

L.T. - SUNOCO. FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1937.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

(President Roosevelt is described as taking a mild attitude toward yesterday's final defeat of his plan to enlarge the Supreme Court. His stand today is represented to be it was his duty to tell Congress what he thought ought to be done, and it was up to Congress to do as it thought best.

That's somewhat in contrast to the famous White House letter to Senator Barkley - that Dear Alvin epistle in which the idea seemed to be that the President should tell Congress what to do and then Congress should go ahead and do it.)

Yes, it's all mild in tone, but the President is said to feel that the Court issue still has life in it, and that it will be brought into the congressional limelight again. Similarly, there's a White House determination that the remainder of the New Deal legislation must go through before Congress adjourns.

The principal item - the Wages and Hours Act, designed as a national regulation of the pay and working conditions of labor. The President wants that enacted before the legislators go home.

organization, is tilted against a "sporadic" combination representing the four boroughs of the metropolis. This combination has already selected for Mayor Grover Whalen, President of the World's Fair. The split among the New York Democrats is along national lines. Senator Copeland is anti-New Deal, opponent of the President; Tammany is committed to an anti-New Deal policy.

Grover Whalen supports the President - whichever way the primary fight goes, the Democratic battle against Mayor La Guardia is going to be complicated. Dissident Senator Copeland will go strong with the large Republican vote, that's hostile to the New Deal. La Guardia, the Republican Mayor on a Fusion ticket, will usually well among the supporters of the President.

COPELAND

National issues flared high today in New York. The forces of Tammany wrote their ticket and named Senator Copeland for Mayor. Tammany, with its powerful Manhattan organization, is pitted against a Democratic combination representing the four boroughs of the metropolis. This combination has already selected for Mayor Grover Whalen, President of the World's Fair. The split among the New York Democrats is along national lines. Senator Copeland is anti-New Deal, opponent of the President; Tammany is committed to an anti-New Deal policy.

Grover Whalen supports the President - whichever way the primary fight goes, the Democratic battle against Mayor La Guardia is going to be complicated. Democratic Senator Copeland will go strong with the large Republican vote, that's hostile to the New Deal. La Guardia, the Republican Mayor on a Fusion ticket, will do equally well among the supporters of the President.

Senator Copeland announces that he'll enter the name in the Republican primaries; try to get the GOP nomination. And that might bring about the odd phenomenon of a combination of Tammany, and the Republicans.

MT. LUCANIA

Into Valdis, Alaska, today trudged two young men, weary but jubilant, and immediately the word flashed to the world that the last great mountain that remained to be climbed on the American continent, has been conquered. The summit is Mt. Lucania, 17,000 feet high, Alaska. There are peaks higher-Alaskan Mount McKinley for example - 20,000, but Lucania had never been scaled, so difficult and percipitous are its icy sides.

The two who have now achieved this top-most pinnacle are Robert Bates of Philadelphia and Brad Washburn of Cambridge, Massachusetts. Sponsored by the Harvard Institute of Geographical Exploration, and the New England Museum of Natrual History, the two young men started on June 18th. As they climbed, snow fell constantly. The slope was so steep that the only way that they could ascend was by cutting footholds in the ice. Altogether they cut about five thousand of these. On July 3rd, conditions were so bad that they were forced to abandon part of their supplies. Finally on July 9th they reached the ultimate

summit where they planted the flag of the National Geographic Society. That was two weeks ago and ever since they've been on their way back, making the equally perilous descent. So now, Mt. Lucania, last great North American peak to defy the climber, has been conquered.

Carpenter .
July 23⁷
1937.

VOLCANIC ERUPTION

This evening, let's go from a mountain of ice in Alaska, to a mountain of fire in the tropics. If you're a world traveler, and if you roam the globe long enough, sooner or later, you're sure to encounter adventure with a Capital "A". This is what happened just recently to a friend of mine named Whitney Carpenter. For years he and Mrs. Carpenter have been world travelers - Timbucktoo, the Himalaya Mountains, Central Africa, everywhere. And now they just stepped off the boat, just back from the South Seas, where they saw one of the great volcanic eruptions of our times. Of all time, perhaps.

They saw a city destroyed. They saw a new island rise out of the sea. World traveler Whitney Carpenter and his wife are sitting beside me. They have just come from witnessing the destruction of Robal, capital city of New Guinea. Some of you may recall that early this summer it was days after the event that the news came through than an important city across the world had been wiped out. The Whitney Carpenters after a long journey through the Dutch East Indies and Australia, had just

CARPENTER FOLLOW VOLCANIC ERUPTION

flown across remote seas from Northern Australia up to wild New Guinea, and then they got to that volcano. And how about the volcano from which you have just come Whiteney Carpenter?

CARPENTER:- We were in the Harbor at Robal, capital of New Guinea, when we felt a severe earthquake shock. There are two live volcanoes on the edge of the harbor at Robal. They are called daughter and mother. The people in these parts have long realized that they were living in the shadow of disaster. A few hours after we felt that quake, we sailed out of the harbor. Along about midnight we picked up a wireless begging us to come back at once. The message stated that one of the volcanoes, the one called the Mother, was in violent eruption and their city was doomed. We were asked to hurry to the rescue of the population.

L.T.:- Well, before you got that wireless, did you realize a volcano had gone up somewhere near you?

CARPENTER:- Yes, because our vessel was already covered with ashes. But through that black tropic sky, with falling ash, we hurried as fast as our little vessel could take us, back

to the island of New Britain, off the coast of New Guinea; Robal is in New Britain, but we could not get back into the harbor. It was blocked by three new islands; they had just risen out of the sea during the night.

Anyhow, we arrived off the shore of the island during daytime, and we could see thousands of people standing among the coconut trees, and there behind them, that volcano, belching ashes, lava, smoke and fire into the heavens. It was the wildest scene that I ever saw in all my travels.

LT:* And did you rescue the population?

CARPENTER:- While we lay at anchor, one hundred yards from the largest volcano, the one called Mother, the peak next to us, the Daughter, suddenly erupted. With a wild roar, from its crater shot lava and fire. It went up in the air to an altitude of a mile or so. But it was as though all Hell had broken loose. With the fine volcanic ash falling down upon us, all our boats were lowered, and in about six hours, we took ashore the entire population of the capital city of New Guinea,

some two hundred whites and five thousand natives. That meant nearly six thousand people on a small vessel, built to accommodate four or five hundred, at the most.

We had such a load, that the sides of the vessel were almost to the water's edge. Then we pulled up anchor and took the refugees to Cocofu, twenty miles across the Bay.

A most striking sight of all was the mountain which rose from the sea right before our eyes. One of those new islands at the entrance to the harbor was the cone of a new volcano. The first eruption brought it two hundred and fifty feet above the surface of the sea, but it kept getting higher and higher as more lava came up from beneath the harbor. In three days that new volcano rose to an altitude of six hundred feet above sea level. And all three volcanoes, the Mother, the Daughter, the new lava belching offspring, was still in eruption when we sailed away.

After we had sailed we learned that the city of Robal is to be permanently abandoned because the entrance to its

magnificent harbor is now blocked. I wish I could convey to you some idea of the disaster. Think of it! The day we first left there, it was a lovely city of the tropics - palatial homes, romantic palm trees, a veritable paradise.

When we returned to the rescue of the five thousand two hundred inhabitants, the streets were buried in lava, and ash. All those glorious palm trees were burned, so they stood out stark and weird against the flaming sky. In the background were those volcanoes in eruption. Yes, the Harbor of Robal had been completely filled by lava, and the old entrance two miles wide has been filled from shore to shore.

L.T.: - Many thanks, Mr. Whitney Carpenter. You have given us an eye witness account of one of the most unusual news events of our time. The destruction of a city. It was lucky for us that you happened to be there.

And oh, yes, by the way, Amerlia Earhart made her last flight from that New Guinea Coast, and can you tell us anything about her?

CARPENTER:- Only this: We passed Howland Island about the time she was expected to reach that tiny coral reef in mid-Pacific. There was a terrific storm on. I doubt if her plane could have lived through it. She is gone, I feel quite sure of that.

That was indeed the golden treasure story that we heard about the other night. The three prospectors finding an ancient tunnel and in its secret of massive golden bars, three million dollars worth. Today's continuation tells how the authorities set out to verify that find of treasure.

A detachment of police struggled through the jungle to the secluded Cherokee Province where the treasure trove was reported. There, one of the three prospectors led the police into the tunnel. Fontaine, the Frenchman, was leading.

"I'll go first," he told the officers. So saying, he cleared the opening of the underground shaft with his machete and plugged in. A few seconds later, the police outside heard a shot. They went in and found the prospector lying prone with a bullet wound in his head. He had shot himself, evidently.

PANAMA

Now, coming back to this part of the world again.

Today the President of the Republic of Panama ordered a thorough investigation. This presidential action by the Head of the Panamanian Government indicates the amount of weird mystery that has flared in that golden treasure story that we heard about the other night. The three prospectors finding an ancient tunnel and in it scores of massive golden bars, three million dollars worth. Today's continuation tells how the authorities set out to verify that find of treasure.

A detachment of police struggled through the Jungle to the secluded Cherokee Province where the treasure trove was reported. There, one of the three prospectors led the police into the tunnel. Fansteic, the Frenchman, was leading.

"I'll go first," he told the officers. So saying, he cleared the opening of the underground shaft with his machete and plugged in. A few seconds later, the police outside heard a shot. They went in and found the prospector lying prone with a bullet wound in his head. He had shot himself, evidently.

First reports were that he had died instantly. This afternoon brings the word that he's still alive, but desperately wounded.

Such is the fantastic event that has turned this fabulous treasure trove into the almost unbelievable. Why should the French prospector, Fasnteic, have shot himself like that? Only the wildest imaginings can answer. Moreover, the police declared that Fan steic had told them strange things. He said that another of the three prospectors had tried to kill him. The German, Antonio Hill, hidden in the Jungle, had shot at him. Hill, he added, had been telling the natives that Fansteic had cheated him in the treasure find.

Right now, the Panama police are trying to find the German, but he seems to have vanished into mystery. It certainly passes all imagination. Spanish gold, and then the German tried to shoot the Frenchman. And the Frenchman goes into the treasure tunnel, shoots himself. It becomes all the more mystifying when we come to that American prospector, the last of the three; the police have just located him, Ering Thorpe, and he says he doesn't know a thing about the treasure - never

heard of it before. He doesn't know why he was dragged into the tale of the three prospectors and the miraculous find of Spanish gold. Well, the police have searched the tunnel, all in vain. There's no gold in it at all. Not a glint of precious metal. Was it all a pipe dream, fantastic fiction? That isn't so certain either, because the Czecho-Slovakian workman in those parts declares positively that there was Spanish Gold in the old tunnel, though he doesn't know where the treasure has gone to now.

Maybe it was taken away.

And just to provide a final touch, we find today superstition - the mention of a curse - an ancient malediction. The three million dollars of precious metal was supposed to have come from the Istraio Mine - famous lost mine of the days of the Spanish Conquestidores. The local Indians relate that there was a curse on the Istraio Mine, and on all the gold that came from it - an old malediction that has worked its evil into this newest tale of treasure trove.

MARCONI

Today Marconi was laid to rest in the old city of Bologna. There's a stateliness of ideas in this. Bologna, the first university city, where the earliest university was founded centuries and centuries ago. It was in this same historic university that Galvani, more than a century ago, conducted his experiments; Galvani, who with Volta was the discoverer of current electricity. Without the knowledge of how to generate an electrical current, there would be no electrical science - and above all, there would be no radio. Galvani, from whom we have the words "galvanic" and "galvanize" . He was a native of Bologna; he was a professor at the university there. Marconi was similarly a native of that city. He studied at that university.

And two hundred thousand people lined the streets of Bologna today. The funeral ceremony was solemnized at the ancient basilica. Marconi laid to rest in the family vault, until the Italian Government builds a great national monument to the inventor of wireless, the creator of radio, the man

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who made it possible for me to address you tonight, and for
you to hear this volcano story from Whitney Carpenter; and for
me now to say SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.