The text on the page is not legible due to the image quality. It appears to be a page from a book or a document, but the content cannot be accurately transcribed.
At a football game you caught a cold!

(Your throat was drawn or a nose)

Till someone passed you a pack of KOLS.

(And they felt something)

If they made you stand up and cheer.

(Then when you had a cold)

Why not make your regular brand... smoke 'em all the time?

Switch from "Hots" to KOLS.
GREEK GUERRILLAS OF LEFTIST REBELS HIDING OUT IN HILLS...
The men drift down from mountains only when they think they are safe.
CIVIL WAR TAKES A VICTIM

Philippine Family Loses One of Top Guerrilla Leaders

and sees a peculiar man who was killed in battle.
ΠΟΛΙΤΙΚΗ ΣΕ ΜΑΣ ΙΔΙΩΜΑΤΙΚΗ ΣΕ ΜΑΣ - Ο ΚΑΤΩ ΤΟ KΙ' ΑΥΤΗ ΓΥΝΑΙΚΑ ΣΑΝ ΟΛΕΣ ΚΑΙ ΠΑΡΑΣΚΕΥΕΣ ΓΙΑ ΤΟΥΣ ΣΕΓΗΝΟΠΟΙΟΣ

ΚΥΡΙΕΣ ΜΟΥ

ΠΟΛΙΤΙΚΗ ΣΕ ΜΑΣ ΙΔΙΩΜΑΤΙΚΗ ΣΕ ΜΑΣ - Ο ΚΑΤΩ ΤΟ KΙ' ΑΥΤΗ ΓΥΝΑΙΚΑ ΣΑΝ ΟΛΕΣ ΚΑΙ ΠΑΡΑΣΚΕΥΕΣ ΓΙΑ ΤΟΥΣ ΣΕΓΗΝΟΠΟΙΟΣ

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Europe’s Most Frightened Country

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

ATHENS.

All the shiney boys on Constitution Square, tough little stripms in their early teens, are Communists, and a dose of their party-line chatter is included in the price of fifty drachmas for a slice. This is by no means extraordinary. A boy of twelve, in this troubled country, is expected to have formed his political opinions and be prepared to knock over the head anyone who disagrees with him. If he has not reached this desirable stage of mind, the other boys won’t play with him, and his parents will worry lest the maddened little fellow remain a misfit for life.

The gods have punished the Greeks. Since the day, in 1940, when the Italians first attacked, 1,000,000 people—one in every eight Greeks—have died or been hanged or strafed or have been executed. Greece has become a land of widows—wherever you go, somber figures in black remind you of the sorrow of this nation. Along the highways and in remote valleys, crude crosses and wooden tablets complete the story. And the hurt is not all in the past. Wherever you overhear a Greek conversation, in the sidewalk cafes of Athens or in the village squares, you will pick up two good old-fashioned Greek words which are repeated time and again: “Catastrophe” and “Democracy”—meaning the catastrophe that has befallen this country and the democracy that the people hoped would come out of this war, but didn’t.

Today, more than a year after their liberation, discord splits the Greeks into two warring factions, each of which has sworn to fight its opponents to the death. To be sure, the Leftist NSP—National Liberation Front—has been defeated, and Right Wing elements, loosely called royalists, now enjoy a taste of power; but the bloody civil war, which officially ended a year ago, actually never stopped. Hatred lingers on, and Greeks are battered, tortured and mutilated by other Greeks every day. The}

British, who came as liberators and stayed on as policemen, look on self-consciously, knowing that the spotlight of world opinion will follow their tanks wherever they go, and realizing they have hurt themselves in a political labyrinth from which the magic little words “law and order” afford no easy exit.

The tragedy of this small country, which is as large as the state of New York and which is inhabited by as many people as New York City, dramatically illustrates the tragedy of postwar Europe. Greece has the misfortune of belonging to two worlds—the harsh world of the Balkans, classic spawning ground of wars, and the softer Mediterranean world. This duality hits you wherever you go—her rugged mountains and Sharon-Lu valleys link Greece to the Balkan countries farther north; and her hot blue bays are windows looking out on the shimmering sea with its golden islands, where the masts of sturdy ships lose themselves in a friendly distance. Unfortunately, there seems to be no union between the world of the mountains and the world of the sea. Up north, the Balkans lie in the shadow of the Soviet Union, whose influence now stops at the Greek border post; down south, British power guards a vital lane of empire. Unhappy Greece is the frontier where British interests clash head on, with the dynamics of Soviet imperialism.
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

December 29, 1945

Athena, the modern, epic-ahead capital of this old, new country, is rapidly becoming the key spot of Eastern Europe. It is pervaded by a tempe-
tament that is restless and uncertain, and this gives the newcomer the impression that trouble is around the corner. The air is heavy with intrigue, and the few bars and saloons on the corners of the scanty but sprawling streets where foreigners mingle with wealthy Greeks would make a colorful setting for an international spy movie. Secret agents representing many interests, military attachés, and, believe it or not, some dark and glamorous lady spies snoop information over plates of lobster thermidor and bottles of black wine, dancing between scenes to the sappy tunes of a gypsy band. Pits are hatchet, rumors passed on and deals consummated in the glittering, hectic atmosphere of this city, where, as a country gentleman put it, people die either of starvation or of indis-
cetion.

Outside, fear reigns supreme. Nowhere in West-
ern Europe are people so frightened as in Greece. It is only in the big cities that they will talk freely, and even there they tend to look over their shoul-
ders first, and step as soon as they think someone is eavesdropping. In some instances the entire population of a notoriously Communist village assured me they were true believers—barring, probably, to escape reprisals. I found a moving example of this all-permeating fear in the mountain village of Zoula, some 150 miles north of here, where I talked with the village elders on the shady porch of a house which had been burned by the Germans. From where we sat we could see the peaks of some of Greece’s most forbidding moun-
tains; this was guerrilla country, and the resistance movement had its strongest roots in these steep hills. But the village elders, though ever vigilant, firmly deemed that they had never been mixed up in EAM activities—indeed, they had never heard of such a group. They were not interested in politics, and had no knowledge of any acts of violence.

This rather strange, I made inquiries about Zoula as I passed through the town of Mak-
nikos, in the valley below. I was told that a man had been described to me as a Com-
munist, and we talked over cups of Turkish coffee under the shade of olive trees. Having read a report that no one was listening, he told me that Zoula had been the scene of a massacre recently. "A family was beaten up there by the royalists the other day," he whispered. "They’re in our hospital now.”

The Communist, a tall, stately, military-looking affair on the edge of town, the Greek doctor introduced me to a heavily bandaged, sixty-three-year-old peasant who was lying on a cot, with two police-looking women sitting beside him.

"This is my daughter and my daughter-in-law," the old man said, after a painful attempt to sit up.

"We were taken to the village, up in that valley, one night last week. Suddenly we were awakened by a hanging on the door, and before we could open, five men broke into the house. Their faces were blanched with soot. They shouted we were Communists, and must be shot. They had the butts of their rifles until we were almost dead.”

The doctor explained that the old man had got it wrong. It was a pill, arms and legs were in bad shape. The peasant’s son, now a fugitive up in the mountains, he said, had been one of the few members of EAM, and this was the way justice was done in those hills. The hospital, he added, had treated quite a number of victims of royalist atrocities.

No wonder the people of Zoula had been reluctantly to talk.

A House Divided

In a small town in the shadow of towering Mt. Parnassus, I talked to the proprietor of a corner store selling stationery, comics, suspenders and books. I noticed large stacks of Communist liter-
ature on the shelves, and the young man told me that the paper-bound history of the Communist Party in Greece, 1909-1940, which I copied, was his best-selling item. "My customers,” he explained, "like to find out what’s going on in my shop is so expensive, as they are too broke to read all that rubbish in the publications system," he explained, half jokingly. "Besides, three hundred from this town are held in jail without trial simply because they have connected with EAM, and their relatives buy the book, too, to find out a few facts. Nothing that was ever done to their villages, they’ll have to side the book.”

He himself had been a member of the Communist Party since 1941. Asked why he wasn’t in jail, he proudly explained that he had studied law, and that he had arbitrated the district attorney out of stemming him. "The royalists came around occasionally and shook up my store," he added cheerfully.

In some villages where the Left and the Right are equally strong, the two factions camp side by side like two hostile armies during a bull in the battle. The rift often reaches down in a peasant’s home, where the royalist sons and their wives refuse to eat from their Communist brothers, and separate sit-
tuations have to be arranged. Here, in Athens, between provocative mass demonstrations on Constitution Square, prices are largely carried on in the coffee shops and in private debating circles, with the groups sharply divided by party lines. "If you have a friend who disagrees with you in political mat-
ters,” I was told by a young bank clerk, "your friendship ends right there. No use trying to con-
vince him, and if you don’t talk politics, what is there to talk about?”

Each faction claims that the opposition is nothing but a bunch of foreigners, "not worthy of the name ‘Greek’," and a peace-loving citizen who refuses to take sides is a suspicious character. A writer in an Athens restaurant who could not bring himself to take an interest in politics found life in the capital so aversive that he finally packed up and re-
turned to the farm in the mountains, which he had owned jointly with his brothers. "I jumped from the frying pan into the fire,” he told me. "I just didn’t have a quiet minute. They’re all royalists holding out from the community. So I came back to my old job again, and the manager of this place calls me a dirty Bolshevik, while the other waiters refer to me as a monarchio-fascisti plutocrat.”

What’s wrong in Greece? Much has been said and written about the causes leading up to the present reign of fear, and passion—on both sides—has tainted the story. "British intervention saved the whole country, prevented all that was liberal and forward-looking in Greece in the last dictatorship of the Right,” Leftist com-
munists have always asserted.

"We saved Greece for Europe,” the British claim. "If we had allowed EAM to assume power, Greece today would be another Jugoslavia or Po-
land.” There is a taint of truth in each of these statements.

Greece became Britain’s baby at Teheran when the Big Three decided that British troops would be billeted and temporarily occupy this country. But Britain’s role in Greece is a long and winding story. For many years before the war, British capitalists had helped put this country on its feet after it had been victimized by the Germans, and it was said that the country would never have recovered from the disaster because Greece did not have enough re-
sources of her own to pay for essential imports, were floated in the British market. The third of Greece’s foreign debt is held in London. To secure the payment of interest, Greek customs revenues and the income from government monopolies were mortgaged to foreign creditors, notably Britain. One of Greece’s biggest creditors is the Bank of Athens, which, as her leading public utility concern, providing greater Athens with power and transportation, is the British-owned. British interests dominate Greece’s merchant shipping as well as her insurance market. In short, Greece has long been an “economic col-
cy” of Great Britain.

The Seeds of Civil War

STRATEGICALLY, Britain is interested in a friendly Greece. The protection of her Mediterra-
enean life line, which includes the necessity of keeping the great Mediterranean port of Salonika out of the reach of a possibly hostile power, is a vital point of Britain’s permanent foreign policy. As the Greeks, too, tend to be bery of their landlocked neighbors to the north, it can be said that the inter-
est of the two nations, Greece and Britain, have always run parallel, at least at cross purposes.

Thus, when a small British contingent under Lt. Gen. Ronald Scobie landed in Greece in October, 1940, it was not to route the German invaders, but to send a warm welcome from the population; EAM, which was born near Salonika, a few miles from nearly all Greece when the Germans had fled, willingly gave over the administra-
tion to the coalition government which Scobie brought with him, and co-operated—profitably with other Greek groups and with the British.

That later, members of EAM and royalists were shooting one another behind the streets of Athens, and the British, sitting with the royalists, found themselves involved in a civil war, as it was decided in 76,000 Greek and 1810 British casualties.

The official reason for the conflict was a squabble over the disarmament of EAM’s guerrilla army (ELAS). EAM was also rightly indignant about the lenient treatment of collaborators—to this day, only eight Greek collaborationists have been executed, two of them in Athens. But the true cause of the civil war was in the fact that the Left and the Right were too far apart for even temporary co-operation. Each faction, in the best Balkan tradi-
tion, was merely preparing for a dictatorship un-
der which members of both the opposition would be either impressed or shot.

EAM, the National Resistance Movement, had, in fact, become an instrument of the Communist Party. While the peasants, workers, army officers, clergymen and the intellectuals in its ranks repre-
sented the overwhelming majority of the Greek na-
tion, its key posts were held by EAM officers and commu-
nist organizers, and its political program closely followed the Communist Party line. The official his-
tory published by EAM claims that the movement was founded in 1941 "on the initiative of the Greek Communist Party," when the central committee of the Communist Party, in a statement published on April 34, 1945, takes credit for having "created the gigantic resistance organization throughout Greece, EAM." This connection was by no means unau-
true. The Communists, who had held control of 298 seats in the last freely elected parliament, in fact represented the only dynamic political force in all Greece. Having been driven underground by the Metaxas dictatorship in 1936, they maintained secret cells throughout the country which provided the logical basis for a resistance movement.

Curiously, the Communists were a minority in EAM, was told by the leading Greek Social-
ist, Alexander Svolos, formerly a professor of constitu-
tional law at Athens University and now a candidate for president of EAM’s secret mountain government. But the party maintained actual leadership every-
where. The democratic acts perpetrated by
Communists finally turned many people against EAM. Today, EAM is merely a front for the Communist party!

I had the rare privilege of attending a session of EAM's governing body, a council of ten, in the back room of a small office building on Hermes Street in Athens. Although the council is composed of two committees each from the parties which EAM claims to represent, there was no doubt as to who was boss. I was impressed with the smooth, efficient and definitely dictatorial manner with which the Communist leader, George Stiavneze—who looks surprisingly like Stalin—ran the show, relegating the other representatives to the role of mere yes men.

It is true that the Soviet Government has stood by the hands-off pledge it gave at Tehran, and there is no evidence to show that Russia had anything to do with the EAM uprising in December, 1944; in fact, Russia's attitude can best be described as one of proved aloofness.

At the same time, many Greeks insist that, had EAM won the civil war, their country automatically would have gravitated into the Russian orbit. American observers here, strictly noncommittal in their official utterances, privately share this point of view. The Communist machine in Greece closely parallels that of other Balkan countries. It numbers a force of 500 professional organizers, who have gained considerable support among the factory and dock workers in the cities and ports. Sixteen key functionaries of the party have been trained in Russia, and five young party members are sent to Russia every year for training and indoctrination. It seems to reason that a Communist victory would establish Russian influence in Greece as unequivocally as it is now established in every other Balkan country.

The British Case

Upon this premise rests the British case in Greece, for creating EAM as a resistance, British representatives here feel that they have spared Greece the sorrow of a Communist dictatorship. General Scobie assured me that his conscience was clear, and there is no reason to doubt him sincerity. Diplomacy, to be sure, is not always the forte of generals, and one might argue that a shooting war was not the only course open to the British. Most of the IAGO American officers and men of the U.S. Air Transport Command who were stationed here during the fighting today held the air lanes open in the face of terrific hardship, were critical of the British readiness to revert to tanks when negotiations seemed to fail. In spite of their neutrality, they felt that EAM had relied around its blood-soaked banners thousands of democratic, liberty-loving Greeks, while many Greeks on the other side were Fascisti-minded. But whether a kindly, more understanding attitude on the part of the British representatives would have prevented the tragedy is anybody's guess.

Today, as a result of their victory, the Right Wing forces are making hay while the sun shines. Conditions reminiscent of early Nazi Germany are evident in Greece with less freedom than any other liberated European country outside the Russian sphere. Armed vigilantes maintain "order" in the villages, and a private army of storm troopers, called "Organisation X," and led by an active colonel in the Greek Army, Colonel Grivas, terrorizes the city folk. Although Greece enjoys "freedom of the press," the printing plants of leftist newspapers are raided frequently; sometimes their editors are apprehended and tarred up. I talked to one young man who had been badly pummelled and had his hair shaved off by "X-men" who had found a copy of a Communist paper in his pocket. Neither the Greek Army nor the police seriously object to Right Wing excesses.

Some 13,000 rank-and-file members of EAM are held in prison without hope of a trial. Although they were arrested on charges of having had a hand in EAM atrocities, no such evidence could be secured, and the crimes, in most cases, simply consisted of membership in the resistance movement. I visited a prison at Elefsina.

(Continued on Page 4)
The Monday evening post
December 20, 1945

There’s no trouble,” she said.

“Don’t say that,” he replied.

“I haven’t cried since I was fourteen,” she turned her head away, as if she were afraid she might start now.

George felt confused and even a little embarrassed."I’m sorry,” he said, without knowing why he apologized.

“”I never saw you like this before, Hannah,” she turned her face to him, and her big green eyes met him.

“T never felt like this before,” she said.

“Then, Hannah,” he said, feeling his nerves tinge his lips, cutting off the words. She shook her head slowly, smiling at him.

He moved forward. “I’m sorry,” he said. He pushed his hair out of his eyes, sighing. “Have it your own way, Hannah,” he said.

She was going to get up, but she caught his hand.

“Don’t misunderstand me, sug,” she said. “It’s almost four hours before we get to Chicago, I just don’t want any arguments.”

He went around behind her, hand up behind his sleeve. “I’ll not as well if you keep the eyes on me,” she said, her face up, and the silver earrings swung gently against her neck.

“Come here, George,” she said.

There was a knock on the door.

George heard it, but he didn’t stop. “That wasn’t it?” he snapped.

“Porter, I want to talk to you,” George said.

“Come in!” George spoke.

The man with the knife said, “The pressure of the blade point against George’s chin,” he said, sliding the blade up. “Came in, George stepped back. The man with the knife snarled, quickly inside and slammed the door. He turned the lock behind him.

(To be concluded)

EUROPE’S MOST FRIGHTENED COUNTRY
(Continued from Page 11)

where 271 male prisoners were held on political charges, most of them having been in jail for eight months. They all belonged to EAM, but only a few of them were Communists. “Everybody here has fought against the Germans,” they told me. “Many of us have scars from German and Italian bullets. Why are we in jail?”

A surprising aspect of the prison is the fact that the inmates at large had attained freedom of speech. Nearly printed. RAM posters were stuck on the walls, and the prisoners even had their own political spokesmen. As these unknown, dark-eyed men rowed from the floor in their pajamas or torn underwear, they gazed at my American uniform as if it held a promise of liberation.

The worst thing I saw in Kalamata, however, was the women’s jail. There was a small and ornate converted to house twenty political women prisoners in two cells, where they slept on the floor, the healthy with the sick. The floor consisted of rough wooden planks with wide-open cracks between them. An open cesspool was immediately below, and the stench was unbearable. The place was infested with vermin, but the inmates complained, especially about the rats. A modest food ration was contributed by UHRA, as it was not customary in Greek jails to feed the prisoners. Food sent in by relatives was shared by all alike. Some of the inmates were married and had their babies, flatbreads and white-looking little creatures, with them. But most of the prisoners were high-school girls who had taken an active part in the resistance movement. Three or four male guards, husky members of the paramilitary, were living with these girls inside the jail.

Modern Greece, in spite of its glori- ous past, one scarcely he can be called a civilized country. The rife and the club are considered proper means of expressing oneself, large-scale banditry was stamped out less than twenty years ago, and blood feuds reaching back into dim yesterdays still rag in the hills. Today, thousands of dozens of RAM guerrillas are back in their mountain strongholds, where they land the rugged life of outlaws, falling back upon the tradition of the frontier. I was given a vivid description of the alarming as- pect of Greek life by Mrs. Pericles Papagakos, an American parachutist from Sparta, Greece, and Brooklyney, New York, who jumped over Normandy on D-Day, and was wounded at As- tologia. When I saw him, Pericles, now a driver for the U. S. Air Transport Command in Athens, had just returned from a visit to his parents’ home in old Sparta. “All the boys I used to know when I was a kid,” he told me, “now take turns patrolling the streets at night. When the Communists come in from the mountains to forests, they pick them off one by one. In my mother’s village, the Communists have burnt many houses. My grandfather has a pastry shop, and he doesn’t like to sell anything to a Leftist, but sometimes he does, just to avoid a fight. There are about 30,000 of us all the time—real Wild West stuff!”

This summer follows the old vendetta law. Many of the be- atings are actually carried out by friends in relatives in revenge for the-
HAIL AND FAREWELL

By Joseph Alsander

What are the ghosts of the Old Year saying?
What do they whisper from ear to ear?
The drawn lancers are reeling and swaying
In a swirl of confetti, but far from their playing.
A few are kneeling and weeping and praying.
And may be hour—may they hear:
Do you remember the lad who sleeps
Under the restful coral, for keeps?
In the blood and rubble of all the earth?
(To the sound of strings and music and mirth)
In the muck and welter and blinding flame?
And what was his name? What was his name?
(Adams... Larson... Santelli... Cohen... Soboloh... Kelly...)

What say the ghosts of the year that is flying
Whatever be the scene of the passing hour?
Can you hear it above the din and the greying
Now in the night when a world is dy ing?
Now in the night when a world is trying
To rise, with terror and travail torn?

Have you forgotten so soon, so soon,
Nowhere touched by a falling moon?
The boys who fought, the boys who fell
Along the way from here to hell.
Dead on their feet, unnamed, still
Sticking it out, storming the hill?
(Adams... Larson... Santelli... Cohen... Soboloh... Kelly...)

So an era dies while the bells are ringing.
And the new age stands in a narrow space;
And far from the crowd's confetti-dancing,
From the shouting and whistling and singing
Lies the lad who tore from your mouth's wild
clinging.
Wide-eyed, with the stars in his face.

We will still remember; we will not forget.
When spring sets in and the streets are wet;
No matter how long, we will still remember,
The keen blue of that September,
In the honeyed summer, in winter's frost
We will think of them; we will count the cost.
(Adams... Larson... Santelli... Cohen... Soboloh... Kelly...)

Their present position of influence explained.
Their expression displayed to reach
Through the elections and the plebiscites
On the question of the monarchy before
The Communists can bring their mountain
guns out of hiding for the promised
second round.
The CPP has come in the name of the
Nazi program, except, of course, that things were somewhat different when the
Communist party was around a king rather than a dictator. In short, be
end, be ended.

Greek village

Some 1300 Greek villages were
Methodically burned by the Germans
as a reprisal for guerrilla activities, and
that could be moved—even
household furnishing was
sent to Germany,
labeling "Properties from the Greek
people."

Once a mountain village I saw a tiny
old woman who was carrying
three heavy logs strapped to her
back; it was four hours to climb the
woods, and she had been making the
trip daily for many weeks to build
her self a roof before the snow came.

The extraordinary cost of a nation, of
sectarianism, is on sale—two out of every
three Greeks have been conscripted by the
Greek this year were contributed by
UNRRA. Thanks to UNRRA, there
are a little outright starvation in Greece to
day; indeed, this country has become
seized, fertilized, and built for artificial
seed.

In many parts of Greece, UNRRA has
not been able to supply the food to
sustainable villages to come down and get it,
from the ports into the hills could not be
organized. Terrific headaches still have to
be overcome. Greek carrying is sometimes
seen more concerned with playing the black market and
manipulating the price of the gold standard, which
has become the illegitimate standard of all nations in the
region from Greece, rather than place their facili-
ties at the disposal of UNRRA. Local
factory and ship owners, whose
operations UNRRA is trying to exist,
sometimes hold out for a prohibitive
price—it has been cheaper to import
commodities. Greek labor is imported from
local Greek manufacturers! But in the situation, Greek
reconstruction committees sometimes see to it that its political friends
get good things first. In spite of such
flaws, the supplies are moving in, and
the reconstruction, modest enough, can probably
point out the American labels on their
war rice loaves. Tens of thousands of
Greeks will be alive next spring ex-
clusively as a result of UNRRA aid.

But the Greeks, whose ancestors in-
volved democracy, expect more
than handouts from the American
bombers. Today, with the villages burned,
trade and commerce disrupted, and
or mostly vanished in a group of political
rebel-areis, there is a great long
for identity. The Greek people
For years, every effort has been
omitted on the Greek problem, rather
than construction was a patriots's
sacred duty; city-born young men
were used to the in-between and-such
guerrilla; schools were closed, homes
burned, houses destroyed, and Greek
intelligence is needed.

Greeks, like most other people, want
to live from the victory of the war
their argument, and the prisons of Greece. With
both sides probably appeal to something
that is more to the Greek spirit.

The inefficiency of the Greek people
political organization, and the
bulkiness of the Greek people
become a Communist or a
royalist.

As one intelligent Athenian put it,
"If the Allies had landed with a ship
from the Blessed Country, we might

But the fate of this nation unfolds
in the merciless logic of a Greek
tragedy. Power politics, life time
and might was the life of 7,500,000
Greeks thoroughly miserable.

The livelihood of most people
highly, and in this respect, UNRRA is
now training and equipping
a Greek Army of 100,000 men, who,
the making of a Greek Army of 100,000 men, who,
"sphere." To the Greeks the
mountains, to the Greeks in prison and to the
combined young people who are

The future is now and today and sutoria
tomorrow, as the Greeks have to
survive and the Balkan powers to
in place. There is only one hope for the
Greek is to escape from the war.
TODAY an almost forgotten American mission has got to perform a miracle—or fail in its task. This miracle is to save Greece from economic disintegration and the imprint of Communism.

The British and Americans are sure Greece is just beginning. The announcement of plans is not enough. Greece in June and July is infinitely more important than are the debates which commenced the headlines last March and April.

Last January, I went to Greece as head of a mission charged with reporting on the economic situation and with determining what outside assistance would be necessary for the survival of the Greek nation. I knew at firsthand the complicated and discouraging conditions which today are confronting Dwight D. Eisenhower and the American Mission for Aid to Greece. And I feel strongly that the American people should know precisely what these conditions are.

During a trip through the lovely Greek countryside, a peasant I talked to typified the Greek national psychosis. He was a weary and discouraged man, premature old, his face lined and wrinkled, his hands upturned in a gesture of despair.

"Four times in my lifetime my home has been destroyed," he said, "by the Turks, the Bulgars, the Nazis and the Germans. Why should I build it up again?"

This hopelessness is typical. The whole country, from top to bottom, is in the grip of a gray, nailed, prosaic future—a lack of faith which produces simple inertia, and which is able to prevent even the most efficient textile manufacturers in Athens to the most efficient farmers and fishermen in the northernmost part of Macedonia, people to build the economy of a nation and revive hope in a people sunk in despair. There's a chance they'll do it.

All that the U.S. mission to Greece has to do is end a civil war, eliminate communism, and establish a government capable of building the economy of a nation and revive hope in a people sunk in despair. There's a chance they'll do it.

ple are paralyzed by uncertainty and fear.

Businessmen will not invest. Straw-\-ker manufacturers will not spin. Peasants will not repair their ruined houses. One official told me that 2000 homes had been totally destroyed in Greece and that only 1,500 had been rebuilt.

My own depressing experience in Greece was a visit to the Lido of Greece. This was the village high in a narrow gorge near the city of Corinth where, in December, 1943, a German air force ambushed a squadron of Nazi occupation troops. The German re-
government—the normal postwar political climate of Greece. So far as I could see, the Greek government had no effective policy except to plead for foreign aid to keep itself in power, loudly citing Greece's war-time Minotaur and its own anti-Communist Commissions as reasons for granting the foreign aid in unlimited quantities. It intends, in my judgment, to use foreign aid as a weapon in a continuous fight for the privileges of a small banking and commercial clique which constitutes the invisible power in Greece.

The reaction to President Truman's speech of March 12th, calling for aid to Greece, was characteristic. In January and February of 1946, despair had produced a spate of good intentions and a wave of resolutions within the Greek government; but the instant effect of the American aid was not to stimulate the government to further efforts, but to give it the needed excuse to avoid the necessity of having to do anything at all. So it declared a moratorium on its debts; it suspended the currency, and let the inflation in the streets. And at the same time it removed its banknotes in an attempts to stop the escape of surplus olive oil—all a plan which had spurred some of its producers and traders.

Demosthenes Maximos, the present Prime Minister, is a kindly, well-intentioned old man, with, I think, an earnest desire to help his suffering people. He is very small and frail, with a mustache and a goatee, carefully trimmed and wearing old-fashioned button shoes. He speaks English with pronunciation and sometimes of a scholar. But, though a man of good will, Maximos is as much in need of the errors of his immediate predecessors and of more forceful men in his own cabinet.

The influential Tsaldaris

Pre-eminent among these is the Vice-President and Foreign Minister, Const- 
stantin Tsaldaris. A Greek politician of long standing, Tsaldaris has always embraced the principles of a generous foreign policy. He has consistently urged the United States to aid Greece, and he has been a persistent advocate of aid for his country. Yet his conduct of internal affairs when he was Prime Minister was not such as to advance Greek recovery significantly. His administration was characterized by the abandonment of measures of domestic economic policy which it was hoped would have been of some real benefit to the masses of Greek people. Tsaldaris is close to the people; he is sympathetic to their problems and is an advocate of free elections in Greece when and if the border question is resolved. In his recognition that the Greek people are weary of the game of political musical chairs, where the same personalities merely shift their positions when a cabinet crisis develops. Tsaldaris is a man of action, and he is determined that the political stability which exists in Greece today should be maintained.

An even more controversial figure is General Napolenos Zervas, the Minister of Interior. During the war Zervas ran a small "resistance" group around whose activities hung the smell of Nazi collaboration. Today Zervas is foremost among those who want to exploit the present situation, not only to eliminate Communist-inspired aggression from across the borders, but apparently to rob everybody in Greece who is critical of the present government. He is the doubtlessly the figure behind the recent wave of arrests which took in not just Communists, but, according to informed observers, others, anti-Communist liberals as well.

I was told in Washington recently by a well-informed Greek friendly to the present regime that these after-dark roundups of Zervas' were not the reprisals of a police state, but only legitimate precautions of self-preservation. Of the 1,000 arrested in this last raid, more than 500 were subsequently released, he told me with great pride, because there was no basis for the charges against them.

Then, behind the government, is a small Marxist and banking clique, headed by Peranagia, governor of the National Bank of Greece and a shrewd and effective operator. This cabal is deter- mined above all to protect its financial prerogatives, at whatever expense to the economic health of the country. Its members wish to retain a tax system rigged fantastically in their favor. They oppose exchange controls, because these might prevent them from selling away their profits in bonds in Cairo or Argentina. They would never dream of investing these profits in their country's recovery.

The shipping interests are in a par- ticularly scandalous position. A Greek merchant marine is enjoying a boom, and the shipowners are taking in the profits. But the bankrupt Greek government is benefiting almost all at root from this prosperity. Seamen's earnings continue to come into Greece, but only a small part of them are locked away elsewhere.

Any enterprise should be expected to pay a fair amount of taxes to the govern- ment under whose protection it operates—and particularly in this case, where the Greek shipowners are making most of their profits out of Liberty ships sold to them by the U. S. Maritime Commission after the Greek government had guar- anteed the mortgages. The yearly earn- ings of a Greek-owned Liberty ship will probably run between $200,000 and $250,000. Of this, only the relatively small amount of $8,000 goes to the govern- ment in taxes. Foreign experts have urged the government to raise the tax requirements to about $30,000. But the political stability of the shipowners has prevented any effective action.

It will be the job of our mission to get section out of this government. In their efforts, the members of the mission can expect that the boat will be thrown at them. They will receive every conceivable abuse and will be held up by every conceivable form of bureaucratic obstruction and incomprehension. General Zervas will try to make their job an important one to fight the Communism by arresting every liberal, and the Communists will help him in this task.

And another, more insidious, form of pressure will be brought against the members of the mission. The social lobby—the smart international set, with its headquarters at Cannes, St. Moritz and the Kolonaki Square of Athens—will begin to operate. Many of them are charming people, speaking excellent English, who will be genuinely anxious to be of service to the American mission, but who, above all, will seek to convert the mission into another means of safe- guarding their own prerogatives. I still remember one earnest dinner where a leading banker entertained me in his luxurious Athens apartment. There were threeivelard butterflies, several mag- nificent wines, astonishingly good food. One guest during dinner became chau- snier over the tawny pleasures of marine life and the high sport of spear-fishing under water with jigs. The contrast between the superb feast in the apartment and the starving children on the streets was simply too pat and cruel.

These are the obstacles which the American mission faces in Greece. Can we succeed in achieving our objectives?
MURDER IN THE AIR!

The above tire was murdered by lack of air! Yes, the life of the tire could have been saved, if it had been properly inflated. Inflation is quick, simple, and saves lives. The manufacturer of the tire desires you to note the following:

1. "Please load your tire today," says the new Schrader Valve. This is no empty boast, for the valve is so designed that it will do a perfect job in the air.

2. The valve cap guarantees an air-tight seal. This means no air will escape.

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