

The Night the Soldiers Went Mad

BRITISH BRUTALITY IN CYPRUS

AN inquest is being held this week into the deaths of two Cypriots who died during an Army round-up in Famagusta following the murder of Mrs. Cutcliffe—presumably by EOKA terrorists—on October 3rd. (See FREEDOM 11/10/58).

On this occasion the British troops clearly went berserk, although naturally it was denied in Parliament that they were 'out of control'. From that we can only assume that the way they were behaving was the way they had been ordered to behave—an assumption that is backed up by the attitude of the present man in charge of military operations against EOKA, General Darling, who has let it be known that the only terrorists he is interested in are dead terrorists. His troops seem to have done their best to keep him happy with their wild brutality on the night of October 3rd, when they rounded up nearly 1,000 Greek Cypriots, kicking and beating them into trucks to be taken away for interrogation.

The effectiveness of such methods in unearthing terrorists may be gauged from the fact that to date nobody has been charged with the murder of Mrs. Cutcliffe.

Two men however were killed by the troops that night, while an unknown number—variously estimated at 200 to 300—were injured, more or less seriously.

The two killed were Panayiotis Chrysostomou and Andreas Loukas, a student of 19. Giving evidence at the inquest in Famagusta, Dr. Nedjat Sanerkin, senior pathologist to the Government of Cyprus said of Loukas:

The left side of the whole upper face, and the left temple, and the left side of the head were considerably swollen. There was a large collection of blood at the side and the skull had been fractured above the ear "deep to the bone". There was a haemorrhage between the skull and the covering of the brain and there was acute compression of the brain.

Mr. Andres Pouyouros, the Mayor of Famagusta, appearing for Liuka's relations, asked how the skull could have been fractured. Dr. Sanerkin said: "A fracture of the skull requires considerable force. . . . It could have been caused by a club or the butt of a gun."

The above quote and those following are from the *Manchester Guardian* of Nov. 18, which, to its

credit, is publishing extensive reports of the inquest proceedings.

The other man, Chrysostomou, was a sick man when he was picked up by the military police. Incidentally this pogrom (is there any other word to describe it?) by the British soldiers was carried out during a curfew period, when all the Cypriots were shut up in their homes, which were ruthlessly invaded by the troops.

Mr. David Griffiths-Jones, representing the Attorney-General, questioned Chrysostomou's widow about the last time she saw her husband:

She said that the military had come to her house and arrested him shortly after the curfew sirens on October 3. "I opened the door. They took him outside and kicked him. They put him in a lorry."

Asked what the soldiers had done she said: ". . . he went and met my husband . . . he grabbed him by the vest and pulled him to his feet while kicking him and took him outside." Answering the coroner, Mrs. Chrysostomou said that the soldier had kicked her husband from the hallway to the truck; he had kicked him on the back and the thigh and the waist.

Mr. Griffith-Jones questioned Dr. Sanerkin about the state of Chrysostomou's health (for the British army always likes to prove that its victims die of something other than its maltreatment of them) and he said "It seemed a frail thin body . . . He looked as if he might not be very healthy." In the heat of the moment the British military police must have overlooked the fact that such a person is not so very likely to be a 'terrorist'—or do they perhaps reserve their most vicious treatment for the frail and thin?

Dr. Sanerkin went on:

"He had various external injuries. These mainly were abrasions and bruises over both knees, various bruises around both ankles, a small abrasion of the right side of the chest, a small abrasion below the outer side of the right elbow, a small bruise on the right side of the face, a few minor bruises on the back of the chest and shoulders.

"Internally the ribs on the right side were fractured from the second to the eighth. In the lungs there was an old healed tubercular focus at the apex of

the right lung. And on both sides the lungs were densely bound to the chest wall by fibrous bonds, indicating an old pleurisy."

Asked to what he ascribed the man's death, Dr. Sanerkin gave the "terminal" cause of death as cardiac failure. The external injuries, in his view, were "very mild".

Questioned by Mr. Michael Joannou, representing the dead man's relations, about "the real cause of death", Dr. Sanerkin said:

"A certain sequence of events probably led to death. Persons with chronic lung diseases, persons with bilateral dense

adhesions always tend to have hearts similarly affected. Such persons—if their respiratory reserves are further embarrassed whether by bronchitis or by a fracture of the ribs—may go into heart failure. I think that in this instance the fractures of the ribs must have pushed him over."

Trying to establish that it was his conditions and not the violence that caused this sick man's death, Major Colin Overbury, representing the British Army in Cyprus, asked Dr. Sanerkin whether all the injuries could have caused the death of a

normal healthy person. This line of questioning does not deny the injuries, nor that they were inflicted by British troops, but tends to minimise or skate over the fact that this kind of action is absolutely intolerable from the point of view of the authorities themselves on the part of forces of law and order.

Dr. Sanerkin admitted that he would be surprised if the injuries themselves had caused death, but also said, replying to questions put by the Coroner:

that the deceased might have died suddenly of shock even if his ribs had not been broken. "If, as one might expect, he had been lying in bed for a time," said Dr. Sanerkin, "and then suddenly was taken out."

Continued on p. 4

"The Battle of Ideas is on"—Mr. MacMillan

Prerequisites of 'The Battle of Ideas'

IN his after-the-Lord-Mayor's-Guildhall-Banquet speech, Mr. Macmillan said it was "the fashion" to say that the Communist threat was no longer military, but economic. But he, Mr. Macmillan, favoured the convenient, middle road. He thought the "danger of open aggression" may have "diminished" but the military threat had not been withdrawn—only held at bay, and so he could conclude that "we cannot relax our defences, or lower our guard except on fairly balanced terms". On the other hand he could recognise that in the "many new communities" that had emerged "out of the international convulsions of recent years" some of them had found "the attraction of the Communist system . . . powerful". Consequently, "If our way of life is to survive and spread and vitalise, we must offer prosperity as well as freedom"

"In the face of the Communist challenge, we cannot hope to hold our own, even in our own countries, and certainly among the uncommitted nations, except on the basis of a continual growth in world prosperity and world trade. Multilateral trade is not only good business—it is the only sensible response to the challenge of our times."

The "Communist challenge" as Mr. Walter Lippmann points out in

his interesting, revealing and debatable series of articles in the *Manchester Guardian* last week, is "the Russian and Chinese challenge for the leadership of Asia and of Africa", which he thinks cannot be met by looking at the "underdeveloped nations as military bulwarks and bastions" but by showing these nations that there is "another and more humane" alternative to the "Communist" way of life, to overcome the "immemorial poverty and weakness of the Asian peoples".

In Mr. Lippmann's opinion the "demonstration" of this alternative can best be made in India. His reasons for selecting India are interesting:

It is, for one thing, a very big country, known to all of Asia as a land of deep poverty. For another thing, India has the necessary structure, including a Civil Service with a good tradition—something which does not exist in equal measure elsewhere in Asia, except in Japan. But in my mind the clinching reason for making the demonstration in India is that the spiritual heritage of which Gandhi was the great teacher is, of all the ideologies of the world, the most radically different from that of Leninism. Yet, though it is different, it is, like communism, addressed to the suffering masses of the people.

As if the Gandhian philosophy, of resisting armed force by non-violent

means, or its attitude to the capitalist methods of mass production, were not just as "radically different from" the anti-Leninist bloc! (Incidentally, who is the West's prophet to oppose to Lenin and Leninism?)

The West, according to Mr. Lippmann should "underwrite and assure the success of India's development" and so give a "successful demonstration [which would] carry conviction to the great masses of the people who are looking for a better way of life". Which is all very well but is it not like saying that the lion should bleat and the sheep should roar?

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INDEED, Mr. Lippmann is only concerned with the survival of the capitalist lion when he proposes that it should also learn how to bleat. He thinks that the Communist system is unacceptable and "unlikely to spread to the more advanced countries . . . The Soviet system does not work and there is no reason to think that it will work in Eastern Europe". But he thinks the "communist revolution" will expand in Asia unless we make "an heroic effort of statesmanship to demonstrate that there is an alternative to it".

Continued on p. 3

Ghana - Progress of a Dictator

RECENT events in Ghana culminating (for the moment) in the demotion of Krobo Edusei from Minister of the Interior to Minister of Communications have an only too familiar ring about them. Edusei had become known as the strong man of Ghana, renowned for repressive measures in general and his latest threat in particular, that he would seize the passports of all the Opposition leaders.

This threat follows the arrest of 43 people for an alleged plot to assassinate Premier Nkrumah. Amongst other things Edusei, who has been Minister of Interior since August, 1957, has carried out measures to reduce any possibility of the five regional assemblies and the Houses of Chiefs having any power in Ghana which might oppose the Governmental power. At the same time by dint of detention and deportation orders, undesirable (those who might oppose) have been removed from the scene. The effective overthrow of the Opposition United Party (the Government's is the Convention People's Party) is the obvious next step towards the establishment of a one-party totalitarian State. This is patently Nkrumah's goal.

His present gambit in Parliament is an equally logical step towards it; he is pushing through a bill

to amend the constitution so that a two-thirds majority in both Parliament and the regional assemblies will no longer be necessary for legislation, but a simple majority in Parliament will be sufficient. The C.C.P. majority being 80 to 24 at the moment.

What then of Krobo Edusei's demise? Plainly he had been carrying out Nkrumah's wishes, so why should he have been stopped? It is not unreasonable to assume that his disadvantages were beginning to outweigh his advantages. The publicity he has been accorded in the world press has had a twofold effect not at all to Nkrumah's liking; it has caused raised eyebrows from the more respectable nations who dislike un-democratic behaviour by other nations, and this could have unfavourable effects upon Nkrumah's more long-term, messianic ambitions, and also it has placed Edusei too much in the limelight which Nkrumah prefers to keep as his own particular preserve.

Edusei has gone too far and has outlived his usefulness as front man. In Communist countries in the Stalin era he would have been liquidated, and currently he would simply have been reduced very nearly to the ranks. Ghana is young and not powerful, and Nkrumah does not want bad publicity, so Edusei is only demoted not reduced. But there are other symptoms which bear a

strong resemblance to Communist techniques. The allegations which led to the arrest of the 43 people amount to an attempt to involve practically the entire executive of the United Party branch in Accra in a probably non-existent plot in order to facilitate their eventual imprisonment or liquidation.

On another level, the statement by Edusei after his demotion: "I am a loyal C.P.P. man. I will serve Premier Nkrumah in any capacity. I'll even be his shoeshine boy if he wants." Shades of Krushchev dancing the *gopak* to Stalin!

And another—the cult of the individual process—the Accra *Evening News*: "Our Indomitable Prime Minister and the founder of the new nation of Ghana, Defender, Does All Well, Never Failing, Ever-Giving Leader, Brave, Kwame Nkrumah."

Not that we would suggest that Nkrumah is a communist, or even a fellow-traveller, simply that he has learned a thing or two from their highly successful methods of achieving personal, absolute power and intends to do the same. We would suggest that Nkrumah sees himself as the African Nasser, and like him intends to attain an all-powerful position in his own country first before proclaiming a United African Republic. But he cannot afford a bad press yet, and will not allow competition. Edusei had to go.

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Prerequisites of 'The Battle of Ideas'

Continued from p. 1

Communism—or rather Russian influence—will spread in Asia not for ideological reasons (what is left, in fact, of the *ideals* of the Russian revolution?) but because the Russian government will offer the political leaders of the Asian countries trading or credit facilities more favourable to their immediate political interests than are offered by the other countries. The "masses" of the under-developed countries are no more interested in the struggle for power between East and West than they are in the theoretical differences between State Capitalism and *laissez-faire* capitalism. They are hungry, sick, dirty and ignorant. Life has no positive meaning for them. Their thoughts are centred on solving these immediate problems. It is not surprising that they are easy prey to their own political upstarts or that they will "welcome" whatever *ism* relieves their "immemorial poverty".

So far neither Russia nor the nations of the Western bloc have exploited the apparent possibilities thus offered in spite of the fact that Mr. Krushchev told Mr. Lippmann that he thought the people of the poorer countries would be "convinced by their stomachs". One can only conclude that something more than gratitude is expected in return for food and machines by both East and West and that the leaders of these under-developed nations are more ambitious and more cunning than the seasoned politicians of Russia and the West hoped or expected them to be. The politician who sells his personal power to another nation in return for an extra bowl of rice for the people deserves to be overthrown by his rivals or caught in the web of his "benefactor"!

International politics is a combination of traffic and blackmail. Governments never represent the people. At most they serve the interests of that section of the community of which politically and socially they are an integral part. Often they are dominated by power maniacs or sheikhs. But never are the spiritual and physical needs of the people uppermost; never are they the ends of government or power structures. Thus, the American government is prepared to offer subsidies to farmers who *take their land out of cultivation* and stores unsold crops in laid-up Liberty ships, but cannot find the money to pay for the transport of food surpluses to India! Thus Britain and America can find more than £5,000 millions a year for the cold war but have successfully boycotted S.U.N.F.E.D. the special United Nations fund for economic development. It has been estimated that to raise the national incomes of the under-developed nations by only 2 per cent. a year, \$10,000 millions a year of imported capital would be required, that is less than only these two Powers spend to keep the cold war warm! Add to this Russia's expenditure, not to mention the "defence" budgets of every aspiring Tom, Dick and Harry of the power and cold-war conscious "community" (!) of nations, and it is simple to see that in a few years the standard of living in the under-developed nations—in which more than half the world's people are struggling to keep alive—could be raised beyond Messrs. Macmillan, Krushchev and Lippmann's wildest dreams. But it will not happen. Firstly because, as we have been pointing out, governments don't think in these . . . *human terms* (Mr.

PEOPLE AND IDEAS: THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS

*Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.*

COMMENTS in the press on the recently published biography of King George VI have treated as a matter of course the picture that emerges of the character of the later king's father, George V. They have described him as a martinet, a domestic tyrant, and as the cause of his son's deficiencies, chronic anxieties and digestive troubles. But this is not how he was described a few years ago when his own official biography was published, nor when his statue by Sir William Reid Dick was foisted on a grateful nation. Only the Duke of Windsor's autobiography, regarded in official circles as regrettable, broke through the barrage of adulation. George V died in 1936, and it has taken 22 years for frankness about his character to become respectable. We shall certainly all be dead before ex-King Charles III tells our grand-children all about Mum. But there are signs that the time-lag is growing shorter—already his late Holiness is coming in for some pretty sharp posthumous criticism which will certainly weaken his chances in the canonisation stakes, and Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery's colleagues are all too obviously waiting for the pleasure of writing his obituary. At present, however, we are still catching up with the Great Men and National Heroes of the past.

Thirteen years after the death of Lloyd George, the present Earl Lloyd George is writing in the *Sunday Dispatch* that "not one of the twenty or so biographers who have written my father's life story has told the full truth", and with the title "The truth nobody DARED to tell about my father", he (in the words of his publishers) "begins by exploding a legend of our times". A similar phrase, "a useful corrective to popular mythology" is used about the new biography of Lord Kitchener, appearing 42 years after his death. Kitchener, who was in the first decade of this century "Britain's greatest soldier, Empire builder and popular idol" turns out to have been "the last of the great British looters", a brutal, blustering, arrogant incompetent, who set about grand schemes of enlargement at his official residences while "in other respects, especially the comfort and welfare of his soldiers, he was a penny pincher", a figurehead whose death when the cruiser *Hampshire* went down, was a national calamity which caused immense relief in Whitehall.

The idols go down one by one, after they are dead and after a decent interval in deference to the principle *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, and then we all get a rather malicious pleasure in learning that they were not what they were made out to be. The fashion for debunking biographies began in the nineteen-twenties with Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians*.

Lippmann for instance wants India to be a show-piece of the West but at the same time wants to "make sure" that "we [the West] do not lose the race of armaments"! Secondly because of the resistance that can be expected from the "native" Politicians to "interference" from outside. Thirdly because of the internal upheaval that is implicit in such a programme. The problem in India for instance is not just one of a lack of capital. The country is hamstrung by religious and language problems, by political rivalries and property barriers. To overcome these man-made problems requires more than dollars and Gandhi's ghost.

"THE battle of ideas is on"—declared Mr. Macmillan and added "If we have faith . . . I believe that our ideals will triumph". But the battle of ideas has not yet started and the power struggle may be an "ideal" for politicians but is a tragedy for the world's remaining 2,000 million inhabitants! The battle will never start and will therefore never be won until enough of us have the integrity to question, and, as we anarchists see it, to reject, the values on which the existing social and economic system is based.

It is quite simple. One need only

ians, and though Lytton Strachey himself is now thoroughly debunked (since someone made that remark about him being like a mowing-machine going clever-clever-clever all over the lawn) the iconoclastic attitude which he epitomised is needed more than it is heeded.

ONE of our contemporary iconoclasts, Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge, writing recently in the *New Statesman* on "Those put in Authority Over Us" reaches the conclusion about the Establishment that "What is surprising, and certainly interesting, about our own particular set-up is that it has grown decidedly stronger of late, instead of, as might have been supposed, weaker. The forces of conformism have re-grouped, and now are waxing, not waning. A sort of stealthy counter-revolution has, all unnoticed, taken place, and is steadily gaining in strength. I should say myself that the penalties for speaking out of turn are

DURING five weeks tour of the island by car our only mishap was a punctured tyre of not malice aforethought. Partly for reasons of economy and partly from doubt about halting in some isolated place which might house one of the Cypriot minority that believes there is no British owned car whose windscreen would not look nicer after a brick had been hurled through it, we rarely ate meals in restaurants or bars. An exception was when we visited Kysema, where the Turkish Moslem mosque and the Greek Orthodox church are not far apart—except in religious dogma and political allegiance.

In the Astoria restaurant in the town, kept by one Vassos Siaxates (commonly called "George") we ate succulent steak sandwiches and rich cream cakes served with the biggest pot of tea ever brewed, while we watched a workman somehow escape damage to his traditionally extra large little finger nail as he fixed wire-netting to protect the windows from hand grenades. The only comment from "George" was his sighing "More expense", delivered with a shrug, with neither surprise nor bitterness.

Even as on one blue-skied shimmering Sunday morning on Famagusta beach we sat reading about a palpitating victory at Wembley, and our grandchildren were swimming peacefully, in close-by Famagusta town two British soldiers were shot to death, and we wondered afresh would the bankrupt statesmen of all nations convert the counterfeit of their paper schemes into sterling and confine the battling of their subject peoples to field and stadium.

On the beach that day a Cypriot boatman complained bitterly to us that im-

mediately the news of this tragedy was known, soldiers who had hired his boats hurt more than his feelings by abusing him and abandoning the boats without paying their dues, in an unfair but understandable retaliation on the innocent.

The true contrast and comparison of Cypriots and the uniformed British in Cyprus is that the latter are not at home. The regular N.C.O.'s of the Army and Royal Air Force look upon their presence in Cyprus as a job of work—a tour of duty which they will not be sorry, on purely personal grounds, to exchange for a tour of duty elsewhere, preferably Britain. Although their views are in the main orthodox, few of them have any illusions as to the value of Cyprus as a military base since the abortive Suez adventure, and they have none of the career-building sychophancies of the commissioned ranks, whose principal anxiety will be how to keep their wives content if they have to come down to a thousand pounds a year in civvy street.

In general among these regular servicemen there appears to be a dogged determination to do what "England" and their superiors expect of them by way of duty. Their sense of outrage when one of their number is killed by a Cypriot is one of unthinking clannishness enhanced by the distinction drawn by the notion that the rebel against British rule is a stab-in-the-back murderer, whereas any uniformed member of "properly" constituted enemy forces may be a warrior as deserving of one's respect as he is of one's country's shot and shell.

That the serviceman's reaction to Cypriot violence is as rough as it is ready is exactly what their hypocritically denying employers expect despite the issue of an official card of instructions couched in parliamentary language exacting an assessment of any critical situation as if the serviceman attacking or attacked were seated comfortably in a map room at headquarters.

In these circumstances and under these regular orders the serviceman never dreams of placing the blame for disablement or death upon the employing authority which has put him in peril. The tragedy is enhanced with the similarly swindled Cypriot seduced from his natural humanity by unscrupulous religious and political leaders into passionate and violent reaction against the armed servants of a foreign powerful authority in his midst.

Especially to be pitied along with the simple ordinary Cypriot betrayed by his fellow nationals and provoked by the invaders is the conscripted British serviceman, of whom it can be confidently asserted that he feels unreservedly fed up and far from home. One such I questioned as to when he expected to be demobilised replied promptly "89½ days from noon to-day." Another, safe on Mount Olympus in beautiful surroundings, and fully appreciative of his good billet, food and army pay, was looking forward eagerly to returning to work in a Lancashire coal-tar factory. None of these young fellows has more than newspaper headline knowledge of, or interest in, the cause of the trouble which makes doubly detestable a life which offers them neither a present content nor a future hope.

Of the auxiliary police, Turkish or Greek, all that can be said is that they are hirelings with a determined bias that provokes trouble rather than prevents it. They are employed in pursuance of the

to-day more severe than they have been for at least half a century, and that the rewards of subservience are correspondingly greater . . . Out of the debris of two world wars and the social upheavals which accompanied and followed them, the position of those put in authority is stronger than before it all happened."

Those put in authority, he believes, have every reason to expect to stay put. "Public education, about which they were apprehensive, has proved a tranquilliser rather than a stimulant. The popular press still contains some sacrilegious elements, certainly, but has, to their relief, largely discredited itself. 'God bless Hire Purchase, Miss Bartok, Prince Shiv, William Hickey, and all other harmless diversions which deflect attention from more serious matters', they conclude their players; and, with a final 'Floreat Etona' and 'God Save the Queen' go serenely to bed."

The Top People stay on top, and Mr. Muggeridge's journalist friend of the thirties who said ruminatively "I sometimes wonder if I'm licking the right

boots", would, he thinks, have less cause to wonder nowadays.

But time takes its revenge on the Supermen. Think of this country's great men of twenty or thirty years ago. Who cares about their statesmanlike utterances and their destiny-shaking activities? Who even bothers much about debunking them? We feel, if anything, a kind of compassion for these poor, vain, silly, pompous creatures, floating in inflated bewilderment on the surface of events they cannot understand but seek to dominate. Or we would feel this, were it not for the fact that power is in their hands.

Look at the world's present crop of selfless and heroic leaders: Macmillan, Krushchev, Eisenhower, de Gaulle!

"Unhappy, the land that has no heroes" exclaims a character in Brecht's play about Galileo.

"No," replies Galileo, "Unhappy the land that feels a need for heroes!"
C.W.

VISIT TO CYPRUS-4

(Continued from previous issue)

mediately the news of this tragedy was known, soldiers who had hired his boats hurt more than his feelings by abusing him and abandoning the boats without paying their dues, in an unfair but understandable retaliation on the innocent.

divide and rule tactic which generations of governments have found expedient.

Clearly the Cyprus Government regular police have been recruited from those members of Britain's police forces who are attracted to Colony service by the certainty of rapid promotion and big pay and the greatest opportunities of exercising practically irresistible power without fear of official reprimand.

All that we saw of the prisons in Cyprus were the outsides of Nicosia Central Prison (from which escapes happened regularly) and of the famous K (Kokkino Trimithia) Camp some miles from Nicosia. Their drab walls are guarded by elevated seventy-foot platforms, machine-gun manned, like war prisoner compounds, which is exactly what they are.

There is, however, another interesting relic of Britain's historic rôle in the Middle East in the shape of a network of catacombs between Famagusta and Larnaca. These were dug in 1947 to enable Jews to escape the internment camps of the British liberators who were concerned to deny the victims of Nazi persecution belated admission to the much-promised land of Israel.

With the flaring into delicate blue flower of the high-branched Jacaranda tree in Nicosia, and the shade temperature reaching the May nineties, violence swept the Lebanon in unlovely prelude. Cyprus restlessness took the form of its tradesmen suddenly deciding simultaneously to withdraw all their markings in English and instead substituting Greek. From pomegranates to petrol this preposterous re-labelling was manifest everywhere.

When an equally absurd Englishwoman protested to one trader that if he persisted in this practice she would
Continued on p. 2

PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY

The age of the new Pope—he is nearly 77—and the manner of his election are criticised to-day by the *Church of England Newspaper*.

"After all the play-acting, a new Pope has been chosen, Cardinal Roncalli, an old man long past reasonable age of retirement," the paper says.

"If the choice of a man on the verge of decrepitude was premeditated it is feeble and thoroughly discreditable."

PROFESSIONAL DISEASE

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 27. Tension is the main factor in heart disease, according to Dr. Meyer Friedman and Dr. Ray Rosenman, of Mount Zion Hospital, and newspaper editors and business executives are the most prone to heart trouble.

The doctors told the American Heart Association to-day that they had examined 83 newspaper editors, television officials, advertising firms, and senior officers of business corporations. This group showed six times as much clinical heart disease as a relatively "easy going" group including city employees, embalmers, book-keepers, and others engaged mostly in routine jobs. Twenty-three in the "tension" group had heart disease but only four of the 83 in the "non-tension" group.

Their study indicated that consumption of alcohol, cigarette smoking, overweight, exercise, and diet had little or nothing to do with cardiac disease.—*Reuter*.

