

EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

Our first P.M.

The anniversary of Sir John A. Macdonald's birthday occurred last week on either Jan 8 or 9 (no one is sure) but there were few festivities or commemorative events to mark the occasion. This for the man considered the Father of Confederation was indeed sad. If he had been a figure in the United States there'd likely have at least been a holiday.

Born in Scotland, Macdonald came to Canada with his family at the age of five. He went on to become, not only the premier of the two Canadas (Upper and Lower) but the first prime minister of a new nation. He almost single handedly took a welter of British colonialism, which jealously guarded their own privileges, and pulled them kicking and screaming into a Confederation that would eventually extend from "sea to sea."

John A. had many detractors over his years in office, both before and after Confederation, but none more formidable than George Brown, publisher and editor of The Globe, called Canada's most influential newspaper. Brown, a Reformer, championed the interests of English speaking Upper Canada against what was conceived to be the compromises of the Conservative Macdonald and French speaking Lower Canada.

Brown detested Macdonald with a passion, a quality John A. also reserved for the Toronto publisher. At one point in both political careers they went eight years without speaking. However, after years of alienation, Brown suddenly turned moderate in his demeanour to Macdonald. It came after he married a wealthy Scottish woman who is reported to have turned the tiger into something of a pussycat. Eventually Mr. Brown went on to play a leading part in Confederation, managing to conceal or forgive the many times he had been thwarted by John A.

In a curious turn of events after Confederation, Brown was left off those who received honours from the queen, for their part in Confederation. The list of those to be honoured was drawn up by now Sir John A. and considered a vengeful act by the architect of Confederation.

There was no doubt the wily Macdonald was a politician who never forgot a slight. He could sway back and forth on the questions of the day when it suited him. What set him apart was a vision of a Canada stretching from seas to sea and the ability to translate that vision into action.

Like many of his contemporaries, Macdonald was also a drinker, often going for days on binges. It never seemed to hurt his popularity. Accused of being drunk at a public political meeting, John A. is reported to have replies: "Yes, but the public would prefer a John A. drunk to George Brown sober."

Despite his wants, Macdonald was a remarkable man at a time and place when someone of his wit and personality was needed to forge all the disparate parts of what is now Canada into a nation. He was both reviled and praised during his lifetime yet he endured and much of what he wrought is what we enjoy today.

Briefly...

Wondering what the -24 degrees Celcius translate into Fahrenheit, The New Tanner's Traci Gardner says the -24 degrees Celsius reported on Wednesday morning comes to about -11.2 below zero on the Fahrenheit scale. Wow, that's cold isn't it?

Old timers will argue about whether the snow we've had in this neck of the woods surpasses anything to date or not. This one can remember when not roads but railroads were closed due to the amount of snow. Huge railway plows sometimes took days to get from Georgetown to Kitchener.



MORNING MOON: It's getting lighter every day but one Elizabeth Drive resident was surprised at about 7:45am Monday to see a brilliant moon still hanging in teh western sky

Getting organized no fun

It never fails. As soon as Christmas and New Years is over, the ads start. It's a New Year and it's time for a new way of life; a life that involves organization.

The ads are everywhere. It's time to buy rubber totes for your leftover Christmas decorations. Head down to the Swedish store in Burlington to get a closet organizer that will somehow improve your love life. Buy a calendar, buy some file folders, organize your bills. It's crazy.

Hours after the clock struck 12 on New Year's day, the Dude got the bug. He was ready to organize. I had been dreading this since the day we moved almost two years ago. In our basement there was still a dozen or more boxes that since I didn't need what was in them right away, I just left them unpacked.

I had about as much desire to finish unpacking as I do to go sky-diving. If it were up to me, 40 or 50 years from now, when the Dude and I are nothing more than a memory, that our offspring or their offspring will be left to deal with the unpacked boxes. If I really need something from one of those boxes, I could always go downstairs and retrieve what I needed so why upack an entire box or a dozen?

Three days later, the Dude had



By **Angela Tyler**

worn me down and I agreed to spend an hour sorting all the stuff that I had been avoiding. Three hours later, we had made a small dent in organizing our basement. By that time there were more things to be thrown out or put in a garage sale than to save.

Why did I have a half ripped ziplock bag with about six buttons in it, one of which promoted Ontario tourism from circa 1980? It was a back and fourth process/discussion between us. The Dude would start pulling things from a box asking, "What about this?" while I learned I was keeping a lot of stuff I didn't need. At the same time the Dude was learning it is okay to keep things.

After three hours I was drained and exhausted. I made the Dude leave the basement after three hours and I promised to return and finish his organizing project. At that point I was prepared to use every excuse not to finish unpacking. I still had hopes that those boxes would be somebody's inheritance. At some

point, however, in an odd way, I felt an urge to, well organize.

Saturday I headed off for two purchases. I needed to go baby steps on this improving my organization skills. The first stop was our closet; moreover, my side of the closet. My shelf of sweaters looked like a bombshell hit it. It didn't matter how much I folded them and placed them neatly, it seemed to last a day. So, I bought some easy to assemble metal cubes that could stack.

Easy to assemble...HA! After 30 minutes, I had two of the cubes, sort of assembled...well, I thought they were assembled until I really took a look at them and also realized that I should have had three cubes. Now, I have two with a lot of spare parts.

My next project was the "space bag". You probably have seen this on television. It's a giant ziplock for arguments sake, that when you hook your vacuum up to it, it compresses the items in the bag to next to nothing for "easy" storage.

After begrudgingly spending forty bucks on the large sized bag that promised to hold a complete bedding set, pillows and five sweaters, I recalculated and decided that would also be the equivalent to two bedding sets with no pillows.

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THE NEW TANNER
PUBLISHING LTD.

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Distributed to every home in Acton and area, as well as adjoining communities.

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