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ALLIED TROOPS CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS

"Come to the Cookhouse Door", my foot. Christmas dinner for the boys means a sit down blow-out with the Orderlies doing their utmost to keep the peace.

Piece be blowed, the Navy's here, and he wants the lot. O.K they don't want your Christmas pudding, you can --- Take it easy chums, he was fooling you. There's plenty for everyone and no ill feelings - (until tomorrow).

In the wards the convalescents are getting just what the Doctor ordered. And can the nurses dish it out! This is the stuff to give the troops.

There's a bit of Beemps-a-daisy going on, just to round-off the party. Britons can certainly take it. Meanwhile, Belgian troops are digging-in for victory. "Very tasty, a frogs leg, I reckon. Does you good with a snail or two, washed down with something out of the bottle.

And finally, the Dutchmen, Following their Christmas dinner, the toast is %Queen Welhelmina%.

We in t rn salute 'Our Allies".