

Want protection anyway

Until new legislation is proclaimed, Moped riders don't have to abide by the new laws but the laws make sense and are worth parents and riders noting.

The new motor assisted bicycle craze has had its attendant accident pattern and the government developed new legislation which some feel isn't tough enough yet. But it is a start. It means only those 16 or over will be able to operate vehicles and they must have a driver's licence or a learner's permit. They cannot carry passen-

gers and the vehicle must be insured and licensed.

One of the requirements missing from the legislation, that many felt should be included, was the one insisting that helmets be worn. Again those who are safety conscious will want to wear a helmet anyway.

The legislation seems to be logical common sense and whether the proclamation of it has taken place or not, owners should be encouraged to observe the protective rules.

Paper shuffling

If you're confused about whether or not that new tax being collected at gasoline pumps applies to your driving or may be refundable later, don't be surprised.

Revenue officials apparently had no advance warning of the tax and they're still scrambling to sort out its application after John Turner announced it in his budget.

Some of the experts interpret that consumption of gasoline for legitimate business purposes (including the business portion of

private and company automobiles) will be exempt from the tax. But in the meantime the regulations haven't been written and the tax is being collected.

Presumably it's another case of government taking the money first and worrying about who should get the rebate later. In the collection and return of the tax to those entitled, there will be another heavy administrative overhead to just shuffle the paper and make out the cheques.

Editorial notes

Federal officials are pressing for adoption by the motoring public of a "55 Max." slogan. They're hoping, that despite provincial highway speed limits, the message of 55 m.p.h. will appeal to those who want to economize on gasoline and help cut the traffic toll. American studies showed a definite decline in fatalities when motorists slowed down. There's a definite appeal to the 55 limit. If you've driven some American highways you'll notice the driving gets easier when the pace is a little slower.

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Driving in the week-end traffic peak to the north country certainly reveals some of the driving attitudes that cause quick pile-ups. Leaving a space between you and the car ahead seems to be taken as an invitation for a neighboring-lane motorist to dodge back and forth into that space on a flick of the turn signal and hardly a moment's hesitation, or a backward glance.

Who says small towns don't have vision? Fergus and Elora are aiming for a new community centre-recreation complex. Shelburne has unveiled a proposal that includes an amphitheatre that would seat 8,000 people and Orangeville has made such a success with its horse show that it is building an equestrian centre on the site of an old dump!

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Thanks for the many complimentary remarks about The Free Press special centennial issue last week. That's two special issues in a short period. The first was issued for the town's centennial in June of last year.

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Few towns have the Dominion Day activities Acton does, and a good crowd came to the park, making the work of the organizers worthwhile.

It's become a happy summertime tradition.



DON THORNHILL and Joel Pink race through the waters of Fairy Lake with pants on and spare change in the pockets. It was one way of cooling off in the high temperatures experienced throughout the region these past few weeks.



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Many people have a peculiar idea of "progress." They confuse it with change or growth for their own sakes. All too often, these things represent regress, rather than progress.

I try not to be bitter, but I have a perfect example of that kind of "progress" right outside my front door.

When we moved to this house, it was on a quiet, residential street, a leafy tunnel of voluptuous maples and stately oaks, with a green boulevard on each side of the street. It was gentle and pleasant and safe for children.

The town council, in the name of progress, tore out the boulevard, cut down some trees, and widened the street.

Results? We now have a speedway out front, and you can scarcely risk crossing the street to the mailbox. The squeal of tires makes the nights hideous, as the punks try to proclaim their dubious manhood. The remaining trees are dying because their natural environment has been disturbed and because they get a heavy dose of sprayed salt from the snowplow each winter.

Much beauty lost, and the only ugly things on the street, dead cedar poles for telephone and hydro, left standing in their nakedness.

Just to complete the picture, there has been a "development", which is synonymous with progress in many small minds, at the end of our street. What was once glorious bushland is now an asphalt wasteland inhabited by supermarkets, a gaggle of gas stations, and the inevitable hamburger joints and milk stores.

Because of the "development" and its accompanying "progress", traffic on our street has quintupled about five times, with the accompanying multiplication of stink and noise.

Tough luck, says you. Right, says I. But this is not just a private beef. I've seen this sort of thing happen so often on handsome old streets in pleasant small towns that it makes me sick.

First move of the progress-happy morons is usually to cut down the trees, some of them 70 years old, so that they can widen the road. Grace and shade and dignity are sacrificed to the number one god of North America — the car.

In the cities, the same process holds. Potential parklands are turned into instant parking lots. Throughways slaughter miles of greenery.

Ranking high among the villains are the "developers". In more enlightened cultures, they would be called ecological rapists. They take a section of beautiful bushland, fertile farmland, or lush fruitland. They send in their bulldozers to ensure that the property will look like no-man's-land. They then carve it into 50-foot lots and jam in the jerry-built houses, check by jowl, give the whole thing a fancy name, spend a fortune on advertising, and flog the swollen-priced abortions to poor suckers who are so desperate for a house of their own they shoulder a mortgage they can never possibly get out from under.

This, when Canada has more land that is useless for anything else but building than it can ever use. That is "progress."

Oh, "progress" has many faces, and many sounds, and not a few smells.

Far below the roar of the over-sized, over-priced cars burning up precious energy as they whoosh down the super-highways may be heard the whimper of starving children.

Behind the smiling face and honeyed words of the Public Relations Department can be seen something not unlike a mountain range — huge, ever-growing piles of non-returnable bottles, rusting cans, and indestructible plastic garbage.

And the stinks! "Progress" will take a cool, clean, sweet trout stream and poison it with chemicals and detergents and other toxic elements, because "We need the industry." And the big, belching smokestacks go right on belching their nauseous gases from their rotten stomachs, laughing hilariously when the government slaps them on the wrist with a staggering \$25 fine.

"Progress" hoists, again and again, the taxes on booze, because governments would fall without that revenue, and sets up a cheap and party-waist program barely hinting at the evils of drink.

"Progress" produces bigger cars that go faster and burn more fuel on bigger highways, the vehicles propelled, in many cases, by drivers who couldn't handle a crisis in a kiddie-car race.

"Progress" taxes everything but the living breath of the working stiff, but encourages the plumpies with the expense accounts and the credit cards to go out and live it up and lie and cheat on their taxes.

Medical "progress" means turning a great number of adult neurotics into drug addicts by socking the pills to them, and with the other hand giving a stiff-arm in the face to the dirty, sick, frightened kids of the drug age.

A pretty dim view of progress? It is, as many people look on the word.

But surely there are enough of us left who believe in the real meaning of the word — moral, social and intellectual progress — to try to do something about the spreading sickness.

Same time next Sunday, please. In the meantime, on guard against the "progress" people.

Letter
Premier sweet on sugar?

To the Editor,

Dear Sir,

It is amazing how consumer conscious Premier Davis can get just before an election. "Gas Price Freeze for Ninety Days."

Mr. Davis denies this is a calculated plot to woo the voters. If that is so, why was there no freeze on sugar prices last fall?

William A. Johnson.

The Free Press Back Issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, July 7, 1955.

Bill (lost) 16 year old Acton High school student, pulled a drowning man from Fairy Lake Thursday evening as scores of bathers splashed near.

The most popular subject around the town this week is also the most unpopular. A scorching heat wave, singing grass, mowing pulling out of the sodden, soaring temperatures and ice cream sales, has hung over the town like a sticky pall. Temperatures over the July weekend cling like damp clothing to the 90 degree region.

Rev. Gordon Adams was officially inducted as the Minister of Acton United Church at a well attended service on Thursday evening.

Acton Chamber of Commerce Embryo fish derby came off in encouraging style last Saturday as nearly 150 anglers, old and young and as far away as New York State, took to boats, hip boots, banks and island stumps and around and around Fairy Lake to compete for over \$100 in prizes.

Miss Diane Newton left on Monday to attend the Girl Guide Ontario camp at One Lake near Sprucedale. Several girls from Halton County are attending.

Acton tennis club haven't hit their stride yet. They lost another tournament to Brampton 9-3 last Thursday. Mrs. Robert Biggar, the former Minerva Brownridge, now 97, and Mary Brownridge, 94, were the oldest among a gathering of 277 members of the Brownridge clan, one of the oldest families in Peel-Halton counties when the reunion was held.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, July 23, 1925.

About three o'clock Monday morning the large barn belonging to W. T. Givner, of Nelson Township, was completely destroyed by fire, together with two horses, several pure bred cattle and the total content of the barn. The fire was of unknown origin.

Since Phil Forbes was imprisoned in the county jail last Saturday for a considerable term, Mrs. Forbes decided to give up the house at Collingwood where the family has been living for some months, and move to a house on the mountain in Nassagaweya, near Phil's father, George Forbes.

On Friday evening, at six o'clock, George Bishop, with his floral delivery truck and Leonard Simmons, with his Ford coupe, essayed to race down Church Street. From Wilbur to Elgin Streets, they tore along, over intersections and heedless as to any other traffic that might be on the street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kenney had a very enjoyable motor trip to Drayton with their son and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Linton Kenney of Kitchener, one day last week. William Dunning, driver of Nassagaweya, was charged by Provincial Constable Atkins at the Court House, Milton, on Friday, with needlessly abusing and ill-treating a steer he was driving to Moffat to slaughter on July 8. Five farmers who saw the animals gave evidence that it had been cruelly treated. He was fined \$10, and costs.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, July 12, 1900.

With an intense interest, the old pupils of Acton Public School, of the days when the late Robert Little was principal, have been looking forward to the re-union, which is to take place tomorrow. The invitations sent out by the local committee have been accepted by many of the out of town pupils, some of whom have not been in Acton for a quarter of a century or more, and the gathering promises to eclipse all the most sanguine promoters hoped for.

Yesterday's news from China is again hopeful. There seems to be little doubt that Prince Ching, who is in command of the Manchurian garrison at Peking, is protecting the Legations against the Boxers. The London Daily Mail's correspondent at Shanghai says the reason why the heavy guns trained on the Legations have not been used is because Prince Ching and General Yunglu seized and removed all the ammunition.

The open air concert by Acton Concert Band on the band stand Monday evening was much enjoyed. The band is improving. The strong wind rendered the players' lights of little value, however. If the band stand were fitted with electric lights this difficulty would be obviated.

Last Wednesday evening a very enjoyable time was spent in connection with Acton Home Circle. After an enjoyable programme, strawberries, cream and cake were partaken of and a pleasant hour of social intercourse was spent.

Arnold family's fame starts with fine gloves

Herbert Thomas Arnold, born March 14, 1858, was 16 years of age when he left Yovil, England, with his family. They settled at Johnston, New York, in 1876.

The Arnold family had been glove cutters for many years in "the old country". Two years later, Arnold left Johnston, N.Y. and arrived at Glen Williams to work for a Mr. Borad, a glove manufacturer in that village.

In 1890, at the age of 32, Herbert decided to start a glove company of his own. He chose Acton for the site of his first plant. In conjunction with the glove business in Acton he operated a small tannery during the 1890s at Glen Lawson, a small industrial centre near Dolly Varden,

about one and one half miles south-east of Acton along the Grand Trunk Railway line.

The business in Acton prospered and by 1901 when expansion was being considered a site in Georgetown was secured. The new factory, built at the corner of Guelph and Mill Streets, was a three story brick building measuring 120x40 feet. It was reputed to be one of the largest and best equipped glove factories "in the Dominion".

H. T. Arnold operated his business from this building from 1902 to 1922. Ken McMillan operated a farm implement agency in the same building, and more recently the local Canadian Tire Store and Mel's Antiques were situated there. It now houses

Goodyear Tire and the Carpet Barn.

In 1915 the Arnold firm purchased the W. H. Storey Glove Works in Acton and ceased their operations in the Georgetown plant, consolidating their interest in Acton in 1922.

H. T. Arnold resided in a frame house at the corner of Main and Kennedy Streets in Georgetown from 1901 until he purchased the Goodwillie estate on Queen Street in 1906. The lovely brick house, with mansard roof, was erected in 1880 for the magnificent sum of \$6,000!!!

Mr. Goodwillie was a solicitor-at-law who began his practice in Georgetown in

1876. The mansion, named Grandview House, had 28 rooms and the lovely lawns included tennis courts and bowling greens. Two people were employed on a full-time basis to maintain the lawns and housekeep.

The Arnold family resided from 1906 until 1932 when H. T. moved to Toronto. The house was sold approximately 1937 to J. B. Mackenzie and was converted to an apartment building, which it remains today.

Arnold advertised in the Toronto Globe and the Star to attract potential employees to relocate to Georgetown. He owned 16 houses in town at one time and offered these to employees at very reasonable

rents. Large families were persuaded to come to Georgetown because the father and the older children would be able to work in his plant. By 1912 The H. T. Arnold Glove Company employed about 110 people and had six travelling sales representatives on-the-road.

The firm manufactured a high quality line of fine gloves for men and women and a course work glove. Sheepskin, dogskin, pigskin, calfskin, and buckskin were the leathers mainly imported from England and the U.S. Over 200 varieties of gloves were made in the plant at the rate of 100 pairs per day.

From 1912 to 1918 Arnolds owned a glove factory in Waterloo. Large wicker baskets filled with gloves would be shipped by train to Georgetown for distribution to the market.

Hydro-electric power was used to operate the Singer sewing machines and an auxiliary gasoline engine, built by Thomas Speight of Georgetown, was maintained to prevent a delay in production in the event of power failure.

In 1880, H. T. Arnold married Mary Graham at Glen Williams and after her death in 1901 he married Melvina Bennett in 1905. Melvina was the daughter of a Georgetown dentist who had his practice over the Creelman factory office on Main Street. (near Silveros). H. T. Arnold had nine children (six boys and three girls) and most took an interest in the family business.

H. T. Arnold died January 2, 1937, in his 79th year after being struck by a cyclist in Toronto while waiting for the bus to Acton. He commuted between Acton and Toronto, where he made his home until his death.

William Arnold, the eldest son, became president of the firm in 1937 and occupied this position until his death in 1945. The third eldest son Roy took control of the business in 1945 until the company dissolved in 1954.

Jack Arnold is the only living son of H. T., and he resides in Georgetown on Church Street. Many grandchildren and great-grandchildren of H. T. Arnold remain in the community in which he played an important role.

Halton Sketches

by John McDonald



W. H. STOREY and Son glove manufacturers employed hundreds in Acton over its years of operation since 1868. It was Acton's third industry. H. T. Arnold

and Sons took over the building. It was razed to make way for the new post office.

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