

disaster after another was falling upon them, but not the least of these was the terrible pestilence "typhus fever." This dread disease was killing thousands of them. Many, too, were being frost bitten when crossing the mountains owing to an unprecedented cold snap which caught them at the psychologically wrong moment. Our outlook, therefore, was not bright, but we were soldiers enough to go where we were ordered with every intention to do our very best for the stricken people.

The nearest point or port to the Serbians was Saloniki, the ancient Therma, afterwards "Thessalonica," a town first brought to the notice of peoples in America by its being mentioned in the Bible. "St. Paul's epistles to the Thessalonians." The Greeks held control of the place until some four hundred years ago, when the Turks usurped the privilege, but at all times it has been a meeting place of the West with the East. It has always been a haven of rest or escape for the scalawags or religious maniacs from the surrounding countries. Thus the Spanish Jews fled to it during the inquisitions of Ferdinand and Isabella. Thus the Venetians in olden times made it a fort and built the famous "Tour Blanche" to protect themselves from marauding pirates. After the last Balkan shuffle the Turks lost Saloniki and the Greeks once more possessed it. Thus the native boy can usually speak both the Turkish language and Greek as well as French, which is the language of commerce there. If he has been observant he can also speak Spanish since thousands of Spanish Jews still live there, and being in such close proximity to Italy many can speak Italian as well. (Although over 100,000 in population fully 30,000 are Jews.) I have met clerks who could read, write and speak ten languages, who were born in Saloniki. With such a heteroglot population no wonder it was considered the most cosmopolitan place for its size in the whole world.

Such was to be our landing place, and after our troublous journey by boat through the perils of the Atlantic and Mediterranean we actually welcomed its sight with a sigh of relaxation and breathed more comfortably when we had passed the mines and entered its wonderful harbour at the Vardar's mouth on the Aegean Sea. Even at its very harbour gates a marauding submarine had left its dismal reminder in the shape of a wrecked cattle boat.

We were not permitted to land at once, and we were glad of this, because a high wind was blowing sleet and hail and snow with

blinding force. Most uncomfortable rumors reached our boat from time to time, and we held ourselves in readiness to get on shore at a moment's notice. Several days passed during which time, if any lull came in the storm, we ventured on deck and gazed at the wonderful and mystic city.

With our binoculars we could see nearly the whole place, because it rises like an amphitheatre on the steep slope of Mount Kortiash. The walled city is roughly delta shaped, the base of the triangle running along the water's edge, covering a distance of over four miles. The streets came right to the water's edge, and one runs parallel with it, terminating at one end in a huge white stone tower, known as the "Stone Blanche." The buildings were apparently all built of white stone, possessing characteristic red tiled roofs. Here and there, however, arose structures of some pretensions, palaces—huge churches and mosques. Tall minarets were visible in every sector of the landscape, and it was with a feeling of pleasurable anticipation that I jumped in a small dingy headed shoreward and was landed on the stone steps at the foot of "Rue Venizelos."

Nothing could have been more foreign to me than the sights which met my gaze. What appeared as spotlessly clean and white at a distance of a mile and a half now looked strangely sordid. The narrow, irregular streets, were filled to capacity with Greeks and Greek soldiers who were leading long pack trains of mules through the town. The cobble stone roads and flag stone walks were none too comfortable for the feet. The cold on this particular day had somewhat abated, but did not deter me from making a rapid survey of the place.

We had not gone far when we located a man whom we knew in Toronto. He had been here two weeks and was helping to put down the typhus epidemic. His story was disconcerting, indeed, but we did not go to Saloniki with the idea of having a picnic, so we simply braced ourselves for the ordeal of the future. Soon we were to learn the insidious effect of the climate on men not immunized against its evils. Malaria and dysentery were to prove a bigger bugbear to us than typhus, which we escaped. We did not suffer from plague and leprosy and other classical Greek diseases but we were to be puzzled about phlebotomus fever and malignant malaria as well as hill diarrhoea. These things read much more than they really seemed to me, and were it not for the fact that I finally succumbed to the enervating effects of the climate myself, I can