

hittin' King was on his upper Gunner  
and we were sure that he  
was a post until at 10:00 some  
years ago when he showed us the  
attached.

'There were many more' he told us  
- but he hadn't kept them.  
I don't want them back!! (I've got  
my copies)

8

A last look at the holocaust exploding

below.  
A strange feeling of pity for people slain.  
Yet knowing full well we'll return again.

Then in the Mess, a treat—"Bacon and  
eggs".

A glance around at the empty chairs.  
Where's Jack, Freddy, Dusty, Dixie

and Pete?  
Along with others, they won't be back

to eat.  
All young lads laughing gay and carefree.  
In love with life they enjoyed each day.

But in bombing cities that's the price  
we pay.

Not always wrong but  
Believing over, on to the

Spreading at ease by the side  
A strong bond of togetherness

The heart was gone, the mood  
Although the gunners would attempt some practical joke.

Still the ship said "Right Lads,  
about up. Let's put on the tone".

Engines opened up with a thunderous roar.

"E" Easy rolled majestically out for the start of her chore.

The ground crew gave a nod and a wave of the hand.  
Theirs was a hard task waiting for hours in suspense.

But Jeff the fitter, with eyes unnaturally bright,  
yelled "Don't do anything stupid, bring back that kite".

it two teeth falling out

shoots of experienced crews  
they were mainly untrue.

couple of hours break,  
spin "Put and Take";

ning with a pretty W.A.A.F.  
I found it difficult to laugh.

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rather conditions and cloud still clearing.

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very seldom right.

ous down to the Flight.

of "E" Easy, our plane:  
yet each man's feelings his own.

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it's time.

# THE RAID

At sixteen thousand feet seemingly all alone,  
Comforted only by the engines steady drone;

Eyes alert, guns and turret swinging.  
Over the inter-com my voice ringing:  
"Fighter" Post Quarter up corkscrew "Go",  
Pumping, blood thumping,

This is it, a JU.88, that's the foe;  
"Get him," I hear the Skipper shout.  
It's hard to reply with your heart  
in your mouth.

Dive seven hundred feet, still he comes  
Into the teeth of eight blazing guns.  
The tracer, the incendiary, all seem to hit.  
By this time he must be shot to bits.

Roll and climb, fire point blank,  
A tongue of flame, a crimson glow—  
The bullets have found a petrol tank.  
A feeling of joy, then of relief, a pang  
of regret.

A brave man's just gone to his death,  
Attack broken. Resume course. "Go".

W. King.

Surely the enemy can't take much more.  
A last look at the holocaust exploding  
below.

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Yet knowing full well we'll return again.  
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The engines opened up with a thunderous roar.

"E" Easy rolled majestically out for the start of her chore.  
The ground crew gave a nod and a wave of the hand.  
There was a hard task waiting for hours in suspense.  
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AY ON 102

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Navigators & W.O.Ps  
-up Crews, each doing their bit,  
others "E" for Easy is fit.

Eric the W.O.P., Engineer Ron.  
st) Gunners Young Will and Tom.  
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s, might be a long trip".  
one night over France:  
leave nothing to chance

like a bunch of starved boys.  
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W. KING

# "BOMBS AWAY!"

The dark sky was adorned by thousands  
of stars.

The cold light of the moon lit the  
bomber's path.

Inside, seven men all highly trained,  
In peak condition but nerves tightly

Carrying out their tasks, keeping everything  
strained;

Each knew the other's life depended on  
him.

Press on to the target, there's trouble ahead.  
All to be faced ere we get to bed.

Fighters, searchlights, flak thick as a mat,  
To fly into that you must be daft

Bomb doors open, fly straight and level.  
Into the teeth of the shot and the shell.

It appears we're flying straight into hell:  
Left, left, steady—bombs away!

Doors closed, nose down, let's head for  
our shore.

Surely the enemy can't take much more.  
A last look at the holocaust exploding

A strange feeling of pity for people slain.  
Yet knowing full well we'll return again.

Then in the Mess, a treat—"Bacon and  
eggs".

A glance around at the empty chairs,  
Where's Jack, Freddy, Dusty, Dixie

Along with others, they won't be back  
to eat.

All young lads laughing gay and carefree.  
In love with life they enjoyed each day.

But in bombing cities that's the price  
we pay.

As W. King said at the time,  
"It's always wrong but they

Briefing over, on to the target  
they go.

Spinning at ease by the side of  
a strong bond of togetherness yet

The hunter was gone, the mood had  
changed

Although the gunners would attempt  
With the Skip said "Right lads, it's

Back Up, let's put on the Yoke"

The engines opened up with a thunderous roar.

"E" Easy rolled majestically out for the start of her chore.

The ground crew gave a nod and a wave of the hand.

There was a hard task waiting for hours in suspense.

But Jeff the fitter, with eyes unnaturally bright,

yelled "Don't do anything stupid, bring back that kite".

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W. KING

JUST A DAY ON 102

There's Ops on tonight, so down at the Flight  
it hums like a bee hive teeming with life.

There are Pilots, Engineers, Navigators & W.O.Ps  
Bomb Aimers, Gunners, Bombing-up Crews, each doing their bit,  
ensuring for the mission with others "E" for Easy is fit.

Bryan the Nav. Bob the B.A., Eric the W.O.P., Engineer Ron.  
The only Combatants (or Ballast) Gunners Young Will and Tom.  
Each from his position reported, "Equipment O.K. Skip".  
Bill replied "Re-check laddies, might be a long trip".  
He had learned the hard way, one night over France:  
Double check on the ground; leave nothing to chance

Then a race to the Mess Hall like a bunch of starved boys.  
The tin roof resounded, the laughter and noise.  
At Jackson's Crew's table they were quite out of hand.  
Laughing about an engine falling off as they came into land?  
Not really, the merriment was about Jacko that night.  
After debriefing he knocked out two teeth falling off his bike.

To impress freshers, the lineshoots of experienced crews  
would make your hair curl, but they were mainly untrue.  
Then back to the billets for a couple of hours break,  
some to write letters, some to spin "Put and Take";  
A few to bind about a lost evening with a pretty W.A.A.F.  
Only those nearing a tour's end found it difficult to laugh.

Then kitted up ready for briefing, the C.O. by the map.  
Target Berlin! Pointing out en route the danger of fighters and flak.  
The Met had their say about weather conditions and cloud still clearing.  
An uncertain smile at the hoots and the jeering.  
Not always wrong but they were very seldom right.  
Briefing over, on to the crew bus down to the Flight.

Sprawling at ease by the side of "E" Easy, our plane:  
A strong bond of togetherness yet each man's feelings his own.  
The banter was gone, the mood had a more serious tone.  
Although the gunners would attempt some practical joke.  
Till the Skip said "Right Lads, it's time.  
Mount Up, Let's put on the Yoke".

The engines opened up with a thunderous roar.  
"E" Easy rolled majestically out for the start of her chore.  
The ground crew gave a nod and a wave of the hand.  
There was a hard task waiting for hours in suspense.  
But Jeff the fitter, with eyes unnaturally bright,  
yelled "Don't do anything stupid, bring back that kite".

W. KING