

THE SPIRIT OF THE R.A.F.

In the reading room of an R.A.F. Hospital, convalescent airmen are putting in a bit of time reading thrillers, while temporarily off the active list. In the gymnasium, some of the boys with undercarriage trouble are loosening up stiff landing gear. Only the best is good enough for the best airmen in the world. A work-out with the football in the Gym brings new life into muscles stiffened by inaction in a hospital bed. Its all part of the surgical skill to get them into good trim again. Those whose wounds are fully healed, take advantage of a fall of snow to put in a bit of ground straffing. Others, still in bandages, come out to watch the fun, as the poor little nurses come under fire.

Wow! Want to fight eh!

Its a grand pick-me-up, snowballing; but there's another snow fight going on at an aerodrome where planes of a squadron - a gift from the people of Burma - are being re-fuelled and armed in readiness for another spot of bother. They've only just landed, but their pilots come a 'running as Jerry is reported in the neighbourhood.

On go the 'shutes as these aces of the Burma Squadron ~~are~~ prepare to go to work. They are big-figure-men these. There's Blatchford, a D.F.C., Stamford Tuck, with three decorations, and Flying Officer Martin. Each with a record bag and ever ready for more - a flying trio which spells trouble for the Bosche with a capital T. Taxi-ing down-wind across the drome, the three modern Muskateers jockey into position, and then opening up their throttles skim across the snow covered ground and into the air, with three thousand-horse-power engines driving them like rockets at their ~~own~~ targets.

The fight is on!