

August 42
Convoy

MALTA CONVOY... FURTHER PICTURES

Since our last Malta convoy story, other cameramen have returned bringing with them more pictures of the colossal Sea and Air fight which went on without pause for three days. One newreel man was aboard the illfated carrier EAGLE for part of the voyage. It was from the EAGLE and other ships like her that Fleet Air Arm pilots took off to break-up the waves of enemy aircraft flung against the freighters on their way to succour gallant Malta.

As U.Boats closed in the escort vessels went to work with depth charges.

You've read about "Bomb Alley"; now see for yourself what this hell-spot is like. From South of Sardinia through the Sicily Narrows, the convoys have to run the gauntlet, travelling as fast as the slowest ship, and all the time subjected to every form of attack. The sea boils under the hail of falling shrapnel, and spouts great columns of water as bombs rain down from Stuka's, J.U.87's; and 88's, While Axis aircraft open their bomb doors over the convoy, the sky is ripped open by every gun in the escort.

A sharp turn to starboard, hot steel hisses into the Mediterranean and out of the blue a stick of bombs plunges into the sea wide of the mark.

As night closes in around the ships, new attacks develop. The darkness is pierced by vicious stabs of gunfire.

The "Chicago Planes" as they nickname the pom-poms, pumping out great streams of tracers. Any plane flying into that curtain of deadly fairy-lights will be holed like a cullindar.

Suddenly on the sky line an angry red glow tells of a casualty in the convoy ranks. Part of the price of daring. Part of the cost which has to be paid for Malta's survival. Fire at sea is a terrible thing.

An awful night gives place to morning light, revealing a scene which must forever remain a monument to the gallantry and devotion to duty of the un-uniformed men whose only badge of service is the letters M.N. worn in the lapels of their jackets.

Spitfires from Malta. Out from the Island Fortress they come to give added protection. Sixty six German planes were blown out of the sky. Malta's life line is still intact. Into the Harbour there sails a battered but proud company of ships. Wounded but fighting, Malta looks down on the battle-scarred convoy from Gibraltar. From their shattered homes the George Cross Islanders flock down to the docks to help unload the precious cargoes. Men, women and children banding together to rush the supplies from the bomb-shattered ships to the underground stores.

Approved by
Conroy

Soon there will be the return journey. Convoy duty works both ways and these are the men who see to it that it does.

Since our last Malta convoy story, other cameramen have returned bringing with them more pictures of the colossal sea and air fight which went on without pause for three days. One new arrival man saw aboard the ill-fated carrier HAGIE for part of the voyage. It was from the HAGIE and other ships like her that Fleet Air Arm pilots took off to break-up the waves of enemy aircraft flying against the freighters on their way to succour Gallant Malta.

As U.Boats closed in the escort vessels went to work with depth charges.

You've read about "Bomb Alley"; now see for yourself what this hell-spot is like. From South of Sicily through the Sicily Narrows, the convoys have to run the gauntlet, travelling as fast as the slowest ship and all the time subjected to every form of attack. The sea boils under the hail of falling shells, and about great columns of water as bombs rain down from Stuka's, J.U.87's; and 88's. While Axis aircraft open their bomb doors over the convoy, the sky is ripped open by every gun in the escort.

A sharp turn to starboard, hot steel plases into the Mediterranean and out of the blue a stock of bombs plunges into the sea wide of the mark.

As night closes in around the ships, new attacks develop. The darkness is pierced by vicious stabs of gunfire.

The "Chicago Planes" as they nickname the pom-boms, pumping out great streams of tracer. Any plane flying into that curtain of deadly fairy-lights will be holed like a cylinder.

Suddenly on the sky line an angry red glow tells of a casualty in the convoy ranks. Part of the price of gaining. Part of the cost which has to be paid for Malta's survival. Mine at sea is a terrible thing.

An awful night gives place to morning light, revealing a scene which must forever remain a monument to the gallantry and devotion to duty of the un-uniformed men whose only badge of service is the letters M.M. worn in the lapels of their jackets.

Squadrons from Malta. Out from the Island Fortress they come to give added protection. Sixty six German planes were blown out of the sky. Malta's life line is still intact. Into the Harbour there sails a battered but proud company of ships. Wounded but fighting, Malta looks down on the battle-scarred convoy from Gibraltar. From their scattered homes the George Landers flock down to the docks to help unload the precious cargoes. Men, women and children banding together to wish the supplies from the bomb-battered ships to the under ground stores.