

**IN SALONICA
WITH OUR ARMY**

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In Salonica with our army by Harold Lake

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TO MY
LADY

TO
MY LADY

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER I

THE BULGAR ON THE HILL

TH**ERE** is a hill which rises to the north of the small and ugly village of Ambarkoj, which in its turn is twelve miles north of Salonica. It is not a particularly impressive hill, but it happens to command a good view of the country for many miles around, so I climbed to the top of it, uncomfortably enough by reason of the tangle of evergreen oak, the harsh edges of the rock, and the thickets of brambles. Right on the summit I found all that the birds and beasts and sun and storm of Macedonia had left of a man who must have fallen in one of the half-forgotten wars which have troubled the land. There were the scattered bones. Rags of clothing were embedded in the ground. Close at hand a couple of clips of cartridges

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proved that he had fallen in the midst of his fight. There was the merest remnant of his cap, and there was a button which showed him to have been a Bulgarian. His rifle had been taken away, but the rest had been left as it fell, left to remain through the years, to be a symbol and token of all that land which one could see standing there beside the tangled rubbish which used to be a man.

It is hard to think of a better place than that for the beginning of some account of the country of which so many tens of thousands of our men are gaining an intimate knowledge, and of their difficulties and sufferings and achievements. From that high place it is possible to see all the different kinds of land which go to make up Macedonia, and to remember all the problems which mountain, valley, and plain present. And those forgotten bones were the witness of the history of the country, of all that past conduct of its affairs, of all its custom and habit—of all those things which are producing so direct an effect on our life to-day. It may