

“MY BELOVED POILUS”

left over to manage for fifty children, but the list grew to one hundred and twenty-five. The mayor of the village let us have a large room in his house, as the first place we had chosen was too small. We had the tree on Sunday afternoon and three hundred and thirty-one children arrived. Fortunately we had some extra things so there was enough of something to go around. They had a lovely time, each one got a small toy, a biscuit, and most of them a small bag of sweets and an orange. The oranges and sweets gave out, but there was enough biscuits and toys, but there was nothing left.

We are all dead tired, for we worked like nailers for the past two weeks; but it was worth while, for we were able to make a great many people happy, and now we are sending off packages to the trenches — things that came too late for Christmas.