



Hair-dye sales jumped in 1997 and '98.

UGIS BRUVERIS / The Globe and Mail

Dyeing to look younger

WAX AND WANE

Edited by Philip Jackman

Father Time is a cruel master. He maketh your eyes to dim and your joints to stiffen and your hair to wax exceeding grey. So, more and more, Canadians are staving off the ravages of that third affliction by colouring their hair.

According to figures from the marketing-research company A. C. Nielsen, sales of hair-colouring products are increasing in leaps and bounds. In 1997, we bought \$130-million worth of them, up 10 per cent from 1996. This year, sales are

up a further 12 per cent.

And it's not just women who are buying these items. Sales of hair colouring for men jumped from \$6.9-million in 1996 to \$9-million for the 52 weeks ended Sept. 12 this year.

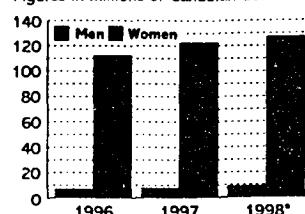
Sheila Moody of Nielsen's office

in Montreal puts it down mostly to baby boomers trying to conceal their age, especially in the workplace. And as more women work these days, it could partly account for the trend.

But she also points to technical advances in hair-colouring products in the past couple of years that make them gentler on the tresses, something that's proving popular with consumers. Plus companies have been repackaging and reformulating their brands to boost sales.

GETTING THE GREY OUT

Sales of men's and women's hair colouring products in drug stores and food stores with pharmacies. Figures in millions of Canadian dollars:



*52 weeks to Sept. 12.
Source: A.C. Nielsen

The Globe and Mail

FACTS & ARGUMENTS

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The hurt behind the eyes

Until then, my morose mental slide show had no pictures of people in between dying and dead

In the first place, in the physician or surgeon no quality takes rank with imperturbability. — Sir William Osler.

ZOE OLIVER

I swore that I would never forget her name. But I have. She was the first person whose life stopped in front of me, and I don't remember her name.

I was a relatively hapless medical student, having just finished my first year. We had been placed at different rural hospitals to get a lick of country medicine, and one evening of my "field experience" was allotted to the emergency department. There I was, my virgin stethoscope around my neck and outfitted in a set of greens that were much too big for me. I sensed that I was rather off-aim but I didn't quite know what to do about it.

Not long into my shift, a Code Blue was announced over the hospital intercom. With a half-smirk, the doctor in charge asked me if I knew what that meant. Generally, I try not to lie in these situations, so I responded that I did not. The smirk became a smile, and as he began to run down the hallway he shouted, "Follow me!" I ran after him, feeling like a bit character in *Chicago Hope* who had left her script at home.

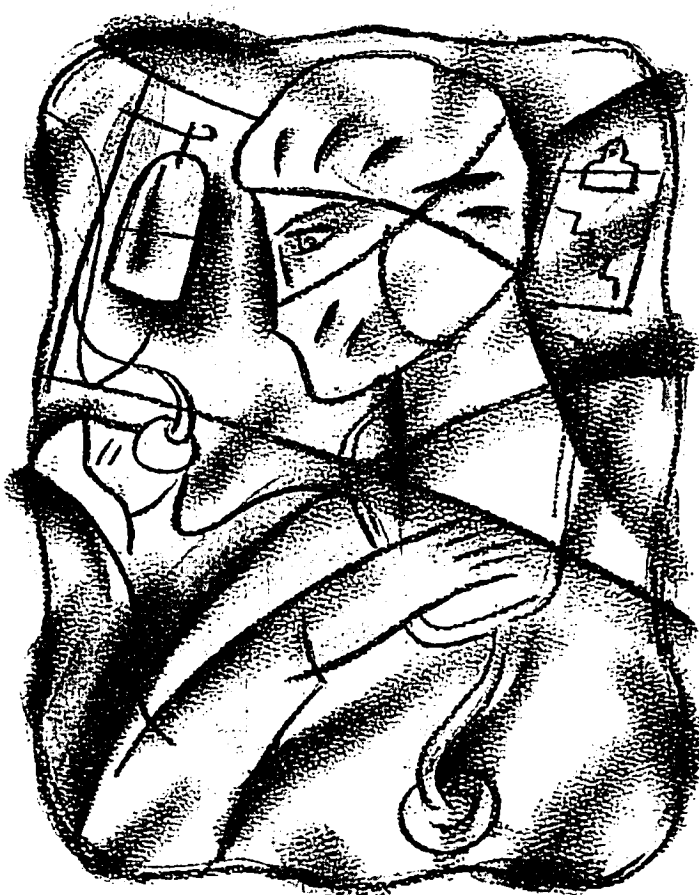
Stripped of my breath, I found myself in the coronary-care unit, standing at the bedside of a woman who was about to be stripped of hers. All of this I remember with a remarkable crispness. On the edge of my mind there were other recollections: of a young man just diagnosed with terminal lym-

phoma, his pretty blond fiancée at his side. Of a man with lung cancer, rolling a cigarette between bouts of hacking. Of a doctor telling a new widow, in the middle of the ER waiting room, that her husband had died suddenly of a massive heart attack. Of a greyish body, rank with formaldehyde, which I dissected into smaller and smaller pieces, unrecognizable by the end. Of people dying, of people dead. But until then, my morose mental slide show did not contain any pictures of people in between dying and dead.

I remember the pulse of the room, everyone trying to stay calm, with their sweat in the air nonetheless. I recall the ER doctor barking orders for adrenaline, a commonly used cardiac drug. The woman's family doctor stood numbly by, not knowing what to do. Her ribs buckled as the paramedic compressed and released them. With each compression, more of her faded hair became part of a fan that wafted over the edge of the bed. I thought to myself that she looked more like an experiment than a human. Swiftly following that thought was another, "For God's sake, just let her go."

I know how her heart monitor looked when it flatlined, and how everyone's eyes hit the floor when her death was finally pronounced. But of all the eyes involved, I remember most the round and watery ones of her middle-aged daughter, who stood outside in the hallway, waiting for her mother to be brought back to life.

When the monitor had flatlined for long enough, her heart's potential was exhausted. The doctor asked me if that



LEON ZERNITSKY

was the first time I had seen "this happen." I assumed that that was his way of asking if I was all right.

And although I wasn't all right, although I was deeply softened, I lied. I nonchalantly gave him the "no" that he wanted. I lied, because some painful glint deep behind his eyes told me that I would see it again, and that it would always have to hurt behind the eyes. He didn't want to talk about it.

I lied because she was dead, because her daughter's eyes were round and watery, and because that doctor had

tried to stop it all from happening. I lied because I knew that, just then, that doctor would value my imperturbability over my honesty.

Hermann Broch wrote, "No one's death comes to pass without making some impression." While the impression made behind my eyes by that woman's death is lasting, the truth is, I don't remember her name.

And maybe that's best.

Zoe Oliver is in her second year of medical school at the University of Western Ontario.

LIVES LIVED

GEORGE HENRY GILBERT

Teacher, meteorologist, gardener. Born at Polgear Farm, Cornwall, England, on March 28, 1912; died of a stroke in Edmonton on Oct. 11, 1998, age 86.

Nineteen-ninety-nine plans for the narrow south bed — larkspur along the back — four sets of tulip and daffodil bulbs — five sets of ground cover. No tomatoes. These were the last words written in the garden diary on George's computer.

His passion for working the soil, propagating, planting and harvesting animated this usually reserved and private man. There was nothing he liked better than taking you on a tour of his garden and you always left with a cutting or a few seeds and good gardening ideas.

He was born to farmers who had tilled the soil of the Lizard Peninsula for generations. Gilberts had been listed in the parish registers of Mullion since 1629; Polgear was one of three farms his grandfather owned and worked. Life wasn't easy. By the time he was 16, his sister, mother and father were dead. His stepmother Mary Ellen raised him, introduced him to the joys of gardening. A bright lad who won a scholarship to grammar school, he was forever grateful when she insisted he continue his studies. After a scholarship to Exeter University, he won first-class honours in math and in 1932 started teaching in Essex. He added his honours degree in physics through correspondence. The world opened up to him: He was introduced to music, art, architecture, photography and theatre — interests he kept all his life.

In 1938, he trained as a meteorologist for the Air Force. He taught air navigators in southern Wales, but after war was declared and the school bombed, it was moved to Port Albert, Ont., under the Commonwealth Air Training Plan.

There he started writing to a distant relative, Lillian Barbara Mundy of Edmonton, whom he married in 1942. They set up house in Goderich, Ont., and he dug his first garden — lettuce, onions, chard. Cosmos, candytuft, sweet-scented stocks.

By 1945 the school was disbanded and the men shipped back to England. They sailed on the Queen Elizabeth, in use as a troop ship. The women, including my mother and me, a two-year-old, followed on a convoy of cargo ships.

In London, George worked at the Meteorological Office and planted his second garden at a slightly bomb-damaged house in Woodford Green. With rationing still in force, a modest chicken coop was added. George always said when he was served whale meat in the ministry canteen, he decided to emigrate to Canada.

He joined the Canadian Meteorological Service and his next garden was in Gander, Nfld. None but the most optimistic soldiered on in that thin, rocky soil. Undaunted, my father introduced the neighbours to leaf lettuce, a hitherto unknown delicacy.

Five years later he set up a garden in Ottawa, where he was meteorological adviser to National Defence. Involved in the study of the blast damages of explosions and the influence of atmospheric conditions on them, he created a formula to determine when the sound rays would produce blast damages. It won the best-paper-of-the-year award from the Canadian Meteorological Society.

Meanwhile, he practiced ecological weed control by paying his four children 25 cents a six-quart basket of dug dandelions. Each year his lawn grew smaller as his garden expanded. Until he moved to Toronto, where he worked in the Research Section of the Meteorological Service.

There he retired, planting fruit trees and grapes, experimenting with asparagus, starting rose bushes from cuttings. His passion rubbed off on everyone who knew him and made us all better gardeners.

His last garden was in Edmonton. His heart condition often meant days of low energy but that never stopped him. One of his grandchildren found him stretched on the grass, gardening in the only way he had energy for that morning. He was thinking plants right up to his death. Above all he wanted his garden to go on, for he said he felt closest to God in the garden. Dad, the spring bulbs are planted and we'll be thinking of you when they come up.

Barbara Ross

Barbara Ross is a teacher living in Hamilton.



George Gilbert in 1981.

Significant digits

• **Eight:** The Food Allergy Network reports that eight foods are responsible for about 90 per cent of the allergic reactions in the United States. Peanuts top the list of food items that can cause a constricted airway, swollen throat and tongue, dizziness and rapid heartbeat.

• **17:** There is no cure for migraine, a disorder that affects 17 per cent of the Canadian population. The disorder costs the economy approximately \$500-million a year from absenteeism alone, the Migraine Association of Canada reports.

• **800:** In Utah, The Dallas Morning News says, about 800 girls aged 14 to 17 get married every year. "The recent forced marriage of a 16-year-old Utah girl to her father's brother has renewed the debate on whether these marriages are appropriate."

• **Three million:** "Some three million Americans still smoke pipes, but you'd never know it by looking at the media," Mark Feeney writes in the Boston

Globe. An executive with Spec Comm International, the firm that publishes Pipes and Tobaccos magazine, told Mr. Feeney that celebrities "do not want to be covered in magazines as pipe smokers because they feel it's not manly."

More digits

• **Fingers:** Former gangsters in Japan,



SOCIAL STUDIES

A daily miscellany of information
by Michael Kesterton



who lopped off some of their own fingers during their criminal careers to prove their loyalty or contrition and are now living on limited budgets, can purchase cut-rate silicone finger prostheses from the New Body Institute. The fingers, which were rejected during fitting sessions with normal clients, enable the ex-gangsters to blend in with society again.

• **Toes:** In his book *Couples*, novelist John Updike gave one of the characters the feet of his first wife, with toes that curled a particular way, according to Bernard Malamud and Anne Bernays, who have read the book and seen the feet.

• **Paws:** Black bears in the Pacific Northwest are poached for body parts such as their gall bladders, The Associated Press reports. Sometimes bear paws end up as ashtrays.

Young scientists

• **Colin Percival**, a 17-year-old math whiz at Simon Fraser University who

calculated the value of pi to five trillion binary digits (News, Aug. 29), is looking for volunteers with Pentium computers to help him reach the 40-trillionth digit. His Web site is www.cecm.sfu.ca/projects/pihex.

• **Kevin Apps**, a sophomore at the University of Sussex in England, sent an E-mail tip to a pair of U.S. astronomers that helped them discover a new planet orbiting a star like our sun. Dr. Geoffrey Marcy and Dr. R. Paul Butler made a point of sharing credit for the discovery — the 12th planet found outside our solar system — with the astrophysics student. "He used the latest satellite data and sifted out stars that would have the best likelihood of harbouring planets," Dr. Marcy said. "It's great to have him as a colleague."

• **Next year**, on Nov. 18, high-school students in Rhode Island are scheduled to launch a suborbital rocket that will capture comet dust from the Leonid meteor storm. The rocket, which is expected to reach 200,000 feet in altitude, will be financed by the U.S. space agency's Rockets for Schools program.

Sources: The New York Times, the Providence Journal.

Drought-proof bureaucrats

For more than three months this summer, residents of Manuel in the drought-stricken Mexican state of Tamaulipas turned on their faucets with only faint hopes of getting anything wet. However, they did receive regular monthly water bills from the municipality.

Word watch

• **Asthma counsellor:** A new kind of health worker in U.S. inner cities, where many people have low incomes and no health insurance. The counsellors help patients cope with this disease, which is becoming increasingly prevalent in cities, the American News Service reports.

• **Biological bypass:** An experimental procedure in which doctors inject a gene-loaded solution into a patient's heart, to stimulate growth of new blood vessels and thus alleviate the pain and heart damage that can result from blocked coronary arteries. Almost a dozen biotechnology companies have joined the race to develop gene therapies for heart and vascular diseases.

Thought du jour

"The ordinary man only knows one kind of truth, in the ordinary sense of the word. He cannot imagine what a higher or a highest truth may be. Truth seems to him no more capable of comparative degrees than death; and he cannot join in the leap from the beautiful to the true. Perhaps you will think, as I do, that he is right in this." — Sigmund Freud.

The early bird gets the worm.

He who hesitates is lost.

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