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ENQUIRIES COST NOTHING—POST NOW

Name.....

Age..... Occupation.....

Address.....

The Spy Menace in Salonica

(Continued from Page 3.)

chocolate by the wayside. About mid-day my friend came along on a donkey at the walk, so I retreated along the track, raking my brain what to do. I could not hold him up with my revolver, in good old Dick Turpin style, as a mistake would spoil my mission. A shot would do the same and rouse the village. My friend was making for the Bulgarian territory, which was no great distance away, so I must stop him at all costs. Later in my retreat I came to a narrow part of the track—here was my chance! I was hiding behind a large boulder, and as he came abreast I charged him in a good Rugby flying tackle; we both fell to the ground, and fought like demons, kicking and biting—rolling in the dust, first he then I getting the better of it—finally my guardian angel came to my assistance, and I was able to smash his head on a large rock, and later his life passed out.

I lay alongside him too dead-beat to move. Later I struggled to my feet; I had come out of it with a sprained wrist, and two fingers badly out of joint, signs of which I carry to this day.

Now what was to be the result of my trouble? I searched the body carefully, but found nothing. Was it all to be in vain? Yet what had been tabulated in that dead brain of his? There was none to say, yet I knew that he was a spy, one less, thank God.

My wits now began to sharpen and flashed to the donkey, which had run away on my charge. I must stop it if possible before it returned to the village, again luck—the poor brute had not gone far and I came up with it peacefully munching the grass on the wayside. It was docile enough when I caught it, and led it back to the body, which I threw over its back, and slowly made my way back to my base. My man buried the body carefully, as I was too dead-beat, and dropping down on the bunk, slept dead to the world for nearly fourteen hours.

On awakening I found myself down with a heavy attack of malaria, the mosquitoes had done their job, and in this state I remained for a week, nursed by my man—and he, poor chap, was to get a very bad attack of it later.

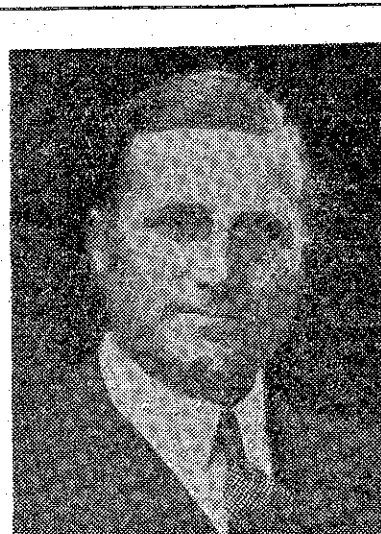
I had a visit from the Sergeant of the Motor Boat Patrol, saying that his officer was raving mad with dysentery and malaria, and would I come over and take charge, so over I went. Sinclair was in a very bad way, so I sent him back to Stavros, and the 62nd Field Hospital took charge of him.

From now on I took charge of the boats, and kept a careful watch of the lake. Most of my men were suffering very badly from malaria and dysentery, but they were brave fellows and kept to their duty. The lake was simply festering with mosquitoes and one wonders, when remembering that this area was the old battle fields of the Turks and Greeks, how their armies put up with the terrible disease. We patrolled the lakes constantly, each boat relieving the other.

I began to notice that the fishermen had become very cheeky, and one evening I was coming back from the end of the lake to my base, and when abreast of the village I noticed a boat

and hailed it, but they took no notice of me, making for their village as fast as they could, so I gave chase, and when nearly up to them a shot rang out, wounding my coxswain. One of the crew sprang to the wheel, and we brought our guns to bear on them. But before we could fire our boat crashed into them, and like a hurdler, jumped their craft, sending its crew sprawling into the water. After much cursing we rescued them and took them prisoners.

I was at a loss to know the meaning of their strange behaviour, but on reaching my headquarters soon found out. A messenger had come through from Stavros with a letter asking what



—Stephano Webb, photo.
H. Blakeley,

A popular Christchurch tenor,
 who will next be heard from
 3YA on Tuesday, November 8,
 singing "Land Across the Sea."

defence I could put up as the Bulgarians were expected to reach my location within the next couple of days. I had to laugh at the humour of the thing—what could my handful of men do against the advancing enemy? They were living skeletons and their eyes were nearly coming out of their heads—besides, my stock of ammunition would have been completely exhausted within five minutes of rapid firing. So I despatched the messenger back to Stavros with a caustic note saying, "None at all!"

The messenger came back with instructions to take the boats out of the water and bring them back to Stavros. Again I am afraid I scared my men, and the runner with my language. How on earth was to get the boats out of the water with no gear. They each weighed about fifteen ton—did those in power think I could lift them out with my hands? So the poor chap had to return, asking that limbers and gear be sent me.

They arrived all right, but how was I to get the boats out of the water, especially as the enemy must be getting very near, and I did not want to fall into their hands. Finally I made

A Challenge to Dxers

(Continued from Page 11.)

While we can hear American stations in New Zealand daylight we must remember that it is fast approaching darkness.

I would like to hear from all dxers who have received verification from England. I think we should have heard about it before now.

Just to touch on one or two instances in other directions, my latest information tells me there is only one station in Costa Rica, and that a 50-watt, yet we have a suggestion that a Costa Rica station is heterodyning 2CO, Corowa; another one thinks he heard 7LO, Kenya Colony, B.E.A. A letter from the manager of this station informs me that this station is purely short-wave, and has never been on the broadcast band. Then we have identification of a station inquired for from 12 noon every day. I think the identifier of this station as KDKA must have been joking. I am not being persuaded to that extent yet.

There are plenty more cases I could mention. One in particular, where station at 11.45 a.m., heterodyning 2CA, was given as KNX. I think quite a few know that KNX signs off at 7.30 N.Z.S.T., and at 11 p.m., KFBT comes in on their morning session.

Now I believe that others can get stations I can't, and I have heard stations many cannot get. I don't think there is a keener dxer than me. I have put in many "all nights," and think I can log with the next best, but I do think we are reaching a limit in our news and views section, and while the saying, "Nothing is impossible," still holds good, I still think there is the impossible yet in wire-
 less.

I want to appeal to all my dx friends. Let us use a little more discretion in our notes; think it over well before committing it to print; remember there are a lot of new chums, following our footsteps and looking for information; let us give only what we know to be the genuine article.

I think it was "Cromdale" (Otago) who was howled down for his suggestion of guessers. I may be wrong, and at the time I hadn't much sympathy with him, but I begin to think he was somewhere near the mark.

I do not suppose anyone has given a thought to the expense to which we put stations, especially Americans. As an example, suppose WENR received 600 New Zealand letters, and have to bear the expense of postage, this would cost them, in stamps alone, 80 dollars, irrespective of stationery. If you can't get stamps, send a dollar to the next station to whom you write, and ask for the equivalent in stamps, and you will have very few non-repliers on your list.

In conclusion, I appeal to fellow members to accept this letter in the spirit in which it is meant, purely for the welfare of the club and accurate dx work.—J.P.C. (P.N.), DX12W.

a ramp in the bank and with the aid of obstinate mules pulled them up on to the bank. Then sinking the limbers into the ground with runaways for the wheels, we managed to get the boats on, but before all this I had to dismantle the engines, and I am afraid I must have sent the engineers crazy trying to assemble them again. The main thing was that we got them back safely. The journey of the boats overland from the lake to Stavros was about fifteen miles through most difficult country, and many times I thought I would lose them as the going was terrific. Water-ways, wash-outs, rocks and gullies had to be negotiated in their journey. Still my luck kept in, and I was ordered back to Salonica to be nursed back to health in the 5th Canadian Hospital.