

KNIGHTS' FORTRESS.

894

1 P.M. M. Sem
28/7/42.

~~A little backbreaking, perhaps; liable, possibly, to rain~~
~~of the~~. I ~~was~~ ~~hit~~, now and again, by an offensive
~~against the embattled ring of chemical warfare against the black~~
~~on the~~ ~~sooties~~; but otherwise a pretty peaceful ~~scene~~. It
tastes a little of 1942 when you see that the gardener wears
bettle-dress and is, in fact, a soldier. But otherwise, what in
life would you expect to see further removed from things like dive
bombers and bridgeheads and blitzes? Nothing at all --- unless you
happen to guess that this is the island of Malta. A little cart
comes round, enticed along by the tugging of a nice-mannered and
gentlemanly moke. It's the ~~m~~ bloke that collects the muck; at
least, it would have been muck before the war, but now we know better.
Now it's the finest obtainable **food** for pigs --- and lucky if you can
get it. **A**part from resisting the concentrated attacks of a
~~by~~ huge air force based across only sixty miles of water, Malta is
busy making its garrison self-sufficient in food. Because Malta
knows that when a convoy comes in, it has come through hell.

Fighters take off to offer air protection as soon as the
ships are within range --- and so the battle continues until the
convoy has won through, sometimes with serious losses, to dock
in the Grand Harbour.