

Gallagher-Semchison Nuptials Take Place at United Church

Miss Ann Semchison Becomes Bride of A.C.1 Kenneth Roy Gallagher, of the R.C.A.F. on Saturday. Reception at Home of Groom's Parents.

The Timmins United Church was the setting for a lovely wedding on Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock, when Miss Ann Semchison, eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Semchison, of Kapuskasing, and the late Mrs. Semchison, became the bride of AC1 Kenneth Roy Gallagher, of the R.C.A.F., stationed at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Gallagher of 24 Floral avenue, Timmins. The Rev. W. M. Mustard performed the ceremony, during which Miss Grace Ramsay presided at the organ, and Mr. Warren Tansley sang "I Love You Truly".

The articles to the bombed victims in England. The members hope that the bale for the sailors will reach them for Christmas, as this ship claims an eastern Canadian port as its home port. Included in the bale were eight turtle-neck sweaters, two sleeveless sweaters, three scarves, thirteen pairs of socks, five helmets, five packages candy, five boxes of home-made candy, thirty packages of gum, seven boxes of cookies, one fruit cake, twelve chocolate bars, forty-one packages of cigarettes, eight packages of tobacco and papers, five packages of razor blades, one shaving cream, nine packets of playing cards, three jigsaw puzzles.

Calling All Good Housewives in War on the Home Front

Canada Depends on the Housewife to Prevent Inflation, Says Chairman of W.T.P. & T. Board.

WAR ON THE HOME FRONT: This is the second in a series of articles concerning the new price ceiling law, written for the weekly press by Bruce M. Pearce of the Simcoe Reformer.

"To beat inflation Canada depends on the housewife. She has the biggest single part to play in holding the price ceiling." This is the unequivocal statement of Donald Gordon, Chairman of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, and pivot of the price control effort.

"Retail prices are what count—the price you pay when you buy things at the stores and Canadian women do over 80 per cent of all the retail buying in Canada. The housewife and the retail merchant need to do the job together in seeing that retail prices do not rise above the higher prices of the basic period, September 15th to October 11."

"We would like every woman who does the family shopping to keep her own record of prices at the different stores where she trades. Such a record will enable her to work with the storekeeper in watching the prices do not go up. We also ask housewives not to insist on having goods extravagantly packaged and to be ready to accept fewer lines. This will ease the storekeeper's position as he must make economies and restrict varieties of merchandise in order to offset the reduction of profits which he will have to accept."

"The Board has issued an official statement appealing to all Canadian women to get behind the price control programme and setting forth some of the things they can do to make it succeed. The statement is appearing in the weekly press and in daily papers throughout the country."

Donald Gordon wants to make clear that the Board has not fixed the level of prices for all stores. Prices may vary from store to store as in the past, or as between towns and cities or provinces.

"The important point," he emphasized, "is that prices obtained in each individual store during the basic period must not be exceeded in that store. He points out that there has always been a variation in prices in different stores, even in the same locality, depending on the kind of service the store gives and the way it operates. These competitive variations will probably continue."

Therefore housewives are asked to bear in mind that the prices of similar commodities may vary in different stores; that a merchant may reduce his prices for sales or other reasons and may also raise them, but not above the basic period level; that variations may occur in seasonal prices on such items as eggs, vegetables, fruits, etc. Particularly should every housewife remember this fact: "The prices YOU will mark down will be the highest prices charged at the stores where YOU shop."

Chairman Gordon told a press conference recently that retailers were co-operating well in the price control plan. The majority of them are determined to make the price ceiling work. The housewife who checks prices carefully will help the retailer who is complying with the law and will also deter any who may be trying to evade it.

Some people are puzzled about the exact reason for invoking the price ceiling law and for setting up the machinery required to make it work. Mr. Gordon has explained the threat of spiralling prices and the havoc that would be wrought without control: "Inflation shows itself in a vicious circle of rising prices and rising costs. As a nation at war we must spend huge sums of money to buy the materials of war. We soon begin to bid against ourselves for materials and commodities which we need for both for war and for ordinary uses. We bid against ourselves and prices start to rise. Since one man's prices are another man's costs, each price increase generates other price increases leading to wage and salary increases."

This starts the vicious circle. As wages and other costs rise in the chase after prices, we have more money to spend in bidding against ourselves and we thus force prices higher and higher. Wages and salaries are always bound to lag behind prices. We soon have disputes and confusion, with hardships falling more and more unfairly on people with small incomes and modest savings. We begin to find that our dollar of savings has shrunk to a fraction of its original value in terms of living costs. We have a country seized

Christmas Services at St. Matthew's Church

Christmas services at St. Matthew's Church will be as follows: Christmas Eve—11:30 p.m.—Carol service, followed by Holy Communion. Christmas Day—1:00 a.m.—Morning Prayer and Holy Communion.

Death of J. McGuire Postmaster for 30 Years at Eganville

Gregory McGuire, of Timmins, a Son of the Late J. J. McGuire.

Pembroke, Dec. 23—Impressive tribute was paid the memory of John J. McGuire, postmaster of Eganville for the past 30 years, at his funeral, which was held Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock at St. James' Church and cemetery. The pastor, Rev. W. P. Breen, received the body at the church and Rev. M. T. O'Neill of St. George's Church, Ottawa and brother-in-law of deceased, celebrated solemn requiem mass, assisted by Rev. E. Dillon and Rev. P. T. Jeffrey of Pembroke as deacon and subdeacon respectively. Rev. P. A. Flynn delivered an inspiring and consoling sermon. Other clergy present in the sanctuary were Rev. J. N. George of Coanara, Rev. G. MacKay, Killalee and Rev. J. Marchoe, assisting at St. James' Church for a few weeks. Honorary pallbearers were Dr. M. J. Maloney, Dr. J. A. Lambertus, Dr. James Reeves, R. M. Warren, M.P.; R. G. Boland and Alex Mills. The active pallbearers were Herbert Maloney of Kirkland Lake, Mark Tait of North Bay, W. J. Conway, Pembroke, Henry O'Neill, Douglas, Nelson Stirling and Frank Foy, Eganville. The Knights of Columbus attended in a body. The late Mr. McGuire was born in Adamston 70 years ago, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John McGuire. He married the former Elizabeth O'Neill and took up residence in Eganville. In early life he had been closely associated with the lumbering industry in Renfrew county, but in 1912 he became postmaster in Eganville, which position he capably filled ever since. Mr. McGuire was a member of the Knights of Columbus, the Catholic Order of Foresters and St. James congregation. Though in failing health for the past four years, his death occurred suddenly at his home Sunday. Besides his wife, he is survived by two sons and two daughters, Gregory of Timmins, Michael of Halifax, N.S.; Mrs. F. A. Nugent and Mrs. J. P. Howard of Eganville; two brothers, Harry of Montreal and Patrick of Armstrong, N.M.T., and two sisters, Mrs. Alex Tait of Eganville and Mrs. John Curran of Chicago.

Out-of-town visitors attending the funeral of the late J. J. McGuire included: Mr. and Mrs. W. Collum, Petawawa; Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Conway, Pembroke; Rev. Sister Mary Alexis, Pembroke; Mark Tait, North Bay; Herbert Maloney, Kirkland Lake; Mrs. and Mr. Grang McGuire and family, Timmins; Mr. and Mrs. J. P. O'Neill, Douglas; Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Neill and Mr. and Mrs. Arnold O'Neill, Douglas; Rev. T. G. May, Killalee; Rev. M. S. McNamara, Barry's Bay; John Carty, Brudenell; H. M. McGuire, Montreal; Very Rev. J. J. Hozan, Brudenell. Telegrams were received from Mr. and Mrs. John Curran, Chicago; Mr. J. J. Conway, New Haven; Mrs. Anna Lacey, Ottawa; Mrs. Alex Macdonald, Ottawa; Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Bertrand, Sudbury; Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Carr, Sudbury.

Baby Born With "V" Sign Plainly Marked on Brow

Reports have been many indeed of the peculiar places the "V" for Victory sign has been noted. Here is the latest. The item in The New Liskeard Speaker is as follows:—"A Diamond township baby girl born with a distinct "V" on her infant brow came into the world on the same day that the United States declared war on Japan. The Speaker was told this week by the attending physician. The child, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Maille, who live on a farm on the North Road out of New Liskeard, and Dr. D. R. Fleming, who was in charge of the case, said that the baby's forehead bore the sign noted above. It was a red mark in the form of a "V". Dr. Fleming said, and of the type that disappears in time. This week, he declared, it was already fading in part. The young lady who bears it is doing well."

Factories Have Really Escaped

The story of the factories and the production of war materials is something else again. It is literally true that many of the important ones have never been bombed. I saw a great aero engine factory in the Midlands, built since the war started. It was undoubtedly the finest factory I ever saw. It was built by a large automobile company solely for the production of radial engines of 1,500 h.p. or so. It is several miles from the

nearest city. Every precaution has been taken to see that a bomb dropping nearby won't affect the people inside. If one makes a direct hit, a series of blast walls will minimize the damage. But there has never been a direct hit.

Twice I passed the original Hurricane factory. This is an older one and still makes the famous fighting planes which the R.C.A.F. uses. It was pointed out to me by a ferry pilot, who was going to the factory to take a new plane to a fighter station. Above the factory floated a group of barrage balloons, an unusual sight away from the large cities. I would have known it was an important factory. Yet the pilot told me that the Germans had never found it.

It sounds mystifying. Actually, it is simple. The cartoonists love to show a man or a building so camouflaged that it looks ludicrous. That is actually what happens. At night, these factories literally cannot be found.

It is impossible to mention many of the buildings that have been damaged, but I might list a few. By this time, the streets have all been repaired, railways are in full operation, and there is little or no sign of bomb damage in the railway stations. The docks, which must have suffered, are in operation again. Barges, drawn by tugs, are continually going up and down the Thames at Westminster. I saw a convoy going out the mouth of the Thames one day that I visited the East Coast. As I said before, all the bridges over the Thames escaped damage.

On one of our first days in London, the editors were conducted through the Houses of Parliament by two interesting and humorous guides, Lord Snell, representing the House of Lords, and Sir Patrick Hamon, from the House of Commons. They took us even into the basement rooms where Guy Fawkes stored the gunpowder to blow up Parliament centuries ago, and into the underground chapels where Cromwell stabled his horses to show his contempt for the institution of parliament. The chapels are lovely. There is no longer any horse smell.

Here and there, I saw the damage done by bombs. In the great Westminster Hall, where the bodies of the kings lie in state, workmen were repairing a broad hole in the roof where a bomb came through. Big Ben has almost escaped. One corner of the clock tower and one face were damaged but the clock still goes.

The work done in the House of Commons chamber itself. It simply does not exist any longer. There is no roof, and only a small pile of rubble and twisted girders marks the spot where many a great debate has taken place. Yet, strangely enough, the rooms around it are almost untouched.

St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. It seems impossible that St. Paul's Cathedral should have survived when so much of the area behind it is bare and dreary. I visited the cathedral and found only one large hole in the roof, made by a high explosive bomb that shattered the altar beneath. Again it was explained that the roof structure supplied the answer. The incendiaries bounced off the great dome and the arched roof. Fire engines and fire fighters are massed all the time in the square in front of the cathedral.

If Westminster Abbey was hit, the damage must have been repaired, although the portion was closed on the Sunday afternoon. I visited it.

Fleet street, with most of the daily newspaper offices grouped together, suffered much, yet not one daily paper ever missed a single edition. The editor of one of Lord Beaverbrook's papers told me that £75,000 had been spent to protect the two buildings he owns in that area. I saw the results. The record of the newspapers is remarkable, but no more amazing than the attitude of the people at large.

It is said that it was a great help to morale when a householder came to his front door after a night of terror, and found both the daily paper and the bottle of milk on the doorstep.

Why British Churches Are Burned and Factory Buildings Escape Harm

New Factories are Well Protected Against Bombardment, While Churches are Not. Hugh Templin Writes of What He Saw and Decided on Recent Visit to Britain for Canadian Weekly Newspapers.

This is the fifth of a series of articles about conditions in Great Britain and other countries visited by a group of Canadian newspaper editors. It was written for the weekly newspapers of Canada by their special representative on the delegation, Hugh Templin, of the Fergus News-Record.

In a previous story, I told something about the bomb damage in London. The subject of bombing and its results on the people of England is too large to discuss in a few sentences. It is, or has been, the most important feature of the war since Dunkirk.

London has been seriously bombed. The raids on the city began more than a year ago and continued until April or May, 1941. When daytime bombing became too costly for the Germans, the enemy turned to night bombing, which cannot be so effective in hitting particular targets. Since early summer, the night raids on London have stopped. Hitler no longer has the planes to spare; the R.A.F. has command of the air over Britain and around the coasts; inland defences are more numerous and better organized. Air raids continue, but they are mostly along the eastern and southern coasts.

I think London looked much as I had expected to find it. I did not expect to see such a large area east of St. Paul's Cathedral so thoroughly laid waste. In two other areas, both south of the river, the damage struck me as terrible. In both these cases, it was little houses by the score that had suffered, which seemed to me worse than old office buildings or ancient landmarks. That as simply because there must have been so much loss of life; as for the houses themselves, none of them are better gone and the buildings that replace them will improve these districts.

Why Churches Are Burned I have been asked hundreds of questions about bomb damage. Perhaps other readers would like to know a few of the answers. It is true, for instance, that churches are almost invariably destroyed and important factories escape? It is true. It is so obvious to a Canadian in England that it seems unnecessary until one knows the reasons.

In London and other badly bombed cities, it is obvious that most of the damage was done by incendiary bombs. They are small and light. I brought parts of one home with me. It is cylindrical, not over two inches in diameter and about a foot long—something like a fat Roman candle. The head is flat, not pointed like the tip of a high explosive bomb. That is the heavy end. The tail has fins on it to keep the bomb upright as it falls. Dropped from a height of 10,000 feet or so, an incendiary bomb will penetrate through a slate roof or the fender of a car, leaving a small hole. It will not go through a brick wall. The bomb ignites two minutes after it strikes and develops a flame said to have a temperature of about 5,000 degrees. A large bomber might carry thousands of incendiaries and drop them out literally by the ton.

Nowadays, the British know how to fight the incendiary bomb. Volunteer fire watchers are always on the look-out for bombs. They have the simple equipment to render bombs harmless before they can develop heat. But even yet, the churches are not safe. The beautiful Wren and other great architects, have slate roofs. Inside the building is another false roof, often of lead. The incendiary goes through the slate, but hasn't force enough to penetrate the second roof. Before it can be reached, it has exploded and started a fire. Sometimes, there was an oak ceiling as well. No matter how faithful the watchers at the churches might be, it was impossible to rip off the slates and the lead in time to reach the bombs.

It wasn't that churches were deliberately attacked. Everything was attacked. It was simply a matter of the way the churches were built.

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poor in the dock areas, though not such a large proportion, perhaps. It surprised me to find many Londoners still sleeping in air raid shelters after four months of immunity from bombing. I visited the great "Underground" station at Piccadilly Circus twice during my stay. Some 300 people were still sleeping there, but they seemed to be mostly men and women who had been bombed out of their own homes and preferred the semi-independence of this life rather than being billeted with strangers.

Coventry has Suffered Most It wasn't until I visited Coventry that I realized how bad a concentrated bombing can be. Coventry was (and is) an industrial city about the size of Hamilton, Ontario. Twice the Germans concentrated the full might of their air force on Coventry in an attempt to demonstrate just what they could do. To some extent, they succeeded; but they did not stop production to such an extent as they had hoped, and they did not terrify the people. They did not even kill as many as one would expect.

We drove from London to Coventry one fine September morning. The British Council supplied us with cars that had Canadian ensigns on the radiators. I admired the beautiful English countryside and wondered at the patience of the British farmers, cutting their second crop of hay in fields dotted with plane traps.

Coventry's city hall remains almost untouched on the border of acres of ruins. The car in which I was riding was the last to drive up to the door. A curious crowd, mostly women with market baskets, had gathered. As I stepped out, I heard someone ask:—"Who are they?" I answered:—"Canadians." The nearest woman with a basket over her arm responded, to my surprise, with "God bless Canada!"

Later, I understood, Mayor Mosley welcomed us in a room which had a model tank and a large vegetable marrow on the table, symbols of greater production. Mrs. Pearl Hyde, head of the Women's Volunteer Services, told me that many of the people of Coventry were clothed in Canadian garments. They had been fed for days from fleets of mobile canteens, donated to cities around by various Canadian war funds. Canada ranks high in the estimation of Coventry.

A few minutes later, I stood amid the rubble in the ruins of Coventry Cathedral. On one side stood Mrs. Hyde and on the other, Captain S. A. Hector, Chief of Police. Both, I learned later, are members of the Order of the British Empire because of heroic services performed.

Major Christie, of St. John, N.B., majored through the rubble with the Provost of the Cathedral and laid on an improvised altar a wreath which the editors had brought from London. My eyes were moist and I thought the Chief wiped away a tear. Two days later, Prime Minister Churchill visited Coventry and asked about the wreath. He thought it a splendid idea and the next day, two more arrived to place beside our own, one from Winston Churchill, the other from Mrs. Churchill.

The buildings in the heart of Coventry are literally wiped out, in two great raids, one in November, 1940, and the other in April, 1941, thousands out of a total of 91,000 in Coventry were damaged. "It was a beautiful moonlight night," said Mayor Mosley, "the most beautiful I think I ever saw in my life."

A visit to Coventry now is depressing. Here, it would seem, the German Luftwaffe really succeeded. But they didn't even though they sent over 600 planes to mough for 11 1/2 hours in the moonlight, and even though they had immense luck, for the large water main was broken by high explosives and three lucky shots hit the canal bank and drained away the secondary water supply.

The buildings which made up the business section are gone, and so are many of the houses. The hospital and the cathedral and the Roman Catholic church are but shells. But amazingly enough, only 1246 persons were killed in both raids, and I saw with my own eyes the war factories going again in full speed.

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LOOKING AHEAD After a long talk on the value of peace good-will and disarmament, a history teacher asked the class if they objected to war.

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Pupil—Yes sir, I do! Teacher—Good! Now tell me why. Pupil—Because wars make history and I hate history.—Exchange.

