

SISTER HAS HER SAY

Rumours that we are to leave Salonica are rife again, and not altogether welcome, for are we not fast getting our "duration" quarters ship shape and succeeding in adjusting our mode of living and general viewpoint sufficiently to accept Army life as it is and make the best of it?

When we arrived someone kindly told us that the first five years here were likely to be the worst. We are quite sure the first six months were the worst.

When we left Macaulay Plains we could form fours after about four attempts and generally knew our right foot from our left, but we had still to learn the rigidity of Army Diet Sheets and other things. The "out of bounds" places seemed so many and hard to avoid. In the early days of our sojourn a visit to the hospital or other ships in the harbour was our chief dissipation, but how to reach a nearby wharf or landing place seemed to be a conundrum that only the ever-vigilant French sentry could solve.

At one time we feared we might have to leave Macedonia without setting foot in Salonica. It was hard to believe that this city of creamy-white stone buildings and dainty minarets could be altogether as foul and uninteresting as we were told.

Our first trips to town! Who will ever forget them? Certainly not the Sisters who went in the rain for fear of losing their turn or the unhappy M.O. who had to keep his eye on six Sisters, no two of whom ever wanted to do the same thing at the same time.

This is all far in the past, as is the sweltering summer heat, S. diet Sheets, moving etc. We know it is the places that are out of bounds that are unfortunate, not we, and we take it all as a matter of course. A trip to Salonica is as uninteresting as the necessary pass ts. easy to get. Once, to get in by ambulance was

a treat; now, if the ambulance is going when we are, well and good, but we do not wait; there are motor lorries and aircraft repair vans and the ambulances of other units, all with kindly drivers ready to give a lift to the sisters.

Many of us, perhaps all, were very sure of two things when we joined the C.A.M.C. We were going to care for the wounded and contend with many hardship. We have done little of either. Our greatest hardship has been that we have had to care for the sick instead of the wounded. To the uninitiated this may sound cruel, but Tommy himself prefers to fall a victim to the Bulgar, knowing he has given as good as he got, to being strafed by the various microbes that lie in wait for him in every damp corner of the Struma and other places.

We cannot, however, complain that we have not been needed. If necessary there is the A. and D. room records of five figures, but most of us still have vivid memories of grilling days when we scarcely knew what to do first; when the ice was scarce and the primus would not burn. Those days seem to be over for a time at least, but we are content to remain where we are knowing that if we were not here someone else would be.

We have found healthful pastime in walking, riding, tennis and now hockey, at which we hope ere the winter is over to prove ourselves worthy of No. 5 C. G. H. and to be the better fitted for whatever the future holds in store for us, whether in France or England, where great deeds are done, or as a small part of the British Expeditionary Forces in Salonica.

ANON

There are only two things to do on Hallowe'en night according to Ch-d-y. One of them is bobbing for apples, and the other hasn't got a thing to do with apples. The canters disposed of several apples, however.