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Montreal artist Kevin Ledo painted a giant mural called 'Sohkatsiwin' which in Cree means 'strength and power.' The painting of Cree cultural dancer Angela Gladue was completed in 2019. Gladue is the daughter of ASN writer John Zapantis. The mural project was supported by The Beltline Urban Mural's Project (BUMP) where Gladue was honored for her contributions in promoting cultural diversity. The distinctive mural covers the wall of a parkade facing westwards on the street corner of 4 Street SW and 10th Avenue SW in downtown Calgary.

ALBERTA STREET NEWS

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Street Papers

Immediate action needed in perilous times for people who are homeless

By Jim Gurnett

The human and financial cost of failing at least to replace immediately the services that had been available at EXPO Centre will be immense.

The Edmonton Coalition on Housing and Homelessness (ECOHH) appreciates the announcement of additional funding for services for people who are homeless made by the Government of Alberta on August 5, but regrets the continued lack of clarity about what will be available.

“Edmonton is a city with immense resources and a caring heart, Time after time we have taken action to address challenges and help hurting people. We cannot allow the dangers and stresses related to the loss of services at EXPO Centre to continue another day,” says ECOHH president Laura Murphy.

From March 23 until July 31, several Edmonton organizations collaborated at EXPO Centre to provide a range of services including meals, hygiene supplies, personal support, connections to housing workers, showers, laundry, and secure napping space. It opened when most agencies closed their doors as the corona virus pandemic began. Without explanation, the Centre closed on July 31, with little notice and no replacement provided.

“Hundreds of people each day received supports at EXPO Centre that helped them stay healthy, safe, clean, and connected with community. Skilled and hard-working staff there kept up relationships that made a life-and-death difference for some. Now those people are back facing the dangers of the street,” Murphy explains.

The importance of daytime services, such as EXPO Centre offered, is more critical given the loss of overnight emergency shelter spaces with the demolition of Herb Jamieson Centre and the greater space requirements in all shelters due to COVID-19. The end of the brief City of Edmonton moratorium on demolishing campsites also increases challenges for people who are camping.

“EXPO Centre was not a nice extra, but a minimal essential contribution in these times to having safe healthy communities for all of us. People already struggling with significant challenges in their lives are facing even more misery now,” Murphy notes.

Things I’m Thankful For

By Joanne Bengert

1. I passed the temperature test.
2. The local stores all remain open, fully stocked and sanitized.
3. No one expects me to cook Thanksgiving dinner for a crowd this year.
4. I’m glad I’m not living in a long term care home or jail.
5. I’m glad this is the age of electronics and phones so I can stay connected while isolated.
6. I didn’t get sick or die and no one close to me has gotten sick or died.
7. The most unexpected people are wearing masks and distancing out of respect for others.
8. The young untried prime minister I didn’t vote for was able to unify all levels of government to fight covid19 and proved himself a world leader.
9. Our premier is proving able to fight covid19 without forfeiting our economic future.
10. 211 provides free masks for those of us who don’t get them at fast food outlets.
11. The government gives us both money and masks to make things easier.
12. I get to watch reruns of TV shows I missed the first time around.
13. There’s none judgmental curb side delivery of high calorie comfort foods.
14. I won’t have to spend money on Halloween treats this year.
15. I have a big stock pile of toilet paper in case there are second and third waves.

Due to Covid19 social distancing, and the high cost of printing, Alberta Street News vendors will now share the website information so readers can find ASN on line. Call Linda at 780-975-3903

Sing Alley Akey-O, It's September

By Joanne Bengner

It's September and the geese are on the wing. The earlier they fly south the longer and cooler the coming winter will be. That's the long term forecast. High flying geese indicate good weather ahead and low flying geese tell us there's a storm coming. That's the short term forecast. There is also the old saying, "Fair on September first, fair for the month."

September is Arthritis Awareness Month, World Alzheimers Awareness Month, International Square Dancing Month and U.S. National Sewing Month.

September 1 Alberta will be 115 years old. Celebrate the birthday of our province. We have a lot to be proud on – oil and beef. Alberta's two meat plants process 70% of Canada's meat and we are home to the tar sands.

September 7 is Labour Day which is celebrated as the end of the summer by many.

September 7 is also National Acorn Squash Day, National Deer Lovers Day and National Salami Day so you have your holiday Monday menu. Bon appetit.

The second week of September, September 7 to 13, is National OrganicFood Week. Eat clean and keep the soil happy.

September 11 to 13, 1988 was predicted to be the end of the world by Edgar Whisenaut, a formerNASA rocket engineer. The book and movie pictures The Rapture with driverless cars and vanishing dinner companions as the true believers were snatched up into heaven. Alas, it was not to be.

September 13, the first Sunday after Labour Day, is Grandparents Day.Honour your elders.

September 14 is Creative Day, Doughnut Day and Cream Doughnut Day. Get creative and enjoy the doughnut of your choice.

September 15 is when children sail a piece of wood and sing," The big ship sails through the alley-alley-o. The big ship sails through the alley-alley-o. On the fifteenth of September, "If there is no running water to sail it on you can put the piece of wood on a puddle and beat the water with a stick to make it bob and dip.

September 16 is Mexican Independence Day. Eat your favourite Mexican food.

September 18 is National Aging Day as well as National AIDS/NIV Awareness Day.

September 19 is Talk Like a Pirate Day. In Treasure Island, Robert Louis Stevenson wrote, "Fifteen men on the dead man's chest, Yo Ho , Yo ho and a bottle of rum. Drink and the devil will do the rest. Yo ho, yo ho and a bottle of rum.

September 20 is the 80th anniversary of the Battle of Britain which took place September 20, 1940. Watch an old war movie.

September 21 is St. Matthews Day. "Matthews Day bright and clear, brings good wine in the next year."

September 22 is Equinox when the day and night are equal, the first day of fall. If it's warm at the time of the equinox, the fall weather should be fine.

September 28, the first Monday in September, is National Coffee Day. In 1674 the women's Petition Against Coffee gave us this warning, "Coffee leads men to trifle away their time, scald their chips and spend their money all for a little base, black, thick, nasty, bitter, stinking, nauseous puddle of water.' Enjoy your coffee!

September 29 is Argentina's Invention Day in honour of Biro, who invented the ball point pen we call a Bic and the Europeans call a Biro. Grab a Bic and see if you can design some new invention.



Happy Birthday Alberta

By Joanne Bengner

Alberta will be 115 years old on September 1st because Alberta joined confederation September 1, 1905.

Until 1670 Alberta was home to the First Nations People including the Slavey, Sarcee, Peigan, Cree, Blood, Blackfoot and Beaver. Then in 1670 the Hudson's Bay Company was given a charter to trade in the territory that is now part of Alberta. Confederation took place in 1867 and from 1867 to 1899 s series of treaties were signed between the Canadian government and the First Nations living in the territory that would become Alberta. Some of these treaties are still being disputed.

September 1, 1905 Alberta joined Canada as a province. It was named for princess Louise Caroline Alberta, the fourth daughter of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. Her third name, Alberta, is the feminine form of Albert, her father. Her first two names were also used to name various places including Lake Louise and the town of Caroline, Alberta.

At the start of 2020 Alberta's population was 4,334,025. The capitol of Alberta is Edmonton although Calgary is the largest city so here is a bit of rivalry. Alberta's provincial motto is , "Fortis et Libre" which translates to "Strong and Free". The provincial flower is the wild rose, the provincial bird is the great horned owl and the provincial tree is the Lodgepole pine. Alberta has no official provincial food but some people think it should be green onion cake..

“CONVOY!!!”



Story and photo by Barbra Crawford

You may have seen a series of three charter buses driving around central Edmonton during the start of shut down and through Phase One of reopening. That was our ETS Charter “convoy” (transporting/shuttling) us to and fro between EXPO and Kinsman with the requested and scheduled stops by Boyle Street Community Services and Hope Mission on 101 street.

While staying at Kingsman overnight shelter I watched the south running 109 street bridge faithfully every morning, patiently counting off each individual #9 bus until... one...two...three!!! “CONVOY!!!” There they came - our chariots to take us to EXPO for breakfast.

Our convoy was made up of five vehicles. An ETS inspector was in the first vehicle training and explaining the routes and safety procedures to any new route drivers, plus much more I suspect. His job was to try to keep us all together to get us there and back safely. For a couple of examples, if only one or two, not all three buses, made the traffic light before it turned red, he would pull over, and wait until all five vehicles were back in line. Thus the hold-up and inconvenience to other drivers on the road, but safety was always first.

Another reason why he would direct

the buses to pull over would be due to trouble on the buses themselves, and that is where the fifth vehicle came in. Bringing up the rear was a peace officer. Most trips were uneventful, quiet, with pleasant chatter amongst us. But occasionally a couple of riders would get into a dispute, or would be overly aggressive. The buses always had one ‘support’ worker, provided by one of the non profits, like Mustard Seed, Boyle, Bissell, etc. Their job included sanitizing the seats after we dismounted, as well as ensuring peace was kept on the bus. If a dispute broke out they would call to the driver to ‘pull over’ who notified the other drivers. A peace officer would then enter the bus and take matters from there, including removing the rider from the bus.

PROBLEMS

- At first the charter pick up and drop off times were out of sync with the openings of the shelters. Keep in mind Kingsman opened in March and standing outside in the cold waiting for the doors to open was not only a problem here, but is a problem with all shelters in ‘normal’ times that needs to be addressed. BLACKHOLE ~ We didn’t get the memo on that one!!! - June 15 ETS fares were reinstated and charter bus service ended

Kinsman closed and Trinity Church on

81 Ave opened.

Homeless and low income people were caught off guard as few of us were given significant notice of the quick sudden changes that were to happen. We had to start paying bus fare again and except for the few of us having ‘coin-on-hand’, were left stranded with our only option to hop the LRT and hope we didn’t get caught to face a \$250 fine.

HINDSIGHT is 20/20

- The reason for hiring charter buses for Kingsman while transit rides were free is unclear. The #9 runs south on 109 Street, and north on 105 Street...either side of us. To get from Kingsman to EXPO only a transfer at Kingsway to the #8 or LRT would have been needed. To go from 109 Street to 105 Street only involved walking across the road and catching the #9 going from south to north.

The above being said, as we occasionally, or regularly took the #9 when the charter buses were full or we were late getting out of Kingsman, the charters did little to reduce the amount of homeless people using public buses, and did nothing to reduce the amount of abuse some of the #9 drivers and riders had to endure.

at taxpayers expense. Although the charter buses did keep some ETS employees and peace officers employed and busy, in hindsight only a low mobility bus may have been required to transport those that needed it.

When Kingsman was getting ready to close, Trinity Church on 81 Avenue had not yet been secured as an overnight shelter for the homeless. The amount of tax dollars used could have been greatly reduced by waiting until the need really occurred. With people, who have little or no income, at Trinity the cost and service would have been better served there. But that is when ETS really stepped in for us at EXPO..

The end of July Expo closed as an all day drop in where homeless people could get meals, access services and wash clothes and catch o=up on much needed sleep. Sp,me of the other drop in centres have re-opened.

Tim Hortons Camp Day now safe on-line e-Camp

By John Zapantis

Tim Hortons Foundation Camps, throughout Canada and the USA has measured up to its expectations in serving as a charitable leader in our communities, impacting the lives of thousands of disadvantaged children in its four decades of operation, hosting seven Tim Hortons Camp Days in Canada and the USA.

The Camp Days are usually held in the month of June every year, inviting disadvantaged children between the ages of 12 to 16, who are all mentored by paid leaders and volunteer leaders, who help the children develop self-confidence and leadership skills through allowing them the opportunity to participate in a variety of outdoor Camp Day activities that include archery, kayaking, rock climbing, horseback riding and other adventurous tasks.

This year's Tim Hortons Camp Day has taken on a new normal, because of the Covid19 pandemic. The Tim's Camp Day changed its name to Tim's e-Camp.

That e-Camp was hosted on Wednesday August 12th and was held under the bubble in children's homes that received online instruction on their computers, while receiving the supportive guidance of volunteer instructors.

One of the many Tim Hortons in operation in Edmonton, located at 16039-97 Street, was patronized by a long line of customers both inside and outside in the drive through, who all purchased either a coffee or an iced coffee to donate to the cause. The proceeds for the sales of the drinks were all donated to the Tims e-Camps.

Tim Hortons store owner, Dave McEachern was very optimistic about this years e-Camp and in our interview elaborated on the past opportunities disadvantaged children have enjoyed in developing their skills, while challenging the many outdoor activities that have been offered to them.

McEachern said, "The kids also learn things like working as a team and leader-

ship. They get exposed to activities and settings that they never would anywhere else and when you spoke with individual kids that went to camp, I mean it just changed lives. It really did."

The Tims Camp Days, held for a total of four decades, are organized by the Tim Hortons Foundation that was founded in 1974 by Ron Joyce, co-founder of Tim Hortons, who established this foundation because of his passion for children and moral concern in assisting disadvantaged children.

Camp Days have a successful track record in churning out many success stories, from thousands of young campers, who have gone on to become productive and successful members of our society.

The intercontinental camps are known as the largest annual fundraiser operated by the Tim Hortons Foundation.

Each year the monies that are donated from the proceeds of coffee and iced coffee sales go to fund the operations of the seven camps offered throughout Canada and the USA.

The camp participants are given the free opportunity of testing their skills at various camp activities.

Despite coffee and iced coffee donations that pay for the camps, various colored bracelets, were on sale for \$2.00 each and proceeds from those sales were also donated to e-Camp operations.

It is still advised that Tim Hortons Customers can donate to the e-Camp cause, since online e-Camps will continue to host eight weeks of well structured online programming. Additional donations can also

be made online at <http://www.timscamps.com>.

Last years Camp Day successfully raised \$12.2 million dollars for all seven camps in Canada and Kentucky in the USA.

The e-Camps are integral to the psychological developmental growth of disadvantaged youth and instrumental in helping them to become productive and law abiding citizens, who will all one day help to make that big difference in our communities. This need is also essential in helping kids rise above their own adversity.

Tim Hortons Foundation statistics confirm (1). One in five children live in poverty and when facing adverse conditions, the cycle of poverty is repeated, while their abilities decline, preventing them from developing skills that would otherwise prepare them for a promising future.

(2). Disadvantaged youth living in low income families without proper parenting and nutrition, experience an inability to perform academically in school and can become anti-social which can affect their physical and emotional well-being.

Continued on page

Below: Tim Hortons located at 16039 97 Street in Edmonton was among hundreds of locations across Canada and in the USA celebrating Camp Day on Wednesday August 12th. Here celebrating that special occasion in raising their coffee cups while thanking those generous Tim Horton donors are from left to right, Tim Hortons Owner Dave McEachern, employee Pam and Tim Hortons Manager Rowie.



Tim Hortons E-Camp Continued from page 5

(3). The problems can start to really manifest along their journey as they experience a variety of problems, including hospitalization, accidents, mental illness, low grades in school, early school dropout, family violence and child abuse.

Tim Hortons Foundation Camps have notably helped more than 295,000 youth change their attitudes and lives for the better.

Tim Hortons owner Dave McEachern proudly boasts about the positive impact the past Camp Days have had on participants and the success they've achieved from those courageous efforts. McEachern said, "Many of the graduates who do the camps, end up coming back as mentors for future classes and go on to achieve all sorts of things. Some make it into paid positions. Obviously the big organization has a lot of paid positions in the Tim Hortons Foundation Camps. There are a lot of volunteer positions as well. A lot of the kids come back as volunteers, where they get

access to do more activities and that kind of thing and to see how they can affect the lives of kids that were just like them when coming through the first time."

Living in poverty, has no doubt created a lot of roadblocks for children spiraling into complete failure. These camps are happy to say have helped to break that cycle of disappointment."

McEachern speaks proudly about the immense progress made by past camp participants who are now on the right path leading to success.

McEachern said, "The Camp Days also want kids to step outside of their comfort zone a little bit in a supportive atmosphere, where they can rely on others and also bring out their own leadership qualities."

McEachern's moral support in helping to make a big difference in supporting the e-Camp campers online has inevitably erased that popular stigma, that Tim Hortons owners are a greedy bunch of low profile millionaires. The reality in eradicating that myth is that they actually employ a lot of staff, that they have to pay and cover their expenses for food prod-

ucts, utilities and their own families. You have to hand it to the owners in that they can identify with their responsibilities of acting as a second parent to disadvantaged children through helping to support the e-Camp and made this camp for youth a living reality and not just some dream!

The compassionate and caring Tim Hortons owner has heard many stories from many children who have hungered for his moral support and listening ear in anticipating a paradise getaway to a free Tims Camp Day that has made him realize how fortunate he's been in his life to have come this far in health and happiness.

He is especially amazed by how those unique Camp Days in past years have helped to turn young lives around, towards a more positive, productive and prosperous future, McEachern said, "Typically, when we send kids to camp, we get to meet them and talk with them, before they get sent out and when you hear their stories, it's hard to keep a dry eye. I mean it's transformative. These camps, it turns lives around. It really does."

I'm confused

By Joanne Bengier

1. People talk at the top of their voice but never at the bottom of their voice.
2. We call short pants "shorts" but we don't call long pants "longs".
3. People get sore throats, chest pains and head aches but never throat pains, chest aches and sore heads.
4. There are perfect circles but no perfect triangles or squares.
5. Shut up and pipe down mean the same thing.
6. We can knuckle down and knuckle under but never knuckle up or knuckle over.
7. People engage in high jinks but never in low jinks.
8. Scotland Yard is in England, New England is in the U.S.
9. If they launder filthy lucre, is it clean money?
10. If I am Joanne jay walking is she Debbie dee walking?
11. Isn't it time for Newfoundland to become Oldfoundland?
12. Even in a drought a mortgaged house can be under water.
13. What band do husbands play for?
14. You can shut down a business but if you re-open it you don't shut up the business.
15. Organ confusion – organ donors can go to organ recitals and eat organic food.
16. Fat chance means the same as slim chance.
17. Hill-billy but not sill-billy or bil-billy.
18. A garage sale can be held in a hall, a yard sale may be held indoors.
19. City people drive to the country-side but country people don't drive to the city side.
20. Why don't they sell dehydrated water?

Whoopie! Summer's Gone

By Joanne Bengier

No more mosquitoes or stingy things. No more ants ruining picnics. No more sun burns and heat rashes. No more lawns to mow. No more gardens to weed. No more tourists blocking your way. No more sore toe sandals. No more nettles and poison oak. No more thunder storms. No more sweltering headt. No more ice cream head aches.

Whoopie! It's Fall

By Joanne Bengier

Bring out the woolies. Embrace fake fur. Enjoy hot chocolate. Rediscover central heating. Get fit raking leaves. Feel the power of boots. Eat fresh picked pumpkin. Stop shaving your legs. Proudly war a toque. Donate your swim suit. Buy a new snow shovel. OR just hibernate.

Democracy in Alberta

By Timothy Wild

On the night of May 5, 2015, the unthinkable happened. Voters massively rejected not only the condescension, subterfuge and lacklustre electoral offerings of the Jim Prentice – Danielle Smith government, but also ended the hegemonic domination of the Progressive Conservative Party of Alberta. It was long overdue, and many Albertans on the social, cultural and economic fringes of society benefited from the change. The years between 2015 and 2019 saw an expansion of the circle of belonging in Alberta, and the NDP Government heralded in progressive legislation in a range of areas including the minimum wage, the indexing of benefits, collective bargaining, increased workplace safety and taxation. However, no good deed goes unpunished, and those four years also saw the creation of the United Conservative Party (UCP) fashioned out of the ashes of the PC Party and the atavistic ideology of Wildrose Party. They united the disparate and desperate elements of the fragmented right wing, and the UCP claimed the reins of power in 2019.

The newly united right came back with a vengeance. In fact, much of their legislative agenda is aimed at overturning the benefits that ordinary Albertans gained under the premiership of Rachel Notley. Bill 32, The Restoring Balance in Alberta Workspaces Act, for example, is focussed on rolling back the advances enjoyed by workers in our province. Indeed, restoring balance could be seen as code for increased profit taking at the expense of the rules and norms of collective bargaining and workplace democracy. Simply put, it is anti-worker. But Bill 32 is just one of scores of legislation the UCP has introduced to remove any trace of NDP government in Alberta. Bill 29 will reverse NDP reforms to municipal election financing. In July of 2019, the UCP eliminated the cap on electricity costs. In November they reversed the protections the NDP brought to farm workers in Alberta and made them exempt from the Alberta Labour Code. While the province sinks deeper into recession and unemployment, the UCP has focussed its energies on attacking the working class.

Still, this should not be surprising.

The Conservatives, particularly in this province, have hardly fallen into the progressive camp, and they have to keep their financial masters and donor base happy by being “open for business”. They have also managed to paper over divisive economic class issues, much to the detriment of the working class. This follows a trend, as noted by C.B. Macpherson, developed by United Farmer and Social Credit administrations of quasi-party government. I fear we are in for many more years of austerity for the masses, and opulence for the rich. The Conservative always exceed my pessimism. However, although we have very limited experience in terms of the rotation of government in Alberta, I believe that the NDP has done a solid job in opposition and will be well-placed to run a competitive campaign when the provincial election is next called.

As mentioned, the UCP is introducing anti-working class legislation with a vengeance. This is a problem. However, drawing from Macpherson’s work on experiments with plebiscitarian democracy, what concerns me most are attempts to impose, or reimpose, a right-wing populism in Alberta. I don’t think that this threat is being given the attention it deserves. For example, the Conservative Government introduced Bill 26, the Constitutional Referendum Amendment Act, which was passed in July. The Act widened the use of referendums from being strictly related to Constitutional issues to, potentially, much broader uses. The Act states that referendums can be called not only on constitutional issues but other “government-led initiatives or matters of public interest before they are implemented – including the recommendations of the Fair Deal Panel”. This is a significant change to the democratic framework and process in our province. It can also lead to a nasty manifestation of majoritarian populism.

Binding referendums are a dangerous tool to use when deciding contentious issues of public policy. I would also suggest that most of our expansions of justice – the end of slavery, the prohibition of child labour, the equality of men and women, workplace democracy, gay rights – would not have happened if it were left to a simple majority vote, 50% plus one, on complex social issues. We can also see what damage referendums can do to civil society, harmony, health and well-being, and the common good, as shown by the

disaster of Brexit, the vote on the Charlottetown Accord, Quebec’s two independence votes, Calgary’s fluoride vote, and the decision to remove the constitutional guarantees of denominational schools in Newfoundland and Labrador. In many ways, referendums serve to impose the majority will without the equally important democratic principle of protecting minority rights. They also allow the government to avoid debating complex and controversial issues. The link to the recommendations of the Fair Deal Panel is particularly alarming, as if the complexity of the constitutional dance could be pared down to the artless level of single steps. True democracy is a lot more complicated than simply choosing between two stark options.

Anyway, I fear that I may be coming across as anti-democratic. Especially in terms of the minute democratic space of conservative ideology. However, this is the furthest thing from my mind. Instead, I am arguing that referendums, despite all the shiny allure of populism, are fundamentally anti-democratic. They boil down complex issues to meaningless, uncontextual chunks. They are also means to reduce the space of minority rights under the pretext of electoral mathematics. For me, democracy is a process, and part of that process involves providing space for people to express their views in the electoral market. Periodic elections are an expression of that will. But so is providing space for a diversity of experiences and voices to be heard, so that public policy is reflective of discussion and sober thought, rather than a knee-jerk response to specific social issues. In many ways, democracy is what happens in the space between elections, not only in the legislature but in our homes, institutions and workplaces. Democracy allows for both individual growth and the common good.

If the UCP government was truly interested in hearing the diversity of voices on a range of public policy issues, it would not be afraid of adequately funding civil society organizations and independent think tanks. It would not impose limits on the advocacy roles played by social service agencies. It would also not fund – and give money and extensions to – narrowly focussed torch committees created to explore the phantom role played by vested interests in undermining our non-renewable resource sector.

Covid19 and how that defines whether we care or not

By John Zapantis

I'm starting to realize that there's more than meets the eye when it comes to why this crazy and merciless pathogen of a little invisible holy terror named Covid19 is here impacting planet earth in more ways than one!

First, speculation when it came to all the crazy press hype about its rude awakening was when the international papers pointed the finger at China alleging that the pathogen was a lab experiment that had eluded its insane masters like some Frankenstein's monster, who decided to break free, ruthlessly spreading its reach. Running amok, doing its 'evil world tour' it infected millions of people in foreign lands and devastated thousands of lives and on top of all things destroyed world economies, while destroying families and creating a mass shutdown of millions of businesses that has inevitably caused millions of layoffs and high unemployment worldwide.

When the virus was in its infancy we knew very little about it. We were constantly reminded by the news media that taking the necessary precautions of washing our hands with soap and hot water for twenty seconds and proper social distancing at two meters would serve as helpful measures in preventing the spread of this dangerous and depressing disease.

But there's the defining moment that often determines whether we care about one another or not, just by how we must follow the rule book of what's expected of us while watching out for one another under these unprecedented times. That's what I found out during the last six months while trying to get around some of the toughest obstacles thrown at me, at times struggling to stay consistent in avoiding any possible on coming collision with Covid19.

Trying to avoid conflict with some of the most ignorant people, I've had the most unfortunate of experiences, while warning them in advance that I was social distancing and watching out for their best interests and safety, hasn't been a rewarding time I'll admit. That's when I realized that the defining moment would finally

tell us why Covid19 was here, to teach us all some kind of grand moral lesson about how people should learn how to finally change their negative attitudes in order to survive what this pandemic will eventually mean in the end if we all don't get our act together real soon!

Here are some scenarios that I've experienced while warning others that I was properly social distancing with a heads up for their own safety, while walking towards me and kind of getting a little too close to me while shopping at those many unpredictable shopping center aisles.

My first brush with ignorance, while shopping at Sobey's, was some time during March of this year. I had just finished shopping for a few food items and as I was slowly approaching the check out aisle I noticed a man looking over at me. I asked him if he could move up to the next marked sign on the floor, indicating where he could stand safely away from the next person, like myself, but he remained in his spot without respecting my cautionary reminder that I was coming towards him.

That's when I got a little firmer with my demands and asked again, 'Sir, can you move up further, I'm just looking out for your best interests and safety, just reminding you to safely social distance from one another. He replied arrogantly, 'Oh you and your social distancing.' Then he quickly waved me off with his hand pointed outwards like he'd just given someone an uppercut.

I'd been thinking about that incident off and on for about a week or so and then it all dawned on me that this social distancing policy was obviously quite likely to annoy many people in the months to come. Well the answers to that question weren't too far away in the conceivable future, as I soon would find out! Some time during the following month, while again shopping at another Sobey's in North Edmonton, I was waiting behind one customer at the checkout counter to purchase my only item, a quart of milk. There I noticed a Black man walking towards me, but he seemed to notice me at the same time and was now getting a little too close to me by about less than a foot. I realized then that he had just violated the social distancing policy and immediately warned him without any hesitation. I loudly reminded him for his own safety and mine, "Sir, just watching out for your best interests. How about some social distancing?"

He sternly gave me an aggressive and

threatening stare down. while looking over at me quickly. and ignorantly replied, "Go lick your mother's #%&&\$!" I realized then with the ethnic accent that came out of that mouth of his that he was a Muslim, probably from Eritrea, a Muslim strong hold in East Africa.

That was it. I'd taken injury to insult and figured it was my turn to play him back, in return another way of busting someone's balls, fighting fire with fire, just to even the score! I replied out loud to him, "You apologize for saying that about my mother." His reply was, "Why should I apologize to you?"

I was at this point raring to go, calling him out for a fight, "Then if you're not going to apologize lets go out right now."

He arrogantly remarked in a calm demeanor, "Okay then you're calling me out for a fight? Let's go then."

He had real nerve I must admit and just to give him one heads up and an option as a way out, I played him again and remarked loudly, loud enough to get management's attention to what was going on as I replied, "You're just a terrorist and if you come out side I'll finish what you're starting!"

Management heard my threatening warning and immediately intervened preventing this conflict from getting bigger as one of the managers said to the both of us, "All right you two that's enough."

Soon it was my turn to pay for my item as I now did and started to leave the store. I could hear the manager in the background behind me warning this character not to go out there till I was away from the area. I got the better half of this guy, and had the satisfaction of seeing him get a little taste of his own medicine for saying what he said about my mother!

Let's not kid ourselves, there's always some kind of price to pay for our actions and my price was sheer embarrassment for my loud stand on this issue, which made me not want to ever go back to that same store ever again. Even if I outsmarted the man, it really wasn't worth a silly argument in the end!

Sometimes we even contradict our own good intentions, when trying to watch out for the safety of others as well as ourselves, when walking on that tight rope without a net while trying to navigate Covid19.

I certainly embarrassed myself a few months ago, while driving to Wetaskiwin and running into a Safeway Store to pick

some pepperoni for a planned snack with a coffee at a Tim Horton's. I went into that store, and there to intrusively greet me without properly social distancing and nearly running into me was a lady that worked the door, insisting on spraying my hands. I was annoyed with the fact that she nearly bumped into me and demanded that she back off as I went into a rant, "You don't know how to social distance do you. You should be two meters away from me. If you had the virus you could have infected me."

That's when I rushed off into the store, refusing to have her spray my hands and then out of frustration did a 180 back towards the front entrance of Safeway, telling her again, "You really don't know how to social distance do you?" I continued to walk out of the store and then looked over my left shoulder, noticing a lineup of people waiting to get inside the store. I then realized that, hurried as I was I failed to notice this lineup of people. I unknowingly violated store policy, all because I was thinking of myself and was embarrassed as I noticed the stern looks I was getting from that long lineup of people.

My head was down as I rushed out to my car, thankful that not one person in that lineup had grilled me about my incompetence to line up like the rest of them. That's when the learning curve of my mistake made me realize that sooner or later everyone's susceptible to some kind of human error during Covid19 times.

Anxiety buildup during Covid19 is expected when the pressure seems a little too much as we all have read the news headlines about people getting suicidal or into fist fights at department stores, when policies to remind others of safe distancing should be respected by everyone. One of the more frustrating situations that's probably become the more popular topic during Covid19 is when people are traveling to another city in Canada and then find out that when they go into a store in that city to use a washroom that the possible, now becomes the impossible and there's not a public washroom within a six mile radius. That's what I realized after arriving to Calgary after a two and a half hour trip from my home in Edmonton. I had just pulled into one of the Calgary downtown Tim Horton's, rushing out of my car and asking the counter person at the till if I could use their public wash-

room. She replied firmly, "The washrooms are all closed to the public."

I then defiantly replied, "Well I'm from Edmonton and we don't have that kind of attitude and we don't make like we own the sidewalk!"

An authoritative booming voice intervened firmly and loudly as I noticed a tall young man in his early thirties reading me the riot act, "You're in Calgary now and you have to play by our rules - get out."

I then cracked a smile at this arrogant customer, who had no business acting like he was the owner, as I confidently played him out, "Okay then let's go outside."

I immediately walked out of Tim Horton's, giving him the impression, that I'd be out there ready to take him on. When I was outside, I walked over to where I had parked my car, located in one of the corners of the parking lot. There by my car I noticed a young Black man looking to be in his early twenties, who asked me what was going on in there, because he had noticed some kind of commotion going on between me and that white customer.

I told him that I asked the counter lady if I could use the washroom and she told me that the washrooms were closed down and got uptight by telling her that I was from Edmonton and that we don't have that attitude where we think we own the sidewalk. That's when I continued my story by telling him that this customer interfered and told me that I was in Calgary and now I had to play by their rules and told me to get out, explaining further that I bluffed him by calling him out for a fight as a scare tactic to get back at him for being ignorant and not minding his own business.

The Black man then pointed towards the direction of the store's door entrance and said, "Look he's coming outside with two men on both sides of him."

Boy was I ever surprised with the kind of fear I left this customer with for not minding his own business. There in front of me were two tall Black men on both sides of the man, whom I was in conflict with about five minutes ago, with a very worried look on his face while looking quickly to both sides of himself, as he was now being escorted by them, safely to his awaiting parked car.

The irony of it all, this incident took place one day after a rally was held by Black Lives Matter at Calgary's Olympic Plaza and two wonderful human beings

decided to come to the assistance of this man I was in conflict with, helping to escort him safely to his car to prevent a supposedly dangerous confrontation!

I was pleased with the outcome and managed to win on my bluff while embarrassing this so called 'Hero' who should have been minding his own business to begin with and had a good laugh about the whole ordeal, while racing off with my car to another Tim Horton's that was located six miles North of downtown Calgary, making it just on time!

When the provincial government had enforced the policy of making the wearing of masks mandatory on Saturday August 1st, I was well prepared to answer that call, after having stocked up on a wealthy surplus of blue masks all provided courtesy of various Tim Horton's outlets in our city.

Last month in the beginning of August, I happened to be shopping at an Edmonton Shoppers Drug Mart and noticed that every customer standing in front of me at the checkout counter was donning a mask, except for one middle aged woman, who happened to sneak by me without one around her face. I was first annoyed by her selfishness in not social distancing. She made it seem like she was on some kind of superiority trip when she nearly bumped into me for starters, but because I was wearing a mask it never seemed to bother me as much. When I noticed she wasn't wearing a mask, that's when I defiantly took a stand, addressing her careless and reckless attitude, and told her right then, "You should be wearing a mask." She just looked over at me and froze for a moment without a challenge. I continued on, "You should be thinking of the safety of others and not jeopardize anyone's safety, I'm just watching out for everyone's best interest and mine, that's all."

She continued on to shop and I never bothered going any further into the debate because the message was finally absorbed by her.

Then in the famous words of former legendary CHED radio broadcaster and commentator Eddie Keen, whom I once interviewed for a story in the former Edmonton Senior Newspaper that I reported for back in 2004 to 2010, He quoted me in that interview with some very helpful words of wisdom that finally came in hand one day when I was shopping at a nearby store in the first week of August right after

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To The Editor:

This is in response to the story covered by the CBC : Sherwood Park Arrest Video Shows man's head hit concrete. (<https://www.cbc.ca/player/play/1766837827786>)

I write this as a concerned citizen, concerned for my safety and the safety of the people of this province and city that have come to love and call home. I also write this for all of us, for all the people who think that BLM and BIPOC who are calling to defund the police and for massive immediate reform are just race-baiters looking for sympathy, or that they are talking about an issue that doesn't affect everyone takes a look at this.

This happened just a few days ago, in Sherwood Park, one of the nicer communities just outside of Edmonton proper where I live. I suggest that you watch the video in question (<https://www.cbc.ca/player/play/1766837827786>).

The guy who gets assaulted by the police officer was belligerent, he seems drunk and obnoxious, but he could have mental health issues, I don't know. He seemed to be antagonizing and taunting the other people. He was being a jerk, and apparently, someone called the cops. Note he was not being violent with anyone. No fighting, just slurring his speech staggering and talking about a class action.

Notice as soon as the cop car pulls up the woman filming goes, "Oh shit..." weird that people's first response when the police show up is fear. Fear that the situation is going to escalate, fear that someone is going to get hurt.

Less than a minute of showing up the Cop escalates the situation and puts his hands on the person. Which is legally speaking an assault. Let me be clear. As a security guard, I had to take use of force training, the first use of force is the presence of a uniformed officer. You are not supposed to put your hands on anyone unless they are threatening or trying to escape lawful detainment by a uniformed officer who has announced themselves and moved to detain you.

The victim, as he is a victim, did nothing. He did not try to pull away from the officer (who remember had no reason to put his hands on him). The officer speaks quietly to the man, all you can hear is the officer say to put his hands behind his back, and when the man, who is holding his phone doesn't, the officer says, "do it now". The man does not resist, he is not belligerent, he is not even given enough time to comply with the officer when the

cop flips him over his knee slams the man face down on the concrete splitting his head open. You can hear the man groaning in pain, as the officer kneels on his neck and back and says "what did I tell you?"

From the time the officer arrives on the scene to the time he has smashed the man on the ground, splitting his head open is about 30 seconds. That's right, 30 seconds.

When the bystander filming yells to the cop that he is bleeding, he's bleeding the cop's response is, "Yeah ... I'm aware." He then realizes the man is unconscious, and not unresponsive, so he tries to put him in a recovery position and asks the next officer to arrive on the scene to get a first aid kit. He never stops kneeling on him to control the unconscious person who he just assaulted. He never takes the cuffs off. He just casually checks his watch, seemingly unconcerned about his assault.

This is the police. This is who they are. Not a bad cop, just a cop doing his job.

First, he had no reason to put his hands on that man. He did not try to flee as the cop approached. The officer did not clearly explain why he was being detained and made no effort to discuss anything with him before escalating by putting hands on a citizen. The first thought in my mind, "why did that cop put his hands on someone?"

We have the right to be free of unreasonable search or seizure. If a cop wants to put his hands on you, he needs a reasonable cause. He needed to use his words first. Second, ask yourself this, do you really think 30 seconds is enough time from arrival to slamming a man into unconsciousness. Do you really believe the officer took the time to attempt to handle the situation without violence? I sure don't.

This is one of the issues with our police forces. They somehow believe they are entitled to our respect and obedience. That is not how this works. They work for us, they are supposed to serve the public trust. If they want anything from me they need to ask. If they want to question me, speak to me, get my name, they have to ask. I am within my rights to refuse to engage with them unless they provide me with a reason I am being detained. Then if I am being detained they first must provide me with my Miranda rights, which include the right to contact an attorney.

Even if the man was drunk, publicly, it is a misdemeanor, meaning a ticket. However, the officer never clearly stated a reason for detention, and he never even took the time to provide the person with the opportunity to comply.

Defunding the police is not just about

racial justice. It is not just about protecting mentally ill people. It is about protecting all of us. Even people who appear to be belligerent drunks.

The police have way too much power and operate with too much authority and impunity. They are protected by qualified immunities and the fact that they get to investigate themselves in most incidences.

Right now the police and watchdog groups are "reviewing the situation", which is cop code for, pretending to give a damn till people stop watching, then we will quietly decide the officer was just doing his job.

It's time to systematically defund, and dismantle the police, we need to completely rethink their role in our society, how we conceptualize them and what they do.

At the very bare minimum, it is time for reviews and discipline to be completely removed from the hands of the police (including former officers). They should not get to oversee and discipline themselves. Civilian oversight, with the power to suspend, reprimand, discipline, and fire officers (stripping them of benefits and pensions, just like a dishonorable discharge in the military does) is the bare minimum where we need to start. We need a completely separate branch of crown prosecutors who work with those civilian oversight groups to prosecute officers for crimes they commit when they commit them.

At the bare minimum, we need to have incredibly high standards for our police, and the ability to hold them to those incredibly high standards.

That would be a start, but what we really need is to defund the police, to abolish them and create something new, something better, something accountable, something that actually protects and serves the public trust.

I am sick of the police and all the bullcrap. I know there will be tones of people saying that it is just a few bad cops, but let me put it this way again. if you have 990 good cops and 10 bad cops, and those 990 good cops don't ruthlessly carve those bad cops out like cancer, make an example out of them, and ensure they are held to account; you don't have 990 good cops and 10 bad ones, you have 1000 bad cops, and that is what we have right now. You see a few bad apples spoil the whole barrel (that's how the saying goes).

So for all the cop apologists, watch the video and wake up, realize that you don't have to be BIPOC for things to go wrong. Just remember next time someone may say "Oh shit," before your 30 seconds are up.

Regards,

Jon-Mark Wolfram-Jenkins

Welcome October and gateway to winter

By Joanne Bengner

It's October, the gateway to winter, and the saying is, "Many haws, cold toes". The more rose hips you see in October the more cold and snow there will be in the coming winter.

Much rain in October brings much snow in December and a warm October makes a cold February. On the other hand, a cold October foretells a mild January and February.

October is Breast Cancer Awareness Month, Cyber Security Month, Foster Families Month Small Business Month and Women's History Month.

October 1 is National Seniors Day and we all think guiltily of the state of Canada's long term care homes for seniors.

October 2 is World Farm Animals Day and we all think guiltily of the working conditions in Alberta's meat plants.

October 2 is also the beginning of Sukkoth, the Jewish fall harvest festival that lasts eight days.

October 3 is National Foundation Day of Korea and we all think of how Korea set a good example for us by handling the first wave of covid19 so well.

October 4 is World Animal Day. George Orwell wrote, "All animals are equal but some are more equal than others."

October 7, Edgar Allan Poe dies. Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

October 10 is World Mental Health Day. Isolation proved a real challenge to the mental health of the most vulnerable and I wish you well.

October 12 is Canada's Thanksgiving Day and the United States Columbus Day. This year many of us will be inventing new traditions that allow us to stay connected with loved ones safely.

For those of us who find it hard to feel thankful this year, here is Matthew Henry's inspirational prayer of thanks: "I thank thee first because I was never robbed before; second because although they took my purse they did not take my life; third because although they took my all, it wasn't much and fourth because it was I who was robbed not I who robbed."

October 16 is National Feral Cat Rescue Day. It's time to rescue those cats who have run loose all summer but need a warm home for the winter, Adopt a cat if you can.

October 17 it is two years since marijuana was legalized and October 18 it is one year since edible marijuana became legally available. Enjoy responsibly.

October 18 is Persons Day for on this date in 1917, Canadian women were finally accepted as persons able to vote.

The week of October 19-25 is Small Business Week. This year we are trying to support small businesses hit by the pandemic. Thank you U.N.

October 26 is Pat Sajek's birthday. Watch Wheel of Fortune.

The last week of October, October 26 to 31 this year, is Bat Week, which is celebrated to raise awareness of bats and our need to protect many of the endangered bat species. Once bats were considered lucky as in the nursery rhyme, "Airy mouse, airy mouse, Fly over my head, And you shall have a crust of bread. And when I brew and when I bake, You shall have a piece of my wedding cake."

Now because of that Wuhan market, bats are being blamed for the pandemic.

October 31 is Halloween, a time of masks and costumes when anything is possible and nothing as it seems. Politeness vanishes as children chant, "She's a witch! She's a witch! She's a hag and a bag!" Graffiti artists compete to see who can write the scariest message. Last year it was this one. "You can hide! I will find you!! I will kill you!" We've come a long way since Bram Stoker wrote,

Covid19

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the policy was enforced for mandatory wearing. The famous words of wisdom that he quoted to me were, "There is a time to speak and a time to stay quiet."

I chose to stay quiet for my own safety, after overhearing this by a lady speaking to a friend in a store while walking by the two of them on my shopping run as she

protested out loud, "I swear if I hear it one more time that I have to wear a mask, I'm going to punch someone in the nose!"

Well, I was glad it wasn't me this time, because I knew then to stay quiet for a change. The last thing a man needs is to be embarrassed by a woman and I especially thank Eddie Keen for those words of wisdom!

A vaccine to fend off Covid19 won't

be ready for possibly another year. In the meantime we can practice safety by washing our hands for 20 seconds, social distancing at two meters, equal to six feet and wearing a mask in public places. These will all serve to help to fight this war against the dangerous predator called Covid19 that has tragically taken down thousands and thousands of lives worldwide.

Fiction

Someone Else's Cat

Story and photo Sharon Austin

It had been a long hard week working in the oilfield and Bill was tired. He was getting too old for living in a bunkhouse and driving the hundred miles home to the farm on weekends. Mary and the children would be eagerly waiting for the sound of his old truck rattling up the gravel road and they would be looking forward to the treats he brought. There was a five cent chocolate bar for each of the children and some much needed groceries for Mary.

A wave of fatigue washed over him just thinking of all the farm work waiting at home; still it would be good to sleep in his own bed tonight. Cresting a steep hill, Bill saw the flashing lights of patrol cars in the distance. He could just make out two vehicles, a red pick-up truck half in the ditch and the crumpled hulk of a car on its side blocking the narrow road. An officer waved him over to park and Bill could hear the distant wail of an ambulance.

A young man was sitting on the ground beside the pick-up, his head in his hands. Bill walked over and lay his hand gently on the man's shoulder. He looked up with anguished brown eyes drowning in tears as he said brokenly, "She skidded right in front of me. I couldn't stop, I saw her terrified face and I smashed right into her." He drew a shuddering breath and his shoulder's shook.

"It's all right son," Bill said gently. "Accidents happen to all of us, no one knows why. You're not hurt anywhere?"

"No, I'm OK but do you think she's.....dead?" his voice faltered.

"The ambulance is almost here," Bill said reassuringly. "The best thing we can do right now is pray for her." They bowed their heads and Bill prayed for God's protection and healing for the girl.

An officer came over to take the young man's statement and Bill watched as the still young woman was loaded into the ambulance. Her shiny dark hair contrasted sharply with a lovely face almost as pale as the sheets. The boy's father came and towed the pick-up away but the mangled car would have to wait for a tow truck.

Just as Bill started to pull away he saw a flash of movement near the overturned car. There on the road sat a half-grown

Siamese cat staring at him with pale blue frightened eyes.

"The cat must belong to the girl," Bill reasoned as he scooped it up.

In the cab of his truck he found a dirty pay envelope and the stub of a pencil to write a note. I found your cat and I will take care of him, he wrote. Bill added his name and directions to the farm as the family had no phone, then put the note in the overturned car.

It was pitch dark when Bill arrived home but the family was still up waiting and worrying. He recounted the events of the night and was careful to tell the children that they would be caring for someone else's cat until the girl came for him. Ten year old Daisy and six year old Betsy had only seen Siamese cats in books and they stared at him in awe. They marvelled at his pretty blue eyes, cream coloured fur and brown legs and tail. Even their older brother Jim, whose only interest was vehicles, seemed impressed.

"Let's call him Ming Ting like the cat in the book I'm reading," Daisy said reaching for the cat. He snuggled against her neck purring.

As the weeks went by, Ming Ting became one of the family. At night he slept between the girls under the feather tick as he softly purred them to sleep. Ming Ting was a most loving cat and he reveled in all the attention. As Betsy carried him his brown arms would softly circle her neck. His favourite place to sleep was in a battered old doll carriage under a piece of blue blanket.

Daisy made up wonderful stories about the adventures of Ming Ting. In one he was a pirate's cat sailing the high seas; in another he belonged to a princess and wore a blue velvet robe and golden crown.

The girls would draw pictures of Ming Ting's adventures in old notebooks. Their few dolls and toys lay forlorn and forgotten in an old cardboard box as Ming Ting was much more fun.

The hot summer days slid into September and the girls reluctantly returned to school. They had all but forgotten that Ming Ting was really someone else's cat. The one time they dared to speak of it, Daisy said she was sure that the note father left had blown away. Betsy would shake her head in agreement declaring, "He's our cat for sure." Then they would



return to their play but it was the one tiny sliver of darkness that pierced the light of happiness.

One warm late September afternoon a brand new 57 Chevy pulled slowly down the rutted drive. The girls stared in awe as a beautiful dark haired woman dressed in a navy blazer and pleated skirt climbed out. She looked like she had stepped right out of the Eaton's catalog. Bill put down his slop bucket and walked toward her smiling in recognition.

"How are you feeling?" he asked kindly.

"It's been a long road but I'm much better now." the woman answered.

Teen-aged Jim ran out of the house, his faded baseball jacket gaping open. He circled the shiny new car like a young wolf; his hungry eyes memorizing every detail. Later that night he would sit in the pale glow of the coal oil lamp and draw the car in perfect detail.

As the young woman leaned on her cane Daisy suddenly realized who she was and her heart seemed to break within her. Betsy was still staring at the

beautiful woman unaware.

"Daisy, bring the cat," Bill called. Used to doing as she was told Daisy woodenly scooped Ming Ting from the carriage. His brown paws circled her neck and he snuggled against her but something was wrong. She was holding him out and he stiffened and narrowed his eyes as the stranger took him. Realization came crashing down on Betsy and she stood frozen to the spot watching the tableau unfold before as silver tears slid slowly down her cheeks.

"Clancy, how you've grown!" the young woman exclaimed. Ming Ting's tail swished back and forth as he stared at her with questioning blue eyes. "Thank-you for taking such good care of him," she smiled at the girls.

Daisy's face was pale and rigid as she tried to be brave but the young woman couldn't miss the hopeless sorrow in her eyes. She took note of Daisy's faded pink coat, patched jeans and dirty bare feet. Little Betsy was still weeping soundlessly in her misshapen wool pants and ragged sweater. Thee girls were pretty and

clean but oh so poor. How could she take the one beautiful special thing they had when they had so little. The pain of the last five months had given her a new perspective; she was infinitely kinder and felt a deep empathy for others.

"I'm afraid I won't be able to take Clancy," she smiled warmly at the girls. "I just wanted to make sure he was fine and I can see he has a wonderful home here." Daisy let out the breath she didn't know she was holding.

"Thank-you Miss," she said politely as she rushed forward to claim Ming Ting. Betsy's tears dried instantly and the girls rushed away lest the woman change her mind. Bill gave the young lady a knowing smile as he walked her to her car where a new cat carrier was waiting in the back seat.

In the safety of the woods Betsy hugged Ming Ting a little too tightly. "Clancy is a silly name," she declared stoutly. "Don't you agree Ming Ting?" The cat's blue eye winked in agreement.

Systemic racism in the RCMP: A thing of the past? Or bred in the bone? (Part 2)

By Allan Sheppard

In my first look at racism in policing in Canada (ASN, July-August 2020) I suggested that the North West Mounted Police, founded in 1873, was a military force thinly disguised as a police force. The NWMP became the Royal North West Mounted Police in 1904 then (in 1920) the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. The force changed, but retained much of its military heritage.

Canada called the NWMP a police force to mislead the Americans about the force's true purpose: to occupy, and establish sovereign control of the Northwest Territories, newly purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company by Canada, then a fledgling nation occupying a tiny fraction of its current territory. The goal was to pre-empt the U.S. from moving into the territory first, after the HBC left.

Canada barely acknowledged the sovereignty, rights, or concerns of the land's Indigenous occupants.

Whether to fend off anticipated American interest or to pre-empt Indigenous interests Canada conceived, created, and nurtured the NWMP as a colonial enterprise, with racist overtones. The force and its successors changed over time, but its current manifestation, the RCMP, reflects its colonialist, racist character in open and hidden ways.

Prime Minister Sir John A. Macdonald modelled the NWMP on the Royal Irish Constabulary, a paramilitary police force created by British Prime Minister Sir Robert Peel to assert authority over a nation Britain occupied and ruled as a colony. The RIC wore the same red-coated uniforms as the British army, carried rifles and other firearms, used military training and tactics, and lived in barracks, not in the community. Macdonald's NWMP adopted the same trappings: red-coated uniforms; military training, armaments, and tactics; living in barracks.

RCMP personnel now live in the communities where they work, but they rotate periodically to avoid becoming rooted in any place. They normally carry only side-arms, but use a variety of heavier weapons,

at their discretion. Their training focuses on modern policing, but military elements remain.

That the RCMP retains its red-coated uniform, now reserved for ceremonial occasions and photo opportunities, shows that the force and the governments that empower it remember and celebrate its military, colonial heritage.

I define colonial policing as enforcement of laws written by an occupying power to exert control over the behaviour, options, and opportunities of indigenous populations. The practice becomes openly or inherently racist when the occupying power regards itself as racially distinct from and superior to the indigenous population and treats those peoples in ways that reflect and perpetuate their imposed inferior status. In such regimes (including if we are honest, Canada in its historic and current relations with Indigenous and other minorities) certain crimes are defined, laws written, enforcement targeted, trials conducted, and punishment decided and enacted by members of the ruling power or under their direction for control and suppression. (Think: one-sided enforcement of treaties, confinement to reserves, curtailment of basic rights and freedoms,

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RCMP

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residential schooling, and land claims among examples enforced by the RCMP and their provincial counterparts in Ontario and Quebec.)

Paradoxically, the man who in effect designed the RCMP's colonial/military template, British Prime Minister Sir Robert Peel, also designed a template for a non-colonial, non-military, potentially non-racist police force that pursues community building, not law enforcement. Peel established the Britain's Metropolitan Police Force in 1829, seven years after the RIC. He tried to make the new force as unlike the military as possible. British Peeler (later Bobbies) wore blue tailcoats and top hats, not red coats and helmets. They lived in their communities. They did not carry arms, and still do not, except in limited circumstances.

Most significantly, Britain's Bobbies acted under a set of principles laid down by their founder. Peel's nine Principles of Policing are worth noting in full:

1. To prevent crime and disorder, as an alternative to their repression by military force and severity of legal punishment. Prevention, not enforcement or repression.
2. To recognise always that the power of the police to fulfill their functions and duties is dependent on public approval of their existence, actions and behaviour, and on their ability to secure and maintain public respect. Public approval and respect, earned through actions and behaviour, not through force.
3. To recognise always that to secure and maintain the respect and approval of the public means also the securing of the willing co-operation of the public in the task of securing observance of laws. Willing co-operation based on respect and approval, not intimidation.
4. To recognise always that the extent to which the co-operation of the public can be secured diminishes proportionately the necessity of the use of physical force and compulsion for achieving police objectives. Force and violence undermine trust and co-operation; violence begets violence.
5. To seek and preserve public favour, not by pandering to public opinion, but by constantly demonstrating absolutely

impartial service to law, in complete independence of policy, and without regard to the justice or injustice of the substance of individual laws, by ready offering of individual service and friendship to all members of the public without regard to their wealth or social standing, by ready exercise of courtesy and friendly good humour, and by ready offering of individual sacrifice in protecting and preserving life. Impartiality, independence, neutrality, service and friendship to all. Individual sacrifice in protecting and preserving life of others: a lot to ask, but we see with horror what happens when protecting and preserving life, except of the officers involved, is not the priority.

6. To use physical force only when the exercise of persuasion, advice and warning is found to be insufficient to obtain public co-operation to an extent necessary to secure observance of law or to restore order, and to use only the minimum degree of physical force which is necessary on any particular occasion for achieving a police objective.

Physical force as the last, not the first, resort and to the minimum degree necessary. To apprehend for punishment, as judiciously determined by others, not to punish without judicial process.

7. To maintain at all times a relationship with the public that gives reality to the historic tradition that the police are the public and that the public are the police, the police being only members of the public who are paid to give full-time attention to duties which are incumbent on every citizen in the interests of community welfare and existence.

The police are the public and the public are the police. Not us and them: We. Responsible to and for each other.

8. To recognise always the need for strict adherence to police-executive functions, and to refrain from even seeming to usurp the powers of the judiciary of avenging individuals or the State, and of authoritatively judging guilt and punishing the guilty.

Avenging, judging, and punishing are not in the job description. Nor should they be.

9. To recognise always that the test of police efficiency is the absence of crime and disorder, and not the visible evidence of police action in dealing with them. Measure results by absence of crime and disorder, not presence of police on the streets.

Those principles are as valid today as they were when they were almost two hundred years ago. I respect and admire their intent. I assume that almost everyone, even members of our police forces, would endorse them.

But I remain skeptical about the ability of police since then to adhere to them. Perhaps in England, for a time, it was so. But not now, at least not as much, if what we read and hear reflect reality there, especially in racialized communities. And certainly not here. Not in Canada. Not in Alberta.

There are many reasons, but the one I will cite here and explore in another essay follows from the ninth principle. How can we have, or even hope to have, the kind of community-based and -empowered policing envisioned in Peel's principles, if we do not have mutually developed, understood, and accepted definitions and conceptions of crime and disorder that police and demonstrably do apply to all Canadians everywhere and equally well-developed, -understood, and -accepted definitions and conceptions of what society would look and operate if crime and disorder no longer existed.

Agreeing on what we don't want is hard enough. Some might say it is impossible. But it is much, much easier than agreeing on what we do want. Yet that, it seems to me, is what we must find a way to do.

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Happy Halloween Party for One

By Joanne Bengner

Here are some riddles to test you.

1. Q. Why did the skeleton stay home from the party? A. He had no body to go with.
2. How does Dracula like his drink? A. Not shaken, not stirred, just lying down.
3. Q. Why do vampires drink blood? A. Coffee would keep hem awake all day.
4. Q Do ghosts have wives? A. No, just ghoulish friends.
5. Q. Why did everyone find the witch irresistible? A. She had great hex appeal.
6. Q. What did the director say when he finished filming The Mummy? A. That's a wrap."
7. Q. What kind of monster is it safe to put in the dryer? A. A wash and wear wolf?
8. Q. Why couldn't Dracula's wife go to sleep? A. Because of his coffin (cough'd'n).
9. Q. Where do baby ghosts go in the daytime? A. To the Daycare Centre.
10. Q. What do skeletons say before they begin dining? A. Bone Appetit.

And now the tongue twisters:

If two witches watched two watches, which witch would watch which watch?

The cruel ghoulish cooks gruel.

And finally lets make Halloween night lightning. Suck and chew a wintergreen life saver in the dark and your mouth will give off flashes of fire.

Now go to bed. Bolt the windows and close the drapes. Have holy water under your bed and a cross handy. Sleep with your arms under the covers. so a monster won't bite them off. Good night. Sleep tight. Don't let the bedbugs bite.



Halloween Survival Guide

By Joanne Bengner

The following were collected from various unreliable sources that wish to remain anonymous. Use at your own risk.

1. Protect yourself from vampires with garlic, a cross, and anything silver. Wear silver jewelry and carry a silver knife and silver nitrate.
2. Shape shifting witches can appear as black cats so never walk near a black cat and turn around if a black cat crosses your path.
3. If you must go outside Halloween night carry a jack o lantern with a lit candle and whistle in the dark for safety.
4. To stay safe inside, burn incense or sage in every room and hang sprigs of holly, hawthorn, St. John's wort or fleur de lis over your door with red ribbons, then sit inside a circle of salt.
5. If you suspect your visitor is a witch, put walnuts under her chair and she won't be able to move.
6. Carry a hagstone for protection against witchcraft and other forms of evil. A hagstone is any stone that naturally has a hole through the middle.
7. If you want to know if an evil spirit is present, float a drop of oil on a bowl of water. If the droplet breaks up, spirits are present.
8. If you suspect a house is haunted, ask a Catholic priest for help. January 26, 1999 the Vatican updated its exorcism rites for the first time since the 1600s.
9. Don't be afraid. Evil feeds on fear. To protect yourself, continually pray or recite nursery rhymes to calm your mind.
10. If frightened, say, "God protect me from all evil."
11. In all of history no ghost has ever hurt a person.
12. Spirits like to manifest themselves in mirrors so cover all mirrors on Halloween night.
13. Before going to bed, check under the bed to be sure the Devil isn't hiding there.

Never Fail Novena

May the Sacred Heart of Jesus be praised, adored and glorified throughout the whole world now and forever. Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, I put my trust in you. Holy Mary, mother of Jesus, pray for me.

St. Theresa of the Child Jesus, pray for me.

St. Jude of Hopeless Causes, pray for me and grant this favour I ask. Say this prayer nine times a day for nine days and publish. J.B.

Sacred Heart Novena

Say this prayer nine times a day for nine days and publish: Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, may thou be praised throughout the world forever and ever. Amen.



Helping the homeless

By Pedro Schultz

I believe many people care about the poor and the homeless and would like to help. Here are some suggestions for working with the poor.

1. When we pray for them God blesses them and loves them though us.
2. Take time to listen to what is on their hearts and trust God to help them.
- 3 Show sincere friendship over a period of time. This is much more helpful than a handout.
4. Give 15 minutes or more to someone who is hurting and understand what it means to be a Good Samaritan to them. The person in need is the neighbor we are to love as much as ourselves.
5. Sincerely inquire about what is on the mind of the homeless person and trust God to love them through you.
6. Pray that Christians unite to help by having some type of a warming bus to provide food, water and clothing.
7. Make sandwiches, soup or other meals and serve them where most needed such as outside the Georg Spady Centre, the Bissell Centre, The Mustard Seed, or The Mission Hall.



848 people were served at the Thrive Outreach Barbecue on August 22 at The Mission Hall. Sponsors included Alberta Street News, Santas Anonymous, Louisiana Grill/Dan Thiessen, Gold Star Jewelry in Bonnie Doone, Millwoods Lions Breakfast Club, Jolly Fellow Lions, Refuge Mission Hall, Bon Ton Bakery, Edmonton Food Bank, ICON and many volunteers