

quickly as possible. He decided to swim the river Meschio, but had miscalculated his strength, and in order to get through the swollen waters was compelled to throw off his knapsack, thus losing both his food and his revolver. He reached the opposite bank in safety and then, overwrought and tired to death, he fell asleep under a hedge.

Here begins the wonderful story of how he was hidden from August to October by the devotion of his family and of the peasantry. A woman woke him and offered him shelter in her cottage, at what risk to herself it is impossible to say. Tandura's explanation was that he was an escaped prisoner, a native of Vittorio. The brave woman went to Vittorio and gave the news to his family and to his sweetheart. By the afternoon of the morrow the sister and *fiancée* had arrived and, after a touching interview, set about collecting the information the spy needed. At eight o'clock that evening Tandura made his way to Col del Pel, the spot at which we had agreed that his signals were to be shown.

For three days he waited and on the fourth an aeroplane actually came, but failed to see his signals spread in a deserted field. How then was he to get his messages back? How was he to live? Nine more days followed, each full of anxiety, for he had collected important news which must be sent over. Finally, on August 26th, a machine was heard, heralded, even if, in the still night, the engine had been inaudible, by the heavy work of the Archie batteries. Friends were trying to communicate, but they were forced to throw out the bag of food and carrier pigeons at hazard, for Tandura had no time to show his position