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SAXON DERIVATION
Knitting is derived from the Saxon word "cnyttan" and hand knitting is believed to go back to Saxon times.
The 250 million dollars advanced by trusting Germans for Hitler's promised People's Automobile was wiped out in last June's currency reform.



SPORTS CAMERA
By H. Coles

Flourishing a deceptive power play in the final minutes, the Tanners twice squeezed through to victory last week when most fans had given them up. Striking with lightning-like speed, in both cases with the chips down, it extended their win to three and kept them at the head of the class. Unlike their 1-1-1-1-1 encounter with Georgetown, the defense were inadequate around the net under pressure, which left Evans open to attack the like of which he never experienced against Raiders. The forward threesome eased up on their back-checking just enough to permit even a tottering club like Oakville to blink the bulb six times. Fortunately, they cast aside this inferior brand of play for the final few minutes and sparkled to hit the win column. Although this, doubtless, is thrilling hockey, it obviously is uncertain as well. A slight miscue on the part of any one Tanner could have changed the verdict in favor of the opposition in the twinkling of an eye.

One player who has been a continual source of polish, however, is Mike Cox. The fiery pivot, bustling with speed, is bountifully paying the point parade. Against Oakville he sank four markers and assisted in another to spark the club. He and his Milton buddy, Evans, thus far have been twin towers of strength. Without them we would hesitate in selecting Acton as the "team to beat." The first line, centered by George O'Donoghue function well together, particularly when the pace gets tough.

Whether of their own volition or not, the defense have a curiously diversified mode of play. On one instance they will indulge in extended lethal body checks and aggressive checking to the oncoming sorters that probably send involuntary shudders down their spines, but on the very next play manoeuvre around like ponderous artillery. Indeed the Georgetown Herald compares them to battleships. Certainly they had a similar effect on Georgetown's light cruisers who attribute their recent defeat to the "choppy" style of Acton play and Evans' brilliance in the nets. The Raiders are all carrying souvenirs of the game according to this same source. We fail to see how they could class the Tanners play as choppy, however, to take issue with them. On the night in question it was evidently immeasurably smoother than Georgetown's as the score indicates, and compared with some of the more flagrant violations of code exhibited by Raiders, a good deal more ethical. As for roughness... a recent column in a Toronto paper insists that to-day's players are liberally supplied with scribes can recall one player of long ago who lost a finger on Tuesday night and didn't realize it until the following Friday when he attempted to count his pay.

If the Georgetown players are so delicately fragile they can't stand the pace, we suggest the officials provide them with adequate defense when sparring with Acton. The Tanners very seldom precipitately a brawl but one never knows what provocation will do. Concerning their style of play, we have always considered it impervious from attack from outside observers who do not comprehend a different style.

Formation of a Junior Hockey Club was given its first public shot in the arm at the "Doc" Sims' villa on Monday night. An invitation extended to all aspirants for the team brought out a goodly number of enthusiasts. Several from Milton attended. The Marzocco is tutoring the "lads" this term and has called a practice session on Thursday. It is likely the pupils will play in a loop comprising both "B" and "C" clubs, with a strong entry a deemed necessary. The nucleus of last year's novice group-champions are being elevated to the club.

Judging by news pictures, the boys who are fighting for peace in the UN ring, always shake hands between rounds.

Chronicles of... Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Acton Free Press
GWYNDOLENE P. CLARKE

One day last week I was in the city. Business kept me occupied until noon. After lunch, it being so close to Christmas, I thought a little last minute shopping might be in order. Perhaps I might chance on something new or novel—perhaps, who knows, I might even find the Christmas spirit. So I dived through the revolving door of the nearest department store and came up for breath on the inside. You see those doors were turning so fast, with so many folk going in and out, one had to literally make a dive for an empty stall or miss it entirely.

Inside there was the usual crowd—lonely, embarrassed males shopping in the lingerie department; teen-agers in the record shop; young married couples doing a lot of looking but little buying—probably furnishing their dream-home-to-be after they leave their one-room apartment in Mother's home set up for themselves.

And in the flower shop a young fellow, hands in his pockets, looks longingly and unbelievably at roses forty-five cents a piece. Another, an elderly man, was buying a few delicate snapdragons... did he have an invalid wife at home, or in hospital, and was he trying to bring a little brightness into her life?

Down in the gift shop a middle-aged couple were inquiring the price of a silver tea-service. Was it for a wedding present, I wondered? Apparently \$125 was a little more than they expected so they wandered away.

One look at the bargain counter and I fled. Women jostled each other at every counter and in the aisles. A few meek men trailed along behind their women-folk, carrying bulging shopping bags. Tired, dishevelled and protesting children were dragged along. The air was stifling. "No," I said to myself, "I'll never find the Christmas spirit down here there isn't room!"

Back upstairs I watched the reaction of the sales-clerks. Most of them were astonishingly polite and obliging, the only hint of impatience was when a customer could not make up her mind. Somehow I felt a little of the Christmas spirit had found a resting place behind the department store counters.

However, I soon tired of the stores and went to visit my sister-in-law. A little old lady got on the street-car firmly grasping a little four-year-old grand-daughter by the hand. "Grannie when do we get off eh, Grannie—when do we?"

"Soon, dear—very soon." And Grannie looked every bit as excited over whatever was in store for them as the wee girl. The tram stopped... the little lady and the little girl hurried to get off. The conductor saw them—leaning forward he called, "Hi, lady, not this stop... next stop is Wellesley."

Ah, the Christmas spirit I thought. Why else should the conductor worry if the two had to walk a couple of blocks? We started up again; this time I noticed a man, deathly white and strap hanging! There was obviously something wrong and I quickly offered him my seat. He spoke not a word but shook his head. It was then that a man sitting next to me spoke to me. "He can have my seat," he said. "The white-faced man accepted. It was then that I noted his blue hospital jeans."

Later some school girls boarded the car, this time there was almost enough seats but not quite. A minister got on one of the girls to my great delight immediately jumped up and offered him her seat. That, I thought is not the Christmas spirit. It is just ordinary everyday decency and respect with that child.

Before going to the station that night I stopped at a florist's and treated myself to a large Boston fern. It was after the rush hour so I took a chance on what would happen if my fern on the street-car. There was I, one arm full of fern, the other lugging my bag in my parcel and no ticket. Some of the passengers had a loose change in my pocket, got my tickets, and then couldn't tear one off. Seeing my predicament, another passenger came to my rescue, tore off a ticket and dropped it into the box. Such a little thing to do but without that Christmas spirit in the air my fellow passenger might not have tossed me at all!

But oh, how nice it was to be back at Ginger Farm!

BURLINGTON

Mayor Norman Craig announced the good news on Tuesday that power cuts have been eliminated for the town, as the result of a conference with Hydro officials and an increase in power quota of 10 per cent.

A former resident of Burlington, John (Jack) A. Hobson for the last three years secretary to the general manager of the Bank of Montreal has been appointed manager of the bank's Halifax branch.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Forth who reside near Waterdown celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary at their home on Tuesday. A family dinner was held in honor of the occasion. They were married by the Rev. E. B. Stevenson at Free-man.

Mrs. Carl Glover will have the sympathy of her many friends in the sad death of her mother, Mrs. Fanny Rayner, of Clarkson, who was instantly killed on Wednesday night last when hit by a car after she alighted from a bus near her home on the Queen Elizabeth Way. The funeral was held on Saturday afternoon.—Gazette.

Racing pigeons sell for from \$40 to \$400 each.

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Each month 10,000 are being added so that soon all may have dependable telephone service and the security that goes with it.
This is being done in spite of rising costs, yet up to now there has been no increase in the basic telephone rates established 21 years ago.
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Hon. W. A. GOODFELLOW
Minister of Public Welfare for Ontario
will speak on
"HUMAN PROBLEMS"
CBL 740
ON YOUR RADIO DIAL
Monday
DECEMBER 13th
10:30 p.m.

Bake a Batch ANYTIME...
PURITY 3rd COOKIES
It's a wonderful idea—makes three kinds of luscious cookies from one recipe—and economical, too. You make three rolls each a different flavour. Anytime, you can slice some off—pop them in the oven and have delicious, crispy cookies ready in no time.
Make the dough like this:
1/2 cup shortening 1/4 teaspoon cream of tartar
1/2 teaspoon vanilla 1 teaspoon baking soda
1 cup brown sugar 3/4 cup sifted Purify Flour
2 eggs
Cream the shortening, add vanilla and brown sugar
Add well beaten eggs. Mix cream of tartar, baking soda and sifted PURIFY FLOUR, and add to mixture.
Divide the dough into three parts for three different cookies.
Remember, this grand recipe was created and tested in the Purify Flour kitchens—so, for the new 3 in 1 cookies—and for all your baking—Purify Flour is best. It's the flour milled from Canada's one hard wheat. For tender pie crust, light biscuits, wonderful rolls and feathery cakes, if you depend on Purify Flour you can depend on compliments.
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