



To what do you credit the snowy whiteness of your laundry? Rinso, Chipso, Snow White, Princess Flakes, or good old Lifebuoy? Or is it mainly simply elbow grease and plenty of it? For evidence shows there are daily wash days and laundry, grey, white, brown and blue, floats and flaps in the most peculiar spots on the station premises. Like flags of all nations waving in the summer breeze and summer sun (remember that day?) The favourite and choice spot is the line that runs parallel with the east edge of the parade grounds. There in all its glory does a brave display of articles and garments, mentionable and unmentionable, hold down that western front.

In any case it does supply the homiest touch to the Officers' mess, in view from all the front windows-- not to mention the example it puts before everyone's eyes each Thursday morning on the C.O.'s parade! By the sweat of airmen's brows, working their heads to the bone over the hot steaming wash tub, may all men know those works of love and long may they wave!

That matters dishpan hands, hands that embarrass you over the bridge table. (It is a grand way to clean up after the daily farm leave picking dandelions and cutting grass...) No tattle tale gray shall prove poor housewifely care. Clean and bright, fresh and white, No.5 keeps 'em flying -- from windows, doorways, trees and fences, fire escapes and strangest of all, even from clothes lines. The station blossoms like perennial apple trees in flower!--Isn't it wonderful? (This is not a testimonial for Three Flowers or any other soap company.)



All News Items in this Enclosure were supplied by Flights 10,11,14, 16,21,22,23,24,25,26. Peace to their ashes!



Seems a rather odd title for a movie, doesn't it? As a matter of fact, it is only in the last spoken words at the end of the film that you get the idea of the title. Those words are rather depressing: "The next of kin have been informed." Informed of what? Of the death of their son, husband, brother in another brilliant action in which all objectives were reached and the mission accomplished? Yes, that is what they hear. What they do not hear, and can only surmise, is why those men died. The film tells the story.

Those of you who finally reach England will hear a lot about this film. You will be paraded to see it as soon as you reach the Reception Centre. You will see it advertised in every city, town and village over there, and wherever you are, you will be told again and again that "Careless talk costs lives."

Don't let this constant repetition lose its punch. Keep it in mind in pubs, dance halls, trains and busses. Perhaps the well meaning friendly citizen who admires Canadians looks quite inoffensive. Maybe he is. Maybe not. We cannot afford to underestimate the enemy, neither must we overestimate him.

If we imagine for one minute that we have not got a well organized espionage system, in England, N.Africa, Burma, yes, and here in our own country, well, we are certainly underestimating him.

At the same time, if when we hear of things, and see things apparently so evident that "Everybody knows about it"--think a moment. How many know? Fifty, a hundred, a thousand? How many have you met who know? Half a dozen? See! Everybody does not know. And if you excuse your slip by saying "Jerry knows all about it", you may be overestimating Jerry. Perhaps HE has not yet met YOU or some other loose tongued idiot.

When you see, in this film, how information is handed out to enemy agents as if on a golden platter, don't think there is any exaggeration. Those things happen all the time.

We, here and in England, are constantly receiving information from Germany and the occupied countries. This information is bought - bought at the cost of gallant lives, often innocent lives, hostages.

The information which Hitler gets only too often costs him - the price of a pint of beer.

May none of us in the days to come have to think back and wonder whether or not we drank Hitler's beer!

Think of the next of kin. Your's;- and the other fellow's.

Airmen who think by the inch, and talk by the yard, should be kicked by the foot.