

NIGHT FIGHTERS IN THE MIDDLE EAST.

Sunset over Alexandria... and the working day begins for the night fighter pilots. Fully clothed, they snatch a few minutes rest from work and the dive biting attacks of insects, beneath the protection of mosquito nets. Drat the telephone; but when you've got to go, you've got to go. Operations room in the desert is just another tent, but when Jerries about, there's only one thing to do, and that's go up and get him. After all, there's not much to choose between swatting a mozzie and knocking down a Nazi; they're both a perishing nuisance. So away goes a flight of hurricanes to battle in the night sky of Northern Africa.

"One of the enemy planes was last seen crashing to earth in flames".

Dawn on the aerodrome sees the customary ceremony of hoisting the flag as a group of victorious night fighter pilots come home with the milk. Heaven help any mosquito that gets inside their mosquito nets now.