

The A. F. of L. today went on record for the thirty hour week. The Tampa convention makes a declaration that business activity is about where it was in 1929, -- business way back up there -- but not employment. The A. F. of L. committee claims that because of mechanical progress industry is not using as much labor as it used to. Machines produce more with the same hours of human work; not so much need for workers. The resolution calls for the government to pass legislation guaranteeing a thirty hour week, a six hour day, five days a week.

BOETTIGER

I've been hearing more discussion today than I ever heard before about a newspaper getting a new editor. I ran across people who took quite an emotional attitude toward the appointment of John Boettiger as Managing-Editor of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer -- the "P. I." they call it out there. They were rather shocked, mulling over the fact that a son-in-law of President Roosevelt has taken an important job in the newspaper organization of William Randolph Hearst, who for so long has been America's most widely known publisher.

Well it seems that laymen don't have a newspaperman's slant on matters of journalism. The laymen seem to think that men working for a newspaper should take a stand for or against the paper's editorial policy. If you happen to be a President's son-in-law, you should refuse to work for a publisher who has been assailing and attacking the President.

The newspaperman as a rule however, doesn't look at it that way at all. He'll do his job no matter whom the paper is for or against -- except for editorials and signed articles. In this case John Boettiger becomes the editor of the Seattle "P.I." after the Hearst campaign attacks are over, finished. If the policy of the organization.

was against his father-in-law, the President during the election that means nothing now -- he is going in as managing editor with the assurance of a free hand and full editorial control -- run it as he wishes.

His wife, the President's daughter is described as being enthusiastic about her husband's newspaper post with Hearst. For that matter the President's son, Elliott is still Vice-President of Hearst Radio, in charge of the Southwestern division with headquarters at Fort Worth; took the job before the campaign and held it right along through the election battle.

All in accordance with the newspaperman's slant -- and apparently it's the President's slant also. F. D. R. has been around with the newspapermen for a long time, and knows the journalistic point of view.

## ROOSEVELT

We had our holiday yesterday; let's look at today's holiday, in Brazil. The vast republic on the Equator took the day off, with festivities and celebrations -- in honor of President Roosevelt, rolling down to Rio in high and handsome style.

The feature of the day was the President's address to the joint session of the two houses of the Brazilian Congress and the Supreme Court. The Brazilians had a chance to lend an ear to those F.D.R. oratorical graces, with which we Americans became so familiar during the late campaign.

I don't know how many of the Brazilian audience understood the Presidential English and didn't need a translation, but even the most expert linguists among them must have been bothered by one word that Mr. Roosevelt used. It was an expression to puzzle the ears of most of his fellow citizens. He was speaking in praise of Brazil's way with international disputes -- Brazil's devolution, arbitration and conciliation. Yes, devolution. Sounds suspiciously like revolution which would be rather too apt and appropriate to be diplomatic in Latin America. Also -- devolution sounds like the opposite of evolution which in fact it is. I looked that word up in the dictionary and found another meaning- the sense

in which the President used it. According to Webster's -- devolution has something to do with arbitration. When arbitrators disagree they may refer their dispute to an umpire, who arbitrates between arbitrators, double-action, compound arbitration. That's what devolution meant as it saluted Brazilian ears today.

Some months ago in Montreal the President astonished the world by talking French to the French Canadians. Today he treated Brazil to a twister in English. Rooseveltian resourcefulness. All to point out the achievement of arbitration and peaceful settlement in this hemisphere.

President Roosevelt drew a contrast -- a contrast between the suspicion and hate that prevade Europe and Asia and the spirit of peace in the two American continents. And he pointed that up with these words: "We are happily free", said he, "from the ancient conflicts which have brought so much misery to other parts of the world."

Just to illustrate those Presidential words, let's go on to some news from Europe.

Once more the troubles of Europe are focused at Geneva. Remember the international agitation ~~in~~ when Ethiopia made its insistent appeals to the League, and Geneva went into agitation against Italy? Today there's some more insistent appealing. This time it's Spain. And if the League indulges in any drastic action on the Spanish question, it's likely to be ten times more dangerous than Ethiopia ever was <sup>S.</sup>

( Today the Madrid government <sup>handed</sup> ~~had it~~ in the demand that the League Council be called into immediate session to consider charges against Germany and Italy. ) Madrid <sup>b</sup> passes the call on Article Eleven of the Covenant which specifies action to be taken against any one who makes <sup>any</sup> ~~any~~ war or any threat of war."

Those last words are verbatim. Madrid claims that German and Italian help to the Spanish Fascists comes under the head of "any war or any threat of war."

<sup>TP</sup> Madrid has a representative on the League Council, which makes the Left Wing demand all the more formidable.

<sup>TP</sup> Great Britain and France want to keep the hot Spanish pepper out of the Geneva soup. Ethiopia, with action against Italy,

was bad enough. But Spain, with action against both Italy and Germany might blow up the works.

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A Today London and Paris are said to be afraid that both Italy and Germany are prepared to give General Franco active military help.) It is reported that Germany is ~~preparing~~ <sup>planning</sup> to send troops to Spanish Morocco. From there the German regiments would join the rebels in Spain. The rumor is that Italy is ready to send an air fleet to bombard Barcelona.

SPAIN

A new personality appears in Left Wing Madrid. A new commander has been appointed boss of the Red defenders of the northern suburb. And he's no Spaniard. Of late we've heard ~~of a~~ <sup>that the</sup> stubborn radical defense ~~is~~ in the university section of the city has been made for the most part by an international force of "soldiers-of-Socialism." So it is not surprising that the new commander there is one of these foreign fighters for the ~~Ruf~~ Red flag.

<sup>He</sup> ~~In fact~~ He's General Emelio Kleber, a Canadian; part German and part French. He fought in the Canadian Army during the World War. Then he joined the ~~Six~~ Civil War in Russia -- ~~and was~~ <sup>as</sup> an officer in the White Army. That doesn't sound so much like the present red fighter in Spain. But, when the White Armies in Russia were defeated Kleber went over to the Bolsheviks and joined the Red army. He later fought for the Communist cause in China and in Nineteen Twenty-Seven was ~~the~~ <sup>a</sup> leader of the Communist movement in Germany.

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~~A red professional-communist soldier~~  
~~Since then his record has been blank he dropped~~  
~~of Fortune.~~  
~~out of sight, until he appeared in the International Red force,~~  
~~in Madrid.~~



Madrid

In the recent <sup>^</sup>fighting he's been a prominent figure, gray haired, solid <sup>ls</sup> <sup>^</sup>build, tough looking, car<sup>e</sup>less <sup>^</sup>of dress, clad in a lumber-jacket, khaki pants and blue ~~pattees~~. Now he becomes commander of all the Left Wing battalions ~~in~~ on the Northern fighting line in Madrid.

War report in Madrid? A downpour washed out the fighting.

## ZAHAROFF

Tonight, once more, the mystery<sup>man</sup> of Mars is in the news. Again we have occasion to sketch the career and personality of Sir Basil Zaharoff - if we can do it, if we can discover anything true and certain to tell. And this time -- the last time. He died today. The world's supreme magnate of munitions, king of armament, number one merchant of death. They say that the personal fortune he leaves is the greatest ever accumulated in one generation by one man. How much it is, nobody really knows, except that it's counted in billions. He sat on the boards of directors of three hundred great corporations. He is reputed to have made a billion out of the World War alone, as munitions salesman to the Allies. That was his supreme era. Germany put a price of a hundred thousand dollars on his head. The Allied Governments honored him with two hundred and ninety-eight decorations. Clemenceau once said -- Zaharoff is the sixth power of Europe. Six World Powers: -- Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Italy -- and Zaharoff.

Today's death certificate showed the mystery man to have

been born in 1850 in Turkey. That would make him eighty-six. His parents, the story goes, were Greeks who fled to the highlands of Anatolia, during Turkish massacres in 1821. The future Croesus is rumored to have been a tourist guide in Constantinople during his youth.

Zaharoff, in one of his rare statements, declared that he was educated in London and Paris.

A story of sentimental romance completes the legend that surrounds the sales agent for Mars.

Long years ago he fell in love with a lady of the most aloof Spanish aristocracy, and she with him -- the Duchess of Marchena. But she was married, the wife of a cousin of King Alfonso. Zaharoff, the international lord of armament, waited for her for thirty years -- until she became a widow. He was seventy-seven when they were married in 1924. She was sixty and a grandmother. A year and a half after the marriage she died -- the wife for whom he had waited so long.

After that he lived in retirement in Monte Carlo. People said he owned the great gambling casino, but he denied that.

The hobby of his old age was cooking. He spent his idle hours in a magnificent kitchen, compounding dishes fit for Lucullus. For the past couple of years the Salesman for Mars was an invalid in a wheel chair. Now a heart attack. And today -- Death came to the merchant-of-Death. The only one at his bedside, save for doctors and nurses, was his step-daughter, the Princess of Bourbon -- daughter of the wife for whom he had waited those many years.

## FOOTBALL

Out in California an invitation for the Rose Bowl game was mailed out today. And Washington University was the team asked to play in the rosey Pasadena pigskin eventon New Year's. Washington has been beaten once and tied once this season.

Today's invitation was the first of two. The second will go to the Eastern or Southern team that will oppose Washington. It hasn't been mailed. They don't know who to mail it to -- not yet; but the letter of invitation is likely to go south.

## LETTER

You newspaper readers all know that familiar journalistic section -- letters to the editor. If you enjoy those communications from constant readers you may have noticed the name of Charlie Haopper. He is the world's champion for writing letters to the editor. He has written more than seventy thousand to newspapers all over the nation.

But perhaps you never knew that Charlie Haopper was a hermit, an Anchorite of the West, living in a lonely cottage in the wilderness of Coeur D'Alene, Idaho.

Today the letter-writing champ was back in New York, the big town which he left twenty-three years ago when he fled into exile. He was seeing the metropolitan sights, from which he fled in shame and horror to become a hermit in an Idaho solitude, amid the Coeur d'Alene Mts.

In New York today he went looking for something sacred to him -- a thing that evoked bitter memories, a drinking fountain.

Forty-two years ago, way back in 1894, Charlie's uncle, John Hopper, gave to the City of New York a drinking fountain to provide copious pure water for quenching human thirst.

Nineteen years after that, nephew Charlie happened to pass the fountain. He looked and saw it was dry. Not a drop of water flowing from it, not a touch of moisture. The city had neglected the fountain, and it was as dry as the Sahara Desert. Nearby Charlie saw, a beer saloon. The only place where a thirsty mortal could get a drink in that neighbourhood was not at the fountain, but in the saloon. Not water, but beer.

He wrote a letter to the editor -- his first. And he determined to abandon the wicked city, where there was no water, only beer. So because of the fountain he fled far away to the West, to that hermitage in Idaho. And there he kept on writing letters to the editor, an endless stream. An average of thirty-one hundred a year for twenty-three years, on all subjects interesting to a philosopher. His last was a "constant reader" communication printed in the NEW YORK TIMES, ( a dissertation of walking and goose-stepping, written just before Charlie - the Anchorite returned to New York.)

But why has Charlie returned? Because ~~if~~ he has a mother. To be sure, Mrs. Hopper was never in doubt about Charlie's whereabouts. She never had to sigh: "Where is my wandering boy

tonight?" It would be the cynical thing to say that the writer of seventy thousand letters to the editor never wrote to his mother. Wicked cynicism that. But Charlie wrote to his mother, as copiously as he wrote to editors. She was deluged with letters. Yesterday she was deluged with Charlie -- home on Thanksgiving.

Today it was sight-seeing in Manhattan for the letter-writing hermit of the Coeur d' Alene -- a trip to that well remembered fountain. I'll bet Charlie found it still dry. I know ther's plenty of beer in that neighbourhood. And so tonight I'll bet Charlie is writing another letter to the editor.

And -----SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.