

EDITORIAL

with Dawn Brown

The times they are a changin'...but not as quickly as they should

This morning when I sat down in front of my computer to write this week's editorial—which incidentally was going to be on a completely different topic from this one—I was greeted to another actress's account of an encounter with Harvey Weinstein. Since the New York Times article detailing the man's terrible abuse of power came out earlier this month, more and more women have come forward and spoken out. This list is long and their accounts heart-wrenching.

However, the sad truth is, sexual harassment in the work place is nothing new, and that it is still happening in 2017 is more than just a little depressing. Most women I know, have a story of harassment and sometimes worse, and in many cases more than one.

Weinstein went unfettered for decades, abusing women because of his power and his clout in the industry, and I find it disheartening that no one did anything to try to stop the man before now. And I'm not talking about the women whose careers he held in his hands or whose lives his actions devastated, but surely there had been others in positions of power who knew what he was doing and that it was wrong, and who might have done something to stop it had they not turned a blind eye. So many people have spoken out against Weinstein and in support of these women, but where were they when it was happening?

Perhaps, though, it's not surprising. After all, we witnessed a man who bragged about assaulting women elected as president. Oh sure, he apologized for his "locker room talk", but unfortunately he couldn't grasp that the issue was never his crude words, rather the meaning behind them—that his celebrity and position of power allowed him to grab women uninvited. Whatever our political views, surely, we can agree that grabbing women without invitation is wrong.

I have a ten year old niece, who I believe to be one of the sweetest most talented kids in the world—though, I may be touch biased. She is growing up to believe that she can do or be anything she dreams of provided she's willing to work for it—as all children should. But soon she'll learn that there is another side to growing up as a woman, a side where the men she works with could make crude remarks or demands aimed at diminishing her and leaving her feeling powerless, a side where some creep on public transit pretends his hand brushing her leg while reading his newspaper his an accident no matter how far she shifts away, or, God forbid, something worse. Because, unfortunately, this sort of behaviour is still a reality, and will continue to be so until it becomes truly unacceptable. And for that to happened everyone needs to stop making excuses. Harassment and assault are not just cases of "boys being boys" or just "locker room talk".

Bring home George



By
Angela Tyler

My phone pinged on Saturday, and I looked down at the text message. It was the Dude. Let's set the record straight. He doesn't call or text often, usually only for a specific reason, or if he's replying to mine, and his texts are usually pretty short. This time was no different.

I opened the message to a picture of a dog staring up at the phone with a big open-mouthed smile, followed by, "Can we keep him?" and yet another picture. I looked around in fear of either child reading over my shoulder and in the same split second replied, "No." I followed my abrupt response with, "cute tho...I'll print this and you can look at his picture."

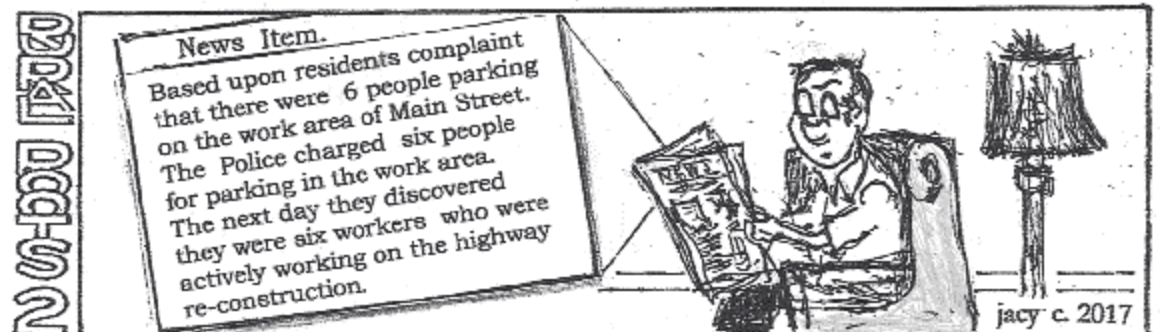
You may think we aren't "dog people" based on my response, but we actually are. We've had a Malamute and three Saint Bernards, and now we have downsized to a Golden Retriever who is the equivalent of an indoor cat. We can't even get her to use the dog door to her run as she prefers to relax on the leather couch. She's somewhat spoiled. However, just a few minutes after my very firm no, I get the phone call.

It seemed that the Bernese Mountain Dog had appeared to be on the loose. The Dude was at work cleaning up the yard, and the dog had been hanging out with him not straying from his side. "He's really good, stays right with me and he evens sits when I tell him to." I think the obedience thing was part of the plan to convince me. However, reality set in as we both knew chances were a pure bred, obedient dog was probably missed terribly by his family.

The Dude called people he knew in the area, and I reached out to local vets. Nobody knew of this dog, and nobody had reported one missing. We talked about the dog, which he had named George, and if we couldn't find his owner he would come home with us until we did. By late afternoon, I texted the Dude. "Do we have a house guest?" No reply. I thought he must have found the owner. Then, at the same moment my phone pinged with his response, his truck was in our driveway and he was standing there asking me, "Do you have the other leash?" The kids were screaming with adulation. "We got another dog! Look in Dad's truck. It's a dog!" The Dude asked me, "Did you tell them about George?" Well, of course I didn't, because this was exactly what I had feared. I didn't want them to get attached if George was only visiting.

George is a lovely dog. He seemed to like us, and although Molly was very protective of her beloved leather couch, she seemed to be okay with him too. I had to admit, George was a big loveable dog with the temperament that we had with two of our previous dogs that was missed. There we were...a blended family of six. Then the Dude's phone rang. It was the moment that I knew he didn't want to happen. It was George's owner. George was going home. The little guy, who loves dogs, had a heart that was breaking and the big guy was kind of emotional too as we grabbed a leash for George to go back to his family.

When he got back the Dude told us George's real name was Ted. I looked at him and said, "That is hilarious." He looked at me strangely. "Ted—Ted is my dad's name." He still looked puzzled. "His middle name is George. That is so uncanny." I'm not sure what the universe was trying to tell us by sending George/Ted into our afternoon but if nothing else, it's a fun story.



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