

DOUBLE THE VOTE *in 82*



FIFTY-TWO IN EIGHTY-TWO IS WHAT WE'RE AIMING FOR" SANG Carnegie band member Mary Norma Smith on March 21st as balloons and ticker-tape cascaded onto the Centre's front porch and about 100 onlookers cheered.

On the first day of spring, Smith's original composition highlighted the Double the Vote Committee's kick-off rally for a 10-month voter education campaign. The Committee's slogan--52 in 82--declared their goal: a 52 percent local voter turnout in the November 1982 civic election.

The Committee represents a short-term coalition between Carnegie Centre, the Downtown Eastside Residents Association and the First United Church.

To double the voters in five nearby polling districts, executive member Jim McDowell from Carnegie said the Committee "will be banging on people's doors to make sure they get enumerated, and urging them to use their vote as a defensive weapon against rapid changes in the community". He stressed that the public education effort was non-partisan.

"We're not telling them who to vote for", said Jim Green, executive member from D.E.R.A., but we're going to educate the electorate around four issues: housing, traffic, B.C. Place's impact and the ward system".

Leslie Black, executive member from First United Church, outlined the events that the Committee will be holding in the coming months. These included public meetings, rallies and demonstrations.

Led by Carnegie volunteer, John Lachapelle, the band banged out the Committee's theme song--Fifty-Two or More--and two other adoptions of familiar tunes. Octagenarian Norman Wiles stressed the importance for local people to "risk their vote to rock the boat".

Later, a large cashew cake, baked by Carnegie volunteer Robert Goudreau was enjoyed by all those who promised to vote in November. The frosting, illustrating an enumeration form, gave residents another reminder to get their name on the voter's list.



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HARDBALL ... and SOFTBALL

EVACUATION OF THEIR HOMES BY the inhabitants of the Downtown Eastside may reach refugee proportions if no solution for shelter in the community is found prior to the opening of BC Place. Already, many hotels have changed from monthly to more expensive daily rates in preparation for the expected influx of tourists attracted to BC Place events. In the meantime, regular patrons are being turfed out.

Other tenant occupied buildings are slated for demolition. Many Canadians face the prospect of living on the streets, a situation similar to that in Third World countries.

The compiling of a human impact study on a project of such magnitude is taken for granted in a modern society. Yet Dave Podmore, Director of Planning and Design for BC Place, is not required to include this along with all other feasibility studies.

Mr Podmore advises that they "don't feel responsible for adjacent areas". Nonsense! Any engineer or sociologist worth his/her salt must know that such a study has become standard procedure along with

transit, communication and others. An example of this is "mini-hydro" where a small power unit is being installed for the use of a hundred or more villagers in settlements in underdeveloped countries. Studies conducted to determine acceptance by the villagers may take precedence over all other factors.

Without guidelines, concern or direction, a "wide-open" vacuum exists for criminal exploitation by semi-legitimate businesses, particularly in adjacent areas.

In the meantime, it's been left to the Downtown Eastside Residents' Association to get a grant to do the impact study itself. A community organization like DERA, with limited resources, should not have to undertake this costly and time-consuming report which should be included in the expense account for BC Place. This "gulping-up" of an entire community due to an imbalance in wealth, offers impetus for any "business enterprise" to oust citizens in other communities and restructure their neighbourhoods to corporate design.

ATHENA LAKES

THE DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE SLOW-pitch Softball League will be throwing its first pitch on Saturday, May 1st at one pm at Oppenheimer Park on Powell Street.

The game features Earl Scott of Cordova House's "New Derelict", against Fred Arrances's "Spartans". Game two has "red Hawks" versus "Serenity", and Game three at five pm plays "Blue Demons" against the green and white uniformed "Shamrocks".

Two umpires for the Downtown Eastside League are still needed. A desire to show up to the games and sobriety are two assets. If you are interested, phone Carnegie Centre: 665 2220.

There are many new teams in the League this season,

including and entry called "Only the Rabble", which combines Jim Green and others from DERA and First United Church. Their name comes from Vancouver Sun columnist Linda Hossie's reference to DERA and the Save the Downtown Eastside Committee's persistent picket sign demonstrating.

There will be a Native entry from the Broadway street area, and the youth teams from Davie Street, one from Gordon House. Carnegie will provide one youth team under the coaching of Jim Bob, Carnegie's youth worker.

Games are Saturday afternoons, 1pm - 7:30; Wednesday night 6pm - 9pm and Friday 6pm - 9pm. Fan support from the Downtown Eastside community is welcome and appreciated.

Don Larson

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This issue was produced by the following people: Linda Grant, Athena Lakes, Mary Norma Smith, Will Offley, Don Larson, Carol Iiter, Stoney Lingard, Tora, Fred Fuchs, Jimmy Stewart, Al Todd, George Farrell, Helen Michell, Gerald Goranson, Myriam Evesleigh. Thanks to DERA for use of equipment.

HOUSE, OFFICE CLEANING

\$6 per hour

Dwong Chinh Truong

224 - 7490

LASAGNA—great stuff !! goodbye Lise

* COOKING WITH VICTOR *

Learn to cook like Victor Côté, Carnegie's resident gourmet chef! This issue's recipe---LASAGNE

*** ***** ** *****
SEE YOURSELF IN PRINT!
*** ***** ** *****

The Crescent needs more writers, photographers, artists, designers and typists!

Come to the planning meeting for the next issue

Thursday May 13th at
2:30
Classroom #2

INGREDIENTS

2 jars or cans of ready-made meat sauce
2 tablespoons of salad oil
1 one-pound box of lasagne
1 pound of sliced mozzarella cheese
1 eight-ounce can of tomato puree
grated parmesan cheese
METHOD

1. In a large pot, bring to the boil four quarts of water
2. When it comes to a rolling boil add the oil and the

lasagne. To make sure the layers of pasta do not stick together while cooking, stir occasionally and separate pasta layers.

3. Drain pasta.
4. Mix meat sauce, tomato sauce.
5. Arrange one third of the lasagne in the bottom of a well-greased flat baking dish. Arrange one third of the meat and tomato mixture on top. Put cheese slices on top of this. Continue to make layers with the remaining ingredients, finishing with cheese.
6. Sprinkle with parmesan cheese
7. Bake in 400F oven for 30 minutes.

Serves 6

WE WERE ALL SORRY TO SEE Lise Somjen leave here on April 21st. Lise started working at Carnegie in July 1981 and brought a fresh outlook and abundant energy to the job. One of the outstanding programs during her stay here was the series of forum discussions on controversial issues such as compulsory detox and the Ku Klux Klan.

Lise has gone on to work at the MHR office on Powell Street where her serious commitment to the people of the Downtown Eastside will be sure to bring her many new friends. We wish her well in her new job and hope to see her here from time to time

BEWARE OF CULTS! THEY ARE SPREADING LIKE WILDFIRE ALL AROUND us. They can lure you out of your sanity and promise you the moon and stars and everything else in life which up to now you thought wasn't possible.

What are cults? They are religious or superstitious systems which cause one to become enslaved. Currently popular ones are Hare Krishna, EST, the Way and the Jesus people. Each has differing potential for the destruction of the individual.

The Church of Scientology and the Unification Church, otherwise known as the Moonies, have the most powerful and lasting effects and their adherents are the most difficult to "deprogramme".

The Church of Scientology, located right here in the Downtown Eastside, is considered to be one of the most powerful of the cults. For the initiate, Scientology can be an attractive and inexpensive hobby. But converts claim that once you are hooked, you can be lured into an expensive and mind-destroying nightmare.

One can easily spend thousands of dollars on the way to becoming a good Scientology member. So it's not a cult for poor people or for those who like to hold on to what they have.

What kind of people get involved with cults? Young people, people in search of an identity, the lost, the weak, the misinformed and the thrill-seeker--all of these are especially prone to the cultist movement.

Members can be recruited through many kinds of methods.

C · I · V · I · L · I · T · I · E · N

Alcoholism--in the Downtown Eastside many points of view abound. In this issue we publish the opinions of the Downtown Eastside's resident cartoonist, Tora.

ALCOHOLISM IS GENERALLY CONSIDERED A MEDICAL ILLNESS SINCE it is widely believed that the chemistry of some people's bodies makes them highly susceptible to the destructive influences of alcohol. This may or may not be true, since it is also possible that a high sensitivity to the effects of alcohol may inspire a person to drink sparingly or not at all. The deciding factor here would seem to be the psychological attitude of the individual to his or her own body--and the conviction that life is, or is not worth living.

Life is difficult for everyone today--rich and poor alike. And with the incredible overburden of today's technological society--its commercial corruption and dangerous industrial and psychological poisons--it's surprising that there are as few down-and-out alcoholics as there are.

The really broken-down derelict that you sometimes see on street-corners is a direct manifestation of the inhuman systems that have been dumped on us all by those who worship and must have "progress" at all costs.

In a fast-paced commercial environment such as the street-front is today, sensitive human beings must find ways of desensitizing themselves or perish. Unfortunately, it is often our methods of toughening ourselves up so that we can "take it" that finishes us off. It's a case of damned-if-you-do, damned-if-you-dont. And it is clearly observable that this society makes a tremendous amount of money off the sale of alcohol so it's not unrealistic to accuse the system itself of creating alcoholism as a by-product of greed and over-consumption.

So how do we "cure" alcoholism? To legislate a cure will never work--even in the most totalitarian regime on earth people would continue to obliterate their senses with destructive drinking and probably more intensely than if they were just left to go their own ways.

The only way to help is to get down there in the gutter on a one-to-one basis with the people and pay attention to their condition. Listen to what they say, watch what they do, see in them the brother or sister who is the victim of this tragedy we call "civilization"

Realize that these people are not destroying themselves for no reason. Usually there is a completely logical pattern to their progression s from shattered, disillusioned "citizen" o crazy, self-destructive drunk. If the details of this progression become known, there is at once a recognition and bonding together over the suffering of the human condition.

In this situation it is easy to succumb to the same depths of despair that have invaded the lives of these people. Self-control is a result of having faced such things

Scientology recruits through offering free "personality tests" to passers-by outside its offices.

The new convert will probably go to a meeting where he or she will see people all around who seem glowing with life and happiness. And the moment that the cult has his or her trust the new convert is hooked.

After graduating from mass therapy, a state of euphoria may be achieved. Problems seem to be solved. The convert is content to be with loving and supportive people--not realizing that these same new-found friends are actually strangling himpsychologically and emotionally.

How do converts get out of these cults? Often with a great deal of difficulty. Deprogramming must be done in a tactful way if it is done at all. If it is unsuccessful it can result in further alienation from the convert's family and friends.

The main thing is to get the person's mind working and out into the world again.

To belong to a cult is, in my estimation, to commit oneself to a life in jail. Cultism tends to mask one's individual identity and self esteem. It's members are not free to control their own lives, to make choices and effect changes.

False prophets will continue to try to create spiritual rainbows for all of us, but we can evade them by accepting life the way it is--and not the way we imagine it.

MARY NORMA SMITH

before--in one form or another--that's why the best volunteers are those with no papers or titles, the ones who have experienced similar things to those they wish to help.

The drastic personality changes that alcoholics often experience can make them impossible to relate to. Those that are completely "round-the-bend" are only accessible during their clearer moments--and then the weight of guilt, depression and self-pity overwhelms them. Simply having some real communication with another individual who neither condemns nor play games with them is helpful.

To show someone that the hardest, most horrible facts can be faced without despair and paralysing depression, is one of the most creative actions involved in the self-help process.

Once recognized, this can provide an opening for further communication.

Ultimately, however, the full weight of decision for or against self-destruction lies with the individual involved, and he or she must face the fact that help provided by the social system can only be temporary, and in most cases, superficial.

Detox and vitamin therapy are fine, but unless the psychological knots and distortions or the individual are untied and straightened out, there can be no complete cure.

Psychiatry is a long, expensive, detached process that seldom helps. It is only those persons in the community who know something or the deeper pits or despair within their own souls, who are able to link up those experiences and the insights they provide to the needs of the person they are with.

Carl Jung--one of the recognized initiators of psychiatry--himself said that all its insights would be useless unless they were taken out of the consulting room and textbooks and applied directly by the ordinary people in their own community.

He also recognized that the truths psychiatry had revealed could be learned by ordinary people through their own experiences in self-exploration.

If more of the anonymous persons who exist in the community and have learned such lessons in their own ways could be encouraged to surface and lend a hand, the possibility for positive change might be increased enormously.

Unfortunately, our official categories, hierarchies and systems seldom allow those who are self-taught in this way to have any influence.

Alcohol abuse is only one among many problems that make life difficult or even impossible today. In the Downtown Eastside, it is one of the more highly visible conditions that exist--but we must not forget that many of those who have lived in this neighbourhood for a long time drink sparingly or not at all.

There are undoubtedly just as many alcoholics of a different kind in other neighbourhoods, who are better at hiding their conditions.

BATTLE OF

In this issue, the *Crescent* is proud to publish an extract from a book being written right here in our Centre. The book is called *Stonebear: Metis of the North and its author is patron Allen Lingard, better known as Stoney.*

The book concerns the history of Stoney's family during the early year of the century and describes their travels through Saskatchewan and "the frozen vastnesses of the North West Territories".

In this episode we witness a fight between two giants of the woods--grizzlies.

SPEAKING OF PREDATORS. GRIZZLY BEARS, WOLVERINES ETC., I once watched two grizzlies "battle" it out for a challenged area.

Now a challenge area, so-called, is one which a grizzly has had for a number of years. It's an area which the bear has staked-out, where he fishes and hunts and forages natural foods such as berries and grubs from dead, rotted trees on the ground. You get the idea?

In the centre of the area there is a challenge tree--either an old, large cedar or pine. A challenge bear should he be desirous of the area, will make a point to search out and find this tree. When located, the challenger will urinate around around it and will stretch up on his haunches as far as he can and with his claws mark the tree. Should the challenger be younger, bigger--well, a contest there will be. Once the challenger has marked the tree, he will move off a little ways and wait, hunched down out of sight, until the resident grizzly comes to inspect the challenge tree area. This may take as much as two or three days.

As I said, I saw such a battle and my, I'll tell you, I wouldn't want to watch another. The one I watched occurred much as described above, but when the two met--whoeee, the small hairs on the nape of my neck stood up!

I sweated--a cold sweat of fear--and the palms of my hands got damp and felt clammy. I quickly squatted down so as not to be seen but to be in a position to see all that was about to happen.

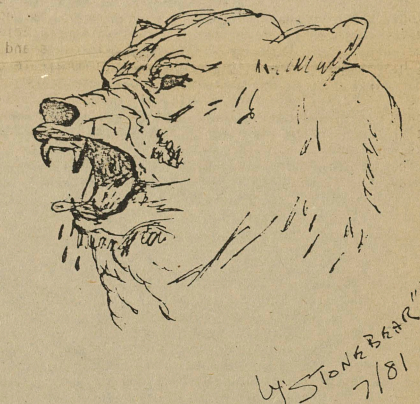
I had left my horse down the steep south slope by a creek and hobbled him so he could forage the new grass. I had got to my position by looking for the track I'd been following for two or three days from where my older brothers, Sam and Joe and myself were camped.

Challenger and defender alike stood up on their haunches facing one another, their forelegs stretched wide, their claws flexing spasmodically in anticipation. Their dual movements--flexing the claws and the sinew muscles of their forelegs and shoulders from hump to claw and their circling of one another--seemed to me like some sort of dance. Perhaps, I thought at that moment, a Dance of Death.

It was something Man seldom ever sees, but hears about, passed down by word of mouth so's Man can know that even



Stoney at work on his book in Peace River, Alberta



Grub's up for Stoney

though he be classed as the smarter animal of this Earth, there is an animal who, like Man, will challenge and/or defend his home, his mate and his inalienable right to defend or fight for what he claims is his.

Man seldom sees these battles, but they occur daily in the Spring and Summer, not only in the animal world but the world of birds too. Have you ever seen robins who have staked out a certain area and protect that area from incursion of another male robin?

But as I was saying, these two powerful beautiful, ursine creatures stood, facing one another, measuring each other as boxers in Man's world would. The older grizzly looked, it seemed to me, at the young challenger, wondering whether his many years of experience would be an advantage for him over this young interloper. Or maybe he wondered whether the young challenger's youth and brute force would win over.

THE GRIZZLIES

5

Well now, the two I witnessed began their "death dance" on their haunches. Then the younger bear feinted a right swing. At the same instant he came down on all fours and swung his left claws extended for the under-belly of the elder. Sensing the move, he pivotted to the left and, circling quickly on the spot, raked his right paw down the jowl of the left side of the massive head of the young challenger!

Hurt and furious, the young grizzly turned back to his left and with his right paw raked the left shoulder of the old, battle-scarred bear who was hard-put to defend his home.

The older bear made a half-leap and encircled the challenger's fore-quarters, biting down hard on the nape in front of the hump. The bigger, younger challenger stood up and flung the older grizzly away from him, attacking with fangs bared the under-belly of the old bear. Drawing second blood, he then followed through quickly by releasing his bite-hold. With both paws he struck-left, right and then feinting the right paw, followed with his left foreleg. This caused the old bear to back up several steps quickly and, after a momentary look at the wound, he made a frontal attack on the youngster who dared to challenge him. This was an attack that was like nothing I'd ever seen nor would ever see again.

The attack was frontal, and the veteran of many such attacks utilized both paws in such a frenzy of left and right strikes that the young bear was forced back, trying vainly to ward off the rapid strikes that were ripping his head, ears and shoulders. He was feeling searing pain, which both angered and frustrated him because of the flurry and the rapidity of the strikes which he could not parry or stop. But then, the older bear stopped his onslaught and backed up, swinging his massive head from side to side, favouring now his left fore-leg that the young challenger had ripped open a few short moments before he attacked.

The young grizzly saw this through his angry haze and sensing perhaps the weakness in the old defender, he now began to copy him by making his own frontal attack. Being younger and bigger, with largely injured forelegs and paws, his assault told on the old bear. In a duplicate of rapid strikes, he really ripped the already bad wound of the left foreleg of the old grizzly. So much so that the old battler fell forward on his jowls, causing the young grizzly to press his attack with claw and fang along the flanks and haunches of the old bear.

The old battler got up slowly but surely and swung round and pressed an attack on his young challenger.

But it was an attack without the force behind it that was evident in his frontal attack moments before. This caused the big young challenger to retreat very little and he seemed to know he could now parry the strikes made by a bleeding and much weakened adversary.

The young grizzly pressed forward and with a series of left and right strikes he caused the old battler to give ground.

Back, back the bleeding, weakened oldster went, giving ground and in vain trying to parry the blows and strikes being made now with devastating effect over his forequarters and up and down his flanks. Then, in an instant of decision, the old bear conceded his loss.

Bleeding and weak, the old, battle-scarred grizzly made his way out of the area he'd defended and lost to the young upstart. I guess he knew that if he survived his wounds he would never again be able to do battle and win. His left foreleg would be crippled and of no use in a battle of challenge ever again.

And me?

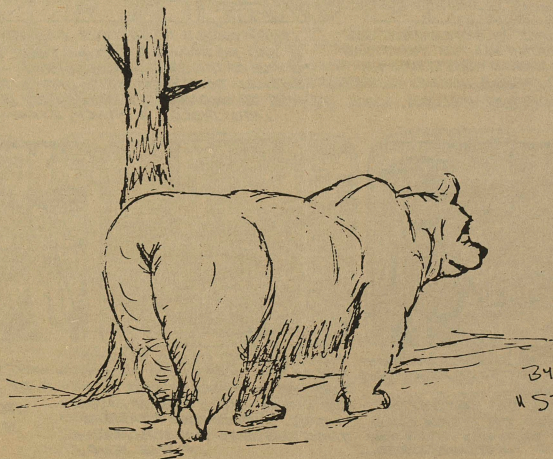
Well neighbour, I felt weak myself and drained of strength for I felt the blows and the hard loss that that old bear must have been feeling as he moved his battle-scarred self out of the area he had fought so valiantly to retain. Probably he realized that now, being maimed as he was, he could never again challenge or defend a section of the vast mountainous country that was his home.

And I made my way from the bloody scene of ursine combat and in the creek not too far away from there I first stripped off my buckskin pants and washed them as clean as I could. Then I put on a clean pair of buckskins. I do not need, I believe, to tell you the reason, except to say that the washing was necessary to alleviate the odorous scent I found myself in!

What I have just described, the battle of challenge, is something that occurs quite a number of times each year in different locales and has been occurring many times in centuries past. Should Man and his science cut his pollitional progress by even 38%, the battle of challenge may, I repeat, may go on for at least another score of years.

After that there may not be a challenge tree standing for whatever ursine creatures that are left to mark or challenge one another!

A.M. "Stonebear" Lingard, A.K.A. "Stoney"



34
"STONEBEAR"
7/81

Who Cares?

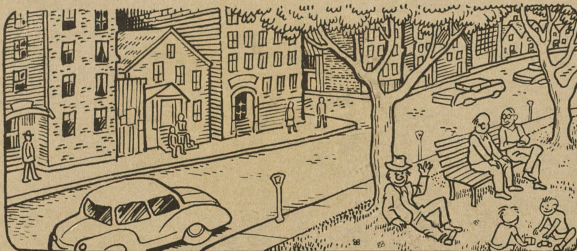


THERE WAS ONCE A SMALL NEIGHBOURHOOD IN THE HEART OF A GREAT CITY...

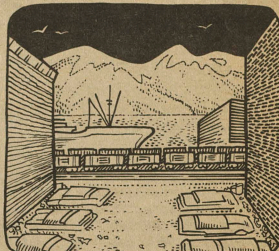
THE PEOPLE WHO LIVED THERE CAME IN ALL SHAPES & SIZES, COLOURS & AGES...

MANY HAD ONCE HUNTED & FISHED ON THE LAND THE CITY NOW STOOD ON...

OTHERS WERE WORKING PEOPLE WHO HAD BUILT THIS CITY.



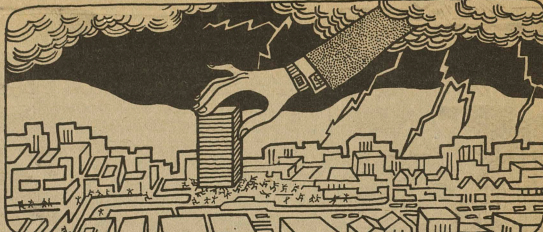
THESE PEOPLE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH - BUT AT LEAST THEY HAD THEIR NEIGHBOURHOOD... WHICH WAS A WARM & FRIENDLY SORT OF PLACE... UNLIKE EVERYWHERE ELSE IN THE CITY, RENTS WERE CHEAP. THIS WAS GOOD BECAUSE THE PEOPLE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH MONEY... STILL, THERE WERE GOOD TIMES TO BE HAD.



THE REASON THE RENTS WERE CHEAP WAS BECAUSE THE NEIGHBOURHOOD WAS SURROUNDED BY WAREHOUSES, RAILWAY YARDS & DOCKS.



BUT THE PEOPLE IN GOVERNMENT SAW A WAY OF TURNING ALL THIS INDUSTRIAL LAND INTO A WORLD CLASS STADIUM, WITH HIGH RISES & PARKS & HOUSEBOAT MARINAS & FANCY SHOPPING MALLS...

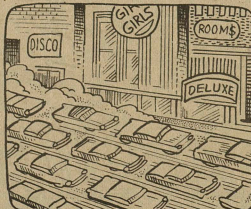


... THEY WOULD DO ALL THIS FOR THE PEOPLE WITH MONEY & HAD NO TROUBLE CLOSING THEIR EYES & EARS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE SMALL NEIGHBOURHOOD! - PEOPLE WHO OWNED BUILDINGS LOOKED DOWN FROM THEIR OFFICE TOWERS & SAW THE TIME HAD COME TO CHANGE THE DUMPS THEY HAD NEGLECTED FOR SO LONG INTO DISCOS & FANCY, EXPENSIVE TOURIST HOTELS.



SOON SOME OF THE PEOPLE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD WERE EVICTED SO RENOVATIONS COULD TAKE PLACE -

BUT WHEN THE RENOVATIONS WERE FINISHED, THE PEOPLE COULD NOT PAY THE ENORMOUS RENTS NOW BEING ASKED...

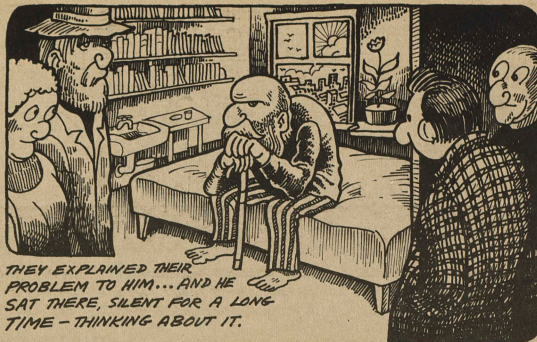


MEANWHILE THE STREETS BEGAN TO FILL UP WITH MORE & MORE TRAFFIC - THE PEOPLE BEGAN TO SEE THAT THE NEIGHBOURHOOD WAS NO LONGER THEIRS. IN FACT, THEY REALIZED THAT THIS WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE END!



... WHAT TO DO? WHAT TO DO? THEY WORRIED...

THEN, SOMEONE HAD A BRIGHT IDEA!



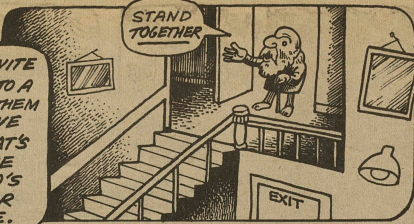
FINALLY, HE SPOKE...
 "YOUR FUTURE IS IN THE HANDS OF THE POLITICIANS" HE SAID.
 - THEM? THE PEOPLE REPLIED
 WHAT HAVE THEY EVER DONE FOR US?
 "...NOT MUCH" SAID THE ELDER
 - BUT IT'S VOTES THAT TURN
 PEOPLE INTO POLITICIANS...
 & IF YOU DON'T VOTE FOR THE
 PEOPLE WHO CARE ABOUT YOUR
 COMMUNITY- THEY WON'T GET
 ELECTED."



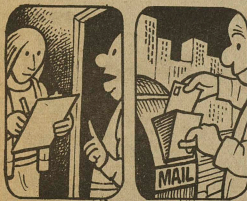
"...I'VE VOTED IN EVERY ELECTION SINCE 1934- BUT THERE HAVEN'T BEEN ENOUGH OF YOU OUT THERE WITH ME- VOTING FOR THE RIGHT PEOPLE - IF THERE HAD - THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD WOULD BE A BETTER PLACE TO LIVE IN THAN IT IS TODAY!"



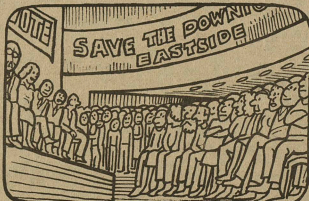
THAT'S EASY- YOU INVITE ALL THE CANDIDATES TO A MEETING - & YOU ASK THEM IF THEY WANT TO SAVE OUR COMMUNITY- THAT'S THE WAY YOU FIGURE OUT WHO'S ON OUR SIDE.



... AS THEY LEFT THE OLD HOTEL, THE PEOPLE HEARD THE WISE OLD MAN CALLING AFTER THEM - "REMEMBER, FRIENDS," HE SAID - "ONLY IF YOU ALL VOTE, WILL YOU SUCCEED!"



SO WHEN THE PEOPLE FROM CITY HALL CAME AROUND - EVERYONE MADE SURE THEY GOT THEIR NAME ON THE VOTERS' LIST - OR FILLED OUT THE LITTLE PINK CARD & MAILED IT IN.

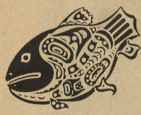


... THEN THEY HAD A BIG MEETING WITH ALL THE CANDIDATES - & ASKED THEM IF THEY WOULD HELP KEEP HOUSING THAT ORDINARY PEOPLE COULD AFFORD IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD...



& WITH THAT INFORMATION THEY WENT TO THE POLLS ON ELECTION DAY, NOVEMBER 20TH - WITH ALL THOSE VOTES TOGETHER, THEY PUT THE PEOPLE OF THEIR CHOICE INTO POWER!

MY FIRST POTLATCH



MY FIRST EXPERIENCE AT A POTLATCH WAS ON SEPTEMBER 24, 1981. We had a great time going to Bella Coola. There were four of us, Gay, Jill, Marly and myself. We all met at the bus depot I had never met Jill before. I had met Gay briefly at the Carnegie Centre and had met Marly at Trosly, France at La Grande Source; we stayed at the same house there.

We left the bus depot at 8:15 pm on Wednesday night. We did not see much on our journey as it was dark at the time we left. We arrived at Williams Lake at 6 am and waited at the restaurant for quite some time before we boarded the bus to Bella Coola.

The ride to Bella Coola was great. The scenery was so beautiful. As we rode through the gentle rolling hills into the steep mountainous area around Bella Coola, I began to feel the kind of peace I rarely feel in the city.

We arrived at Bella Coola at 7 pm, Thursday, the first night of the potlatch. We were greeted by a young man who was picking up people to bring them to the festivities.

We were welcomed with open arms. The love that I felt that first night was a love I had not really felt in many years. Many people there recognized me, but I couldn't remember many of them. There was a number of different tribes represented.

Before the dances one person stood before the assembled company and told stories and these were fascinating. The songs brought tears to my eyes.

At a potlatch no alcoholic beverages are allowed as it is the most sacred time. There were many young people involved which amazed me, for in my day young people did not attend ceremonies like this.

After the dances were over, there were a few speeches from the chiefs of the different tribes and after these came the time for gift giving. This was a very touching moment for me. When Karen saw me she came over and draped a blanket over my shoulders. She hugged me and said: "You shouldn't stay away so long." Tears came flowing down my face again; it happened each time I got a gift.

I was treated as a guest. It confused me for a while, but then I understood why. I hadn't been home for quite some time.

The second night of the potlatch there was a name-giving to the Naxaalt chief and his family. Before this dinner was served. There were many different types of foods including deer meat stew which took me nearly an hour to eat!

It was this meal that made me realize that I had become a city slicker, as my sister-in-law called me. Although my heart was with my people, nevertheless, as one who had been away for many years, I was not a part of the festivities but a guest at them. This was a great deal because it was the truth. And the truth always seems to hurt.

The dinner meal had lasted an hour-and-a-half and during this time we all visited with each other as this was the only time you could do so until the potlatch was over. During the name-giving I sat with my brother Simon at the bleachers. The chief and his family members all received Indian names.

After the name-giving there was an Indian marriage. I had never seen one of these before. The bride's tribe

padded their way to Bella Coola to give the bride to the bride-groom. And the groom gave her \$320 as a dowry. After the ceremony was performed there was a celebration which included a lot of food. This time I came across jerky—and was most impressed!

After the ceremony there were more dances and the one that I found the most interesting was the How-How Dance. Before the dance the story is told and I will tell it to you the best I can. There were four brothers who went hunting one day for mountain goats. As night neared, they



entered a cave where they were instructed to put a pole across their feet before falling asleep. The three youngest brothers did not believe in doing this and so, in the morning, the eldest awoke to find them dead. The How-How had got them. The eldest brother returned then, and told his tale. The How-How Dance was invented at this time. It's hard to describe the dance, but I will try the best I can.

The dancers jump off the stage and are led by men around the floor. Each dancer hollers "How-How" before striking down another. Then he returns to the fallen dancer to help him up. They again shout "How-How". This done a couple of times more until they are led to the stage where they jump back to the place they came from.

Of course we have the copy-cats or jokers who follow after each dance. They make it so funny that we all laugh at them. They do the imitations a little differently, or backwards, whichever pleases them.

Again, when the dances are over, there is singing for a while. After the singing there is another gift-giving. The purpose of this is to legalize the giving of the names. After this, there is more visiting and singing. No one seems to want to leave. Some people are there until the wee hours of the morning. I can't take very late nights so I would leave around midnight and then miss the best part of the evening when the young people would involve themselves in the spiritual dance. Everyone is welcome to do this. I stayed late one night when I was invited to join in with the Friendship Dance on the last night of the potlatch.

My experience at the potlatch was incredible. It gave me peace, love and understanding of people, our different tribes and people I never knew before.

It is announced that the guests are to meet at the Native Band Hall in the morning. We all meet to say our farewells and sing songs before we enter the van. It seems that no one wants to leave, but all reluctantly enter the van to travel to our different homes. Once again, the scenery is beautiful. The mountains are so high. As we leave Stuie and reach Anahim Lake the mountains become rolling hills. I can't take in the beauty enough.

The most dangerous part of the trip is when you go through the switchbacks as they are very steep and turn quite sharply. The driver must be very careful through this part of the trip. The passengers are very tired so most sleep during the night. The best part of the journey is when we eat at the native restaurant at Chilliwack. After an early breakfast we then all head for home for a good rest. Then it's back to the general duties of our livelihoods.



CRIME N' PUNISHMENT

In this issue of the Carnegie Crescent, we bring you, as promised, the second part of the reminiscences of Carnegie patron and long-time Downtown Eastsider, Norman Wiles. In the first installment, Norman talked about his career as the owner of a cab firm. This issue, he looks back to his childhood and adolescence--and his career as a young criminal! Norman was interviewed by Carol Itter.

EVEN IN THOSE DAYS, THERE WAS A LOT OF RIP-OFF ARTISTS and it mostly happened in the drug trade. The scene in the 1920s was pretty grim. There's always been lots of deaths connected with the drug scene because most dopes or junkies or users or addicts as they're referred to, are pigs. They wanted it so badly that they'd o.d.'d so often to a point where they couldn't be revived, so naturally they were dead herring.

Morphine was common. You see, from the opium which is the original drug, they get morphine and heroin and uh, what's that cheap god-damned drug, it'll come to me anyway. It used to sell for 75¢ a cap and the caps were, well, do you know what a Tuinol looks like, a small one, a grain and a half, well, those stinkin' Tuinoles were the deadliest drug in the world. There's two tough habits to kick, heroin is one and the other is that goddamned program sponsored by the government, methadone. You can't fight fire with fire, can you?

There weren't many addicts in the Twenties as there are now, no way. But, oh yes, they go back into infinity. I could show you where some of the opium dens were. Addicts were tolerated but they were all "fiends" as far as the general public was concerned; they weren't called addicts or users, they were "dope fiends". How they ever figured out the "fiend" part, I don't know, 'cause they were the most passive bunch of people in the world. None of them would even think of going out with a shank or a knife and holding it against somebody's throat to steal from them. They were boosters mostly, hens, roosters, shoplifters, all passive types of crime. They might roll the odd drunk if they were forced to.

I think where all our religion was fostered comes from the dirty Thirties. And now we have welfare, 90% of this province is a welfare state. It was even rougher then. I'd gone down with school friends to right across from Central School on the corner of Pender and Cambie, kitty-corner from the Cenotaph (where the relief office was). Relief was a horrible thing, a stigma that those people never lived down. And I'd go down there, curious young bastard, I wanted to know what was going on and I'd go in. There'd be one counter with stacks and stacks of shelves of canned goods, raw potatoes, raw carrots, raw cabbage, all in bins. They'd look at the order slip which was given by the relief department which was right upstairs. This particular dispensing system was in the basement of the relief office. They'd bundle all the groceries in their gunny sacks and put it on their shoulders and trudge home. I carried one of the sacks only so far and then as soon as I got close to the populated East End area, I'd give it to one of my friends. I didn't want anyone to think I was one of the boys on relief. If anyone carried a gunny-sack they were receiving relief.

The Hastings and Main corner was quite the same as it is now, only the two banks were not on the corners. The Ford building was there, and the City Market was at Main and Pender. In Carnegie was a library and a museum and I was very much attracted 'cause I've always been an avid reader. I mean an avid avid reader; if I start a book and get within ten pages into it, I can't lay it down even if it disgusts me, if it's too porno or not porno enough or whatever, I gotta carry on and finish it. I used to spend one day a week in the Carnegie Library. And I loved the museum. Stuffed animals, polar bears, fully-antlered moose--if you patted them, the dust would spill out something fierce. There was the odd totempole, the odd seal carved out of soapstone; not too many of them.

There was a lot of brothels in those days. One house was very famous, right across the street, the Maple Hotel, now the Washington Court. Joe Celone owned it and he was the biggest prostitution expert in the world, he had three floors of girls up in that hotel. You could tour through the three floors and you could select any woman you wanted for a \$2 bill. Now the price is \$35 and going up. Now what the hell's the difference then to now, I don't know! It can't be that much better this day than it was in my day.

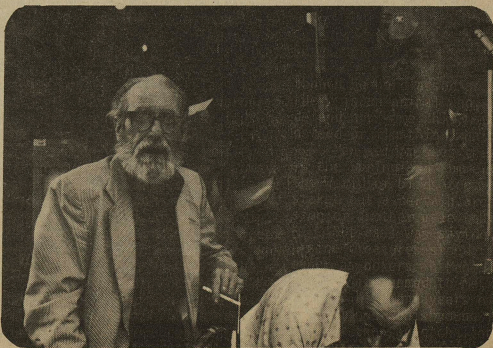
The girls used to work the streets then but they were mostly window-tappers. They'd sit on a padded chair in the windows and they'd see a prospective customer coming along and they'd tap and he'd look up and they'd say "Come on, mister, come on in". You wouldn't know how successful some of them were. It was \$2 a trick. Inflation is a terrible thing, it even screws up your sex life. It's gotta go, this inflation.

My B & E career began by breaking into a pool room at 35th and Victoria Drive. I was maybe thirteen or fourteen. My father built two of our houses, he was a master craftsman, a cabinet-maker. Anyway, to get to the pool room. I'd been capering around, a few chippy jobs, all on my own, all the time. I didn't like the idea of working with somebody 'cause if we got busted, the fuzz, they'd go from one to the other all the time you're in custody. "Come on, your partner just copped out, now if you go along with us, we'll get you off easy." Between two bulls, one's always the hard rock and one's the soft con artist, the easy guy. The rough one would give you a shove sometimes or give you a back-hander across the face and the other would run over and grab his arm and say, "Now, Sam or Joe or whatever, leave the kid alone, he's a good kid." And automatically a youngster goes for the soft one and he despises the heavy. So they lock you up with the soft one hoping you'll spill your intestines. If you don't, you go right back into the same thing all over again. Even then it was rough. And you didn't have as much recourse to the law then, as a suspect, as you have now.

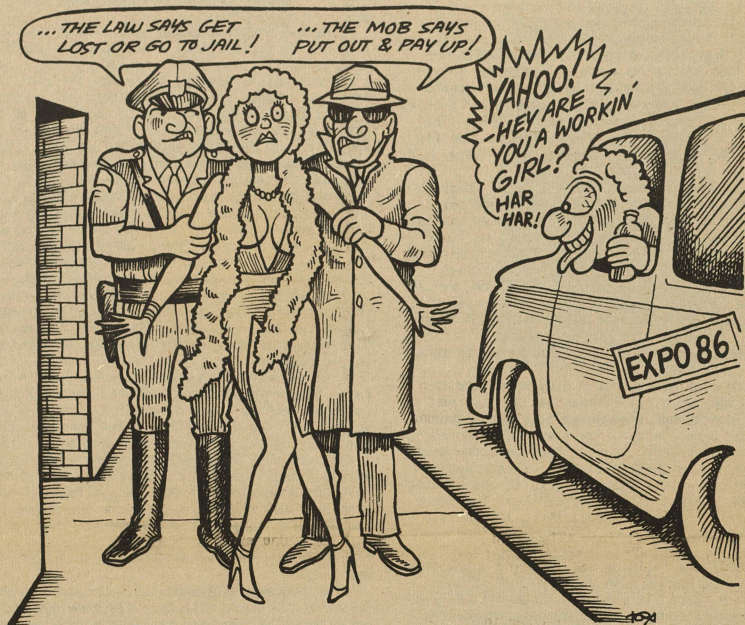
So I worked alone. Until my kid brother came along. He said, "Where're ya going tonight, Norman?" I said, "Oh, out for a while." He said, "I'm going with ya." I said, "No, you're not." He said, "Oh, you're gonna go out and rob some damn joint and I wanna come. I want to see how you do it." I was very much against him getting any of that information at all. Finally, I said, "Okay, come on." I took him down to the pool room. I said, "Now it's fifteen minutes from closing time. I want you to go in and stand up on one of the benches along the wall and loosen the nut on the window-closer." So he goes in and I see him stand up and surreptitiously undo the nut on the window. I knew then the entry was made!

We bugged off and hid in the woods across Victoria Drive. We waited 'till they all came out and we saw the owner brushing down the tables and covering them up. He finally came out, it seemed an interminable length of time, he closed the door, locked it and went home. So I went around and said to my brother, "Bill, get down on your hands and knees so I can get up to the god-damned window." So he does. But he hadn't loosened the screw enough and it caught part way open! I couldn't make it like that, it would then be an attempted B & E and even though I wouldn't be found, it would alert the owner of the joint and the fuzz might keep an eye on that particular joint in the future. So I gave the window a mighty tug and the damn thing broke. You should have seen my brother, he jumped out from underneath me and started running home and I'm left standing on the window ledge! I'd forgotten how up I was. I looked down to find how far I had to drop and it was only 3 or 4 feet, a mere bagatelle.

Cont. on p. 11



PROSTITUTION



PROSTITUTES IN THE DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE MAY SOON FIND THEMSELVES caught on both sides--between tighter laws on the one hand and the "protection" of racketeers who will be moving into the neighbourhood, chasing the big bucks of BC Place users.

The pressure from the legal system is coming, this time from City Council, which wants the federal government to bring in restrictive laws which would mean the prohibition of the "sale and purchase of sex on the street". This will mean a return to the arresting of prostitutes on the street. Male police officers will once again be placed in the powerful position of being able to demand sex from prostitutes in exchange for freedom from arrest.

Increased police harassment could mean the prostitutes will be drawn into the net of racketeers attracted to the area by the thousands of BC Place users who will flood into the Downtown Eastside with money to spend. Some of the hordes of pleasure seekers will no doubt be looking for prostitutes and there will be big money to be made. The resulting crack-down on street-walking will certainly make prostitution a part of organized crime rather than an individual way to make a living.

One other possibility is that molders of public opinion will issue us that the only alternative is "legalized" prostitution. Rather than dealing with the social conditions that lead to prostitution, the State absolves itself. In Nevada, where prostitution has been legal for a number of years; a prostitute may be finger-printed, income-taxed and maintained in a desert villa for "fly-in" sex seekers. Isolated from the rest of the community, half her salary is expropriated by the brothel owner. Clearly this is not a solution for the prostitute herself.

Why do women become prostitutes in the first place? In the nineteenth century women were driven into prostitution because there was so little work that a woman could do, particularly if she was middle-class. Prostitution for women

is part of their cultural heritage. A hundred years ago, unemployment, unbearable home conditions and financial dependency led many women into prostitution--within marriage and outside of it. A marriage in which a woman barter sex for her livelihood under abusive conditions is prostitution. A hundred years ago there was practically no protective legislation for women. The abandoned wife or woman forced out of her home often had little alternative than prostitution.

Are things any better today? The increased number of prostitutes can by no means be separated from the present economic recession. Males have always had higher incomes than females and single males have always had more job options than single mothers.

The prostitute offers a physical service in exchange for payment. With this payment she can maintain at least some degree of social acceptance in the community. She can pay her rent. Humiliation at the hands of creditors can be painful. The average prostitute is without property or assets and the sale of her body often represents her only source of income.

Lengthy application forms and various physical and mental tests devised by any Tom, Dick or Harry are foisted on women daily. Constant rejection and firings all add up to a low self-image. Welfare cutbacks to women with children can force women into prostitution.

In the Downtown Eastside, residents have so far demonstrated a tolerant attitude towards prostitution. We need to be wary of importing prejudice. The prostitute is easy prey for authoritarian action groups. The nuisance factor of transient loiterers is hardly comparable to the aggravation of unemployment, high prices and rental insecurity that BC Place will bring. Prostitution is a matter relating to poverty, and harassing prostitutes can only increase the overall oppression of women.

cont. from p. 9

So I dropped down and started to go home, but I thought what the hell, I can't leave that g.d. window like that. I went back and rolled out an old oil drum that was laying behind the building, upended it and I reached in and undid the nut, pulled the window wide open, scrambled up the side of the wall by hanging onto the top ledge and gained entry. It was an awkward thing to do, a silly thing to do anyway. It wasn't a Be and E, it was a "rush, smash and rob".

I got all the tobacco and cigarettes out of the joint, a goodly amount, Maybe \$100 worth which was a fortune to me in those days and I took it all home. My dad was building us a new home and the house was partially constructed. I planted the cigarettes, candy bars, everything that was saleable in the unfinished attic. A couple of days later, my brother was snooping around and he found it upstairs. He came down, he slid down an upright stud so fast he got slivers in his legs and his hands. And I thought later, good for you, you little bastard. He said, "I want half of the stuff." I said, "What makes you think you earned half of that stuff?" "Well, I went on the job with you in the first place." "Ya", I said, "and you chickened out and ran when the glass broke. "I didn't, I was just playing it safe." "Safe!" I said, "you left me hanging on the ledge!" So I said, "I'll give you one third" and he finally settled for one third.

About this time I had a craze for rap rummy. The secret of that card game is to have enough intestinal fortitude to rap when nobody else expects it. Then everyone exposes their hands and if your hand's low, you win, if it's high, you pay double. In any event, I thought I'd get this little turkey, my brother. I said, "I'll play you for your share of the loot against my share." He said, "You'd gamble two thirds against one third?" I said, "Even steven!" So in a matter of twenty minutes, I had all my loot back. And I didn't hustle him or cheat him either. I outplayed the bastard.

He went upstairs and got his third and threw it down all the way from the attic to the floor and the box just scattered all over the god-damned room. I'm running around,

gathering it all up and he's crying his eyes out. Serves you right, smart ass". I said, "you cut yourself in on my score and I scored it back. Now what the hell's the beef?" So anyway, I took it all down to Powell Street. Right across from the Europe Hotel, there used to be a big black man, name was Doug. His wife was a white woman, she must have weighed 300 pounds. Huge woman. They used to buy hot stuff of any nature, anything at all. I sold it all to them for \$35 or \$40. There must have been a good \$100 or \$150 worth, retail. And Bill, he tagged along behind me and he said, "I want some money, Norman." I said, "Up your kilt, turkey. You get nothing of this." He said, "I'm gonna tell Mom and Dad on you." I said, "You tell on me and I'll squeal on you, how does that grab you? You talked yourself into performing with me, then you ran like mad, left me in the lurch." I was hponig it would straighten him out and evidently it did, because he never rapped on me to Mom and Dad. He didn't work with me again, I wouldn't let him. No way. We severed company.

When casing a joint, you'd just go out and have a look-see and figure out where the joint was most vulnerable and then in you'd go. Never a back alley though, even the town clown on the beat walked up and down the alleys in those days. We avoided that as much as possible 'cause they could bag you then, hold you long enough til they proved something against you. My idea was getting out of the cop shop as soon as I could, so though couldn't lean too heavy. We'd pick one out worth going into. I kicked in every confectionary, every drug store, every grocery store in the West End. Every one! They were all victims of circumstance; I was poor, they had money.

I got caught once or twice. Done time three times, actually. I turned my seventeenth birthday in the big house. And that was a heavy. Heavy trip. First offence and it was the biggest. I only had eleven charges of B and E against me, that's all. What the hell could they do with a rascal like that, but lock him up?

MY INDIAN MOTHER

Yesterday she brought me into this world
How was she to know what was to become of me?
She raised me and took care of me
She taught me everything she knew.

Yesterday I didn't have a bed to sleep in
She made me a bed of wood
With straw and hay for blankets
She sat by me and watched over me.

Yesterday when I was hungry
She took to the woods
And hunted for my food
Then I was hungry no more

Yesterday when I understood her
She out me on her knee
She told me what to expect in life
That my life was what I made of it myself.

Yesterday she told me to look to the future
She said that I would have good times
But, most of all, I would have bad times
And not to let anything put me down.

Yesterday she took me off her knee
She told me to walk on my own two feet
To this day I walk on my own
But I cry, because she is gone.

Helen Michell

MEMORY

Once I held the world
Now
It is only a drop
In the palm of the hand
Of a lonely man
Who remembers where the rain fell
Drowning all hopes and dreams

GERALD GORANSON

ONE EVENING A YOUNG MAN

One evening
a young man
sat on
a window ledge,
a knife in his
hands.

The clouds came down like razor blades
and peeled away his
eyelids.

With second sight he saw
on the street below
luminous spheres
calling
to him.

He continued to sit, waiting.

His wife came into the room
and cried out
"John, what are you doing?"

He made no reply but
plunged his knife
into
her heart.

She turned into a sphere but her tongue
leapt out
and
swallowed
his head.

Now, in his dreams, he floats to far-off cities
seeing lost friends and
forgotten places.

When he wakes up he sees
stigmata
on his hands,
and hears his wife saying,
"Forgive me, I did not know.
Forgive me."

Al Todd

CARNEGIE EVENTS

MONDAY

Ballroom Dancing - Theatre	2:00 - 3:30 pm
Exercise Room - Women Only	5:00 - 6:00 pm
Kid's Room - 3rd Floor	6:00 - 9:45 pm
mothers share taking care of kids	
Carnegie Troubadours Dance - Theatre	7:00 - 10:00 pm
Open to Everyone	
Films Francophones - Classroom 1	7:00 - 9:00 pm
Guitar Lessons - Education Office	8:00 - 9:00 pm
Women's Volleyball - Gym	8:00 - 10:00 pm

TUESDAY

Sewing - 3rd Floor by elevator	10:00 - 2:30 pm
bring your clothes to be mended	
Free	
Piano Lessons - Theatre	11:00 am
Instructor, Greta Yardley	
Senior's Birthday Party - Theatre	1:00 pm
Last Tuesday of each month	
Native Indian Films - 2nd Floor Lobby	7:00 pm
Cabaret Coffee House - Theatre	7:00 - 9:30 pm
Free entertainment and open mike time	
Karen's Fitness Class - Gym and/or exercise room	
A workout designed for people on a lunch break	
\$2 per class	12:00 - 1:00 pm
Tai Chi for Women - Gym	2:00 - 3:00 pm
Law Students Legal Advice Program - Lobby	
Bring your questions or problems on legal matters	
	7:00 - 9:00 pm

WEDNESDAY

Seniors Hot Dog Sale - Main Floor	2:00 pm
Seniors Games - Classroom 2 or Theatre	2:00 - 4:00 pm
Join Marie for table games and carpet bowling	
Object Expression - Main Floor	3:00 - 5:00
Using material to form pictures	
Exercise Room - Women Only	5:00 - 6:00 pm
Kid's Room - 3rd Floor	6:00 - 9:45 pm
Bingo - Theatre	7:00 - 10:00 pm
\$1 Admission-50¢ extra cards-50¢ throwaways	
Drawing from Life - Basement	7:00 - 10:00 pm
Instructor: Richard Tetrault uses models and objects	
to teach basic drawing techniques. \$1.50 perclass	
(financial assistance if required)	
Basketball - Gym	7:00 - 10:00 pm
Roxing - Gym	7:00 - 10:00 pm
Youth Discussion Group - Classroom 1	7:00 pm
Topics include drugs, birth control etc.	

THURSDAY

Karen's Fitness Class - Gym	12:00 - 1:00 pm
Seniors Van Trips	Leave at 1:00 pm
Join Brahm in visiting different places	
in and around Vancouver	
Thursday Special Dinner - Kitchen	2:00 - 5:00 pm
Cook John Lachapelle prepares this	
seniors fund-raising meal	
Senior's Films - Classroom 2	7:00 - 8:00 pm
Tepee Making - Classroom 1	7:30 - 8:00 pm
Jam Session - Classroom 2 or Theatre	7:00 pm
join in making music	
Native Law Students Legal Advice Program	
Lobby	7:00 - 9:00 pm
Guitar Lessons - Education Office	8:00 - 9:00 pm

FRIDAY

Cantonese Films - Main Lounge	12:00 noon
Cooking from around the world	2:00 pm
Join Carnegie's own master of	
cuisine, Victor, in the kitchen	
for mouthwatering recipes from	
around the world	
Seniors Games - Classroom 2 or Theatre	2:00 - 4:00 pm
Boxing - Exercise Room	7:00 - 9:00 pm
TV Programming - Seniors Lounge	1:00 pm
Choose the TV programs to be viewed	
during the following week	
Handwriting Improvement - Classroom 2	1:00 pm
With Greta Yardley	
Exercise Room - Women Only	5:00 - 6:00 pm
Kids Room - 3rd Floor	6:00 - 9:45 pm
Feature Film - Classroom 2 or Theatre	7:00 pm
April 30th	Donovan's Reef
May 7th	Saturday Night Fever
May 21st	Cat Ballou
May 28th	Hitler: The Last Ten Days
June 4th	The One and Only
June 11th	Close Encounters of the Third Kind
June 18th	Game of Death
June 25th	Man Called Sledge
July 2nd	Moonraker

SATURDAY

Seniors Pottery - Art Room, Basement	11:00 - 1:00 pm
Mothers Group - Classroom 2	1:00 - 3:00 pm
Meet for coffee and discussion	
Aural History Program - Main Floor	1:00 - 5:00 pm
Laurel Kimberley records life stories	
of Carnegie seniors. Involvement in the	
project is welcome	
Sports on Film - 2nd Floor Lounge	2:30 pm

SUNDAY

Sunday Breakfast - 2nd Floor	11:00 am
Omelettes, blueberry pancakes and	
other goodies. Cost: \$2	
Seniors Meeting - Classroom 1	2:00 pm
All Carnegie patrons over 40 welcome	
Youth Van Trip	Leaves at 2:00 pm
Excursions around Vancouver and the	
Lower Mainland	
Pottery - Art Room, Basement	3:00 - 5:00 pm
Learn wheel throwing and hand modelling	
with Val Kalk	
Sunday Dinner - 2nd Floor	5:30 pm
Cost: \$2	
Body Building - Exercise Room	7:00 - 9:00 pm
Choir and Voice Lessons - Classroom 2 or Theatre	8:00 pm

GENERAL

- * The Silver Slipper Card Playing Room and the Seniors Lounge are open every day from 10:00 am to 10:00 pm
- * Pool Room Membership - \$5 per year
- * Special events - speakers, plays, parties. Watch the weekly update and bulletin board
- * Open for Ideas - a drop in education program includes classes and speakers on topics of general interest. one-to-one tuition, advice on upgrading. See Linda Grant Tuesday 2:00 - 10:00, Wednesday - Friday 10 - 5:00 pm
- * BEST (Basic Employment Skills Training). Eight week prgram. See Ingrid for more details