

GOING TO WAR IN GREECE

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Going to war in Greece by Frederick Palmer

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FREDERICK PALMER

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WAR IN GREECE**



"No longer the King's show soldiers, but devil-may-care veterans."—Page 151.

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By
FREDERICK PALMER

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR



NEW YORK: R. H. RUSSELL

1897

DF827
P2

Сотрудник спец
BY ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL

TO VIND
AMERICAN

TO
ERVIN WARDMAN

420259

Going to War in Greece

CHAPTER I.

ON my way to the front, and then during the month that I waited with the army of Greece for war, and during the month's campaign that followed, I drifted in a world of uncertainty more or less droll or delightful even when the unexpected, which I grew to expect as a matter of course, meant the loss of my dinner or a night retreat. The editor's cablegram of instruction itself, which I received in Paris, shared a coat pocket with an evening edition of "Le Jour" announcing, as usual, the blockade of Greece within twenty-four hours, bloodshed on the Greco-Turkish frontier, and the likelihood of the withdrawal of the Sultan's ambassador from Athens at any minute. Italian dailies purchased through a car window the next afternoon said the same except that the blockade had been postponed for another day.

2. Going to War in Greece

At Brindisi I sought the font of official information in the person of the Greek consul, who told me what he had read in the newspapers. Then I went on board the steamer for Patras to find the captain fearful lest he should be turned back by a European man-of-war. The passengers, made up of European volunteers in the cause of Phil-Hellenism, Greeks returning home in a sanguinary mood and newspaper correspondents sceptical lest war should be so unaccommodating as not to await their arrival, discussed such a probability far into the night in the saloon.

At Corfu the next morning the boatmen who clambered up the sides of the steamer in an odorous, gesticulating swarm, said that war had been already declared. "When?" we asked. "Oh," they replied nonchalantly, "two or three weeks ago." Then seeing that we were down-cast and might not go ashore in their boats, they said that war would be declared after we arrived.

Would the American consul know the latest news from Athens? I asked of a grinning loafer who held me fast against the rail by the menace of his gestures. Oh, yes, he would know. His Excellency received a thousand slips of blue

paper—telegrams—every day, and was a very great man, indeed, if he were my friend.

The consul said he received no official news at all from Athens, but he knew to a certainty that war had not been declared; the blockade was not yet in force; and all reports of bloody engagements on the frontier were false. When I taxed my boatman with his thousand blue telegrams he seemed quite surprised that I should have misunderstood him. He referred to another consul who went away a year ago.

“What do you and all of your friends who hang about the quay do for a living?” I asked, as he lazily dipped his oars in the blue sea on our way back to the steamer.

“Wait for the boat to come in.”

“How often does it come?”

“Twice a week. We are very busy in war time.”

That a battle could scarcely be fought until our arrival was so much of a relief that we dropped prophecy after the steamer was under way again for a showing of private arms in the smoking-room. This—consider the patents!—required time for comparison and argument, the merits of two different revolvers being so hotly