



ALTHOUGH LIVING STANDARDS ARE LOW, YUGOSLAV WORKERS GET THE HIGHEST RATION AT LOW PRICES. BLACK-MARKETING IS NEGLIGIBLE.

Tito Sells His Bill of Goods

BY HARRIS and PEGGY PEEL

A high-pressure propaganda campaign, an ever-watchful secret police, a fair and adequate rationing system enable the "People's Democracy" to maintain and to solidify its hold on Yugoslavia

THE American visitor to Yugoslavia (a very rare bird indeed these days) usually expects to see signs of Russian dominance, but he can't help being somewhat surprised at the open display of Yugoslavia's position as a satellite nation. He is in for some other surprises, too, particularly the solid footing of the Communist government, the apparent lack of any organized opposition, and the completely successful job of propaganda that has convinced the population the "People's Democracy" is a wonderful thing but is endangered by "capitalistic warmongers" from the west. There is little doubt among Yugoslavs just who these warmongers are. The version echoed by many runs something like this: "America tried to buy us out with UNRRA, but it didn't work, and so now they are preparing to make war on us."

Entering Yugoslavia by way of Trieste and the Morgan Line, the first city the visitor comes to is Lubiana. Here, in the State-run restaurant of the best hotel, on a wall (placed so that everyone who enters will see) is a huge picture of Marshal Josip Broz Tito; beside him, just as large, is one of Marshal Joseph Stalin. Flanking them are the flags of Yugoslavia and Russia. As he goes on he will find that every restaurant, every hotel, every store, every public building has pictures of both Tito and Stalin, varying in size

and richness according to the wealth of the institution. Yet he will hear government officials protest that their nation is entirely free and independent, the satellite of no other country. Stalin's picture is displayed, they say, only because he is a "popular national hero."

However, since it is so difficult for Americans to enter the country, it probably isn't often the Yugoslavs are questioned about the displays. A visa requires clearance from Belgrade, and a five-months nuisance campaign directed at a Yugoslav Embassy can be counted as under par.

THE State Department decided in May of last year not to allow U. S. tourists into Yugoslavia. Ambassador Cavendish Cannon says this is because many Americans have been relieved of their passports by the Yugoslavs and all efforts by the Embassy in Belgrade to retrieve them have been futile. He explains that the State Department has no way of knowing to what use these passports have been put. The Department, Cannon adds, does not feel it can "properly protect" U. S. citizens who travel in Yugoslavia, for "in violation of all diplomatic custom, the Yugoslavs deny the right of an American citizen to see his consular representatives when he is arrested. In several different instances U. S. personnel have been arrested, tried, and

sentenced before the government told us where they were held."

If the American does finally succeed in getting a visa, he will be warned by the Scottish sergeant-in-charge at the Morgan Line outpost on the Allied side of the Free Territory of Trieste: "I damn bloody well don't envy you going into that Jug territory. Those people don't care who they shoot at!"

THE half-mile drive across no-man's-land to the Yugoslav outpost is through a barren region which seems even more lonely because there is no traffic, no movement of any kind, on the narrow road. The dull sound of mortar shells exploding in practice fire on the Allied side lends credence to the illusion that one is in a war area.

The soldier in front of the drop-gate barrier is like thousands of others throughout Yugoslavia. An ill-fitting, patched and re-patched uniform of sand-color, similar to the German desert uniform, hangs loosely on his thin frame. Either the textile or soap shortage, or both, produces at least one likeness among all Yugoslav soldiers—dirty, almost filthy, uniforms. Cleanliness of face and hair seems to vary according to the individual. A tommy gun, which has replaced the rifle as the basic infantry weapon, is slung on his shoulder. His cap is topped with a red star, a replica of that worn by the Rus-

sian Red Army. After registering the visitor—a process which varies in length directly in proportion to how well the soldier on duty can read—he raises the gate and waves the entrant through with his tommy gun.

Of all the stories about Yugoslavia circulating in Trieste, the first one substantiated is the almost unbelievably bad roads. In the hundred miles between Lubiana and Zagreb one sees practically no automobiles—only motorcycles—but the Yugoslavs are generous, and willing to donate repair material as well as labor to help out with the inevitable flat tire. They accept no payment and are insulted when offered it.

At the end of this death-to-fires road is the city of Zagreb. The Hotel Esplanade here was considered one of the finest in the Balkans before the war. Though still beautifully furnished, the one luxury they offer today is hot water on Wednesday and Saturday evenings from five until nine.

If the visitor is convinced by this time that Yugoslavian roads are not meant for motoring, he can cover the next three hundred miles to Belgrade by "express" train. It takes ten hours.

BELGRADE is a drab capital. Built in the center of a flat, semi-barren plain, it has as its only reason for existence at that particular spot the juncture of the Danube and Sava