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ACTIVITY IN THE WESTERN DESERT.

In the lulls between spectacular fighting in the Middle East there is never a lull in the work that goes on. There is a constant call for more aerodromes and this party of pioneers is busy on the job; acres of scrub and sand are being <sup>transformed</sup> ~~transported~~ every week into well-equipped stations for bomber and fighter command: this is the ground-work that paves the way to Royal Air Force control of the Desert skies. In the off moments, there is relaxation in the game of darts which <sup>Britain</sup> ~~British~~ is teaching to the locals. Romance dies hard; but it's rather shattering to think of a desert sheikh scoring a double and calling for a pint of wallop. This is the field post office: it's a big day when the mail arrives from home and the military postman goes the rounds: but how dreadful to run out of petrol beside the pipe-line --- with no coupons.

Yes --- mail-day is a big day. It brings all sorts of surprising news from home. Ah-ha! so it's a boy! H'm! Good heavens --- it's twins! And of course they still end the letters with the sign of Victory.

But now to business. That desert aerodrome is ready and a fighter squadron is scheduled for Dawn Patrol. The still, chill air stealing up from the Nile betokens another day: the squadron is up early --- out to look for trouble.

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~~Engines warmed up by the Ground Staff. ~~planes have~~~~  
~~instructions ready for zero hour take off. All night ---~~  
~~latit go.~~ Strange birds for the ageless skies of the  
 Libyan Desert. Machines of the twentieth century are <sup>queer</sup> ~~strange~~  
 fowl in this land of the earliest civilization. Three  
 thousand years ago they had reached the peak of culture and  
~~progress~~ progress and Egypt's civilization died and was  
 forgotten.

Hurricane fighters of 1941 on Dawn Patrol are fighting  
 to save our civilization from reverting to a new Dark Age.