

Who When Wow, Season 2, Episode 20

The Oak Island Treasure Hoard

Carly. Hey! It's your favorite secret host from your favorite secret podcast! And my secret adventure today took me to a truly great mystery subject: buried treasure. That's right, we've got holes, digging, shovels, divers, flooding, the works! Plus a historical cameo by a certain PRESIDENT of the United States. So keep on listening -- I'm Carly Q, and this is Who ,When, Wow, Mystery Edition!

(THEME SONG)

(Soundbite of office noises.)

Carly. I can't believe it, I was almost late to work this morning because I'd been staying up ALL NIGHT working on this new puzzle I got. I told Linda all about it on my way to the basement. It's a 1 billion piece, 3-dimensional puzzle of the statue of Liberty holding a PIE!

Linda. 3-dimensional puzzle?

Carly. Yes, Like a regular puzzle, except instead of just being an *image* of the building, it's a scale model of the whole building itself. But I can't figure it out!.The reviews call this model the most impossible puzzle ever created! I am struggling so hard it is making me want to brush out my curls!

Linda. Not the brush, Carly! Just imagine the frizz!

Carly. I know, I know. But I am DETERMINED to finish it no matter what!

Linda. Well....good luck.

Carly. Thank You

(Soundbite of Carly closing the basement door.)

Carly. Down in the basement, I found Lewis already there waiting for me.

Lewis. (sing songy) Carly Quuuuuuuuu.

Carly. Ugh I hate it when you do that. Lemme guess, you couldn't wait for a new time-sealed mystery?

Lewis. What can I say? I'm hooked!

Carly. Like me with this 3-D puzzle.

Lewis. Huh?

Carly. Oh nothing, just an insanely difficult puzzle I'm working on.

Lewis. A *puzzle*? Why bother?

Carly. But before I explain to him the joys of mastering the impossible, something new came down the vacuum tube --

(Soundbite of a thumb drive drops down the vacuum tube.)

Carly and Lewis. A new time-sealed file!

Audio File. Event: 1795 (BLEEP) Oak Island (BLEEEP) Money Pit (BLEEEEEEP)

Carly. Oak Island money pit?!

Lewis. Oh a pit full of money, I like the sound of that. Ka-ching!

Carly. I pulled out my digital assistant device H-dad --

H-dad. H-dad, reporting for duty!

Carly. And entered in the event keywords --Oak Island..Money pit.

(Soundbite of typing.)

H-dad. This file most likely refers to a stash of buried treasure on Oak Island, Nova Scotia. Many treasure hunters have tried and failed to recover it since the late 18th century. Hole emoji, bank of money emoji!

Carly. What kind do you think it is? Gold? Jewels? Secret alien artifacts?!?

Lewis. Ummm...H-dad?

H-dad. Analyzing, analyzing, analyzing.

(Soundbite of Lewis and Carly both groan.)

Carly. While H-dad got down to analyzing, Lewis went back upstairs -

Lewis. See you at lunch time! You know, for the travel back in time. And find money thing.

Carly. You bet...Oh hey Nibbles, you waited for Lewis to leave huh? I filled in my rat friend Nibbles on the whole puzzle situation.

(Soundbite of rat squeaking.)

Carly. Look up a *guide* for the puzzle? No way!

(Soundbite of rat squeaking.)

Carly. Because it defeats the whole point. I've gotta solve it on my own!

(Soundbite of rat squeaking.)

Carly. After a few more rounds of debating the ethics of cheating at puzzles, I finally got down to work. And a few hours later --

P.A. Voice. Attention, Butthead employees: it's Mindful Monday lunch-break, eat your meals and have your feels!

Carly. Yes! Luuuuuunch! I should call Lewis...and there he is..Lewis, Nibbles, and I took off for the elevator.

(Soundbite of elevator ding.)

Carly. Odie!

Odie. Hello basement companion. Lewis. What have we got today?

Carly. A mystery all about BURIED TREASURE, on a spot called Oak Island. Heard of it?

Odie. I believe I have. If I remember right, all sorts of things were rumored to be buried there: gold, Marie Antoinette's jewels, the holy grail, Shakespeare's manuscripts.

Lewis. What is this, a who's who of the world's greatest missing objects?

Carly. We could solve like ten mysteries at once!

Odie. Okay first, Let's review our time travel rules: no changing the past, and don't forget to be back by the end of lunch time. Also, the elevator's time clock function will make your clothing more appropriate to the location.

Lewis. Ohh Cannot WAIT to see what it cooks up for us this time.

Odie. Remember too that you can always fast-forward to another date on the file. So many people have hunted this treasure over the years, if you can't find enough clues in 1795 you may want to jump ahead to see what was found later.

Carly. Sounds like a plan!

Odie. Then I think you two are ready. But remember: Dig too deep and you might never come back up.

(Soundbite of wind chimes.)

Carly. Wait.

Lewis. Never come back up?!

Odie. Okay here you go.

(Soundbite of ding and travel noises.)

Lewis. I really hope she didn't mean that literalllllllly.

(Soundbite of elevator thud. Then beach waves.)

Carly. Wow what a beautiful island! Trees everywhere, a clear blue sky, the ocean sparkling all around us.

Lewis. Fishing gear! We're wearing fishing gear!? I look terrible in boot-foot waders, these ankles need to breathe!

Carly. I don't know, I like it. I am LOVING all the pockets on the vest!

Nibbles. Weeeeeee, me too!

Carly. Oh hey Nibbles!

Nibbles. I love this! It's like a jungle gym all over your clothing!

Carly. Watch out for fishing lures, okay?

Lewis. Shh! Look, there's someone nearby.

Carly. Lewis was right, there was a teen boy with a shovel sitting a few yards away. And right next to him: a big hole in the ground! Nibbles stuffed down into one of my pockets as we walked over.

Daniel. Good morning! You fishing here around the island?

Carly. Yes! Yes we are. We catch fish all day every day, fish love us! And we love them, sometimes I even,

Lewis. Carly!

Carly. Yes, right, okay. I'm Carly, this is Lewis. What's happening here?

Daniel. Name's Daniel, nice to meet you. A few days ago I found a dip in the ground here, and scars on that tree over there. I figured that might mean the use of a pulley system.

Lewis. A pulley system?

Daniel. Like for raising and lowering things, perhaps...down a hole?

Carly. He gestured to the hole, so we peaked out over the edge. About 15 feet below we could see two other boys, digging out the bottom.

Lewis. Hello!

The two teen boys. (from down in the hole) Hello!

Daniel. Those are my two friends Christopher and Luke. There's a rumor here, about pirate's booty: 2 million pounds buried on this island. We think it might be here.

Carly. Really? You found anything?

Daniel. Lots of tool marks, plus a layer of flagstone about 2 feet down. And then 10 feet below that, a platform of rotted oak logs. But unfortunately, we're not going to be able to dig much more.

Carly. Shovel fatigue? Dig-xhaustion?

Nibbles. Nice.

Daniel. Well, we don't really have the right tools. And there's only the three of us. Unless....you two want to help? We'd give you a cut of the prize, of course.

Lewis. Oh, sorry, Danny Boy, my fisher-associate and I just need to discuss a moment.

Carly. What is it Lewis?

Lewis. (pulls her aside, whispers) I don't want to dig, Carly! Dirt under my fingernails? Everyone at work will know something's uuuuup!

Carly. And we're not supposed to mess with stuff anyway. But Odie said if we can't find enough clues here we should jump forward in time. So... maybe we head back to the elevator?

Lewis. Anything other than digging!

Carly. We "excused" ourselves from Daniel. Hey Dan, uh...what's over here?

Daniel. Huh?

Carly. And ran back to the elevator, where I punched in the next date from the file: 8 years later, 1803.

Lewis. He's still looking.

(Soundbite of elevator ding, travel noises then loud thud.)

Lewis. This time no digginggg.

Carly. We stepped back out to find the island mostly the same...except there were at least a dozen people over by the hole.

Lewis. Look! That guy with the shovel -- isn't that Daniel?

Carly. Sure looks like him. But...older?.

Nibbles. Funny how time works that way.

Daniel. Hello there! You two look very familiar, have we met before?

Carly. Uh yeah We happened to stop here one day on our fishing route, uh, what was that, 8 years ago? You and your friends were digging out that hole.

Daniel. That's right! Goodness, it doesn't look like you've aged a day.

Lewis. Oh, yes, we have exxxcellent skin care routines.

Daniel. Where have you been? I thought you said you were fishing the island.

Carly. Oh, our boat reassigned us, we've been working off the coast of, uh, Tennessee. Kansas. Utah.

Nibbles. (whisper) Why are you only naming landlocked states?

Carly. So Daniel, what's happened since we were last here?

Daniel. Well we found a businessman who bought us better tools in exchange for some of the treasure, so we've been able to dig far deeper than before.

Lewis. Oh Found anything good?

Daniel. Strange stuff. There were platforms, coconut husks, but the weirdest thing we found was a stone with writing on it. Sadly it's in a foreign language, we can't make out what it says.

Carly. He pointed over by the other workers. There on the ground was a square stone, 2 feet on each side.

Lewis. Unreadable mystery stone? Creeeeepy!

Carly. I wonder what it says. Oh Maybe it's a map to where the treasure is buried? Oooh, or instructions on how to disable the booby traps? Or a magical phrase that opens up the tunnel holding the gold?!?

Lewis. Please excuse my fisher-associate, she gets very excited about mysterious clues and puzzles.

Carly. It's true. I can't get enough!

Worker. Daniel! We need some help!

Carly. Daniel walked over to the hole, and with everyone distracted, Lewis and I went to check out the stone. There were 2 rows of letters carved into the rock.

Lewis. Must be some ancient language no one speaks anymore. Like Latin or Pig Latin.

Carly. But just then, commotion over by the hole!

Worker. Ahh everybody out! It's flooding!

(Soundbite of water gushing.)

Carly. All the workers were helping each other up out of the dig site.

Nibbles. I hope they all get out okay!

Worker. There's water everywhere, we can't dig anymore!

Carly. Hmmm, you know what I'm thinking?

Lewis. That ever since Daniel mentioned coconut husks you've been wanting coconut cream pie?

Nibbles. Now we're talking baby!

Carly. No! Well, yes, but no-- let's go back to the elevator and jump forward in time again!

Lewis. Do we have to? My stomach is on the express train to indigestion town.

Carly. You'll be fine, come on!

Lewis. Ughh!

Carly. I pulled Lewis back to the elevator and punched in the next date from the file: 1849.

(Soundbite of elevator ding.)

Carly. We stepped back out, 40 years later now, and while I would love to say something had been found, unfort-unately it was kind of like...

Lewis. Deja vu.

Nibbles. Yeah and it also feels like we've been through this before.

Carly. There was a foreman in charge--

Foreman #1. Hello there!

Carly. Who asked if we were fishermen. Yep! That's us. He gave us some new info on the hole, and then,

Foreman #1. We re-excavated it down to 86 feet, we've found more clay, bits of wood, AND some links of gold chain.

Worker. Ahh! Everybody out, it's flooding!

Nibbles. Here we go again.

Carly. Back to the elevator!

Lewis. Carly.

Carly. We kept fast forwarding in time, but the same thing kept happening! First in 1861.

(Soundbite of elevator ding.)

Foreman #2. Hello there!

Worker. Ahh! Everybody out, it's flooding!

(Soundbite of fast forward sound.)

Carly. Then in 1896.

(Soundbite of fast forward sound.)

Foreman #3. Hello there!

(Soundbite of fast forward sound.)

Worker. Ahh! Everybody out, it's flooding!

Carly. Ugh. Back to the elevator.

Lewis. Carly, please.

(Soundbite of fast forward sound.)

Carly. And then 1909.

Frank Roosevelt. Hello there! I'm Frank. Frank Roosevelt.

Carly. Oh hi we're just a couple of fishermen who -- Wait, hold on. Did you say Roosevelt?

Frank Roosevelt. I did.

Carly. You wouldn't happen to be... President Roosevelt, would you?

Lewis. WHAT.?

Frank Roosevelt. President?! No you're thinking of my cousin, Teddy. I'm Franklin/

Carly. Franklin.Delano.Roosevelt..FDR

Frank Roosevelt. That's right how do you know my name?

Carly. Uhhh...lucky guess. Can I ask you what you`re doing here?

Frank Roosevelt. Well, I was fascinated by stories my grandfather used to tell about this place. So I joined up with this group looking for the treasure. The hole's now been dug to 113 feet, but...

Lewis. Let me guess, it flooded again?

Frank Roosevelt. Indeed it has! We've sent divers down to investigate, hopefully they'll be able to find something.

Lewis. I don't understand, it seems like no one ever finds any treasure here. Why do you all keep trying?

Frank Roosevelt. Well, a dozen years ago a language professor finally translated the message on the stone.

Carly. The stone from the hole, with the writing no one could understand?

Frank Roosevelt. That's right. He believes it says something like: "Forty feet below, two million pounds lie buried."

Carly and Lewis. Whoa!

Carly. Just then the divers came back up.

Frank Roosevelt. What'd we find down there, boys?

Diver. Nothing yet sir, sorry.

Frank Roosevelt. Oh fiddlesticks. I'm coming over, tell me everything you saw.

Carly. Goodbye, Mr. President. I mean Franklin. Can I call you Franklin?..or Maybe Frank

Frank Roosevelt. Farewell my friends

Carly. Alright Lewis, back to the--

Lewis. No! Carly Q, this is it. I am done!

Carly. What?

Lewis. It is boooooonkeeeers, and probably dangerous to use the elevator this many times in one day.

Carly. So what? We have to find out what happened, come on! WE HAVE TO!

Nibbles. Uhh...Carly?

Carly. What, Nibbles? What?

Nibbles. Any chance you remember Odie's riddle earlier? "Dig too deep and you might never come back up."

(Soundbite of wind chimes.)

Carly. Uhhh...yeah? So?

Nibbles. I think this might be what she meant.

Lewis. Yeah, that sometimes, you gotta know when to stop.

H-dad. Analysis complete!

Carly. H-dad!

Lewis. Took you long enough. Whatcha got?

H-dad. Other attempts at finding the treasure took place in 1931, 1935, 1965, 1971, the 1990's, and, since 2014, a reality TV show on the History Channel. Giant letter H emoji!

Lewis. And Carly Q would have had us visit each and every one of them!

Carly. Oh shush. H-dad, what's been found on all these other attempts?

H-dad. Nothing! Zip, zero, bupkis. No substantial treasure has been found other than discarded mining tools, a few pieces of jewelry, and in 2023 a handful of coins.

Lewis. So then what happened here? What's the explanation for all this?

H-dad. Theory #1: there was no treasure and the original dip in the soil was just a natural sinkhole.

Lewis. But then what about the wooden platforms, and the stone?

H-dad. Theory #2: this was the site of a tar-making facility for the British Navy.

Carly. That *maybe* explains all the random stuff down there. Anything else?

H-dad. Theory #3: there actually IS undiscovered treasure, left behind by pirates, or sailors from the British, French or Spanish navies.

Lewis. And yet no one has ever found anything substantial. Hmm, how about that Carly Q?

Carly. Ugh, fine! I get it!

P.A. Voice. Attention employees: it's time to pack up your meals and bottle up your feels, Mindful Monday lunch break ends in 5 minutes.

Carly. And so one final time, we went back to the elevator. Think your stomach can handle one more jump?

Lewis. Ugh There's only one way to find out..

(Soundbite of elevator ding.)

Carly. Here we go.

(Soundbite of elevator travel noises.)

Lewis. That wasn't bad as I thought, maybe it was these elastic waistpants I`m wearing today.

(Soundbite of loud thud.)

Odie. Hello time travelers. Any luck with your buried treasure?

Carly. Do we look like we found treasure?

Odie. You do not.

Carly. That's because despite a LOT of attempts over the years, nothing substantial has ever been found.

Lewis. Maybe there really is (or was) something down there, but at this point, you really gotta think someone would have found it by now.

Carly. Not that that's stopped people from looking, even right now to this very day. It actually reminds me of what you said, Odie. "Dig too deep and you might never come back up."

Odie. Did I say that?

Carly. You did say that and I think we get it now. Cause, just like the new treasure hunters kept coming back to dig out the pit with no luck, *I* kept trying to go forward in time hoping someone had found a juicy new clue.

Lewis. And sometimes, you gotta know when to call it quits.

Carly. Well, sort of...Some stuff you do just have to keep working at, no matter how long it takes. But you *also* have to do what's right for you! And after all those jumps forward in the elevator, Lewis was right to have us call it a day.

Lewis. Did you hear that Odie? "Lewis was right"! We're gonna have to slap that on a sticker or something.

Carly. Okay calm down.

Odie. I'm glad your treasure hunting hops through time were so productive today. But if you put any stickers in my elevator, it will be the last time you ever ride it. Have a pleasant rest of your day!

(Soundbite of walking.)

Carly. As Lewis and I walked back to my desk, I told him our adventure today had another effect on me too.

Carly. I'm thinking that maybe I try solving some easier puzzles first. And then working my way up to the more difficult ones!

Lewis. What a plan! And I would loooove to hear sooooo much more about it. But right now I need to go chug a whole bottle of Pepto Bismol. Toodaloo Carly Quuuuuu, see you tomorrow!

(Soundbite of Lewis walking up stairs.)

Carly in the background. Byeee.

Carly. And with that, it was back to work. Even if we didn't find any treasure today, and maybe I gave Lewis a stomach ulcer from riding the elevator so much, it was still a pretty interesting adventure. And we got to meet FDR before he was president! Hashtag, spoiler alert. That doesn't happen every day. Maybe next week we'll get to meet another old president with a great name! Calvin Coolidge I'm looking at you! Anyway, until then, this is Carly Q, signing off. And remember: you never heard this!