

of the Gulf, you get an impressive view of cloud-capped Mt. Olympus. — Burr and his Greek labourers are encamped some miles from me, on the opposite side of the town, and I haven't seen him yet. I was in his vicinity the other day, and paid him a call but unfortunately found that he was away beating up recruits. Nothing could be more useful than a knowledge of tongues such as his, here just now. It is all most interesting, and should be impressive to our vacillating and in-spite-of-themselves hosts. Caveat scriptor censor — (whoever it happens to be), or I could tell you more. But perhaps you know it all already. — Here is a soldier-story for you in return for yours, for which many thanks. — Party leaving trenches dog-tired ask ~~the~~ ^{how far} to some place or other. The first informant said "Three miles"; half an hour later another gave the same distance. The last person asked, after an hour's tramp, replied: "About three miles." Whereupon came a sad voice from the ranks: "Thank God, we're keeping up with the bally place"! — I was very sorry to hear that Geoffrey Smith had been killed; I well remember hearing him at the Zoo on the fresh-water crustacea of Tasmania. Edgar Smith's death is also very sad, although I suppose in his case it was really the best that could have happened. Did I tell you that a son of his was in the Field Ambulance with which I was living at Kantara? He got leave to go home to see his father, and was to leave Alexandria about the same time as I did to come here, but I fear he could not have arrived in time. I am glad that Dagnoni was likely to recover, and I devoutly hope that there have been no more Museum casualties. Many thanks for cutting re. Edwards. I have sent it to Noël (who returns to Northwood at the end of this month), and asked her to return it to you. E. is a weird bird, and I hope there are not many like unto him. I should almost think the Trustees will dispense with his services, won't they? You might let me know result of his

2nd appeal. What about Gobson? Has he been roped in now? He told me once that his anti-militarist views might be modified if the country were ever really in danger. Many thanks for sending my letters on to N. 440, I received the mosquitoes from Graham all right, and am very sorry that I haven't yet managed to write to him. I did write to Harmer once, who sent me some molluscs (wrote of Richardson at same time). Tell Swift that I haven't forgotten him, & that I am very glad he got my letter; also that I hope he recd. the photo I sent him from me. My salutations to Eagan, Graham, Andrews, Holl, & anyone else who remembers me. Perhaps you would let them see this letter. Kind regards to your mother & sister, who I hope are both well. Yours ever E.E. Austin.

D. M. S.,
Salonika.
21. VIII. 16.

My dear Sherborn,

Very many thanks for your two letters

of 14th and 26th July, the former of which — forwarded from Kantara — reached me here on Aug. 5th, while the latter arrived 10 days later. I was suddenly ordered to Salonika on the 13th of last month, owing to an outbreak of the non-fatal but temporarily disabling malady known variously as "Phlebotomus", "Sand-fly", or "Three-Day-Fever", the ultra-microscopic virus of which is conveyed by the tiny, fairy, midge-like fly Phlebotomus papatasi, a common pest in countries bordering the Mediterranean and Aegean. Here I have been ever since; ~~and~~ how much longer I shall have to remain I can't say; I scarcely think it likely that I shall have to ~~stop~~ ^{stop} longer than another fortnight or so, but of course one never knows. On leaving here I shall have to return to Egypt. This land of Macedonia is a most interesting country for a naturalist who possesses even a

nodding acquaintance with birds, reptiles, frogs and plants, while as for insects — it is a perfect bug-hunter's paradise. At least it would be in spring and early summer. Now, of course, from the point of view of the man with net and killing-bottle (I am unprovided with either), the season is practically over, and even when I arrived conditions as regards flowering plants and their insect visitors corresponded more or less with those of late September in a normal year at home. From what I hear, a fortnight or so before I came there was a spell of really tropical weather, with temperatures like 112° in the shade! (After what you have been experiencing this summer, doesn't that make your mouth water, or do you only groan?) Of course that burnt up everything. Still, many of the rolling hills which constitute so large a portion of this country are green enough owing to the fact that they are covered with oak-scrub — not our English oak, but a curious little bush, looking like holly, with prickly leaves and an acorn with a spiny calyx. Is this the ilex, which I remember in the days of our youth we used to translate "holm-oak"; or what? In the earlier part of the year the wild flowers here must be wonderful, both as to colour and variety. — Blue jays, little owls, hawks, storks and goldfinches are among the commonest of birds a few miles outside the town, and one day in the

Struma Valley, some 10 or 12 miles from the Rûpel Pass and Demi Hissar I saw what looked to me like a white-tailed sea eagle. The scenery in that same Struma Valley is magnificent. Along the Struma itself — a muddy, sluggish stream, with its banks dotted here and there with tall elms and poplars — are many "bits" that would delight the heart of a Corot, while beyond the lower ranges of dun-coloured hills bounding the valley to the north and north-east are range upon range of towering blue ridges — the southern frontier of Bulgaria. Last week I was up in the Lake Doiran direction, but was unable, as I had hoped, to get a view over the lake, as the Bulgars most inconsiderately started shelling the road. Nearly all the villages in the district where I was are ruined and deserted, as the result of the last Balkan War; the effect as you pass through them is of course most gloom. I am living in a Canadian Hospital a mile or so to the east of Salonika, and have not yet managed to explore the town, which stretches, closely packed, from the edge of the sea up the lower slopes of the range of hills behind and to the north of it, and is surrounded by high, battlemented walls, dating apparently from Roman times. The walls culminate above the town in a citadel, where St. Paul is said to have preached. On clear days, looking south-west across the head