

hasty consultation in the darkness, from somewhere came the money, and very shortly there was cognac.

Little sleep was permitted us that night. Towards midnight there began a resounding series of crashes in the rest of the building. Our men were falling back, seeking shelter in the school. Morning found us so nearly in the front line that it did not much matter. The school was packed with weary, mud and rain soaked men—men who had been in action day and night without sleep, without rest for over forty-eight hours.

Water was put on to boil, and hot drinks were quickly prepared for as many as possible. The enemy was pressing on, they said, creeping unseen, and often unheard, through the mist and rain. Our men were holding him just beyond the village. Outside, on the muddied slopes men were preparing to fight again. The mountain, the village, the advancing foe, all were hidden in thick, rolling mist.

Soon a runner appeared. There were shouted orders, and out into the fog again went the weary men, tired almost beyond endurance, but still keen to give the enemy all and more than he could take. "You medical orderlies had better clear out," said the M.O., "the enemy's entering the village." The ambulance moved out, while seemingly only a few yards away, but unseen, tommy-guns and rifles began a deadly chorus.

As we went on our own artillery began to fire, with a sound that nearly split our ear-drums. About a mile down the road a series of caves in the mountainside offered shelter from the still steadily falling rain, and in one of these we prepared to receive wounded. In the cave next to us flocks of sheep had been

shut in for protection against the cold, and two small shepherd boys guarding them set to work, unasked, to find dry sticks with which they lit a fire for us.

Across the road another small boy and his sister were minding goats. I could not help wondering how they would fare when the Germans came. The sheep, the goats, and those tiny Greek children seemed very much out of place in an area soon to be under fire.

We had hardly established ourselves before out of the mists came a messenger with a laconic "On your way boys. Jerry's coming." Down the mountain-side we drove and out of the mists into comparative clearness, though we thanked our lucky stars for the low-lying cloud which made strafing from the air an impossibility.

A short way along the road we came across a large ration dump which was being prepared for destruction so that it should not fall into enemy hands. There were literal mountains of cases containing foodstuffs, rations of every conceivable type, food for an army, including many items of which we had been short. Someone shouted "Want any rations? Be in boys!" Before long all our spare space was piled with goods, not forgetting many a luxury item. There were cases of tinned fruit, cases of this, cases of that. We dined more luxuriously than ever before—or since—that day. Peaches and cream, in greater quantities than we could ever hope to deal with. As we left they were breaking into the piled cases with picks, pouring on petrol. At least the enemy would never benefit from the stores we could not take away. Greek peasants, though, were not denied, and many a mule-cart groaned under a load it could barely carry.

