

The

CROW



**SHOULD INDIGENOUS STUDIES BE MANDATORY AT
CANADIAN UNIVERSITIES?**

**AN AUTISM
WASTELAND**

**SHEDDING LIGHT
ON THE TITANIC
FROM REGINA**

**INSIDE THE ESCORT
BUSINESS**

**THE LOST VILLAGE
OF ROCHE PERCÉE**

... and more!

FALL 2012

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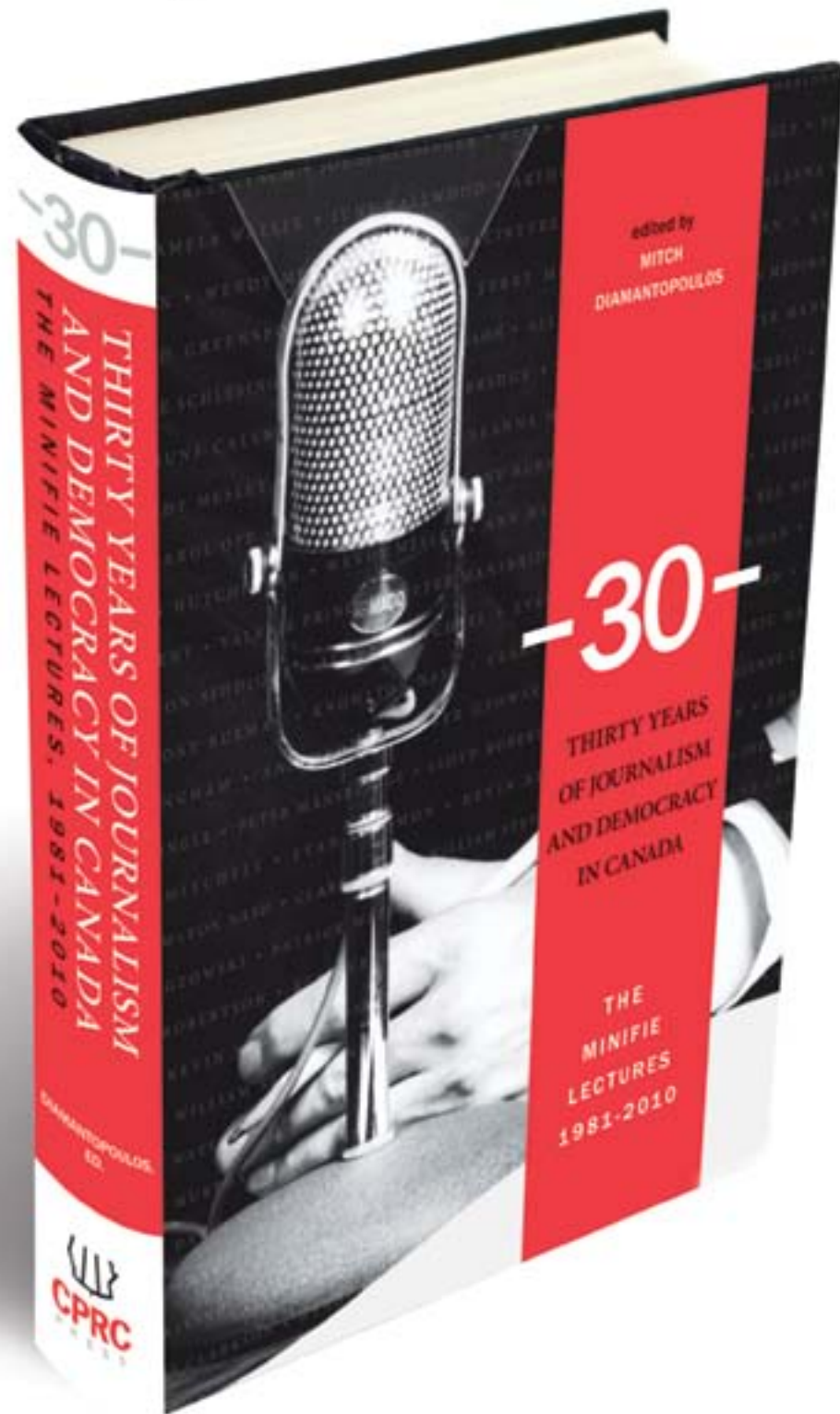
brings together thirty years of the Minifie Lecture series at the University of Regina's School of Journalism.

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EDITOR'S NEST

Well holy crow, time flies when you're having fun. It's been 10 years since the School of Journalism began publishing *The Crow*, our annual student publication. During that time this little magazine has gotten some big attention. Since 2002, two stories have been finalists in the National Magazine Awards for best student writing and received honourable mentions. Four stories have been finalists and received honourable mentions from the Western Magazine Awards, also for student writing. And now, thanks to Kent Morrison's piece, *The La Roche Project*, *The Crow* is adding a Western Magazine Award Best Article distinction to that list—and a snazzy winner's seal to our masthead. I'd like to point out that's not best student writing or an honourable mention. That's best magazine article by a Saskatchewan writer, period. What's more, Morrison's strongpoint is actually broadcast journalism, which is why CBC Saskatchewan snapped him up in a hurry shortly after he graduated.

That right there is probably the biggest difference between journalism in 2002 and journalism in 2012. Now, versatility is at a premium. On top of producing a story or two every day, and regardless of whether you're a print, radio or television reporter, you are also expected to shoot and edit photos and videos, write and post copy for the website and, while you're at it, constantly update a variety of Twitter and Facebook feeds. Well, here at the J-school, we specialize in producing versatile journalists. A few more examples: Peter Mills and Sarah Ritchie, both of whom have stories in this issue, also produced a documentary, *WTF are Mormons?*, during their final semester which went on to screen at the 2012 Montreal Student Film Festival. Kim Jay, who also has

a piece in this issue, sent her student documentary, *Mush*, to the 2012 Colombia Gorge International Film Festival where it too was an official selection. That's something to crow about, and so too is the work on the following pages.

Journalism at its core is about people, real people, and this issue is jam-packed with stories about some remarkable folks. There's Lisa Goudy's piece, *Unsinkable Science*, about a microbiologist from Regina who's spent a career studying, and visiting, the Titanic—and he's pals with filmmaker James Cameron! In *It's Not Easy Being Andy*, Nathan Liewicki paints a moving portrait of a young boy with autism and how his mom and dad are dealing with it. You'll also learn a thing or two about what it's like to be an Olympic icemaker, an electroshock therapy patient, a junior hockey player, and an executive escort. Last but not least there's Ntawnis Piapot's piece, *Up Against Ignorance*, about a young woman and her fight to shed more light on Indigenous history in university classrooms. Piapot, too, is equally adept as a broadcast journalist. As I write this she's settling into her new job as a reporter with APTN in Winnipeg.

So whether you run a newsroom, you're considering a career in the media, or you just appreciate good journalism, you'll want to keep your eye on this magazine and the people who write for it. And while you're at it, let us know what you think. Email the school at journalism@uregina.ca or start chirping on Twitter @TheCrowUpdate

MARK TAYLOR



University
of Regina

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Jay is the recipient of the School of Journalism's Kay Robbins Scholarship, which she is using to travel to Zambia to make a film about sustainable

farming. Before that Jay interned at CBC Saskatchewan, working mostly on The Morning Edition helping churn out a show every day. Her story, *The Invisible Opponent*, begins on page 18. Follow her on Twitter @kimjayphoto

DEVIN HEROUX



While at the School of Journalism Heroux won the coveted Bangkok Post internship and also interned as a reporter at the Saskatoon StarPhoenix. Heroux is currently

working as a radio and television reporter for CBC in his hometown of Saskatoon. His piece on expert icemaker Hans Wuthrich, *Ice in his Veins*, begins on page 52. Follow him on Twitter @Devin_Heroux



TAYLOR SHIRE

Before studying journalism at the U of R, Shire worked at the Moosomin World-Spectator near his hometown of Rocanville, Saskatchewan. He interned at the Regina Leader-Post and CBC Regina then went to work at the the Lethbridge Herald immediately after graduating. Shire is now a sports anchor at Global Saskatoon. His behind-the-scenes look at life in junior hockey, *Life is a Highway*, begins on page 28. Follow him on Twitter @TaylorShire

LISA GOUDY



Goudy is currently working as a reporter/photographer at the Moose Jaw Times-Herald. While at the School of Journalism she interned

at the Regina Leader-Post. Her story about a Regina man's work on the Titanic, *Unsinkable Science*, begins on page 6. Follow her on Twitter @lisagoudy



PETER MILLS

Mills interned at both the Regina Leader-Post and CBC Regina, where he now works as a casual. Mills's final year documentary, *WTF are Mormons?*, which he

made with fellow students Sarah Ritchie, below, and David Baxter, was recently selected for the 2012 Montreal Student Film Festival. His inside look at the escort business, *A Discreet Life*, begins on page 40. Follow Mills on Twitter @Tweeter_Mills

SARAH RITCHIE



Upon graduating Ritchie had newsroom experience with three different broadcasters—she interned at Access TV and Global News, both in Edmonton, then worked weekends during her final semester at

CTV Regina. She is currently working as a copy editor for Brunswick News in Saint John, New Brunswick. Her piece on the Roche Percée floods, *The Mayor of Nowhere*, begins on page 10. Follow her on Twitter @sarritch

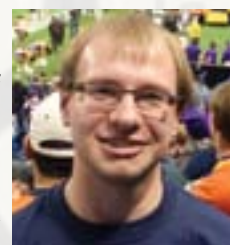


NTAWNIS PIAPOT

After interning at CTV and CBC Regina, Piapot produced a 15-minute final year documentary, *Hood Celebrity*, about an aboriginal hip-hop group in Regina. She is currently working as a reporter for APTN in

Winnipeg. Her story, *Up Against Ignorance*, begins on page 22. Follow Piapot on Twitter @ntawnis

NATHAN LIEWICKI



Before coming to the School of Journalism, Liewicki was a sports reporter at the University of Alberta's student newspaper, *The Gateway*. Once he got here, we sent him back to Alberta to intern at the Edmonton Journal. His story about a family dealing with autism, *It's Not Easy Being Andy*, begins on page 48. Follow him on Twitter @liewicks

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CONTENTS

Unsinkable Science 6

by Lisa Goudy

The Mayor of Nowhere 10

by Sarah Ritchie

The Invisible Opponent 18

by Kim Jay

Up Against Ignorance 22

by Ntawnis Piapot

Life is a Highway 28

by Taylor Shire

Photo Gallery 34

A Discreet Life 40

by Peter Mills

It's Not Easy Being Andy 48

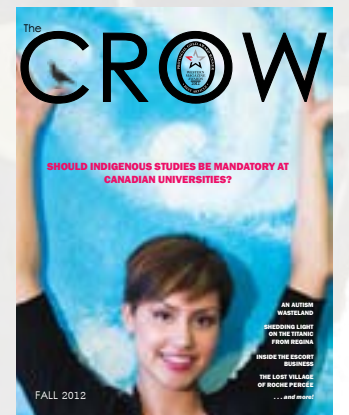
by Nathan Liewicki

Ice in his Veins 52

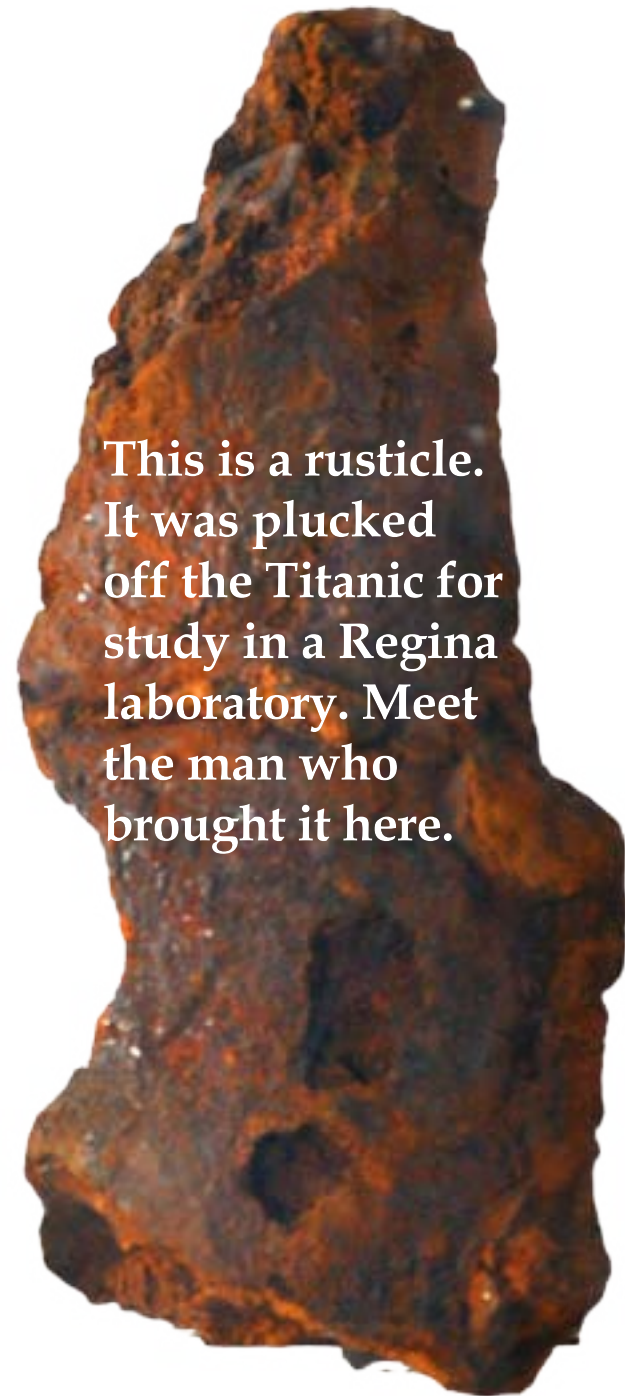
by Devin Heroux

ON THE COVER

Julianne Beaudin-Herney poses in front of her mural, *We Are All Treaty People*, at The Gathering Place in Regina, Saskatchewan. Photo by Tory Gillis.



Unsinkable Science



This is a rusticle. It was plucked off the Titanic for study in a Regina laboratory. Meet the man who brought it here.

story and photos by
Lisa Goudy



Dr. Roy Cullimore in his Regina office with an experiment he designed to measure the rate of the Titanic's degradation.

It's fitting that his workspace itself looks a bit like a shipwreck. Papers are sprawled across the beige desk against the far wall. Beneath them a phone is barely visible. Scattered about are mysterious rust-coloured objects and teetering on a chair is a pile of books. The one on top has a black cover with white letters: *Deep Etch I: Bacterial Art from the Titanic and Other Deeps*. This is the office of the book's author, microbiologist Dr. D. Roy Cullimore, president and founder of Droycon Bioconcepts, Inc.

And those rust-coloured objects? They're called rusticles, a complex system of communal bacteria that obtains nutrients from iron and eventually grows into icicle-shaped formations. Cullimore, the world's foremost expert on rusticles, brought these ones up himself from the wreck of the R.M.S. Titanic. The term rusticle is a combination of the words 'rust' and 'icicle,' coined by the man who first discovered the Titanic wreck, Robert Ballard.

Cullimore sits in a grey padded chair, his eyes gleaming with excitement and passion as he speaks about the R.M.S. Titanic wreck and its rusticle growth. After all, it's 2012, the centennial of the Titanic's sinking, and his work is in demand.

Land-locked Regina, Saskatchewan, is a long way from the Titanic's final resting place at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, 600 kilometres southeast of St. John's, Newfoundland. It's even further from Oxford,

United Kingdom, where Cullimore was born in 1936 and obtained a bachelor's degree in agricultural science in 1959. After earning his PhD in agricultural microbiology from the University of Nottingham in 1962, he acquired a patent on a soil fertility test that used algae to achieve results in less than 10 days. Through his work, he gained a passion for the applied side of science.

Cullimore took a job as a professor at the University of Regina in 1968. In 1973, he began studying the effects of iron bacteria in water wells, eventually becoming a leading expert on the topic. When Robert Ballard discovered the wreck of the Titanic in 1985, Cullimore got caught up in the excitement and the scientific possibilities.

"You could parallel between a steel casing going down to form a well and the Titanic, because they're both getting encrusted with the same type of rusticles," says Cullimore. "Mother Nature wants the pig iron back."

In 1996, Cullimore went on his first expedition to the Titanic. "I saw so much when I got to the ship, and I understood what was happening just by where the rusticles were and where they weren't. I was a babbling idiot for about an hour and a half while I'm taking all this information in," recalls Cullimore with a chuckle.

Subsequently, he was one of several microbiologists interviewed by representatives from R.M.S. Titanic Inc. and Discovery Channel to study the state of deterioration of the ship.

Cullimore's mission was to place several tests on the Titanic to see where the bacteria preferred to grow, which is on the steel of the ship where it



April 10, 1912
R.M.S. Titanic sets out on her maiden voyage from Southampton, England to New York City

April 14, 1912, 11:40 pm
The Titanic strikes an iceberg on the starboard side of her bow

April 15, 1912, 2:20 am
The Titanic sinks 600 kms southeast of St. John's, Newfoundland

September 1, 1985
Dr. Robert Ballard discovers the wreck of the Titanic

1996
Dr. Roy Cullimore places first experiments on the wreck

December 19, 1997
James Cameron's Titanic is released

1998
Cullimore returns to the wreck with Lori Johnston

2001
Johnston dives down to the Titanic for the second time

2003
Cullimore and Johnston return to the Titanic for a third time

2004
Cullimore and Johnston return for fourth time

2005
Cullimore and Johnston make their fifth expedition to the Titanic

April 6, 2012
Cameron's Titanic re-released in 3-D

April 15, 2012, 2:20 am
100th anniversary of the sinking of the Titanic

gets its nutrients. Cullimore dove back to the wreck again in 1998 to place more experiments on the ship. Cullimore has now visited the Titanic five times, each trip costing about \$15 million. During a 2004 National Geographic expedition led by Ballard, Cullimore met and became friends with filmmaker James Cameron, director of the 1997 blockbuster *Titanic*, starring Leonardo DiCaprio and Kate Winslet. The scientist and filmmaker still keep in touch. In fact, Cullimore says Cameron based a character from his 2009 film *Avatar* on him. "You know there's a scientist that started the

the rusticles to make the pig iron again and a lot of iron is going out into the ocean environment." As a result, Cullimore's research has provided a better understanding of how structures like oil platforms, pipelines and other structures that come in contact with seawater will deteriorate over time. At 76, he's looking to a younger person to go on future expeditions. That would be 39-year-old Lori Johnston, a friend, colleague and former student of Cullimore's who also studies rusticles in her Regina lab at Ground Effects Environmental Services. Johnston has also vis-

come. Cullimore believes the ship will be around for another 200 years before completely disintegrating. And he's learned there are more to the rusticles than meets the eye. Each rusticle, when submerged in sea water, produces between 110 and 400 millivolts of electricity, which is a contributing factor to the deterioration of the ship. "You can also argue that the Titanic is a living battery that is slowly using up its energy," says Cullimore. Johnston says that if she could find a way to gather up that electrical charge in the rusticles, there is a potential for an alternative, green energy source from bacteria on steel structures.

fluence on bringing the touring exhibit to Regina, Parks says the local connection was "really cool." Cullimore's display about rusticles was placed at the end of the exhibit to educate people on the science evolving on the Titanic. She says she believes people won't forget about the Titanic any time soon. "Titanic speaks to everybody...we have been fortunate that just the name itself has spurred people on to come and see a piece of history right here in Saskatchewan," says Parks.

"I saw so much when I got to the ship, and I understood what was happening just by where the rusticles were and where they weren't. I was a babbling idiot for about an hour and a half while I'm taking all this information in."

Roy Cullimore

whole process of getting the thoughts into the alien and creating the whole storyline? Well Jim called that person in the story Max Cullimore, named after me." Cameron eventually changed the character's name to Max Patel, but Cullimore is still flattered. "It doesn't matter, but it's a nice compliment," he says.

ited the Titanic five times, three times with Cullimore. "(The Titanic) is sort of an ideal place to look at to see the types of bacteria that are breaking down the ship, but it has far-reaching consequences to any submerged steel structure in the ocean," Johnston says. "So Titanic is one of those iconic ships that has sort of more to it than just the history and the tragedy associated with it." While scientists are still learning about how bacteria function, she adds, the research is about "managing the growth of the bacteria" and trying to determine the "changes in the environment that you can make on a structure to make it less appealing to the growth of the bacteria."

Cullimore is often interviewed for documentaries about the state of the Titanic and has even developed a technique to grow rusticles in his small Regina lab in less than a day. "We know how the little beasties operate," Cullimore says with a smile. "What is beautiful about Titanic is basically nature's recycling. We took the steel from the pig iron. Now nature is using

Even now, 100 years later, despite the fact the wreck is deteriorating from rusticle growth, the Titanic offers many scientific possibilities for the years to

"What type of energy is created through this bacterial activity and how much can be captured? And can it be used again once it's captured?" Johnston asks. "Is it a viable option to look at creating sort of a green energy?" Johnston was scheduled to go back to the Titanic in 2010 to explore this possibility further, but the trip was cancelled because of hurricanes. Cullimore's work on the Titanic has also led to other scientific discoveries. One experiment he conducted proved that rusticles from the ship could make ice at 7 C. "If you could get that to be produced routinely, all the hockey rinks could have ice that would operate at 20 C, room temperature," Cullimore says. "That sounds like a tremendous opportunity." Cullimore also had some rusticles on display during *Titanic: The Artifact Exhibition* at the Saskatchewan Science Centre from October 1, 2011 to March 4, 2012. His rusticles were exclusive to the Regina sector of the international touring exhibit. "The Titanic, she's down at the bottom of the ocean, but she's still changing because of these rusticles and because of the degradation of the materials down there," says Collette Parks, communications manager at the Saskatchewan Science Centre in Regina. "It's a very different ship now than she would have been 100 years ago." While Cullimore's presence didn't have an in-

When Cullimore is not busy studying, researching and making rusticles in his lab or designing experiments for future expeditions down to the Titanic, he is creating what he calls bacterial art. Bacterial art is an image created by underwater bacteria feeding on the gelatin coating on photographic film. Each etching is unique in colour and pattern and demonstrates the beauty found even in deep oceans. No matter what Cullimore spends his time doing, there is no doubt in Johnston's mind that Cullimore is a true visionary. "He's a brilliant, brilliant man. I can't say enough about him. He is years beyond where science is today. He's one of those gentlemen that has forgotten more than I'll ever know. He sees beyond what the books say or what traditional science says or what sort of today's thinking is," Johnston says. For Cullimore, his passion for knowledge is unsinkable. "The Titanic is almost like a little bit of a lighthouse out there saying, 'There's so much more to learn,'" he concludes.

A photograph of a flooded area with a person standing on a log in the background. The scene is reflected in a pool of water in the foreground. The person is wearing a green jacket and blue pants. The water is calm, creating a clear reflection of the person and the surrounding trees and debris. The trees are bare, suggesting a winter or late autumn setting. The overall mood is somber and reflective.

The Mayor of Nowhere

The village of Roche Percée washed away in the flood of 2011. Reg Jahn is trying to put it back on the map.

by **Sarah Ritchie**

Photos by TIFFANY CASSIDY

Reg Jahn, 65, stands beside a washed-out section of a dike. Several metres below, the Souris River drifts along under a newly-repaired Canadian Pacific Railway bridge. This year's scant runoff has left the river docile—an image starkly contrasted by the broken trees and debris that litter its banks. Jahn is in the yard of a stone house that has stood in the Village of Roche Percée, Saskatchewan, for nearly a century. Today it sits abandoned, overlooking the same river that raged through town 10 months earlier leaving destruction and uncertainty in its wake. Over the years the village has lost all its amenities. There is no school in Roche Percée, no bank, no store, no post office, no restaurant. And after the flood of 2011, there aren't many people left either.

Those who remain believe their community—21 kilometres southeast of the small city of Estevan, on a major trucking route to the United States—can thrive once again. Nestled in the Souris River Valley, Roche Percée was incorporated in 1909 and named for the area's wind-pierced sandstone formations. Mounds of earth overlook the village from the north—remnants of the coal strip-mining that still goes on here. Coal mining, farming and oil paid the way for most residents for more than a century.

In the 1940s the Souris overran its banks and excess water spilled onto the flood plain, engulfing several streets of the village. Residents were able to re-

build. The floods were damaging, but not devastating. It wasn't the first time and it would not be the last.

There were no more crises for many years to come. Jahn retired from SaskPower after 35 years but couldn't help but keep busy—no “idle hands” for him. He took a part-time job driving the school bus. He was also a Shriner, a Mason, a Legion member, an active church volunteer and a councillor for the Rural Municipality of Coalfields. He knew each of the town's 153 residents. It's not surprising, then, that a group of them asked him to run for mayor in 2006. He agreed to one term, then got talked into a second term in 2009. He promised his wife he'd take it easier soon, but the river had other plans.

In the summer of 2010 southern Saskatchewan saw more than 120 millimetres of excess rainfall, causing moisture levels to remain high into the fall and winter months. “The genesis of the flood starts in 2010, with a well above-average summer,” says Dale Hjertaas, executive director of the Saskatchewan Watershed Authority. By the second week of 2011 Jahn—who among his many duties is also a member of the Upper Souris Watershed Association—began to suspect that the Souris River, sleeping under a bed of ice, would overtake parts of the Roche Percée valley as the spring thaw and runoff began. He raised his concerns in a January 2011 vil-

By the second week of 2011 Jahn began to suspect that the Souris River, sleeping under a bed of ice, would overtake parts of the Roche Percée valley as the spring thaw and runoff began.

lage council meeting. The councillors talked about temporary berms for homes in the lower part of the valley. As an added precaution, deputy mayor Sharon Wells placed an order for 2,000 sandbags after the meeting.

The values of persistence and hard work were drilled into Jahn from an early age. He was born in 1947 on a little farm west of town. “My father used to say, ‘Idle hands are the hands of the devil—and my boys will have no idle hands,’” he says. The Jahn family moved into town when he was seven. He would build his whole life there, becoming a first-class power engineer for SaskPower and running a few head of cattle on his brother's land. It's where he married his wife Judy and where together they raised three of their own children and nearly 20 foster children.

In 1967 the local school closed, sending the kids down the road to Bienfait and Estevan. But the Jahns remained. They were still there when the water rose in '69 and again in '75. In 1975 the villagers hauled sandbags, but the affected area was about three-quarters of a mile across. “It was just too much,” Jahn says. The next year they built up a dike. But the river rose again, overcoming the dike. They found themselves

luge council meeting. The councillors talked about temporary berms for homes in the lower part of the valley. As an added precaution, deputy mayor Sharon Wells placed an order for 2,000 sandbags after the meeting.

In April council sent a letter to residents warning of a “50-50 chance” of flooding. The letter advised the villagers to remove valuables from their homes and store them somewhere likely to remain safe and dry.

The first flood struck two weeks into April. Local spring runoff threatened the village's two-metre high dikes and, along with them, Roche Percée's lowest-lying area near First Street. The dikes held. When the first flood passed, locals relaxed. “All previous floods from as long as I can remember would come in mid-April...and be here for less than a week,” says Jahn. “Within two weeks, life was back to normal.”

The Souris River watershed remained completely saturated from the previous summer. In May, runoff from other areas came rushing down the Souris at alarming rates. On May 13, the water was as



Reg Jahn, mayor of Roche Percée, Saskatchewan, believes residents will return if the village is redeveloped.

“Two thousand sand bags were nothing, We used somewhere between 10,000 and 20,000 and it still was a joke.”

Reg Jahn, mayor, Roche Percée, Saskatchewan



Water creeps into the Roche Percée valley in the spring of 2011. Opposite: water rages during a summer storm. Photos courtesy of Mandy Hogg



high as the 1969 and 1975 floods. Warnings to avoid the swollen, fast-flowing river came daily. The river threatened Roche Percée twice in May. One family rented a U-Haul truck and moved their belongings every time the river peaked. The village council urged others to do the same. But Roche Percée residents had become used to excess water in the valley. Reinforcing homes with sand bags was nothing out of the ordinary. And for the most part it worked: in more than a century, water had never crept up above the basements of Roche Percée's homes.

Meanwhile, rivers were rising everywhere from northern British Columbia to the southern Mississippi basin. The same story of advance and retreat played out all along the Souris—from Saskatchewan, south to North Dakota, and back north into Manitoba. June brought more rain to areas whose fertile soil was still saturated. The nearby Rafferty Dam continued to swell, forcing authorities to release water slowly, mindful of the delicate balance between overfilling the dam and protecting communities downriver. In Roche Percée, the fight waged on. Three times the river reared its head. And three times, the villagers beat it back. But the valley was reaching its limit. “We had a five-inch rainstorm across most of the (Souris) watershed on June 17, and at this point the reservoirs were pretty full. The watershed was absolutely saturated already,” says Hjertaas.

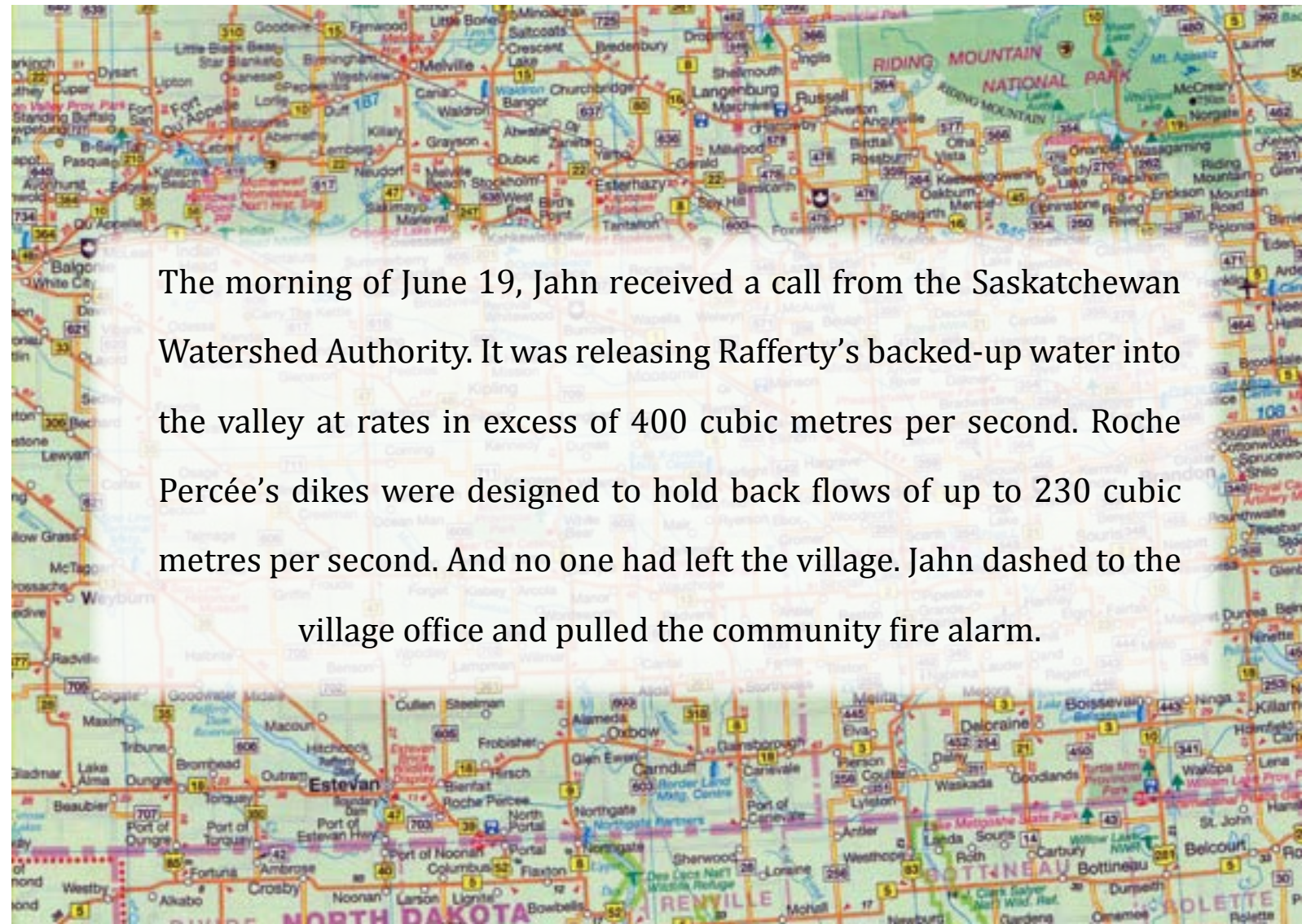
Just before six in the morning on June 19, Roche Percée's mayor received a call from the Watershed Authority. The Authority had begun releasing Rafferty's backed-up water into the valley at rates

in excess of 400 cubic metres per second. Jahn didn't need to do the math: Roche Percée's dikes were designed to hold back flows of up to 230 cubic metres per second. And no one had left the village.

He dashed to the village office and pulled the community fire alarm. Suddenly people had mere hours to pack what they could and get out. Twenty-four hours later, the Souris overtook Roche Percée's dikes. “Two thousand sand bags were nothing,” Jahn says. “We used somewhere between 10,000 and 20,000 and it still was a joke.” Within hours, houses all along First Street were up to their rafters in water. One home was ripped clear of its foundations and deposited several hundred metres away. When the Souris finally retreated back inside its banks, the village of Roche Percée looked “like a war zone,” Jahn says. Some families lost everything. Then looters made their way into the evacuation zone, loaded what they could onto boats and destroyed the rest for sport. After 102 years, the village was on its knees.

One year later, the cleanup and recovery process in Roche Percée is slow and painful. More than half of the 64 homes are set for demolition and 10 are already torn down. The rest sit vacant and stripped to the bare bones. First Street, the former hub of the community, looks like a ghost town. It's eerie. Most who left in June 2011 have not returned. Some are in temporary accommodation waiting for a chance to come home. Many others simply took payouts from Saskatchewan's Provincial Disaster Assistance Program (PDAP) and moved on, although it wasn't much of a deal: the

The morning of June 19, Jahn received a call from the Saskatchewan Watershed Authority. It was releasing Rafferty's backed-up water into the valley at rates in excess of 400 cubic metres per second. Roche Percée's dikes were designed to hold back flows of up to 230 cubic metres per second. And no one had left the village. Jahn dashed to the village office and pulled the community fire alarm.



Rider pride works its way into a warning for would-be thieves. Opposite: a small section of the wake of destruction.



Some families lost everything. Then looters made their way into the evacuation zone, loaded what they could on to boats and destroyed the rest for sport. After 102 years, the village was on its knees.



absolute maximum offered for a destroyed home was \$240,000—before deducting the value of the land it sat on.

The population has dwindled to fewer than 70 people, making Roche Percée too small to be a village under the Saskatchewan Municipalities Act, which requires a population of at least 100. Such a small tax base cannot support the community on its own. If people don't return, Roche Percée will be taken over by the R.M. of Coalfields and lose its right to self-governance. This worries Jahn. Larger R.M.'s are often loath to promote little villages in their areas, preferring to centralize services.

Finding the way forward is not so easy. The village could restore the dike for \$5 million, but there is no guarantee it would hold in another crisis, and no guarantee provincial authorities would allow rebuilding in the flood zone. The flood was unprecedented since the Watershed Authority began measuring flows in 1912—an unbelievable one-quarter of all the river's entire historical flow occurred in 2010, the year leading up to the flood. But although unprecedented in nearly 100 years, no one can say it won't happen again within the next 500 years, which is the province's benchmark for allowing development in an area.


The way Jahn sees it, this leaves just one option for survival: moving the town to higher ground, on a south-lying hillside above the flood plain. Some have suggested turning the original townsite into an RV park, because it has good trees as well as power, sewer, water and natural gas.

Meanwhile, the village remains in a holding pattern. Provincial officials have held meetings and consultations to determine the cost of rebuilding the dikes and are still deliberating on the matter. No offer has been made to compensate the village for the loss of its town hall and village office. PDAP officials say the agency received more than 60 individual claims from Roche Percée and has paid out millions of dollars in compensation, but the agency refuses to comment on the recovery effort in more detail.

The slow pace of decision-making is frustrating. "If (the government) would have come in and developed those 40 acres at the top of the hill like we wanted them to, most of the people would have stayed," Jahn says. "They just keep stalling us and stalling us and stalling us—and finally, everybody just gives up."

Jahn is not willing to give up, and he's not alone. Many agree the community is worth saving and restoring. But without government help, the village has no money to develop or rebuild. The villagers know they have a fight ahead of them. "You give it your best shot," Jahn says.

Standing among the sandstone outcroppings for which the village was named, he surveys the landscape that has been his family's home for three generations. On balance, the valley has given more than it has taken. He imagines a new generation of kids playing in the rocks and tobogganing down the hillsides. "It's the most beautiful place in the world," he says. 🐾

A man is captured in a boxing gym, performing a jump rope routine. He is wearing a white t-shirt with the text 'LUCKY to be in Canada', grey shorts with 'WORK DETERMINES YOUR FUTURE' and 'OPT' printed on them, and black leggings. He is also wearing black boxing gloves and is barefoot. The gym has a wooden floor, a green and white pillar, and a green door with 'EXIT' and 'FIRE EXIT' signs. A red boxing helmet hangs from the ceiling on the left.

Shae Therrien, an artist, boxer and writer dealing with bipolar depression, works out at the Regina Boxing Club.

He beat chronic pain and addiction.
This fight is different.

The Invisible Opponent

story and photos by
Kim Jay

Two canvas pieces—one white, one burgundy—meet at the corner of the living room walls. Across them are sprawled the words ‘Split Decision—no one can do it for you.’ Shae Therrien’s artwork echoes his state of mind, pulling in two directions, one dark, one light. An artist, boxer and writer, Therrien struggles with bipolar depression, characterized by extreme shifts in mood, behaviour and energy. Over the years he’s sought relief in everything from alcohol to electroshock on a journey that has brought both pain and inspiration.

The journey began in 1998 in Armstrong, British Columbia, where Therrien worked at a fiberglass plant. He had been awake for three days straight. No matter how hard he worked out, or how exhausted his body was, his mind wouldn’t rest. It wouldn’t shut off. He stopped going to work and avoided his friends. Finally, after three weeks, he dialed his sister for help.

“He said he had a knife and he was going to hurt himself,” Corrie Atkinson McLeod recalls.

She acted fast, calling on a girlfriend who lived in Armstrong to stay with Therrien until she got there. She was on the next flight out to British Columbia from Saskatchewan. When she got there Therrien was clearly

him. He quit his job and headed back to Saskatchewan, mentally and physically battered. There he cleaned up, got off drugs and reunited with his family. He was taking his medicine again, and things seemed to improve.

Then the manic side of bipolar hit. Years later, he wrote it was like being in rush hour traffic in New York but without streetlights and traffic signs: “Imagine complete chaos but everyone is happy.”

He decided to become a healer, and that all he would have to do was touch people to heal them. Then he thought he would become God. Then he thought he was God. He ended up in a psych ward again, mind racing, thoughts snowballing out of control. Suddenly bliss turned into darkness.

Although Therrien had resumed taking his anti-depressants, medicine alone wasn’t enough to keep depression at bay. Therrien’s doctor suggested he try electro-convulsive therapy again.

ECT is a therapy cloaked in stigma, according to Rob Wekerle, program nurse at the Regina Qu’Appelle Health Region’s ECT clinic. Most people imagine scenes from Ken Kesey’s novel *One Flew Over the*

Most people imagine scenes from Ken Kesey’s novel *One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest*, in which Big Nurse orders electro-convulsive treatment to punish patients who challenge her authority.

not himself. He seemed “flat,” speaking little. Tears ran down his cheeks. She drove him back to Saskatchewan and brought him to the Souris Valley Hospital in Weyburn, formerly known as the Weyburn Mental Hospital.

For the next six months, Therrien called the hospital home. He was put on anti-depressants and sleep aid pills to help him stabilize. The medical staff also tried electro-convulsive therapy—electroshock—and it seemed to help. Slowly he climbed out of the depression. But Therrien wasn’t ready to accept his illness.

“My sister told me that after I left (the hospital), ‘You have to take these pills, this could happen again.’ And I just had no interest in that,” Therrien recalls. “As soon as I left Saskatchewan, I chucked my pills out the car window and drove.”

He headed west, finding work on Alberta’s oil rigs. But his illness wasn’t so easily cast aside. He tried to ignore it by partying.

“I found a lot of purpose in booze and drugs... Sometimes I would stay up for three or four days drinking and doing drugs, simply because I couldn’t sleep,” Therrien remembers.

In 2003 Therrien had an accident on the rigs. In retrospect, he says it was the best thing that ever happened to

Cuckoo’s Nest, in which Big Nurse orders ECT treatments to punish patients who challenge her authority.

The procedure involves sending an electric current through the brain to induce a seizure. The shock lasts for six to eight seconds, while the seizure can last up to 40 seconds. The shock increases the blood flow in the brain and is believed to help neurotransmitters function better, delivering serotonin and dopamine, ‘feel good chemicals,’ to the brain.

The procedure has changed drastically since it was first used to treat schizophrenia in the 1930’s. Today, patients are put under anesthesia for the duration of the treatment. A muscle relaxant is administered so that the body doesn’t tense up and cause injury.

ECT is not free of side effects, however. Reported memory loss is common among people receiving ECT. Some patients lose memories of the night before a treatment, or a few hours after ECT is administered. Those memories most often come back, but there are rare cases when events from the past are forgotten and never recalled.

“I am really foggy for a day, and recollecting things that happened two or three days ago before is not really there, but they come back,” Therrien says.

For Therrien, it was a small price to pay. He believes



Therrien leads a workout at the boxing club. Below: The ECT treatment room at Regina’s General Hospital.

the therapy gave him a second chance in life. “It’s like a reset button for my brain,” he says. He continues the treatments to this day. But ECT is not his only line of defense.

Therrien hit the gym, joining the Regina Boxing Club in 2003. Boxing offered routine in the form

of group calisthenics and timed workouts on a punching bag. It demanded focus, settling racing thoughts. Nowadays he leads the workouts every Monday and Friday evening. He greets the club members with jokes and laughter—and then begins yelling at them like a drill sergeant, driving them through laps around the gym. Later, he wraps his hands in tape, pulls on some bag gloves and settles into his own routine. Sweat drips down his forehead and the smack of his gloves on the heavy bag falls faster and faster with each ring of the bell.

He sees his illness as a tricky opponent: to win, you need to devise a plan and stick to it. His art is part of the battle, too. Paintings fill his apartment, colourful works of eyes, pyramids and geometric shapes. Even his kitch-

en cabinets are an art project, sanded down and torched for a rustic look. His latest piece lies half assembled on the living room floor. Using small pieces of bamboo, he is tying together sticks to spell a quote from William Lyon Phelps: “This is the final test of a gentleman, his respect for those who can be of no possible service to him.”

“This one is going to take a while,” he laughs and lights the second half of his Blackstone Cherry cigar. “The moment is all we have,” he says as he takes a drag and examines the letters.

Bi-polar has taught him not to take anything for granted. For the last year Therrien has journaled daily. It has helped him come to terms with what it means to live a fulfilling life, and what that life looks like for him. Now Therrien is looking for a publisher so that his ex-

periences and words can help someone else struggling with bi-polar. His manuscript, titled *Interrupted with Bi-polar*, offers this signpost of hope for others on the road:

My recovery, that I am continuing to believe I am never out of, shows me that those little setbacks can put me down for the depression 10-count, but I know I am never out of the fight. Never.





Up Against Ignorance

At most Canadian universities, Indigenous studies is not a prerequisite. At the University of Regina, some students feel it's time for a change.

by Ntawnis Piapot
Photos by TORY GILLIS

The man in the next vehicle was parked way too close. When Julianne Beaudin-Herney tried to pull out, he jumped out of his car and started swearing. Then he crossed over and punched the driver's side window—the only thing separating him from her. Beaudin-Herney yelled at him. He tried to punch the window again. So Beaudin-Herney opened the door, slammed it on the man's hand and didn't let go. She told him to apologize. "I don't have to apologize to you, you little Indian," he growled.

Beaudin-Herney thought about her options. She decided if she broke his hand, it wouldn't make him a better person. So she opened the door and let his hand go. The man retreated to his car and drove away, but not before calling her a fucking bitch. She gave him the finger. "It might have been kind of a rank response," she recalls. "He thought I wouldn't fight back."

Today Beaudin-Herney has found a new way to fight back. The battleground has shifted to the University of Regina campus, where the 20-year-old is majoring in indigenous studies through the First Nations University of Canada, a U of R-affiliated campus. In November 2011, she began circulating a petition calling for indigenous studies to be a mandatory class for all U of R students. By April 2012, the petition had gained 1,300 signatures and some cautious support from university administrators. In a comment posted on the petition's Facebook page, Rick Kleer, U of R Dean of Arts, indicated the motion has to go through several steps and committees before becoming policy, adding, "I am hopeful it will pass, but this is by no means certain yet."

But Beaudin-Herney says the initiative has also put a target on her back. In addition to the incident in the parkade, she says her petitions have been vandalized with swear words, a swastika, and, in one unsettling case, a death threat. Each petition has the phrase “Your Future Family will THANKYOU!” printed at the bottom. Underneath that, someone scrawled the words “by murdering you violently.”

It’s hard not to notice Beaudin-Herney in a crowd. She has delicate features and stylish asymmetrical hair, short on one side, long on the other. She can pull off an all-business look with a blue and white striped blazer or a dress with combat boots. She stands just 5’3”, but her presence is much larger. When we meet, she’s holding a copy of Jack Weatherford’s book *Indian Givers* and has a backpack looped around her other arm. A year ago, she looked much different. “I’ll be honest. I was about 162 pounds,” she tells me. “I was heavily involved in the club scene. You can just leave that to the imagination—whatever that meant. I had no self respect. I didn’t like school. I didn’t have strong connections with my family. And there were times when I had suicidal thoughts. (It’s) because, you know, I didn’t have an identity.”

Beaudin-Herney grew up in Regina but says she wasn’t immersed in traditional First Nations culture, even though her dad is from the Membertou First Nation in Nova Scotia and her mom from Cowessess First Nation, near Broadview, Saskatchewan. “Before I started the petition I was going through a rough time,” Beaudin-Herney says. She was in an abusive relationship. She felt she didn’t fit in with her friends and had no First Nations friends. Then, after a weekend binge in the spring of 2011 she had an epiphany. She said to herself, “What are you doing? You are killing yourself.” She’s been clean and sober ever since.

With her newly sober eyes, she began noticing things. Like the way young women on campus dressed up as ‘Indian princesses’ for Halloween. Beaudin-Herney says this was especially offensive after hearing a classmate claim to be “just like an Indian princess” because she had a feather in her hair. “People were, well, I’m not going to say people, white girls were wearing Indian princess costumes and they were making it more scandalous.” Some of the costumes were made of faux-suede and featured short skirts with tassels. One was sold with a tag that read, “Many a warrior she did delight in her teepee late at night.”

“The image that it displays is extremely detrimental to First Nations women. It depicts us as romanticized, sexualized, and disposable. Almost non-existent,” she says. “If you want to be what people portray as a ‘squaw’ and if you allow them to call you that and you laugh at it because it’s funny, you’re doing something wrong.”

She had assumed university-educated people would be more respectful and knowledgeable, and she wondered why they weren’t. That’s when she got the idea for the petition.

She was already well on her way to becoming an activist, reconnecting with her First Nations roots and taking on the directorship of the Students’ Associa-



She had assumed university-educated people would be more respectful and knowledgeable, and she wondered why they weren’t. That’s when she got the idea for the petition.

STOP ON-CAMPUS SYSTEMIC RACISM

THE RIGHT TO EDUCATION MEANS GAINING THE RIGHT EDUCATION.

Join the Students Initiative to change on-campus systemic racism and harmonize the relationship between Non-Aboriginals and Aboriginals

OUR FUTURE IS INFORMED BY OUR HISTORY. - 8TH FIRE TV
 TAKE A CLASS THAT COMPLIMENTS YOUR DEGREE.
 GET TO KNOW YOUR NEIGHBOUR!
 Your Future Family Will Thank You!

THE PETITION

This is advocating for Indigenous Studies to be made a mandatory course for any and all degree, diploma, or certificate programs at the University of Regina including the federated colleges. This will improve the relationships of students who are Non-Aboriginal, and Aboriginal.

Once this change in our educational institution is made, students will be able to apply the knowledge attained to all aspects of daily living such as at home, school, and the workplace.

Please Sign if you believe it is our right to be informed of Canada's National Struggle with systemic racism towards Aboriginals today.

Please Sign if you believe that University Students are adults and are capable of developing an independent and realistic outlook of Aboriginal Peoples.

The University of Regina Campus Security is now informed of previous vandalism, and is now MONITORING this petition. Please keep in mind that these posters are to be respected like all others.

PLEASE SIGN

| FULL NAME (Printed) | SIGNATURE | CITY | PROVINCE | POSTAL CODE |
|---------------------|-----------|------|----------|-------------|
| 1 | | | | |
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| 5 | | | | |
| 6 | | | | |
| 7 | | | | |
| 8 | | | | |

The petition. On one, under where it reads Your Future Family Will Thank You, someone wrote the words, "by murdering you violently."



Beaudin-Herney in a U of R hallway near the parkade where she was involved in a tense standoff.

tion at First Nations University. But activism is not for the faint of heart, as one of her professors points out.

"The open threats of the swastikas and the comments that are written on the petitions are a way to intimidate and shut up and that's every bit as vile as swearing or calling her a squaw or anything like that. It's coming from the same base of fear and the need to control," explains Brenda Anderson, a women-and-gender studies professor at Luther College, affiliated to the U of R. Women in particular endure discrimination when they are out-

systems to have an 'Indian Day' as one of my Métis students called it, where you can eat bannock and raise a tipi," she says. "That's not what this is about. This is about learning."

The lessons don't come easily. Beaudin-Herney lives on campus and says she feels ostracized by peers who are against the initiative, which has been criticized outside the university as well. Josh Dehaas, a writer for the online magazine Macleans on Campus, wrote

"It's not enough for our school systems to have an 'Indian Day' as one of my Métis students called it, where you can eat bannock and raise a tipi. That's not what this is about. This is about learning."

Brenda Anderson, women-and-gender studies professor, Luther College

spoken, Anderson says. "(It's meant) to trivialize them, right? To make them look like wackos, (or) people to disregard. That's trying to take the power away from them."

Like Beaudin-Herney, Anderson places stock in the value of education. There needs to be a full understanding of the history between First Nations and non-First Nations people in Canada, she argues. "It's not enough for our school

a piece in February 2012 titled 'Why indigenous studies shouldn't be mandatory.' In it he argued, "Indigenous Studies is fine as an elective. But for many, it would be a waste of time and money. Above all, it's wrong to force students to take classes focused on one minority's history—especially when that minority's history is already widely-covered in Canadian K-12 curricula." Many readers'

comments under Dehaas's story were equally skeptical.

It seems like a lot of flack for anyone to take on, let alone a 20-year-old woman. But Beaudin-Herney emphasizes this initiative is not only hers and that it couldn't happen without the support of other students. One of the students who signed the petition is Amanda Worme, who has German and Aboriginal heritage. Worme took particular offence to swastikas being put on the petition because it was a negative reflection on both of her cultures. "I'm really offended and I would just expect more from university students to avoid those stereotypes," Worme says. "The negativity that surrounds it, I think it's just giving us more power and more motivation and reasons why we need to be doing this in fulfilling this petition."

People like Craig Benjamin, an Amnesty International campaigner for indigenous rights, understand what Beaudry-Herney is trying to accomplish. Benjamin says his own formal education did not prepare him for the current state of indigenous affairs. "I learned from having the privilege of working alongside indigenous activists. I didn't learn this in any point in my education whether it be in school or university. There's something fundamentally wrong with that," he says.

Beaudin-Herney receives backlash because she's challenging institutions and dominant histories, Anderson says. "She's fighting ageism, she's fighting racism, she's fighting sexism; but I don't think she's trying to draw attention to those things. She's not saying,

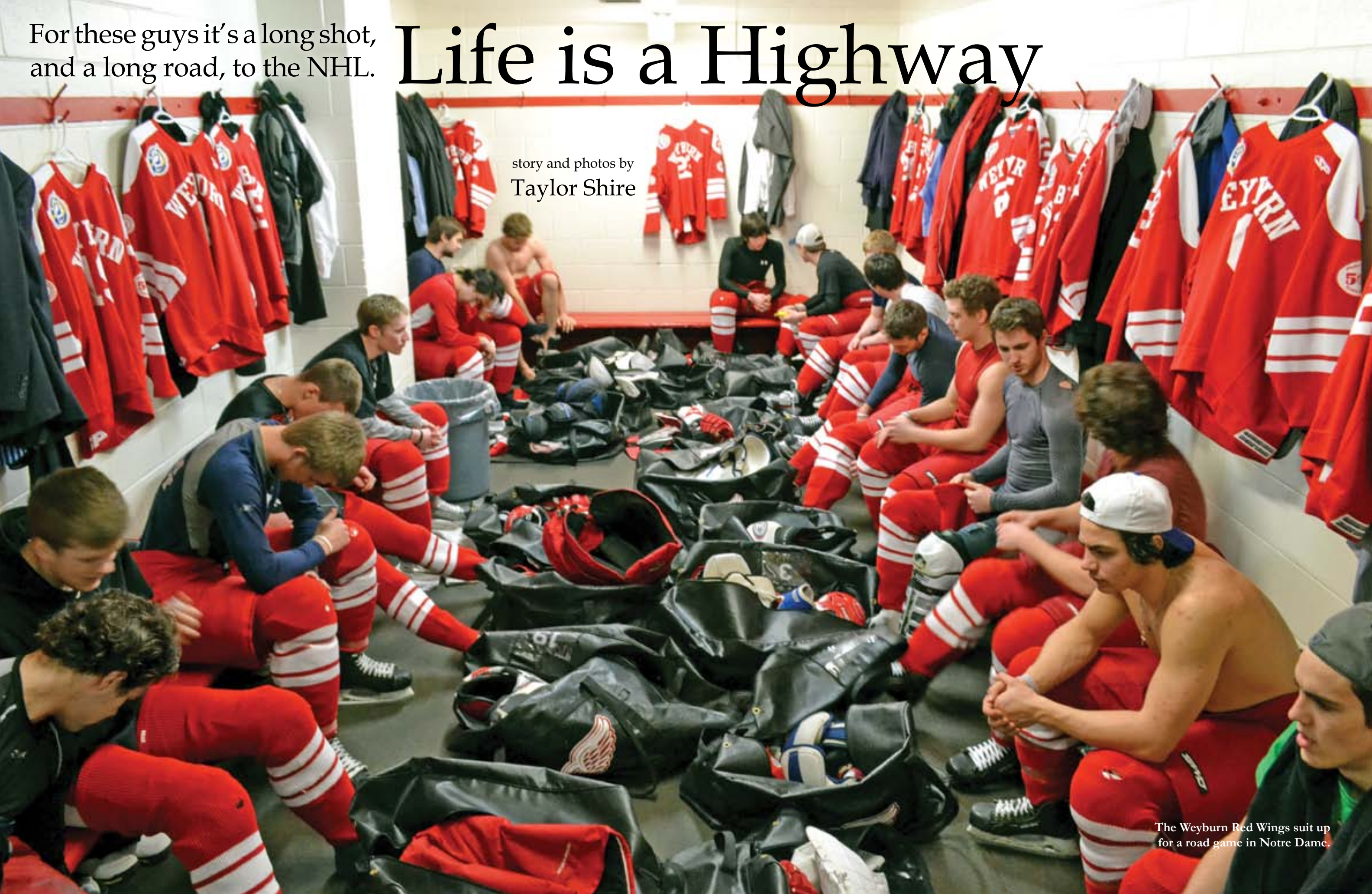
'Hey look at me I'm a young abused aboriginal,' you know? She's not using those cards. But she's exemplifying that the real leadership, the real understanding of these issues can come from those very people."

Beaudin-Herney carries with her a worn copy of the UN Declaration for Indigenous Human Rights. She refers to it constantly. "It's my answer for everything now. It's kind of like, hah, I don't have to listen to you anymore," she laughs. She has grown comfortable in her new identity as an activist. Activists must stick up for their beliefs, speak the truth, create controversy, and make people uncomfortable. Her petition has done just that by calling on the university community to address Canada's colonial history and its effects on society today. But after the interview, I'm still left wondering, where did this young woman get so much fight in her? How does she handle the blatant opposition? I check my Facebook newsfeed for clues. She's uploaded a Huron quote cited in *Indian Givers*: "We are born free and united brothers, each as much a great lord as the other...I do what I wish. I am the first and last of my nation...subject only to the Great Spirit." The subtitle of Weatherford's book is *How the Indians of America Transformed the World*. Beaudin-Herney is clearly doing her part.

For these guys it's a long shot,
and a long road, to the NHL.

Life is a Highway

story and photos by
Taylor Shire



The Weyburn Red Wings suit up
for a road game in Notre Dame.

The lights aren't on at the Whitney Forum, but the doors are open. People come in and out of the rink. A charter bus sits out front. It's a cold January morning in Flin Flon, a northern mining town straddling the Manitoba-Saskatchewan border. The temperature dips to -20 C. The captain of the Flin Flon Bombers, David Roper, loads hockey bags onto the bus. His team is getting set to depart on a 586-kilometre road trip to Melville, Saskatchewan, to play the Millionaires.

The Bombers play four games in five nights on this road trip. Roper knows it's going to take a toll on their bodies. They're going to have to grind it out. But that's life in the Saskatchewan Junior Hockey League—especially when you play for Flin Flon. The Bombers have the toughest travel schedule in the SJHL. Their closest away game is more than a three hour drive to La Ronge, Saskatchewan.

The players load the bus and take to their seats. Each has his own mode of entertainment: iPods and iPads, books, movies, a couple decks of cards and, of course, the guy in the next seat. Roper can hear

“There are not many people that get to do what we do. The only worry you have in the world is really putting the puck in the net and getting wins. If I could do (this life) ten times over, I would do it every time.”

David Roper, captain and defenceman, Flin Flon Bombers

his teammates chatting about tonight's game. He can also already hear some of his teammates snoring. It's going to be a long trip. “You have your pre-game nap on the bus instead of in your bed,” he says.

Meanwhile, 821 kilometres south of Flin Flon is Crescent Point Place, home of the Weyburn Red Wings. Vehicles start to pull up to the rink shortly after 4:30 p.m. Coltyn Sanderson, Weyburn's captain, pulls up at 4:38 p.m. He steps out of his vehicle looking sharp in a black sport coat, red dress shirt and black pants. The Moose Jaw native walks confidently past the bus to the rink's side door, giving a quick nod to the bus driver. He steps inside and heads straight to the Red Wings dressing room. He has a routine; he's done this the past two years. He stuffs his equipment in a black leather Red Wings bag and throws it over his shoulder. He walks back outside through the same door he came in through and throws his bag into the storage area of the bus. Then he heads back inside to grab more gear for the trip: sticks, jerseys, first aid kits and water bottles.

Finally Sanderson boards the bus himself. Some of his teammates are already in their seats. Sanderson walks by all of them to his usual spot—the last row of seats. It's a common tradition: veterans get

the back of the bus. They don't know why, it's just what veterans do. It comes with the territory. And they like it. Sanderson sits down and looks ahead.

The 58-game SJHL season is a grueling battle that lasts from mid-September to the end of February. The Junior A-level league's 12 teams are divided into two conferences of six teams each, the northern Bauer conference and the southern Sherwood conference. By the end of January, the Red Wings are sitting in first place in the south with just eight games left until playoffs. Meanwhile, the Bombers are battling for third place in the north. The long road hours—sometimes driving through snowstorms, sometimes driving all night—are part of the battle.

When Roper moved from Calgary, Alberta, population 1.2 million, to Flin Flon—population 5,363 on the Manitoba side and 229 in Saskatchewan—it was a culture shock. But he's grown to love playing in a small town that is addicted to hockey. “You play up here

and you almost feel like you're in the NHL,” he says.

As the bus rolls out into the morning dark, the National Hockey League doubtless plays on the minds of all aboard. Not a lot of players go directly from the SJHL to the NHL, but it happens. Chris Kunitz, a Regina product, played with Melville before going on to win a Stanley Cup with the Anaheim Ducks and another with the Pittsburgh Penguins. Brad Richards played for Notre Dame, went on to win a Stanley Cup with the Tampa Bay Lightning, and now plays with the New York Rangers. The more traditional route is through the Western Hockey League, the next step up from Junior A. As well, some SJHL players go on to play in the National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) in the United States or with Canadian Interuniversity Sport (CIS) teams. But whatever lies ahead, the SJHL road ends at age 20, the maximum age. For some, the ride is over and their competitive playing days are done.

Sitting a few seats away from Roper, 17-year-old Dillan McCombie still has three junior years left. Unlike Roper, McCombie grew up in Flin Flon and is used to vast distances between rinks. As a kid, he dreamed of lacing up for the Bombers. Now he dreams of the NHL. “Obviously that's one of my top goals is to



Weyburn Red Wing right winger Miguel Pereira makes his way to the ice for a game against the Notre Dame Hounds.



Weyburn Red Wing defenceman Braden Kmita listens to his iPod in the stands before a game against the Notre Dame Hounds. Opposite: Kmita on the team bus en route to Wilcox.

make it to 'The Show,'" he says. But he knows the odds. "Even if I don't, I'm hoping to either go over to Europe and play some pro or go somewhere and just keep playing until it runs out, you know, until your time is up."

McCombie thinks the long trips are good for team morale. A few hours into the trip, the atmosphere is loose. People are hanging out and chatting. At the start of the season, the trips were tough, but by now the team is used to it.

The bus pulls out of Weyburn. It's January 31 and the Red Wings are set to play the Notre Dame Hounds, just 80 kilometres northwest up Highway 39 to Wilcox. But the team does travel to Flin Flon and La Ronge a couple times each year. "They can be a lot of fun. (But) they can get grueling at times," Sanderson says of the long-haul trips. "It's definitely a test of focus and once you get off the bus, it's kind of tough to get the bus legs out." All the teams have to battle adversity and overcome distractions. The teams that handle it best will prevail.

Sitting across from Sanderson is defenceman Braden Kmita, a player who knows all about adversity. Kmita grew up in Weyburn. When he was a kid, he always looked up to the Red Wings players. He never imagined playing for any other team. But it wasn't easy for him. As an 18-year-old, he didn't make the Red Wings roster out of training camp. Instead, he got sent down to play Junior B hockey in Assiniboia, Saskatchewan.

"I was kind of in the dumps," he recalls. "I was down on myself." When a player gets sent down to Junior B from

Junior A, the coaching staff is sending a message that the player needs to improve. It's not necessarily punishment, but a lesson. "When I went down, I strove to be better than I was, so that hopefully the next year, I could make the team as a full on roster (player)," says Kmita. As the year progressed, Kmita did get some lucky breaks and was called up near the end of the season for a chance to play with the Red Wings. "It was a whole other turn of the page for me," he says. "I felt like I was in my dream. I don't think I've ever been more nervous and fired up and excited all at once." He played the final few games of the regular season with the Red Wings, just as he'd always imagined.

"Once you go from Junior B to Junior A, you finally realize what it takes to be a Junior A player," he says. During the off-season, he hit the gym and trained hard. He had motivation. He had drive. But there were a lot of things that weren't in his control. He didn't know what the management was going to do, for example. He could only try to change their minds. The next season, he made the opening day roster. And tonight he's on the Red Wings bus, sitting comfortably with his iPod headphones around his neck.

It's Roper's third season in the SJHL. The Bombers captain knows that by the time the bus rolls into Melville, his legs will be cramped. He will be stiff. That's just how it is. And he wouldn't trade it for anything. "This is what the junior hockey experience is all about," he says.

Nearing Melville, the chatter falls off. The mood has changed. "Everyone starts to really sit down in

their seat and get focused and start thinking what they have to do about the game and what their role is in that game," explains teammate McCombie.

The same scene is playing out near Wilcox, although the journey has been shorter for the Red Wings. Sanderson is listening to Eminem's Not Afraid and nodding his head to the beat. That's his go-to song. He's preparing for the game in his own way. As the captain, he knows the coaching staff looks to him to lead the team. They're confident he won't disappoint. That's why there's a 'C' sewn on his jersey. With that letter comes a lot of responsibility. "I'm more of a lead by example type of guy," Sanderson says. "I try not to talk too much because I know when I was growing up and there was some leaders, sometimes if they talked too much, it just got repetitive."

In Melville, it's a seesaw battle—the lead changes hands three times, ending in a shoot-out. The Bombers leave the ice exhausted but victorious. Tonight they'll get a solid sleep, then head to Wilcox to meet the Notre Dame Hounds. Then a night off to get ready for the next two games, both against the Estevan Bruins at Spectra Place in Estevan, Saskatchewan. Then it's a 12-hour trek back to Flin Flon, followed by a few days off to recover.

For some, it could be the last long haul from the north. At 20, Roper has reached the age limit. He's hoping to play in one of the three NCAA divisions next year. But he realizes playing hockey for a living might not be a possibility. He's planning on going to university to get a busi-

ness degree, studying finance. And even though he will get his degree a few years after his friends, there is no doubt in Roper's mind that he has taken the right path. "There are not many people that get to do what we do," he says. "The only worry you have in the world is really putting the puck in the net and getting wins," he says. "If I could do it 10 times over, I would do it every time."

The Red Wings' Sanderson has also reached his final season. Come September, he'll be heading to the U.S. to join the University of North Dakota Fighting Sioux. But he doesn't know that yet. Tonight he's on the ice for the Red Wings. They're badly out-shot by the Hounds, but they get three pucks in the net to the Hounds' one, and that's what counts. Back on the bus, Sanderson ponders his future. "You wake up in the morning and wonder. All your friends, with the age I am now, they're going to be entering their fourth year of university next year and you kind of wonder where that time has gone," he says. But he thinks on balance he's made the right choices—that he's preparing himself for an education and the inevitable life after hockey.

"If I could go back right now, I don't think I would switch," he says. "Maybe I will feel different in the future. But I'm having so much fun right now that there's no way I would change it for anything." Looking straight ahead once again, he calmly nods his head. 🐾

THE CROW PHOTO GALLERY



Connie Nightingale, president of Crocus 80 theatre group and director of Kitchen Witches, during a dress rehearsal at Weyburn Legion Hall. Crocus 80 was founded in 1980, went on to win several awards, then disbanded in 2005. In 2011, Nightingale was diagnosed with stage-three cervical cancer. For her, time was precious. As soon as she healed from the surgery to remove her tumours she spearheaded the revival of Crocus 80. “When confronted with such an obstacle, I know there are parts of you that say ‘slow down’. Maybe you feel sorry for yourself, but it’s just not good medicine to do that,” she says. “I have to keep rewarding myself with life and things that make me happy.” Theatre makes her happy.

Photo by Elise Thomsen



Flicker, drummer for Dr. Bird and the Blue Beat, a Regina rocksteady/reggae/Ska band, works on his stick twirl during a rehearsal.

Photo by Kim Jay



Firefighters arrive on the scene of a burning farmhouse east of Regina. The home had been abandoned and no one was injured, though arson charges were laid in connection with the fire.

Photo by Jamie Fischer



Four-year-old Diego does his school work on a cindercrete block in the family room of his home in San Vicente, El Salvador, a developing country facing a major housing crisis. Shaken by civil war and natural disaster, the last two decades have shifted the landscape of the country and left thousands of people without a safe place to live.

Photo by Christeen Jesse



Two boys run towards the entrance of Mosaic Place to catch a Moose Jaw Warriors home game. The brand new rink replaced the sentimental favourite but inadequate Civic Centre.

Photo by Tiffany Cassidy



Truck driver and soon-to-be-Canadian citizen Maldwyn Davies moved to Canada four years ago from Wales. Here he takes a break from fixing up a home at Regina Beach and catches a late day ray.

Photo by Dustin Gill



A Discreet Life

An up-close look at the back page girls.

by Peter Mills

Photos by BRIGID MCNUTT



Former escort Jean Hillabold. Opposite: a selection of backpage ads from the Regina Leader-Post.

Jean Hillabold sits in her tidy office at the University of Regina. Books line the shelves and only a few papers are on her desk. It's the respectable job she sold herself to get. Now, she can tell her family and friends what she does—at least the ones who are still talking to her. Hillabold, 60, is an English professor with a sometimes-racy curriculum including Audre Lorde's *Zami: A New Spelling of My Name* and Ntozake Shange's *Sassafrass, Cyprus and Indigo*. Teaching is one of her passions—writing erotica is another. It only makes sense that she combines literature and sex. After all, she wrote her English master's thesis at her pimp's kitchen table. "I would sometimes stop in the middle of a sentence and agree to meet some guy in a motel, we'd do our thing, and I'd come back and take (the thesis) out where I left off," she laughs.

The pimp's house was a quiet place to write. Most days she went there after dropping off her daughter at daycare. She laughs here and there while telling stories that would numb a harlot. Like the time she met up with a group of drunken men and was taken to a garage. She wasn't sure what would happen on the cold and dirty concrete floor. They wanted sex, she says, but weren't willing to pay. "I was afraid of how violent it might get." Or the john who invited her into his home and wanted to do it in the bed he shared with his wife. Hillabold would tell johns, "I'm a single mother. I need money. My daughter needs a new pair of shoes, and this is how much they cost."

She slept with strangers in mangy hotels to feed her daughter. She's not proud or ashamed of what she did.

She needed money and this is how she did it. In 1981, after escaping an abusive marriage, Hillabold and her daughter moved into a home for low-income single parents. Her job skills as a typist were outdated. When typing pools were replaced by word processors, Hillabold was out of a job. "I saw a classified ad for what they called 'executive escorts' which made me laugh," she says. "It's appealing for people who need fast cash because it pays in cash. I found out I could work during the day while my daughter was in daycare and I figured I could probably quit at any time. So I answered the ad and got into it."

Looking at her many advertisements, one thing is clear—Kianna is a companion. She's a shoulder to cry on and a cheek to kiss. She's a lover and the object of much attraction. Kianna is proud to be a woman. She's a mother figure and the girl next door. She's a therapist and a nurse. She shares a lot of herself with others, mostly strangers. The brown-haired, blue-eyed 27-year-old is extremely confident. She has a "thin build" and is fond of her measurements: 34B-27-36. "Have you seen my reviews?" Kianna says on the phone. "I'm a well-reviewed lady."

Kianna says she is 100 per-cent genuine. And she doesn't smoke. "(She) soothed my nervousness, treated me like gold," a user named Skydiver says on *sexycortads.com*. "(She) treated me like I was the most important guy in the world." Other men say Kianna treats you like a king. She says the same. "One of the most amazing ladies I have ever met," a user named

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Personals

You wear your pretty sp...



Photo illustration



Photo illustration

Riderguy2007 says on [sexyescorts.com](#). "There are very few ladies as smart and amazing as this one." Kianna is very discreet when talking on the phone, but her online business profiles are far from it.

She has advertisements on at least eight different websites. On one, [sexyescortads.com](#), Kianna lists her specialties: "Deep throat, fetish, foot worship, outdoor activities, spanking (giving), strap-on, threesomes (two women and a man), toys, travel companion, uniforms, voyeurism, water sports (giving), and more."

Like the advertisements plastered on the back pages of newspapers or online, Hillabold envisioned escort work

want to meet at a fairly cheap hotel room and get what they want right away.' And that was usually the case."

After 30 years of being away from the business, Hillabold has difficulty remembering her escort name. "I think I called myself Jackie." She does have vivid memories of the wrap-around dove grey dress with silver sequins she often wore when meeting a john. She remembers the five-inch stilettos she says she was hardly capable of walking in. She only wore them to arouse. "Most of the men who

"There was someone who really got attached and said that he was going to expose me. He offered me a really nice life on an island. I said, 'No, I'm sorry that's just a little too *Pretty Woman* for me.'"

Kianna, escort

to be risqué, erotic. "I knew it probably involved sex," she says. "But I did think these guys would take me out somewhere. When I got to the interview with the pimp, he said 'These guys are paying by the hour. They want to get laid. Some of them will take you out in public but most of them

phoned me were married and they were under stress," she says. "So they would take money out of the household income to spend on me," she says. "I found men were trying to meet their emotional needs through sex with a stranger because that's socially acceptable. One

guy had just come from the funeral of his father," Hillabold says, noting he was unable to get an erection.

A good day was having sex with four or five men between noon and 5 p.m. A slow day was two or three. Afterwards, Hillabold would walk home thinking about what she had gotten herself into. "Often I was thinking about how divided my life was and how I didn't want anyone to know," Hillabold says. "In most cases, they were turning to sex with a stranger to solve problems that couldn't be solved that way. I sort of looked forward to having an honest life and not having a secret I worried about other people finding out."

obtaining sexual services." Saskatoon police Chief Clive Weighill says online prostitution has grown significantly over the past few years. "It's happening right now," Weighill says. "There is no use burying our heads in the sand and saying it's not there. We've got to do something." Weighill has spent the past two years helping develop the Adult Services Licensing Bylaw, which was approved by Saskatoon city council in March 2012. "The main push was really the advertising done by young men and women on the Internet," he says. The bylaw requires every escort and agency to have a license. There are similar bylaws in Calgary, Edmonton, and Winnipeg. In Saskatoon, the bylaw is the most effective way to monitor underage sex workers, Weighill says. "We've come across

"Online escorts are usually younger women that are very transient. A lot of times they may be university students, paying their way through university."

Clive Weighill, Saskatoon police chief

When a john meets with an escort, Hillabold and Kianna say all payments are considered donations for a service that is negotiated. Prostitution is not illegal in Canada. Section 213 of the Canadian Criminal Code says it is illegal to solicit sexual services in public "for the purpose of engaging in prostitution or of

some girls that are 15, 16, 17 years of age selling themselves," he says. "We're always concerned about human trafficking and people being coerced into the business."

Regina police spokesperson Elizabeth Popowich says it is not the priority of the police service to lead legislative change. "We've looked and learned from some of those



Photo illustration

other jurisdictions, but there isn't, at this time, a desire from the Regina Police Service to push for an adult services bylaw," Popowich says, noting that prostitution continues to move off the streets and onto computer screens. "In some ways that is not necessarily a bad thing," she says. "Neighbourhood disruption in some areas is either moving to another location or even moving online."

The anonymity of online escort businesses is changing the way police in Saskatchewan monitor the sex trade. Weighill says the Saskatoon Police Service runs sting operations "very often" and he notices a distinct difference between escorts and street prostitutes. Women walking the stroll, he says, are usually involved in the drug trade. "Online escorts are usually younger women that are very transient. A lot of times they may be university students, paying their way through university."

Kianna is a big fan of the TV series, *Secret Diary of a Call Girl*. She says it's an accurate depiction of life as an escort. "I live a double life," she says, laughing softly. "A lot of people in my other life have never even suspected this life, this business." She first got a job at a local escort agency about five years ago, after seeing a friend raking in cash from the sex trade. "I learned everything I didn't want to do when I first started," she says. Going independent three years ago allowed her to

get away from "12-hour shifts and walking away with only half of what you make." She loves to travel and does it often with her clients. But she says she never gets attached. "Don't judge a book by its cover because these are a lot of great men," she says. "Men contact me for all different reasons, as well as ladies, as well as wives contact me to choose escorts for their husbands when they're on their business trips." She is brutally honest about what she finds most appealing about the sex trade—intimacy with multiple partners. "Personally, I have a hard time being with just one person," she says. "I'd rather be with a couple of people but with no strings attached."

Growing up, young girls in her community were taught to be on the hunt for a Prince Charming with deep pockets, Kianna says. "All my friends' mothers instilled in all the daughters that the first or second question that you ask a man is, 'What do they do for a living?' Then you go for the most money." Kianna has another, more traditional business, but that's private, she says. Right now, she's losing sleep because selling her body in booming Saskatchewan is keeping her very, very busy. "I know full-on there is more money here," Kianna says. In bigger cities, she says, clients are more demanding and competition is fierce amongst escorts. "I think (Regina) should license it because a lot of the

ladies in this business, personally that I know, are working with blood-borne diseases. And as pretty as they are on the outside, they are a health risk to their clients," she says. She says she asks clients for "doctor clearances" but escorts can only make such requests after establishing a clientele. And sometimes, establishing a clientele can lead to attachment. "There was someone who really got attached and said that he was going to expose me. He offered me a really nice life on an island. I said, 'No, I'm sorry that's just a little too *Pretty Woman* for me.'"

After years of being a single woman working in the sex trade, Kianna now has a boyfriend. "He understands about this business," she says. "I'm in love now and I can't continue this and have that too." She's quitting this summer. "I'm going to think, 'Wow, I was so brave to do that,'" she says, laughing. "I've been all over the world with clients and, yeah, I have a pretty nice life."

Hillabold says she hasn't seen any of her former johns around Regina over the past 30 years. But quitting the sex business didn't happen overnight—it took years. When the police busted the agency she worked for, she finally moved on to the "real" life she had sold her body for. But it didn't take long before a former client tracked her down.

"He phoned me three or four times and I kept saying,

'No, no.' Finally, I needed money and so I said, 'Okay, one last time.' He continued to phone me roughly every two weeks for the next five years." After years of meeting him at cheap motels, Hillabold says she invited him back to her apartment while her daughter was at school. However, Hillabold says there were a few times when her daughter would come home while he was still there. Years later, when her daughter was a teenager, Hillabold revealed her secret life for the first time.

"I thought it was better for her to know the truth than to have uneasy feelings and to not know what was going on." But Hillabold's daughter was so upset by the news, and the inherent risk of her mother's actions, that she cut all ties with Hillabold. "I thought she was entitled to know. But, of course, after I told her I couldn't take it back," Hillabold says.

"I am sorry that I brought him into our house at all," she says. And she's sorry she told her daughter her secret. "I felt I owed her the truth and now, looking back, I'm not sure I did."

Today, Hillabold is happy to have a career she can share with the world. Looking back at her life as an escort, she says it is kind of amusing. "I thought of myself as playing a role. Like playing the role of the temporary girlfriend for these guys," she says. "I mean, I kind of enjoyed it. In a way I got to feel like someone other than myself for a while." 🐾

It's Not Easy Being Andy

A rare genetic disorder. Then an autism diagnosis. Now, the barrier is bureaucracy.

story and photos by
Nathan Liewicki

Andy Glover's bicycle is red. So, too, are his helmet and sunglasses. They're all sparkling under a warm splash of sun and he is eager to go for a ride. For late March, it's a balmy 15 C in Regina, Saskatchewan. The sun's rays shine through the leafless trees that hang over the street where the six-year-old lives. Andy crawls on to the seat of his bike, grabs the left handlebar, then the right one, and puts his left foot on the left pedal. He slowly pushes down on the left pedal and brings his right leg up to sit on the right one. Another bicycle ride has begun.

He cruises past a few houses before stopping at the first sewer drain he sees. He drops sticks and stones down it. This is repeated at the next drain. And the next one. And the next one.

At five months, Andy began having seizures. His parents, Rod and Corrine Glover, took him to a doctor. The doctor told them they should see a pediatric neurologist. The resulting diagnosis: tuberous sclerosis, a rare genetic disorder that causes non-malignant tumours to grow in the brain and other vital organs. The neurologist's words opened a whole series of doors to things Rod and Corrine had to look for—symptoms of tumours behind his eyes, for example, or on his liver.

Andy was put on strong doses of anti-seizure medication. Heavily drugged, he wasn't cognizant of anything, says Rod. It was only after his medications got sorted out that Rod and Corrine started noticing other things that

Six-year-old Andy Glover works with his autism interventionist Melissa Rodrigue.



didn't seem right. "He was off on his own. He didn't seek out anyone. When you were with him, there was no eye contact. There was no level of communication," Rod recalls.

According to the University of California-Los Angeles, 40 to 45 per cent of individuals with tuberous sclerosis will also develop autism or a form of pervasive developmental disorder. Signs of autism may include unusual sleep patterns, over or under-sensory reactions, unusual or lack of facial expressions and eye contact and difficulty paying attention. Andy's curious unresponsiveness fit the classic pattern. The possibility was heartbreaking. Andy had already been through so much.

"I didn't really know what (autism) was or how we were going to deal with it," Corrine says.

Although there had been no formal diagnosis, there were enough warning signs to trigger the assistance of the province's Early Childhood Interventionist Program. In October 2007 Melissa Rodrigue, at the time an autism interventionist with the program, arrived on the scene. Rodrigue brought toys for Andy to play with, but it was as if he didn't notice they existed. He was like a "little zombie," she recalls, very difficult to engage. She began the patient work of breaking through.

"He didn't know that I was giving him something and that he could take it from me. We would physically move his hands to try and engage (him)," Rodrigue says.

That December, when Andy was 20 months old, Rod, Corrine, Andy and his brother Jackson, who is four years older, went to Saskatoon for a 48-hour EEG (electroencephalogram) session with Dr. Noel Lowry. After a videotaping session with Andy, Dr. Lowry made it official: Andy was autistic. Dr. Lowry told the couple Andy could be facing a bigger battle than tuberous sclerosis. The couple was stunned. What could be a bigger battle than what the boy had already endured?

Corrine plunged into research about autism. She read everything she could online, then graduated to books: Jenny McCarthy's *Louder than Words: A Mother's Journey in Healing Autism*, and the works of Temple Grandin. Her research led her to SASKFEAT—Saskatchewan Families for Effective Autism Treatment. She picked up the phone and learned the group was planning a summer workshop on Applied Behaviour Analysis, something Corrine had never heard of before. She would soon learn organizations like the Calgary-based Autism Partnership considered it the gold standard in autism treatment. Applied Behaviour Analysis examines the behavior of the child with the goal of teaching him or her in a way that opens up the doors to understanding and learning.

The workshop was held in Nipawin, a small town 361 kilometres northeast of Regina. Corrine, her sister and Andy headed north for the seminar. Rodrigue and one of her colleagues from the Early Childhood Interventionist Program also attended. The five days of intensive training marked a breakthrough for Andy's team of helpers. "It wasn't a light bulb moment—it was a lightning bolt mo-

ment. We were like, 'This is what we need...this is what's going to work with him!' It was amazing," Rodrigue says.

Changes didn't happen overnight, though. Rodrigue remembers starting with sounds that Andy could already make, like 'sss' and 'mmm,' and being unable to forge ahead with new ones until he could imitate the sounds she made him copy. Eventually she started blending syllables together. It took a long time for Andy to put two syllables together, but Rodrigue remembers that moment.

"I actually came into work on a Saturday morning and Corrine was like, 'Guess what Andy can do?' And then (his brother) Jackson blurted out, 'He can say mama!'" Rodrigue remembers. "After that it was just more blends, more combinations."

During the same time, Corrine started Andy on a gluten-free, casein-free diet, cutting out dairy and grains such as wheat, barley and rye. Addressing autism through diet is a cornerstone of Defeat Autism Now! (DAN!), a protocol that attempts to address biochemical irregularities through the use of dietary intervention, vitamin supplementation, digestive enzymes and probiotics. Corrine says initially it was a challenge to find foods that were not only gluten-free, but corn-free, soy-free and egg-free. Moreover, Andy had a host of allergies and ate only a select number of foods. Eventually they found the foods that worked.

"Andy eats turkey bacon. He eats fried potatoes, french fries, gluten-free pasta, rice. He loves cucumbers and celery, carrots, apples, pears," Corrine says. Strawberries and bananas are other foods Rod and Corrine are working on getting into his diet. At the same time, Andy takes medication to help him deal with his original diagnosis of tuberous sclerosis—something Corrine has found goes down best disguised in pabulum. The Glovers are managing and finding their way forward with Andy—but along the way they've found government supports are sorely lacking for families like theirs.

According to an Autism Canada's family services database, there are only nine provincially funded services in Saskatchewan. The Glovers are doing their part to change that. They've met with and written letters to former Saskatchewan New Democratic Party leader Dwain Lingenfelter, former health minister Don McMorris and Premier Brad Wall. The province provides just 10 hours of one-on-one interventionist therapy for Andy every week, whereas Manitoba provides 36 hours. The Glovers want to see more funding, programs and one-on-one therapy hours. Rodrigue agrees more hours need to be given to the families and their children.

One of the barriers is bureaucracy, according to Rod. Autism support is spread across three provincial ministries—health, education and social services—and is often poorly coordinated.

"We sit and we talk with our elected representatives and they're good people and they mean well and they want to help...and somewhere in between us, those thousand bureaucrats will not allow it," Rod says.



"He was off on his own. He didn't seek out anyone. When you were with him, there was no eye contact. There was no level of communication," says Rod Glover, Andy's father.

Between March 2011 and February 2012, Rod and Corrine shelled out \$7,957 of their own money to top up the work of therapists like Rodrigue and Theresa Castro, a second interventionist who has been working with Andy since 2009. Corrine estimates the family spends roughly \$25,000 a year on services for Andy, including medications and health supplements. They've also been travelling to Calgary to see Dr. Bruce Hoffman, a DAN! practitioner. There is no DAN! doctor in Saskatchewan.

In its 2012-13 provincial budget, the province announced \$7.6 million of annual funding would be pumped into autism programs. The Glovers think the money will have little impact. "They're choosing to spend money on ineffective therapies. It's just a waste of money," says Corrine. According to Rod, Saskatchewan is the autism "wasteland" of Canada.

Andy doesn't worry about money or services. Instead, he enjoys reading his books, playing with his iPad and riding his bicycle. It's only been a year since he learned to ride. Like any kid he loves it. Stopping to drop sticks and stones down street drains is one of his fixations, interventionist Castro explains. He doesn't exhibit some of the more dramatic behaviors associated with autism, such as elongated tantrums and pushing others, but he does let it be known that he doesn't

appreciate having his teeth brushed and hair combed.

"I used to have to wrap him in a towel, but now I just tell him to put his hands down and he does," Corrine says.

Progress has been slow and steady. Andy's gross and fine motor skills remain behind the curve. But he works hard at learning and has a competitive nature that makes him want to get things right, his father says.

"You can see when Andy's working. You can tell when he's focused and when he's not focused. When he's really looking and scanning the materials and you know he's trying," says Corrine.

"He's so smart and he tries so hard, and he's so funny. He's affectionate. He's mischievous and knows when he's done something wrong and he giggles. He's got a great giggle."

Hard case sounds are still difficult for Andy to pronounce. For example he says, "tool sunglasses" because he can't yet announce the 'c' sound for 'cool.' But his vocabulary is growing daily, and his helpers have gone from counting words to counting sentences.

Rod recalls the breakthrough moment, on a holiday in Minot, North Dakota, in August 2011. Andy stood up in a swimming pool and declared, "All done holidays. Want go home." They were the sweetest words his parents could imagine.

Ice in his Veins

His career is on the rocks. He couldn't be happier.



Expert icemaker Hans Wuthrich gets to work making the ice for the 2012 Brier in Saskatoon.

by Devin Heroux

Photos by DUSTIN GILL

The glass has been removed and the team benches ripped from their supports. Programs, popcorn kernels and empty pop bottles from last night's WHL game between the hometown Saskatoon Blades and Red Deer Rebels litter the aisles. The lights are dim and the 14,200 blue plastic seats sit empty. A cool breeze blows through the Credit Union Centre as Hans Wuthrich walks into the building. It's 8:45 on a Sunday morning in February and the clock is ticking. On March 3, just six days hence, Canada's top 12 men's teams will begin fighting for the national championship, the Tim Hortons Brier. The icemaker has been given just three days to transform the hockey rink into a curling Mecca. It's a daunting task, turning a 25 x 60-metre slab of hockey rink into four perfectly pebbled curling sheets in just 72 hours, and then maintaining their perfection through practice and competition. Once the Brier gets underway, over eight consecutive days, some 11,360 times, during 66 round-robin games, and five playoff games, a 40-pound hunk of granite, known as a rock, will slide over his ice. Wuthrich knows what's in store for him. For the next two weeks his alarm will be set for 5:15 a.m. and his head won't touch

his pillow again until about 11:30 each night. "You have to be fit and be able to go many days without sleep. A lot of guys try to get into this and they just can't do it," he says.

Growing up in Switzerland in the 1960s, Wuthrich would venture into the Alps on the weekends and watch people in fur coats slide rocks around outdoors. He didn't understand the appeal of their game; it was merely a strange-looking sport enjoyed by wealthy resort visitors.

In 1975, at age 18, he left Switzerland for Canada to take part in an agricultural exchange as a part of his university degree. He ended up on the Sigurdson family farm just outside of Gimli, Manitoba. Located on the western shore of Lake Winnipeg, Gimli was a thriving, friendly little place, known for its farming and commercial fishing. The Sigurdsons taught him English and treated him as one of their own. Ray Sigurdson became a father figure to Wuthrich. Like many of his neighbours, Sigurdson was a curler. Some 1,200 of the 6,000 people in the Gimli area curl, and Sigurdson hadn't missed a season since he started in 1945. His young Swiss visitor wasn't much inter-

ested, though. When the exchange ended, the university student said his goodbyes and headed off to Switzerland. A year later, he was back in Gimli.

Gradually, Wuthrich settled into a new life in Canada. He bought 40 acres next to the Sigurdson farm and took a job at the Gimli Recreation Centre, becoming building manager within a few years. Making sure there was ice in winter came with the job.

The Rec Centre was a busy place during curling season. Kids came to learn from the best. One of the teachers, Patti Vandekerckhove was racking up Canadian curling titles all across the country. Starting as a junior in 1974 and working her way into the elite ranks, Vandekerckhove played in a national championship game for seven consecutive years, capturing the attention of curling fans everywhere. To Wuthrich, though, she was just another familiar Gimli face. Then one day in 1988 she walked up to him in the parking lot. She had spied his yellow Labrador retriever in his truck and was enthralled. She loved dogs. It was their first real conversation—not a long one, but enough to get things started.

Between 1989 and 1994 Wuthrich and Vandekerckhove dated casually. Vandekerckhove started working for the Canadian Curling Association and was on the road a lot, traveling to all of the national tournaments.

The odds are stacked against an icemaker. Warm temperatures in a rink can cause melting spots on the ice. Debris on the sheet can cause a rock to catch and spin out of control. Body heat from a large crowd can create a layer of frost on the ice. The challenge is to anticipate the things you can't control.

To make matters worse for Wuthrich, the 1996 championship was a nail-biter to the end. In one of the more memorable finals in Brier history, Stoughton defeated Martin by stealing a point and winning 8-7 in a high-scoring game that took an extra end to decide a winner. Through all of this, no one mentioned the ice—a victory for the nervous icemaker.

"It's not your show. It's the curlers' show," says Wuthrich. "If they're not talking about you, then you're doing your job," he says.

Not only did Wuthrich take care of business, he solidified his job with the CCA and became the go-to icemaker in Canada. Since that Brier, Wuthrich has made ice for both men's and women's national championships, European championships and World Curling championships. But his biggest stage was yet to come. In 2010 Wuthrich got the call for the Vancouver Olympics. Never before had he experienced such stress and excitement. For 21 consecutive days in February 2010, Wuthrich battled nerves, exhaustion and Olympic security to create a curling sanctuary for the world's best. "It was the best experience I've ever had but it was also very difficult, too,"

"During the game I don't do anything but watch the computer and monitor the temperature."

Hans Wuthrich, expert icemaker

On a few occasions, Wuthrich tagged along. At the tournaments he saw ice making was not a job but an art. "He kind of got his appetite a little whet when he saw the guys making the ice," says Vandekerckhove. "Immediately he tried to figure out how he could get into this." He didn't have to look far: Vandekerckhove's job duties included setting up courses for interested icemakers.

Vandekerckhove scheduled the courses Wuthrich needed to take to get his level one and level two certificates. She pulled a couple of strings along the way to make sure they fell on weekends he could attend. In 1992, Wuthrich got his first job making ice for a national tournament.

The couple made a solid team. In 1994 they married and a year later their son Dylan was born. For Gimli's newest curling farm family, life was about to kick into high gear. In 1996, Wuthrich was chosen to make ice for the Brier. The pressure was on. Two of Canada's most recognizable curling names would be competing, Manitoba's Jeff Stoughton and Kevin Martin of Alberta. Wuthrich knew one negative comment from a player or one imperfection in the ice could make this tournament his last.

Wuthrich says. "It kills you. If you make one mistake you pay for it dearly. It's hard on the system. You screw up, you're done." But he didn't screw up. Kevin Martin won gold for Canada and, the day after the Olympics ended, Wuthrich got the nod for the 2014 Sochi Olympics.

Sochi is still two years away. Back in Saskatoon, a 25-member crew has roughed in the sheets in advance of Wuthrich's arrival. For the local icemakers, this is their Olympics. The bright lights of national TV and the eyes of 10,000 fans will be focused on the championship game. First-time Brier volunteer Jim Beck has spent the last month reviewing the ice-making package sent to him by the Canadian Curling Association. He doesn't want to let Wuthrich down.

The ice master arrives on the scene carrying a red tool box covered in stickers: '2001 Brier in Ottawa', '1995 Curling - European Open Grindelwald', '2000 Curling - Oberstdorf' and one sticker that just reads 'Hans.' Inside are hammers, wrenches, air gauges, scissors and coloured markers.



Above: Wuthrich checks the forecast for the weekend at his command station. Left: One of Wuthrich's many binders, in which he keeps logo layouts, an itinerary of where he should be at every hour of the ice-making process, newspaper clippings, and reviews of his ice. He has a binder for every event he's ever done. "I call them my curling diaries," he says.

Wuthrich puts on his red coveralls and hops onto the ice. At 5'6", he's easily the smallest member on the crew but when he talks, everybody listens. "Your shaving of the ice is perfect," he tells a volunteer. Then he gets to work, throwing 10 boxes of Jet Ice Super White 3000 paint into a large white tub. It's the only product Wuthrich uses to get his ice pearly white. He picks up a hose and starts spraying. After mixing and spraying 1,365 litres of water and paint, the ice is a flawless clean sheet.

Each step is scheduled to a 'T.' Since his first national event 20 years ago, Wuthrich has documented every job he's done in a series of binders. They contain layouts for logos on the ice, an itinerary of where he should be in the ice-making process at every hour, newspaper clippings and reviews of his ice. The binders are his ice-making bibles.

While the fans cheer on their teams, Wuthrich will spend most of the games hunched over a computer set up at one end of the sheets. "During the game I don't do anything but watch the computer and monitor the tem-

perature," he says. But before the first rock is thrown in the final game, he's out on the ice, walking up and down, sweeping away the smallest specks of debris. Typically, "99.9 per cent of the players are happy with the ice," he says, but "there's always players that think you're out for them." Despite years of experience, he still feels the nerves.

And that's not all he feels these days—just shy of 55, he also feels his hips, knees and legs. Two more years, he tells himself. The Sochi Olympics, and then retirement. But it won't be an easy step for someone with ice in his veins.

When the fans leave the stadium, the ice comes out in a hurry. Once Wuthrich starts pulling out the centre pins and hacking away, the relief floods over him. "In an hour and a half it'll all be gone," he says. "The carpet will be rolled up and the show's over." He'll sleep solid for two or three days. 🐾

A Message From Prairie Dog

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Congratulations on choosing journalism! It's a very important career. In a democracy, reporters are the public's representatives. It will be your job to find out what politicians, bureaucrats, business leaders and other public figures – and the institutions and companies they work for – are up to. Canadians need you. They need you to get them the facts, untangle the spin, catch the lies and expose the secrets. When you do your job well, you're giving ordinary citizens the information they need to make informed decisions on politicians and policies. And that helps make Canada a better country for all of us.

We just wanted to let you know that your work really matters and we salute you. Good luck, heroes!



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