

41-94

260 FT

NEWSBRIEFS FROM THE MIDDLE EAST. The fish won't bite but the boys are getting better. Looks like another fish-less day. Aw, heck! Another tin of Bully Beef. And just to show there's no favoritism we wish to inform

A few side lights on life in the Western Desert, filmed just prior to our great offensive in Libya. Officers' Mess now becomes Pilots mess. A sign of the times' q. By order of the Air Officer Commanding, Air Vice Marshal Ceningham, pilots, commissioned and non-commissioned, may now meet on common ground just as they meet on a common footing in the air. (That sounds wrong, but it's right if you work it out). "They' take the same risks, give 'em the same comforts/" says the A.O.C..... Sounds O.K. to us.

Believe it or not, there's a tailor's shop in the Desert. You can get a new uniform "fittin yer like der paper on der vall" or you can have the old one altered so that the trousers are not so tight under the armpits....But the tailor won't undertake delivery - even if you're living "just up the road". That might mean fifty miles out here! q

Under the spreading tall palm tree, an Army Smithy stands; The Smith, a British Soldier, he works in the Desert sands...

Well, that's enough of that, but it serves to show that even the village blacksmith has his place in the Army.

Our boys in the desert can't go to the pictures, but they haven't forgotten their favourite film stars. Each one keeps his particular fancy "under his hat". They're having a pretty grim time out there just now, so perhaps memories of Greta Durbin, Myrna West, Mae Loy, and Deanna Garbo will help them to keep going until they can once more say "Two ninepenny's please Miss".

Fresh Water is like gold in the Desert...it just ain't there. The troops near the sea have so arranged things that they can get a "wee drop more" than the ration, which has to be brought to them by transport. Sea water, is poured into large drums and a fire is lit. The steam passes through pipes to condensers where it cools off.

These clever little distilleries provide the men with something almost as good as beer - - I said "almost".

A fish tale now. The boys are looking forward to fresh "fruit of the Sea" for dinner, and they're doing their best to ensure a good catch. Fish will make a change from Bully Beef! Things are not looking too good, thr fish just won't bite but, what's this? It looks as though he's clicked!

410-111

T 7 0 d 5

The fish won't come tonight so he says to them! Meanwhile his six pals are getting peeved at the delay. It looks like another fish-less day. Aw, heck! Another tin of Bully Beef. And just to show there's no favoritism we wish to inform

A sign of the times, p. By order of the Air Officer Commanding, Officers' Mess now becomes Pilots' Mess. A sign of the times, p. By order of the Air Officer Commanding, Air Vice Marshal Cunningham, pilots, commissioned and non-commissioned, may now meet on common ground just as they meet on common footing in the air. (That sounds wrong, but it's right if you work it out.) "They take the same rakes, give 'em the same comforts" says the A.O.C. .... Sounds O.K. to us.

Believe it or not, there's a tailor's shop in the Desert. You can get a new uniform "fittin' yer like der paper on der wall" or you can have the old one altered so that the trousers are not so tight under the armpits.... But the tailor won't undertake delivery - even if you're living "just up the road". That might mean fifty miles out here!

Under the spreading tall palm tree, an Army Smithy stands; The Smith, a British Soldier, he works in the Desert sands...

Well, that's enough of that, but it serves to show that even the village blacksmith has his place in the Army.

Our boys in the desert can't go to the pictures, but they haven't forgotten their favourite film stars. Each one keeps his particular "land" under his hat". They're having a pretty grim time out there just now, so perhaps memories of Greta Garbo, Wynne West, Mae Joy, and Danna Garbo will help them to keep going until they can once more say "Two ninepenny's please Miss".

Fresh Water is like gold in the Desert... it just ain't there. The troops near the sea have so arranged things that they can get a "wee drop more" than the ration, which has to be brought to them by transport. Sea water, is poured into large drums and a fire is lit. The steam passes through pipes to condensers where it cools off.

These clever little distilleries provide the men with something almost as good as beer - I said "almost".

A fish tale now. The boys are looking forward to fresh "fruit of the sea" for dinner, and they're doing their best to ensure a good catch. Fish will make a change from Bully Beef! Things are not looking too good, the fish just won't bite but, what's that? It looks as though he's clicked!