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Treasure

FEBRUARY, 1991 VOL. 22, NO. 2

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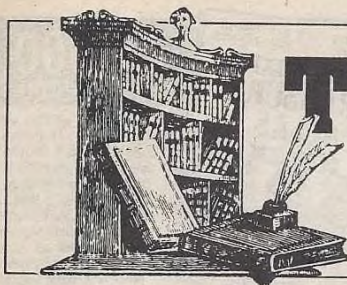
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Treasure PUZZLER!

By Boyd M. Jolley

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THE INCREDIBLE LUE MAP

When the late "Dean of Treasure Hunters," Karl von Mueller, published the LUE treasure map in his *Treasure Hunter's Manual #7*, I decided to "crack" it and help myself to a share of the fabulous riches that it promised.

Little did I know that, instead of opening up the way to utopian wealth for me, it would be the first of many adventures in attacking treasure puzzles. Let me show you what I mean by reviewing my involvement with the LUE map.

I was starting the LUE one day when my good friend Walt Iwaniec looked over my shoulder.

"Hey" he said, "I've seen that pyramid on a one dollar bill." He then quickly pulled a greenback out of his pocket and showed it to me. Then he left and went on about his own business. After a few minutes study I whispered to myself, "I'll be doggoned. This map is full of stuff from this one dollar bill!" I then reached into my own pocket and pulled out a five dollar bill. Again, I recognized elements from the five dollar bill appearing in the map!

I soon made myself a transparent copy of the map and laid it over the two greenbacks. Not only were the various items present, but (and this was indeed incredible) the parts fit, dissected, matched up and measured

If you will make a transparency of this map, maintaining its exact size as shown here, and overlay the five dollar bill with it, you will find that the brickwork on the map fits perfectly over the brick that frames the word "five" in the lower part of the bill.

properly.

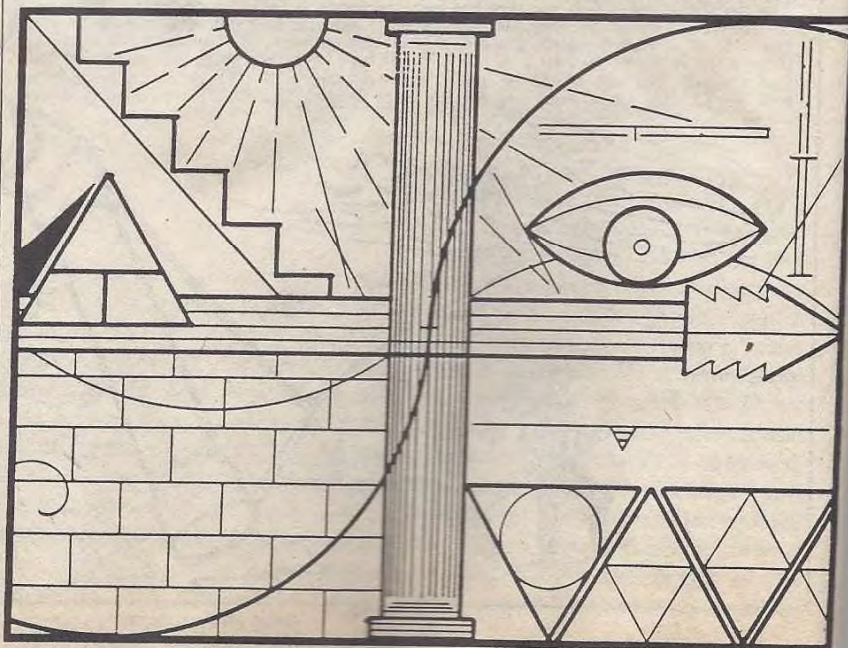
You can duplicate the fun I had that day. Find yourself a one dollar bill and a five dollar bill. Then make a transparency of the LUE map that we have reproduced for your use. Do not enlarge or reduce the map, but use the exact size that Mueller used in his *Treasure Hunter's Manual #7*, which we have reproduced here. Lay the transparency of the map over the five dollar bill. You will notice that the "brickwork" on the map fits perfectly over the "brick" that frames the word "five" in the lower corners of the bill. You will also notice that the single pillar in the center of the map is the same pillar that is shown on the picture of the Lincoln Memorial on the bill.

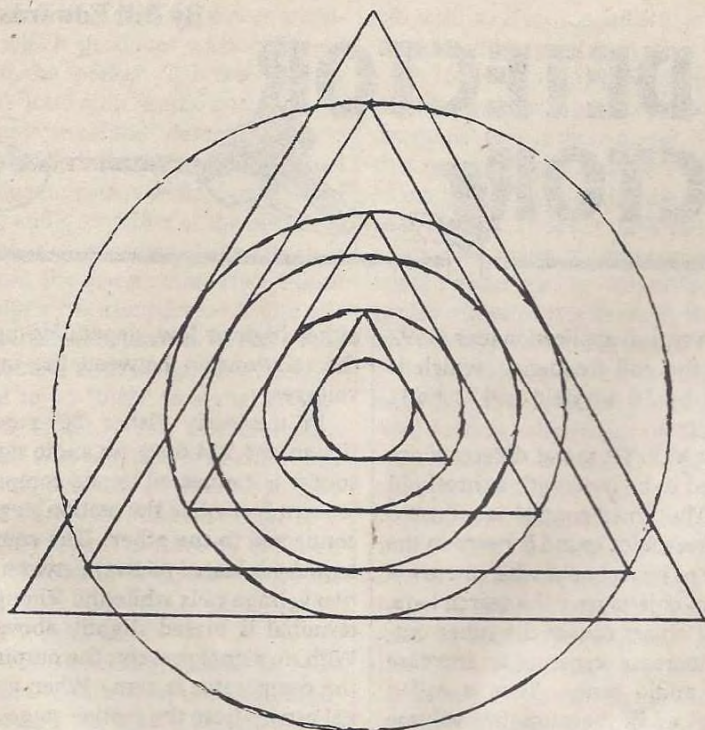
Twenty-six state names appear on the drawing of the Lincoln Memorial on the five dollar bill. You can check this under a magnifying glass. The

steps of the Lincoln Memorial also appear on the LUE map, as well as the manner of brickwork and the way it is laid. Also, the curly-cue in the middle left brickwork of the map fits perfectly the tail of the number "5" on the backside of the five dollar bill.

Also notice that, when you fold the map in half both ways, it dissects and interlocks with itself. This folding and interlocking can produce a series of concentric circles and triangles that culminate in a "bullseye."

The pyramid that my buddy Walt discovered on the one dollar bill has a shadow side, and this is depicted literally on the map. That is why Walt recognized it. The drawing on the bill is known as the reverse side of the Great Seal of the United States, and it contains counterparts on the map. For instance, there are twelve levels of brickwork or steps on the Great Seal pyramid. There are twelve levels of





By folding and connecting, the LUE map becomes a series of concentric circles and triangles.



brickwork or steps on the LUE map. At first glance you will probably only count five and one-half, but if you keep counting, it goes all the way up. There is a sun with rays emanating light on the LUE map. There is the "all-seeing eye" with rays emanating light on the bill. If you examine those rays of light on the map, you will see that they carefully conceal part of the concentric triangle design.

On September 6, 1979, Mueller's publisher, Ram Publishing Company

The Great Seal of the United States seems to appear on the LUE map, as well as on the one dollar bill.

of Dallas, Texas, extended permission for me to use the LUE treasure map for my own publishing purposes. Of course 1979 was a few years ago and nothing has been published, but now I am releasing my findings for *Treasure* readers to figure out the meaning of the concentric circles and triangles that appear to culminate in the

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"bullseye." If the clues lead to an actual geographic area, readers can claim for themselves a share of the wealth that the map promises, or maybe they can prove that it is only a cleverly concocted reconstruction of United States symbolism.

Either way, it remains a prototype to me for solving many mental puzzles in that it disguises and alters recognizable elements in such a way as to confuse and baffle the mind of those who would claim to understand.

I have not included what Karl von Mueller has told me concerning the history of the LUE and the claims of those who have reportedly used it to enrich themselves with a portion of the fabulous caches, and I have only hinted at what I have discovered concerning the construction of the map itself. By experimenting, you may uncover what I have missed. Either way, let me know what you find, and what you think. Is it a true waybill to actual treasure? Send all correspondence to Boyd M. Jolley, P.O. Box 513, American Fork, Utah 84003. (Note: The post office inadvertently returned some of my mail to the senders. If you had mail for me and it was returned to you, please excuse the mix-up. They have assured me that it will not happen again.) □

LOST MINES AND BURIED OR SUNKEN TREASURE

Long John Latham's

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February

1970

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TRUE TREASURE

LOST BEN SUBLETT MINE

LOST POKER CACHE

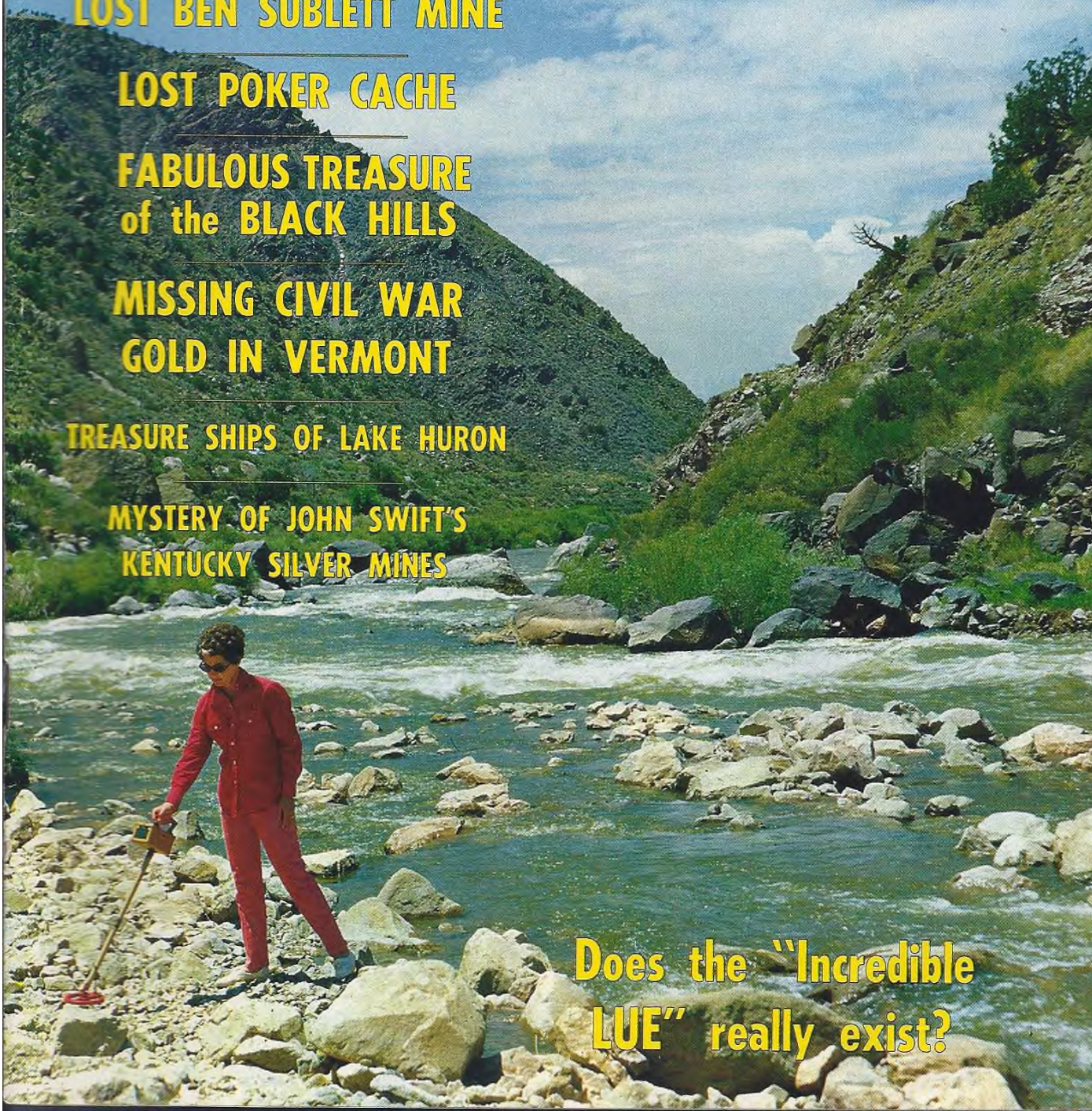
**FABULOUS TREASURE
of the BLACK HILLS**

**MISSING CIVIL WAR
GOLD IN VERMONT**

TREASURE SHIPS OF LAKE HURON

**MYSTERY OF JOHN SWIFT'S
KENTUCKY SILVER MINES**

Does the "Incredible
LUE" really exist?





Illustrated by Eugene Shortridge

Does The "Incredible LUE" Really exist?

By TOM HILTON



Disappointment meant nothing to Coronado and when he heard further stories of even greater wealth to be had still to the north, he headed for the land of Quivira. Still no gold or silver. Nothing but thirst and hunger and death on the high plains of Kansas.

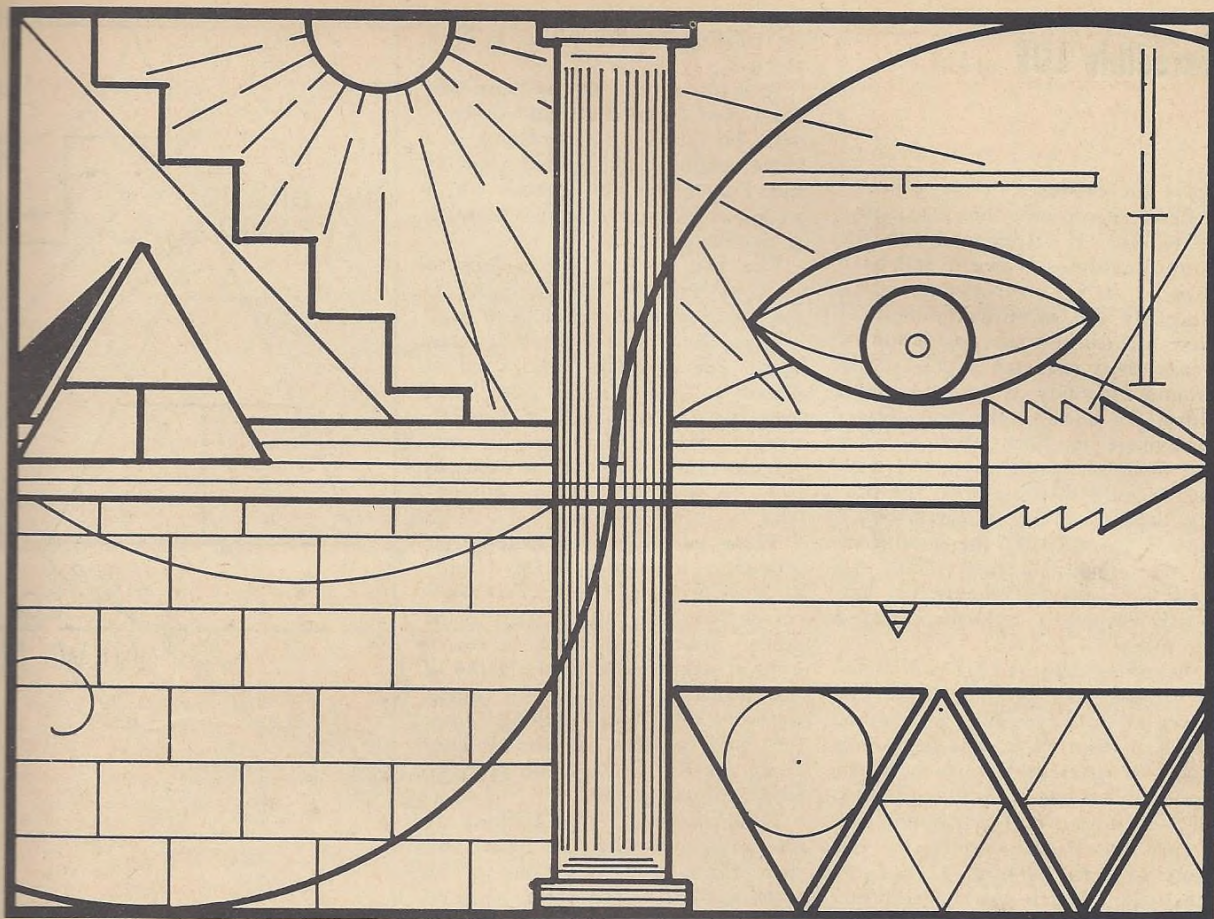
From the beginning, let me make it clear that it is not my intention to discourage further search for what, if true, would prove to be the largest single depository of gold on the North American continent. The treasure I speak of is the so-called "Incredible LUE," supposedly a vast pasture of gold and silver—more than 40 acres of it, and only a foot under the surface. I have tried to figure the value of such a

"I have seen many people searching for the LUE who have lost their jobs, spent money they could ill afford, and some who have wrecked their lives — all for a treasure that may never have existed!"

huge cache and I stopped at something like \$800,000,000.

My intention is rather to lend assistance to those gold seekers who will persist in the quest of the LUE treasure. I will try to make a clear and precise, and in my mind a true, waybill to the cache area. I will present photographs, the methods used in deciphering the map, and directions to the area.

If by writing this article I man-



This is the original "LUE" map. Does it pinpoint a fabulous treasure—or is it a hoax?

Incredible LUE continued

age to kill this legend for some, then fine with me, for it will save many hours of agony, of search and research. Many thousands of dollars that have been spent in this quest could better be used to find the hundreds of treasures that do exist. I have seen so many people searching for this treasure who have lost their jobs, spent money they could ill afford, and some who have wrecked their home lives. To me, this is brutal and inexcusable.

I know that it is impossible to completely kill a legend. The Lost Dutchman and other caches of this nature will never die, and neither will the LUE. Perhaps this is how it should be, for without legends men would never have found the Cripple Creeks and Virginia Cities, and the world would have been the

poorer—not because of the monetary loss alone, but rather for the deeds of the men who wrote those pages in history. Let the dream continue.

While trying to show an indictment against this treasure, I will, at the same time, furnish a waybill to it, or at least to the area where it is supposed to lie. If some reader does what I have been unable to do, then he will acquire instant wealth.

I believe that the name LUE comes from the small New Mexican village of Guadalupita, or Guadalupe. Take the letter p out of lupe and there you have it. This, of course, is only theory on my part. I do not know and neither does anyone else, except possibly one man. Neither do I know of anyone who has seen the original map.

There is certainly no history to back up or substantiate the claim of this treasure. It is sort of like religion—we just have to believe. I have worked with quite a few professionals on this hunt, as well as

amateurs, and we were never able to find one word that would prove its existence.

Throughout all of man's time on this old earth, he has left a record. Perhaps it was only a campfire, only pictographs on some cave wall, perhaps a buried city—but still a record. With this treasure we have nothing except a map, a map unlike any other, the ultimate in cryptography, and the ultimate challenge to the treasure hunter. This will be my story of how I took up that challenge and then followed it to the end, to my own personal satisfaction.

When I started my quest, I spent perhaps a month just looking at the LUE map and thinking about it. I could not see anything about it that made sense, but the idea of all that gold and only two men finding it made me keep trying to work it out. This was the most frustrating thing I had ever encountered, but slowly some bit of light came through. But before I could really accomplish anything with it, I decided to try and

prove the existence of the gold.

Research can be either fascinating or hateful. It all depends on the person involved. I love it and have been at it for over twenty years, especially the Spanish conquest of New Mexico and the occupation of Texas. This gave me a good background for study of the map, and I also had a clue that the treasure was somewhere in New Mexico, so it had to be of Spanish origin. I wish that I could dispense with the boring details of this research but I can't. I can only ask the indulgence of the reader, because some will want to check for themselves and I will furnish a light background for those.

Assuming that the LUE is of Spanish origin, then we must begin our search at the beginning, whether to prove or disprove it. The beginning would of necessity have to be when Cortez sailed out of Santiago, Cuba, on November 18, 1518, bound for a new world. He landed on the shore of what is now Vera Cruz, Mexico, on March 4, 1519, and thus began over 300 years of Spanish rule in Mexico and New Mexico.

History records that he had taken Mexico City in a short time and held Montezuma prisoner. It is amusing in retrospect to read some of the pretentious accounts of the Spanish at the time, when they so vividly portray the great alabaster palaces of Montezuma and the huge ransom he paid for his freedom—a ransom that amounted to 600,000 marks of pure gold and thousands of precious stones.

This is ridiculous to the extreme. The houses were of course nothing more than adobe mud and Montezuma did not buy himself free. He was never free again. He paid no ransom in gold, although perhaps a little was stolen, along with some native turquoises and garnets, and even an emerald pebble or two. There was really nothing more. Pre-Columbian art teaches us this.

This is not to imply that Mexico was not exceedingly rich in minerals. It was. However, this was not really exploited until after the Spanish began to enslave the Indians and mine the gold and silver. Great wealth was taken out of Mexico, more out of Peru, and it is still there. This accounts for the great Spanish treasure armadas, but not

for treasure in such places as New Mexico.

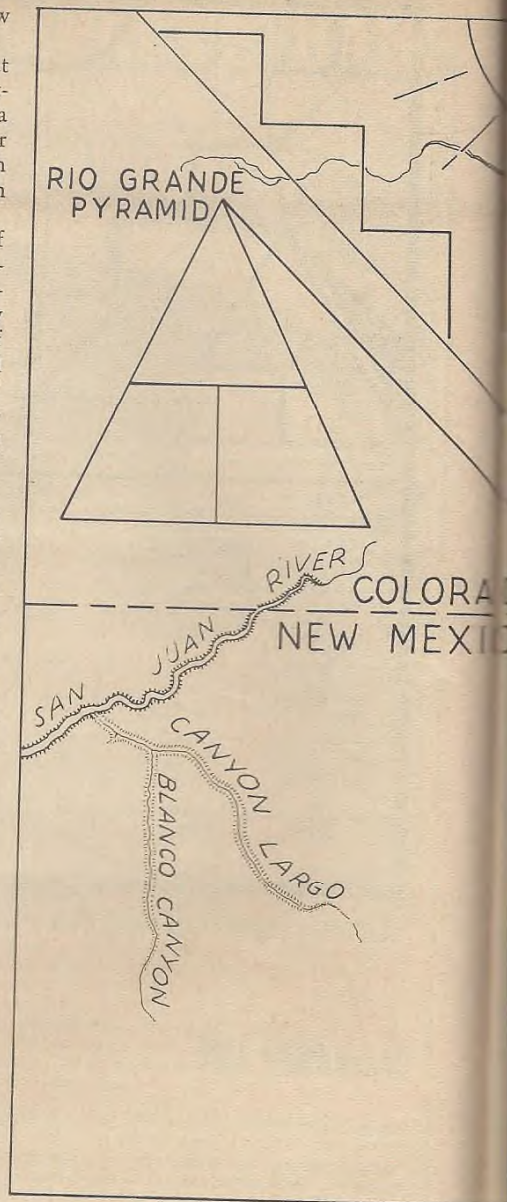
It is just such fables as these that lured men on to death and destruction. The story of Montezuma is a fair example of the gilded glamour and the impossible legends which credulous historians include in much of our early history.

The 16th century was a time of credulity that was almost unbelievable, when men were willing to swallow anything and everything they heard. For example, "The Land of Amazons," "The Gilded Man," and then the "Seven Cities of Cibola," when Cabeza de Vaca and his companions came to tell of the fabulous cities to the north, in a "golden" land.

These tales led Don Antonio de Mendoza, the all-powerful viceroy of Mexico, to send forth Fray Marcus de Nizza and the captain in the golden armor, Coronado, in search of this great wealth in the name of the church and the king. Of course, we know they found nothing except the mud pueblos of the Indians along the Rio Grande. No gold, no silver and no jewels.

Disappointment was nothing to Coronado and when he heard further stories of even greater wealth to be had still to the north, he headed for the land of Quivira. Still no gold or silver. Nothing but thirst and hunger and death on the high plains of Kansas. When Coronado returned from this expedition with nothing to show but failure, he was disgraced for the rest of his life. Exit Coronado from our search.

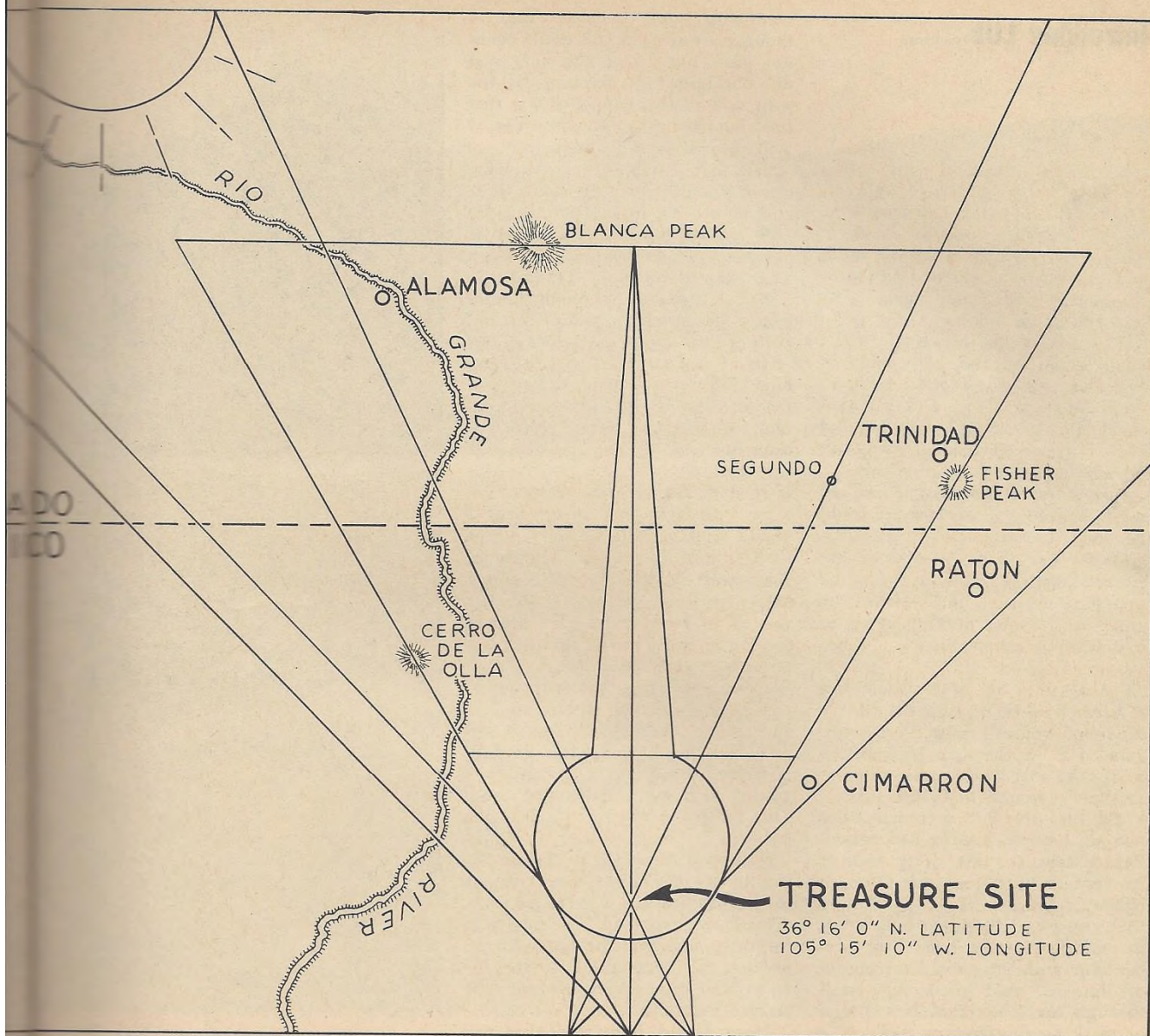
Coronado went forth in the year 1539 and failed, but this did nothing to discourage further search for the great wealth that waited just as surely as the sun rose in the east. Others followed—Antonio de Espejo in 1582, followed by a host of others too numerous to mention here. It is sufficient to say only that there is no record of any mining in New Mexico before 1820, when the earli-



est mining claim on record was established. There might have been a small amount of placer worked around Dolores and Cerillos, and some copper mining, but very little.

The accounts of de Sosa, of Onate, of de Vargas and of the many padres do not in any way give us reason to believe that New Mexico could produce anything like the gold the LUE is supposed to represent.

Of course, like the Spanish, this was no deterrent to my own search. I wanted to believe, I did believe. Liars made history in 1550



This map, completed after months of research, pinpoints the purported LUE treasure site. The Rio Grande Pyramid at upper left is the master key to the map, the author writes, adding, "As a possible alternative to the puzzle, consider these coordinates—105° 14' 55" longitude by 36° 16' 38" latitude. There can be no others."

and they still do and they always will.

This research had taken up quite a bit of my time and had proved exactly nothing. I went back to the map with a vengeance. It really did not prove difficult in the initial stages. I took the column to mean the "Pillars of the Sky," the old Spanish name for the Rocky Mountains, and the arrow to mean "palo flechado pass," which means arrows through a tree in Spanish. The pyramid in the upper left corner meant the "Pyramid of the Rio Grande," a prominent landmark long known.

This all was proved right later.

At this time I was told by a treasure hunter who claimed to have found the treasure that it was on a gravel road that was in between two stretches of blacktop. According to him, the treasure was within 50 feet of this road on the left side on a grassy slope. There was a large S curve nearby, he said.

With the clues and the small amount of work I had done on the map, I was able to pick out a place near me by a map, and was able to go further with the map, and both matched up. I called on the phone

to the man who claimed to have found it and he told me I was right on top of it.

I had heard a story of a group finding some gold on the site of an old mission near Guadalupita. I thought that this had to be the clue to the place, even though it was six miles from where I thought the map pinpointed the treasure. Back to work on more research. I did not at any time find any evidence to corroborate this tale. There was no written word anywhere.

I then found the remains of an old trading post and way station

used by the troops at Fort Union on their trips from there to Taos. I obtained a picture taken in 1930 of the site when more of it stood. This was evidently what the story was all about. I searched this area thoroughly and found a coin or two and some old bullets.

I was told at this time that I could stand on the LUE and see Wheeler Park, the highest point in New Mexico. This eliminated a great deal of country, as there is only a stretch of road of about six miles where the peak is visible.

The story of the mission had led me to believe that this treasure could be the "Treasure of the Padres," and so for three months I researched, worked the map for the precise coordinates, and searched the area. But I found nothing at all in that time by any method.

All I could do was search and search again, trying all of the different ways to find the coordinates. I knew the map was not infinite, and that by a process of elimination I would find the answer. I did find the key eventually, but not until many months had passed. Before that I spent every waking moment in pursuit of this fabulous hoard of gold.

In the area I found nothing at all to indicate that the Spanish or anyone else, with the possible exception of Indians, had used that trail through the mountains. Not a sign or mark on the trees or rocks as is customary with any Spanish map, or with any map for that matter.

I began to have serious doubts, but I would not let these bother me for long. The most serious one was the fact that on all the maps and documents I had seen over the years that had been drawn by the Spanish, there were always landmarks and of course marks on trees and the like. I began to think that the map had been drawn by some joker within the last 10 years or so. I think this more than ever at this moment.

But still at that time I believed and I kept up the search, knowing that at any time I would walk over the treasure. The promise of the golden reward that awaited me at the end of the trail was a siren call that echoed loud through those

mountains and valleys. Yes, I thought I was right and that I could not miss. But I was not right and did not know the meaning of the map, and all that happened was that for four months, day after day, I walked a long and lonely trail.

The first search with a metal detector was made on August 23, 1968, at 1:00 o'clock in the morning. By 7:00 o'clock I had found a roll of old barbed wire and three tin cans. This was in no way discouraging. I had no reason to think that I would find anything, since I had not at the time worked the map correctly. I just returned to Cimarron, New Mexico — my home — and worked some more on the map, and came up with my second set of coordinates.

I searched for some two months after dark for security reasons, because I thought that at any time I would hit that "Big Casino." I was really fired up in the beginning. Sleep was almost impossible and I lost 10 pounds because I was too excited to eat. Finally, this became too much, and I had to back off and re-evaluate the whole thing.

I began hearing rumors that people were going in right and left and taking out anywhere from 1,000 pounds to as little as 100 pounds. It seemed that the whole world was getting rich right under my nose. This can make you feel mighty stupid.

I stopped the night work and began to go out in the day. I began to be suspicious of any car that drove down the road. The map was forgotten and only the obsession of finding the excavations of the legions who were taking the stuff out became important.

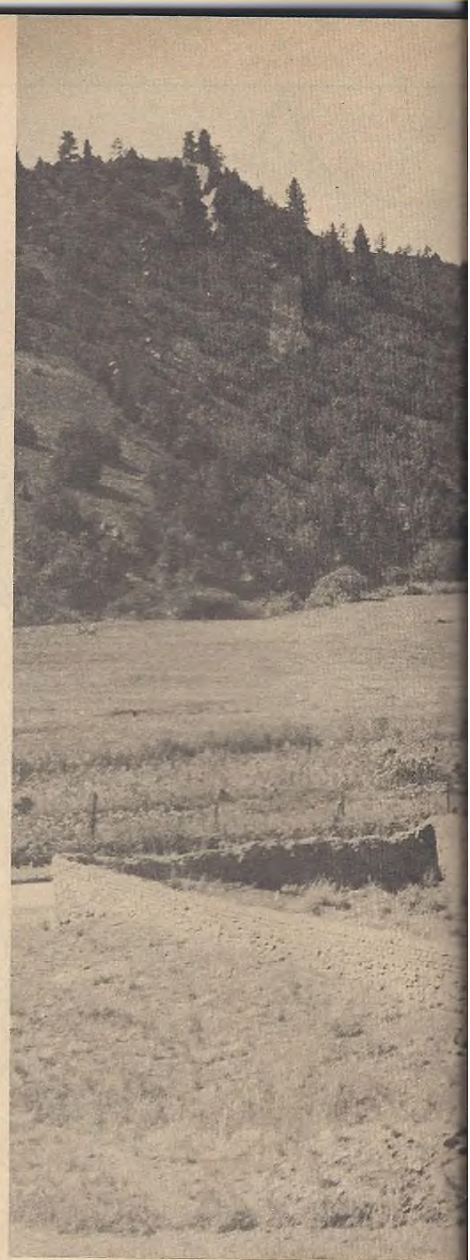
Since I had been told that the treasure was only 50 feet or so from the road I went out early in the morning and with the instrument walked 10 miles up and down the road. I did not see a thing or find a thing except junk. If there had been signs of digging I would have found them.

It was in October that I was told by the man who had allegedly found the cache that indeed I was right on top of it, that I had even walked right over it, but for some reason known only to him the instrument had failed to detect. Now this is strange, since he was in another state at the time, but I did not question his word, and so I began to retrace my steps. I went over places that I had been over twice before. I was searching for my own private Gran Quivira, and I so wanted to

believe anything I could hear that I think if I had been told that the cache was in the bottom of that icy Black Lake, I would have dived for it.

Some reader might say that I missed it because I did my searching at night. This is not true, because I had a landmark in sight at all times, or some white rags to guide me. I searched like I was looking for a coffee pot instead of a 40-acre field of gold.

By the middle of November I was growing exceedingly weary of the whole thing and doubts really began to build up. One Sunday





This old trading post in Mora County, New Mexico, dates back to 1870 and may be the actual site of the old mission at Guadalupe, near which gold was found. The author believes the name "LUE" comes from Guadalupe, or Guadalupe.

morning I met an old friend in the area who had been born there. His family had settled the country about 1830 or so. He knew nothing of any treasure or mission. This from a man who is the principal in a school and an ardent historian of New Mexico. But this did not deter my search and, if anything, only served to intensify it. I was obsessed now with the idea of proving the whole thing to be some monstrous hoax.

I began to consider the vast amount of wealth the LUE represented. This would have taken a great many men a large number of years to deposit. Surely some one of them would have made it back

to Mexico City or Santa Fe with the news. Or some descendant would have passed the story down. It did not make sense.

I began another round of research, this time into the mining history of New Mexico. Relatively speaking, New Mexico is a poor state in mineral resources such as gold and silver, even for modern methods. This is pretty well proved in the *New Mexico Mining Journal* of 1905 by Fayette Jones.

Still, the search went on, but for a different reason—this time to disprove. About the first of December the first good snow hit, and I took off from the whole thing for

a time. This gave my mind a rest and on the morning of December 10 I found the key.

I took four topographical maps—Raton, Trinidad, Aztec and Durango. I trimmed the edges to fit and made one large map of the whole area of southern Colorado and northern New Mexico. I saw that the key to the map was the Pyramid of the Rio Grande. If a line is struck from the top of this peak and brought down on a 45-degree angle, it will intersect 36 degrees of latitude just right. This gives the correct starting point for the treasure triangle, and also the correct size to make it.



This hill lies to the left of the supposed LUE treasure site, as pinpointed on the author's map on page 21. Old wagon ruts across the near slope of the hill date back to the 1850's.

Incredible LUE continued

There was further indication of a master triangle on the LUE map, and this also came clear on the large topo I had constructed. The top of the master triangle cuts the top of Mt. Blanca in Colorado. This all proved out with mathematical precision and I knew that I was on the right track at last.

Still, I did not have the coordinates I needed, but I saw that the line under the stairsteps would extend through the treasure down to the 36-degree line. This was the payoff. The other leg of the triangle, being equal, ran up to the exact center of the master triangle. For the other coordinate I merely duplicated the one I already had. This came out with one leg dead center on the master triangle and the other leg split the point of the arrow of the LUE map.

To prove the triangles were equal, I ran a center line and measured. The angle was right on the button. When I transferred this to my large topo map I had the treasure pinned.

I knew in that moment that the long, hard search was over. I knew that I would find either the treasure or just another dead piece of real estate. But the excitement was there.

The final hunt began on Wednesday, December 11, 1968. When I got out to the area there were some Christmas tree cutters at work. I could not go in from the front without being seen, so I walked in from the back side. I knew that I would not be able to dig, so I took only the instrument with me.

When I reached the point indicated by the map, the instrument began to howl. I came close to fainting. I outlined an area 50 feet by 200 feet. Not 40 acres by any means, but still awful big. I thought I would have a heart attack. In 9,000 feet of thin air and standing over the treasure, this is no joke.

I backed off and didn't return

until Friday, December 13. What a day for a treasure hunt! When I reached the area it was deserted, so I went right in. At the point of highest indication on the instrument the pick hit the ground. When the hole was about two feet by four feet the instrument was placed in the hole. Nothing at all. I knew then what I had hit—just the mineral that clings to the grass roots in that country. The country is full of it, and if I had not been so excited, I would have known it.

I felt like I had been gut-shot. I wanted to cry. The search was over and I had lost. I searched around a little more and found nothing except the skeleton of a man that was pretty rotten. It is still there, in some rocks, and will serve as a landmark for those who follow me.

The cold drove me out and I started for home. I had not traveled more than two miles before I threw a rock through the radiator. Twenty-two miles to Eagle Nest. I started walking. Friday the 13th!

So that is the story of one man's search for the golden LUE. Take it



What the author believes to be the treasure site indicated by the LUE map lies 100 feet behind this point of rocks. But all he found was disappointment, cold—and a dead man's skeleton among the rocks.

for what it is worth. It is up to the reader. I feel that I am right, that there is no treasure and never was. The map? Who knows? It may be 300 years old, or only 10 or so. Why was it made? Who made it? **Quien sabe!**

All I know is that I searched long and hard and good for five months, not counting the time spent on my research. I could find nothing to substantiate the claim of this treasure—and just a whole lot to condemn it.

But perhaps if it truly does exist, then I will have helped someone to find it. I hope so. I was told during my search that the Catholic church was hunting this treasure and that the Federal government also was interested in it.

Does anyone seriously believe this? If the Feds were looking, they would find it. They have the brains, the manpower and the equipment, and it would be found. The same for the Catholic church. They have the knowledge and the money and resources.

Just more garbage.

For those who will search—and

I know there will be hundreds, perhaps thousands—I will give this information: The site is on State Road 38, 16 miles south of Highway 64. You can go in either from Taos or Cimarron. On the map is a place called Black Lake. It is not a town but only a small settlement. The lake itself is also called Black Lake.

The area is private land, owned by some sort of subdivision outfit, but in all the months I was in the area I never saw anyone connected with it.

Who knows? Someone may yet find the elusive LUE. I do not mean to harm or malign anyone of those who have claimed to have found this treasure in the Black Lake Valley. I have merely reported in a truthful manner my own experience. I searched as thoroughly as possible, but I could have missed it.

Men and human nature have changed very little since Coronado went forth in search of the Gran Quivira. This land has changed not at all, at least in the heart of the Sangre de Cristos. It is still a harsh land and pitifully poor when judged

by other standards. It was poor in 1539, and maybe it always will be. I hope not.

So where could the gold have come from? Someone tell me.

But somehow the promise of riches to be had for just the digging is still here. When one looks at the tall peaks he knows this to be true. Just as Coronado's guide always urged him to march one more day and he would find the wealth he sought, so too does the LUE beckon perhaps only one more day and it will be found.

It has always been so with seekers of gold, and it will continue to be so. With the seekers of this one in particular it is so. Anything is believable, anything at all—except possibly the truth—as long as the promise of reward is there, and no word spoken of the whole thing's being just a bad joke.

So go forth to 105 degrees, 15 minutes and 10 seconds of longitude at 36 degrees, 16 minutes and no seconds of latitude and maybe, just maybe, you'll be the one.

Good luck!