

L. T. P. & G. Wednesday, April 20, 1949.

Canon City, Colo.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

In Paris today, the world peace conference opened today -- with an American taking a star part. This alleged peace conference is a communist affair, dedicated to the praise of Soviet Russia and the damnation of the United States. The American who started this afternoon was Paul Robeson the negro singer, who won fame and fortune in this country of ours. But to the assembled Commies in Paris, he described the United States in these words, "the focal point of world facism."

He denounced America up and down the line, and gave an all-around pro-Soviet performance.

CHINA

-At this moment a big battle may well be raging between british warships and chinese communist land artillery on the yangtze river. The latest reports present a picture that might develop in to large scale hostilities. ^{TP} A british naval vessel badly shot up and a[^]ground. A british destroyer, going to the rescue, put under heavy communist fire and blazing away with its own guns, a powerful british cruiser steaming to ~~inter~~ intervene ^{and by now probably with} ~~and put~~ its own heavy guns in ~~to~~ action.

The battle began this morning, as the british sloop amethyst was steaming in the yangtze on routine patrol, about eighty miles east of nanking, the nationalist capital. Communist forces hold the left bank of the yangtze in that area, with red attempts to cross the river for a sweep into south china. The sit^uation explosive, the nationalist government having rejected the communist demand for surrender.

So ~~that~~ ^{and} was the british sloop amethyst, when suddenly there was a blast of cannon from the communist 4

bank of the river, [^]the sloop under heavy fire, taken by surprise, completely unprepared.

Shells hit the vessel, a small craft without armor, no protection against shell fire. The amethyst was heavily damaged, with heavy casualties--twenty.

^{TP} The ship in da[^]nger of sinking, the captain ran her ag[^]round on an island in the yangtze, rose island-while communist guns continued to shoot at the disabled amethyst.

Radio gave the alarm, and from nanking ~~was~~ a british destroyer, the consort, raced to the aid of the amethyst. Soon the consort was under communist fire. The destroyer replied with its four - inch guns, scoring hits, and silencing

^{TP} red batteries. But, when the consort reached the amethyst, the hostile fire was so heavy that the

destroyer, ^{instead of giving} ~~could not give~~ aid to the ship aground on rose island- ~~but~~ was kept busy fighting back.

The consort damaged-with casualties. ^{TP} That was the state of affairs as darkness fell upon the yangtze, the shooting still going on.

But now, from Shanghai, two British warships on their way. One, a small frigate, the Black Swan. The other, and more important, the ten thousand ton cruiser London with eight-inch guns. Both are expected to reach the scene of hostilities tonight; and the eight inch guns of the London may be in action right now--as a new day dawns on China, over there on the other side of the world.

FOLLOW CHINA

Latest news flashes the information that aboard the Amethyst seventeen sailors were killed -- twenty seriously wounded. Aboard the destroyer Consort, nine killed -- the total British death list numbering twenty-six.

One report pictures the Amethyst aburning tonight, sixty-seven men evacuated from the ship, as it lay aground in flames.

But a later dispatch says the Amethyst has been refloated.

All of which news, off the wire tonight, is accompanied by the word that the Chinese Red armies are opening a general offensive along the line of the Yangtze. The fight with British warships being in the middle of it all.

AMBASSADOR

Our new Ambassador to Russia is again a military man. Retiring Lieutenant-General Bedel Smith is succeeded in our Moscow embassy by Vice-Admiral Alan Kirk.

During the second world war Admiral Kirk commanded the huge naval task force that participated in the invasion of Normandy. American Ambassador to Belgium until now, he is on his way to Moscow.

TRIALS

It was officially admitted in Washington today that wierd mock trials were used to obtain confessions from Nazi storm-troopers charged with the Malmedy massacre of American prisoners of war. The admission was made by Lieutenant-Colonel Burton Ellis, chief prosecutor of the Nazi war criminals.

Testifying before a Senate committee he said: yes, they were subjected to fantastic procedure, mock trials in darkened rooms with hooded figures, candles and a crucifix. Colonel Ellis argued that such trickery in obtaining confessions was just and proper, so long as the trial court was informed of it.

We've all heard a great deal about the old ghost mining towns of the West, camps where the gold and silver is supposed to have played out, towns -- in some cases cities -- that are now dead. But two of the top mining engineers of the world, Blair Burwell and Harold Worcester, have been telling me this week that none of these old Colorado mining camps are dead. They are merely ^{therefore} asleep, ~~and~~ they shouldn't be called ghost towns. ^{RP} Says Engineer Burwell: "The difficulty is not with the ^{mines} ~~mines~~ in these mountains, the trouble is that man, so far, just hasn't had the ability to solve the ~~mining~~ problems he has encountered". Then he went on to say that new techniques have recently been ^{developed} ~~made~~ that are going to ~~fix~~ bring these so-called ghost towns back to life. I beg your pardon, Blair Burwell, I should say "wake them up!"

So from what these two great engineers tell me, Colorado, and the entire West, is in for a ~~great~~ mining revival. ~~Which will mean that~~ hundreds and hundreds of additional ~~nine~~ millions ⁱⁿ of dollars worth of silver and gold and other minerals ^{to come from} ~~will be coming out of~~ these mountains. ^{RP} All of which should be good news to us, because this ~~fix~~ will mean greater ~~prosperity~~ prosperity for you and for me, and for our children.

Let's take two mines, just as examples: One the famous Camp Bird, at Ouray, ⁱⁿ the heart of the majestic San Juan mountains.

In a region called The Uncompagre, where old Chief Ouray and his Ute warriors lived ^{not so many years ago.} ~~before the coming of the white man.~~

The Camp Bird is a particularly appropriate mine to use as an example right now because we have been having the famous Hope diamond in the news headlines. ^{Just} ~~It~~ ^{And} was the silver from

the Camp Bird ~~mine~~ that bought the Hope diamond for Evelyn Walsh McLean. ^P How was that? Tom Walsh, back in Eighteen Ninety-Three,

was an ore buyer ^{here} in the West, [—] travelling ~~around~~ from mine to mine, acting ~~like~~ as a middle man between miners and the big

~~smelter.~~ ^{Now a} ~~mine~~ ^{One} chap, at Ouray owed Tom Walsh a hundred-and-fifty

bucks. One day, Walsh rode his horse up into a basin, ^{up to around} ~~at an~~

~~altitude of~~ twelve thousand feet, near Ouray, where the fellow was prospecting. Walsh wanted to collect his hundred-and-fifty.

When he got to the mine he was told ~~that~~ his man was underground

and would be out in an hour or so. ^{As} ~~So~~ Walsh sat there on the

mine dump waiting, ^{he lazily} ~~to~~ ^{some of} ~~he~~ handled the rock on which he

was sitting. Being an expert ^{ore} buyer he ~~is~~ quickly saw that ~~the~~ ^{the}

^{rocks} contained considerable gold.

When his man came out Walsh asked him how ~~things were~~ ^{things were} he was going. Replied the miner: "Guess I might as well give up, There Ain't no silver here". ^{IP} Tom Walsh, who had spotted the gold in that miner's dump, kept still. But he came back in a few days and bought the mine ~~with~~ ^{for} the hundred-and-fifty ~~dollars that~~ the miner owed him, plus an additional sum ~~that he~~ ^{to be paid later.} ~~promised to pay in ~~two~~ installments.~~ ^{IP} Well, Tom Walsh paid the total purchase price for ~~that~~ mine, Thirty Thousand Dollars, I believe it was, ~~was~~ just from what he got out of the ~~discarded~~ ^{cast off} rock on the mine dump. And then, he made the great Walsh fortune during the eleven years ~~that~~ he mined ~~in~~ the Camp Bird.-- some eleven million dollars, ~~and~~ ^{Two} In Nineteen ~~Hundred~~ ~~and~~ he sold ~~it~~ ^{out} for ~~nearly~~ Seven Million more. After which ~~it~~ ^{the mine} produced for the next ^w owners, a ^{London} ~~British~~ ~~group,~~ ^{group,} forty million more, ~~and gave the~~ ^{- giving the} British syndicate ~~the~~ funds with which to start a tremendous British mining operation ~~almost~~ all over the world, on every continent. ~~was~~ ^{and} It all started from the Camp Bird at Ouray, Colorado.

Years ago when I was a youngster out here, I heard how the Camp Bird had "played out", and how Ouray had become a ghost town. But now, high up there in the Uncompagre ~~country~~ of the San Juan, Blair Burwell and his colleagues, with the new conceptions of mining, ~~the~~ new techniques, ~~they~~ have reopened the Camp Bird. Before them are ~~in~~ vast bodies of ore, from which they expect to take more wealth than ~~was~~ ^{taken} ~~out~~ out in the days of Tom Walsh, who used some of it to buy the Hope diamond for the beautiful Evelyn Walsh.

There are sixty-five miles of underground workings, in the Camp Bird, including fifty-seven miles of tunnels into the giant mountains of the Uncompagre. I've been travelling through ~~these~~ ^{the} old diggings, the tunnels and shafts, some of ~~the~~ them deep in ~~many~~ water, and in places where the ice ~~had~~ filled the tunnels and we had to crawl on our stomachs.

~~way down~~ There in the bowels of the earth, we passed a corner, a crosscut, where a miner not long

ago turned over some old boards. Under them he found eight sacks of ore that yielded up Fourteen Thousand Dollars. Obviously these sacks had been put there by a high-grading miner in the old days, at a time when nearly all the miners went in for high-grading -- if they could.

The men working in the Camp Bird today believe they ~~are liable to~~ uncover many more caches of high grade. ^{What} ~~was~~ a place for a treasure hunt! Sixty-five miles of ~~the~~ tunnels and stopes in the mountains of the San Juan!

I wish I had time to tell ~~about~~ more about that ^{famous} ~~great~~ old mine, and the avalanches that wiped out men and buildings and ore trains, and the tale ^{of} ~~that~~ mining engineer John Hays Hammond ^{sold the mine to} ~~arranged with~~ the British, of "Duff" Ebbley, just down from Alaska, who took us into the bottom of the mountain and brought us out at the top, ^{near} ~~at~~ the summit of the San Juan range, where not many people have been in the winter time.

At Telluride, also in the San Juan, in a region that might have inspired the author of Lost Horizon, with mining engineer Harold Worcester we visited the Smuggler, where there are ~~one~~² hundred and fifty miles of underground workings, ^{all} now controlled by the Smuggler Union of which Worcester is the President. There they have a vast body of ore, ^{gold}, silver, zinc and lead in a group of mountains extending for about twelve miles.

More than a Hundred Million dollars, back in the Eighties, Nineties and up to Nineteen Twenty, came from the Smuggler, the Liberty Bell, the Tomboy, and others, ^{that are} now combined into the Smuggler Union, ^{the} ^{management of Harold} under ^{Worcester} Worcester.

From the mountains of the San Juan Basin where I have been, ~~recently~~, a vast treasure has been taken ~~out~~^{out} over three ^{hundred} million dollars. And ~~now~~ now that man's technical knowledge and skill have increased, say engineers Burwell and Worcester, these mines are likely to yield a treasure equal or greater than

what has already come from these celebrated mines.

So don't call them ghost towns! They are only
asleep!

COCONUT KING

Word from ^a remote section of the philippines tells of the death of the coconut king of basilan -- shot by ^a moro tribesman. the king of coconuts was an american, W.D. robinson, who more than forty years ago went to the philippines on a honeymoon trip. There he and his bride became fascinated with the tropical islands, and decided to make their home on one of these -- basilan, down south in the moro country. robinson bought a coconut plantation, a big one, a hundred thousand trees-- and, as the years went on, his island fortunes increased, and he became known as the coconut king of basilan.

It was one long story of a white man's glory in the tropics [^] until the second world war came. The Japanese invasion sent the coconut king and his wife into the hills, as fugitives -- and they had three years of bitter hardship hiding from the Japanese.

The war ended, they came to america to recuperate, ~~their health,~~ and lived in Dallas,

Texas. Recently, leaving his wife at Dallas, the Coconut King went back to his realm on Basilan. Sixty-eight years old now, he planned to sell his vast plantations and return to Dallas.

But now the news has come to Manila that the Coconut King, having survived the Japanese invasion, has fallen victim to the rage of a Moro. On his plantations he employed members of the tribes noted for their fierceness. He discharged one for stealing cattle. Whereupon the Moro's vengeance with a gun made an end to the Coconut King of Basilan.

And now from the palm trees of Hollywood --
Ken Niles.

ALASKA

Way up north in a laska, carnival scenes are being witnessed at a village on the bank of a fr^ozen stream--the place thronged with far northern prospectors and fur trappers. They are waiting for the break up of the ice in the nenana river. Why all the excitement? well, in alaska they have their far - northern ways of gambling, and one large game of chance is ^{that annual} a pool, betting on the ^{exact} time when the ice ~~is~~ ^{starts to} in the river breaks up.

The jack*pot is a big one ^{as usual.} The news today being that the money put in by ^{those} ~~the players~~ in the pool comes to a hundred eighty - five thousand dollars. This represents more than two-hundred-thousand guesses ^{as to} of the exact ^{minute} ~~time~~ when the break-up in the nenana will occur.

- So the gambling gold prospectors and fur trappers ^{and Army people} are thronging the village, waiting the event that will decide who gets the hundred ^{and} eighty - five thousand dollar jack-pot.

TP The news today states that armed guards are patrolling the frozen stream. Sounds as if they were afraid some prospector or trapper might dynamite the ice to make his chances better. ^{*TP*} Old timers along the nenana state that five miles up stream from the village the ice is forty inches thick, and it will be a couple of weeks before there ~~is any~~ break up ^{*- before anyone gets*} the jack pot.

END.