



CHRISTMAS

— DAY, 1916 —

IN MACEDONIA.

THOSE of us who have had the doubtful privilege of celebrations our second Christmas in Macedonia are now making smiling comparisons between this year and last. Picture 1915! Dumped into a dirty vacant lot on the side of a dusty road with "Bully and Biscuits" as our main staff and — no mail! Only the interest in a new environment and the fascination of an unknown future, prevented a general epidemic of home sickness. For many it was just as well that the letters were delayed a few days more. Fresh mental pictures of home-fires and home-cooking would probably have been the last straw, and Melancholy would have come into its own.

Many changes of many kinds have taken place since then and the net result was that Officers, Sisters and men looked forward to the best Christmas treat that Macedonia could produce for Canadians. Thrown on our own resources the day was just what we made it,

and its success is due to those who for days worked steadily at planning, arranging and decorating, and all the countless details which when totalled up meant a happy Christmas for over a thousand people. By the evening of the 24th. everything was ready. Wards, messes and dining—hall were gaily decorated with miniature Christmas trees, holly and multicoloured bunting and streamers; presents had been prepared for every patient, the turkey was plucked, stuffed and in the pan, and the sisters, waiving custom and convention, had their Xmas dinner that evening, the better to devote the whole of their time to making the next day a success.

The 25th. December, 1916, was ushered in by Old Sol in one of his most amiable moods. Prancing gaily in through all the ward windows, he brightly approved of all the decorations, and cheerfully wished one and all a "Merry Christmas". All returned the salutation, and there passed from one