

The grim business was about to begin when suddenly along the dusty road from town came hiccoughing a Greek lorry. It drew up next the guard tent of No. 5, and down jumped two Greek officers who at once unloosed the back flap of the lorry — and out fell a mountain of bread! Immediately the Venizelists fell upon that bread and began to eat; thus proving that they, being Greeks, were by nature and heredity philosophers. Can men capture forts on empty stomachs? Certainly not. Plato could not have answered more truly — though he would have written many fragments about it; all of which shows that the modern Greek is greater than Plato, being able to make his wisdom practicable.

When they had broken and eaten bread in this manner — and bummed more coffee from "S" ward — the officers called the men to "Shun", and the men "shunned". They [the men] then "fell" themselves out, and then "fell" themselves in again, and continued this clever exercise for the remainder of the morning. About noon some French soldiers came on the scene on the shore road, and more Greeks arrived to swell the party near "S" ward. At this time, it must be confessed, considerable anxiety was shown on the part of the besiegers. They gazed anxiously down the road, obviously expecting something. The officers came out of our guard tent with a pair of field glasses belonging to a Canadian, and with this additional aid they also scanned the road. The owner of the glasses was in close and suspicious attendance all the time.

All this while the crowd of spectators was growing. M. Os., Nursing Sisters and Orderlies were being joined by patients who had crept out of the wards, and it was an imposing throng that waited developments. But there was never a word from our fort. It sat in silence, without so much as a sign of life. It was whispered that the big chiefs within its walls were deep in a game of poker and hated to be disturbed.

Nevertheless the business of capturing our Little Karaburnou went ahead. The spectators retired to No. 5 for lunch and came back to find events where they had left them. The bread van returned with more bread, then lumbered off again. It was rumoured that it was the intention of the besiegers to starve out the enemy, and to make them wild by open displays of plentiful rations. But when the afternoon was drawing to a close an event occurred which thrilled the on-lookers.

A bunch of French soldiers, headed by an officer, marched along the shore road straight for the Royalist Greek sentries who stood with fixed bayonets gazing fiercely at the advancing party. Their whole attitude told that they would do their duty whatever happened. Nearer and nearer came the French soldiers. The Greek sentries, casting a glance over their shoulders towards the fort to see if they were duly being applauded, gripped their rifles tightly. Their faces paled, their muscles became tense. Already the spectators saw blood running red on the dusty road.

The officer and his soldiers were within ten feet of the sentries. The