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Saturday, July 12, 1947

America's Duty to DPs

More than two years after the end of the war in Europe, some 850,000 human beings are living in concentration camps under Allied control.

It is usual to blur the edges of this hard fact by referring to the victims of war as "displaced persons" and to their quarters as "assembly centers." This makes us feel better.

Who are they? Well, they're mostly Poles, Latvians, Lithuanians, Yugoslavs, Estonians, Russians and Czechs.

Why don't they go back where they came from? Because they can't run the risk of political, racial or religious persecution under the new governments of their homelands.

What kind of people are they? The majority are under 40; 150,000 are children under 18.

So what? So they're not charity cases. They can take care of themselves with half a chance.

What would they consider half a chance? The opportunity and permission to emigrate to some country where they could settle down and support themselves.

Where, for instance? Not the United States? Sure, the United States, among other nations. Why not?

Why pin this problem on us? How about the other countries? The others have already spoken up.

You mean let down the bars to a flood of dangerous immigrants? No. We mean allow 100,000 people a year to come in for four years.

What about the speech of the National Commander of the American Legion? Didn't he say something about a lawless tide of 1,500,000 a year now pouring in?

That's what the man said. But the good colonel seems to have zero trouble. No other figures match his.

Just the same, they'd take jobs away from American veterans, wouldn't they? Not necessarily. Maybe some of them would create jobs.

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Edited by Russell B. Pyre

Parishioners at Luther Memorial church were fascinated last Sunday over the unself-conscious peregrinations of a tiny, handsome boy, aged about three.

The little fellow was restless, but caused no annoyance, when, after sitting quietly beside his mother for a time, he lowered himself to the floor, crawled under the seat to the next pew, explored it thoroughly on hands and knees, then climbed silently back to his seat.

After he had been gone a long time, his mother obviously became worried, and finally aghast when she saw him far down the aisle, walking toward the altar.

Until then the pastor had given no sign of noticing the youngster. But, just before pronouncing the benediction he said to his congregation:

"We have been praying for weeks for a new assistant pastor, and now it seems we have one. But I never expected he would be so small."

Joe Washington, ambitious and personable son of the Rev. Joseph Washington, pastor of Mt. Zion Baptist church, has gone into business.

Harry Haley, 524 E. Gorham st., has been enjoying a quiet chuckle for several days at the expense of his neighbor, Jim Payton, across the way at 409 N. Blair st.

Living as he does close to the shore of Lake Mendota, Harry is accustomed to evidences of daring doings by midnight swimming parties and figures Jim made a mistake in scenting tragedy where Harry saw only a probability of embarrassing loss.

It all started about 5 p. m. one day last week when 5-year-old Johnny Bates, who lives in the upstairs apartment at the Haley domicile, brought in an intimate item of feminine apparel which he found floating at the foot of Blair st.

One after another, Johnny brought in more feminine garments, outer and nether, and by 9 p. m., when an almost complete outfit had drifted ashore, the neighborhood became excited and flocked to the lakeside, expecting a body to come floating in at any moment.

Jim called the police. The police came, looked around carefully, found no body and went away, taking the sodden garments with them.

And Harry has been wondering ever since how the "midnight swimmer," probably of the night before, managed to get home after depositing her clothes too close to the edge of the boat deck.

A suggestion relayed from Harry Anthony that "it's about time to revive the Madison lakes monster along with the flying saucers" left us with a little suspicion, because Harry's pal, Bill Anschuetz has been trying for months to get us to dig up the old sea serpent yarn.

The weakness in Bill's idea lay in his inability to suggest any new basis for resurrection of the ancient myth, which, by the way, some of our older citizens have insisted was no myth at all.

And Harry's approach was negated also by his admission that HE hasn't seen it—yet. But here's a surprise for both of them! A positive excuse for dusting off the old spine chiller, furnished by Vayne LaDuke!

Vayne, who lives on N. Butler st., near the lake, was canoeing on Mendota a few nights ago when he saw, just ahead of him, what appeared to be a floating log, about a quarter of a mile west of Tenney locks.

Approaching closer, he was about to dodge the "log" when, to his astonishment, it dove out of sight!

Now, then, you sea monster fans, what was it?

An otter, perhaps? Or could it have been another of those big sturgeon, like the one caught last month off Maple Bluff?

Not Playing Fair Chicago's Mayor Kennelly, who ran on a reform platform, has clamped down on gambling, and the Windy City must be surprised. It seems hardly ethical for a successful candidate to pull a double-cross and live up to his campaign promises.—St. Louis Star-Times.

And Paid for by All Wars are fought by boys, suffered by women, paid for by posterity, and usually started by men old enough to know better.—Lowden News.

Not Master's Voice Truman has endorsed the Harry Hopkins policy of tax, tax, spend, spend, but how is he going to "elect, elect?"—La Crosse Tribune.

Booted and Saddled, Too If Uncle Sam does not be careful, the world will soon be calling him "The Loan Ranger."—Blakesburg Excelsior.

What Will Lewis' Pact Cost Public?

One Estimate Is 580 Million; But Industry Defends Contract

By MARQUIS CHILDS

WASHINGTON—THE AUTHORITATIVE trade journal Iron Age says steel prices will advance, on the average, \$5 a ton.

This is a wallop that may well send all prices up still another notch.

How much of this rise will be due to the new coal contract is not clear. The industrialists who negotiated the coal contract with John L. Lewis want to counteract the impression that it will produce another inflationary spurt in the already strained economy.

That is why they sought a conference with the president's economic advisers. In that conference they gave a number of reasons why they felt compelled to settle with Lewis on terms that seem, on the surface, phenomenally generous.

They pointed out that a strike would have exerted inflationary pressures which would have been felt almost immediately throughout industry.

Stocks of coal were low. On the mere threat of a strike the price of spot coal, about one-third of the output, went up from \$1 to \$1.50 a ton.

A settlement meant uninterrupted production and therefore no inflationary short-ages. The wage increase in coal may not force coal prices as high as has been predicted. The increase may not be more than 35 to 50 cents a ton.

The men who called at the executive offices to give their version of the economics of the contract justified it on a long-range basis.

From almost every point of view, the miner has been a pick and shovel, the industry could afford to ignore his marginal status.

But today an average of \$15,000 per man is invested in equipment. The miner is a skilled worker and his status must be improved.

Above all, it is important to keep younger men in the pits, and the best way to do that is to make the individual miner want to stay in mining.

This reasoning made sense to those who heard industry's side of the story. The new contract does give the miner certain breaks he has not had before—gains that workers in other organized fields have had for some time. It assures, for example, an 8-hour day throughout the industry.

When all this is said, however, the economic impact of the coal deal cannot be brushed aside. The president's advisers are following a policy of watchful waiting.

Neither they nor anyone else can say with accuracy what the final result will be. One estimate is that the new contract will cost the consumer approximately \$580,000,000.

Of this \$180,000,000 would be added onto the bill for steel and steel products, and \$400,000,000 in additional cost for goods and services not directly related to steel production.

It will add to the operating cost of railroads and utilities. Long before the coal contract, the roads were arguing the urgent need for an increase in freight rates.

The increase in the cost of coal will give them a new and potent argument. When freight and utility rates begin moving up, the current that is started will make itself felt all the way along the line until it hits the cost of chicken feed and the price of a loaf of bread, which is where it touches the farmer and the city consumer.

What the industrialists did not talk about in connection with the coal contract was the position of the steel companies. Operating in the present market at nearly full capacity, their profit position is an extremely favorable one, and that is something of an understatement.

A strike would have cut right across the middle of this happy profit picture.

Any further shortage in steel would agitate the touchy question of whether there is sufficient steel capacity in this country. Spokesmen for Big Steel insist that no more plants are necessary.

Walter S. Tower, president of the Iron and Steel Institute, testified before the senate small business committee that "existing facilities should be more than capable of bringing supply into balance with demand."

But there are those who say that, if we are to have an expanding economy, we must begin at once to expand steel capacity. They want to know, for example, whether there is to be any real competition in steel on the West coast or whether the familiar domination of the past is to prevail.

These are some of the larger question marks in the deal that Lewis, as boss of the miners, negotiated behind closed doors with the big men of industry.

YESTERDAYS (25 Years Ago... July 12, 1922) Flo Ziegfeld said today that the legs of his Ziegfeld Follies girls make the famous legs of France's Mlle. Mistinguette look like "30 cents." A. M. Goeden has bought the store and flat building at 621 University ave. (15 Years Ago... July 12, 1932) Maj. Justav J. Gosner took over today as commandant of the University of Wisconsin ROTC. John Ringling, last of the seven brothers of circus fame, is recuperating today from a serious illness which necessitated the amputation of both his legs. (10 Years Ago... July 12, 1937) Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Marcelle Glasgow, Racine, and Charles Gill of Madison. Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard are playing here in the movie version of "Romeo and Juliet."

Or Iron Curtainsky? Now that the city of Zara has been renamed Totograd, why shouldn't Moscow be given a more appropriate monicker—say, Vetograd?—Davenport Democrat.

Form of Criticism New York announces bathing suits made of transparent plastic material. This looks like an advertising dodge that any smart person ought to be able to see through.—Detroit Free Press.

New Coats of Paint Make Bulgarian Capital Glisten

By MILKO YANOFF (Copyright, Overseas News Agency)

SOFIA, Bulgaria—Among other signs of the times in this Balkan capital, all government buildings are receiving new coats of white paint and the government is hoping to reduce the number of public drinking establishments in the country from 25,000 to 8,500.

These trends are not necessarily related, although they might be taken to illustrate the consideration being given to external as well as internal conditions. But they do indicate that life is not standing still in this sprawling, mountain-ringed city.

A Quiet Town Sofia is a quiet town. One cannot help recalling, while watching construction of new buildings, the bombed-out lots, how the great fires raged on the night of April 30, 1944, after two heavy daytime allied raids. There was not a living soul on the streets that night.

The central square was blazing furiously, an awesome sight as the big buildings crumbled in the flames. Not a fire brigade was to be seen, for the entire water system had been wrecked. That day and night seemed to be the end of the Bulgarian capital—but it turned out to be only another phase of its life.

Today the Parliament bldg. glistens in its white paint, with the equally glistening American Legation across the square. Down the street the foreign ministry, and the Government bldg. (former palace of the king) are also pristine in their outward aspects.

Amid all this shining civic cleanliness, the regular evening promenades of Sofia citizens along the Boulevard Tsar Osvoboditel (Czar liberator), named to honor the Russian Alexander who liberated Bulgaria from the Turks) take on a lively atmosphere. Hundreds of people, in their best available finery, stroll leisurely along the smooth-cobbled street under the trees, admiring their city and exchanging the latest personal and political gossip.

Streams of People The Central railway station is another point where constant movement prevails. Day and night, streams of people are arriving from the provinces or going to them. The equivalent of the United States "hick" or "rube" is quickly found. He is the man who asks fearfully how to reach the street on which he is walking, or who brings down the tram motorman's ire for wandering along in a big-city daze.

Frequently peasant groups arrive on a pilgrimage to the city, clothed in their embroidered blouses and boots, and mingle with the western-dressed crowds of the parks and public buildings.

This mingling of old and new spirits adds a good deal of zest to life in this city.

Most clerks are indifferent, condescending and frequently downright insulting. Most employers who hire the clerks are self-satisfied and reluctant to make progressive changes.

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Radio

TONIGHT (WIBU): "Romany Life," "Song of the Open Road," "Rosenskavaler Waltzes," "Saturday Night Serenade" (WBMM); "Mam'selle," "Old Devil Moon," "Peg o' My Heart," "Somebody Gets in Your Eyes," "Summertime."



6 p. m. — Wayne and Shuster (WMAQ); new comedy show from Toronto.

6:30 p. m. — East by East (WIBA); "Harps of Harmony," Bob Eiland, Jim McFarlane, Elsa Splet, and Charlene Schaefer in "An Interview With the Past."

7:30 p. m. — Vaughn Monroe (WBMM); with Stroud twins Beryl Davis; "Kokomo, Ind.," "Peg o' My Heart," "Somebody Loves Me."

8:30 p. m. — Grand Ole Opry (WIBA); Lulu Belle and Scotty, guests.

6:30 p. m. — Mad Masters (WMAQ); new series of comedies with Monty and Natalie Masters. 7:30 p. m. — Family Theater (WGN); William Lundigan and Joan Caulfield in "Some Rain Must Fall."

8 p. m. — Mystery Without Murder (WIBA); Luther Adler in story about amnesia. 10:30 p. m. — Curtain Time (WIBA); farmer's daughter turns tables on city slickers.

8 p. m. — Theater of the Air (WMAQ); new series of comedies with Monty and Natalie Masters. 7:30 p. m. — Family Theater (WGN); William Lundigan and Joan Caulfield in "Some Rain Must Fall."

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and the results of this conference give us reason to believe that war has been abolished forever, again!