

CHRISTMAS IN TOBRUK.

43-4

206 FT

He was dreaming of a White Christmas. This is how Terry Ashwood, our ace cameraman in the Middle East awakes on Christmas morn. A surprise in store; and the sound of the bells of Tobruk Church ringing in the battered town made Terry feel young again. The best thr steak could produce was "a tin of bully beef" - aw, bullocks!. Then good King Cameraman looked out on the feast of the Season.

Mail bags, hundreds of 'em. ~~Miss~~ the war for the late arrival of this film. Delayed action, but still full of Christmas punch. (Terry's nightwear is practical to day the least of it).

The best presents of all were the cards and letters from home. Then came the adaptable Tommies with arm loads pf foliage to take the place of holly and mistletoe. Messrs Atkins and Company were going to have a slap-up dinner, and this seemed just the place for it.

Sprucing up for the bog blow-out. There's quite a run on the dry cleaning department. They agreed to dress for dinner and the well-groomed man in Tobruk that day had a crease in his pants.

The Scrounger-in-Chief was in his element; a very useful bloke. Chairs and tables appeared as if by magic. No scene-shifters performed greater miracles.

And at the back of the house, no irritable cook to say "Get out of my kitchen". Lovely grub hot out of the oven and "Dinner is nxx served".

A sprig of desert saltbush crowns the Christmas Pudding. The suggestion to set it alight with petrol was turned down, but as it came through the serving hatch into the dining room, the lads were full of approval.

A final toast in a magfull of pig's ear, and then out into the White Christmas which Terry had been dreaming about. What a frost!