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GREEKS STILL/ADVANCING.

In the wild and rugged country of Southern Albania, the Greeks are still pushing steadily forward after the retreating Italians. Ancient stone bridges destroyed by the fleeing Wops are replaced by wooden structures by Greek engineers. The snow covered peaks around Tepelini echo to the sounds of battle. The sodden roads now churned into a quagmire are all but impassable... but working like Trojans they push on after the enemy.

Upwards and onwards into the mountains, where deep snow now adds to their difficulties, the Greeks advance to harrass the Italians in their precarious positions. At the Eastern end of the line the frozen skeletons of Italian Aircraft litter the countryside; tributes to the gallant Greek air force and our own brave flyers.

As in Libya, so in Albania. Stores and equipment in huge quantities are left behind in the great retreat. Machine guns, rifles, grenades and all the equipment of the Italian forces are flung aside in the haste to avoid the vengeance of the Greeks.

In a mountain glade lie many of those who were misguided enough to throw in their lot with the black hearted man ~~man~~ who thought to secure victory without fighting for it, while thousands of the more fortunate become prisoners in the hands of a clean-fighting foe. All honour to our gallant allies - the Greeks.