





# PRIPOVEDNI DEL

WANDA WASILEWSKA:

## Iz ljubezni

(Nadaljevanje.)

Smreke so bile vedno bolj redke. Prehajale so v nizek gozd, v posamezna drevesa, ki niso zakrivala obzorja.

Toda na obzoru ni bilo nicensar videti. Siva, raztrgana mebla, sivo, vlažno nebo in zdaj pa zdaj pretevajoče se jate vran.

Zdaj pride šola, visoka bela hiša s stebri.

Toda šole ni bilo. Bil je samo kup razvalin, bile so posamezne opeke, črni ostanki pogorišč.

Miriji je prišlo nekaj čudnega na misel — misel, da je zašla. Da ni izstopila na pravi postaji, da ni šla po pravi cesti, ampak v čisto neznankraj, kjer se nikdar ni bila in ki ga sploh več ni.

Toda ni bilo tako. Res, postaja je bila požgana do tal, toda nekdo je napisal na tablico znamo ime in jo pribil na ogoren stebriček. Tovarna in gozd sta ostala skoraj tak, kakor prej. In ta kup razvalin je bil nekdaj šola, velika, bela šola z grškim pročeljem, z vrsto visokih stebrov. Ob teji šoli z grškim pročeljem se je salil Gris, ko sta šla mimo na sprehodih v gozd.

Ze je odprala usta, da bi rekla Gris, da ni več stebrov in grškega pročelja, ko je nenadoma kot udarec zadela misel, da ni Gris poleg nje, da ne gre poleg nje, da ne vidi tega, kar vidi ona. In da ga sploh ni, da je "padel junaške smrti".

Ona pa hodi po neprehodnem blatu, da bi našla kraje svoje nekdanje ljubezni, da bi še enkrat videla in se prepričala, da je vse to bilo, bilo...

Tukaj se začenja cesta. Toda ceste ni. Neveliki kupi pepela in oglja. Dimnik se dviga tam kakor k nebu obrnjena, okrvavljeni roka. Od razvalin diši rezko in zoporno po požaru. Po razbitih stolpičih teče voda.

Na obeh straneh ceste so prav take žalostne razvaline. Niti ene stene, niti enega okna. Težko je verjeti, da bi tu kdaj bile hiše. Ostanki železnih, zarjavelih postolj, to je edini znak, da so tu nekoč živelji ljudje.

Sla je kakor v spanju, trudeč se, da bi spoznala znana, tako znamena mesta, toda vse je bilo strto, razpadlo, vse se je spremeno v kup razmetanih opek, v brezlična, črna pogorišča. Vrba na ovinku, lipa pred železničarjevo hišo, sadni vrt pri klubu, vse je izginilo. Dreves ni bilo, vse je pokosila neusmiljena roka, ki močno deblo in bujna krona zanjo nista pomenila več kot šibko stebelce trave.

Maria je gledala okoli, kakor bi iskala pomoči. Kje pa je prav za prav? Da, tu je mostiček, ta je ostal. Tri temne mokre deske, vržene preko struge. Ograja leži na tleh, iz tramovja, razbitega na kosce, je štrelalo na stotine

vala razvaline. Ostri kosi opeke so ranili njeno roko. Ko bi našla vsaj deščico, vsaj košček, po katerem bi srce brez zmote spoznalo. V lesu se je ohranil dotik zagorele, krepe roke. Prsti ga bodo našli, roka bo še enkrat stisnila roko Grigoriju, še enkrat se bo zlila z njim v objem. Ogorki, razbita opeka, ožgani ostanki neznanih stvari, ostanki, med katerimi ni mogoče ničesar spoznati. Nemi in hladni.

Se enkrat se je v obupu dvignila, polna nedanice sile. Da, malinov gozd je res mogel pogoreti do tal, a nekje mora biti vrt, velike, stare, široke jablane. Nekje se še dviga nad zemljelo deblo, ki je nosilo krasno krono. Ponoči sta gledala vrh, med vejam so cveteli zvezde, zvezde so kot zlata jabolka visela nad glavo.

Sreča prihaja in gleda s sivimi očmi izpod črnih obrvi, a nad glavo cveto zvezde, velike zlate zvezde med črnim listjem jablane, nekje daleč pa pojo pesmi, besed ni mogoče razbrati, kajti ta hip je vse naokoli — pesem in vse — samo Griša.

Zastopala je. Jablane ni. In tudi sledu kakoge debla ni. Vse je izruvala strašna roka vojne.

Marija se je ustavila ob majhni reki, ki je leno tekla med tok snega. To se pravi, da je konec. Rečica je meja naselja. Za njo so se razprostirala polja, gozdovi, trate. Prehodila je torek že vso ulico. Ali res? Saj niti ne ve, če je bila v njej.

Marija je sedla na mokro opeko. Se enkrat je do globočine, do dna duše občutila, da je Gris padel, da ga ni več. Kot da bi tu v požgani vasi, kjer sta se seznanili in se zaljubila drug v drugega, drugič umrl, brez potraka, brez sledu. Kje neki je njegov grob, kako naj ga pošče na neusmiljenih potek vojne, na brezkončnih poljih bojev, na strašnih pozorišnih bitk, če ni mogla najti niti sledu ulice, hiše, vrtja, kjer se je v sončnem poletju rodila njuna ljubezen?

"Marija Pavlovna?"

Zakričala je od strahu. Pred njo se je neradno pojavila človeška postava, postarna ženska z ruto, opirajoča se na palico, siva kot vse, kar je ostalo tu. "Ali me ne pozname več?" Jaz sem Golovkina, mleko sem vam nosila." Bilo je nekaj znanega v tem obrazu, v potezah okrog ust.

"Golovkina?" je negotovo vprašala Marija in se skušala spomniti nečesa neoprijemljivega.

"Postarala sem se," je rekla žena in se krepkeje oprla na palico ter pozorno pogledala Marijo. "Vsi smo se postarali..."

Sedaj je Marija spoznala. V hipu so izginili sivi lasje in gube na obrazu. Za njimi so se pokazala okragla rdeča lica, blesteči crni lasje, in beli zobje, ki jih je odkril nasmej. A slika iz preteklosti je izginila kot izbrisana podoba in ostala je postarna žena s sivimi lasmi, ki so si lili izpod rute.

"Ali ste prišli pogledat staru kraj?"

Marija je z nezavedno krenjno sklenila roke.

"Hotela... hotela sem videti..."

"Glejte, tako je pri nas!" Golovkina je razprostrila roke, kot bi pokazala svoje kraljestvo: "Nič ni ostalo, do tal so požgali. Tako stanujemo."

(Dalje prihodnjic.)

Ako vam je naročna poteka, prosimo, obnovite jo čimprej.

**Dr. John J. Zaverink**  
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON  
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trščic. Stopila je čez mostiček in se spet vsa zmedena ustavila. Tu nekje v tej vrsti mora biti. Nekaj desetin korakov na desno mora biti vogalna hišica znane številne družine, potem druga hišica dveh osamljenih starčkov, ki je v njihovem vrtu stal čebelnjak, nato...

A bilo ni nečesar več. Niti vogalne hišice, niti ulice. Daleč po ravnini so se raztezale vrste pogorišč, vse je bilo ravno, nizko, kot b' tu nikoli nič ne rastlo.

Sklenila je roke in se obrnila nazaj. Se enkrat je šla od mostička v tisti smeri, kjer bi moralata hiša, njuna hiša. Lepljivo blato se je oprimelo škornjev. Komaj je vlačila noge, stopala v luže, v škornjih je čutila vodo, nogavice so bile do koljen mokre. Vroče je bilo kljub mrazu in vlagi. Lasje so ji ušli izpod čepice in se neprijetno leplili na čelo.

Sedaj se je odpravila na najbljžje pogorišče. Pod nogami so zahreščali mokri ogorki. Spet grodje želesne postelje, spet vrata od peči, ki je ni več. Kako naj tu kaj spozna, kako najde?

Pa saj mora srce samo dati znak, srce mora občutiti. Intaval je od pogorišča na pogorišče. Spotikala se je, dihanje se je stiskom trgalo in pijuč. Tu nekje je moralata stati tista mala hišica. Tu se je seznanila z Grisom. Stal je ob ograji, visok, svetlos in spraševal, kje je cesta. Naglušna ženica, gospodinja, je skušala uganiti, kaj hoče od nje. Zaman je devala roko k ušesu in dvigala z njega umazano, zmečkano ruto. Gris se je smejal in ji veselo kričal naravnost v uho.

Marija, je prišla po stezi iz malinovega gozdčka, stopila na ograji in mu pokazala pot. Živ se spominja njegove velike, zapore roke na ograji. Razločno vidi sedaj celo prste, belo brazgotino na sredincu, ki je padala v oči. Rada bi bila tedaj vprašala — sama ni vedela, čemu jo je prevzela neumna, otroška radovnost — od kod ima to brazgotino. Celo zardela je, ko je posmisnila, kako bi to izgledalo.

On jo je gledal z veselimi očmi — da, Gris smehljaj, način in hoja in glas, vse je bilo veselo. Prvo, kar je opazila na njem, je bilo glasno, prekipevajoče več.

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(Dalje prihodnjic.)

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TRUMANOV NOVA VNANJA POLITIKA

## AGITATORJI NA DELU

Poročilo za 4 tedne od 7. marca do 4. aprila 1947.

John Krebel, Cleveland, O. 23  
(3 nove)

Anton Zornik, Hermelin, Pa. 21

Frank Cvetan, Johnstown, Pa. 14

Anton Jankovich, Cleveland, O. 6  
(2 novi)

Donald Lotrich, Chicago, Ill. 5

Josef Korsik, Detroit, Mich. 4

Anton Tomšič, Oakland, Calif. 4

Frank Stih, Sheboygan, Wis. 4

Julia Parkel, Los Angeles, Calif. 4

Blaz Mezori, Los Angeles, Calif. 4  
(2 novi)

Lovrene Bajc, Fairpoint Harbor, O. 4

John Vitez, Burton, O. 4

Anton Shular, Arma, Kansas 2

Janko Zornik, Detroit, Mich. 2

Jos. Oblak, Chicago, Ill. 2

J. H. Kriznik, Kemmerer, Wyo. 2

Max Maritz, Buhl, Minn. 2

Nace Zemberger, Glencoe, O. 2

Mary Marinsek, Gallup, N. Mex. 2

John Pečnik, Fontana, Calif. 2

Jos. Ambrozich, Monh Run, Pa. 2

Anton Udovich, La Salle, Ill. 2

Jacob Kunstelj, Ely, Minn. 2  
(2 novi)

John Teran, Ely, Minn. 2

Jacob Rozic, Milwaukee, Wis. 2

Jos. F. Durn, Cleveland, O. 2

Jim Dekleva, Gowanda, N. Y. 2

Louis Malenšek, Pueblo, Colo. 1

Skupaj 128 naročnin. Prejšnji izkaz (4 tedne) 173 naročnin.

Poročilo za 4 tedne od 4. aprila do 2. maja 1947.

Anton Zornik, Hermelin, Pa. 37  
(2 novi)

John Krebel, Cleveland, O. 20

Louis Barborich, Milwaukee, Wis. 12  
(2 novi)

Joseph Korsik, Detroit, Mich. 12

Frank Stih, Sheboygan, Wis. 12

Mat Malnar, Willard, Wis. 10  
(2 novi)

J. H. Kriznik, Kemmerer, Wyo. 8

Frank Zaitz, Chicago, Ill. 8

A. Leksan, San Francisco, Calif. 6

Jacob Adam, Argo, Ill. 6

Lenhart Werdinek, Thomas, W. Va. 6

Donald Lotrich, Chicago, Ill. 5





## A PREDICTION UNFULFILLED

The National Association of Manufacturers, cautiously advancing, at first, its solution for reconversion ills, stated, in an advertisement published throughout the country in February, 1946:

"Full production isn't possible when industry suffers losses because of rising costs and frozen prices. Price ceilings limit production—goods just don't get made."

In the same argument, strikes and government spending were included, along with price ceilings, as the "roadblocks" limiting production, and, according to the thesis, genuine prosperity.

Encouraged by its earlier efforts, the N.A.M. launched its all-out propaganda effort to abolish price controls. It culminated in this advertisement, which appeared in June, 1946:

"If OPA is permanently discontinued, the production of goods will mount rapidly and through free competition prices will quickly adjust themselves to levels that consumers are willing to pay... Supply will quickly catch up with demand. Prices will be fair and reasonable to all. Quality will be improved...."

The "roadblocks" were removed. Price ceilings were ended. Strikes have been comparatively few. And government spending has been curtailed.

The conditions established by the National Association of Manufacturers have been largely met. But the promises remain unfulfilled. Prices, as a result of free competition, have not "quickly adjusted themselves to levels that consumers are willing to pay." They have not become "fair and reasonable to all."

Low-income groups have long been priced out of most markets. Those in moderate circumstances are now in the same situation. Together, they form the bulk of the nation's purchasing power.

The United States News, in an analysis of current prices, finds that the goods which "enter into the cost of living rose 54 per cent, on the whole, since 1939." The rise of foodstuffs has been 95 per cent. Men's suits have advanced 72%. Women's clothes have risen even more. Only rent, still subject to ceilings, has, among the necessities, shown little gain. It is, on the national average, but 4 per cent above the 1939 figure.

The salary gains made by most workers since 1939, and particularly those made during the past year, have been largely wiped out. Prices, as a result of the free competition urged by the National Association of Manufacturers, have not quickly adjusted themselves. Instead, they have climbed rapidly in many fields. So buyers' strikes loom. In some parts of the country they are already under way. Curtailed production follows. That results in loss of employment, which creates an even lessened demand for goods.

Paraphrasing the early advertisement of the N.A.M., we say:

Full consumption isn't possible when people suffer losses because of rising prices and frozen incomes. Excessively high prices limit consumption—goods just don't get sold.

—The Chicago Sun

## The People Really Should be Satisfied Because They Got What They Voted For

By Raymond Hofsies, Editor, Reading Labor Advocate

If the millions of Americans who voted for a profit economy and a "free enterprise" system really want what they voted for they should be howling to high heaven against President Harry S. Truman right about now.

For Mr. Truman has said things that menace profits and bring into question the freedom of those who collect them.

What the President of the United States has done is to warn the profit-taking owners of this nation that they would do well to reduce their profits—voluntarily. Now such a suggestion certainly doesn't fit with freedom of enterprise. What does jibe with private ownership, private profits and freedom is exactly what Senator Taft and other "reactionaries" in and out of the Congress of the United States and the National Association of Manufacturers are talking about. Capitalist freedom means that the law of supply and demand shall determine what prices shall be. It means that competition shall be the balance wheel that keeps the industrial machine operating for the general welfare. It certainly doesn't mean that a president should "butt in" or that anybody should have the will and power to do anything "voluntarily."

The people of America may not have come to understand it yet, but the fact that the nation's highest public official is wheedling a few people to do something for the benefit of millions of people indicates that the few have such tremendous power that neither the economy nor the millions can truthfully be called free.

The profit-takers to whom Truman was talking when he coaxed for lower prices are the real bosses of the nation. Otherwise—and if the people were the masters—their representatives in the White House and the Congress would be telling, not asking.

The fact is that the great mass of people are still being pretty well hypnotized by words that don't mean exactly what they say and that certainly don't mean the same thing to the people who

Grass  
By CARL SANDBURG

Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo.

Shovel them under and let me work—

I am the grass; I cover all. And pile them high at Gettysburg And pile them high at Ypres and Verdun.

Shovel them under and let me work.

Two years, ten years, and passen-

gers ask the conductor:

What place is this?

Where are we now?

I am the grass.

Let me work.

# PROLETAREC

## THE MARCH OF LABOR



## LOOKING AHEAD

By Len De Caux

It was one of these spring mornings. The streetcar was full. But the only passengers I really noticed were two good-looking girls—you know how spring is.

They were joshing with a young fellow—sound like the usual boy-meets-girl line. But the streetcar slowed down near a picket-line and the two girls rose to leave.

At the door one of them turned. Her cheeks dimpled. Her lips parted in a provoking smile. "We don't care what you say," she said. "We like the union. We love it."

It made me think of love and marriage and unionism, and how some members feel who are "married to the union."

She was like a green young tree that sparkles in the dew and sunshine of a May morning. Slim and supple, she moved with the grace of leafy branches swayed by the breeze.

When she smiled, her face was like a firm round bud that suddenly bursts into a beautiful flower.

At least, that's how she looked to him—though the closest he got to saying so was, "Hiya, good-looking?"

He was passable, for a young man. A bit awkward. But strong and vigorous, with a stubborn chin, a hard-worker, and a fighter.

To her, he was a handsome gentle knight, come to rescue her, to protect her. In his eyes she saw sincerity, high ideals, great plans for the future.

In short, they fell in love.

Some neighbors thought he was a bit uncouth, too outspoken, inclined to be rambunctious. "Why couldn't she have married the boss, or some other rich fellow?"

"I don't know why you had to take up with the CIO?" said the banker. "The better class of people in this community don't think much of it. It's stirring up trouble. The company will look after you."

But everyone had to admit he was a good provider. He brought in more money, gave her a more comfortable life than before.

Not that they didn't have a struggle, particularly at first. Some folks thought she was pretty calculating when she married him. But she didn't mind going short those days. She believed in him, trusted him, knew the struggle was worth while.

It wasn't just a matter of money. She said, she loved him.

"In Portsmouth, O., they told me about a man on a long strike who wouldn't take the union relief money he was entitled to. 'I can manage without it,' he said, 'and anyhow I didn't join the union for what I can get out of it, I believe in it.'

He got into some fights on her account. He wouldn't stand for anyone trying to take advantage

## Strange Neutrality Planned by Truman

Wants Authority to Control Exports; Divide World Into Good And Bad

One of the strangest proposals ever submitted to Congress was presented recently by President Truman.

He requested changes in the Neutrality Act which will enable him to say what nations shall and shall not receive from this country exports of war munitions and other articles, even food, which may be put to war purposes.

The theory to which this country has adhered for more than a century is quite different. Heretofore Uncle Sam was supposed to be neutral to all nations at peace with us.

The proposal change would permit the State Department to divide the world into "good" and "bad" nations.

Critics say that would increase the possibility of international clashes.

## Flu Epidemic Likely, Health Group Told

Dutch Doctor Fears Recurrence Of Scourge That Swept World In 1918

Unpleasant news comes from Geneva, Switzerland, where the World Health Organization is meeting.

Dr. C. van der Berg, director general of public health of The Netherlands, said that another influenza scourge similar to that of 1918 may now be imminent. Epidemics on a world-wide scale, he declared, are liable to recur every 25 to 30 years, and that the danger was aggravated by conditions caused by a prolonged war.

Special influenza committees have been set up in The Netherlands, Dr. Berg revealed, and he suggested that this policy be pursued throughout the world, to prepare for any eventuality.

He especially urged that vaccines which immunize against influenza be stock-piled at strategic points.

## WHOM DID IT HELP?

NEWS ITEM: Prices have risen a third higher than average factory wages in the last year, the Bureau of Labor Statistics reported. Wages increased 14 percent on a weekly basis and prices paid by moderate income families in large cities jumped 18 percent.

NEWS ITEM: Two separate Wall Street surveys revealed March 31 that American industry piled up astronomical profits in 1946. The Dow-Jones industrial average of corporate earnings rose to the highest level since the figures were first computed in 1929, according to Barron's, a national business and financial weekly.

From the Wall Street Journal came a report that earnings of American industry as a whole in 1946 far exceeded those of the previous year.

End of price controls and elimination of wartime excess profits taxes were responsible for the high industry earnings, the Journal said.

—The Advance

## VETS CARE IS BIG JOB FOR UNCLE SAM

"Veterans are applying for administration to Veterans' Administration hospitals and homes" at the rate of 780,000 a year, the V. A. reported.

That is a staggering figure, but it is only one of many which show that Uncle Sam has a big and growing job on his hands taking care of former soldiers and sailors.

To do the job, the V. A. now employs about 216,000 men and women.

There are more than 17,000,000 veterans, of whom nearly 14,000,000 served in the Second World War. More than 5,000,000 of them are taking college or vocational training at Uncle Sam's expense.

Nearly 120,000 veterans of the War with Spain, about half a century ago, are still drawing pensions.

This year, care of veterans is costing about \$10 billions.

## Slovene Center Social Club

Chicago, Ill.—There will be a special meeting of the Slovene Center Club on Sat., May 24, 1947, at 8 o'clock at 2301 So. Lawndale Ave. One officer for the committee is to be elected. Refreshments and dancing will follow the meeting.

Edward Hudale, Secy.

## SO LABOR "WILL FIGHT BACK"

We're thinking now of a burlesque stunt of some years ago in which the poor little Dutchman was being bullied by a tough character.

"I'll fight if you push me far enough," the Dutchman squeaked.

Whereupon the bully straight-armed the little guy all the way across the stage.

"Well," demanded the tough, "I pushed you; why don't you fight?"

"Oh," replied his unfortunate victim; "but that wasn't far enough."

The above story came to our mind out of a deep past when we read a Federated Press story of a radio broadcast by AFL Sec-Treas. George Meany.

Meany, according to FP, warned Congress that labor will "fight back if forced to do so."

Good heavens! After sacrificing democratic rights to win a war, after seeing owners' profits growing and workers' savings vanishing, after suffering cuts in the buying power of wages, after complaining about the lack of homes on terms that a worker can afford to meet, after admitting that wage gains have been wiped out by price increases—one wonders what is necessary to force labor to fight. How far is "far enough?"—Reading Labor Advocate.

## Yugoslavia's Enemy

By EDWARD ELLISON in New Republic

Edward Ellison is a Balkans correspondent for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and London Daily Express. During the war he was chief public-relations officer for Allied Military Government in Trieste, and before the war worked in Paris for the London News Chronicle.

Belgrade

Here in Yugoslavia we have been going through a series of crises visitations, ultimatums and speeches. At the moment we have on our hands a famine which will develop to dangerous proportions within the next two months. We have had a slightly unfriendly Balkan Inquiry Commission, certain sections of which showed in no uncertain manner what they thought of their hosts. We have had President Truman's ultimatum on Greece and, highly important, Marshal Tito's speech to the National Parliament.

All these, of course, reflect directly on Yugoslavia's attitude and policy toward the United States. The famine has already forced the bread ration in certain parts of southern Serbia down to 400 calories and the national average may drop to 650 unless grain shipments are received. The seriousness of the problem becomes evident when it is realized that the main diet in Yugoslavia is bread—sometimes as much as 80 per cent of the total diet. The refusal of the United States to come to Yugoslavia's assistance with grain has not done anything to discredit or weaken the government. It has simply convinced large numbers that what Tito has been saying about the attitude of certain of their allies is true and that the United States is indulging in a particularly unsavory piece of political blackmail as a defenseless people as its victim.

If you live in Belgrade you can find further plausible, and possibly factual, evidence of this or, at least, of the unfriendly attitude of America and Americans toward Yugoslavia. The President's statement on Greece did not come as a surprise. For example, Truman's former representative, Ambassador Richard C. Patterson, has been demonstrating his personal and political distaste for everybody and everything he has seen here.

Perhaps unwittingly, Patterson has set the tempo of the Yugoslav government's attitude toward America. This was demonstrated strikingly in Tito's speech to Parliament. He openly, if quietly, attacked Patterson as an enemy of Yugoslavia. This attack followed one made some weeks ago by Borba, the Communist daily and practically a government mouthpiece, accusing him of "deliberately poisoning relations between Yugoslavia and the United States." At the time it was also stated that members of the Embassy were "associating with elements who were traitors and enemies of the state." What one can certainly say about Patterson is that he behaved, both in America, where he gave "off-the-record lectures" on Yugoslavia, and here in Belgrade, with no diplomatic tact.

The Truman pronouncements, therefore, caused little stir. Everything that had happened before pointed to something of this nature. What it did do was to give the Yugoslavs the opportunity of saying that this shows Truman is determined to sabotage the UN.

Could Be

"Johnny, if I gave you two rabbits today, and in six months I gave you another one," the teacher asked, "how many rabbits would you have then?"

"About ten," Johnny answered.

"Wrong—quite wrong, Johnny. You don't know your arithmetic."

"And I don't think you know rabbits," Johnny answered.