

St. Catherine's on Mount Sinai

By Fr. J. A. Limberakis

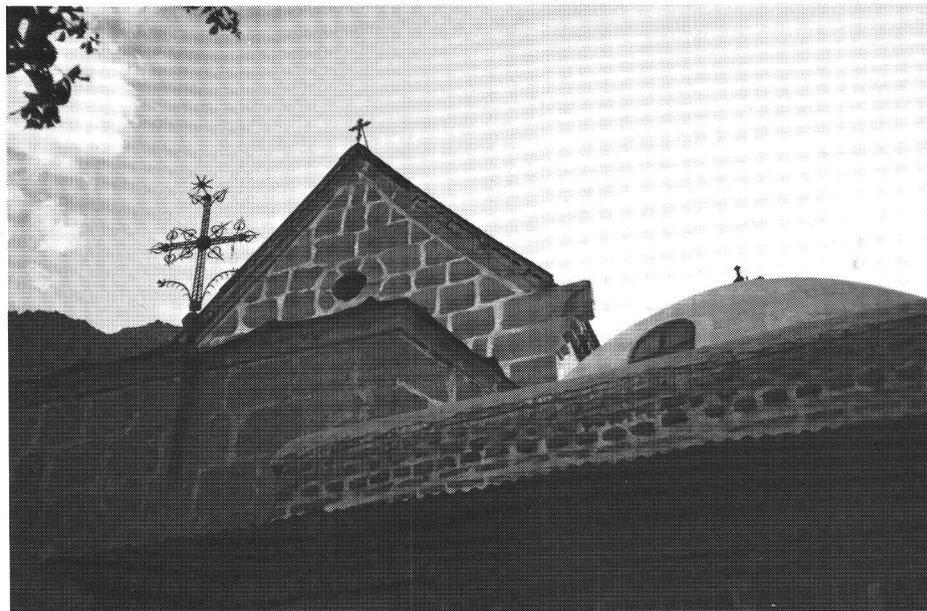
Tens of thousands of our people sojourn to Greece every summer, few would consider continuing on to the Holy Land, though Jerusalem lies but another couple of hours beyond Athens. And among those who make it to the Holy City, fewer go across the Negev desert to reach Mount Sinai, the site of St. Catherine's Monastery, there where Moses once stood 3600 years ago to receive the Ten Commandments (Ex 20.17ff.). It is here where much of our Judaio-Christian heritage comes together.

Nestled in the barren forbidden and remote mountains of the Sinai desert, far removed from civilization stands the Monastery of St. Catherine, the beginnings of which date back to the times of St. Helen (circa AD 4th cent.). Protected by its natural environs, the steep, red, rocky mountains that surround it, St. Catherine's monastic communication has never been interrupted through all these centuries. Not one minute. The silence there is deafening; completely serene and tranquil. God's presence is felt here. With the exceptions of a few pine trees that stand on the site of the monastery, nothing grows there. The Sinai belongs to the wolf and the fox, the wild goat, the eagle and gazelle, despite its deep religious significance.

Within the ancient walls of St. Catherine's, behind the sanctuary of the main monastery church, still grows the so-called "Burning Bush of Moses" (Ex 3.03ff.). God spoke to him through the flaming bush, directing him to go to Egypt in order to free the ancient Israelites. He did just that; leading them to the Promised Land, taking them back all the way to the River Jordan. The monastery is of world-renown significance, the depository of ancient manuscripts and icons dating back to early Christianity. One is taken by surprise to learn that its collection was computer-



Crossing the desert of the Negev and nearing Mount Sinai, the mountains are rocky, red, treacherous, barren and desolate.



The sanctuary side of the main monastery church in the heart of St. Catherine's depicting the chapel of the Annunciation marking the site of the Burning Bush (Ex 3.03). St. Helen (AD 4th cent.) erected the chapel.

ized years ago. It is here that scholars of all denominations come to do their research. Its abbot is an autocephalous

archbishop, His Eminence Damianos, himself a scholar, who answers only to the Ecumenical Patriarchate. He is sur-

rounded by monks, many of whom have graduate degrees. A few years back we met a physician/monk.

What draws pilgrims here from throughout the world besides what has already been mentioned above are the relic remains of St. Catherine. Pilgrims are led to venerate these relics; the experience is overwhelming because as one approaches he is overtaken by a sweet scent emanating from the gold-jeweled reliquary. St. Catherine is held equal-in-rank with the Holy Apostles of Christ, so great is her contribution to the church. Invariably, pilgrims are welcomed in the hall of reception where the traditional Greek hospitality is provided him ("loukoumi" and "Vyzantinos kafes"). Before the scheduled departure of these pilgrims they are requested to sign the Book of Pilgrims (a book that appears to be as thick as several telephone directories, stacked one over another, three or four of them). His signature will be there for posterity. Thousands of pages. Signatures from throughout the world are recorded there, many in foreign languages, going back decades, even centuries.

The monastery is serviced by Bedouins who speak Greek; they came to the Sinai during the reign of Justinian (circa AD 6th cent.) who built the walls around the monastery (the same Byzantine Emperor who built St. Sophia's in Constantinople). These Bedouins protect St. Catherine's from without; they live in caves here and about. The monastery reciprocates by providing food and medical care for these, nomad Arabs; some of them Muslim, others Greek Orthodox. Mohammed (circa AD 6th cent.), the founder of Islam, issued a document protecting the monastery, prohibiting foreign invaders from intruding in the life of the community. His document is on display in the monastery; Mohammed sealed it with the palm of his right hand. The sight of it is dramatic, almost startling. History recalls that even Napoleon shielded the monastery. During WWI and WWII no harm befell it; including the turmoil that ensued in Israel over recent decades.

When St. Helen, the mother of Constantine the Great, emperor of the Byzantine Empire, a Greek Orthodox saint equal-in-rank with the Holy Apostles,

came to Jerusalem where she found the true Cross of Christ on Golgotha, she continued her pilgrimage all the way to the Sinai, establishing scores of churches and monasteries. She was determined to climb Mount Sinai where she located the site of the "Burning Bush," and there she established a small chapel which she dedicated it to the Annunciation of the Theotokos. In order to enter that chapel (it lies behind the monastery's main church), one is required to remove his shoes to enter, as did Moses upon approaching the Burning Bush at the invitation of God (speaking to him through the flames of those branches). One needs to appreciate the providential realities here; when God used this Burning Bush to speak to Moses, the topological reality applied to the actual event of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary yet to have taken place in Nazareth. When Jesus was born, His birth did not defile Mary's virginity; neither did the flames destroy the bush. Mary is venerated as the Ever Virgin. The bush remains green even today. The mystery of it.

One departs after that experience,

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The interior view of the church, its iconostasis, and ancient mosaic floor which today is cordoned off to discourage pilgrims from walking across it.

enthralled, almost speechless. The reflections are myriad; one is the magnificent mosaic of the Holy Transfiguration of our Lord on Mt. Tabor which hovers over the apse of the main church sanctuary. It is world-famous. A perfection of Byzantine art. It is boarded by medallions depicting in mosaic the faces of the Twelve Apostles across the archway, and supporting the overall image at the bottom are the main prophets of the Old Testament who predicted the coming of the Messiah, 12 in number. Another

unforgettable experience, the 1400-year-old doors, huge in size, through which one enters into the main church. Over these portals one reads the inscription taken from one of the psalms of David: "This is the gate [that leads] to the Lord; the righteous shall enter through it..." (117.21). The church's iconostasis is breathtaking; gold-leaf, ornate, carved from cedar wood, bearing rare Byzantine icons. On either side of the nave stand six tall marble columns, one for each month of the year, each bearing the

feastdays of the calendar year, iconographically. The phenomena goes on and on, wherever one casts his eyes. Incredible.

Catherine was born and raised in Alexandria, and was martyred there (circa AD 4th cent.). Tradition holds that angels of God flew her remains to Mount Sinai. She was a beautiful woman of great intellectual stature, a scholar by her own rights. She would not recant her faith. She had no qualms about debating with the most renowned philosophers of Egypt. Today her relic skull and right hand highlighted by a stunning ring on one of her fingers is the object of veneration since time immemorial. They are kept in an elaborate reliquary, and the reliquary is reposed on a table on the right side of the sanctuary. Another surprise is in store for the pilgrim when the abbot reaches deep into one of the four corners of the reliquary to extract silver rings bearing the name of the saint that are presented to each of the pilgrims. Products of the monks. Why the ring? At the moment of her martyrdom, it is said that Christ appeared before Catherine in an apparition presenting her with a ring to indicate that she would be the bride of the church.

The monastery library is second to none in the East. It includes most of the Greek fathers including manuscripts in Arabic, Syriac, Georgian, Armenian, Coptic, Ethiopian and Slavonic. Among the most important of these is the Codex Syriacus (circa 5th cent.) and the Codex Sinaiticus (circa 4th cent.) which was "borrowed" by a German scholar named Konstantin von Tishendorf in 1805, never again to be returned. In 1933, the British Museum acquired it from the Soviets. How they came across it is not clear.

The walls of the monastery are thick. Would you believe six to nine feet thick. Thick enough to accommodate small storerooms where even today precious icons are discovered, quite by accident, as the monks undertake renovations from time to time. Walls are dismantled, and behold, a discovery. An eerie feeling grabs you when you are led into a special chamber of the monastery where the skeletal remains of monks gone by are kept; the sweet smell in the atmo-

sphere is overpowering. Stacked layer over layer. In another chamber, all the skulls are kept, hundreds and hundreds of them. After burial, these remains are disinterred and deposited ceremonious in these chambers where memorial prayers are offered periodically.

Pilgrimages change one's life forever. Returning home, never again will one be the same person. Pilgrims are reconsecrated in the faith. Their faith deepened and broadened. They return fired-up, eager to tell others of their spiritual journey. The immortal soul of that human being can never make it to these holy places unless that person initiates that pilgrimage, physically. There are those who for years keep the vow, and there are those who execute it. Reality far exceeds even the noblest of desires.

Father John is pastor of St. Sophia's in Norristown, Pennsylvania; in a matter of weeks the parish will move into its new facility at the gateway to Valley Forge. On August 15th he will lead a 10-day pilgrimage to the Holy Land and Mount Sinai, followed by a 5-day visit to the Ecumenical Patriarchate in Constantinople, his 8th.

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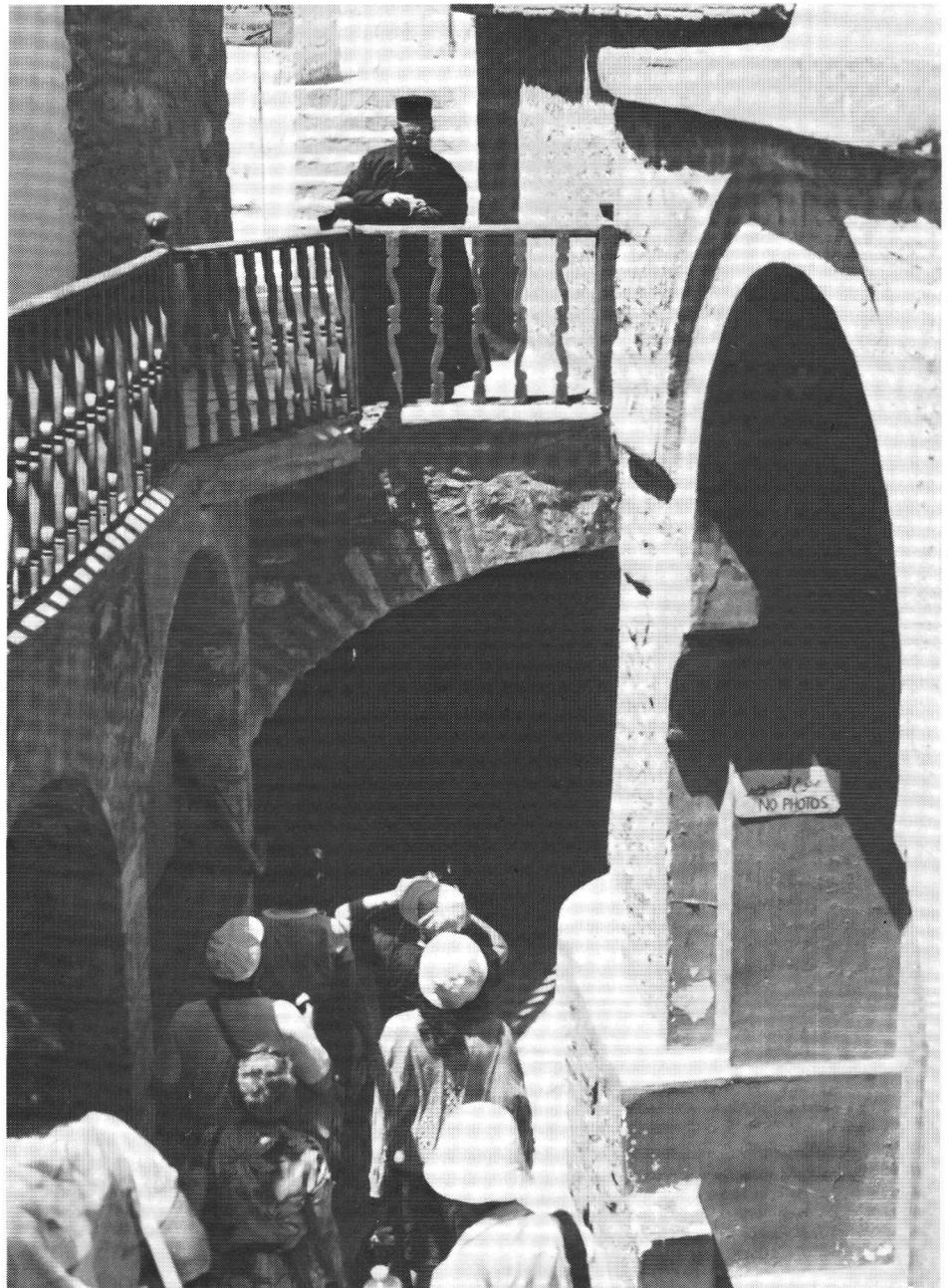
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Archbishop Damianos, abbot of St. Catherine's Monastery seen from the upper level welcoming some of the pilgrims just arrived.

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Jewelry At Its Best

The Creative Genius of Marina B.

By IRIS LILLYS

Among the profusion of new boutiques that keep on flourishing in recent years, jewelry designers (or shall we say vendors?) are the more frequently encountered. Jewelry galore! From top designers to junk, currently called "faux." The worst are the copies that have blossomed like spring buds all over. Poorly executed copies of the few top designers, which may fool the masses but not the eye of a woman in the know (or a man for that matter).

In New York City, Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue (for the non-cognoscenti, the utmost locations for luxury), there are no more than five or six outstanding jewelry stores. Internationally known, they sell exclusive designs at very high prices. Rightly so, as often they are one of a kind or produced in a limited quantity.

One of them is on Madison Avenue, in the sixties. It differs from other boutiques and cannot be noticed but by the people who know class and chic and who are appalled by vulgarity.

The name is Marina B.

I knew Marina's outstanding creations. I had also heard that she was of Greek descent. Nevertheless, great was my surprise when I met her to hear her address me with a sophisticated *Pos Eiste?* I asked her if she understood Greek.

"But I am Greek" was her very emphatic answer in an accentless Greek lingo. I was puzzled and wanted to hear more. She graciously granted me an interview for the next day.

All I knew about the lady was that she belonged to the Bulgari family, an internationally known firm based in Rome.

"Yes," said Marina, "I was born in Italy, but my father was Greek. He was one of the two sons of Sotiris Bulgari who at the end of the last century immigrated from the Zagoria in Epiros to It-

aly." He and his brother started working as assistants to craftsmen specializing in jewelry. Later they founded their own small business. As years went by their sons joined in. The venture progressed, so much so that by the end of the war the name Bulgari was to be seen on the facade of a large store on Rome's prestigious Via Condotti.

"So," Marina goes on. "Jewelry design and tradition were part of me as a girl. I shall never forget that my father used to tell us, my sister and me, that our forefathers gave the Western civilization to the world. To deny it only shows lack of culture and limited intelligence."

Marina and her sister always spoke Greek with their father. What is more remarkable is that their mother, of German-Italian ancestry, insisted that the children should learn the language of their father. Furthermore, Constantine Bulgari took his daughters to Athens and enrolled them for a couple of years in a Greek school.

Culture and business went hand in

hand. Marina's early memories are of her father's workshop. From as far back as she can remember, she was initiated to the aesthetics of traditional jewelry, the technicalities and mechanics of design, and an acute business sense which would lay the foundations of her career.

"Nevertheless," Marina says, "I did not want to become a jeweler. My ambition was to be a mathematician. But in those days a woman in a Greek family could not have her own mind. I had to follow the paternal guidance. So jewelry has become my life and, I must admit, I don't regret it."

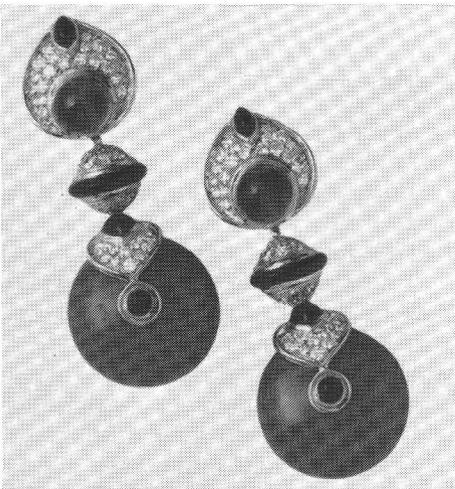
Papa Bulgari was certainly farsighted. There are plenty of mathematicians scattered through colleges, but there is only one Marina B. on Madison and not to mention all the cities in Europe where her boutiques thrive. Nevertheless, her unfulfilled dream for the science of Pythagoras has found realization in her profession. Indeed it is with a mathematical, scientific precision and an exalting spatial awareness that she embraces the quandaries of technical perfection in her



Marina Bulgari outside her Paris store

work. Also, innovation is part of her talent. She is especially known for her chokers, which defy conventional design logic.

Says Marina: "Beautiful as it may be, a choker is a very rigid, uncomfortable piece of metal, inflexible to the wearer's neck. It is also difficult in its realization as both the metal, be it gold or platinum, and the gemstones are far from malleable." It is where Marina's inherent engineering prowess came in handy. Using the concept of wearability as the vital consideration, she devised a system of implanting a tiny fine spring of 18K gold inside the choker. To execute this



PINEUS earclips in onyx, citrine and diamonds with blue agate beads.

properly she had to use a new technique that proved to be efficient.

"It was not the first time that this mechanism was used," says Marina. "It had been tried sporadically in the past but, being complicated, the production turned very costly. So, I took the basic idea and created my own solution. Again, it is costly, but frankly, it is worth it, as the beauty of a necklace diminishes a lot when the choker does not fit."

The choker innovation is only one of the designer's creations. She actually revolutionized the market by patenting a special cut for precious and semiprecious stones, which is known as the Marina B. cut. This style can be described as half way between a heart, and a triangle. Also, a further invention is her exchange of stones on a given piece, be it earrings, rings, bracelets or necklaces; for instance she would use onyx for daywear, dia-



Part of ZETA necklace in yellow gold with diamonds, yellow sapphires and onyx.

monds or emeralds for evening. Another innovation is seen on earrings where the design allows for the pieces to be twisted into different shapes and set with various stones.

Marina B's work reflects the Bulgari tradition. Excellent stones, mixture of colors, elaborate settings and superb workmanship. But she went one step further as her designs are a modern interpretation of the traditional. It is her imagination and her creativity that prompted her to break from the family consortium and go on her own. It was

not easy and she only achieved it after her father's death. The old man, typical pater familia, could not think that his daughter, with all the assets that her family provided her with, namely fortune, name and knowledge, could choose to depart from the secure family nucleus and be on her own. Yet after spending thirty years working alongside her father, her uncles and her cousins, she used her own wings. The only condition that the family imposed was for Marina not to use the family name (obviously fearing competition). Marina obliged. *B.* stands for Bulgari, and who does not know it?

Marina went on her own, but not right away. Tragedy that struck delayed her plans. At age 33, she lost her husband, a neurosurgeon, in a car accident where her unborn child also lost his right to life. Later her cousin Gianni Bulgari was kidnapped by the Mafia. In continuation, her sister and her nephew were taken by the Red Brigade terrorists. The news shook the whole world as the thugs cut off her nephew's ear and sent it to the family demanding a ransom. The Bulgari family had to pay a high price for being rich and famous...

But as it is said, the wheel of life keeps on turning.

Since that time, the Marina B. label can be seen in her stores in Paris, Milan, Monte Carlo, and of course in her exceedingly smart New York boutique. Her work is unanimously recognized among the exceptional creations in modern jewelry.



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Images of the Turk in Greek Fiction of the Asia Minor Disaster

BY MARIANTHE COLAKIS

"It is a curious fact that the image of the Turk in Greek fiction is at once so contradictory and so vague . . . [often] he is absent, in a void somewhere, unseen in fiction, faceless . . ."

Thus Thomas Doulis in *Disaster and Fiction* described the people who are the subject of this paper. It is true that Turkish characters tend to be minor figures in Greek literature concerning the Asia Minor Disaster of 1922. Yet their portrayal in early novels and the development of character in later ones create a poignant study. One might expect Turks to appear as totally unsympathetic, the "others" whose actions, character and customs are totally foreign and reprehensible to Greeks. Yet this is far from the case, even in works published immediately after the Disaster.

The first novels to emerge were memoirs of imprisonment in the Turkish labor battalions. Of this form Doulis has remarked:

It has severe limitations in the hands of the less able . . . instead of probing the complexity of man, who is both perpetrator and sufferer, these narratives by their very definition are compelled to divide characters neatly according to the roles of tormentor and tormented and, in the

Marianthe Colakis, a native of New York City, is teaching at the Berkeley Preparatory School, in Tampa, Fl. She is the writer of the book "The Classics in the American Theater of the 1960's and early 1970's" and many of her articles have been published in literary journals and magazines. She became interested in modern treatment of Greek Myth by American writers when she was attending graduate school at Yale and was a teacher at Trinity College, in Hartford. She has also translated poems of Yannis Ritsos and written extensively on contemporary authors and their adaptations of the classics.

less ambitious literary efforts, to employ lurid and melodramatic incidents to support moralizing of a smug, simplistic, and nationalistic sort.

Indeed, the Turkish soldiers in these novels usually treat their captives with unremitting viciousness. In the first chapter of Elias Venezis' *The Number 31, 328*, they force a one-eyed, consumptive violinist to stand on a high rock and play until he drops from exhaustion. Much of the book is taken up with similar incidents: day-long forced marches without rest or water, rape of women and boys, plunder of corpses for the gold in their teeth, manual labor of the most strenuous sort on the most meager of provisions. Similar scenes occur in the other novels of captivity; we realize the truth in Doulis' statement on the limitations of the subject.

Yet even in these raw chronicles of cruelty, Turks are not condemned as a race. In *The Number 31,328* they are shown as capable of kindness as well as brutality. The hero, Ilias, is helped by an old woman who brings him bread and quinces and is nursed through an attack of fever by a doctor who finds him work as a translator. After an elderly man prevents the beating of one of the prisoners, Ilias comments, "Yes. A little old man in Kirkagatz, a little old woman in Bakir, this aged ox here in Axar: God's people. Does kindness flourish then in advanced ages?" At Magnissa, the Greeks are friendly with the Turkish guards:

At night they come more often and keep company with us. We talk about our troubles together. And in their conversation they no longer say 'yesir' to us. With their heavy Eastern voice they pronounce full of warmth and kindness: 'Arkantas' (comrade).

During our labors they no longer beat or curse us. When there is no Greek tsaous around they pretend not to see and

let us sit down . . . at noon . . . we sit down together under the sharp sun and eat our bread. We speak amicably, and often the time allocated for rest passes. Then they, frightened, get us up gently, as if begging us, "Come on, comrades, get up."

We get up with a heavy heart to start work again. And they, as if afraid we would hold a grudge against them, pat us kindly on the shoulder: "What can we do, arkanda? God pity us, both you and us.

Pity us. 'Both you and us.' They say it almost steadily by now. They began to be unable to separate the two fates, theirs and ours. They tremble at their officers and our tsaousades. We hate those same ones. They pray for the 'mamleket,' a cottage somewhere. So do we.

So then? They are all poor wretches.

Not only do these men become friends, but they are both victims of the *tsaousades*, Turkish-speaking Greeks who act as overseers.

Later, Venezis creates another touching scene of Greek-Turkish harmony. The prisoners make friends with the children of Turkish refugees and play with them, receiving them as they are handed over a barbed-wire fence.

Narrative of a Prisoner by Stratis Doukas begins, like *The Number 31,328*, with the narrator's horrifying experiences in the labor battalions, but his adventures take an unexpected turn. He manages to escape and survive by disguising himself as a Turk. Not surprisingly - his disguise is successful - he is treated with great kindness by the family who employs him as a shepherd. What we do find surprising is how the author suggests that not all Turkish and Greek customs are vastly different. As Ramadan approaches, the narrator wonders whether he too ought to fast. His boss tells him, "I'll do it for both of us. It's no sin for you; you're in foreign parts and Allah forgives you." We see that

travelers are excused from fasting, as they are in the Greek Lent. Ramadan and Lent, although occurring at different seasons, are similar in duration and purpose. Doukas underscores this fact by translating "Ramadan" as *sarakosti*, the Greek word for Lent.

After the narratives of captivity, works describing the experiences of refugees began to appear. While most of these concern the resettlement of Asia Minor Christians in Greece, a few show the obverse side. Elli Alexiou's short story "The Fountain of Bra'im-papa" is one

of these. In Bra'im and his wife we see two old people who do not even know Turkish forced to leave their homeland; saddest of all, they must leave their son buried behind. They entrust the care of his grave to their Greek friends, since "we don't have the freedom to disinter our people, our religion doesn't allow it, as yours does, for us to take with us the bones of the short-lived man!" At the end of the story, we learn that a refugee settlement is to be built on the site of the Turkish cemetery. We realize the necessity of it, but we grieve for the shattered

family.

In two short stories, "Akif" and "Mountain of Olives," Venezis creates a complex and sympathetic Turkish character. Akif is a man destroyed by an accident: the discovery of a monstrous snake within a water pipe. The shock changes him from a brave, carefree young man into a prematurely old weakling who accepts even the Disaster with numb resignation. Like so many of Venezis' characters, he is at the mercy of forces beyond his control. We may be tempted to scorn him for his religion's view of the world as governed by *kismet*; we would prefer a Sophoclean Oedipus who struggles against fate. Yet Venezis never condescends to him, particularly in "Mountain of Olives."

This story shows the common suffering of the Greek and Turk in a manner even more poignant than the prison camaraderie in *The Number 31,328*. It depicts Akif in old age, when the taunting of the Greeks ("The snake, Akif! The snake! The snake!") has yielded to sympathy. As refugees from Asia Minor, they can understand his sorrows. When he fasts twice for Ramadan during the year by mistake, no one laughs. On Easter Saturday night, when the other villagers are celebrating the resurrection, Akif is in the hut of Vasilis Varkas, who has lost a son in the war. Akif's son is also long gone. They recall their losses:

In Asia Minor in all the huts, the shepherds would inform each other that it was time to descend for the Resurrection. They would all descend together- to the small village, and if the night were very dark they would light the path with the torches they carried. Then there was no war yet, and in the hut of Vasilis Varkas was a boy with black hair and a face the color of wheat.

Tonight old Varkas sees that pair of eyes filling the night for a long time. He sees them on the path of the ravine, in the brightness of the lit torches. For a moment. For a moment more. Then, slowly, the brightness begins to fade. There is no longer a ravine, there is no hut - and there is nothing left of that boy's face either. All is desolate.

"What wrong did we do? What wrong did we do?" the old man of Asia Minor murmurs, and the tears wet his face.

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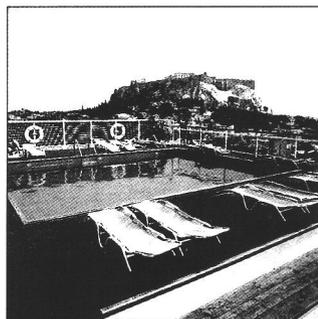
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What wrong did they do?

Near him, in another old man's heart, another boy's face tries to remain for a moment, as lightning flashes and is gone. He was no more than twenty when he left and was lost forever from his father's life. When down was appearing on his face.

"What wrong did we do?" Akif murmurs now too. "What wrong did we do?"

Much time passed.

The two old men on the mountain of olives slowly begin to grow calm.

"Look down there," Akif said.

Below, in the plain where the village is, many small lights appear now. They must be the Christians who have come out for the Resurrection.

Old Vasilis kneels, kisses the ground, and remains there in prayer. Akif looks at the dark shadow in the night of his friend trying to find serenity speaking with his God. . . and Akif, not to be alone, mechanically kneels as well and begins to pray on Easter Sunday to his own God.

For a long time on this mountain with the olives there is nothing more than this silent converse with the two faraway gods who have turned their faces from men.

The night was far advanced. The morning chill began to fall.

"I'm cold," Akif said.

"Day will break soon," the old Christian said. "We have to get to sleep."

He stands up. Akif stands too. He takes a step towards the hut. Impossible. His knees are trembling.

"Lean on me," the Christian said to the Turk.

Here the story ends. This is a long quote, but I cannot otherwise convey the nuances of this scene. It is similar in impact to the last book of Homer's *Ili-*

ad. There too, suffering binds two enemies together in the night, apart from the society of others.

Dido Sotiriou's *Bloodied Earth*, published in 1962, covers much of the same ground as *The Number 31, 328 and Narrative of a Prisoner*; here too, the hero suffers ordeals in the labor battalions, escapes, stealthily makes his way back west, and finally is forced to evacuate to Greece. But unlike the earlier books, *Bloodied Earth* gives a sense of life in Asia Minor before the war. The atrocities that the hero, Manolis, suffers are even more horrifying when he has told

us how idyllically Greeks and Turks used to live together. The Turkish villagers shop in the Greek markets and stay as guests in Greek homes. Manolis has a Turkish friend, Sefkiet. When Sefkiet's father becomes seriously ill, Manolis' family takes care of him and has him cured by their own village doctor. At his first job, Manolis quarrels with his boss, Michalakis Hatzistavris, over Hatzistavris' cheating the Turkish peasants who come into his shop "timidly, exhausted from the long journeys." The wealthy merchant offers this justification: "Slavery wakes you up, it makes

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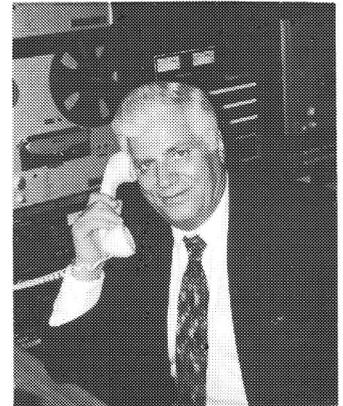
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you clever. How much do I steal from these devils next to what the Turkish nation devours from me?" Manolis is not convinced; he remembers how his own father was similarly robbed.

Manolis often looks back regretfully at life before the war. After he has been drafted into the labor battalions, his mother tells Sefkiet, "May you never see evil, my boy. Meet with Manolis so the two of you can talk things over." But Manolis says, "The meeting never happened. They drafted Sefkiet. The hatred and savagery of war were stronger than love. Pure hearts remained like forgotten banners on enemy soil." After his battalion has spent seven months digging a tunnel, he recalls, "We had the courage to dream of peacetime, when all the goods and wealth of the East would pass through these tunnels . . . we Greeks and Turks forgot ourselves and clasped hands like beloved brothers. But the happiness did not last long, because the whistle of Asker-aga was heard and we remembered who we were and in what times we were living." The book ends with Manolis haunted by guilt over the

"rebel of Kior Memet" he has killed and over the friend he has lost:

'Sefkiet! Don't you recognize me, tzanem? For years we reaped laughter and tears together . . . Ah, Sefkiet! Sefkiet! We became monsters. We put a dagger through our hearts, we burned them, to no purpose. Why do you look so wildly at me, rebel of Kior Memet? I killed you and I weep for that. Consider what you devoured of mine! . . .

So many sorrows, so much suffering, and my mind wants to return to the old days! To say that all we went through was a lie and to return now to our land . . . Rebel of Kior Memet, greet for me the earth where we were given birth, Selam soile . . . May it not hold evil for us who soaked it with blood. Kahr alsoun sebet alanlar! A curse on those responsible!

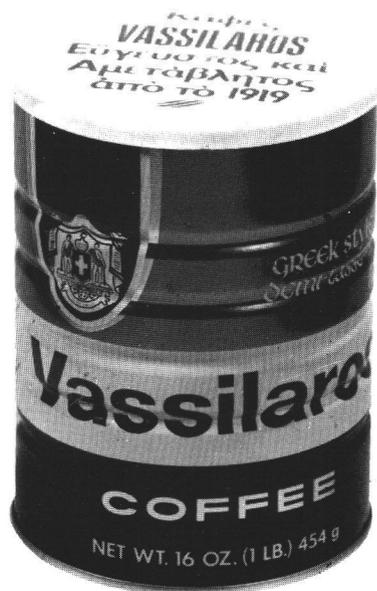
"Those responsible" in *Bloodied Earth* are not only - not primarily - Turks, or even Turks and Greeks. Sotiriou offers a more complex analysis of the Disaster than is usual in Greek fiction; at one point, she completely abandons her narrator Manolis and speaks briefly in her own person: "On the railroad line that

began from Bagdad and Mossul and reached the harbor of Smyrna, traversing the oil fields of the Middle East and the legendary wealth of Asia Minor, up there rolled the most infamous and cunning dreams of the economic lords of the foreign monopolies." One of Manolis' neighbors concurs with this view: "We'll get it from [the Europeans], not the Turks." It is ideologically useless to create stereotypes of vicious Turks, Sotiriou demonstrates, when the causes for the Disaster extend far beyond them.

Other authors corroborate Sotiriou's portrait of a pre-Disaster Anatolia where Greeks and Turks lived in harmony. In "The Fountain of Bra'impapa," both peoples affirm:

You can separate, they say, oil from water. But milk can't be separated from water, because in so many years of living together they had become entangled by all sorts of bonds, commerce, buying and selling, friendships. They were like two different plants that you place in the same pot, and even though they sense they are unlike, their roots beneath the earth and their branches above ground intertwine,

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and if you pull one to uproot it the other will follow.

In Stratis Myrivilis' *The Mermaid Madonna*, a Turk, Ahmet Reiz, tells horror stories to the Greeks of Lesbos about the brutality of the *tsetes* in Smyrna. He adds, "It is not possible that they are good Moslems. They are monsters, the sort that emerge from within the fires of war." He explicitly dissociates them from the average Turk, who treated Greeks with warmth and respect.

In all of the works I have mentioned so far, the everyday life of Turks was infrequently shown to be different from that of Greeks. (There are exceptions, such as the Ramadan traditions in *Narrative of a Prisoner*, or the prohibition of disinterment in "The Fountain of Bra'im-papa." In *Bloodied Earth*, Turks who are ill go to the *Hotza*, who consults the Koran and writes down his advice. The patients then swallow the paper.) We have the impression of separate but very similar communities who are friendly until driven to hatred by war. Turkish rule seems nonexistent. An exception is Kazantzakis' *The Creek Passion*, where the Aga and his household play a significant role in the action. Like the Greek characters, the Aga is vividly but simply drawn. He is hedonistic and tyrannical as well as a homosexual (a vice, to Kazantzakis). Yet he feeds the starving refugees of the Sarakina when none of the Greeks do. As Manolios tells Priest Fotis:

I used to tell myself: the Lycovrissi will see the state our children are in, they'll see their swollen bellies, their hollow cheeks, their skinny legs, they'll have pity

on them. So the day before yesterday I sent some of them to the village. Do you know how they were received? Some people took up sticks and chased them away from their doors, others threw them a bit of dry bread, as if they were dogs. Only one had pity on them. Do you know who, Father? The Aga! He saw them from his balcony . . . and he shouted out: "What's that? Little monkeys? Little men?" He came down, opened his door to them, and had them come in. Then he called Martha. "Lay the table, Martha, bring them something to eat. They're little monkeys, give them something to eat and let's turn them into men."

This one act of kindness scarcely compensates for the Aga's cruel deeds, but it does make him somewhat more complex than the other Turks we know of in his household: the two "pretty boys" and his degenerate guard Hussein.

If we want a portrait of pre-Disaster Turks and Greeks who are friendly yet vastly different in customs, we must go to a work of nonfiction: Panteleis Prevelakis' *Chronicle of a City*. The author describes the lives of both the wealthy Turks and the peasants. The former dwell with their harems - our first reference to Moslem polygamy - on estates

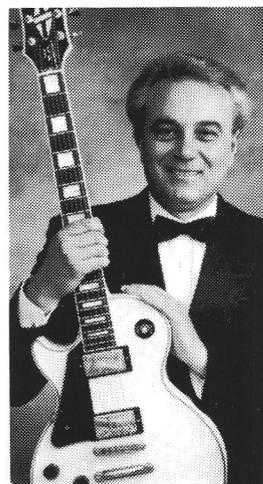
seized from the Venetians. Prevelakis' observations of the peasants are charming; he devotes two pages to describing their kindness to their animals.

We rarely find in Disaster literature detailed study of individuals - either Turks or Greeks. But we have looked at a wide range of Turkish characters. Beside the torturers and murderers stand the kindly peasants and doctors; lost friends and fellow victims appear more frequently than wealthy Agas. The morality our authors create is complex; like most of humanity, their Turks are simultaneously guilty and innocent.

(Reprinted from *The Journal of Modern Greek Studies*)

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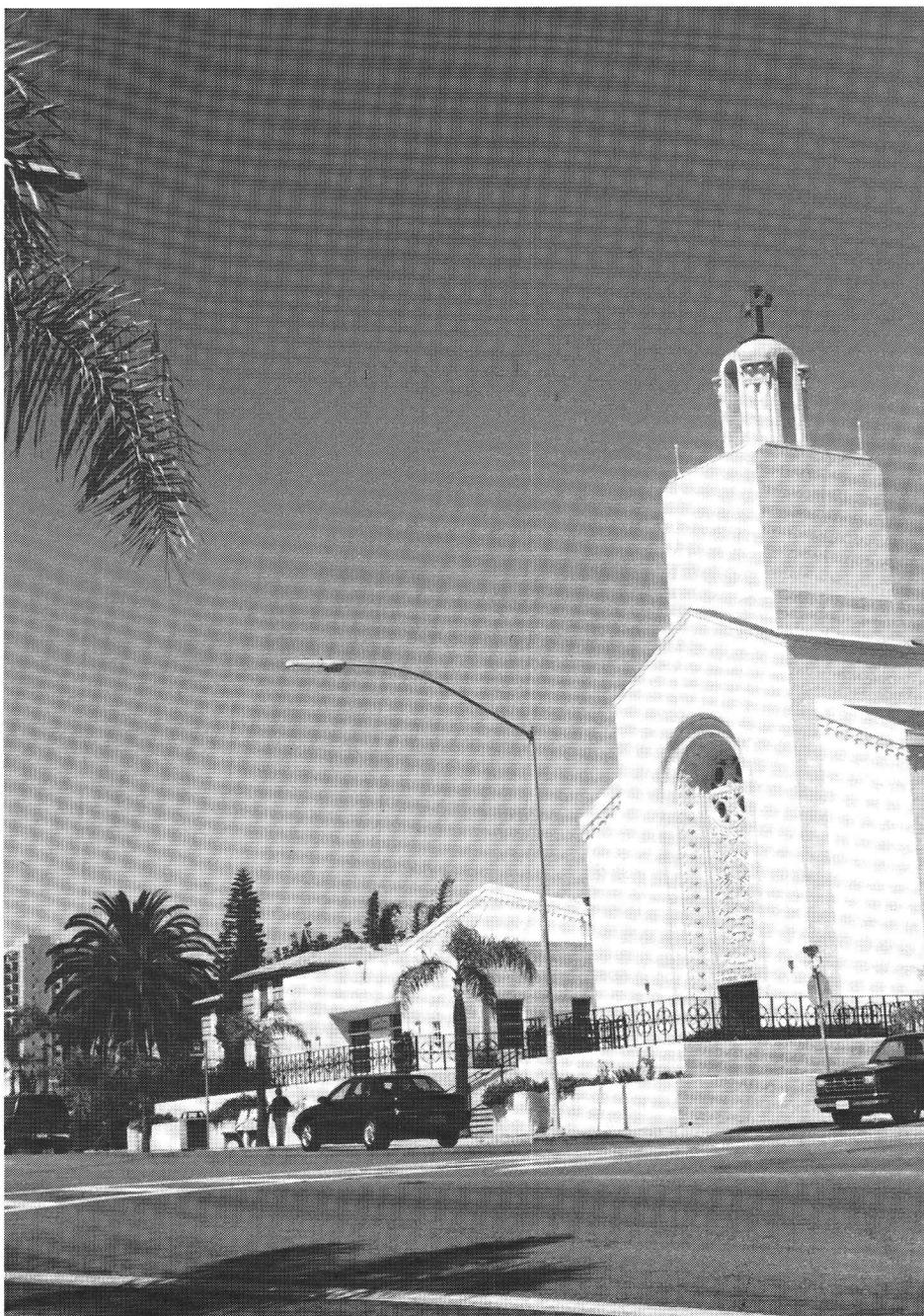
THE GREEKS OF SAN DIEGO

By Prof. MINAS SAVVAS

If you ever come to San Diego, you're bound to visit Balboa Park, not only because it is one of the finest parks in the country but because it is adjacent to the world-renowned, not-to-be-missed, San Diego Zoo. As you move south on Park Blvd. and just before you reach the park, look to your left and you will see the Greek Orthodox church of St. Spyridon. The gated white edifice does not possess the Byzantine dome or many other traditional characteristics, but the cross at its steeple is unmistakably Greek and behind the handsomely gated front all that occurs is inspired and informed by that perennial Greek spirit.

The present location of the church became Greek in 1927. Prior to that time the 200 or so Greeks of San Diego worshipped communally only during the major holidays--first by renting the premises of a Catholic church on Julian street and later of an Episcopalian church, not far from the land where St. Spyridon now stands.

Information about the first Greeks in San Diego is scarce. Records and archives are insufficient, while most of the early particulars are the result of largely anecdotal reminiscences, scattered photos, and the memorial reconstruction of descendants. Vague evidence exists that a handful of Greeks working on Spanish vessels did set foot in the area now called San Diego as early as the 1770s, but the concrete evidence is lacking. One of the early settlers, Mr. Peter Stamatopoulos, recalled that when he came to San Diego in 1907, he met an aged man by the name of "Barba-Andreas" who told him that he had come to the United States in 1867 and had settled permanently in San Diego. There were over two dozen other Greeks who, Mr. Stamatopoulos said, had arrived in the city *prior* to 1907. The name on record as the first Greek in San Diego is that of Demosthenes Demangos, a truck farmer who came to the city from the East coast in 1893. A couple of years later, Demangos sent for his two brothers, George and James, who around



San Diego's St. Spyridon

1896 opened a restaurant on 5th and Market streets--the present day downtown.

Since then, names like Mastorakos, Rigopoulos, Trompas, Marinos, Mouzas, Topouzes, emerge like Doric col-

umns in the portico of the early church. Children and grandchildren become adults and help to navigate the community along with more arrivals--Ronis, Krooskos, Kromydas, Nalaban, and dozens of other pioneer families--who

help to strengthen St. Spyridon and the Greek presence.

The first real influx of Greeks to the city occurred from 1915 to 1930. By the end of the century's third decade, some 300 to 350 Greeks lived in the area. The poverty and war in the motherland of the 1940's brought even more immigrants, so that by 1950 it is estimated that nearly 1,000 Greeks lived in San Diego, while by 1970 the number had risen to nearly 4,000. Today--mainly because of migration from the East coast--approximately 10,000 Americans of Greek extraction reside in the city (most of the recent arrivals have moved to the burgeoning northern suburbs of the county).

San Diego now has three Greek Orthodox churches: St. Spyridon, with Father Kostas Kariotakis at the helm; Sts. Constantine and Helen, with Father Theodore Phillips (a beautiful Byzantine-style church, built after a bitter dispute in 1978 over Father Phillips' status when he was priest at St. Spyridon); and the newest parish, St. Gregory of Nyssa, whose priest is the youthful (American-born) Father James Gavrilos.

The streaks of Greekness in San Diego are also manifested in each of these churches' picnics and festivals, in the 7 or 8 Hellenic restaurants of the city, in the events sponsored by the Hellenic Cultural Society, in the Greek lessons offered by the Greek School of the community, in the affairs of the Pan-Arcadian and Macedonian societies, in the three local chapters of AHEPA, and, just as importantly, in the efforts of several active individuals who do not forget what it means to call one's self Greek.

San Diego is the home of Olympian Greg Louganis and of the world-renowned wrestler Jim Londos, who lived his last years in the northern part of the city. Jim Londos, once the world's wrestling champion (before the sport became a theatrical silliness), is immortalized in the city's Hall of Champions. A few months before his death, he had joined us in our protest march against the invasion of Cyprus in late July 1974. As of seven years ago, San Diego is also the home of the Cypriot chemist Kyriacos C. Nicolaou who has been credited with the cures and mutations of colon cancer. Among the prizes and accolades that Dr. Nicolaou has re-

ceived is an honorary doctorate just this year from the University of Athens and an "Alexandrian Award" by San Diego's own Hellenic Society. Prof. Marianne McDonald, one of the great philhellenes of our century, a convert to Greek Orthodoxy and the much-honored founder of the *Thesaurus Lingua Graeca*, is also a celebrated and honored resident of greater San Diego, and, on occasion, the entrepreneur Alex Spanos, philanthropist and owner of the San Diego Chargers, makes his home in the city.

The proverbial Greek who opens a restaurant is not as common in San Diego as he may be in other cities. The Hellenes of San Diego have thrived in real estate, in goods and services of various kinds, in administrative positions, and in professions like finance, the law, medicine and education. "Of the thousands of names I have seen on the welfare rolls," informed me a Greek friend who works in the local Welfare office, "I have only come across two Greek surnames." No one from the police department has informed me, but from my own avid reading of the local press in the last 28 years, I have seen only once a Greek name associated with a felony. I would be most surprised if one were to tell me that the Greeks of San Diego are not among the

most law-abiding ethnic group in this city of 1.6 million, as I would be (pleasantly surprised if I were told (and could be convinced) that there are, in fact, *more* progressive Greek communities in the American continent.



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Do Unto Others

By Arthur N. Frangos

Leonidas pounded the table with a resounding *thwack!* He then pushed his fist into his mouth, biting down hard on his clenched forefinger as a sign of his just barely controlled anger. He was seated at the head of an ornately sculptured, dark mahogany dining room table, covered with an elaborate tablecloth of meticulously worked needlepoint. He was eating his soup from his mother Kira Marigo's only set of fine, bone china, and the precious dishes rattled as Leonidas pounded the table once more. He was really mad!

His mother hovered gingerly in a corner of the dining room near the kitchen door. She tried to fade into the background whenever her *leontaraki*, or "little lion" started to roar, because she'd learned a long time ago that her presence tended to prolong the roaring: the sooner she disappeared, the sooner it would stop.

"By God," Leonidas thundered, "if I were the Minister of Defense *I'd* show those Turks a thing or two."

"Who could blame him?" thought Kira Marigo. "He's such a sensitive child; these things upset him terribly."

"And to make matters worse," Kir' Thanasi responded from the other end of the table, "the black dogs are demanding that *we* apologize for invading *their* airspace."

This last effrontery was too much for Leonidas. With cheeks puffed out like two red balloons, he expelled a fine spray of *retsina* wine through his compressed lips in surprise and indignation. To Kira Marigo, it sounded just like when her dearly-departed husband, Haralambos, would break wind after

too many bowls of steaming, hot *faso-latha*, and she squeezed her eyes shut to hold back the tears. Kir' Thanasi, his wife, Kira Froso, and their daughter, Angelitsa, tried to duck to avoid the spray, but to no avail.

"Apologize, you say? If it were up to *me* I'd invade Constantinople and take it back from those mangy heathens. Instead of that, our stupid politicians make goodwill trips over there trying to suck up to the swinish turd-eaters."

Kir' Thanasi and Kira Froso smiled while nodding their heads in agreement as they and Angelitsa wiped the *retsina* from their faces with Kira Marigo's best hand-embroidered table napkins. They were hoping Leonidas' righteous anger would soon pass so that they could get through the meal and on to the real purpose of their visit.

Kira Marigo cleared away the soup dishes and brought a large *piatela* of succulent roast pig to the table. Then she shuffled silently back to the kitchen from which she returned with more platters of potatoes and assorted vegetables. After setting these down, she took her place at the table next to her son whom she gazed upon with pure mother's love in her heart as he proceeded to load his plate before passing the food around to the others.

"We too are to blame," Kir' Thanasi answered, as he filled his plate. "We Hellenes are Turkey's biggest source of tourist income. We flock there in droves every summer, like fools, and then we expect them to take our non-existent foreign policy seriously."

Kira Froso cast an admonishing glance at her daughter who looked as if she were about to blurt out that her parents had made several trips to Turkey to see the sights and to shop for the gold and leather her mother admired so much. Angelitsa, catching the meaning

of that glance precisely, gave her mother a return look that said: "*What do you take me for, an idiot?*"

"And what about that latest incident where those Anatolian thugs invaded one of our cemeteries in Constantinople and violated the sacred graves of our ancestors?" responded Leonidas (almost incomprehensibly as his mouth was full of pork).

Angelitsa, a tall, thin, angular woman in her late thirties -- whose gaunt face always reminded Kira Marigo of those Jews in the concentration camps they would show on the TV from time to time -- watched her fiance intently as he chewed and talked at the same time. There was a little bit of pork juice dribbling down his chin which fascinated her almost as much as the way those two little pieces of pork rind kept bobbing up and down in his mustache as he spoke. She smiled and nodded in almost complete unison with her mother, while never taking her adoring eyes away from him for an instant.

On the wall, just behind Leonidas, was a painting of one of Hellas' greatest heroes, Odysseus Androutsos, mounted on a beautiful white charger. Like Leonidas, he too was a large, dark, heavy-set man with an enormous black mustache, and Kira Marigo loved to look at her son seated beneath the picture comparing the two, and revelling in the thought that her *palikari* would no doubt have been as fierce a fighter as Androutsos, had he lived in those glorious days of Hellas' revolution against the hated Turk.

She thought about how scandalous it was what that man had said on the TV news about some manuscript of Lord Byron's where the poet had written bad things about Odysseus Androutsos, calling him a dissembling opportunist who was only in the revolution to make money. What a disgrace! Then the man on

Arthur N. Frangos is the author of the novel *Realms of Gold*. Pella Publishing Company, Inc., 337 w. 36th St., New York, N. Y. 10018. Tel (212) 279-9586

TV had said that Lord Byron had also written that Hellenes had an "incapacity for veracity." My God! thought Kira Marigo, no one who looked so much like her Leonidas could possibly be all of those bad things. And as far as that "veracity" business was concerned, she didn't even know what it meant.

Naturally, the whole nation was up in arms and there were strikes and boycotts throughout Hellas directed against the country of the reporter who had written such lies about that great philhellene, Lord Byron.

Now Leonidas was pounding the table again. He was aghast at the barbarity of the Turk. How dare they desecrate the final resting places of the proud Hellenes who had lived so peacefully among them for so many centuries? Angelitsa's parents watched in amazement as the arteries on Leonidas' neck expanded and began to throb as if they were keeping time with the rhythm of his speech. Angelitsa and Kira Marigo were not at all alarmed as they had witnessed Leonidas' anger on many previous occasions. They knew that it would subside and be forgotten just as quickly as it had been aroused. It was all old hat to them.

Angelitsa had been engaged to Leonidas for almost twenty years and knew him very well, indeed. They had been sleeping together for all of that time, and she had suffered the slings and arrows of her parents' scorn every time she'd had to abort the fruit of that union. Now, the knot had reached the comb once more, and her parents had forced her to arrange this meeting, the result of which --it was fervently hoped --would be the fixing of a date for the wedding.

Kira Marigo was following the circuitous route of the pork juice too, as it curved around Leonidas' lower lip and flowed into the cleft of his chin; from there it was drip-drip-dripping onto his

round belly which was comfortably nestled in his lap. She furtively risked a quick swipe of his chin with the corner of a napkin hoping he'd be too busy expounding to get mad at her unwanted motherly attention.

Fortunately for her, Leonidas was oblivious of her ministrations as he was energetically holding forth against the lily-livered politicians of Hellas who permitted our sacred burial places to be dishonored without retaliating decisively. "Why, if it was *me*, by God," he was shouting, "I'd do what any true *man* would do. I'd disembowel the unbelieving toads. *That's* what I'd do. A man must always do his duty!"

Kira Marigo smiled her secret smile of pride at her *levendi*. She could never get used to the realization that he was nearing forty. To her, he would always be her *monakrivo* one and only child. The thought that he might leave her to marry Angelitsa always provoked a wooziness that unfailingly resulted in a fainting spell from which Leonidas would frantically revive her, while assuring his mother that her "little lion" had no intention of ever leaving her.

Angelitsa, who by this time had imbibed three or four glasses of *retsina*, suddenly piped up. As she spoke, she was surprised to hear herself speaking, and, in fact, was quite sure that she was not speaking at all, but was merely imagining the whole thing. Anyway, whoever it was that *was* speaking, said this: "you're absolutely right to be incensed, my sweet (at this point she giggled just a little bit, but caught herself and, with a forced seriousness, continued), but what have you to say about that terrible article written by those two Danish classics professors which was published all over Europe? My cousin, Aristobulos, sent me a copy from Paris where, as you know, he's studying Sanskrit and In-

dian Studies at the Sorbonne." "Yes, yes," responded Leonidas rather testily. "You've told me a thousand times about your cousin and his wonderful studies." Leonidas, it should be noted, was rather sensitive about the fact that he'd never managed to graduate from the Lyceum and really hated it when anyone threw their damnable educational background up to him. He would often imagine himself waking such parasites up at three a.m. -- just as *he* had to do each day -- and dragging them down to the *lathanagora*, Athens central wholesale produce market, to see if they could keep up with him in the hard work he did so well. He'd love to see those precious bookworms try to match wits with the shrewd retailers he had to outsmart every day in order to survive in his business. Well, not only had he managed to survive, he made a damned good living at it too. "Not bad for an '*uneducated*' man, he would often think to himself. "Well, child," Kir Thanasi said to his daughter, who was beginning to look as if she regretted ever having opened her mouth, "tell us about this article. I'm sure we're all very interested." Angelitsa took another sip of wine. Her father's tone of voice was one that was very familiar to her. It was saying "Whatever you do, don't go screwing things up. Think about what you're going to say before you say it, and, for God's sake, don't say anything to anger or contradict Leonidas."

Angelitsa had always thought her parents looked rather birdlike, but could never quite place them in the ornithological kingdom. Now, after a few unaccustomed glasses of wine, she finally had it. Her father looked like a little sparrow, with a sparrow's shifty, black eyes, and a sparrow's tiny, pointed chest, and her mother looked like a hen. Yes, a hen, a short, plump hen, with fierce eyes and a beaked nose. She had, also, a strong fondness for feathers and ruffles which, when she wore them, made her look even more poultrylike. But where was she? Oh, yes, the article. "Well, papa," she said, "it's just that my Leonidas was rightly angered at what the Turks did to our ancestors' graves. Imagine then, how angry he's going to be when he hears about what those two Danes wrote about us." "In the name of God, child," said her mother, "are you going to tell us, finally, or not?"



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Kira Froso always took a harsh tone with her daughter when Leonidas was present. This was because she did not want him to think she'd be a one-sided mother-in-law, secretly working against him, after he -- may the hour be soon -- married her daughter.

Angelitsa looked as if she were about to burst into tears. She'd been on pins and needles for days. She just *knew* this encounter would end like all the others, and she dreaded the recriminations and hysterics that inevitably followed. She'd never contradicted Leonidas in anything he ever said or did. She had no idea what had gotten into her to make her open her mouth this time. She just couldn't help it. She felt as she just had to say something, though she didn't know exactly why.

"Well," said that strange voice again, "they had come to Greece as part of a research project they were involved with about the importance to western civilization of the naval battle of Salamis, where the Hellenic fleet completely destroyed the invading Persian fleet. They wrote in this article, that had Hellas lost that battle, democracy and freedom would have taken decades, if not hundreds of years longer to evolve, if in fact it ever would have evolved."

"Yes, yes," interrupted Leonidas, "we learned all that in school. So what is there in that to get me mad?"

Angelitsa was trembling now. Her parents were both giving her dirty looks, and Kira Marigo ("Mama" as Leonidas insisted she call her) had a small, tight smile of impending victory on her face. Her almost entirely round, black-clothed body was eagerly hunched forward, hanging on to every one of Angelitsa's words.

"They came here," the voice continued again -- quicker now, however -- "in complete sympathy with Hellas' cause to bring the 'Elgin Marbles' back from England where they are housed in a climate-controlled, specially constructed wing of the British Museum, under round-the-clock surveillance. However, after what they saw, they decided that to bring the marbles back here would be a terrible mistake."

"For God's sake, damn it!" Kir' Thanasi suddenly exclaimed, "are you going to tell us what those confounded foreigners saw or not?"

At this precise moment Angelitsa burst into tears and began to bemoan her fate in a loud screeching voice. "*He's not going to set a date no matter what you dooooo! He's not going to set a daaaate! Oh, God, what am I going to dooooo? Almost forty years old and still waiting, waiting, waaaiitttiing. Aaaaaach aaaaach.... eeeeeek!!*" She was screaming now, and crying uncontrollably, as her mother -- moving quickly into action -- tried to cover her mouth while both she and Kir' Thanasi threw apologetic glances at Leonidas, as if to say, "Don't mind Angelitsa, she's not herself. She'll soon be back to normal again. Please don't be upset with her."

Somehow, they managed to get their daughter into the living room where they made her lie down on the sofa. Leonidas could not understand just what had happened to bring on all of this commotion. Angelitsa had never done anything like this before and, truth be told, he was more than just a little bit annoyed at her unseemly behavior in front of his mother.

Meanwhile, Angelitsa continued to moan and cry. She also continued to curse herself for being such a fool for so many years; for letting her life be ruined by a man who obviously had no intention of ever marrying her.

"Why do you say such a thing, child?" asked Kir' Thanasi. "Leonidas is your betrothed, the rings were blessed by a priest. Why it's almost like being married, isn't it Leonidas?" Kir' Thanasi had realized that here, perhaps, was an op-

portunity to turn this unfortunate situation to his daughter's advantage. He was hoping that Leonidas would feel sympathy for Angelitsa and maybe make some sort of a commitment.

"Of course it is. You know it is. We've been engaged for so many years; why would I stay engaged if I weren't serious?" Leonidas answered soothingly. He wanted to say something to calm Angelitsa down so that he could get back to his dinner, which was getting colder by the minute.

"Come now, precious, stop crying. You know how much Leonidas cares about you," Kira Froso chimed in. She'd caught on to where her husband was going, and intended to go along with him. "You do care about her, don't you Leonidas, dear?" she asked. "Why yes, by Christ and the Virgin, of course I do. Now stop crying, damn it, and let's get back to the table."

"No," Angelitsa said, gently but firmly. She sat upright and began to dry her tears. She'd managed to recover somewhat and felt terribly embarrassed over her stupid behavior. She was determined to go on as if nothing had happened. Her practical side had conquered her panic, if only momentarily, and she wanted desperately to regain the ground she'd lost. "Not till I finish telling my story." She looked directly at Leonidas as she said this; she was fighting for every scrap of dignity she could grab.

Leonidas caught the imploring looks of Kir' Thanasi and Kira Froso and said, "Go ahead, but this time don't drag it out, for God's sake."

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"No, I won't, my sweet, I promise," Angelitsa answered, with just the slightest hint of a tremor in her voice. "Well, you see, the reason those Danish professors got so disgusted and wrote that terrible article was because when they went to Salamis to visit the hallowed burial ground of the *Salaminomaches*, the brave warriors who died in the battle, they were naturally surprised to find that there was no impressive monument on the site, no memorial of some kind befitting a sacred place of such worldwide importance. But what *really* horrified them beyond belief was that the cemetery of those ancient heroes was being used as a *garbage dump!*"

Upon hearing this, Kir' Thanasi felt compelled to come to the aid of his daughter who was obviously distraught and perhaps even hallucinating. "Child," he said, in his most syrupy, fatherly tone of voice, "can't you see that this is just another American plot to make poor, defenseless Hellas look bad in the eyes of the world because of envy?"

"No, no, it's not a plot, it's true, it's true," said Angelitsa, looking pleadingly at her parents with eyes that screamed: "*Why are you making me look the fool in front of Leonidas?*" "Come now, daughter," said Kira Froso, "your father's right, those two Danes were C.I.A. agents, you can be sure."

"Just a minute there," said Leonidas, whose politics differed from Angelitsa's parents, "It could just as well have been those conniving Russians or, more likely, those scoundrels in Brussels, who fabricated this whole lie."

"But it's not a lie, it's not a lie," cried Angelitsa, as it began to dawn on her that she'd only succeeded in making herself look gullible and foolish by telling that damnable story. She wished, more than ever, she'd never opened her mouth. She felt, however, that she must try to convince them somehow. "The article was accompanied by a picture showing the garbage. The caption underneath said something about how could such a nation that

did this to its fallen heroes be expected to care properly for the Elgin Marbles?" I can prove it, I've got the article at home."

"Enough!" Kir' Thanasi shouted, rising up to his full height (which still left him shorter than Kira Froso). "This has gone far enough! We've all explained to you that there are 'hidden powers' working behind the scenes intent on destroying Hellas. These 'powers' are directed from Washington. Now control yourself, and forget the whole thing."

"It was the C.I.A., child. Rest assured," chimed in Kira Froso.

"It was those communist pigs and their socialist cronies in Brussels asserted Leonidas.

"You're *all* wrong," screamed Kira Marigo, who'd been enjoying the whole debacle too much to say a word till now. "This girl has been 'overlooked' by the evil eye. It's the Devil making her say these things and no one else." With this she waddled quickly into Leonidas' bedroom, returning with an icon of Saint Spyridon -- the miracle-working saint -- with which she proceeded to do the sign of the cross over Angelitsa's head.

All of this sudden activity frightened Angelitsa enormously and, though she tried mightily to keep from doing so, she began to cry and moan all over again. "*Aaaaach, aaaaaach, aaaaaach, my God, what have I doooooone. What will become of meeeeeee?*"

"Good God, not again," cried Leonidas.

"Please, Leonidas," implored Kir' Thanasi cunningly, "tell her you're going to marry her. It's the only thing that will calm her down."

"O.K., O.K., anything to stop this infernal wailing. Now, Angelitsa, listen to me. Stop crying. How can we discuss our wedding date if you carry on in this way?"

The second Kira Marigo heard the dreaded words "wedding date," she dropped like a stone to the floor in a dead faint, letting the icon of saint Spyridon fall from her hands as she fell.

"Now look what you've all done!" cried

Leonidas, who couldn't help noticing, out of the corner of his eye, that his mother's fainting had stopped Angelitsa's hysterics. "I think you'd all better leave now."

"But this is ridiculous," said Kir' Thanasi. "We came here to discuss a serious matter," said Kira Froso. "Sweetie, I'm sure mama will be all right" said Angelitsa. "No, no...out, please, I'm not kidding, out, out," insisted Leonidas.

There was no arguing with him. He finally managed to shepherd all of his guests out of the house while never taking his eyes off Kira Marigo who was still laid, out on the floor moaning softly. It wasn't too long, though, before his reassurances and apologies brought her around, and she was able to get up with Leonidas' help and go into her bedroom to lie down and recover.

Leonidas went back to the table and took his seat. On the far wall in front of him was a portrait of his much-lamented father. He sat there, leisurely munching away on the cold pork, while gazing lovingly at the painting His father had been about forty, and fifteen years older than his mother, when he'd wed. That meant his mother was a girl of only twenty-five at the time.

His thoughts turned to Angelitsa and how much she looked like a squeezed-out lemon: After all, she was nearing forty herself, and looked even older. Did he want to marry an old woman? And a hysterical old woman who looked like a squeezed-out lemon from a leftist family at that? He'd have to consider the whole question very carefully, indeed.

Of course, there was always that young, virginal daughter of his friend, Vangeli, from down at the produce market. Lenitsa was just about twenty-five, maybe younger (just the age at which his mother had wed), and Vangeli had been hinting broadly to him about the size of the dowry he'd be willing to provide for "the right man." It would no doubt be a great deal more than the measly two-bedroom apartment in the polluted center of Athens that Angelitsa's parents had managed to set aside for *their* daughter.

Leonidas took a long sip of retsina and made a decision. He would accept vangeli's long-standing invitation to dinner. After all, he thought to himself, marriage was not something to be rushed into nor taken lightly.

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The Hunters From the Sky

THE NAZI OCCUPATION OF CRETE

1941 - 1945

By DR. G. C. KIRIAKOPOULOS

*Dr. George C. Kiriakopoulos is a professor at Columbia University. He is the author of the international best seller **Ten Days to Destiny - The Battle of Crete, 1941**. The following are excerpts from his new book **The Nazi Occupation of Crete, 1941-1945** (Subtitled "The Guns of Defiance") which is scheduled for publication this September by Praeger Publishers, 88 Post Road West, Westport, CT 06881. Tel: (203) 226-3571. His third book, **When Duty Whispers Low** is also scheduled for publication later this year. Dr. Kiriakopoulos, a contributing editor of the Greek-American Review, has written many articles on history in many national and international publications.*

Part II

Although there were international regulations governing the treatment of enemy soldiers in uniform, the Geneva Convention made little reference to civilians – whether men, women or children – fighting as soldiers without uniforms. During the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, French civilians fighting the Prussians were called *franc-tireurs* by the Germans, who did not hesitate to shoot on sight these "French-shooters." That same word was revived to describe the resistance of the Belgian civilians during the German invasion of their land in the First World War. The wholesale atrocities committed by the invading Boche against the Belgians is recorded in the history of that war. In this Second World War, those civilians who rose

to resist the Nazi invader were labeled guerrillas. As in the instances of the earlier wars, the Germans reacted with the same response. It was to be no different here on Crete in 1941.

As early as May 23, while the battle for Crete was still in its third critical day, General Ringel issued a memorandum from his headquarters at the Fifth Mountain Division with the information that:

THE GREEK POPULATION, IN CIVILIAN OR GERMAN UNIFORMS, IS TAKING PART IN THE FIGHTING. THEY ARE MUTILATING AND ROBBING THE CORPSES OF OUR GERMAN SOLDIERS.

Then the memorandum, which was distributed to all the echelons of his divisional command and to the paratroop-

ers, ordered that

ANY GREEK CIVILIAN TAKEN WITH A FIREARM IN HIS HANDS IS TO BE SHOT IMMEDIATELY.

And, finally, the words that would begin the program of senseless punitive executions, first in Crete and later in other occupied countries:

HOSTAGES (MEN BETWEEN 18 AND 55) ARE TO BE TAKEN FROM THEIR VILLAGES AND IF ACTS OF HOSTILITY TAKE PLACE AGAINST THE GERMAN ARMY WILL BE SHOT. TEN GREEKS WILL DIE FOR EVERY GERMAN!

This memorandum became an edict for murder that the German troops of occupation lost no time in promulgating.

General Student endorsed this edict.



The heartless execution of innocent hostages

He was to govern Crete only twenty days after the cessation of hostilities before he was recalled to Germany by Hitler. However, in those twenty days Student was determined to punish the civilian population of Crete. He wanted no magnanimity shown to the vanquished – no mercy, only revenge.

Student's surviving paratroopers were among the first to wreak their vengeance against these Cretans who dared to resist them. They could not and would not erase from their mind the sight of their dead comrades killed at the hands of these civilians. They fell on the coastal towns and villages of their latest conquest with an insatiable thirst for vengeful blood. They sacked and they looted the impoverished homes of the villages and towns, which in their austerity had little to offer in the form of wealth to these soldiers from Hitler's Germany. Finally, in their frustration, these paratroopers killed many innocent hapless civilians for the sake of killing. It became

a bloodbath. However, this was not to be the end; it was only the beginning.

From the first day of the occupation, June 1, 1941, the peace that momentarily prevailed with the cessation of hostilities was again torn asunder by the sound of rifle fire echoing through the verdant hills and valleys of Crete, as German death squads, obedient to Student's orders, marched from village to village collecting hostages at random for execution.

One such unfortunate village was Kontomari, located in the western part of the island, just off the main northern highway, one mile east of Maleme airfield.

On Monday afternoon, June 2, a platoon of German paratroopers approached the outskirts of this village. All of them still wore the camouflaged combat uniform that they had worn in combat, and it still clung to their bodies like wet tissue paper soaked with perspiration. Many of them had cut their trou-

sers off above the knees so as to gain some cooling relief from the searing heat of the Cretan summer. Many still wore the round steel helmet that so characterized the German paratrooper, while others had changed to a cooler white pith helmet.

Kostas Mavridakis was sitting under the shade of an old, gnarled olive tree, together with three other villagers. He had celebrated his twenty-seventh birthday the day before with these same three friends. They all heard the sound of a motor, and they assumed it was a passing aircraft. When Kostas looked again he saw army trucks approaching the village.

"Germans are coming this way, wonder what's up?" he remarked in a low tone as if his voice would be heard by the Germans over the roar of the approaching motors. There was, however, a note of alarm in his question.

"They are probably coming to take us for labor gangs to bury their dead," one of Kostas's companions opined.

Kostas's friends rose and approached the side of the road to watch, filled with a curiosity that was unbridled by any apprehension of what was to follow. The trucks stopped suddenly in front of the tree, and amidst the guttural shouts of commands, German paratroopers jumped off. They immediately seized Kostas's friends and herded them off toward the village.

Kostas lingered behind, saw the Germans approach his friends, and quickly rolled behind a thick bush. Still unseen by the Germans, he remained hidden behind the bush, later making his escape among the olive groves. He had no wish to serve the Germans in any labor gang. It was a decision that saved his life, for these paratroopers represented the first of many death squads sent out to exact punishment on the Cretan population.

The commanding officer of this execution squad was Oberleutnant Horst Trebes. It was First Lieutenant Trebes, who, during the first night of battle on May 20-21, had led a platoon of paratroopers from the elite Second Assault Battalion in an attack to seize Hill 107, only to find the defense positions left empty by the retreating Twenty-second New Zealand battalion. He had survived

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the battle and had returned now to fulfill General Student's edict of revenge.

While his troopers encircled the village of Kontomari, Trebes waited in the village square, examining a bloodied German tunic. He tried to determine whether the soldier who wore it had met death by bullet or blade. The slash in the center of the bloody stain indicated the entry of a knife or sword. It was enough evidence for Trebes to assume that an "atrocities" had been committed against a German soldier.

The paratroopers went from house to house collecting all the men and women, young and old, and all the children, and herded them like cattle in the village square. Many of the men were working in the fields when they were seized and forced to join the rest of the villagers in the square. In a short period of time, all these villagers, dressed as they were in their drab garments of everyday wear, stood with a look of uncertainty and bewilderment in their eyes.

One villager, with a piece of paper in his hand, stood apart from the group. Trebes spoke to him several times but did not order him to join the rest of the villagers. It appeared that he was an informer.

Now the paratroopers began to separate the old men, the old women, and all the children from the rest, and crowded them to one end of the village square. The remaining group, comprised of the village males aged 18 to 55, was huddled into a nearby grassy field under some olive trees. Kostas Mavridakis's three friends were among this latter group.

One old woman at last realized what the paratroopers were planning and turned to rejoin her son in the huddled group on the grassy field. Unmindful of her tearful, pleading eyes, a paratrooper stopped her and forced her to return to the group of older villagers, while her white-bearded husband stood aside, stoically, yet defiant, in the face of the treacherous deed that was soon to take place.

As the Germans positioned themselves in a semicircle around the twenty-five ill-fated young men of Kontomari, one of the condemned approached Trebes. The platoon leader



German sign proclaiming the total destruction of the village of Kandanos, and the execution of its inhabitants, for the killing of a single German soldier.

eyed him aloofly, noting that he was the only one wearing a tie and jacket. The youth pleaded with the German, explaining that he was not from this village but had come here on a visit.

Trebes listened but ignored the youth's plea, his cold eyes sighted beyond him, staring at the crowd of elders in the village square. Finally, he turned to the youth as if to reply, but instead shouted in a loud voice for all the villagers to hear that "because you have killed some of my men in your village, now I will kill your men!"

The young visitor from another village continued his pleas with Trebes, but to no avail, and was brusquely returned

to the condemned group of men that were gathered in the grassy field. He must have been frustrated at his ill luck, for he welled up in tears and sobbed openly.

A young boy ran up to a sergeant standing next to Trebes, and pointing at a grey-haired man leaning against an olive tree at the outer edge of the grassy field, cried out: "That is my father . . . please let him go!" One of the paratroopers grabbed the boy by the shoulders and forcibly led him back to the group of elders in the village square.

Trebes looked at his sergeant and nodded.

The old men in the square grimaced



German Paratroopers entering Khania

with tortuous pain, while the women—the mothers, wives, daughters—screamed in anguish as the paratroopers fired volley after volley into the young men in the grassy field.

Some fell where they stood, still defiant even in death. Others sought refuge among themselves, embracing each other, as the bullets tore into their bodies. The shortest of the group hid behind the trunk of an olive tree, while another kneeled behind him, both hoping that the trunk would protect them from the searing bullets. One paratrooper stepped up and fired point blank at both, until they too fell dead. Some tried to run, but were quickly brought down. Then, there was silence.

The bereaved, shocked villagers in the square rushed forward only to be held at bay by a circle of Germans menacing them with their weapons. Then the anguish rose again, as the syncopated bark of a pistol told that an officer was delivering the coup de grace to each young man's head.

Their task completed, the Germans mounted their trucks and left the village of Kontomari leaving behind them orphans, widows, and bereaved parents.

Like the village of Kontomari, other villages were soon to suffer a similar fate in order to satiate the German thirst for revenge. In some cases, the ordeal was greater.

So it was with the village of Kandanos.

Back on May 25, during the height of the battle, armed civilians from the surrounding villages concentrated high in the escarpments of the White Mountains near the village of Kandanos. They ambushed an approaching battalion of mountain troops, holding it at bay for three days, while inflicting heavy casualties on the Germans. It was a unique battle in which untrained civilian mountaineers, armed with old vintage hunting weapons, surrounded the professional, elite mountain troops and slew them one by one. When they ran out of ammunition, they used the weapons taken from the German dead. The Cretans also had suffered casualties, though much fewer than the invader. After the third day of intense battle, the Cretans withdrew to the higher protective escarpments of the White Mountains. The Germans licked their wounds but dared not follow. They were satisfied with the capture of the village.

On June 3, the Germans came back to Kandanos.

The villagers were warned, via the mountain grapevine, of the German approach and of their intentions. Most of them left the village for the safety of the rugged mountains. The Germans found only seven villagers who had remained behind, unmindful of the danger they faced. Their fate was to be the same as that of the twenty-five young victims executed the previous day at Kontomari. A young girl of 12 years

faced the terror of execution together with the six other hostages. Once they were executed, the Germans systematically razed the village to the ground. In its place, they erected a sign, in German and in Greek, which proclaimed that it was done

IN ORDER TO PUNISH THE ARMED MEN AND WOMEN RESIDENTS WHO KILLED GERMAN SOLDIERS AT THIS SITE...FOR THIS KANDANOS WAS DESTROYED!

Village after village underwent in 1941 what the Czechoslovakian village of Lidice suffered in 1942. The whole free world had heard of the tragedy of Lidice, but little became known of what had occurred in the villages of Crete. Little was heard of the wanton killings of innocents and the willful burning of their homes.

Even individual Cretans who had fought as spirited patriots in the defense of their homes were no exception to the German pogrom of punishment and revenge.

Men like Nicholas Manolakakis, from the village of Spilia, located southwest of the airfield at Maleme, had waged a one-man war against the German invader in order to avenge the death of his wife and his beloved son, who had been shot by the paratroopers on the first day of the invasion. In that period of ten days, Manolakakis had personally killed some forty paratroopers. Now, the Germans were searching for him and had placed a bounty on his head. They had announced that if he did not surrender himself immediately, they would execute ten hostages from his village for each day's delay. Manolakakis heard of this proclamation, he returned from the safety of the White Mountains and surrendered himself. The Germans made him dig his own grave, and when he had finished, they executed him.

The same fate befell another Cretan named Antoni Skoumbakis. During the battle, he had shot three paratroopers near the village of Perivolvia (translated as the village of the gardens) just outside Khania. One day, a platoon of paratroopers surrounded the village, collected thirty hostages, men and boys aged 18 to 55 years, and executed them. When

they realized that Skoumbakis was not among the slain, they placed a bounty on his head. If he did not surrender, another thirty hostages would be shot from the village. Skoumbakis, safely hidden in the distant village of Keramia, heard of the bounty and decided to return. The next morning, he presented himself to the local police precinct in Khania and asked that he be taken to the German Kommandatura. Two days later, in a field behind the German military police headquarters, Antoni Skoumbakis was executed.

The afternoon prior to his execution, two young men from a neighboring village were walking past and saw him digging. They did not realize that he was digging his own grave. An armed German guard stood nearby. They greeted Skoumbakis, and he stopped digging long enough to offer the youths some cigars which the Germans had not taken from him.

"Will the guard let us accept them?" they asked.

"He will. He is a good boy from Austria," Skoumbakis replied. The two youths lit their cigars and then asked him what he was digging.

"My grave," he replied.

The two youths were struck speechless. They sought to quickly get away from this poor man who spoke of his own death so indifferently. "He smells of death," one youth whispered to the other.

"Do you want us to tell anyone in the village?" they asked him.

"No," was his response, as he dug out another shovel full of dirt. "I have written to them. Just tell them to forgive me."

The young men departed, saddened to tears, and Skoumbakis continued to dig out his grave.

Nor did the German executioners have any respect for the clergy.

On June 4, another group of paratroopers surrounded the village of Skalani, south of Iraklion. At that moment, the Right Reverend Fotios Theodosakis was conducting a funeral service for his elderly aunt.

When all the inhabitants had been collected in the village square—as was the Germans' routine before choosing those

who would become the victims of the execution—their officer stepped forth. Father Fotios recognized him. The German lieutenant still wore the bandage on his face which Father Fotios had placed there when he had treated his wound during the battle. Now, the German had returned with the grim look of revenge etched on his face.

The German officer selected the priest and three other villagers to be shot. He remembered that they were the most active during the battle.

"So this is how you repay kindness," Father Fotios said to the lieutenant. "God forgive you!"

The lieutenant ignored him and ordered that the four be marched to the neighboring village.

It was a long, hot, exhausting march for Father Fotios, still dressed in his heavy, black clerical robes. When they reached the next village, the four hostages were brought before the commanding officer for judgment. They stood accused; there was no salvation for them. All the interrogating officer wanted to know was who else in the village of Skalani had participated actively against the Germans.

That night, the four were thrown into a makeshift prison where they rested their weary bodies on a pile of manure. They were hungry and thirsty, for all forms of sustenance had been denied to them. Finally, a young sympathetic German guard heeded the priest's pleas and furtively threw him a canteen of water.

Just before dawn, Father Fotios awakened his fellow prisoners and made them pledge not to reveal to their interrogators who else in the village was involved in the actual skirmish against the paratroopers.

"We are lost," he said to them, "but let us not be the cause for any one else in our village to die." The men, who loved and respected the priest, agreed.

Early the next day, the Germans marched the four back to Skalani village. They had already sent orders ahead that three graves were to be dug by the villagers. By the time the four condemned hostages reached the village cemetery, all the villagers had been forcibly gathered there to witness the execution.

At the last moment, the officer in charge pulled one of the four prisoners out of line and kicked him aside. There were only three graves dug, and that error had saved the villager, Kosta Tsanakakis, from execution. The remaining three hostages, Father Fotios, George Tsikaloudakis, and Angelo Louloukakis, were disrobed and summarily shot by rifle bursts from the three paratroopers who comprised the firing squad.

The villagers gazed in horror at the bloodied corpses, as they lay in their graves, and made the sign of the Cross. The officer in charge forbade them to bless themselves. They were not to make the sign of the Cross to honor the memory of these dead hostages, he ordered, nor would they be allowed to place flowers on their graves. The German revenge would be total.

Father Gregory Progoulis, the 24-year-old parish priest of the Church of St. Demetrios in Platani village in the Khania sector, was selflessly busy in the days that immediately followed the battle. During the battle, his village of Platani was the site of the New Zealand Brigade headquarters and of very heavy fighting.

The young priest still marveled at the miracle that had saved his church from destruction during the devastating bombardment that had taken place during the battle. It was during one such bombardment that a 1,000-pound bomb had fallen in the dirt patio outside the church entrance and had failed to detonate. Considering that brigade headquarters was just down the road, Father Gregory was thankful that the Germans had not concentrated an additional air attack in this vicinity.

During the days that followed the battle, Father Gregory attended his parish, offering prayers and communion to whoever requested them, and saying many prayers for the dead, for death was all around him.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The photographs are from the author's personal files

Part III in our next issue

GEORGE PERLEGOS HEADS SUCCESSFUL ATMEL CORP.

George Perlegos is Chief Executive Office of Atmel Corp. of San Jose, CA, an 11-year-old company which produces computer memory chips. Greek-born George Perlegos is

credited with inventing specialized memories which are especially suited to light-weight, portable products.

George Perlegos came to the United States at the age of 12. His father was a grape farmer. Quoted in the Wall Street Journal, George Perlegos gives an important reason for the success of his company: "One thing is, you respect all the working people. You did this before and you suffered through it and you understand what everybody is trying to do. You cannot take advantage of them. You pay them decently, allow them to grow, don't put roadblocks in front of them. If other people do, you try to take them down." Revenues for the first quarter of 1995 for Atmel were up 50% over last year; in excess of \$550 million, versus \$140 million in 1992! Earnings, reports the Wall Street Journal, are rising even faster and its stock is at a high.

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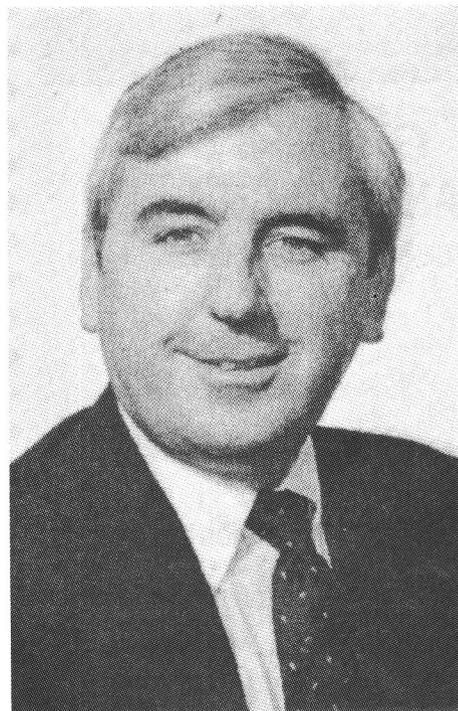
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PROF. ANDREW KOPAN ON "BLACK ATHENA"

Andrew T. Kopan, Professor of Education Emeritus at DePaul University in Chicago, IL, spoke before the Hellenic Council on Education and the Hellenic Professional Society of Chicago, presenting a lecture titled, "Black Athena: The Betrayal of Hellenism." His presentation detailed the efforts of so called "multiculturalists" to denigrate Hellenism and its contributions to Western Civilization. Prof. Kopan is a founder and served as the first president of the Hellenic Council on Education.

Prof. Kopan holds a Ph.D. from the University of Chicago. He has been honored by the University of Texas and Yeshiva University for his work on multicultural education. He is an Archon of the Ecumenical Patriarchate and has been awarded the Honorary Doctor of Letters degree from Hellenic College/Holy Cross Greek Orthodox School of Theology. In 1994 he retired from teaching at DePaul University which awarded him the highest faculty honor for his outstanding teaching career.

CHARLES DECAS NAMED CLERK MAGISTRATE



Massachusetts State Rep. Charles N. Decas of Wareham, MA, has been named clerk magistrate of the Falmouth District Court by Massachusetts Governor William Weld. Mr. Decas, a Republican, was elected to the House of Representatives in 1977, served on the House Ways and Means Committee for 16 years, and is currently a member of the House Rules Committee. Rep. Decas was educated in the Wareham public schools and holds a bachelor of science degree from Babson College in Wellesley, MA. He served as a Wareham Selectman from 1974 till 1977, was a member of the Economic Development Committee, Water Commissioner, Wareham Free Library Trustee and Cemetery Commissioner.

JOHN CONOMOS SERVICE AWARD

Dr. T. John Conomos of Melno Park, CA, was honored with the Distinguished Service Award for his scientific achievements and contributions

to the nation's water resources program. He is administrator for hydrologic research of the United States Geological Survey for the western states.

Dr. Conomos received his doctorate degree in oceanography from the University of Washington. He was appointed to the research faculty of the Department of Oceanography at the University of Washington and in 1970 he joined the U.S. Geological Survey. John Conomos and his wife Janice are the parents of Penelope, John and Alexa.

CHIEF JUSTICE LIACOS ADDRESSED PRESS

The Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, Paul J. Liacos, addressed the Massachusetts Press Association during the group's annual meeting. Justice Liacos, an author and former law professor, was appointed Chief Justice in 1989. Until then, he was as associate justice.

A professor of law at Boston University for more than 20 years, Judge Liacos has written the Handbook of Massachusetts Evidence, regarded by lawyers as the definite treatise on the laws of evidence in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He is chairman of the Conference of Chief Justices' Commit-

tee on Discrimination in the Courts. Judge Liacos is a trustee of Suffolk University, a member of the Corporation of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a trustee of Anatolia College in Thessaloniki, Greece, and an honorary trustee of Deree-Pierce College in Athens, Greece.

CHRISTO ANTONAKOS PERICLES AWARD

Christo Antonakos of Biddeford, ME, has been awarded the Pericles Award by the Ahepa of Northern New England, District 9 which encompasses the states of Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine.

Mr. Antonakos, a 1942-46 navy veteran who served on PT boats in the Pacific Theater, is a 42-year member of Ahepa which he has served on various capacities and which has in the past named him Ahepa President of the Year. He is active in community affairs, a faithful steward of the St. Demetrios Parish in Biddeford, ME, a member of the Old Orchard Beach Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary Club, the Disabled American Veterans, and the Association of Lacones, just to name a few. Christo Antonakos and his wife Paraskeve are the parents of four children.

JOHN GIANOPULOS HEADS FOR GREECE



Dr. John W. Gianopulos of Chicago, IL, vice president for faculty and instruction at Truman College, has accepted the position of director of the Fourth Bachelor of Arts Degree Program Greek Bible Institute in Athens, Greece. Mr. Gianopulos has received numerous awards for his scholarly and administrative contributions to the City College of Chicago where he served for 29 years. He holds four college degrees: the Bachelor of Arts from Chicago State University, the Masters and Doctorate degrees from Loyola University, the Master's in Theological Studies from North Park Seminary. He has also participated in graduate level educational programs at Princeton and Oxford Universities.

In his new post as director, Mr. Gianopulos will direct the bachelor degree program at the Greek Bible Institute in his homeland.

CHRISTINE PERATIS RECEIVES AWARD

Christine Peratis of Malibu, CA has been awarded the Patriarch Athenagoras Humanitarian Award for 50 years of continuous aservice to the Church and the Ladies Philoptochos

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Society. Mrs. Peratis also received a crystal bowl from the Diocesan Philoptochos Board which recognized her "devoted service to Philoptochos and its philanthropic endeavors." Mrs. Peratis has been an active member of the Philoptochos Society since 1945, serving on the local, Diocesan and national levels. She has also served on the Archdiocesan and Diocesan Councils, and on the board of the Saint Nicholas Ranch.

A WIDE LENS VIEW AROUND THE COUNTRY

Fr. William J. Bartz of Akron, OH, an active duty Chaplain in the United States Navy, has completed post-graduate studies in the Graduate Theologi-



cal Union at Berkeley, CA. Fr. Bartz, a graduate of Holy Cross Greek Orthodox School of Theology, began a two-year tour of duty on the aircraft carrier, U.S.S. Carl Vinson CVN 70 in Alameda, CA.

Paul E. Tsongas, a former United States Senator from Massachusetts, has been awarded the 1995 New England International Humanitarian Award given by CARE, an organization which marks its 50th anniversary this year.

Peter Christofilakos of Springfield,

IL, is a fast rising soccer player who is attracting attention in the world of soccer. He recently led the Chicago Sports Club to victory by scoring the winning goal. The young athlete is following the footsteps of his father, Harold, a soccer player in various soccer clubs in Greece, who founded the Springfield, IL YMCA Youth Soccer League in 1965. In 1986 the elder Christofilakos opened Soccer World, the first indoor soccer facility in Central Illinois.

Susan W. Haikalis of Berkeley, CA has been appointed Director of Client Services for the San Francisco AIDS Foundation. Ms. Haikalis has served as Director of Social Services at UCSF Mt. Zion and the California Pacific Medical Center.

Francis Alexakos of Cranston, RI, a Ph.D. student of Humanities at Salva Regina University, has developed a cable television program, "Viewing Health Care Ethics in Today's Society." The program, whose focus was to educate the public on the current social trends in health care, was aired throughout Rhode Island earlier this year.

Rhode Island State Rep. Leonidas Raptakis of Coventry, RI, is eyeing a run for the House seat of U.S. Rep. Jack Reed if Mr. Reed decides to run for the Senate seat of Senator Claiborn Bell. Mr. Raptakis is the owner of Venus Pizza in Coventry.

Master Chef George Karousos, proprietor of the popular Sea Fare Inn in Portsmouth, RI, has authored an article titled "Survival of the Greek Restaurateur Depends on a United Front." It is a report on the formation of the **National Greek-American Restaurant Association** which was proposed last year by the publisher of this magazine and of *Estiator Magazine*, Peter Makrias.

Chef Karousos signed copies of his cookbooks at the Fancy Food Show in New York City.

Georgia Carignan of Cranston, RI, was featured on the Cranston RI TV Program *Senior Journal*. Her topic was

"The Green Circle," which instructs people on the importance of accepting those who may be viewed as different. Ms. Carignan is on the staff of the St. Martin de Porres Senior Center in Providence, RI.

Gregory Savas of Worcester, MA, has been accepted as a cadet at the United States Air Force Academy in Colorado.

George Vasiliades of Peabody, MA, has been elected to a three-year term on the University of Massachusetts-Lowell Alumni Association Board of Directors. Mr. Vasiliades, 1991 graduate of U.Mass, is district manager for Lily Transportation in Needham, MA.

Prof. Chrysanthi Kehayes Grieco, chairman of the English Department at Seton Hall University in So. Orange, NJ, presented a paper titled "Communications" at Oxford, University in England.

Chris Legeros of Seattle, WA, won an Emmy from the Pacific Northwest region of the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences. The award in the spot news category, recognized Mr. Legeros for excellence in television news reporting while covering a series of wildfires which swept across the Entiat River Valley in Eastern Washington. Chris Legeros teaches Sunday School at the St. Demetrios Parish in Seattle.

Michael Baryniames of Manchester, NH, has been honored by the Parish of the Assumption in Manchester for his service as technical coordinator during phase two of the church construction project.

Susan Laganas of Hollis, NH, has been chosen 1995 Ms. Petite New Hampshire. A loan originator for the Homewoners Assistance Mortgage Corp.

Basilis I. Papantoniadis of Sacramento, CA, has been selected an Oxford Junior Scholar. The 1993 Jesuit High School (Sacramento, CA) graduate is a junior at Boston University where he received the 1995 Eleni Gatsiogiannis Scholarship.