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NOT TO BE BROADCAST IN THE MIDNIGHT NEWS OF OCTOBER 24/25, 1943.

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Air Ministry News Service

Air Ministry Bulletin No. 11862

"THANKS A LOT, R.A.F. ..."

Spitfire pilots of Fighter Command, their day's work done, had just seated themselves at the supper table in the mess. There was the usual hum of conversation, punctuated by the inevitable clatter of knives and forks.

Suddenly, the loudspeaker - one of the many dotted over every Fighter Command station for making urgent announcements - began to boom.

The hum of conversation stopped abruptly: the knives and forks were silent.

"Attention, everybody! Volunteers are wanted at once for a blood transfusion. Report to the M.O. immediately."

Before the last words had died away, several pilots were on their way to the Medical Officer.

But when he saw them the M.O. shook his head regretfully. "Sorry, chaps. You'll be flying tomorrow and it might weaken you. And there are plenty of other volunteers."

So the Spitfire pilots came back to the mess.

They knew, then, that the man they had been anxious to help was the American pilot of a Flying Fortress, which had landed at the fighter station in the South of England, after the raid on Schweinfurt, in Germany. The pilot was badly wounded, and despite the treatment given he died in hospital.

The crew of the Fortress were told of the prompt response of blood donors for their comrade. "I knew they'd come through for us" said one of the gunners, simply. "Thanks a lot, R.A.F."
