GOING TO WAR IN GREECE, PP. 1-191

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649594818

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FREDERICK PALMER

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

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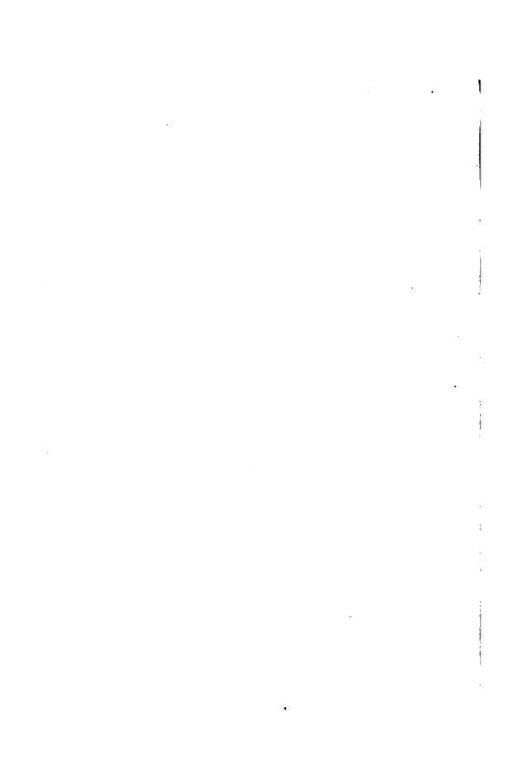
By FREDERICK PALMER

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ERVIN WARDMAN



Going to War in Greece

CHAPTER I.

N 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.

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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 downcast 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