

tive. One cannot help but wonder, however, whether Turkey will be able to establish a parliamentary government with full economic and political equality or whether state intervention will deny the Turkish people their democratic rights.

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Charles Packer, *Return to Salonika*. London, Cassell, 1964, Pp. XIII+164.

This is a book about the fortunes of the British Salonika Army during the whole period of its existence—from December 1915 until September 1918. The author enlisted at the age of seventeen, fought in the ranks throughout the campaign, and recounts its various phases vividly enough half a century afterwards by drawing much upon his own personal memories. On a recent revisit to the old front-line area he refreshed his mind with his wartime experiences. He acknowledges his sources, American, German and British (though the spelling of his titles is not faultless: *Weltkreig* and *Mosquitoe*) but makes no claim to have produced a work of significant originality. It is a sketch rather than a history of the campaign in South Eastern Europe.

What does it all mean to our minds today? Packer himself at the very end of his memoirs with his eyes focused upon Pip Ridge and the Macedonian Front writes that “Europe’s young men accepted self-immolation at the direction of the generals” and not unnaturally asks “What other period in history can match these years for sheer imbecility?” In an Englishman writing about this remote scene of conflict with the Central Powers this point of view is not surprising. But his preoccupation with the futility of war may seem to some experienced critics¹ to make the author less than fair towards those with the unenviable task of planning victories. Warfare always must be looked at from one of two very different angles, the realistic and the romantic. Both attitudes must be allowed for: *servitude et grandeur militaires*. In addition to this the Greek troops inevitably regarded a war fought in Macedonia not like the English as a foreign adventure but as a major conflict on the home front. Packer frankly draws one significant conclusion about the Serres Division of the Greek Army in completing the capture of the Petit Couronné: “The tactics... showed considerably more imagination than was apparent in the extremely costly and abortive attempt by the British to capture that position in the April -

1. See the searching review by G. Davidge in *The Mosquito*, Sept. 1964.

May 1917 attacks" (pp. 143-4). Perhaps the superiority of military imagination arose from the fact that they were fighting on native soil.

Packer more than once either explicitly or by implication soundly rebukes those whose task was to direct operations and by whose shortcoming in his view the toll of casualties was unnecessarily heavy. "British G.H.Q. reverting to the time-honoured army practice of blaming the under-dog" (p. 12); "The battery commander [said with a smile] of course we'll never get up there"... "But we were late!" (pp. 162-7); "A message from Major-General Duncan saying that the regiment of Zouaves on the left of the Argylls was in some 'confusion' (tactful army phraseology p. 140); "The out-dated concepts whose application had taken such a dreadful toll of my generation" (p. 157).

As an artilleryman in one of the R.F.A. Ammunition Columns Packer was in a good position to judge of the frustrations of war. He was only too well aware of his status as an 'amateur soldier' in Kitchener's army. In retrospect he considers the Macedonian Campaign as being "as grim as any in France or Flanders, and.. as tragic for the British infantry as any that history records" (p.v). He can be fair towards the Bulgars. He can also contrast them unfavourably with the Germans: "It was fortunate for us that the Germans were there" (p. 124). He also praises the French military authorities. "The British Government and War Office had blown hot and cold over this matter of the Macedonian campaign from the beginning. The French, on the other hand, had long ago decided what they wanted to do in the Balkans and, having made up their minds, had gone straight to work without further fuss" (p. 110).

The list of place-names in the old and new styles (160) is not entirely successful. One or two slips (e.g. maleria on p. 158) are to be found in the text. The photographs, all from official sources, bring the 'conventional warfare' of half a century ago into vivid contrast with what the Nuclear Age has ushered in. The horse-drawn artillery, the Lewis gun in action (p. 83) and the Quinine Parade (p. 115) all seem as antediluvian as bows and arrows.

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Guy Pentreath, *Hellenic Traveller*. London; Faber, 1964. Pp. 338+16 illustrations and map.

This excellent book is a guide for English people (increasingly numerous) whose aim is Hellenic travel enlightened with geographical