

No civil traffic was permitted to move from one locality to another. Street cars and buses were reserved for the "werhmacht". The Greek Merchant Navy became part of the German Naval Reserve.

Eighty percent of the tobacco and olive oil, the two chief products of Greece, was sent to Germany. German engineering units destroyed all the forests in making synthetic rubber, and the cereals produced were used in making alcohol. Ninety thousand persons were sent to Germany as slave labor, and only a few thousand of them came back.

While all these things were happening, the underground organizations, in co-operation with the Middle East Intelligence Forces, had begun to blow up military trains, etc. Resistance grew stronger as the situation in Greece grew worse day by day.

There are many things I could say about Greece during the German occupation, but they are too numerous to recount here. Four years after Germans captured Greece, we began to hope for liberation. And finally the allies did come, and the Germans departed. But there are many victims who will never be able to return home to celebrate the victory — those who were killed in Albania, Bulgaria, the Middle East, Italy, and the Islands of Crete; those who died fighting the Germans, and those who died in Greece fighting the hunger and starvation brought by the Germans as a "New Order" in Europe.

— Gregory Lambros '50

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## Facts About Figures

The title of this essay suggests a treatise on national debts and their liquidation. As the reader progresses however he will discover that national debts were never farther from anyone's mind, and will possibly begin to contemplate liquidation as it applies to homicide; (committed on the author,) rather than in its economic connotation. I ask you to bear with me though whilst I ramble amongst my fellow students and bring to your attention a few interesting facts about their figures.

First, fat men. There are two types of fat man. The more common of the species is the rolly-poly, jovial fat man, who is usually (very subtly) named "Slim". Slim is



always cheerful, always ready with a story or witticism of some nature. Being everybody's friend, he is a good mixer (in every sense of the word). Unless he turns actor, this character usually becomes a professional uncle and spends his life flitting around from city to city visiting dotting nieces and nephews. The late Robert Benchley, who passed up the opportunity of becoming a favorite uncle, is a good prototype of this group. Other fat men are of a stalking, villainous nature. The facial regions of this type are particularly fleshy, and feature jowls which can be made to quiver with rage. Cynical and very crafty, they are not to be trusted. The most famous version of this classification is Sydney Greenstreet. Members of this group usually migrate to Upper Canada or Ontario where they are employed as conductors on passenger trains.

Next we have the little man. Here again there is a division. First, the eager beaver. He is the chap who goes looking for wood on a weenie fry and comes back with a B. C. Redwood. When given an essay to write for two weeks hence he does not leave it till the night before it is due, like any normal student, but finishes it up right away. He usually ends up as an efficiency expert for a restaurant chain. Then we have the morose little character who is a stickler for detail. He can tell you how many left-handed ditch diggers worked on the Panama Canal during any given year, or how many windows are in the front of the Main Building. Of course he is pretty much the retiring type and you may have to dig for the information. But he knows! Ninety-nine per cent of the government employees working on statistics are drawn from this group.

Our next group is of the long lean variety; in literary circles it is common practice to put the phrase, "a long drink of water" in apposition with this group. There are three types here. There is the poet. He can quote from Charles Swineburn Algernon, or any author, at will. All nature is his friend; the birds, the bees, the flowers, the trees. He lives in a world all his own. When you see a little opus entitled "To a June Bug" in the Poet's Corner you can bet it is the work of one of our long friends. But for all his abilities his fate is usually reading proofs for a Communist organ. Then there is the character thin man. He is a born practical joker and is something of a genius. His favorite pastimes are playing jokes, contriving diabolical schemes to make a fool out of somebody, and sleeping. If he follows the line of work he is cut out for he becomes a barker in Lynch's Greater Exposition. The third division takes in that sympathy-seeking individual who has stomach



ulcers. He is somewhat of a temperance crank. In the refectory he is constantly complaining about the food and keeps his table mates in constant fear for their health by recounting the horrible effects of eating this or drinking that. There is a movement afoot on the campus to have this group seated at a table all their own in the refectory. In later life this character usually finds that he has been duped by a quack and really hasn't got ulcers at all. In an effort to make up for his wasted youth he usually becomes a gourmand and drinks himself to an early grave.

Lastly, but far from leastly, we have the well proportioned individual. He possesses the body beautiful. He plays hockey, football, et al. (First team, of course.) He is very popular. Never cracks a book all year. The jovial fat man is his stooge. The villainous fat man his foe. The eager beaver writes his essays. The statistician does his math and cribs for him in exams. The poet inspires him. The practical joker rooms with him. In fact, practically everybody likes and helps him, except the Dean, who kicks him out of College in Junior year. He usually ends up playing for the Toronto Maple Leafs.

There you are, readers. That's the lot of them. Who knows? You may be rooming with any one of them. You can tell only by surveying the corpus undelicti.

There is one fellow on our corridor who has me worried however. I met him while I was shaving. Now he really possesses a body beautiful. He is just loaded with muscles. Still, falling down in his duties as a member of the he-man group, he can never manage to make first team, although I may be able to get the Dean to kick him out next year. Then just watch the Leafs hit their stride.

— E. J. HEMPHILL '49.

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## Fantasy

The sounds of nature, every one, are pleasing to the ear;  
But the sighs, and moans, and howls of winds are what I  
like to hear.

By painting pictures in my mind, they, from reality.  
Transport me to the wondrous realms of gnomes and  
pixies wee.

Some times delightful fairy strains of music reach my ear,  
And then diminutive parades of forest nymphs appear,