Dear Mum and Dad,

Since I last wrote to you, we have packed up and shifted or once more, and are now somewhere in a new country—Tunisia. I am writing this letter in the shade of a large olive tree; there is a little clump of them here with green grass, yellow and purple wild flowers growing in profusion. The day is cloudless and quiet warm—so I am clad only in my shorts. In the distance can be heard the sound of the enemy’s gunfire. We are a fair way from it here, however.

Well, I mentioned in my last letter to you all about our show “Thumbs Up” which we put on in the Governor’s Palace for five nights running. Each night we had a packed room, & the last two performances were given in the big theatre in town. The "Miracle" which was packed on both occasions...
This theatre is first class, built especially for sound, and can seat one thousand six hundred people. As I said before, I was the female impersonator of our show, made up by Wally Rickett, the noted female impersonator of the "Vine Crescent Party." Wally spent an hour on my face alone—when he was finished, I looked like some screen star. Even my best friend didn't know me. "Our Helen"—"Poor but honest" went over in great style. There was the villain, complete with curling moustache, cane, black cloak. Every time he appeared the audience hissed and booed. There was the hero—a simple, country lad called Harold; the baby (one of our chefs clad in napkins andhuge safety pin something else) & I was the heroine. The street scene was excellent, with small pieces of white paper fluttering down for snow, & with the stage illuminated by blue lights. I was sorry when the show came to an
end, as it was such a chance from the usual army routine. You would be surprised at the talent in our units. We had a first class violinist, several first class singers and professional pianist. We had a concert grand piano to play on.

Each night after the show we had supper put on for us by the Y.M.C.A. It made a good finish to the evening.

Did I tell you about the air raid which came in the middle of one of our performances at the Palace. The show went on in spite of the noise of the anti-aircraft guns, or when a big bomb dropped near the waterfront, the palace rocked as if in an earthquake. However, the few bombs that were dropped caused no damage.

A few days ago, we discovered a that beneath the house we were living in, were four rooms. The doorway leading to them had been roughly concreted over, but it didn't take long to knock a hole in it -- there were steps leading down
to the rooms beneath. They were full of books and clothes, crockey and goodness knows what else. We spent an interesting time nosing around to see what was there.

I have sent Dad two parcels of books, although they are in Italian, the photos will explain themselves. Hope they reach you safely.

Well, I will finish now. I got some sleep. We travelled all day yesterday and all night non-stop, so I'm feeling a bit tired. Otherwise I am A-1.

Hope these few lines find you all well in Nelson. Today is like a typical Nelson day - sunny and warm.

Love from your son.

Fenwick