

NIGHT FIGHTERS PATROL IN THE DESERT.

810

Sunset in the Western Desert. The enveloping dark of North African night closes around the battlefront of the Middle East.

But as the day is dying a strange new activity begins --- the work of the night fighters. Along the borders of Egypt and Libya the men who are guarding Cairo and Alexandria start their round of duty.

Pilots are snatching a cat-nap beneath mosquito nets; but fully clothed and ready to wake on the instant.

Sergeant takes a call from Wing --- missed it; enemy aircraft approaching.

The Commanding Officer phones instructions to the pilots and in a matter of seconds they are alert --- ready for the hunt in the dark skies.

So --- and-So Flight airborne; pilots keep in touch with operations room and scientific instruments guide them to the raiders coming through the night at full throttle. Keen eyes are piercing that darkness --- a burst of fire cracks out towards a Junkers 88. The night fighters got their man; one less bomber in the Luftwaffe --- one crew less to carry on Hitler's work.

The sun appears again to herald the coming of a new day. The ensign is hoisted once again; the working world stirs once more to life. The night fighters go to bed as the dawn breaks,

with a job well done.