

HARROWING ADVENTURES OF

M. Eugene Randolph La Liberte, Mining Engineer and Treasure-Seeker Extraordinary, Braved Hunger, Thirst, Hardships and Death in His Many Searches for Hidden Millions, but He Is Ready to Go Again--Any Time. Firm in His Belief That the Next Trip He Takes Will Really Bring Him to Wealth Beyond All Calculation.

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

YOU may perhaps meet him walking down Broadway, or in the subway or on the "El," this unassuming, quiet-spoken man who today holds secrets of fabulous value.

In his appearance there is nothing to suggest that his career has been full of adventures so thrilling as to make a best seller of wild episodes pale by comparison. Yet, when you come to know him and to hear his story, it holds you spellbound.

Romance is dead? Not yet! It lives, it still exists in this extraordinary man and his amazing knowledge, memory, plans.

His name is Eugene Rudolph La Liberte, and his habitat is the "wide open spaces." He hails from prairie, mountain, butte and mesa, from canyon and arroyo, from lands where life often hangs by a single hair.

La Liberte spends his time hunting for buried treasure—one of the most exciting and occasionally dangerous games any man can try. I have gone for buried treasure myself on a number of occasions and I can testify to the excitement. Also I can testify that real strikes are not infrequently made. Not all of the buried treasure is imaginary.

At one island in the Caribbean Sea that a group of us visited about a year ago I came very near being thrown into the harbor to the sharks by a mob of 200 infuriated Negroes. And another time when one of our prospects yielded 2,200 "pieces of eight," the coins had to be smuggled out and quietly disposed of. Otherwise results might have been far too lively.

The pieces of eight came from the wreck of an old Spanish galleon, the Don Carlos II, on the southeast coast of a Caribbean island that still remain nameless. This wreck lay on a dangerous reef, with a most tremendous surf breaking over it, but by dint of patience and daring my friend Jim Hamilton (only that isn't his name) raked up the coins.

HE also located an iron chest deep-buried in the coral of the reef, and it's still there, when we can get around to going after it with proper equipment.

The coins were dated 1783, and were sold in the United States for 48 cents apiece—which was a most appalling sacrifice. But we didn't have much time to bargain or dicker, you bet!

Then there was our six-wheelbarrow strike on another part of the same island. One of our organization, whom I will call Bill Jameson (to conceal his identity), unearthed this by accident about two years ago when a big tree on top of a hillock blew down in a heavy wind-storm. The roots, tipping up, disclosed a cavity down into which he clambered.

He found a cave in the top of the hillock, one side of this cave having been walled up with masonry. His radio detector buzzed very encouragingly over the cave floor of detritus and bat-guano. Jameson went back to the town of Las Palomitas for help by another of our gang and for tools. He already imagined we were all millionaires. But alas, no!

What happened was that when the two fellows got back to the hillock next day government officials were in charge. Some way or other they'd got wind of it. They put laborers right to work and kept our boys away.

We had the pleasure of knowing that the government took out six wheelbarrow loads of church plate and ornaments, all of which were spirited away and never heard of again. I don't suppose we'll ever quite recover from the shock of that near-success and that most sickening loss of treasure we'd almost had our hands on.

And then, speaking of authentic cases, this letter from La Liberte gives a genuine one. It reads, in part:

"Here is one I absolutely know to be authentic, a treasure found in 1926 at Torres Junction, a

small station and apparently a very ancient place about 30 miles from Hermosilla, Sonora, Mexico. The Los Angeles papers gave quite an account of it at the time.

"An old Mexican woman had a map of the location of some ancient church ruins that had been handed down in her family for generations. She became very friendly with an American, told him her story and convinced him it was true. This resulted in his making the search.

"He followed her instructions on the map and found it to be accurate. After a good deal of work he unearthed 10 chests of iron filled with gold coin. Some of the coins were octagonal, some hexagonal and round, with dates running back two or three hundred years. There were also a good many bars of gold and silver bullion. The treasure came to about \$750,000.

"After the 'strike' the treasure hunter was met by a railroad official who verified the facts. The incident is a matter of record and can be looked up and verified by anybody interested. It shows that there really is buried treasure and that now or then a lucky strike unearths some."

"And how did you ever get into this fascinating game of locating buried treasure and hidden wealth?" I one day asked La Liberte as we were sitting and smoking in Camp Sans Souci Lodge at Bradford, N. H.

In my workshop La Liberte had been showing me the most amazing data, maps, charts and

The Mex rushed at me with a long knife. I jumped on my horse and made a hasty exit from the rancho, thankful to be still alive.



plans of locations rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Fired by this information, which confirmed much that I had learned, I announced that I would join La Liberte in his search for the buried treasures and lost ledges.

But there in the lodge I gazed upon the records of hardship, danger, death and hidden gold.

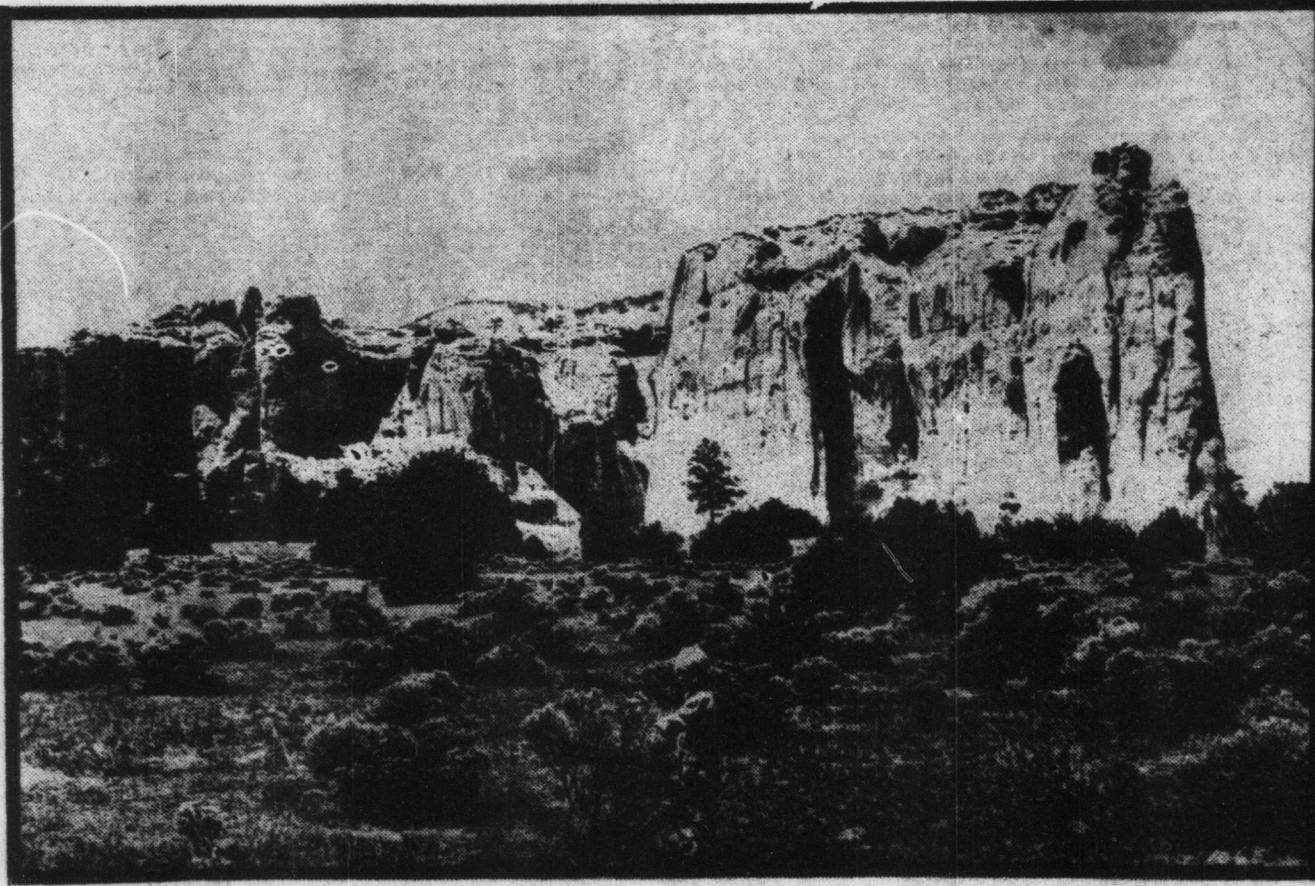
And then he told me one of his "cases," which in itself would make a story to beat fiction. It seems that in the Summer of 1924 La Liberte was making preparations to go after a very rich placer-gold deposit off the Island of Tiburon in the Gulf of California.

THIS deposit was found in 1919 by three prospectors, who had been fired on by the Tiburon Seri Indians—a tribe with blond hair and blue eyes, not long ago known to have been cannibals. This tribe live in the sand dunes on the island, their only clothing being a breech-clout girded about their loins. Some scientists claim they are descended from a party of Norsemen who many centuries ago drifted to Tiburon.

Two of the prospectors were killed by Indians and the third one, named Johnson, was shot through the shoulder and abdomen. The great suffering Johnson reached San Francisco, Calif., bringing with him \$3,200 in gold and his two dead companions had washed ashore on Tiburon in a few days.

At the time that this placer gold deposit was brought to La Liberte's attention Johnson was living in Missoula, Mont. He and two associates induced Johnson to join them in releasing this deposit and sent him money to meet but unfortunately Johnson died on the way to Tiburon prospect was lost. The deposit still there on Tiburon, but the secret location is gone.

"However, something of immense value of all this despite Johnson's death," La Liberte explained. "For while we were waiting for Johnson one of my associates told me a thrilling story. It seems that a young man had been working on the same oil-drilling with him and this Mexican had given him the 'dope' on an enormous treasure deposit in Sonora, Mexico. I got very much interested."



In the land where riches in buried gold await the lucky hunter.. Inscription Rock, in New Mexico, believed to stand near hidden "Mother Lode." Near here La Liberte will make his headquarters on his next expedition.