

BATTLEFIELDS™

Happy Valley



DYNAMITE®



Dear Dad,



The other day I was reminded of our trip to Sydney. I was seven. It was you and me and Mum.

We saw the new bridge across the harbour being built, and you promised we'd come back when it was finished (maybe I'll take you up on that when I get home). Later we walked down to Circular Quay, where the bloke had the stall selling little tin toy aeroplanes.

The one I fancied was a Bristol Fighter - the two seat biplane with the open cockpit. Mum saw the way my eyes lit up and had a quiet word with you. I loved the way she did that, when she thought I wasn't looking.


I suppose I hardly need to tell you where that particular present led me, do I?



But that was the summer of the Bristol Fighter. I bombed my mates, flew dawn patrols along the high street, even machine-gunned Auntie Vickie's garden party. I was unstoppable. You gave up trying, although maybe Mum had another quiet word.

The plane survived, but where it might be now is anybody's guess. The attic, maybe? I know that neither of you ever gave my things away.





Oh, Dad, if you could see
the toys we play with now.

1: FROM A LAND DOWN UNDER



♪
NOW THE FIRST SILLY BASTARD, HE CLIMBED INTO HIS AEROPLANE...
♩

ARE YOU HARDY?



♪
SAID HE WOULD FLY OVER GERMANY...
♩

HARDING, SIR. KEN HARDING.

GOOD SHOW. I'M MORLEY, THE ADJUTANT--CALL ME UNCLE, EVERYONE ELSE DOES.

WELCOME TO 444 SQUADRON.



♪
BUT HE SANG, AS HE SWANG, AND PRANGED IT ON THE BOUNDARY...
♩

YOU'RE ENGLISH, SIR? UNCLE?

THAT'S RIGHT.

OH, I THOUGHT THIS WAS AN AUSTRALIAN OUTFIT...



WELL, THEY DRAFTED ME IN TO MAKE UP THE NUMBERS.

COME AND MEET THE CHAPS YOU'LL BE FLYING WITH. OPERATIONS ARE OFF TONIGHT.

♪
WHO'LL COME ON OPS IN A WIMPY WITH ME...
♩



OPS IN A WIMPY, OPS IN A WIMPY! WHO'LL COME ON OPS IN A WIMPY WITH ME?!

AND HE SANG, AS HE SWANG, AND PRANGED IT ON THE BOUNDARY--



WHO'LL COME ON OPS IN A WIMPY WITH ME...!