many other historic figures. Thanks to the Freedom of Information Act, you can request them all; to read the rap on living folks (including yourself), visit fbi.gov.

■ **The criminals on the FBI's Most Wanted list are often chosen based on looks.** According to the *New York Times*, "the bureau [tries] to select dangerous fugitives who ... could be

recognized by the public because they have distinctive physical features," such as scars, moles, or strangely shaped faces.

■ **Until 2012, the FBI was still using paper files to track cases.** The group had planned to switch to a new \$425 million electronic system in 2009, but there were problems with computer coding.

■ **The bureau hated *It's a Wonderful Life*.** In a memo to Frank Capra about his 1947 Christmas classic, an FBI employee wrote that "the film represented rather obvious attempts to discredit bankers by casting Lionel Barrymore as a 'scrooge-type' so he would be the most hated man in the picture." Per the memo, this kind of anticapitalist portrayal was a "common trick used by Communists [to] ... malign the upper class." 

IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR

Word Power

This month, we feature words from the 2016 American Crossword Puzzle Tournament, an annual contest directed by Will Shortz, crossword editor for the New York Times. Competitors encountered these words over eight challenging rounds. If you feel puzzled, peek at the next page for answers.

BY EMILY COX & HENRY RATHVON

- bugbear** ('buhg-bair) *n.*—A: petty crime. B: character flaw. C: object of dread.
- sopor** ('soh-puhr) *n.*—A: salty taste. B: deep sleep. C: second-year cadet.
- parlance** ('par-lunts) *n.*—A: manner of speaking. B: secret meeting. C: equality.
- prate** ('prayt) *v.*—A: chatter. B: criticize. C: make a grand show.
- bireme** ('biy-reem) *n.*—A: ancient ship propelled by oars. B: marshy tract. C: case of illogic.
- tiki** ('tee-kee) *n.*—A: kitschy cocktail shaker. B: wooden or stone image of a Polynesian god. C: curry sauce.
- weir** ('wair) *n.*—A: ghost. B: mirror image. C: dam in a stream or river.
- ovine** ('oh-viyn) *adj.*—A: of eggs. B: of sheep. C: of grapes.
- anathema** (uh-'na-thuh-muh) *n.*—A: main topic or theme. B: total opposite. C: someone or something intensely disliked.
- acolyte** ('a-kuh-lyt) *n.*—A: follower. B: spiritual healer. C: circle of stones.
- vituperate** (viy-'too-puh-rayt) *v.*—A: give new life to. B: hiss like a snake. C: use harsh language.
- lasciviously** (luh-'sih-vee-uhs-lee) *adv.*—A: with lust. B: in a careless way. C: snidely.
- tittle** ('tih-tuhl) *n.*—A: dot in writing. B: small songbird. C: mob snitch.
- auspices** ('ahs-pih-sez) *n.*—A: flavorings. B: terms of forgiveness. C: patronage.
- arboreal** (ar-'bor-ee-uhl) *adj.*—A: from the north. B: about winds. C: concerning trees.

 To play an interactive version of Word Power on your iPad, download the Reader's Digest app.

Answers

1. bugbear—[C] object of dread.

Rain is the biggest *bugbear* for the organizers of our town's annual autumn festival.

2. sopor—[B] deep sleep. Rip Van Winkle wasn't just napping—he was in a doozy of a *sopor*.

3. parlance—[A] manner of speaking. Juan's keynote speech was “mic drop” good, to use the current *parlance*.

4. prate—[A] chatter. Do you have anything useful to tell me, or are you just *prating* into the air?

5. bireme—[A] ancient ship propelled by oars. Don't the centipede's legs remind you of the oars on a Roman *bireme*?

6. tiki—[B] wooden or stone image of a Polynesian god. I traveled to Maui and returned with a lei, a ukulele, and a wooden *tiki*.

7. weir—[C] dam in a stream or river. The river's *weir* helps to prevent flooding.

8. ovine—[B] of sheep. The *ovine* residents of our farm always bleat loudly when they're sheared.

9. anathema—[C] someone or something intensely disliked. I don't mind snakes, but spiders are *anathema*.

10. acolyte—[A] follower. We couldn't even hear the speaker over the chants of his fervent *acolytes*.

11. vituperate—[C] use harsh language. You will get further by being polite than by *vituperating* at full volume.

12. lasciviously—[A] with lust. Ali dipped her finger into the bowl of frosting and then licked it *lasciviously*.

13. tittle—[A] dot in writing. Ryan meticulously dots each *i* with a perfect *tittle*.

14. auspices—[C] patronage. Under the *auspices* of her mother,

little Courtenay has opened a lemonade stand.

15. arboreal—[C] concerning trees. The birds in my backyard prefer their *arboreal* nests to my adorable birdhouses.

FEELING CROSS?

Fans of crosswords may humorously call themselves *cruciverbalists*. This term for puzzle aficionados is stitched together from the Latin *crux* (for “cross”) and *verbum* (for “word”). Of course, a tormented solver might point out that *crux* is also at the root of *excruciating* (“painful”) and related to *crucible* (“severe test”)—and switch to word searches.

VOCABULARY RATINGS

9 & below: novice
10–12: maven
13–15: virtuoso

Humor in Uniform



"I'm commander of data security."

A SALUTE TO THE FUNNIEST MILITARY MOVIE QUOTES

PRIVATE BENJAMIN (1980)

Judy Benjamin: I can't sleep in a room with 20 strangers. And I mean, look at this place. The Army couldn't afford drapes? I'll be up at the crack of dawn here!

STRIPES (1981)

John Winger: We're all very different. We're not Watusi. We're not Spartans. We're Americans. You know what that means? That means

that our forefathers were kicked out of every decent country in the world.

GOOD MORNING, VIETNAM (1987)

Sgt. Maj. Dickerson: (*Pointing to his rank insignia*) What does three up and three down mean to you, airman?

Adrian Cronauer: End of an inning?

Send us your funniest military anecdote or news story—it might be worth \$100! For details, go to page 7 or rd.com/submit.

Quotable Quotes



The most difficult thing is the decision to act. The rest is merely tenacity.

AMELIA EARHART,
aviation pioneer

SUCCESS SHOULD BE WORN LIKE A T-SHIRT, NOT A TUXEDO.

PRIYANKA CHOPRA, *actress*



IF WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO BE ALONE, WE'LL ONLY KNOW HOW TO BE LONELY.

SHERRY TURKLE, *professor of science, technology, and society*



Nothing is scarier than the people who try to find easy answers to complicated questions.

MARJANE SATRAPI, *graphic novelist*

One good thing about music, when it hits, you feel no pain.

BOB MARLEY, *musician*

BEING FUNNY IS BEING AWAKE TO THE ABSURDITY OF NORMALCY.

BOB MANKOFF, *cartoon editor*

The older I get, the greater power I seem to have to help the world; I am like a snowball—the further I am rolled, the more I gain.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY,
women's rights activist



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