



Communist youth of all nations joined hands to aid Yugoslavs rebuild shattered railway system.

Tito Sells His Bill of Goods

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Rivers. Although heavily bombed by both Germans and Allies, and almost completely destroyed, the city today shows little evidence of this destruction. It is a good example of the intense reconstruction program in Yugoslavia. With its good supply of timber, brick clay and building stone, the country's lack of adequate transportation has been the only major drawback for nation-wide reconstruction of homes and buildings. With little or no modern equipment, this progress has been made only through the immense capacity for work inherent in these people. Reconstruction has also been speeded by Communist "party spirit"—entire labor crews "volunteer" to work two, four or even six additional hours a day at no extra pay.

There is almost no unemployment in the country. The Communist solution to the age-old problem has been simple. With enough reconstruction work available for the entire male population, no able-bodied man receives a ration card for his family unless he has a job. The usual source of food for careless people, the black market, has been cut off by the simple expedient of shooting all those engaging in illegal dealings. To eat a man must work, for only fresh fruits and vegetables are unrationed.

A street scene in Belgrade could never be mistaken for one in a Western capital. Only about half of the pedestrians wear European-type clothing, the others adhering, either through desire or necessity, to the traditional Serbian peasant dress. Even those who wear Western clothing are shabby looking, for Yugoslavia has no large textile industry and refuses to spend precious foreign currency for cloth. The Serbian men wear blousy shirts and breeches similar to riding pants, their footwear consisting of either boots or work shoes. Full, long, pleated skirts, billowed out by several petticoats, are worn by the Serbian peasant women, frequently with a full-sleeved blouse, usually hand embroidered, covered by a colorful bolero jacket. During the siesta hour, between one and four P.M., little groups of women can be found sitting in the doorsteps or sleeping on the sidewalk waiting for the meagerly-stocked stores to open.

BELGRADE is one of the few places in the world where eating isn't fun. The State, as owner and operator of restaurants, would certainly go broke if it had to compete with private enterprise in any of the Western capitals. The restaurants in Yugoslavia are a sure cure for those who think they are tired of Army messes and snack bars. With no incentive on the part of the management to draw customers to one particular spot, eating is merely an unfortunate physical necessity. Whether the foreigner in Belgrade goes to the swank dining room in the Hotel Majestic or to a "people's restaurant," he finds the quality of cooking poor, the atmosphere a vacuum and the bill high. Even so, the average Yugoslav

working man eats better than does his counterpart in France, Italy or England. For the first time in three years this normally rich agricultural nation has had a crop unhampered by drought. With some very minor exceptions among members of the Communist Party, all persons draw on their ration at a very low price their fair share of the nation's food. Heavy workers, of course, get a larger ration than office workers. With no black market and the government's complete control of every hog, cow and bushel of wheat the ration for all persons holding workers' cards is sufficient. (Clergymen, businessmen and persons who work for private concerns get an "R" card which is about half what a government-blessed employe receives.) Other than food, there is almost nothing to buy in the country.

The Yugoslavs, after several rakijas (the local schnapps), are not so formal and quiet as their first impressions lead visitors to believe. Communist propaganda has done a rather successful job in the country of belittling American aid through UNRRA by circulating stories of war preparations in the U.S. Questioned why they believe the United States is about to make war, the reply runs along the lines of one young Yugoslav commercial airline pilot. He believes the Marshall Plan is an attempt to get all of Europe under "the yoke of American capitalists" so the U.S. can use these nations when it starts its war against Yugoslavia and Russia "and the rest of the countries which have a People's Democracy."

He says it has been "proved" that the American Graves Registration Detachments in Yugoslavia are nothing but a front to hide an espionage organization. He also claims that America is rebuilding Germany in order to produce men and material for this war he is sure will start soon. "America is sending money, arms and soon troops to Greece and Turkey so she can hit us on two sides at once," he explains.

These people who live under a completely controlled propagandistic press are invulnerable to argument. They look on the present Communistic regime as the panacea of all the ills of their nation. They will not believe the U.S. has no secret police for "every nation must have such a force. How else could a government retain its power and prestige?"

ANOTHER young Serbian, twenty years of age, who manages a restaurant in a small town between Belgrade and Skoplje, talks about his recent excursion with a Yugoslavian brigade on the Youth Railway near Sarajevo, which he describes as "the finest thing I have ever seen." He tells how the young people of all nations (except the United States) came to Yugoslavia during summer vacations to help rebuild the nation's rail facilities and, incidentally, to rally around the banner of "Youth for World Communism."

He was rather unhappy to be recalled from the brigade to his home town to manage the State-owned restaurant, but, "A comrade goes where the party needs him. The needs and future of the masses are more important than the happiness of one individual." He then explains that the party is going to send him to a university, Belgrade if he is not lucky enough to win a scholarship to the University of Prague.

All Yugoslavs seem to detest the thought of another war. Having suffered enormously, they realize how much is lost and how little gained by world conflict. (Out of a population of less than fifteen million, Yugoslavia had almost two million killed or missing as a result of the German invasion.) Nevertheless, no one seems even hopeful that another war can be averted, and almost all believe that America is now preparing for war and will attack when she is ready. As nationalists, they therefore support their large army and are willing to bear a reduced standard of living to pay for it.

If there are still some politically conscious Yugoslavs not in favor of the Tito government, there is little chance they will make any open attempt to resist. Every opposition leader conceivably strong enough to ever lead a revolution against Tito has been eliminated, either by imprisonment, death sentence or spontaneous mob action. Almost every Allied observer in Belgrade says he believes there is not one strong opponent of the government still at freedom within the entire country, either openly or underground.

No Escape

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Larry pulled down the brim of his brown hat. He reached for the ignition key and jammed his foot on the starter. "I'm staying right with you until Tuesday to make sure you're safe until that trial is over," he announced, matter-of-factly.

CAROL swallowed her surprise. But it's no time to be prudish, she decided, when a murderer has a key to your apartment and his henchmen already have attempted to kidnap you from a city street.

She asked meekly, "Where are we going?"

"Down to the police station to return that money you're carrying. But we're going to stop on the way to talk with your friend Harvey Brainard and maybe he'll go with us."

Carol moaned, "Oh, no, Larry! Please!"

But he ignored her. "Brainard's pat set of lies freed you from suspicion of murder when he established the time you left the gift shop that night. Maybe he can be of more help to us. Anyway he's one of the only two ideas I have left for getting to the identity of the real murderer. If we don't get anywhere with him, I don't know..."

Larry was driving the coupe as fast as he dared through the crush of Saturday night traffic. "Do you know where Brainard lives?" he demanded.

"He'll be at the store now," she said with an icy tightening of her throat. "Mr. Keck stays open until eight o'clock on Saturday nights." She asked fearfully, "What will you say to Harvey?"

"I'll know after I see him," Larry answered coldly. "Carol, don't you see that Brainard's lies about you and your own admission that you didn't see the murder you described are two things that have to be explained satisfactorily to the police before we can hand them that money and persuade them that you've been framed?"

"Yes, I see," Carol admitted. "Inspector Brandt is hard at work on this case, but by the time the police wade through the whole school of red herring that somebody has thrown in their way, the murderer may pull a few more fast ones. We've got to work faster than he does."

It was ten minutes to eight when Larry drew the coupe to a stop two doors away from the Dresden Gift Shop.

Mr. Keck, busy at the brightly lighted vase counter with a prosperous looking, middle-aged woman, was surprised and annoyed to turn suddenly and find his former employee at his elbow.

"Mr. Keck," Carol began quietly, "may I speak to you a moment?"

"Pretty soon, Miss Glenn, I'm busy."

"I've come for my check," Carol insisted. "Is Harvey Brainard here?"

"No, he isn't!" Mr. Keck became militant. "But he made out your check before he left this afternoon. It's on my desk."

"Where is Harvey?" Carol demanded desperately.

"Please, Miss Glenn, I don't know where Harvey is. Some men came to see him this morning and he gave me notice and left this afternoon—on a Saturday—and me without a clerk! You know where your check is, Miss Glenn, now, please!"

Carol whirled on the heels of her oxfords and covered the distance to Mr. Keck's office quickly. Her check was there, and clipped to it, and to other checks Harvey had made out were special notes and memoranda about the office. Harvey didn't intend to come back!

Excitement pulsed in her voice when she sat in the coupe a few minutes later telling Larry about it. She saw him grow taut as he listened.

He asked, "Where does Brainard live?"

She had taken Harvey's paycheck to him once when he was ill and had phoned for it. She gave the address on Decal Street, and Larry nosed the coupe out into the Saturday night traffic again, passed the corner where Trieste Street intersected and headed downtown.

Larry found a place to park at the curb in front of a light green sedan and behind a yellow cab. But he never did see the stairs that led up to the apartment rented by Harvey Brainard. As he backed the coupe into the open space, Carol clutched at his arm and he

looked in the direction of her fixed gaze. A man with a handbag was climbing into the cab. The door closed behind him.

"That was Harvey!" Carol gasped as the cab swung out from the curb and sped down the street away from them, its streamlined top gleaming brightly in the street lights.

Larry's coupe went from reverse to low gear and leaped in pursuit. Larry leaned forward over the steering wheel. "If he's leaving town," he muttered, almost to himself, "we'll phone Brandt from the ferry building."

Down two blocks, the cab turned right on Larkin, and Larry was only a block behind. Larkin would lead to Market and Market to the ferry building—if that was where they headed. They were on a street empty of other cars and lined with tall, gray warehouses when the cab got an orange light at an intersection and left them with a red one.

Pulling across the street when the light changed, they entered another block of warehouses and deserted, gray, office buildings as the cab, now far in the distance ahead, rounded a corner to disappear.

The coupe had taken on a breakneck speed that rocked her as she, twisted to look through the back window. They seemed to be trailed by twin balls of light about half a block behind them down the canyon of gray buildings!

As she looked, she heard a sharp "spat."

"That was a shot!" Larry hissed.

"Keep down, Carol!"

Another "spat!"

The coupe bored on, then swerved on two wheels to the right so sharply that Carol screamed. Just as startling was the screeching of tires and sudden stop and Larry's sharp command to get out. He reached across her, opened the door, gave her a shove. Then he was out on the sidewalk in the dusky yellow light and they were running on cement toward an alley.

Even before they reached it, car lights from behind stretched out a lighter pattern on the sidewalk around them. Larry's hand was on the girl's arm and half of the time it felt to Carol as though her running feet found only air beneath them.

They dodged into the shadows of a paved alley and kept running, and lack of oxygen added its constriction to the grip of terror around Carol's lungs. Larry was a fierce, compelling force at her side.

SUDDENLY he stopped. They had come to the end of the brick wall and he jerked her around the corner just as the alley pavement lighted up with long slanting rays from the direction they had come.

The car was following, slowly. In another few moments it would appear at the corner of the building, and the two who fled from it might as well have been on the stage of a theater, they were easy to see.

Larry stood clutching Carol's arm and stared around desperately seeking a way out of the trap he had led her into. It was a deserted U-shape, paved yard opening off the alley, and it was lined on two sides by padlocked doors of corrugated iron garages. The third side, against which they stood was the sheer, brick, rear wall of the warehouse broken only by closed, double doors—on which there was no outside handle.

They had a detailed view of it all. It was easy to see every corner in the light that coned downward from a green-shaded electric bulb directly above them.

(To be continued next week)

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

SCALO HUMPH APRIL CARTE
 WAVER INURE CRANE AYERS
 OMEGA NITER HANKS REMIT
 OER BUTTES MENS TAP UTE
 POTS RES ELI COB LENSES
 HEAD FROT EMULATE
 SPRAWL DEVOTE STIR BRIE
 TRAC GREETING TAMS ERG
 RICK TIE RETIRE REL BAG
 ACES BAIL REGENT DEPUTE
 PER DISMAL SMEARS EASED
 DESPISES ANCIENTS
 STARS SESAME STONES CAB
 PRAYED REVILE SLAY TOGA
 EAR REB SELECT ETA SMIT
 ADD TARS SEPARATE ANGLE
 KENT LAPS SHREDS PILEGS
 AGITATE ATES WART
 BOSTON TUN NET PAP SCAR
 ART AGE TROT OPERAS ADA
 BARED ALTAR SALAD TAPES
 ELATE SIEGE EDUCE LOPE
 SEWED TIRES ESSEN PANTS