

to the other, that time honoured phrase—the mere giving and receiving of which made every one feel good. Things were starting well. Then came the first event on the programme.

Patients dinner at 12 noon. 400 sat down in the dining-hall and the remainder celebrated in the wards, where tables were set for these who were out of bed. Every table boasted a spotless cloth, and bright decorations; every man an illustrated place-card; and the Dinner! Soup, fish, turkey—right down the regulation list it went, to nuts cigars and cigarettes—and not a man fell out! In fact, they hardly had a chance to “stand at ease”, for the cookhouse staff had everything just right, and with the Sisters waiting on the table, everyone was at attention all the time. At 2 p.m. the Officers had dinner and at 5 p.m. the men of the Unit had their innings and, with the Sisters again serving, had a thoroughly enjoyable meal and a thoroughly good time.

At 8 p.m. came the EVENT of the day—a masquerade, in the Sisters’ quarters to which had been invited all members of the Unit. Ante-room and mess had been cleared for dancing and it was a gay and many coloured crowd

that wandered through the rooms in search of evasive, unknown partners. In spite of Kipling, the East and West were together, for that evening at least. Warlike Albanians jostled by Charlie Chaplin, a full-blooded negro bowing with exaggerated dignity before a stately mid-Victorian: Egyptian boys giving the right of way to swaggering cowboys, and impassive Turks dancing with women in modern evening dress—Jew and Gentile, they were all there. The veiled mystery of the East and the democratic freedom of the West—and how they did mix! Midnight and Auld Lang Syne came all too soon, and with them, the passing of Christmas 1916, a day that will not soon be forgotten by No. 5.

All praise is due to those who by their work and enthusiasm did so much towards making for success, and amongst these the name “Sisters” leads all the rest. They did much of the preparatory work, helped with the dinners, and gave us the Masquerade. But don’t forget the men in the various cookhouses. What would Christmas have been without the dinner, and what would the dinner have been without our cooks and their merry men? And didn’t they rise to the occasion!

