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ITALIAN RAIDER HURRICANED.

Italy celebrated Armistice Day by sending her bombers and fighters on their first battle over British Soil. Something like eighty of their wooden warplanes issued a challenge to the R.A.F... Porgive us if I laugh ... but two squadrons of Hurricanes sailed into the frenzied Fascist fighters, and thirteen of the Wops blew up in a shower of sawdust in as many seconds.

The pilot of this Fiat Biplane ended up on the Coast. Force of Habit might have had something to do with it. Perhaps he used to sell ice cream cones on the ~~beach~~ Pier.

Into the crowded station draws the train bearing Antonio, and a bunch of his brother greasers. Here they come: "Grumpy" and the Seven Wops. Along comes "Sneezy" to join Grumpy, so lets meet the Hurricanes and the Pilots who smashed up the Fiats and Caproni's. In the first plane is the Flight Lieutenant you read about and applauded for his daring. When his guns jammed, he rammed the Italian and tore off its port wing with his propeller.

Squadron Leader Stanford Tuck D.F.C. has a frieze of 21 Swastikas on his fuselage, one for each Nazi plane he has brought down. What price organ grinders against such men as these.

Tin hats, bayonets, bottles of wine and a cheese were found in the wrecked Italian planes. There are not ten men in Italy who can compare with one of our airmen. Mussolini will find better material in some of those things that crawl out of his Flying Gorgonzolas.