Reviews of Books

gations. Kitsikis does introduce interesting information here in general. He also indicates that the British had the largest number of advisers (their delegation comprising about two hundred members and an equal number at the lower echelon), the French delegation was the second largest and the American the third (with a little over one hundred members). A reflec-

tion of the newly acknowledged role of technical advisers by the end of World War I is clearly seen, as the author points out that during the Congress of Vienna, Lord Castlereagh brought only seventeen advisers with him.

Just how influential were the experts within their own delegations is a subject introduced on several occasions, especially concerning the extent to which their advice was taken by the head of their delegation. President Wilson, for instance, did listen to the advice of his experts quite often, whereas Lloyd George did not, although these advisory commissions were not always unanimous in their findings. For example, Kitsikis discusses the sharp division within the American commission to study Italian claims. This committee was strongly divided between those for Italian claims (backed by Col. House) including David Hunter Miller, George Louis Beer, James T. Shotwell, and S. E. Mezes, and those against Italian claims—W. E. Lunt, D. W. Johnson, Clive Day, Isaiah Bowman, and Charles Seymour. Here the author presents an interesting and useful case study of how a solution was finally achieved concerning a most sensitive subject.

Although Professor Kitsikis does not make any pretense at presenting a detailed study of the role of the experts at the Peace Conference, one is struck by certain obvious imbalances, such as the almost total omission of the subject of reparations and the inadequate discussion of the inner workings of the Italian and especially of the French delegations. This reviewer was disappointed, not with what was accomplished in this book, but rather with what was not attempted—to give a fuller, more balanced presentation of the subject. This would have required considerable archival research in unpublished papers (which was not attempted), and a much longer, and, consequently, a more complete study. Nevertheless, this book is useful and especially so for students, who will find in it a good introduction to the behind-the-scenes events at the Peace Conference of 1919.

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Alan Scham


This is a charming and thoroughly enjoyable book in which the author easily achieves his goal even if the promise of the title is not fulfilled. Slightly more than half of the pages deal with the war years and the scholar primarily interested in the Mediterranean campaign would be better served by the works of Kemp, Morison, or Roskill. The appropriate sections of Cunningham's own two volume A Sailor's Odyssey also provide much more information on the war and the man than does Admiral of the Fleet but Oliver Warner clearly had no intention of producing yet another survey of a given campaign nor of producing a full-fledged biography. Rather he sought, as indicated on the title page, to produce a «memoir» of one of the great British Admirals of this century and in this he has succeeded. Once the reader recognizes this as the author's intent it is quite easy to follow an almost unfalowed Cunningham from success to seemingly inevitable further success in a British Navy almost totally lacking in poor leadership or less favored more jealous officers. Such a work is bound to reflect
its sources and as a result to be largely anecdotal as each informant offers up his memories or letters on the great man. For those who have read extensively in the history of the Second World War or who have read *A Sailor’s Odyssey*, there will be a sense of *déjà vu* as each anticipated event makes its appearance whether it be the shifting of a berth at Libau, the royal frustration of Churchill’s D-Day hopes, or the glacial trials of the translator Pavlov at Teheran. At time the notations border on minutia — how else to evaluate Cunningham’s finding the King of Sweden, «quite one of the nicest men I have ever met»? And why bother to identify one officer as, «the last survivor of the ship’s company of the corvette *Calliope*. «The *Calliope*’s claim to fame is at best marginal and in any case this had no significance for Cunningham and probably little more for the man so identified. But these are minor criticisms of a book which in addition to offering substantiated praise of Admiral Cunningham also provides an introduction to British Navy now gone forever. Though Cunningham was aggressively proud of his service in destroyers the reader again sees the battleship, that amazing structure of steel and destruction, so valuable that it often could not be risked in battle, cruisers holding station in distant ports, and vessels named as apparently only the British can — *Warspite*, *Black Prince*, *Terror*, *Dainty*, *Formidable*, *Implacable*, *Indefatigable*. This same Navy which in Cunningham’s midshipman days still carried a few muzzle-loading cannons on its ordinance lists and seriously trained in sail, and in his years as admiral dealt with radar, rockets, and aircraft carriers. One noticeable gap in this Navy is the landing craft, here mentioned only once or twice, absent from the index, yet often decisive in the planning and realization of the war’s campaigns. Just as professors depreciate freshmen courses, admirals find it difficult to consider unseaworthy, shallow draft lighters as vessels of war. Even so, the Navy presented is that same Navy which so influenced national policies in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries and this book is as hood an introduction to that force as many others.

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JOHN R. PAVIA JR.


Academicians whose usual approach to works outside their specialty is to begin with survey of the index and bibliography will be disappointed as *And No Quarter* lacks both of these guides and as even the chapter titles are more romantic than informative. Unfortunately, those who take the time to read the book will be even more disappointed. Giovanni Pesce’s memoirs concentrate on the months between his release from a Fascist prison in July 1943 and the partisan occupation of Milan in April 1945. Though Pesce’s war might seem brief he uses flashbacks to inform the reader of his youth in France and his service in Spain with the *Garibaldini*. Pesce thus had been long in combat and even seems to have preferred his Spanish campaigns to those with the *Gappisti* (Groups of Patriotic Action). Perhaps the struggle of regular armies was less savage or the camaraderie of unit campaigns was more easily rationalized than assassinations executed by lonely men. Indeed, Pesce’s loneliness is a recurring theme throughout these memoirs and may partially explain his devotion to the Communist Party and the leadership it provided. Ideology plays a small role in Pesce’s statements. The democracies are chastised for failing to support Republican Spain in its moment of travail and there is naturally no mention of the Nazi-Soviet Non-Aggression Pact and its results. Communists are presented as larger than life but not as ideologues. The war is treated in much the same way. The Nazis and Fascists are evil and must be stopped and...