

R.A.F RESCUE BOATS AT WORK.

During the Battle of Britain we heard repeatedly ~~in the communiques~~ about pilots who were safe when ~~their~~ fighters had been ~~xxxxxxx~~ lost. These are the little craft to whom so many of those pilots owe their lives; to whom Britain owes an incalculable debt for restoring so many ~~xxxxxxx~~ gallant airmen to the R.A.F. They have to ~~xxxxxx~~ guard against a ~~ttack~~ while they're performing their work of rescue but when an S.O.S. comes in they skim out to sea in all weathers ---- a sort of sea-going St Bernard. It's another sideline in the tremendous structure that comprises Britain's war strength; it's a job that needs patience and skill as well as courage and endurance. For it isn't easy, in a sea that tosses you about like a cork, to find a tiny rubber boat hidden in choppy waves --- drifting with the wind and tide ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ But find them they do. Two more valuable fighting men of the Royal Air Force have been snatched out of the debit side of the war ledger ~~and~~ entered again to the Empire's credit.

The R.A.F. rescue boats will get their man if it's humanly possible: ~~and~~ with hot drinks and cigarettes to restore circulation --- to cheer a mind that is numbed with exposure ~~they~~ bring them back in triumph --- another spanner in the Nazi war machine. Two more sky fighters to take up the fight again. Two more powerful blows at the heart of Germany --- *Thanks to the R.A.F. rescue boats*

