

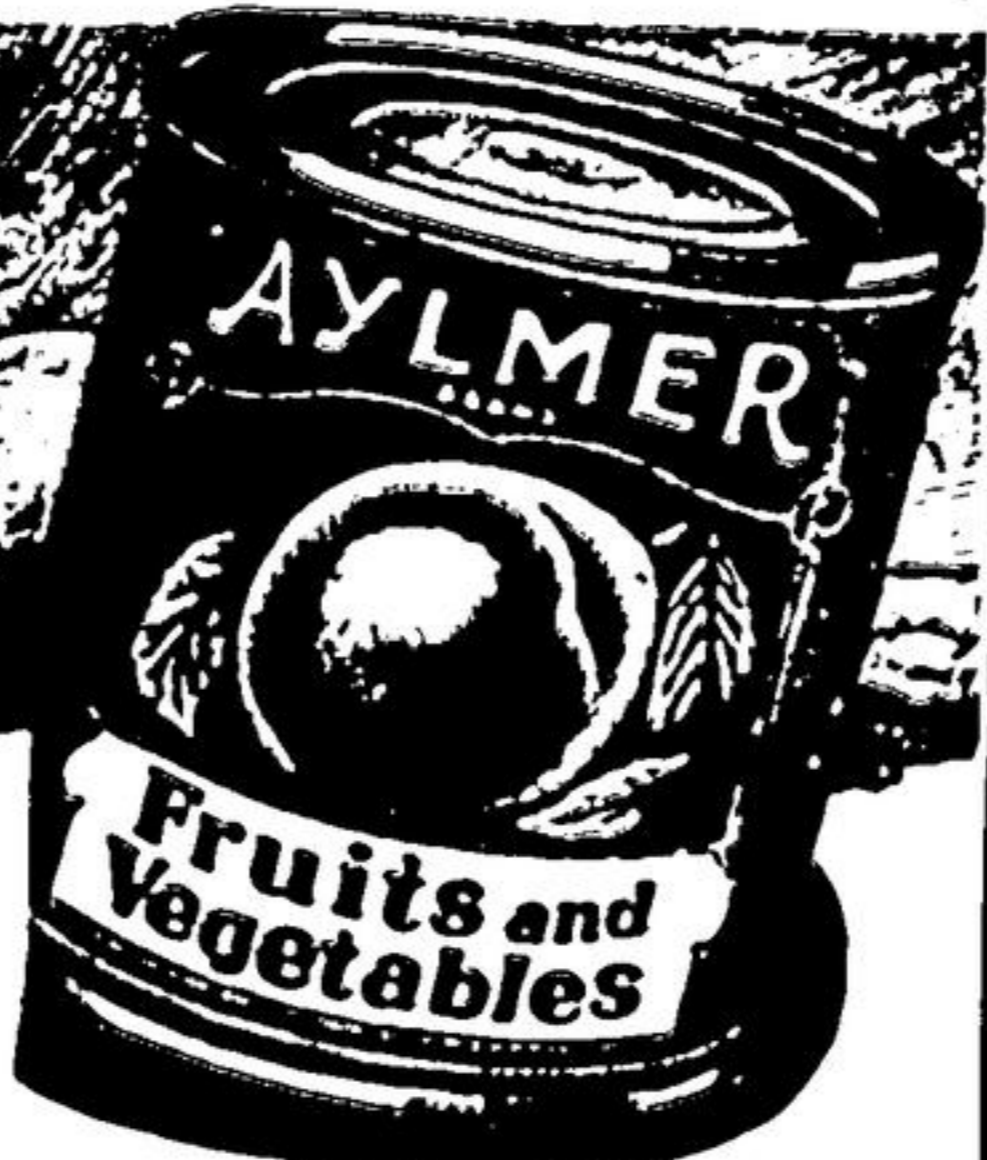
# CARROLL'S

## AYLMER SALE

Aylmer Sieve 8  
**PEAS**  
2 16-oz. tins 19c

Stock up on Aylmer Supplies to eat! Each year Carroll's ships a mammoth Aylmer Canned Goods Sale. This year's this week. Prices are really low. Buy now, and stock your pantry with these high quality foods.

**AYLMER TOMATO CATSUP**  
5-oz. bl. 5c Real Flavor



Aylmer Choice, Diced **CARROTS** 15-oz. tin 9c  
Aylmer **SPINACH** 15-oz. tin 11c  
Aylmer Tomato **CATSUP** 12-oz. tin 12c  
Aylmer Choice Bartlett **PEARS** 15-oz. tin 17c  
Aylmer Choice **APRICOTS** 15-oz. tin 15c  
Aylmer Tips **ASPARAGUS** 12-oz. tin 17c  
Aylmer Golden Choice **WAX BEANS** 15-oz. tin 11c  
Aylmer Rosebud Fancy **BEETS** 15-oz. tin 15c  
Aylmer Choice, For Pies **CHERRIES** 15-oz. tin 15c

Special Aylmer **PORK & BEANS** 2 20-oz. tins 15c  
Special Aylmer—in Brine **KERNEL CORN** 16-oz. tin 10c  
Special Aylmer **PEACHES** Sliced or Halves 2 15-oz. tins 25c  
Special Aylmer **APPLE JUICE** 2 20-oz. tins 15c  
Special Aylmer Sieve 3 **CHOICE PEAS** 2 16-oz. tins 21c  
Special Aylmer Choice **TOMATOES** 2 2 1/2 lbs. 23c

Duplex Cream Sandwich **BISCUITS** pound 18c

All Corn **BROOMS** each 39c

Kellogg's **Corn Flakes** with FREE Glass Tumbler  
3 8-oz. pgs. 25c  
2 12-oz. pgs. 25c

Aylmer Choice **Tomatoes** 2 15-oz. tins 15c  
Aylmer **Tomato Juice** 3 20-oz. tins 25c  
Aylmer **Corn** Golden Bantam 16-oz. tin 10c  
Aylmer Tasty **Asparagus CUTTINGS** 2 12-oz. tins 21c  
Aylmer Mixed **Peas and Carrots** 2 16-oz. tins 25c  
Aylmer, For Pies **Pumpkin** 2 2 1/2 lbs. 25c  
Aylmer **Irish Stew** 2 tins 25c  
Aylmer **Lamb Stew** 2 tins 27c  
Aylmer **Raspberries** 15-oz. tin 21c  
Aylmer **Vegetable Juice** 2 10-oz. tins 19c  
Aylmer **Jumbo Peas** 2 16-oz. tins 25c

AYLMER TOMATO, VEGETABLE, CELERY, GREEN PEA, CREAM OF CORN **SOUPS** 2 10-oz. tins 15c

Aylmer Crushed **Pineapple** 15-oz. 15c  
Aylmer Tid-Bit **Pineapple** 15-oz. 16c  
Aylmer Red Pitted **Cherries** 15-oz. 18c  
Aylmer 15-oz. tin **Applesauce** 2 tins 15c  
Aylmer—For Salads **Fruits** 2 tins 29c



Chocolate Drink **Toddy** 15c, 45c  
Between Meals—Drink **Ovaltine** 39c, 98c  
Aylmer **Succotash** 2 16-oz. tins 25c  
Hand Cleanser **Snap** 16c  
Bleach **Laverene** Bottle 9c  
Swift's Park Specialty **Prem** 12-oz. tin 32c  
Maple Leaf **Soap Flakes** 1/2 lb. 19c  
A Household Necessity **Sani-Flush** 15c  
Rabbit's **Cleanser** tin 5c

**Crown Corn Syrup** 5-lb. tin 53c  
**Canada Corn Starch** 16-oz. pgs. 10c  
**Mother Parker's Tea** At New Low Prices  
**Custard Powder** Harry Horne's 5-oz. pgs. 10c  
**Salad Dressing** Jewel 32-oz. jar 39c  
**Flour** Five Roses 24-lb. bag 29c, 85c  
**Lemon Pie Filling** Shrivv's 14c  
**Marmalade** Shrivv's Good Morning 32-oz. jar 35c  
**Lushus** Shrivv's Jelly Dessert 3 pgs. 23c  
**Bartlett Pears** Aylmer 2 16-oz. tins 21c  
**Fruit Cocktail** 15-oz. tin 21c  
**Pineapple** Aylmer Sliced 12-oz. tin 16c

Christie's **DATE LOAF** each 15c  
**SHREDDED WHEAT** 2 pgs. 23c  
Christie's Devil's Food **Chocolate Cake** each 25c  
Facial Soap **Woodbury's** 1c Sale, 4 cakes 24c

Ask for **ROMAR Coffee** 1-lb. bag 39c  
—Also—  
**DANDEE COFFEE** 1-lb. bag 32c

**FREE \$10,000 CONTEST FOR CANADIANS ONLY**  
NEW **OXYDOOL** PACKAGE 94c, 24c, 65c  
**\$100 A MONTH FOR LIFE & WEEKLY CONTESTS**  
**IVORY SOAP** Medium 2/13c Large bar 10c

SUNKIST DOZEN **ORANGES** 22, 25, 29, 43c  
**GRAPEFRUIT** Thin Skin Seedless Large Size 5 for 25c  
Cooking Onions 3 lbs. 20c Sweet Waxed Turnips 2 lbs. 5c B.C. Delicious Apples 3 for 10c  
FRUIT AND VEGETABLE PRICES GOOD TILL SATURDAY NIGHT.  
We Reserve the right to limit quantities of all goods to weekly family requirements.

## From These Operations One of Our Fighter Planes Failed to Return

This is the eighth of a series of articles describing a trip to Great Britain, written by Hugh Thompson of the *Fergus News-Record*, representing the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association. He was a guest of the British Council while in England.

Before leaving Canada, to fly the Atlantic to Lisbon and England, I had visited many of the training centres and schools in Ontario connected with the British Commonwealth Air Training plan. I had followed the young men through their courses of training here and was particularly anxious to see them on active service in England.

It was a beautiful, bright, sunny morning about the end of September when I left London in a car provided by the British Council. The car was new and capable of doing 90 miles an hour on a broad road. The driver was interesting. He had acted as a chauffeur for the British Government official for years. When Ramsay MacDonald was Prime Minister, this man had driven his car. He knew London and its suburbs like a book. We headed for the East Coast, the last car in a group of four, each of which flies a Canadian flag over the radiator. I sat in the broad back seat with a large-scale map on my knee. In doing so, I probably broke some of the most stringent regulations in wartime England, but the map had been given to me by an officer at the Canadian Army Headquarters the day before, so I took a chance. With us only a few minutes' drive our course accurately there is no other way in England now. Every signpost and place name between London and the coast has been deliberately obliterated.

**Lost in Rural England**  
Perhaps it was just as well that I had the map. The driver knew the city, but as we got away from town and approached a swampy portion of the coast they got lost. I had noticed the leading car take a wrong turn in a busy town but our driver had to follow till the leader decided he was lost. Then the map came in handy. We arrived at a city on the Thames, exactly only a few minutes' drive for London.

The nature of that big battle had given us a royal welcome. Over the station leading to the dining room, he had a large Canadian flag. As we walked upstairs, the strains of "O Canada" came from a side room. The City Father came around after the luncheon and requested that we give them a few minutes of our time. They had a dance on to sign up women recruits for war work. We went to the recruiting centre, where a loud speaker over the door blared continually and girls sat inside the plate glass windows assembling wireless transmitters. Some of us made brief personal appearances in the window, but doubted if that helped much.

**Visiting a Fighter Squadron**  
Number 402 Royal Canadian Air Force Fighter Squadron was stationed not far from the East Coast in those days. The buildings were more than comfortable. "Luxurious" might be a better word. The offices were in what was probably a new brick school and commissioned officers and sergeants were quartered in country houses nearby, one of them owned in the far past by Anne Boleyn, one of the wives of Henry VIII. Because we were late and the first of the Hurricanes was due at any moment, the Station Commander cut his address of welcome short and we hurried out to the landing field. A Flight Lieutenant was waiting for me and after asking my name, took me to meet a group from Ontario—Flight Lieut. R. R. Burnett of Durham, the Medical Officer, Pilot Officer Jimmy Thompson of Linstead and Ian Stewart from my own town of Fergus.

As we talked, the first two Hurricanes came tearing in. I had never seen one at close range while in the air. I knew that they were tiny little planes, but their speed took the breath away. They dived down over the field, waved their wings and were away to the west, turning into the wind and landing at 90 miles an hour or so. There is no room in the plane for anyone but the pilot. The first landing he makes in a Hurricane or a Spitfire must be life's greatest thrill.

The two Hurricanes were followed by a Spitfire, no larger, but with oval wings and some slight differences in contour. It belonged to an R.A.F. squadron farther north and had come in for more fuel to take it home. As the third and fourth Hurricanes dived low in salute, one of my friends said: "That's Corbett and McClusky. They've both been in action." I wondered how he knew, but as they taxied in, I could see for myself. The cloth that covers each of the twelve machine guns had been shot off. Their guns had been fired. They led me over to meet Squadron Leader Corbett as he climbed out of his plane. "You've been in a fight?" He didn't seem excited. "Yes," he said. "The air was full of Messerschmitt 109's today. We met them two or three at a time, all the way."

Squadron Leader Corbett comes from Montreal. He had been in fights before. His story has all the coolness of an official report. The All-Canadian Squadron had escorted bombers to Malingarbe, where there is a power station and chemical plant. They had reached their objective when they were attacked by 109's. He got in a burst at one of them and Sergeant McClusky, coming behind him, had finished it off. He did not know if any R.A.F. planes had been lost but he saw none in trouble.

**Conversation After Battle**  
The fourth Hurricane had pulled in alongside and the pilot was climbing out. His guns had been used, and as two of the ground crew helped him out, I heard his voice, all excited. I was introduced to Sergeant George McClusky of Kirkland Lake.

"I know the editor of your home paper and other people in Kirkland Lake," I said. "I'll be reporting for the Northern News when I go back. Have you a story for me?" "Had he a story? That was all that was necessary. I listened as this Ontario boy gave me a first-hand story of an air battle that had been fought less than an hour before. It was his first fight and he had won. I never saw a more pleased or excited youth. He was flying just behind and alongside the Squadron Leader about 15000 feet up, protecting the bombers down below, dropping their own on Malingarbe. The German came at them from above, out of the sun. They opened up their formation, Corbett peeling off to the left and he to the right, just exactly like in practice. The German missed them both. The Squadron Leader got in his shot first and then he, McClusky, finished off the Messerschmitt. He saw it go down, with a long trail of smoke behind it. Just above the clouds, he saw the German pilot jump loose and float down with his parachute. He was glad of that. He didn't want to kill the German pilot, not the first time anyway.

I could have listened to more of his enthusiastic details, but some of the other chaps in the Squadron began to make rude remarks. Apparently one isn't expected to give intimate details of a fight like this to an outsider who happens to come along. At first their jokes didn't register, but at last they penetrated and Sergeant Pilot McClusky left me to go and put in his official report.

The other Hurricanes were coming in one or two together. Nearly all had been in action. The men on the ground mentally tallied them off. At last they were all in but one Pilot Officer Graham was absent.

**One Plane Didn't Return**  
There was in air of anxiety, but not without hope. Quite often, fighter pilots run short of fuel and come in at some other diome nearer France. We would go to have tea by that time, but would probably join us.

We drove around the field, past the Hurricanes already dragged into their pits. Armourers were scrambling over them, removing the empty cartridge belts and replacing them with fresh ones, full of long lines of glistering bullet noses. Mechanics were going over the motors and refuelling. If an alarm came, those Hurricanes would be ready to take the air again. If bombs dropped, nothing but direct hits would damage them. The Commander showed me to his own bedroom, with a glistening modern bath in the next room. This was an old house, recently modernized by a wealthy owner. In front, roses in long beds curved around the drive. At the back, vegetables grew between the rows of dwarf apple trees. We sat down to tea at a long table in the dining room. I answered questions about the training in Canada and they told me about the way the fire power of the Hurricanes was being stepped up. They were interested in the Clipper flight across the Atlantic; I was interested in these men who live dangerously, day to day. Every few minutes, the noise of a passing plane caused someone to rush to the long French windows, but always there would be a shake of the head. The Pilot Officer beside me showed me a picture of Pilot Officer Graham. "A damn good fellow," he remarked. Graham's home was in the Maritimes, it seemed.

But there was hope. Plenty of planes landed at other airfields to refuel. Flying over England, you saw one of them every three or four minutes. Since I came home, I read a letter from my friend in 402 Fighter Squadron. They have moved now and the new quarters are not so comfortable. To them went the honor of testing the new dive-bombing Hurricanes with 12 guns and a bomb under each wing. They had been successful. Pilot Officer Graham never came back. He has been listed as missing. Sgt. Pilot McClusky was badly injured while making a landing in England. He died in the hospital. One of the other officers I met crashed into a cliff in France while trying out the dive bombers.

It is some time since Prime Minister Winston Churchill said it, but it is still as true as ever: "Never before was so much owed by so many to so few."

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Peace—"We are determined not only to win the war, but also to maintain the security of the peace which will follow."

Social and personal items are always appreciated for our columns. Phone or leave them in early in the week.

"Japs See-Sawing Down Malayan coasts." It is a long teeter-totter, however, that has no bumps. —Windsor Star—

A light-weight tank carries about four tons of armour plate. Save your scrap metal for the Lions Salvage Campaign, and help keep the tanks coming.