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I'M GOING HOME TO MY PHILCO

"GREECE WILL NEVER FORGET YOU"

(Condensed from a BBC broadcast to Australia and New Zealand on November 4, by M. NICOLOUDIS, Greek Minister of Information)

A WEEK ago to-day, October 28, the anniversary of the day upon which Greece rose in arms to defend her territories against the Italian aggressor, I had the pleasure of speaking to you on the air and of sending you a special message on behalf of the Greek Government. To-day, I am able to talk to you for a greater length of time . . . and when I look back upon the heroic fight put up by the Anzacs on the mainland of Greece and in Crete against odds so tremendous as to make the issue desperate, I feel that neither I nor any Greek can repeat too many times our words of gratitude, nor shall we ever be able to repay the debt that we owe to your brave men who died for liberty and our democratic institutions in the land where these things were born. One thing is certain, and that is that Greece will never forget that in that hour of her peril the men of Australia and New Zealand, together with their British brothers, stood by her unflinchingly.

The Greeks Have Faith

That the war will be won, we have no doubt, for it cannot come to pass that the spirit of righteousness shall be overwhelmed by the powers of darkness. But the danger is great, for these powers of darkness are once more on the move. Throughout the ages, this relentless war between good and evil is waged, and it can only be won by the faith of the free nations of the world in the value of the principles of liberty, democracy and social justice, for which they are fighting. When Greece was attacked, she had this faith utterly. She did not expect to be able to withstand the onslaught of Italy, a power more than six times her size, and she knew that sooner or later, Germany with all her devilish machinery would move forward to crush her. Yet the whole nation, men, women and children, stood up to this terrific impact, and what is more, we thrashed the sordid Italians for six months, and with such help as your gallant and chivalrous men could give them, they kept the Germans at bay for seven weeks, thereby changing the whole situation in the Middle East; for without Greece's resistance, the Axis powers would have been pounding Egypt from Greek bases a year ago at a time when indeed the Imperial Forces were not organised to resist them. Thus the contribution to the war effort of the Allies by this small country of eight million inhabitants has been and still is a great one . . . And Greece fights on, confident that the moral values on which alone the progress of civilisation rests, must prevail.

Eternal Friendship

To-day I should like to ask you to look round with me and see what we have been fighting for, whether all this bloodshed and sacrifice in which we have been so tragically associated and brought together in a friendship which I trust may never be dissolved—whether all this has really been worthwhile.

I remember one evening last February at the time when our victories in Albania against Mussolini's armies were at their height, I was walking past the ancient temple of Olympian Zeus in Athens. It was a beautiful evening, and the pink glow of a gorgeous sunset had lit up the marble columns mellowed by the years of that ancient temple in ruins. I remember thinking then that the men who had the taste and the will to build this magnificent monument must have had in them an inspiration of beauty which could only flourish in an atmosphere of peace and true freedom. At the foot of this old temple I saw two Australian soldiers, and as I passed, I heard one of them say to the other, "I wonder what this is? Who ever put this up certainly did a fine job of work." So I stopped and talked to them, and found that they were a couple of farmers from a place not far from Melbourne—splendid, healthy, simple fellows, who would probably never have come to Athens—why should they?—had it not been for this war. They had left their farms and their families ten thousand miles away at the call of their country because one evil man with a perverted mind at the head of a nation with highly organised brains and savage primitive instincts, had set out to conquer the world. And in the after-glow of that beautiful sunset, as beneath the columns of the temple of Olympian Zeus I talked to those two Australian soldiers, I realised the full meaning of this ghastly war.

The Greeks do not ask for the admiration of the Allies and the applause of their friends. They are not Italians playing to a gallery. They have staked their freedom, their families, their very existence, for a sacred cause, and how sacred they believe that cause to be is proved by the extent of their sacrifice. Their principal contribution to the victory of the democratic and liberal nations of the world lies not so much in this total sacrifice, but rather in its example, and it may be that victory itself will depend on the capacity of the democratic nations to find in this example the path of their duty and the flame of that spirit which alone can prevail over the mighty powers of evil which have been let loose upon the world.

War of Cakes

Let me now end this broadcast on a more cheerful note, and tell you a story about the delightful way in which the gangsters of the new order co-operate in applying their new ethics in Athens. General Caballero, Mussolini's Commander-in-Chief, who, in Albania last year reaped immortal fame in the annals of Italian defeats by the number of victories which were won at his expense, has now emerged as a somewhat unwilling hero in the war of cakes.

While Athens is starving he, with true Italian chivalry, is giving parties.

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