

INDIA

(A convention gathered today, to do a thing that may be of history-making, world changing importance. It is in session across the world, in India,) in the United Provinces, at the storied city of Lucknow, where tragedy stalked during the Indian mutiny of long ago. (It is a convention of the Untouchables. And they are deciding as momentous a question as ever confronts human beings. What religion? What creed and belief shall they take now? Those sixty-two millions untouchables?

Back in the middle of October, the outcasts of India formally renounced the religion of Hinduism. Because their debased and depressed condition, lower than the dust, lower than dogs, is part of the ancient religion of India. Hinduism, the creed and belief to which they were born, makes them Untouchables - at the bottom - below the human social order. I told at the time back in autumn, - some of you may recall - how an assembly of the Outcasts then had burned the sacred books as a symbol that they were breaking with the religion of India.

Their leader, Dr. Ambedkar, phrased it this way. "It is my misfortune", said he, "to have been born a Hindu and because of it to bear the stigma of untouchability. That I could not decide. But what I can decide is - not to remain a Hindu."

That renunciation in October left open the imposing question:- having broken with Hinduism, what other religion would they adopt? The sixty million Untouchables have decided to follow some other creed. What would it be? Christianity perhaps, or Mohammedism, or Buddhism, or one of the idealistic cults of India that does not recognize untouchability. For weeks the newspapers of India have headlined that problem, surveying, analyzing, predicting. Today the answer is at hand. The convention at Lucknow has gathered to pick a new religion for the 60,000,000 outcasts. The greatest sudden mass movement in religion, in all history.

All day today deputations from various religious bodies appeared before the gathering and argued the claims of their creeds. What a thrilling thing that must have been. Tomorrow, the outcast delegates will vote and decide. Well, it's easy to see what that decision may mean. Suppose the Untouchables were

to choose Christianity, sixty million of them becoming Christians in a body. A thing like that would profoundly change the social and political life of India.

## SPAIN

The present revolutionary riots in Spain are largely incited by one factor - political prisoners. This goes back to the Socialist revolt of a year ago. A Conservative government at Madrid suppressed it, and put thousands of the rebels in prison. Now -- (the Socialists and the other parties of the Left have won a sweeping victory in the elections this week. And a radical government comes to power. Naturally, the rank and file of victorious Reds and Pinks are saying - "We've won; the government is ours; so why should our comrades remain in jail?")

The new Premier Azana feels a good deal the same way about it himself, but he wants to act along legal parliamentary lines - wants the Spanish Corte to pass a law releasing the political prisoners. But that takes time, and the triumphant radical crowds are impatient. (So throughout Spain they have been storming the prisons, and in the jails the prisoners have been rioting. Violent clashes all over the place.) And the Premier hurried action to get the prisoners turned loose legally. A general amnesty was declared today.

~~let out until they can be formally declared free.~~

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(That's one angle of the trouble. The other is - the violent radicals feel that after their election-victory <sup>now</sup> ~~it~~ is a good time to attack their Conservative antagonists.) So (the ~~reds~~ <sup>reds</sup> have been storming Conservative headquarters in various places, raiding churches and convents, mobbing Fascists.) In the Province of Huelva, two were killed today, when the Reds <sup>assaulted</sup> ~~attacked~~ a party of Conservatives. ~~The~~ Military police tried to stop the riot. The Reds were so violent that the police opened fire on them. That brings up the total riot casualties since the election to <sup>thirty</sup> ~~twenty~~

~~seven~~

(It all sums up in a widespread revolutionary movement throughout Spain. Red flags flying in many places. Extreme Socialist leaders are calling for Communism, demanding that Premier Azana's government set up a Union of Iberian Soviets.) In Catalonia, the old <sup>Separatist</sup> ~~Separatist~~ ~~Separist~~ movement is flaring, the Catalan flag flying, the independence or at least the autonomy of Catalonia demanded. Martial law has been clamped down in many places, as the new radical government tries to stop the wave of howling revolution.

## TREASURE

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On distant Cocos Island, a tiny dot on a giant ocean, there was busy activity once more today - digging, shoveling, searching. A company is operating there, a firm dedicated to the glimmers of pirate gold. Its corporate name has the ring of romance - Treasure Recovery, Limited. Of late, the hunt for buccaneer bullion was suspended. Now it's resumed. There's a deadline close at hand, a deadline announced today.

A year ago I told of a ship setting sail from Lowestoft, England, bound on a gold quest. Aboard ~~it were~~ twelve men, headed by Captain F. W. Worsley, ~~an~~ explorer, veteran of <sup>one</sup> ~~the~~ Shackleton South Pole Expedition. They had a secret, <sup>—</sup> hidden information unravelled from old documents, charts and books of pirate days. They had figured out the riddle of a hundred <sup>m</sup> billion dollars <sup>in</sup> gold, buried by the buccaneers on Cocos Island. <sup>(50</sup> ~~They were~~ equipped with <sup>off they went)</sup> everything that technology could devise for a treasure hunt. They had a permit from the government of Costa Rica, to which Cocos Island belongs. In fact, a Costa Rican police guard of ten joined them, to protect the yellow hoard of a hundred million dollars when they found it. That's how serious and optimistic

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were the plans of Treasure Recovery, Limited.

*cut* (What's happened to them since the time we lost sight of them a year ago? Have they found the fabulous wealth? Or is the recovery of treasure limited. That's answered by the fact that) Recently they stopped operations - for the lack of money. There were some bills due. And the Costa Rican government said: "Stop the treasure hunt until you pay up." (So instead of *cut* having found the gold, they were short of cash.) Today's word is that Treasure Recovery Limited, has received some last minute funds wired from England. So once more they are digging away. Another chance.

But this story doesn't end on any note of optimism. The treasure permit expires in April. Today, President Oreamuno of Costa Rica announced that if the buried wealth isn't unearthed by that time, he's going to establish a penal colony on Cocos Island. And the members of the expedition say they haven't much hope left. (*cut* They've dug deeply, far and wide.) And now there is little expectation left of finding that hundred million (in gold supposed to have been plundered by the pirates *cut* from the galleons and plate ships of old.)

## DOLLAR

The controversy about George Washington, Walter Johnson and the silver dollar took a new turn today. And Representative Sol Bloom of New York let out a shriek of joy. Tomorrow Walter Johnson will try to throw his dollar across the Rappahanock River at Fredericksburg, Virginia, as the Father of His Country is said to have done - not the Potomoc, the Rappahanock. But, old Mother Nature may step in and play ~~an~~ a curious trick on the one-time speed-ball wizard of the American League. That's why law-maker Bloom is roaring with glee. The Congressman doesn't approve of the performance at all. He declares that Washington never tossed the dollar across the stream. Bloom says it's a blooming myth. Says it was merely an invention of Parson Weems, whimsical biographer who also cooked up the yarn about the cherry tree.

The New York Representative points out that there was no such thing as a silver dollar at the time of Washington's youth. United States money hadn't been invented. The United States hadn't been invented. Those were colonial days, and British money was in use. However, numismatists today point out that it could have been a



Spanish dollar, one of those historic old "pieces of eight."

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No matter what kind of dollar it was Washington couldn't have thrown it across the Rappahannock anyway -- says Congressman Bloom. He has maps to show that in Washington's time the river at Fredericksburg was much wider than it is today. It's three hundred and seventy-two feet now, then it was thirteen hundred feet. And he blooms with indignation <sup>dearly</sup> that if Walter Johnson hurls the coin, the distance shall be the original figure -- thirteen hundred feet.

Well, on that point it looks as if the Congressman may have his way -- to a certain extent. It's thawing down on the Rappahannock River. The water is rising, flooding over, and tomorrow the stream is likely to be much broader than it is now.

Just the same the great pitcher who was known as <sup>— for the newsreels —</sup> the "Big Train" will unlimber that mighty right arm of his and toss the silver dollar as part of the Fredericksburg celebration of Washington's birthday.

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There's many an argument this evening, with words like this flying -- Discovery, Top Row, Time Supply, He Did. Those cryptic terms of course mean the Santa Anita handicap in California tomorrow, one of the nation's most spectacular horse races. The bangtails will pound the track for a purse of a hundred and twelve thousand, ~~and~~ five hundred dollars. Weather predictions are not so good. The weatherman ~~said~~ the sun won't shine on the horse race in the Land of Eternal Sunshine. Nevertheless, officials figure that from fifty to seventy-five thousand horse enthusiasts will be there. The favourites are Discovery, Top Row, Time Supply, and He Did. Those are the thoroughbreds you are likely to think about when picking a winner, if you can pick a winner. *I never did.*

## CARDS

In Red Russia they have decks of cards without kings and queens, while at Crimson Harvard they have twenty-one hundred decks - but you can't play with them.

Soviet Moscow has abolished one of the last lingering traces of royalty. The king of spades can no longer flirt with the queen of hearts. Their majesties have now been replaced by commissars, tractors and Marxian theories. Even the jack of diamonds is out. Diamonds have a bourgeois glint. So if you sit in a poker game in the shadow of the Kremlin, and draw a full house - it may be three Communist Party members, and a pair of red airplanes.

As for Harvard, it is simply deluged with cards, enough for all the undergraduates to sit down and play solitaire at the same time. But they won't. Harvard men can think of more exciting things than solitaire. Mathematics or astrophysics, for example. Anyway, the cards are not for games. John Harvard has received a donation of one of the most famous collections in the world - the Albert Thorndike playing cards, illustrating the entire history of gambling with paste boards. It contains

thirty-four hundred items, including twenty-one hundred decks. Two of the decks should be a subject of profound study by Harvard men - who might sit down once in a while in a game with strangers. They are elaborate gambling decks, crooked in the most ingenious way. Maybe Soapy Smith's cold desk used at Creede and Skagway before Soapy cashed in.

But, if we mention Harvard, we can hardly skip Yale.

In the case of the crimson, it's cards, while the blue goes in for Literature. Tomorrow the YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE celebrates its Hundredth Anniversary; the oldest monthly magazine in the United States. The lads of the Lit have turned out a three hundred page centennial number, featuring a whole galaxy of celebrated authors. Among them four Pulitzer prize winners, and the only American winner of the Noble Prize for Literature. A lot of talent to cram into a mere man's magazine.

TNESBA

A committee of the Rhode Island Legislature met today, and opened a bonus investigation. Rhode Island has a difficult soldier~~s~~ problem on its hands, one that will require the best intellectual efforts of the lawmakers. It concerns a War veteran who will rank in history as Rhode Island's most famous ex-soldier. His name? It has an odd, foreign sound - Evael O. W. Tnesba.

77 The smallest state in the Union has a large population of French Canadians, Poles, Czechs, Ukranians, and what not. So a name like Evael O. W. Tnesba is not so astonishing as it might seem. Anyway, he is a great war hero, whose deeds are familiar to ~~all the~~ doughboys who fought in France.

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The great-Tnesba-problem-of-state came about in this fashion. A way back in Nineteen Nineteen, tiny Rhode Island, thrilled with pride in its sons who had served under Pershing in France. The grateful Legislature passed a bill granting a ~~2~~ hundred dollar bonus to every war veteran who could show an honorable discharge. Money was plentiful in those days, and wartime moral<sup>o</sup> ran high. Only a few of the ex-soldiers collected their bonus. It was a point of patriotism not to do so. Presently, the bonus was called off -

no more payments after Nineteen Twenty-Three.

Things changed when the depression came along. Then bill after bill was introduced into the Legislature to revive that hundred dollar bonus. <sup>But -</sup> The Legislature took no action - until last week, when a ~~bonus~~ bill was passed unanimously by the <sup>Senate.</sup> Election <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ coming on; ~~and~~ <sup>maybe</sup> that explains it. The law provides that the veterans should make application<sup>s</sup> for their hundred dollars, and then each application shall be passed by the lawmakers as a separate bill.

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So the ~~applications~~ began to come in, and one of the first brought forward that doughty war hero, Evael O. W. Tnesba, claiming his hundred dollars - for the valorous deeds he had done in France. A state senator entered a resolution in his behalf, and immediately the lawmakers voted "okay" - without a dissenting vote. There were patriotic declarations pointing out how that noble soldier had served his country. Everything was on a high plane of national enthusiasm - until the painful fact was noticed. Somebody observed what the hero's name spelled when read backwards. The last name, Tnesba, was - "Absent", in reverse. The middle initials W.O.

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obviously signified "without". And "Evael" was "leave". The mighty soldier turned out to be "absent without leave", old boy A.W.O.L himself. He won the war!

Well, the law had been passed. The bill for the buddy had been put through. It was all very awkward. And are the Legislators indignant about the hoax that has been put over on ~~him~~

them! So they are having an investigation. The Committee started its quiz today. The suspicions point ~~to~~ <sup>in the direction of</sup> two Providence newspaper

men who cover the Legislature. Maybe they were bored with the long drawn out legislative proceedings and wanted to liven things

up a bit. Or maybe they were poking fun at the combination of bonus law and politics. And as a result their

names may soon be Evael O.W. Tnesba,

And so long until Monday!

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