



**A general view of Olympus Pass, with a New Zealand camp in the foreground.**

*(Official War Photo.)*

curtains. Sometimes it would be a brilliantly lighted, glittering emporium with its goods displayed with a taste and art quite equal to anything that shopkeepers in New Zealand can show. Or perhaps a tiny, noisy, hilarious wine-shop, or a resplendent modern restaurant. Once or twice we blundered into a ladies' hairdressers, or a millinery establishment.

Language difficulties led to many an amusing incident, and before long we had developed the art of speaking in sign to a point of perfection. This play-acting for our tucker sometimes resulted in the most intricate performances of arm-waving, shoulder-shrugging, and grimacing, helped out by a series of weird noises. It was generally effective, even if the result was not always exactly what the actors had planned.

For example, there was the soldier whose imagination balked at rendering the word "sausage" in sign language. Finally he thought of "Hot dog" and proceeded to try to convey this impression to the attentive waiter by barking vigorously and making sizzling noises to indicate frying. The waiter, bowing, anxious to please, looked decidedly puzzled, but he hurried away—to return with a tiny wriggling puppy!

Next morning there was an opportunity to see a little more of the city, and the New-Zealanders made the most of it, finding their way by car and on foot

to every farthest corner of the capital. We strolled in the parks and along miles of tree-lined streets. Some visited the King's Palace, there to make friends with the famous kilted Evezones, those splendid soldiers who put the fear of death into Mussolini's hordes in Albania. Some of the Evezones were on guard duty.

Others sought out the many monuments to Greece's centuries of splendid tradition, there perhaps to dwell for a moment upon the glories of the past. And at the

same time they could not fail to think of the glorious deeds of the present, remembering that men worthy of the legendary Heroes of Homer were even at that moment creating fresh material for legend by deeds of valour, of courage beyond belief.

Our admiration for the Greek people became the greater the more we saw of them. They were splendid folk, and at times, particularly in the smaller villages, it seemed to us that from the youngest child to the oldest greybeard, every living soul was doing his or her utmost for the war effort. Even the poorest had nothing but friendship and generosity with which to meet us. They were honest in the highest degree, hard workers, touchingly sincere in their hatred of Mussolini, and in their welcome to us.

Much as we would like to have seen more of Athens it was not to be, and before very long we were off on our way to take up war stations in the path of the coming invader. That journey will be long remembered by all. During it we saw some of the finest and most inspiring mountain scenery that any of us had ever set eyes upon. Hundreds of miles, by varied means of transport, we travelled through the lovely land of Greece.

A veritable glimpse of paradise it seemed to the sand weary "Desert Rats" of the First Echelon. Long stretches of