

But that is by the way. I wanted to tell you about our special Christmas. On Sunday morning even the tree was up in the ward (snow and all) just waiting for its load of gifts. On Sunday afternoon the band came to discourse sweet music on the lawn. There is something peculiarly beautiful about Christmas carols. Do you have them in the land in which you live? Sunday evening, of course, everyone had to hang up a stocking. My men were properly worked up to it, and such a time we had hunting up socks and finding places to hang them. "May I have a loan of Nurse ——'s stockings," someone said. The wag! But nurse is celebrated for the size of her pedal extremities. We heard a lot of tales of what we used to do when we were boys, and the night nurse had quite a time trying to get them all to sleep so that stockings could be filled in the time-honoured fashion. What did we fill them with? Oh, well, you know, socks and ties and things for the men, and handkerchiefs and soap, etc. for the women. Do I need to remind you of the filling up with whistles, peapods, potatoes? Same old jokes!

Father Christmas visited the Home at 4 a.m., quite early enough for those who had gone to bed in the early hours. Somehow there are so many things to do at the last. After the fun and the frolic came a quiet little interlude. Time for the Christ-Child to come in. Words are poor things to describe the holy places and holy times, so you will think all the nice thoughts for yourself, if I just say that at 6 a.m. a Communion Service was held.

I was nearly forgetting to tell you about an extra piece of goodwill on Christmas Eve—a secret little plot of Matron's—a Christmas Eve Supper. We were so surprised when Matron sent word for a general assemblage in the Dining Room, to find a nicely set supper. In each of our places was a wee box of sweets and we had cake and snapdragon and a "taste." A few improvised toasts and a talk about Christmas made us all troop off to bed happier for the goodwill begun. Don't you think little things count a great deal? I do!

What do you think? Some people chose Christmas Eve and Christmas Day to part with some of their anatomy. But nothing could disturb the serenity of the Theatre Nurse. She literally sat on the grunts and grinned.

We were ready for Father Christmas at 10 a.m. sharp. The band ushered him into the ward. How youthful he is by daylight! One would think he would begin to show his age by now. He at once started distributing good cheer to everybody. He is a witty fellow, and apt in his remarks so that the boy who got a necklace and the girl who got a knife were just as happy as possible. It didn't take long to unload that tree. Some wags had stolen a march on us and tied a few extras to the tree in the shape of carrots and things. But wait, Father Christmas is shrewd and they sure got them back again. Like Scrooge, they found that the Spirits had done it all in one night.

We were able to bring most of the patients into one big ward and they all dined together. The only complaint I heard was insufficient accommodation. There must have been a few cases of dilatation (not cardiac) judging by the inroads into poultry, pudding, and—drinks. Farinaceous folk and even Milk Diets don't come to any harm on Christmas Day. Anaemias, eat, drink, and be merry without an aftermath. It is passing strange.

We had hardly time after feeding the multitude, when our gong summoned us to a table that literally groaned with Christmas fare. "No thank yous" were missing, at least, until the last course. We did not inquire for a milk pudding. I just wonder if there would have been one forthcoming—those estimable standbys of everyday.

Shall I tell you of our Toast List? Matron had to amend it. In fact, in addition to an addenda I believe E. and O.E. were much in evidence. "The Father of us all" by his adopted family, was scarcely recognisable as our M.O. "Miss Maclean, Head of the Nursing Profession with which is associated the Medical Profession," passed muster. Matron puzzled