

They are cropped
all the stones seem to
be heaped up and
every bit of ground
made use of. We could
not make out what
ever the spots on the
hills were until we
got close enough to
see what they were.
Mudros is the scene
of a massacre of the
Greek male inhabitants
by the Turks during the
Balkan war.

Tuesday afternoon

We are still here
waiting orders. A
ship, the Mount Oswald,
has just arrived with
a cargo of Indian
soldiers and one left
this morning also
loaded with Indians.
The lands here look
pretty. The people
apparently all live
in villages, we can

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see several, the two
nearest ones being
about two miles from
where we are and only
about a mile apart.
They seem quite a
size and as they are
very frequent these
might be a large
population here.

The houses are white
with red tiled roofs
and the land around
as green as young grass
and dotted with
wind-mills for flour,
& it is about the
prettiest bit of
scenery we have seen
since N.Z. The hills
at the back are for
all the world like
those around an area