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Alderman Druh the Shrew wants to send butt-flickers to jail but show her a real criminal creep and it's nothing but excuses

By RICK BELL

It's really quite uncanny.

Ald. Druh Farrell, the latte-lifting Queen of Kensington and one of Silly Hall's most serious control freaks, is starting to resemble the nasty Nurse Ratched from *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*.

Or, as one media legend said after a committee meeting where Druh the Shrew nitpicked the assembled to distraction with her desire to tell everyone how to live their lives: "Can you imagine what it will be like to live next to her 20 years from now?"



I can't imagine what it would be like to live next to her now. It's too scary.

What is even scarier is Druh the Shrew and a few of the other aldermen, who were no doubt always the kids ready to tattle to get attention, are winning in their agenda to sweat the small stuff and let the big stuff slide. First they push a bylaw where the municipal crowd will take away Aunt Marge's pension cheque if she dares spot-spray a dandelion with 2,4-D, approved for use by Health Canada.

Then they muse openly about banning new drive-thrus and forcing citizens to get the permission of city paper shufflers to cut down a tree on their own property.

Then, two days ago, an Idiotic Eight aldermen are a squeaker of a majority who apparently want to get ahead of this week's Fringe Festival by staging their own theatre of the absurd.

Going quite a bit higher than the already-high amount dreamed up by the city's tall foreheads, the Idiotic Eight decide to up the fine to \$1,000 for tossing a smoke, a bad thing to do and in no way being condoned, but a thousand bucks?

What does it mean? What will it really do? Who will enforce it since the bylaw boys keep getting more pages added to their rule book? And who is going to hand out a \$1,000 ticket, and if they don't hand out such tickets, what's the point of this crusade?

The Queen of Kensington thinks the \$1,000 is mild. She would like to see a hitch in the hoosegow for offenders.

"I think everyone who litters should be thrown in the clink," says the alderman, making Nurse Ratched look better all the time.

If you haven't seen the movie or read the book, get to it. What is crazy is where news releases on crimes spit out daily horror stories and where pukes make us quickly forget Calgary as it was not so long ago and after the no-nonsense police chief tells aldermen once again about drugs, gangs, violence and serious social disorder this is the spot Silly Hall gets tough.

Funny thing, many of the people reaching for the noose to deal with butt-flickers are wimps when it comes to actual creeps. Show them a real waste of skin and they will toss out the excuses.

These ostriches want to hug a thug, talk about lawbreakers and their troubles and how we have to scratch our skulls endlessly over the root causes of crime which means more taxpayer dough for navel gazers who can't get a real job.

Big Red has had enough. The \$1,000 bylaw comes for a final vote September and Ald. Diane Colley-Urquhart, who gained some common sense growing up in Oyen, is looking to have this silliness deep-sixed.

She needs one vote to stop it, since the tally is now 8-7 in favour of the fools.

"We have a last gasping chance. This council is being hijacked by the special interests who think they own the public space and you'd better behave yourself," she says.

"Wake up. Let's make a statement and stop the nonsense now. Maybe we could send a couple of the aldermen to a conference so they won't be there for a vote." Indeed.

Ald. Andre Chabot of east Calgary is also right on when he says this isn't about cleaning up the city.

"It's not about enforcement. This is all about notoriety, self-proclamation. Most of the things these alderman have pushed so vehemently have had no effect," says Andre.

"All they want to do is stand up to a select group like them and say they did something and be applauded. They're a bunch of do-gooders accomplishing nothing."

What do taxpayers in Forest Lawn say of Silly Hall?

"They ask: 'Where is their head at?'" We know the answer. Mayor Bronco used to be the playground supervisor making sure the games didn't get too goofy in the sandbox but he's not laying down the law anymore. Can we hear the quacking of a lame duck?

Yes, we have real weirdness. Brian Pincott, who heads up the Flaky Four aldermen along with Druh the Shrew and is more green than Kermit the Frog, is alderman for Pumphill and Eagle Ridge millionaires who make their money in oil. Little Johnny Mar gets elected to be a bigger crime-fighter than Batman and then turns into something closer to the Joker.

What's next, council meetings at Yuk Yuk's?

Big Red shakes her redhead at the antics.

"They have August off. I'm sure they will conjure up something to put in the mix. We license dogs and cats. Maybe we'll license mice."

Don't give them any ideas.