

Jugoslavia's 'Tito' By Frank Gervasi

(WNU Feature—Through special arrangeme with Collier's Weekly)

Fifteen years ago, Josip Broz was a nameless man hunted as a Com-munist criminal by the police and secret agents of the then most powerful figure in Jugoslavia, Gen. Pera Zivkovic, strong-arm front man for the late pious, dictatorial King Alex-

ander.

Josip Broz did not have a birth certificate, much less a passport.
For the entire year 1928, he lived in
the political underworld of cellars
and garrets in Belgrade, Zagreb and Split, and wherever he-could find

His crime? He had organized the Metal Workers' Union and was one of the leaders of the trade-union movement in Jugoslavia

He was caught early in 1929 and failed. He was released four years later with gray in the soft waves of his brown hair, ulcers in his stomach and a dream in his brain. Leader of 300,000 Fighters.

Today, at the age of 55, he stands at the head of an army of 200,000 and possibly 300,000 oddly uniformed but uniformly determined men and women known as "Partisans," who have proved everlastingly that slave men may win battles but free men

Today Josip Broz is the military and spiritual leader of a movement which has broken the Nazis' hold on the Balkans, obviated an Allied of-fensive in southeastern Europe until the main German armies can be crushed in the East and West, and has given new meaning to the words "A People's War" and "The Four

To his army and the guerrilla bands and to millions of Jugoslavs in freed territory and the outside world, Josip Broz is known as Tito.

"Ti" means you and "To" means this. Broz has few idiosyncracies or mannerisms to mark him apart from other men, but one of them is the habit of prefacing an order with "You do this." Hence his name. It is pronounced Tee-toe.

To the Titos of this world and their followers must go an indefinable measure of credit for the victory that will be ours.

To one particular Tito-he who was born on a 30-acre farm near Zagreb of a Croat father and a Slovene mother—must go most of the credit for the rebirth of Jugo-slavia and the immobilization of the German armies in the Balkans, and the setting into motion of a revolution in southeastern Europe which might provide a permanent solution to the problems of one-third of the

people of that continent.

Mikhallovitch Helped.

What credit isn't Tito's must be given to Draja Mikhailovitch, who unfortunately chose, at one stage of his dramatic career as liberator, to turn from killing Germans to taking part in civil war and only sporadically resumed the bigger job.

Tito is of slightly more than medium height, broad-shouldered, longarmed and sturdy-legged. His head sets low on his shoulders and it is a remarkable head. In profile, it is the head of a poet and philosopher who is also a skilled craftsman—a Cellini perhaps. Full face, it is the tough, determined visage of a triple-threat halfback.

threat halfback.

A side view of this prodigious proletarian shows a high forehead, bulgy shaggy brows with a deep crease between them, capable of eloquent frowning. Tito nose is long, slightly beaked, with thick nostrils. He has a straight, kindly mouth, good chin and a heavy work-man's neck. There is what some would call an American Indian cast in his features.

Face to face, he looks remarkably like a clean-shaven Stalin, the effect being accentuated consciously or not by the cut of his unadorned broad-

He speaks matter-of-factly, in a low, well-modulated voice, looks di-rectly at you as he talks and never speaks until you have finished what you have to say. He talks, they say, to each individual in an audi-ence, moving his eyes deliberately

from one person to another.

He smokes innumerable cigarettes, chain fashion, from a small holder.

Far from being "a man of steel," he is capable of great emotion.

Mourns for Dead.

"When something really bloody happens," a man who spent months with him in Jugoslavia told me, "he's knocked out. No hysterics, no pyrotechnics. He just retires quietly for hours, as he did the night he got word that his friends Milosevic and Kovasevic had been killed."

Out of their affection for Tito, the people have fashioned a legendary man of extraordinary courage and endurance who rides a white charger and walks uphill to spare its strength, who is always at the head of his guerrilla detachments.

Spearheading War on Typhus in 'Sunny Italy'



Ready with spray guns and other delousing equipment, members of the flying squad of the U. S. army assigned to fight typhus in Naples (left) are off to investigate reports of a case of lice-carried disease. In picture at top a baby member of a Neapolitan family is given a dose of lice-killing powder. The man with the gun is an Italian member of a delousing squad. Right: Here the "target" is a woman who has been exposed to typhus. She has been living in a filthy tunnel in the slum section of Naples.

U. S. Nurses Get Jungle-Wise in Indian Jungle



Four U. S. nurses now in training to replace Lieut. Col. Gordon Seagrave and his Burmese nurses on the Burma front, are shown (left) cooking chow over their fire during an eight-mile hike with full combat packs. They are trained to live in the jungle in order that they may be better able to care for their patients. Right: An army nurse pushes her way through thick jungles of bamboo on the Indian-Burmese border.

Barkley Breaks With President Roosevelt



Sen. Alben Barkley (D., Ky.), who announced his resignation as Democratic leader of the senate in protest against President Roosevelt's attack on congress in the tax veto message, is shown as he met with members of the press after his sensational speech. A fighting mad congress rallied behind him. Senate Democrats reelected him leader.

Tech Head Paints a Self-Portrait



His family "made" him wear a smock, but Dr. Robert E. Doherty, president of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, says it would have seemed more fun if he could get paint on himself while doing a self-portrait. His self-portrait won him the first prize of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh exhibit. Painting is the educator's hobby.

Zeros His Specialty



Staff Sergt. John A. Murphy, 24, of Columbus, Neb., shown draped with Jap-killing bullets, recently blasted five Zeros out of the air on a single mission, becoming the ace turret gunner in the Rough Raiders' Strafer Unit, Fifth Air force.

'Pinup' to Pin Girl



One of the servicemen's favorite pinup girls becomes Uncle Sam's pin girl as Ann Sheridan does another war chore by collecting pins, in line with a government appeal to save pins, which are becoming scarce.



This department is not afraid of a Fascist government in America. It's afraid of a Croonist regime. Signs indicate a growing danger.

Down in Louisiana f'rinstance, the next governor, unless all signs fail, will be a fellow who has leaped into fame as a crooner, guitar player and radio entertainer. He is also a Hollywood cowboy actor, which helps when the mob makes an appraisal of the qualities of statesmanship in this gooney era.

Jimmy Davis who goes around with his guitar singing "You Are My Sunshine," "It Makes No Dif-ference Now," "Nobody's Darling" and a fine selection of corny num-bers has won the primary and is as good as elected.

This is an age of screwball tastes and if the G.O.P. wants to lick Roosevelt it had better run Sinatra and Crosby.

Statesmanship is of no account to-day if it doesn't record well for

Public leadership cannot quickly be established in America without a good list of ballads, some musi-cal instrument and a mike. In Lin-coln's day it was "From log cabin to White House." Today it's "From 'Pistol Packin' Mommer' To Any Office Within the Gift of the People!"

What a candidate used to do with oratory and a statement of beliefs he now does with "Milkman, Keep Those Bottles Quiet" and "All or Nothing at All."

Both Wendell Willkie and Tom Dewey are making a fatal political mistake in not proclaiming their

candidacy through a rendition of: Mairzy doats and dozy doats And liddle lambzy divey.

Years ago in order to get the votes for public office in this country a man had to have solid opinions some experience in public office, a platform and an opinion on the tariff. Now a... Crossley rating. iff. Now all that is necessary is a

Down in Texas the question right now is not "What experience has he ever had in government?" but "How many records did he make in the last year?"

You can fool all the people some of the time and some people all the time; and, with a good radio per-sonality and a fair musical routine, you can fool all the people all the

THE BEACH BELOW ROME

Anzio! Just another coastal town! A fair sort of vacation place, sleepy now in winter drabness. A no-account spot in a tough war. That's what you thought, Joe. Maybe, crashing through it, you called it a burn town. Well, you were right in a way. Two great bums lived there once. Couple of guys named Nero and Caligula!

Nero and Caligula, two of the great bums of history. Bums with color and class, but murderers and the same way. torturers and tyrants to a fare-theewell. They were born around An-zio. The name of the town was changed on 'em to get rid of the bad taste. Maybe, on a pass from hell, their spirits stood there in the shadows along the beaches when the Yanks landed. They were big, noisy brutal guys, Joe, but craven against odds. They must have been pretty scared when they saw you Yanks leaping ashore from landing

Nice guys, Nero and Caligula! They poisoned their wives and kid-dies, when they couldn't devise something rougher. They were close to all-time tyrants, but in points they didn't rate up with certain top Nazis. The people caught up with them in time and they got the works. If alive today they would have strung along with Adolf and Benito and Hermann. They were the type. They liked to torture the weak and to kick the helpless around.

Once Caligula held a public ban-quet in the middle of a bridge for the fun of seeing it collapse, drowning the merrymakers. Hitler would have liked that. Caligula did crazy things. He once appointed his horse

You know all about Nero, Joe. He was the swastika type. Sweet boy, Nero! He poisoned his own mother for what you would call "a dame." He killed his own wife.

A star, Nova Pictoris, has just blown up. Looking down on earth, a star's indignation must be pretty close to the exploding point most of the time these days. Some suggestions were recently

made to our airmen that they cut out the highly suggestive names painted on some bombers. They were too rough. We have just heard of one result. One of the bombers that has been doing terrific battling over Germany bears the name "Wabbit Twacks."

Who's News This Week

Delos Wheeler Lovelace.

the academy

NEW YORK.—In November, 1917, when the United States had been in World War I for seven months, the navy sent to its Brook-Spruance Goes to lyn yard an Annapolis

Sea in This War; graduate 11 An Admiral Now years out of

and just turned 30. He'd had a postgraduate course in electrical engineering and he'd helped build the battleship Pennsylvania before go-ing to sea in her. The powers that be figured that he'd make a topnotch electrical superintendent. The only person displeased about the whole thing was Raymond Amos Spruance himself. In fact, the only thing that delighted him was that he managed to wangle a couple of months affoat in 1918.

This time it has turned out the way he likes it, and Preside Roosevelt recommends that this same officer, now 57 and a vice admiral, be promoted to admiral admiral, be promoted to admiral for his success as commander of the mighty assault force that just trounced the Japs in the Marshall islands. The admiral's a man who shuns the limelight, but talk to navy men and they'll tell you he's tops as a tactician. He plans his moves meticulously, and carries them out with skill and carries them out with skill and daring. He and Vice Ad-miral Fletcher drove the Japs back at Midway in 1942, and Spruance himself had charge of the conquest of the Gilberts.

He packs a tremendous amount of energy in his medium build, and he drives himself and the men with him hard when the heat is on. His rugged face had been weathered by many a salt breeze. His blue, flinty eyes are those of a born commander. The Spruances are a family of four. His wife and daughter live out on the Pacific coast and his son, true to the navy tradition, is an officer on a submarine.

QUITE likely Mrs. George C. Marshall is doing a little extra listening these days. The thoughtful chief of staff of the Army of the General Has Silent United States talks

Audience in Mrs. out his prob-Geo. C. Marshall lems to his no one else. And with the going a trifle heavy in Italy he may be talk-ing more than usual.

It is to be noted that the general talks his problems to, and not with, Mrs. Marshall. Unlike some Washington wives she pre-tends to no expert knowledge in her husband's field, even the edges of it. Her role is that of audience while the sometimes harassed general thinks out loud. For this role she is nicely fitted. She used to be a Shakesperian actress and early learned to show a lively, but silent interest while Mansfield and others reeled off the long, magnificent speeches of the Bard.

For both the Marshalls this is their second marriage. He met her on a boat when she was a Baltimore lawyer's widow, met her again on land, decided he had done enough reconnaissance and found she fell

A slim wife, hardly up to her gray hair, she is finely proportioned for the roles of Portia, Juliet and Rosalind. These were among her favorites. Ophelia was one of her favorites, too, but that can hardly be of any present help.

GEN. Alexander A. Vandegrift, commandant of the marine corps, marks the first birthday of the women's reserve with an all en-

Col. Ruth Streeter "well done," And the Marines and a smile Have No Regrets lights up the keen blue

eyes of Col. Ruth Cheney Streeter. Those are the very words she has been waiting 12 months to hear. She knew that at the start the leathernecks, almost to a man, were from Missouri as far as her organization was concerned. Now the stamp of approval is as emphatic as the skepticism was real, and the director of the reserve is justly proud.

A year ago if this action-loving A year ago if this action-loving wife of a lawyer could have had her way, she'd have been ferrying planes overseas. She had learned to fly at 45 and held a civilian pilot's license, and, it seemed pretty silly to her that Washington thought 47 too old for the Ferry Command. Her year in the marines has crased that disappointment. that disappointment. She admits she was startled when

the marines commissioned her a major in January of 1943 and set her to bossing the sister group to the WAVES. She had found time from running her home in Morris-town, N. J., and bringing up her four children to participate in wel-fare and defense work, but this was something else again. She received something else again. She received her second promotion in a year last January and now she far outranks her three sons in service, two in the navy and one in the army. Only her and and her daughter are not in uniform.

Banks' on Elevators and Cranes Serve Naval Mer

In the naval clothing depot in Brooklyn, a New York bank cashes checks and receives deposits on pay days through tellers who work in portable cages set up in the elevators to facilitate going from floor to floor, says Collier's.

In the navy yard near by, other tellers likewise serve workers, from movable offices that are carried by cranes to the various "banking locations" around the

Spread Penetro on throat, chest, back—cover with warm fiannel—eases muscular aches, pains, coughs. Breathed, in vapors comfort irritated nasal membranes. Outside, warms like plaster. Modern medication in a base containing old fashioned mutton suet, only 25c, double supply 35c. Get Penetro.



FRETFUL CHILDREN

Many mothers rely on easy-to-take Mother Gray's Sucet Pouders when a laxative is needed by the little ones. Equally effective for grownups—has 45 years of country-wide approval. Package of 16 easy-take powders, 35c. At all drug stores. MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS

SNAPPY FACTS RUBBER

More than 25 American auto motive companies are making military vehicles for United States soldiers and our Allies —and they have first call on tires and other rubber items.

Forty thousand additional miles have been obtained from Individual tires In use at Camp Stoneman because of the tire-saving campaign in force there since rubber became scarce. No tricks—just plain tire care and recapping at the right time.

An 875-pound electric magnet attached to an electric truck "sweeps" the floors of a munitions factory of steel litter and serves the double pur-pose of salvaging metal and preventing tire punctures.

In war or peace **BF.Goodrich**

FIRST IN RUBBER

N 1 25/2

CONSTIPATION

SLOW YOU UP

When bowels are sluggish and you feel irritable, headachy, do as milices do — chew FEEN-A-MINT, the moders chewing-gum lazative. Simply chew FEEN-A-MINT before you go to bed, taking only in accordance with package directions — sleep without being disturbed. Next morning gentle, thorough relief, helping you feel swell again. Try FEEN-A-MINT. Tastes good, is handy and economical. A generous family supply and economical. A generous family supply costs only

FEEN-A-MINT COITS ONLY

Since 30 years ago, its-AZO for PILES Relieves pain and soreness Por relief from the torture of simple Piles, PAZO ointment has been famous for more than thirty years. In the piles, PAZO ointment soothers inflamed areas, relieves pain and itching. Second, PAZO ointment lubricates areas, relieves pain and itching. Second, PAZO ointment lubricates areas, relieves pain and itching. Second of the present the programment of the present the programment's perforated Pile Pile makes symment's perforated Pile Pile makes symment.

Bet PAZO Now! At Your Bross