



No pictures really do justice to this ancient city of Dubrovnik. In Roman time it was called Ragusa.

YUGOSLAVIA

by John Haffert

The Iron Curtain is up in Yugoslavia.

Most people would be afraid if they had written as many books and worked as hard against Communism as I, to travel to a Communist country.

However, while it felt odd to be passed over the border by soldiers wearing the Red Star, our recent trip to Yugoslavia was one of the most interesting travel experiences of our lives.

Of course Yugoslavia was a completely Catholic country. Now the official doctrine of the government is Atheism. So what a surprise it was in the old city of Dubrovnik to see Franciscan monks in their habits and Sisters in the market place!

Being daily communicants, what we noticed most was the emptiness of churches at daily Mass, and the reluctance of strangers to tell us how to find the Catholic church. In one of the largest and most modern hotels in Split, one of the most famous coastal cities, the porter of the hotel professed not to know the

schedule of Masses even on a Feast Day. When we asked if he could not at least call and find out he said: "That would be difficult."

However after we had gone to our room, he called apologetically and said that he had telephoned to the Rectory and obtained the schedule.

Apparently we were among the first Catholic travelers to take advantage of the lift in the Yugoslav curtain.

"Tourists' Paradise"

We got the idea of going to Yugoslavia when Father Modestus, The Capuchin Secretary of the International Congregation of the Holy House of Nazareth in Loreto, went to Yugoslavia a few weeks before us to visit the shrine marking the place where the Holy House rested for awhile before it came to Italy. His comments on returning give perhaps the best possible picture of the reason why Yugoslavia is now called the "tourists' paradise":

"We Italians," Father Modestus

said, "can travel and live in Yugoslavia the way Americans travel and live in Italy!"

It used to be that Spain was the *The seaport and docks of Split.*





Interior of one of the Churches No change evident here —except emptiness.

Holding the ancient city in his arms is Saint Basil — the patron of Dubrovnik where his major relics are preserved in the Cathedral. On his feast when throats are blessed in his name all over the world, Dubrovnik is covered with lights.



Dubrovnik's "Main street". No cars allowed!

place "to live like a king" on a working man's savings, but now it is definitely Yugoslavia. And a new super-highway has just been completed down the coast, one of the most beautiful scenic drives in the world.

As the pictures accompanying this article show, Yugoslavia awaits you—with many modern hotels geared for the expected influx of

American tourists, and it is one of the last chances we moderns will get to see life as it was because the economy of Yugoslavia seems virtually to have stopped, in comparison to the rest of Western Europe, with the end of the last war. Cars are a rarity; people are friendly; scenery spectacular; and the turbulence of the past two thousand years of history are everywhere.

Sisters shopping in the Dubrovnik marketplace.

