

to be friendly and helpful. Being realistic another and a very great power was prepared politics suddenly discovered to their joy that they were like men with an article to sell and wonderful could have happened. Before this, From the Italian viewpoint, nothing more know (what Count Carlo Storza and his friends, at least—is a Communist Italy. They last thing they would care to see—for the cohesive, ordered Italy is a necessity. The indeed, for their purposes, a conservative, Victor Emmanuel and Marshal Badoglio? support the conservative elements and that bid, the Russians should have accepted King The Russians made it clear that they would worth an effort and a high price.

And here were the Russians, who wanted to be their friends, whose Mediterranean policy called for a strong, united Italy, and who would be, after the war, in a position to supply coal, oil and in other ways help in the economic rehabilitation of the peninsula. The Americans had the task of feeding the natural bitterness that such activities were bombing Italian cities and stirring up Americans and British were the ones who the ones to deal with. He had great advanced in power and therefore they were entrenched in power and therefore they were and Marshal Badoglio were by then strongly Communist realism, the fact that the king contacts in Italy. He accepted, with typical smoothly behind the scenes. Vishinsky had The Soviet delegation worked quietly and play an important role in Italian affairs.

stand that Free France could not expect to and from the beginning was made to under- René Massigli represented the Free French, tant" job, in addition to their other duties. and Harold MacMillan, to this "unimpor- their ministers in Algiers, Robert D. Murphy Russia. The Americans and British appointed four principal members, representing the United States, Great Britain, France and ruffled. The Advisory Council consisted of the waters of the Mediterranean were un- their dissatisfaction evident, but outwardly scenes the Russians were beginning to make in part under Russian pressure. Behind the Advisory Council on Italy" was decided upon, Russians anywhere in sight. Finally, an "Ad- visory Commission, and still there were no months passed; the original commission could be settled by the Italian "people" while dynastic and institutional problems months at the latest, we would be in Rome, it still is. It was expected that within a few exercised by the military commanders—and that, first on, political control in Italy was set up, Brindisi to act as liaison, and from An Allied Military Commission was hastily

Political Control in Italy

was once a pillar of Russian foreign policy, and at other times Moscow backed a greater Russian Foreign Minister Sazonov who, Bulgaria against the true Slavs. It was the efforts to get Rome after World War I. When And so it went, and so it will go. When the Soviet army crossed the Pruth into Rumania proper, Foreign Commissar Molotov announced that Moscow has no territorial designs on Rumania, and there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of that statement if Bessarabia and Bucovina are considered Russian. That simply means Russian interests in the Balkans are not territorial; they are economic, political and strategic.

The same is true of Italy, where Stalin has for the first time laid his cards openly on the table and challenged the Americans and British (above all, the British) to beat them. What has happened in Italy is such a revealing and important lesson, and so little understood here, that it deserves close study. The North African and Sicilian campaigns, and the invasion of the Italian Peninsula, were purely Anglo-American affairs. In our excitement we forgot that Mussolini had sent as many as ten Italian divisions to the Russian front, where they were all but destroyed, and that therefore Moscow had some claim, at least, to a share in the military defeat of Italy. As we invaded southern Italy, King Victor Emmanuel, Prince Humbert, Marshal Pietro Badoglio and a few others succeeded in fleeing from Rome to Brindisi, and the Allies faced their first political problem in Italy. Should we deal with Badoglio, alone, as we did with Admiral Darian, or with the king and Badoglio? It is revealing no secret at this late stage to say that the Americans would have preferred to ignore the king, but the British insisted upon dealing with him and implicitly recognizing his authority. General Eisenhower had no objection. The Russians say they were not consulted.

and cynical in their political thinking, and, and bidding much higher! What choice would you or I make if we were Italians? The Russians were not being altruistic. Remember that in their renewed role as a world power, the Mediterranean is vital. Italy is the buffer state guarding the western shores of the Adriatic Sea, opposite the Balkans, and the Sicilian Straits to the south. It is the first country of Europe that the Allies began to free from the German yoke; the test case for Western Europe; the spot upon which all the satellite and neutral nations are keeping their eyes. It is a prize well worth an effort and a high price.

Why wonder, therefore, if in making their bid, the Russians should have accepted King Victor Emmanuel and Marshal Badoglio? Indeed, for their purposes, a conservative, last thing they would care to see—for the cohesive, ordered Italy is a necessity. The indeed, for their purposes, a conservative, know (what Count Carlo Storza and his friends, at least—is a Communist Italy. They lower always admitted) that the House of Savoy is a powerful force in Italy. They and understand the Russian case and what they are doing, for without understanding there will be no enduring peace in Europe.

The END

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CASWELL-KUNYAN
FURNITURE ACCESSORIES
FOR MODERN LIVING
WASHINGTON, INDIANA

After that noble work is done,
we begin. But fine wood
alone is not enough to make
fine furniture.
We've made a grand name
for ourselves manufacturing
cedar chests since 1907. After
the war we will enhance our
reputation for quality by
offering a totally new line of
the most interesting items
you've ever seen!

Remember the name
Caswell-Kunyan!

can make a tree
only GOD

German government dodged a demand for
quest for the Kaiser's extradition, and the
At that late date, Holland refused a re-
into effect on January 10, 1920.
was taken until the Treaty of Versailles came
answer for their atrocities, but no action
World War I. Then, as now, there was
Kaiser and his criminals went free after
orders. Collier's series, The Guilty, was
out of their own mouths and by their signed
the little Himmlers, the Gustings and the
Hitler and the little Hitlers, Himmler and
shelter Axis gangsters.

What happened in 1921, say Washington
officials, will happen again unless the United
Nations back up pledges of punishment by
agreeing on an exact procedure without fur-
tion of the fact that justice must be swift and
sure if world opinion is to be guarded against
outrage and revolt; military tribunals and not
the tortuous, technical creep of the civil
law; each nation to have a free hand in deal-
ing with the beasts under whom its people
have suffered; the surrender of all criminals
to neutrals that they will not be permitted to
as an armistice condition; and stern warning
cannot apply to indicted criminals.

What has spurred Washington to decisive
action is the deep conviction that unless the
United Nations agree on plan and procedure
well in advance of the armistice, Axis ter-
rorists will escape punishment, just as the
Kaiser and his criminals went free after
World War I. Then, as now, there was
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Rules for a Just Retribution

Washington, however, holds that there is
no ground for the fear that any occupied
country will sink to the Nazi level in the
hour of victory. An explosion of hate, a
sweep of mass murder, is not to be expected.
Even during the horrors of occupation, no
Pole, Norwegian, Belgian, Dane or Hollander
was permitted to take the law into his own
hands. Only underground courts had the
power to pass sentence, and execution was
the business of duly authorized agents.

The historic "right of sanctuary" has also
been given full consideration by Washing-
ton's high authorities. Nothing is more cer-
tain than that many German criminals will
try to find refuge in some neutral country,
and British, furious and disgusted, refused to
continue with the trials, and the judges dis-
missed the rest of the cases on the ground of
"insufficient evidence."

Howling mobs roared their disapproval,
and the British mission had to leave the
courtroom under police escort. Within the
hour, it was revealed that the prisoners had
"escaped," and soon thereafter the Allied
representatives learned that all the other con-
victed men had been paroled, not one serv-
ing a day behind bars. The French, Belgians
and British, furious and disgusted, refused to
continue with the trials, and the judges dis-
missed the rest of the cases on the ground of
"insufficient evidence."

For Men who Really Know Paper

BROWN
Royalton

Against the Grippe
Every Safeguard

Selected \$1.50

UNBREAKABLE JOINT
DORS GUARD
CONDENSING CHAMBER
MOUTHPIECE TUBE
MOUTHPIECE
TRANSPARENT MOUTHPIECE
BOWL GUARD
BOWL DRY

prevents backflow
traps and holds bitter
juices and sediment

keeps shank and
bowl dry

keeps tobacco
fragments from bit

Selected \$1.50

CHILDREN'S COLDS

VICKS

To relieve milder - rub
Vicks VapoRub thoroughly
on throat, chest, back and
let it time-rested, poultice
vapor action go to work!

Head Colds

Stuffy

V-A-T-R-O-NOL

VICKS

Special Double-Duty
Nose Drops Works Fast!
Right Where Trouble Is!

stress of
2x
Stuffy
Head Colds

You will like the way a few drops of
Va-tro-nol up each nostril promptly,
effectively relieve distress of head colds.
It soothes irritation, reduces swelling,
helps clear cold-clogged nose and makes
breathing easier. (NOTE: Also helps
prevent many colds from developing if
used in time!)
Try it! Follow di-
rections in folder.

CRAZY
LIKE A FOX

JERIS
for loose dandruff

YOU HAVE
A BEAUTIFUL
VOICE!

is the man who
perks up his personality
with well-groomed hair.
Loose dandruff is
completely banished and
your hair is easy to manage
when you massage daily
with

or the British or the Russians, in the course
of an advance, should capture a notorious
quishing or some German officer provided
and notoriously guilty of infamous cruelties
of the Republic. President Ebert begged the
right to try the accused before the Supreme
Court in Leipzig, promising that justice
would be done.

Yielding to German entreaties, the Allies
picked forty-nine cases out of the nine hun-
dred, and sent legal representatives and wit-
nesses to Leipzig. Seven German judges
composed the court, and German state attor-
neys acted both for the prosecution and the
defense. The trials began on May 23, 1921,
and continued until July 18. After twelve
cases had been heard, the British, French
and Belgian missions withdrew, denouncing
the whole proceeding as a "shameless farce."
Three of the cases dealt with the inhuman
treatment of prisoners of war compelled to
slave at purely military tasks. Witness after
witness testified to having been starved,
strung up by the thumbs and beaten into
insensibility. Verdicts of guilty were re-
turned, and sentences of two months in prison
imposed. A German chief of police in a Bel-
gian town, accused of torturing children,
was freed on the ground that boys and girls
"of so tender an age, even when not in-
fluenced by third parties, have often an ex-
travagant imagination."

A lieutenant general and a major gen-
eral were arraigned for the death of 3,000
prisoners of war, all murdered by inhuman
treatment and deliberate exposure to typhus.
The state attorney refused to prosecute, and
the court set the generals free with apologies
for the "indignity" to which they had been
subjected. The captain of a German sub-
marine, admittedly guilty of torpedoing and
sinking a hospital ship, escaped punishment
by pleading that he had acted under orders
of the German Admiralty.

Two other submarine commanders were
not only accused of sinking a British hospital
ship, but of firing on the lifeboats in order
to prevent the rescue of the survivors. One boat
was destroyed, and the other was damaged.

The German captain was accused of per-
sonally supervising the massacre of 3,000
civilians; a Storm Trooper of using citizens
as "live targets for rifle practice," and a Ges-
tapo corporal of operating "death trucks" in
which 5,000 men and women were asphyx-
iated by the piping in of poison gas. The
crime of the Russian was that he had aided
in the wholesale butchery of little children.
The men admitted guilt, but pleaded that
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must be the sole judge of crimes committed
in its own territory, against its own people.
The Geneva Convention, and the
four murderers were hanged.

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clothed you bump faster; that warns you up. Once he bumped into a uniformed Fascist out for a bicycle ride with his girl friend. "He challenged me," Shunstrom says, "but he kept his rifle on his shoulder, the dope, and I knew I could clip him if I had to, before he could draw it. So I told him the truth, that I was an escaped prisoner."

"Well, then," said the Fascist, "you should not be on this open road. Keep to the mountains. Suppose you should run into a bad Fascist?" Shunstrom asked why he was a Fascist? "Shunstrom asked how the man said, 'Do you think I prefer prison?' Shunstrom couldn't get a boat when he reached the coast, so he did the natural thing, for a Ranger. He took up with the Partisans, whose fighting groups fanned out from the coast up into the mountains.

A Partisan big shot had heard of him on German short-wave broadcasts. Berlin Sally was using him as a gimmick to discourage our soldiers. "Your big Ranger hero, Chuck Shunstrom, is with me in my apartment now," Berlin Sally would say over the radio. "His silver stars didn't save him from capture, but he doesn't seem to mind. We're sitting here together drinking good German brandy. You're going to lose the war anyway. Your dashing captain knows that now. So why don't you come up and join us in a drink?"

The Partisan chief was eager to help Shunstrom get back to Allied lines. He hoped the captain would use his influence to have ammunition parachuted down to his underground fighters.

Shunstrom, however, is a seeing-is-believing kind of man. "If you want me to get you more ammunition," he said, "you've got to let me see what kind of fighting you're doing."

Soon Shunstrom and six Italians set out on a 35-mile hike to a railroad tunnel. They bid near the tracks until it was dark and then planted dynamite charges at the mouth of the tunnel. "It was a fine clear night, and when a German troop train came through, the explosion was something to see. What he saw was an engine torn to bits and he was blowing pieces of tin up into the sky. . . . By the time he reached the coast twelve days later, he could get by anywhere as an Italian civilian. He had grown a mustache and oiled his dark hair. He had memorized words and sentences which the Italians told him he pronounced perfectly, without accent. He had got rid of his brisk, straight Ranger stride and now walked like a civilian, jogging along sort of carelessly, looking down. "They say I walk with a crouch, and bounce along on my toes. If I do, it's because I practiced so long how not to walk like a soldier, and how to walk without making any noise."

He broke his bread and ate his spaghetti in the Italian manner. He drank wine like water and held his fork in his fist. He wasn't bashful about using the latrines in the open street. He hummed and whistled Italian songs, not American ones. He played his role so well that native Partisans he met wouldn't believe him at first when he said he was an American soldier. They thought he might be a Fascist spy. He had to convince them with his dog tag, his medals, and the pictures he always carried of his very American-looking wife and child, taken in their Kaduna, N. J., home.

Friendly Italians helped him in dozens of ways. When I stopped to ask directions, they'd always bring out a glass of wine first, and answer my questions second. "I had several hundred cigarettes hidden all over me—very handy for bribing." With money. . . . One Italian workingwoman looked at him with pity, and from a hiding place in her sleeve drew out a ten-lira note. "I knew that woman worked for two lire a day," said Shunstrom; "she was giving away a little fortune. My eyes filled with tears to match hers when I accepted it."

He walked from 7 A.M. to 8 P.M. daily, eating lightly, sleeping in barns. Sometimes he struggled through snow four or five feet deep. Twice he was lost.

When he was very cold, walking, he took off his coat to get warm. That's a trick we Rangers picked up from the British Commandos we trained under. If you are lightly

On Starvation Wages

Shunstrom ate up the bread and salami before he was out of sight of the camp. In the eight days since his capture, he had had only one loaf of bread and a piece of cheese the size of a pocket matchbox.

At the house to which the frightened Italian had directed him, Shunstrom was given civilian clothes, money and directions to start him off on his hike through the mountains to the coast—where he hoped to get a boat.

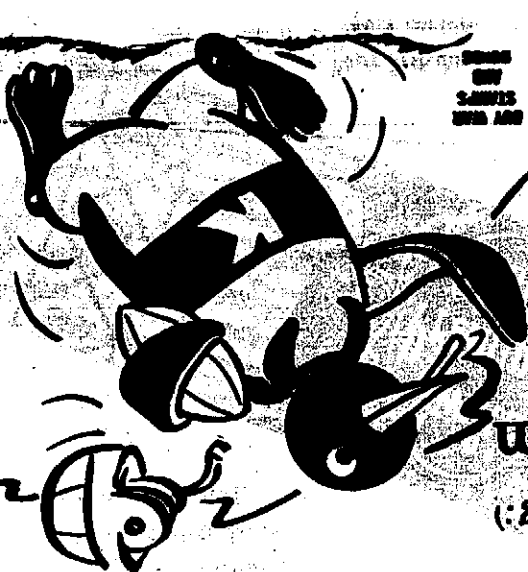
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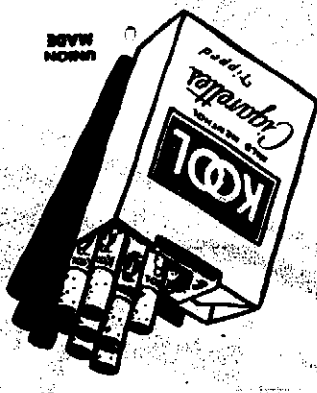


For good!

"Hots" to KOOLS

(An idea worth tacking!)

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



(Even when you had a cold)

If they made you stand up and cheer...

Till someone passed you a pack of KOOLS (And they felt soothing)



(Your throat was thrown for a loss)



At a football game you caught a cold!

GREEK GUERRILLAS LIFE PHOTOGRAPHER GETS BEHIND LINES OF LEFTIST REBELS HIDING OUT IN HILLS

A GREEK GENDARME LOOKS TOWARD GUERRILLA TERRITORY ACROSS KALABAKA HIGHWAY, WHICH OFTEN IS MINED BY GUERRILLAS UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS

In the barren, mountainous country of north central Greece an unreported war has been going on for more than a year. It has been a small war with few casualties, and it has consisted mostly of skirmishes between the Greek army and bands of peasant guerrillas. But last fortnight the United Nations Assembly became sufficiently worried to appoint a special inspection commission to see if these conflicts are affecting world security.

In an attempt to discover what really is going on in this remote part of Greece, LIFE Photographer John Phillips, together with United Press Correspondent Robert Vermillion, borrowed a jeep last month and slipped behind the lines of the guerrillas. Disregarding the warnings of Greek government officials, Phillips crossed the Pinios River (right) into the wild, scraggly country where the rebels operate. To many of the rough farmers and shepherds Phillips photographed, this is a rebellion against a government they despise, even though Greek King George II was returned in the plebiscite last September. Like their forefathers, who fought Turkish oppression in 1821, they call themselves *anartes* (rebels). The guerrillas, most of whom fought the German

PINIOS RIVER serves as battle line for government troops and mountain guerrillas.



invaders, feel that they have not received their reward of freedom and are now determined to get it. Whether they all know it or not, however, they are strategic pawns in a Russian campaign to outflank the Dardanelles. The more battles there are like these to weaken Greece's central government, the more leftists will be helped to seize power in Athens and bring Greece into the Russian sphere. Because Greece is a pressure point in this diplomatic struggle between Russia and the Western powers, Greek Premier Constantin Tsaldaris declared to the United Nations that "foreign countries," specifically the Moscow-inspired Balkans, are aiding the guerrillas in their mountain battles. The new commission, authorized at U.S. insistence, has been directed to find out if these farmers are fighting just for themselves or for Stalin's Balkan friends too.

The Phillips-Vermillion trip caused the government in Athens grave concern when their white jeep was found abandoned by a roadside across the Pinios River. An army expeditionary force was sent into guerrilla territory to rescue them (see p. 16) but it developed that they had left the jeep after motor trouble and made the rest of their journey by muleback.

AFTER THE JEEP QUIT, Phillips took to slow-footed mules and donkeys for the rest of his mountainous journey.



During the evening Phillips talked with several *antartes*, who drifted into the store for a few hours conversation over a bottle of *ouzo*, fiery Greek whisky (see opposite page). They had come from the mountains to be on hand for a wedding scheduled for the next day (see right), a usual guerrilla practice so they can get in on the free food and drink always on hand for wedding festivities. Otherwise the *antartes* seldom show their faces in villages in daylight but live in the mountains. All to whom Phillips talked were bitter against the government, charging that it armed bands of collaborators and local tyrants to fight anyone accused of leftism. Then news arrived of a skirmish between *antartes* and government troops near Louzesti, a village four hours away, so the next day Phillips and Vermillion set out again on muleback to search for a guerrilla leader (see next page).

On his trip into guerrilla territory, Phillips quickly passed the last government army outpost at the Pinos River. Then he reported: "Our jeep came to a dead stop in front of a *ham* (rural roadhouse). Since the trouble was beyond our scope, we left it. Climbing onto mules, we set off in a beating rain for Kastania, 10 miles away. When we reached it, many of the village's 600 inhabitants crowded into the general store to stare at us. Soon we had passed out all our cigars, which were scarce in the village. The army, realizing the futility of chasing guerrillas through the mountains, had imposed a stringent economic blockade. No one living in the region could import cigars, flour, oil, shoes, cloth, aspirin or sulfa drugs."

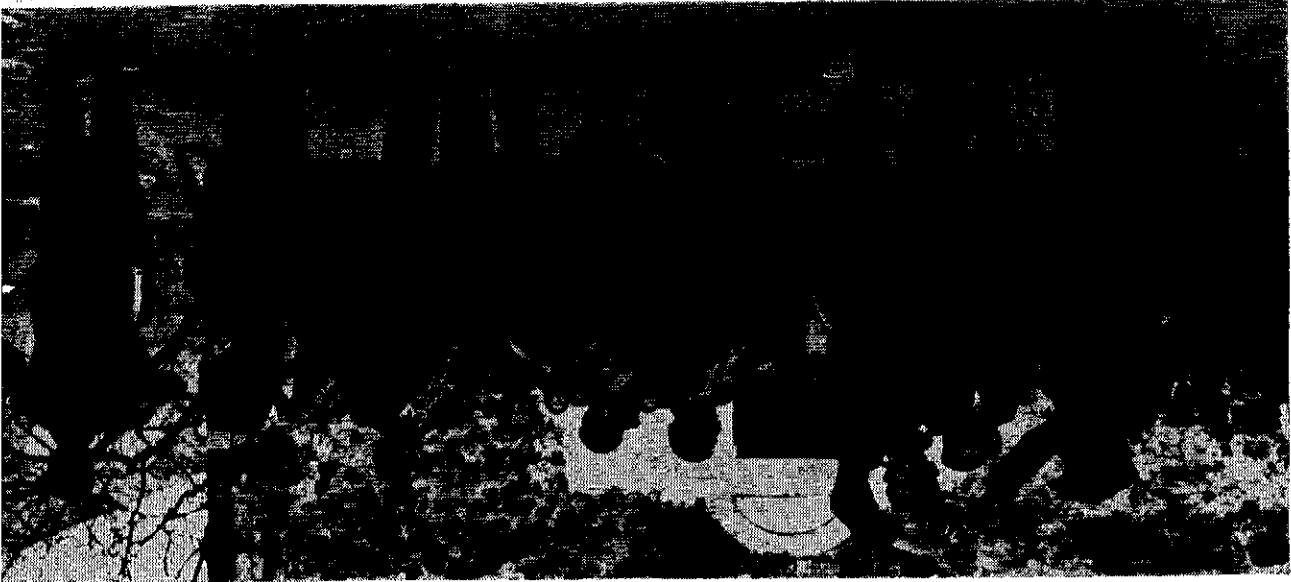
only when they think they are safe
The men drift down from mountains

GUERRILLA COUNTRY

WITH WHITE JEEP, Vermillion, Phillips and Interpreter Politis (left to right), pose in Athens before starting out.



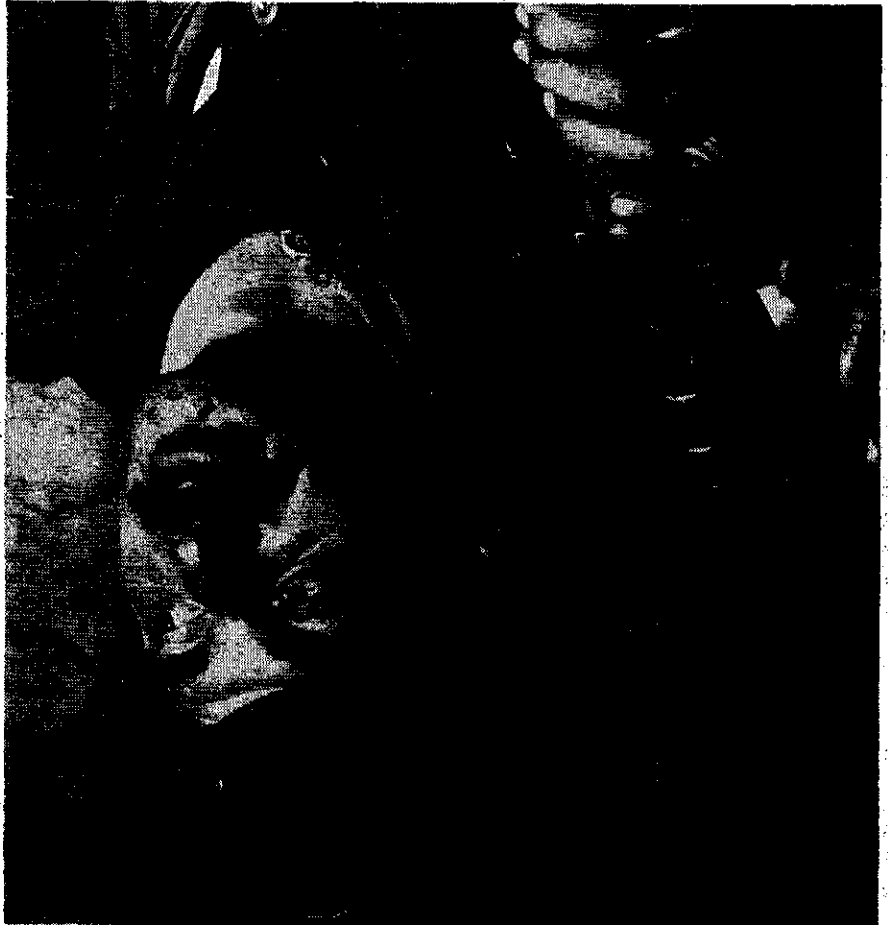
VILLAGE LIFE goes on despite civil warfare. Above: a visiting guerrilla leads the outdoor dancing during a wedding festival. Below: children learn their lessons from the first teacher to be stationed in their village in the last five years. Teachers are very scarce in the guerrilla regions and medical attention is even scarcer.



REMOTE PLAINS like this, where shepherds and a priest are shown resting, are the type of country which the guerrillas have found most favorable to their operations. In the background are the barren Ossa mountains, where bands of *antartes* have been very active near Mt. Olympus, legendary home of the gods.



GUERRILLA LEADER, carrying gun and shepherd's crook, is one of four most important *antarte* chieftains in Thessaly, where much guerrilla fighting centers. He goes by name of Skoufas, who was one of the heroes of Greek wars for independence in 1821.



On this trip Phillips ran into a typical incident of guerrilla warfare. A government force had flushed a handful of guerrillas near the town of Louzesti and, after exchanging shots with them, began lobbing shells into the town. One shell exploded 40 feet from the open window of a villager named Apostolo Nasto, himself no guerrilla but a peaceful citizen. His death and funeral (see *opposite page*) were one small tragedy in a greater tragedy of the Greek civil war.

The strange interview over, Skoufas said that he could not guarantee Phillips' safety back to his jeep at the *ham* because the army might try to murder him "in order to blame the *antartes* and start reprisals." Actually government troops were at that moment searching the countryside to "rescue" Phillips and his companion from the guerrillas, because their jeep had been found abandoned in guerrilla territory.

In his search for the guerrilla leader Phillips threaded his way for four hours through the pitch blackness of night to the town of Louzesti, where an *antarte* sentry stopped him. He was taken to a dilapidated farmhouse and left there for the night in the care of an old widow, who fed him on corn bread and goat cheese. Much later he was awakened by the entrance of an oily-complexioned, mustached man dressed in a discarded British topcoat (*left*). This, finally, was one of the important guerrilla leaders. The man, who called himself Skoufas, sat down before the fire and outlined the aims of his armed band: 1) withdrawal of British troops, 2) formation of an all-party government, 3) a general political amnesty, 4) purge of collaborationists within the government, 5) free elections.

Phillips finally locates one of top guerrilla leaders and sees a peaceful man who was killed in a battle

CIVIL WAR TAKES A VICTIM

WHEN DAWN COMES THE GUERRILLAS VANISH INTO THE RUGGED PINNACLES MOUNTAINS, WHERE MILITARY FORCES FIND IT ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO TRACK THEM DOWN



Greek Guerrillas CONTINUED

ΠΑΡΙΣΙ - ΝΕΑ ΥΟΡΚΗ

Π. Ο. Σ.: Έσο στο Παρίσι! Νόμ...
...Παρίσι... Νέα Υόρκη...

Εκλεκτοί σίχοι

Ρόδοι ποιηται
Η ΖΩΗ ΜΟΥ
(του Θεωφάνη Σολομονού)

HTAN ΜΙΑ ΚΙ' ΑΥΤΗ ΓΥΝΑΙΚΑ ΣΑΝ ΟΛΕΣ

ΕΡΙΚ ΜΠΑΟΥΜΑΝ
...HTAN ΜΙΑ ΚΙ' ΑΥΤΗ ΓΥΝΑΙΚΑ ΣΑΝ ΟΛΕΣ...

HTAN ΓΥΝΑΙΚΑ ΣΑΝ ΟΛΕΣ

...HTAN ΓΥΝΑΙΚΑ ΣΑΝ ΟΛΕΣ...

ΚΥΡΙΕΣ ΜΟΥ,
Γιά όσα τό μονακά της διαπι...
...Κυρίες μου...

ΖΩΡΖ
προσευχόμαι εις τό 'νιστοριόν...
...Ζωρζ...

DEMONSTRATION
ΕΝΤΕΛΟΣ ΔΩΡΕΑΝ
Τηλ. 34.670 και 20.918.

ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΟΣΗΜΑ
ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΑ ΚΑΙ ΞΕΝΑ ΕΙΣ
ΠΟΣΟΤΗΤΑΣ ΑΓΟΡΑΖΟΝΤΑΙ Ι
ΠΑΝΤΟΤΕ ΜΕ ΤΑΣ ΚΑΛΗΤΕ,
ΡΑΣ ΤΙΜΑΣ

ΠΑΡΑΚΛΗΣΗ ΓΙΑ ΤΟΥΣ
ΞΕΝΗΤΕΜΕΝΟΥΣ
(του 'Αλέξη Μιλάκη)

ΕΠΙΤΗΘΕΝΤΕΣ
ΑΠΟΤΡΙΧΑΙΩΣ ΡΙΖΙΚΗ
Ευρωπαϊκή Επιστημονική Εταιρεία

PEELING MASKE DE BEAUTE
MARY KERTERZ - ΣΙΑΕΡΟΠΟΥΛΟΥ
Διευλμα του οπουλου - Βρυξελλες

ΕΠΙΤΗΘΕΝΤΕΣ
ΑΠΟΤΡΙΧΑΙΩΣ ΡΙΖΙΚΗ
Ευρωπαϊκή Επιστημονική Εταιρεία

ΕΠΙΤΗΘΕΝΤΕΣ
ΑΠΟΤΡΙΧΑΙΩΣ ΡΙΖΙΚΗ
Ευρωπαϊκή Επιστημονική Εταιρεία

When Greek fights Greek. The woman in anguish, photographed during a British Trade Union Congress investigation of E.P.S. "atrocities," has just discovered the exhumed body of her husband, slain in civil war.

PRESS ASSOCIATION

Europe's Most Frightened Country

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

ATHENS.

ALL the shoeshine boys on Constitution Square, tough little shrimps in their early teens, are Communists, and a dose of their party-line chatter is included in the price of fifty drachmas for a shine. 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 maladjusted 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 in battle, have succumbed to starvation 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 cafés of Athens or in the village square, you will pick out two good,

A Post correspondent visits tragic Greece, finds a hungry nation divided against itself in a deadly Left-Right civil war which never stops.

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 E.A.M.—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 beaten, 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 lost 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 dualism hits you wherever you go—her rugged mountains and Shangri-La 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.

Athens, the modern, spick-and-span capital of this old-new country, is rapidly becoming the hot spot of Eastern Europe. It is pervaded by a tenseness unique in European capitals these days, which gives the newcomer the impression that trouble is around the corner. The air is heavy with intrigue, and the few bars and black-market restaurants 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 swap information over plates of lobster thermidor and bottles of black wine, dancing between courses to the zippy tunes of a gypsy band. Plots are hatched, rumors passed on and deals are consummated in the glittering, hectic atmosphere of this city, where, as a cynic recently put it, people die either of starvation or of indigestion.

Outside, fear reigns supreme. Nowhere in Western 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 shoulders first, and stop as soon as they think someone is eavesdropping. In some instances the entire population of a notoriously Communist village assured me they were true-blue royalists—hoping, probably, to escape reprisals. I found a moving example of this all-pervading fear in the mountain village of Zouka, 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 mountains; this was guerrilla country, and the resistance movement had its sturdiest roots in these steep hills. All these men, however, firmly denied that they had ever been mixed up in EAM activities—indeed, they had never heard of the civil war, were not interested in politics, and had no knowledge of any acts of violence.

Thinking this rather strange, I made inquiries about Zouka as I passed through the town of Makrokome, in the valley below. I managed to get hold of a man who had been described to me as a Communist, and we talked over cups of Turkish coffee under a tree in the town square. Having made sure that no one was listening, he told me that Zouka village had been the scene of some violence lately. "A family was beaten up there by the royalists the other day," he whispered. "They're in our hospital now." In the hospital, a filthy makeshift 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 pale-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 asleep in our house, up in Zouka village, one night last week. Suddenly we were awakened by a banging on the door, and before we could open, five men broke into the house. Their faces were blackened with soot. They shouted we were Communists and must be punished. They beat us with the butts of their rifles until we were almost dead." The doctor explained that the old man had got it worse than the two women—his skull, arms and legs were in bad shape. The peasant's son, now a fugitive in the mountains, had been an active member of EAM, and this was the way justice was done in these hills. The hospital, he added, had treated quite a number of victims of royalist disapproval. No wonder the people of Zouka had been reluctant 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, combs, suspenders and books. I noticed large stacks of Communist literature on the shelves, and the young man told me that the paper-bound History of the Communist Party in Russia, at 1000 drachmas a copy, was his fastest-selling item. "My customers want to find out why everything in my shop is so expensive, so they buy the book to read all about the capitalistic system," he explained, half jokingly. "Besides, three

hundred from this town are held in jail without trial because they were connected with EAM, and their relatives buy the book, too, to find out a few things. Naturally, when they go back to their villages, they'll have to hide 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 argued the district attorney out of arresting him. "The royalists come around occasionally and smash 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 lull in the battle. The rift often reaches down into a peasant's home, where the royalist sons and their wives refuse to eat with their Communist brothers, and separate sittings have to be arranged. Here, in Athens, between provocative mass demonstrations on Constitution Square, politics is 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 matters," I was told by a young bank clerk, "your friendship ends right there. No use trying to convince 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 'Greeks'"; and a peace-loving citizen who refuses to take sides is a suspicious character. A waiter in an Athens restaurant who could not bring himself to take an interest in politics found life in the capital so aggravating that he finally packed up and returned to the farm in the Peloponnesus, which he 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 down there and they thought I was a Communist hiding out from the Athens police. 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 monarcho-Fascist plutocrat."

Just what went wrong in Greece? Much has been said and written about the events leading up to the present reign of fear, and passion—on both sides—has tainted the story. "British intervention smashed all that was liberal and forward-looking in Greece in favor of a dictatorship of the Right," Leftist commentators in Greece and abroad have asserted. "We've saved Greece for Europe," the British claim. "If we had allowed EAM to seize control, Greece today would be another Yugoslavia or Poland." There is a chunk of hard truth in each of these statements.

Greece became Britain's baby at Teheran when the Big Three decided that British troops were to

liberate and temporarily occupy this country. But Britain had enjoyed a special position in Greece for many years before the war. British capital had helped put this country on its feet after it had won its independence from Turkey. Loans, always needed because Greece did not have enough resources of her own to pay for essential imports, were floated in the British market—today, one 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 "big five" banks, as well as her leading public-utility concern, providing greater Athens with power and transportation, is British-owned. British interests dominate Greece's merchant shipping as well as her insurance market. In short, Greece has long been "an economic colony" of Great Britain.

The Seeds of Civil War

STRATEGICALLY, Britain is interested in a friendly Greece. The protection of her Mediterranean life line, which includes the necessity of keeping the great Mediterranean port of Salonika out of the reach of a potentially hostile power, is a vital part of Britain's permanent foreign policy. As the Greeks, too, tend to be leery of their landlocked neighbors to the north, it can be said that the interests of the two nations, Greece and Britain, have always run parallel rather than at cross-purposes.

Thus, when a small British contingent under Lt. Gen. Ronald Scobie landed in Greece in October, 1944, in line with the Teheran decisions, it received a warm welcome from the population; EAM, which had assumed control of nearly all Greece when the Germans fled, willingly turned over the administration to the coalition government which Scobie brought with him, and co-operated on a friendly basis with other Greek groups and with the British. Two months later, members of EAM and royalists were shooting one another dead in the streets of Athens, and the British, siding with the royalists, found themselves involved in a civil war which resulted in 76,000 Greek and 1810 British casualties. Why?

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 collaborationists—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 tradition, was merely preparing for a dictatorship under which members of the opposition would be either imprisoned 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 represented the overwhelming majority of the Greek nation, its key posts were held from the start by Communist organizers, and its political program closely followed the Communist Party line. The official history published by EAM states that the movement was founded in 1941 "on the initiative of the Greek Communist Party"; while the central committee of the Communist Party, in a statement published on April 24, 1945, takes credit for having "created the gigantic resistance organization of the people, EAM." This connection was by no means unnatural. The Communists, who had held only thirteen out 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.

"Numerically, the Communists were a minority in EAM," I was told by the leading Greek Socialist, Alexander Svolos, formerly a professor of constitutional law at Athens University, who served as president of EAM's secret mountain government. "But the party maintained actual leadership everywhere. The terroristic acts perpetrated by the



Communist George Siantos, the Greek Stalin, who runs EAM show, with others mere yes men.

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 emissaries 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 Siantos—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 Teheran, 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 peeved 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 musters 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 stands 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. In crushing EAM as a military force, 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 his 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 150 American officers and men of the U. S. Air Transport Command who were stationed here during the fighting, holding 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 rallied around its blood-soaked banners thousands of democratic, liberty-loving Greeks, while many Greeks on the other side were Fascist-minded. But whether a kindlier, more understanding attitude on the part of the British representatives would have prevented the tragedy is anybody's guess.

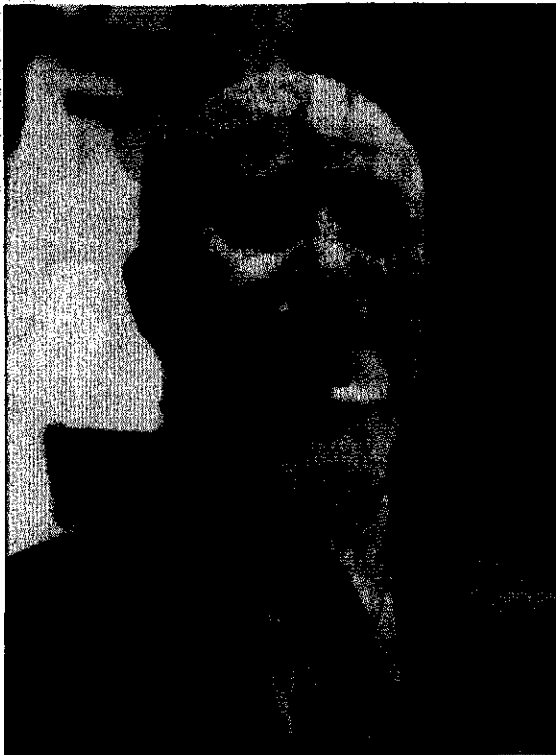
Today, as a result of their victory, the Right Wing forces are making hay while the sun shines. Conditions reminiscent of early Nazi Germany leave Greece with less freedom than any other liberated European country outside the Russian sphere. Armed vigilantes maintain "order" in the villages, and a private army of storm troopers, called "Organization 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 smashed frequently; sometimes their readers are apprehended and beaten up. I talked to one young man who had been badly pommelled and had his hair shaved off by "X-ites" 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 crime, in most cases, simply consisted of membership in the resistance movement. I visited a prison at Kalamata

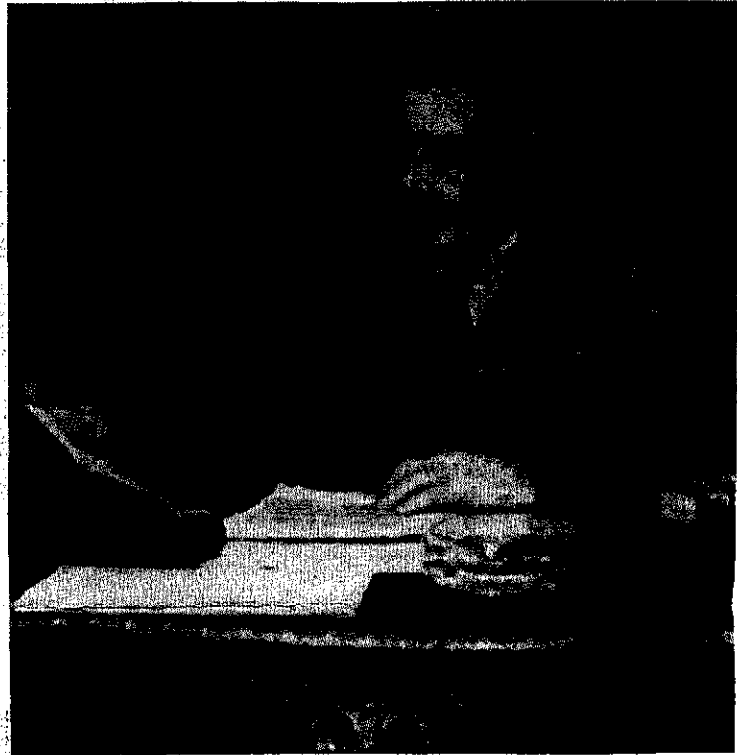
(Continued on Page 41)



The British came as liberators, stayed as policemen. The alert Tommy shown above is rushing this Athenian civilian from the scene of a fight between Great Britain's soldiers and EAM Leftists.



Alexander Svolos, Greek Socialist leader, who frankly blames EAM Communists for terrorism.



British police chief, General Scobie, whose troops suffered 1810 casualties in Greece's civil war.

The armful of money in the hands of the speculator below indicates how complete is the country's economic collapse. A gold sovereign is worth about 73,000 drachmas. Everybody in Greece gambles.



(Continued from Page 41)

For no reason at all, there was a cold spot in the pit of his stomach.

"Dammit, George, get hold of yourself," he muttered, turning to go back to the car.

The whistle made lonesome noises at the night, and the iron wheels squeaked and rattled against the iron rails, and inside the compartment was the dry odor of hot steam pipes, and the faint smell of disinfectant, and the muffled flutter of the connecting blind at the end of the car. George cupped his hands against the cool glass and watched a couple of lights swing by. "Watson town," he said. "We're twenty miles out."

They had a roomette; he was sitting in the chair, and Hannah had her feet propped against the cushion, so that her toes rested against his thigh.

"George," she said, "you got the wiggles. What's the matter, hon?"

He snorted. "You really want to know? I'm scared. We are mixed up with unscrupulous people, people with guns and no morals. We are running away, but who knows what we're running into?"

"Well," Hannah said, smiling with one side of her mouth, "maybe you're worried, but I'm not. Not any more. I'm on my way—and I got you, George. Honest, efficient and reliable."

He scowled at her. "You're doing it again, aren't you? Damn you, Hannah."

"Doing what?"

"Making fun of me. Acting old and wise and all full of *Weltschmerz*."

"What's that?"

"A German expression. I went to college."

"Say it again."

"*Weltschmerz*."

"It sounds like a pain in the head," Hannah said, smiling at him with one corner of her mouth.

"I know," George said miserably. "I'm a comedian. I am a funny little boy. When you were scared and nervous for a while tonight, Hannah, you almost made me feel like a man. Now you feel better. Now I'm a comedian again."

Hannah looked straight at him. "I don't think you're a comedian," she said softly. "I don't think you're funny at all, and I feel better because you're with me again. And, Georgie, I don't think you're a little boy. I know better."

They looked at each other for a minute, and then, very deliberately, George got up, pushed his chair back



"Sorry I'm late—met a kid I used to know."

and sat down beside her. He put his hand on her shoulder, slid it up to her neck, looped his thumb under her chin. He let his face down to her mouth and nailed her to the cushions. She made a small surprised noise and sat very still. Her skin was warm and she smelled like a million dollars.

"Hey," she said softly, after a moment. "Hey, you."

"It's a funny thing," he said. "Most of the population of Hilltop, Iowa, thinks we're eloping. It was just a coincidence, but that's what it looked like, I suppose." He played with the little silver pitcher that hung from her right ear. "A great joke."

"Very funny," Hannah said, not looking at him, looking up at the ceiling. "Is it?" George said.

Hannah closed her eyes. He swung the little silver pitcher back and forth with his finger tip.

"That sounds like the beginning of a very pretty speech," Hannah said slowly.

"It is," George said. "Well, I don't know how pretty it would be —"

"Don't make the speech, sugar," Hannah said. "Please don't. I would probably cry, and you wouldn't like that. Change the subject." Her eyes were very tightly closed.

"What's the trouble, Hannah?"

"There's no trouble," she said. "Don't make me cry, that's all. 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—I never saw you like this before, Hannah."

She turned her face to him, and her big green eyes melted him.

"I never felt like this before," she said.

"Then, Hannah —"

She laid her fingers across his lips, cutting off the words. She shook her head slowly, smiling at him.

He moved away. "Okay," he said. He pushed his hair out of his eyes, sighing. "Have it your own way, Hannah."

He started to get up, but she caught his hand.

"Don't misunderstand me, sugar," she said. "It's almost four hours before we get to Chicago. I just don't want any speeches, that's all." She slid her hand up his sleeve. "But we might as well enjoy the trip." She tilted 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 pretended that he hadn't. The knock came again a little harder, three sharp taps. George sucked in his breath angrily.

"Who is it?" he snapped.

"Porter. I want to talk to you."

"What about?"

"There's a mix-up. You all goin' have to vacate."

"I gave you ten bucks, didn't I?"

"Yessuh, but there's a mix-up."

George looked at Hannah, who made a face and shrugged, and then flipped the lock. He opened the door about six inches, ready to argue it out. Opening the door was a mistake. A hand shot through the opening, caught his collar, pulled him forward. He felt a sudden prick of pain right on his larynx, saw a glitter of steel. He was looking, at very short range, into the deep-set eyes of a gentleman with a prominent gold tooth and a blue-black beard.

"Open wide," the man with the knife said.

The pressure of the blade point against George's throat increased a little. George stepped back. The man with the knife stepped 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 last had attained freedom of speech. Neatly printed, EAM posters were stuck up on the walls, and the prisoners even had their own political spokesman.

As these unshaven, dark-eyed men rose 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. This was a small tenement 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 UNRRA, as it is 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, flabby 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 gendarmerie, were living with these girls inside the jail.

Modern Greece, in spite of her glorious past, can scarcely be called a civilized country. The rifle and the club are considered proper means of expressing opinions; large-scale banditry was stamped out less than twenty years ago, and blood feuds reaching back into dim yesterdays still rage in the hills. Today, thousands of defeated EAM guerrillas are back in their mountain strongholds, where they lead the rugged life of outlaws, falling back upon the tradition of the frontier. I was given a vivid description of this alarming aspect of Greek life by Pfc. Pericles Panagakos, an American paratrooper from Sparta, Greece, and Brooklyn, New York, who jumped over Normandy

on D Day, and was wounded at Bastogne. 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 grandparents' 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 hills to forage, they pick them off one by one. In my mother's village, the Communists have burnt many houses. My granddad 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 shootings and beatings all the time—real Wild West stuff!"

Often, political action follows the old vendetta line. Many of the beatings are actually carried out by friends and relatives of people who have suf-

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(Continued from Page 44)

ferred similarly at the hands of the Communists. In the picturesque trading town of Lamia, in Central Greece, I happened upon a congregation of six people—a priest, a bank clerk, a dairyman, a post-office employee, the owner of a tobacco shop and a pretty girl student—all of whom were mourning close relatives killed by the Communists. Under the leadership of a bootblack named Constantine, in whose parlor I met them, they had founded a league of victims of EAM atrocities. They were all eager to settle a personal score on a national basis, and were hoping that the king would soon return from London, so "the Greek family have a father again." "If the British ever pull out of Greece," the girl said, "I hope they leave a little space on the decks of their ships for us to go along."

At a lavish cocktail party given in an Athens apartment by a leading industrialist for the inner circle of the royalist, or Right Wing, movement, I asked some of the guests what would have happened if EAM had won the civil war. The reply, in each case, was a guttural sound and a horizontal sweep of the guest's hand across his throat. "I don't understand why the common people hate us," a heavily scented lady observed. "We haven't done anything to them. It is very funny!"

Most of the men, with their well-tailored worsteds, their monocles, their polished manners and their perfumed handkerchiefs, were typical representatives of the upper class of modern Greece. Basing their claim to leadership upon rather recently acquired textile, cement, shipping and tobacco fortunes, members of this class are more at home in the elegant hotels of Paris and the Riviera than in the Homeric simplicity of the Greek village. They share with other Balkan barons a total lack of social responsibility, and thus differ from the upper classes of Western Europe, which were steeped in the *noblesse oblige* tradition.

One of the guests at the cocktail party was a politician who hoped to be elected on the royalist ticket. We made an appointment for lunch the next day and, over a glass of Samos wine, he developed the royalist program. It bore a strange resemblance to the Nazi program, except, of course, that things were supposed to rotate around a king rather than a dictator. "In short," he ended, "once we are in power, we can outlaw the parties that are against us by a simple vote in Parliament. Strictly democratic."

Their present position of influence explains the royalists' eagerness to rush through the elections and the plebiscite on the question of the monarchy before the Communists can bring their mountain guns out of hiding for the promised "second round." They hope that many Greeks will vote for the king—whose personal popularity is almost nil—simply because they consider him a bulwark against Communism. Anyway, as long as thousands of EAM followers have to stay away from their homes and from the polling booth, as long as the Right Wing policy controls the pre-election registration, a Left Wing victory appears unlikely. I have talked with numerous Greeks who frankly told me they did not dare show up for registration, for fear of being thrown in jail when they presented themselves. Known royalists, on the other hand, are reliably reported by competent British and American observers here to have obtained more than one polling card, enabling them to cast several votes. It is pointed out

here that unless the election lists are corrected in time Allied supervision of the Greek elections will remain a farce.

The ever-present threat of a new flare-up of the Greek civil war, accentuated by cold and hunger. Greece is a poor country, to begin with; it has few resources and few industries, and even in normal times had to import half a million tons of wheat every year

woods, and she had been making the trip daily for many weeks to build herself a roof before the snow came.

Meanwhile, the entire Greek nation is on relief—two out of every three loaves of bread consumed by the Greeks this year were contributed by UNRRA. Thanks to UNRRA, there is little outright starvation in Greece today; indeed, this country has become

as seed, fertilizer, and bulls for artificial insemination.

In many parts of Greece, UNRRA had to ask the inhabitants of inaccessible villages to come down and get it, as transport into the hills could not be organized. Terrific handicaps still have to be overcome. Greek industrialists sometimes seem more concerned with playing the black market and manipulating the price of the gold sovereign, which has become the illegitimate standard of all values in inflation-ridden Greece, rather than place their facilities at the disposal of UNRRA. Local factory and ship owners, whose cooperation UNRRA is trying to enlist, sometimes hold out for a prohibitive price—it has been cheaper to import cement from Oregon than to buy it from local Greek manufacturers! Out in the sticks, the government-appointed Greek distributing committee sometimes sees to it that its political friends get good things first. In spite of such flaws, the supplies are moving and, in the remotest village, children proudly point out the American labels on their warm little coats. Tens of thousands of Greeks will be alive next spring exclusively as a result of UNRRA aid.

But the Greeks, whose ancestors invented democracy, expect more than bread from the inventors of the atomic bomb. Today, with the villages burned, trade and commerce disrupted, and authority vested in a group of political racketeers, there is a great longing for liberty and stability. It won't be easy. For years, every effort was bent on frustrating the invaders; destruction rather than construction was a patriot's sacred duty; city-bred young men got used to the free-and-easy life of the guerrilla; schools were closed, homes disrupted and children were taught to kill, steal and lie. To straighten the Greeks out, honest and intelligent leadership is needed.

Greeks, like most other people, want to live freely and decently. To be sure, they are an argumentative race, and the promises of the radicals on both sides probably appeal to something that has been present in their blood stream since the time of Socrates. But the fact remains that the vast, reasonable and essentially democratic-minded majority of the Greek people lacks political representation, and that there is nothing for the bedeviled man in the street to do but join one of the two extremist groups and become a Communist or a royalist.

As one intelligent Athenian put it, "If the Allies had landed with a shipload of ideas, things might be more nearly normal now."

Thus, the fate of this nation unfolds with the merciless logic of a Greek tragedy. Power politics, life lines and spheres of influence make the lives of 7,500,000 Greeks thoroughly miserable. Britain, concerned largely with Empire security, is now training and equipping a Greek Army of 100,000 men, who, it is hoped, will repulse any attack which may come from the north. Russia maintains her peeved aloofness, and the United States washes her hands of Greece because it is outside her "sphere." To the Greeks in the mountains, to the Greeks in prison and to the confused youngsters who are Communists today and royalists tomorrow, this is a sad state of affairs. But as long as distrust and suspicion rule the relations among the world's great powers, the people of this unhappy country realize that there is little hope for them. When the gods are quarreling on Mt. Olympus, what chance is there for the Greeks?

THE END

HAIL AND FAREWELL

By Joseph Auslander

What are the ghosts of the Old Year saying?

What do they whisper from ear to ear?

The drunken dancers are reeling and swaying
In a swirl of confetti, but far from their playing
A few are kneeling and weeping and praying,
And maybe they hear—maybe they hear:

*Do you remember the lad who sleeps
Under the restless coral, for keeps?*

In the blood and rubble of all the earth?

(He loved warm lips 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 . . . Svoboda . . . Kelly . . .)

What say the ghosts of the year that is flying

This night to the year that is being born?

Can you hear it above the din and the crying

Now in the night when a world is dying,

Now in the night when a world is trying

To rise, with terror and travail torn?

Have you forgotten so soon, so soon,

Hiroshima smashed by a falling moon?

The boys who fought, the boys who fell

Along the way from here to hell,

Dead on their feet, unmedaled, still

Sticking it out, storming the hill?

(Adams . . . Larson . . . Santelli . . .

Cohen . . . Svoboda . . . 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-flinging,

Far 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 long remember; we will not forget.

When spring sets in and the streets are wet;

No matter how long, we will still remember.

In the keen blue twilights of September,

In the honeyed summer, in winter's frost

We will think of them; we will count the cost.

(Adams . . . Larson . . . Santelli . . .

Cohen . . . Svoboda . . . Kelly . . .)

to feed its people. The Germans, seeing that Greece would make no contribution to Hitler's Europe, treated her as a liability and stripped her of everything that could be moved—even household furniture was sent to Germany, labeled "Presents from the Greek people."

Some 1500 Greek villages were methodically burned by the Germans as a reprisal for guerrilla activities, and the villagers today crouch in the rubble, wondering how they will survive yet another winter. In one gutted mountain village I saw a tiny old woman return from the forest with three heavy logs strapped to her frail back; it was a four-hour climb to the

an impressive showcase of that much-criticized organization. Under the extremely able direction of Buell F. Mabel, of San Francisco, who previously had organized distribution for the United States food administrator in eleven Western states, UNRRA has set up something that might be called a supergovernment for Greece. In order to operate in this rugged, devastated country, it had to import everything from boxcars and trucks to Bailey bridges, before it could start distributing food and clothing. At the cost of \$25,000,000 a month, UNRRA has undertaken the incredible job of mail-ordering a complete catalogue of civilization, including such primary items

WANTED: A MIRACLE IN GREECE

BY PAUL A. PORTER

FORMER PRESIDENTIAL EMISSARY TO GREECE

TODAY an almost forgotten American mission has got to perform a miracle—or fail in its job. The miracle is to save Greece from economic disintegration and the inroads of Communism.

The fight to save Greece is just beginning. The announcement of plans is not enough. What will go on in Greece this month and next is infinitely more important than are the debates which commanded 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 know at firsthand the complicated and discouraging conditions which today are confronting Dwight Griswold 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 with typified the Greek national psychosis. He was a weary and discouraged man, prematurely old, his face lined and wrinkled, his hands upturned in a gesture of mute despair.

"Four times in my lifetime my home has been destroyed," he said, "—by the Turks, the Bulgars, the Nazis and the guerrillas. 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, unrelieved, profound lack of faith in the future—a lack of faith which produces simple inertia for the present. From the large textile manufacturers in Athens to the small shopkeepers and farmers in the northernmost part of Macedonia, peo-

praisal was an unbelievable act of horror and brutality. The 1,200 men of the village were herded into an open field, where from the vantage point of higher ground, they were forced to watch their homes and shops burned from the incendiary volleys fired simultaneously into each structure. When the conflagration reached its height and the Greeks sought to break away from their Nazi guards, machine guns from concealed emplacements massacred the helpless lot of them.

Meantime, the women, old men and children were concentrated in the largest building—a school. It was the last to be ignited. Legend has it that the screams of the women and children were too much for an Austrian officer and he shot the lock off the door. Liberated from the blazing school, the survivors fled to the hills and returned later that night to recover the bodies of their men on the hillside, and buried them in the village cemetery.

The despair in Greece today is crucial, because our whole program of aid is based on the assumption that the people will be able to snap out of the prevailing inertia. We are not stepping up the amount of outside assistance enough to make the future much different from the past. During 1946, Greece got about \$330,000,000 from UNRRA and the British; our aid of \$350,000,000 barely exceeds this. And, at the same time, we are banking on the ability of the Greeks to more than double their exports. So, far from having too liberal an amount of money for use in Greece, we are operating on an exceedingly narrow margin. Indeed it may soon become apparent that estimates of \$350,000,000 which my group made are too conservative, and that additional funds may be necessary. Mr. Griswold will find that conditions have rapidly worsened since the first mission went out last January. There has since been a widespread drought which has substantially reduced local grain production.

The military activity has been stepped up. And our own price level has risen to shade the value of the dollars Congress has made available. The \$350,000,000 loan will not go as far as we had hoped and planned. At best, we will get up to the minimum reconstruction level. At worst, we may have trouble maintaining a level of decent subsistence.

If the American mission is to end this deep sense of national hopelessness, it must resolve two controversial situations—the civil war and the present government.

One winter day in Macedonia, as I was standing on a riverbank, hundreds

of low-flying geese suddenly appeared out of the clouds, flying in formation and honking wildly as they came. I remarked casually to a Greek standing with me that they must have fine shooting in Macedonia.

"Men have been so busy shooting one another in this part of the world," he answered sadly, "that they have had no time for the geese."

So long as this state of mind continues, the prospects for economic reconstruction are dim. You cannot devote your full energies to repairing docks, building bridges and maintaining roads when you are likely to be shot in the back any moment. The greatest obstacle to the reconstruction of Greece is the continuance of the civil war. There can be no permanent solution of Greece's economic future until the present military burden is reduced—until money and men are released for productive purposes. There can be no permanent solution of Greece's psychological paralysis until the menace of external aggression is removed.

I am convinced that the Russians know this even better than we do. The Communists know that the revival of guerrilla warfare will put us badly on the spot in Greece—so they are working overtime to revive it. That is why, it seems to me, Russia's U.N. delegate Andrei Gromyko vetoed the U.S. proposal to establish a semipermanent frontier commission in the Balkans. The plain fact appears to be that the U.S.S.R. does not want a pacification of frontier conditions in the Balkans. For such pacification will be an almost indispensable condition for American success in helping bring about Greek economic recovery.

This brings up the question of the Greek government. The present regime obviously must constitute the set of tools through which we work. We cannot kick off by naming a new team. Adoption of these means would contradict the ultimate ends we wish to accomplish in Greece and elsewhere; furthermore, blatant intervention of this kind would supply potent ammunition to Soviet propaganda about American imperialism. But we can—and must—do something to sharpen these tools.

Chief among these tools is the Greek civil service. The late King George of Greece, in my first talk with him, referred to many government employees as "camp followers" and "coffeehouse politicians" and described the whole civil service as a kind of pension system for political hacks. These were harsh words, but not unwarranted. The civil service is overexpanded, underpaid and demoralized. The low salaries have been augmented by a completely baffling system of extra allowances by which a few civil servants probably get as much as four times their base pay.

At the same time the bulk of them do not get a living wage. Many of them are forced to supplement their government pay by taking outside jobs. Imagine the effects in Washington if officials in government de-

partments worked part time for local lawyers or lobbyists or industrialists. The curiously short working week—usually 33 hours, consisting of mornings only for 6 days a week—facilitates the economic double life which so many government workers lead.

The result is complete disorganization. I have never seen an administrative structure which, for sheer incompetence and ineffectiveness, was so appalling. The civil service simply cannot be relied upon to carry out the simplest functions of government—the collection of taxes, the enforcement of economic regulations, the repair of roads.

Thus the drastic reform of the civil service is an indispensable condition to getting anything else done in Greece. But the civil service is just the beginning. There is the far more intricate and explosive question of the political leadership of the country. Candor will compel me to make some frank statements about this government, but what would you have America do? Would you have prayed with Henry Wallace for the defeat of the Greek aid bill so that you could exchange the present inefficient, right-wing regime for a police state on the Tito model?

I rather doubt it. Because whatever it is, the present Greek government is not a totalitarian dictatorship, and besides, it does not seem to me that the nature of the government is relevant to the question of external aggression. We can't take the position that it is all right to commit acts of aggression against governments we do not like, and only bad to commit such acts against governments we approve.

There is within Greece a vigorous and critical political opposition. There is a free press. The Communist paper is published daily in Athens, and each morning in my mailbox I received an English translation of the mimeographed bulletin of the EAM bitterly denouncing the present regime. It is not at all a liberty-loving regime in the American sense, but it is paradise next to its neighbors of the north and their much vaunted "new democracy." Obviously the existence of freedom of expression is no excuse for other governmental delinquencies. But it does signal the possibility of peaceful and democratic change.

On the other hand, the fact remains that this present government has not, on the record, shown any affirmative philosophy or any inclination to do the things necessary to end their nation's travail. On my first day in Greece, I had a talk with General J. G. W. Clark, the intelligent and somewhat sardonic head of the British Economic Mission.

"When visitors on arriving in a new country," he began by saying, "run into a sandstorm or a hurricane, they are always told how unusual the weather is. But the situation you are running into here in Athens—the monetary crisis, the possible civil service strike, the pending fall of the

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Collier's for September 20, 1947

All that the U.S. mission to Greece has to do is end a civil war, eliminate corruption in government ranks, rebuild 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. Storekeepers will not lay in supplies. Peasants will not repair their ruined houses. One official told me that 150,000 homes had been totally destroyed in Greece and that only 1,300 had been rebuilt in 1946.

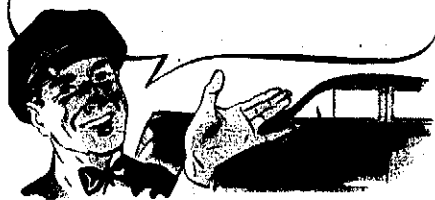
My most depressing experience in Greece was a visit to Kalavryta, the Lidice of Greece. This was the village high up a narrow gorge near the Gulf of Corinth where, in December, 1943, a small band of Greek resistance forces ambushed a squadron of Nazi occupation troops. The German re-

WANTED: A MIRACLE IN GREECE

Continued from page 14



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government—is 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 wartime sacrifices and its own king-size anti-Communism as reasons for granting the foreign aid in unlimited quantities. It intends, in my judgment, to use foreign aid as a way of perpetuating 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, desperation had produced a spate of good intentions and noble resolutions within the Greek government; but the instant effect of the assurance of American aid was not to stimulate the government to further efforts, but to give it the relaxed feeling that it was delivered from the necessity of having to do anything at all. So it declared a national holiday; there was dancing in the streets. And at the same time it shelved a plan for the immediate export of surplus olive oil—a plan which had stepped on the toes of some private traders.

Demetrios 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 dressed and wearing old-fashioned button shoes. He speaks English with precision and is something of a scholar. But, though a man of good will, Maximos is a prisoner of the errors of his predecessors and of more forceful men in his own cabinet.

The Influential Tsaldaris

Pre-eminent among these is the Vice-Premier and Foreign Minister, Constantine Tsaldaris. A Greek politician of long standing, Tsaldaris has avowedly embraced the principles of a generous amnesty policy toward the guerrillas, has constantly urged the fullest participation by the United Nations in Greece's border difficulties, and in general has been a persistent pleader abroad for the Greek cause. 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 might have been of some real benefit to the masses of Greek people. But even Tsaldaris advocates another election in Greece when and if the border is stabilized. He professes to recognize 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. There have been seven changes in the Greek government since liberation, but Tsaldaris and his Populist (extreme right) cohorts remain dominant.

An even more controversial figure is General Napoleon Zervas, the Minister of Public Order. During the war Zervas ran a small "resistance" group around whose activities hangs 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 rub out everyone in Greece who is critical of the present government. He is undoubtedly the figure behind the recent wave of arrests which took in not just Communists, but, according to informed observers in Athens, 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 repressive tactics of a police state, but only legitimate precautions of self-preservation. Of the 1,600 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 mercantile and banking cabal, headed by Pasmazoglu, governor of the National Bank of Greece and a shrewd and effective operator. This cabal is determined 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 salting away their profits in banks in Cairo or Argentina. They would never dream of investing these profits in their country's recovery.

The shipping interests are in a particularly scandalous position. Today the Greek merchant marine is enjoying a

liberal, and the Communists will help him by spurring on the civil war.

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 safeguarding their own prerogatives.

I still remember one ornate dinner when a leading banker entertained me in his luxurious Athens apartment. There were three liveried butlers, several magnificent wines, astoundingly good food. One guest during dinner became rhapsodical over the beauties of marine life and the high sport of spear-fishing under water with goggles. The contrast between the superb feast in the apartment and the starving children in 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?



boom, and the shipowners are raking in the profits. But the bankrupt Greek government is benefiting almost not at all from this prosperity. Seamen's earnings continue to come into Greece, but owners' profits for the most part are locked away elsewhere.

Any enterprise should be expected to pay a fair amount of taxes to the government 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 guaranteed the mortgages. The yearly earnings of a Greek-owned Liberty ship will probably run between \$200,000 and \$250,000. Of this, only the ridiculously small amount of \$8,000 goes to the government in taxes. Foreign experts have urged the government to raise the tax requirements to about \$30,000. But the political strength of the shipowners has prevented any effective action.

It will be the job of our mission to get action out of this government. In their efforts, the members of the mission can expect that the book will be thrown at them. They will receive every conceivable excuse and will be held up by every conceivable form of bureaucratic obstructionism and incompetence. General Zervas will cry that the big thing is to fight the Communists by arresting every

Such a prophecy depends on how we measure success, and will require a great deal of elaboration of what really constitutes our objectives. We cannot evaluate progress in Greece by usual Western standards. There will be no quick or easy solution of the many social or economic maladjustments. My own brief experience in Greece convinces me that the American people will be greatly in the debt of Mr. Griswold and his colleagues if an atmosphere can be created and maintained wherein the Greek people have an opportunity in the near future for free political choices.

This raises the delicate problem of the intervention by one nation in the internal affairs of another. We have to face that question frankly. British officials freely admitted to me that the British Economic Mission served no useful purpose because its functions were merely advisory and it had no sanctions with which to enforce its recommendations. "Our fatal error," said one official, "was to condone incompetence because of political considerations." Yet obviously we cannot treat Greece as if it were a colonial possession or a conquered country.

My own answer to that question is provisional and pragmatic. I feel that the Greek state, in having requested assistance and supervision, is to that extent setting a limitation on its own sov-

Collier's for September 20, 1947



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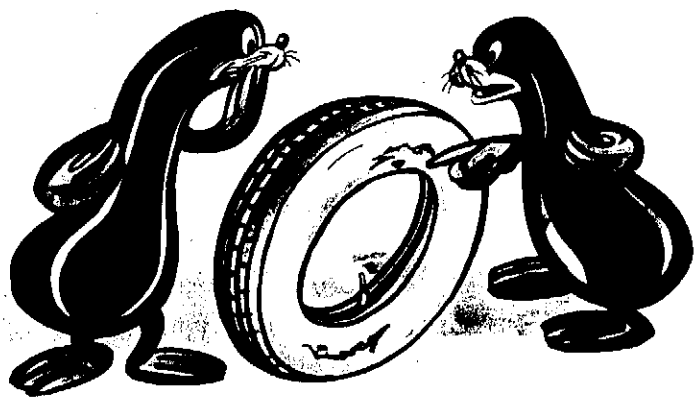
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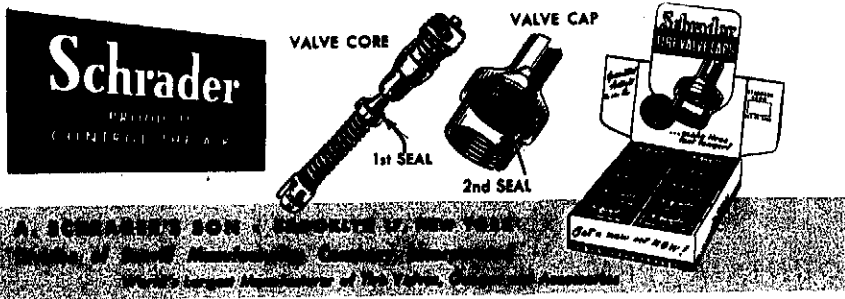
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eighty. If we are to make a heavy investment in Greek recovery, it is common sense to suppose that this implies the means to make the recovery effective. These actualities have been recognized by the Greek government and embodied in the Greek note of June 15th to the United States and the U.S.-Greek aid agreement of June 20th.

The note and the agreement spell out specific objectives of reform and reconstruction. It will be the legitimate business of the American mission to take all the steps necessary to secure compliance with the terms of the contract. To get down to cases, if a Greek minister resists or obstructs measures necessary for Greek recovery, or perverts American aid to antidemocratic purposes, I cannot believe that our mission would stand by impotent.

"The mission should make sure that the Greek people are kept fully informed of American aims and efforts and of the nature of the difficulties encountered," one of the wisest of living Greeks said to me. "If the practice followed up to now is continued—that of shielding the incompetence and unwillingness to cooperate of Greek ministers behind a veil of secrecy—the mission may lose the initiative in Greece. The mission must establish direct contact with the Greek people from the very beginning and appeal to public opinion for active support. I see no other means of exerting pressure for necessary measures that are bound to be strongly resisted by the present Greek regime."

The first step, of course, is to bring an end to the present internal warfare and to refute the Soviet propaganda line that the U.S. is financing a civil war in Greece. The best available means of doing this is to have a real amnesty. The Maximos cabinet was finally prevailed upon to adopt an amnesty program which looked plausible on paper; but, as a member of the Greek cabinet told me, the appointment of General Zervas as Minister of Public Order completely destroyed anyone's inclination to take the programs seriously. The amnesty must have enough safeguards to bring out of the hills everyone who is not an outright Communist agent.

Then we must follow through on the program of economic reconstruction. The American mission will supervise closely the money spent for this.

Then, over a longer period, will come political democratization. A program of political reconstruction and reform cannot, in its nature, be put into effect overnight. It is dependent on the restoration of economic stability, and so must be a step-by-step process. Once the economic program begins to roll, we can do our best to foster and develop elements of the center and the non-Communist left.

There are democratic resources in Greece which have not yet been fully tapped. Damaskinos, the archbishop of Greece, a man with a massive, disinterested wisdom on political conditions, carries great moral force in all camps.

Sophoulis, the head of the Liberal party, though past the prime of his active political life, also has great moral stature in the country. Varvaressos, the Greek representative in the International Bank, is a man of conspicuous ability; and some of the younger politicians, like Kanellopoulos and the younger Venizelos, show promise.

These Elements Inspire Hope

There are forces of real democratic vitality in the country at large. The agricultural co-operative movement seemed to me an unusually robust and promising movement. The student movement has vigor; and, if Clinton Golden, formerly of the C.I.O. and now on Dwight Griswold's staff, can free the trade-union movement from the grip, on the one hand, of government stooges, and, on the other, of Communists, that may well develop into a bulwark of democracy.

We are facing a situation unprecedented in our history, and we will simply have to develop a new and American means of coping with it. The British formula in such cases was always collaboration with the native ruling classes—buying their support by confirming them in their power to exploit the masses, and relying upon them to hold the people down with gendarmery and whips.

This formula is not only repugnant to American traditions. It is also impractical. No system would deliver the Greek people more speedily into the arms of the Russians. We must work out a formula for starting from the bottom and working up—not starting from the top and working down.

Russia is standing patiently by, hoping to get into Greece by a base on balls. It is confident that Greek incompetence and Greek reaction, combined with American inexperience and American gullibility, will doom the efforts of the American mission. We will soon be so frustrated by inefficiency, vacillation and simple knavery, Russia hopes, that we will grow disgusted and indifferent and finally walk out. Then guess who will walk in!

I think Americans have enough resourcefulness and perseverance to lick the problem. If we are defeated in Greece, it will be a crushing moral and strategic blow to our new international role solar plexus. But, if we can leave Greece in a state of economic and political health, we will have brought new hope and new faith to freedom-loving people everywhere in the world.

THE END

