

with monotonous regularity, plane after plane "covered" the area between the bluff and the sea. They came one at a time, but the moment the first turned for home a second would roar into sight. The enemy must have known that the area was literally packed with men, but, fly low as he would, he could not find them. Bombs dropped and cannon shells burst without effect.

Once a big flight of bombers tried for a bridge "Must be the beginners' class out for a run," remarked a mate, for out of over a score of bombs not one landed within "cooee" of the mark.

To even the grimmest incidents there is a lighter side, as a rule, and the ability to see this is a treasure possessed by many New Zealand soldiers. We had several good laughs while in this particular area. For example, there was the man upon whom a Messerschmitt dived while he was engaged in "borrowing"



showed an armful of spoil. There was chicken for dinner for all that day.

Then there was the great beehive robbery. Quite a large apiary was discovered close to our camp—too close, as we later discovered, when someone decided to have honey for tea. The decision to rob the hives led to considerable discussion on ways and means. In the end two or three chaps armed with great swathings of mosquito-netting, their hands encased in leather motoring gloves, began the task. Results were surprising in more ways than one, and though a small quantity of honey was saved we had our best and broadest smile for some time. In some cases smiles turned to wrath when the outraged bees began a united assault on a party of handy, but innocent, men who had found "desirable residences" in a dry river-bed just below the apiary.



They were forced to leave in haste until the bees had calmed down.

Being with a medical unit we were able to see for ourselves the German attitude towards the Red Cross. It seemed to vary with the individual enemy airman, for I have been a passenger in an ambulance which enemy planes banked to avoid while convoy strafing. On the other hand, I have seen the wreckage of ambulances, plainly marked, which had been deliberately attacked by incendiary and explosive machine-gun bullets. One had had the Red Cross on the roof used as a target for cannon fire, for the cross had been blown out. Others looked like collanders, they were so full of holes. At all events we decided it best to take no risks, so when raiders were about we showed an astonishing turn of speed and dexterity in leaving the ambulance—and the road—for the wide open spaces. Once or twice our spotter, posted so that he could scan the skies behind and above, gave the alarm on seeing flights of birds, getting soundly cursed for his trouble.

As a rule, though, travel was by night when enemy planes were grounded, the vehicles seeking shelter with the first streaks of dawn. During the day we would sleep, hidden among the rocks and bushes. Times without number veritable armadas of the air would roar and scream their way over our shelters. Often they flew so low that they seemed to be almost clipping the tree-tops, obviously searching, and equally obviously not finding, that for which they