

said. The Artillery was giving him the Devil's own of a hammering. "The Maoris put the fear of Hades into 'em with the bayonet . . ."

Before long it became plain that the Medicals, too, were doing their job splendidly.



In one area our chaps went up to the most forward area to bring back wounded, under fire. Once they had to run the gauntlet. A cobbler told me this story: "There were more cases than our party could handle," he said, "and it wasn't possible to get an ambulance up. The Jerry had a machine-gun post firing right across the road. There was shelling, too. It seemed a bit of a hole . . ."

A truck-driver volunteered to try and run us through the danger zone. "Of course," he said, sort of questioningly, with a bit of a grin at us, "we may never get across, you know." He spoke just like a chap who says "I may pop in and have a beer on my way home." Well, we had to give it a go, so we just grinned back and put the stretchers on the truck.

"We started off quite well, two of us in the back holding the stretchers down on the bumps. Then came the place where enemy gunners had a plain shot at the road through a gap in the hills. We could see where Jerry had been pasting away all day. There was a groove cut, at about the height to catch us fair and square, all along the clay bank on one side.

"The driver just put his foot hard down, and we raced across that open space as though the devil himself were after us. As a matter of fact, I suppose, in a way, he was, but we had the luck. A heavy mist came up, hiding the road from the gunners, and there wasn't a shot fired. It was a pretty rough ride for the patients, though, and, despite all we could do, the stretchers bounced about a foot at every bump. Those wounded took it all without a murmur, too." He went on to say that it was not the thought of the guns that had worried him as they entered the zone of fire, it was the fear that if anything did happen he just might not be able to attend to the new wounds which might be inflicted. Field Ambu-

lance men were exposed to just the same dangers as the fighting forces, with the difference that they faced those dangers unarmed.

Several times shelling came pretty close. Once an M.O. was shaving, with his usual carefree stroke of razor and brush, when the morning barrage began. There was a roar and a crash. Something whizzed close to his head, leaving a gaping hole in the roof above him. He dropped the razor and swore violently, eyed the hole in the roof, eyed the smoke of the burst shell outside, then slowly and deliberately walked to the doorway and directed a stream of invective in the general direction of the enemy.

When my own party moved forward, some time later, it was to a village half way up the slopes of Mount Olympus. We began the climb, by ambulance, in pouring rain. As the road became ever steeper so it became muddier and more nearly impassable. There were bends so sharp that they seemed impossible to negotiate. More than once we had to "put our shoulders to it," scrambling, cursing, in the mud. The cold was biting, and we were glad indeed to reach our base, which we did just as darkness began to fall. The village school was our stretcher-bearer post. Joy of joys, fires were alight, and the class-rooms in which we camped were cheerily warm, though the wind whistled through cracks in the floorboards. We found our mates, whom we were to relieve, busily drying their clothing before the stoves. They had had an exceedingly hard carry, it seemed, working in rough mountain country, and with a long distance to march. "I'd never honestly seen mud knee deep before," said one, "but I waded through oceans of it to-day." And it seemed he had, for he was using a pocket-knife to clean his trousers from the knee down.

We settled down on the hard boards to sleep, ringed about the fires, while outside the rain fell steadily. Some thirsty soul found the caretaker and whispered longingly in his ear of cognac. "Yes, yes," said that worthy, "Cognac. Good. Give me hundred drachmae." There was