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MALTA G.C.

Life in the George Cross island carries on with amazing calm amid the ruins of Valletta. From a bomb-shattered newspaper office, come the morning papers, while the day's laundry is being hung out to dry. Then with grim regularity the danger signal is hoisted as enemy aircraft come in from the sea. The monotonous wail of the siren; the harsh coughing of anti-aircraft guns; the whistle and crash of bombs, and Malta is in the midst of another raid, one more nearer the three thousand figure.

Inside the deep rock shelters there's safety from the Stuka dive-bombers and the rain of shrapnel falling from the ~~ammunition~~ barrage put up.
intense

As the red flag is hauled down from the Palace roof, the Maltese come out from their caves and tunnels to carry on their interrupted work. Here houses and treasured landmarks may have gone. Our R.A.F. cameraman recorded these scenes of one of Malta's air raids, and captured also the spirit of ~~and~~ the stoic heroism of the islanders, as they come out after each alert and carry on their business until the next.

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