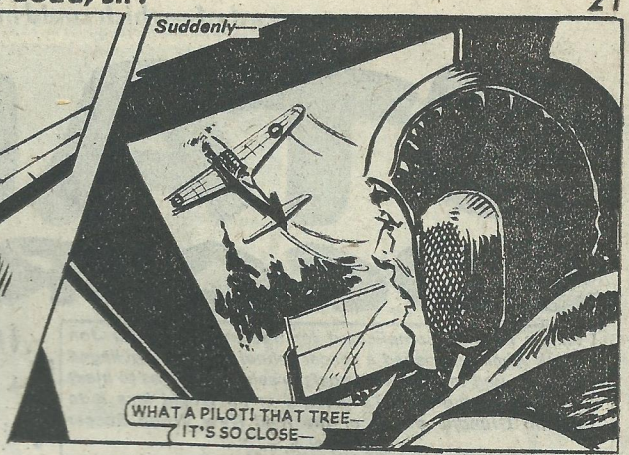


GOT ANOTHER! BUT THEY'LL GET US FOR SURE UNLESS OUR PILOT PULLS SOMETHING ELSE OUT OF THE BAG PRETTY QUICK.



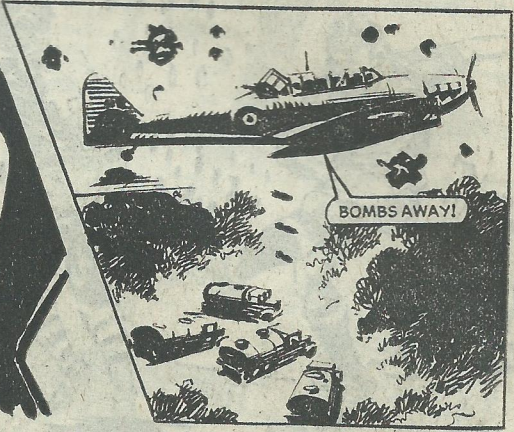
WHAT A PILOT! THAT TREE—IT'S SO CLOSE—



I'M PLEASED ABOUT THAT, STOKES. THE BOWSER PARK IS JUST COMING UP AHEAD!



AND WE'RE GOING TO COMPLETE OUR MISSION!



BOMBS AWAY!



BULL'S EYE, SIR—WE GOT THE LOT!

GOOD SHOW! TAKE A LOOK AT THE BOMB AIMER, WILL YOU? I THINK HE GOT HIT.



I'M AFRAID HE'S DEAD, SIR!

AT LEAST WE ACCOMPLISHED OUR MISSION, BUT AT WHAT A COST. NOW IT'S HIGH TIME I GOT THIS KITE HOME.



It was a rough flight, but they made it—



When the plane came to a stop—

SIR—ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? OH, NO—NOT YOU TOO?



WELCOME HOME, CHARLIE. AND HOW ARE OUR MATES IN THE BATTLES? CHARLIE—WHAT'S THE MATTER?

R.A.F. MIDDLEMARSH

WE HAVEN'T GOT ANY MATES IN BATTLES ANY MORE, AND DON'T CALL 'EM BATTLES, CALL 'EM FLYING COFFINS—BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT THEY ARE!

VIC 22.5.82—3

NEXT WEEK—Blasted from the skies, the Middlemarsh men keep fighting!