

PHILIPPINES

The election at Manila today was an exhibition of peace and good order. The American drilled constabulary policed the big balloting of the islands from the northern tip of Luzon to the southern point of Mindinao. Just as a precaution to avoid trouble they had the leaders of the Sakdalistas in jail, those Sakdalistas that have been doing some recent revolting.

But now about the result of the election. I don't know if it's any surprise that the Filipinos voted in favor of independence. But there may be a wrinkling of a brow or two at the size of the majority. The ratio looks to be thirty-five to one. Of course there has been no great opposition in the islands to freedom as such. The kick has been chiefly about the terms of the Independence Bill which Congress in Washington passed. The radical Filipinos would have been shouting for independence sooner, and more of it, and right away.

Under the Constitution, adopted today, the Philippines will have a president, even though ten years will elapse before the United States withdraws control. Within thirty days the American

Governor-General will call a presidential election. And that of course brings an immediate flare of campaign booms on the island. Right off the bat, on election day, one candidacy is announced - it has and ~~it's~~ a well remembered historic name attached to it. Aguinaldo! Yes, the old insurgent leader who led the Philippine rebels against the United States Army those years ago, has tossed his far eastern ~~bat~~ into the ring. And he's got the opposition worried, the opposition being chiefly Manuel Quezon, the leader of the Independence Party, who headed the political battle which now results in freedom. Quezon is an exceedingly strong probability for the presidency at Manila, but Aguinaldo ^{has} ~~is~~ behind him a magic of memory.

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The old jungle fighter of the Philippine Insurrection more than thirty years ago seems more like a statesman than a rebel. He is middle aged, fat and comfortable. In the United States, he goes to teas with the daughters of the American Revolution. He delivers speeches before Rotary Clubs. He's quite a social figure. He's so pudgy and pleasant that it is highly doubtful that he could handle a bola against soldiers in the jungle again. But his stories of the days when he did handle a bola with savage effect still hold feminine audiences spellbound.

An interesting decision from a court in Switzerland. It concerns that widely sensationalized document called the Protocols of Zion. For years there has been all sorts of palaver concerning those supposed secret papers which are claimed to prove that the leaders of the Jews have a plan to dominate the world, a conspiracy for world supremacy. A long time ago prominent Jews called upon the British courts to hand down a decision on that mysterious document. After a sensational affair the British jurists handed down the ruling that the Protocols of Zion were a forgery.

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Since then they have jumped into prominence from time to time. *In the days when* ~~at the time that~~ the "Dearborn Independent" was printing anti-Jewish publicity, Henry Ford is said to have believed in the Protocols of Zion -- then later rejected them as spurious.

The latest affair comes about because of the new attention which the German Nazis have brought upon the much disputed documents. Hitler's followers have been laying emphasis on the Protocols in their anti-Semitic campaign. This led the Jewish Zionists organization to jump into the controversy. They asked an international and neutral court in Switzerland to check

up on the evidence and decide the case. The Jewish claim is that the Protocols far from being any secret papers drawn up by Jewish leaders, are really a Czarist-Russian forgery got up by the old Russian secret police -- and based principally upon an old and long forgotten French pamphlet, a satire that had nothing to do with the Jews, but was written as an attack on the French Emperor, Napoleon the Third.

That was the contention argued pro and con before the court. Both Jewish and Nazi lawyers appeared and presented their contradictory cases. This afternoon the court of Berne handed down its decision:- against the Protocols. Once more they are pronounced a forgery. The verdict is that no Jew or Zionist organization ever had anything to do ~~it~~ with them.

Isbam.

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INTRODUCTION TO COLONEL ISHAM

A profoundly tragic story has to be told tonight.

It's about the serious accident to Lawrence of Arabia, that happened late yesterday in England when he crashed his motorbike to avoid hitting a child. Colonel Isham, a friend of Lawrence's of long standing, told me about it today, and I have asked him to tell you tonight.

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COLONEL ISHAM:- Yes I've had several radiograms, and I'm afraid that he is badly hurt, indeed. The press reports is that there is not much hope for his life, which unfortunately seems to be true. According to the cables I have, he was hurled for many feet, when his motorcycle collided with a bicycle. The medical examination today confirmed the gravity of his injuries. His neck was not broken, but his skull was fractured. From all the circumstances that surround the accident, it is tragic almost beyond belief.

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L.T.: Colonel Ralph Isham here has been a friend of Colonel Lawrence's for twenty years. And he got Lawrence to do his remarkably beautiful translation of "The Odyssey".

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The tragic focus of the story that unfolds is Lawrence's desire for obscurity, his singular hatred for publicity and the limelight of acclaim. That phase of his character impressed me vividly when I knew him during those old World War days, the time of his almost fantastic leadership of raiding and campaigning with the Bedouin tribes. He would come to British headquarters as spokesman for his Arab army, but he shied away from public notice. I recall how right after the War, when I was telling the story of "Lawrence of Arabia", from the public platform in London, he came one night, shyly, avoiding attention, almost sneaking in. He loathed being noticed. So it was not altogether surprising to hear in the years that followed, how Lawrence in singular ways was trying to bury himself in anonymous oblivion, hiding away as a private in the Royal Air Force under the name of Aircraftsman Shaw, how the beam of limelight was always seeking him out, and how he fought to avoid the public glare.

All of this was the subject of discussion today when I encountered Colonel Ralph Isham at the Waldorf. When one meets Colonel Isham one expects to hear something interesting, about books

and about the makers of books. He is a noted bibliographer, who made literary history by discovering the famous Boswell Manuscripts, a great store of unknown writings left by that racy biographer of Dr. Johnson. They were tucked away in a strange old Irish castle.

How the Colonel was able to get them and publish them - that's

another story. ^{What} ~~He~~ ^{was} was telling me, as we sat at the table, ^{was} how he

had just paid a visit to ~~Colonel~~ Lawrence, in England. In London

he was told that the man of legend was living in a secluded cottage

in Dorset, so to Dorset the Colonel went. But now, Colonel Isham,

give us the impression ^{that you gave me} of what you saw as your car rounded the curve

in ~~that~~ road ^{in Dorset.}

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COLONEL ISHAM:- I had never seen a more charming place, than

Lawrence had picked for his retirement. On a steep hillside, almost

buried in Rhododendron bushes, a fine old stone cottage, with a

marvelously tiled roof.

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L.T.:- And tell about the men hanging around - and the tiles on the ground.

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COLONEL ISHAM:- Yes, I noticed several men waiting, rather oddly, as if in ambush. I wondered who they might be. Then I saw ~~an~~ broken tiles ~~on~~ on the ground near the house. They were from the roof, shattered bits of tile - so old and fine, they were almost like jewels. I wondered what the deuce it was all about. I went to the cottage door and knocked. No response, nobody home. At last - a man, a farmer, came along. He was taking care of the place of Colonel Lawrence, and he told me what had occurred.

Lawrence had been followed to his Dorset retreat by photographers. They beseiged his place. He resented the intrusion. They came banging on his door, demanding that he pose for them. He punched one fellow and gave him a black eye. Then the photographers ~~set~~ a trap. They hid a camera in the Rhododendron bushes, ambushed it to cover the cottage door, so that they could snap a picture of him when he came out. Then they set about finding a way to get him to come out. A couple of them climbed up the side of the hill above the cottage, and tossed rocks down on the roof. They flung a barrage of rocks, smashing the tiles. That was the meaning of the fragments of tile I saw on the ground.

The caretaker told me that Lawrence, by means of strategy,

^{been}
~~had~~ able to get away from the place, unphotographed. He had gone up to London. The photographers were still besieging the cottage, waiting for him to come back. That was the reason for the men I saw lurking near the house.

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L.T.:- And it's the reason why Lawrence went on that motorcycle trip that now has ended so disastrously?

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COLONEL ISHAM:- I finally located him in London, and we had a long talk. He told me that he couldn't go back to his Dorset place, because they wouldn't leave him alone there. So he was going off by himself on his motorcycle. He was going to make a tour around England. As I look back on it now, it seemed as if his plan to travel, be off on the road, and keep going, was a yearning to escape - his never-ending, never-accomplished escape from publicity.

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L.T.:- And if that accident in the news today should turn out to have been fatal - it would represent the bitter irony of Lawrence of Arabia meeting his fate in an attempt to escape his fame. That seems

to me, Colonel Isham, the meaning of the story you have told us.

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What did you want him to do, when you were there? And how do you measure

STRIKE

It was ^{that} a threat by the American Federation of Labor that settled the strike situation at Toledo. The Federation announced that it would suspend the Toledo strikers if they failed to abide by the majority decision and accept the terms. The Left Wing group of ~~the~~ strikers wanted to defy the ultimatum! They were voted down.

The vote was two to one for settlement. So now the forty thousand strikers in the automobile industry in Toledo will go back to work. It's been a three week walk-out, with no violence, no fights -- a spirit of conciliation.

Secretary Morgenthau's speech last night declared that the United States would not take the lead in the stabilization of currency throughout the world, but that Uncle Sam would not stand in the way of stabilization, if the nations decided to get together.

That makes a logical fit with the news from Europe, which gives out the declaration made by Leon Fraser, head of the Bank of International Settlements, who is now retiring. He urges a general return to gold by all the world and says that better business cannot be hoped for unless the nations agree upon a general stabilization of currency. His whole report boils down to one indication -- that England should take the lead in currency stabilization.

So our Secretary of the Treasury says: ^{if} ~~that~~ we won't take the lead.' And the head of the Bank of International Settlements says -- "You do it, England."

LONG

If you will allow me to play the referee for a moment, I'll announce - the winner. Ladies and gentleman, the winnah!

Metaphorically I am holding up the stout arm of a portly gentleman with a bald head.

While in one corner there's the loser, making furious growls and gestures of protest.

The winner is Postmaster-General Jim Farley.

The losing king, or rather fish --(I mean Kingfish,) is -- Huey Long.

The Senate today sat as a court of judgement to consider Huey's demands for a Senate investigation into the actions of Postmaster Jim. A vote was taken, and it turned out 62 to 20, -- saying "no", no investigation. The Louisiana senator stormed and orated, but it did no good. The Upper House decisively rejected the proposal to investigate Postmaster Jim Farley.

Senator Long has shouted a list of the most flagrant accusations, charging Jim Farley with nearly everything short of murder. But the Senate won't investigate.

It's a little early to bring up this question, but as we may have to face it, we might as well be prepared. In addressing the head of the government, we say, "Mr. President". But, suppose the head of the government should be a lady? A lady, of course. It would be treason to say - "The President is no lady." He isn't.

But then suppose -- well, suppose we go on with the story. How would you address a woman president? Would it be "Miss President" or "Mrs. President", or "Madam President"? Or would you call her baby, if she were your best girl? We observe that the newspapers frequently refer to - "Madam, the Secretary of Labor."

So ten years from now - yes, ten years ~~is~~ is the time specified by no less a person than Colonel Louis McHenry Howe, the President's chief secretary and personal advisor, the man who some say put Franklin Delano Roosevelt in the White House. He foresees the possibility of a woman president. Writing in the "Woman's Home Companion", in which publication he could hardly exclude the ladies from any dignity, except doing the dishes -

he points out that the issues of the day tend more and more to be social, humanitarian and educational. And such questions might well be handled best by the woman in the White House, not merely as the wife of the president, but as the wife of the first gentleman of the land - assuming that she had a husband.

BARBARA

It isn't news that the heiress has changed from a princess to a countess. About the only thing you may possibly not know is how the couple were dressed. It~~x~~ wasn't royal ermine or aristocratic silk at the union of titled nobility and millions. It was more in the mode of the five and ten. The bride wore a yellow chiffon print. Maggie or Katie might wear chiffon. And Count ~~Haugwitz~~^{von} Haugwitz ~~Reventlow~~^{Reventlow} was garbed in merely a plain business man's suit of the conventional double-breasted variety. Such was the nuptial costuming in Reno at the wedding of Barbara -- or Babs, as the tabloids call her.

59 1/2 Babs for the tabs. *and s-l-u-t-m.*