

EGGS FOR OUR BOMBERS.

South Africa's Governor-General, Sir Patrick Duncan, pays a surprise visit to one of the Union's munition factories.

From the blast furnaces comes the liquid steel which His Excellency sees turned into streamlined bombs for the Air Force. Things begin to take shape when the molten metal is poured into moulds. This is the commencement of individuality.

The egg-laying contest is in full swing. The white-hot liquid now becomes a bomb in the raw. As the moulds are broken, the rough castings topple out like Easter Eggs. From now on, a great deal of attention is given to the bomb casings. To do its job properly, a bomb must be flawless. Pressure tests in tanks assure that it wont be like the Curate's Egg - good in parts. A line of heavy calibre bombs ready to have their tail fins fitted on. It appears that the feeling of depression in Italy is attributable to our bombs being down in their dumps.

A giant among eggs - to be well and truly paid.