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NIGHT FIGHTERS GO INTO ACTION.

Sunset, and the work of our night fighter pilots begins. While they enjoy a last few minutes rest, mechanics are preparing their aircraft, checking every detail of the deadly Defiants. Armourers load up with ammunition, hundreds of rounds of cartridges to feed the Browning Machine guns mounted in the power-operated turret.

Actions speak louder than words.

This is where we come in, and this is where they go out.

They've got to see a man about a job. The job is to go up, search out, and shoot down marauding Nazi bombers, and the man they see is the all-wise Briefing Officer. To adjust their eyes to night conditions, pilots and gunners wear darkened goggles for a while before the take off.

As night blankets the aerodrome, a formation of fighters takes off, piloted by those almost nerveless mortals who have come to be known as "cats eyes". With a thousand and thirty horse power in front of each of them, they head for the lighter regions above the clouds. Into the moonlight over Britain they rear, seeking out their prey. Stalking them like the superhuman hunters that they are, the men who see in the dark are striking terror into the hearts of the raiding Huns. Death strikes at the Swastika's by night. At any moment a hail of bullets may crash out from no-where, and another Nazi plane will leave a red scar across the night sky.