

When the scaffold trapdoor was sprung under the murderous renegade Indian, Slumach, the last words he uttered were "*Nika memloose, mine memloose*"—"When I die, mine dies." And, true to the executed man's final words, this fabulous mine has eluded prospectors for over 75 years. Whether it was Slumach's curse or the dangerous, fog shrouded mountains, at least 23 men have died looking for the multimillion dollar vein of gold that's streaked through one wall of a steep little canyon only a few miles from the bustling cities of British Columbia's lower mainland. Located in one of the most rugged wilderness areas in North America this incredibly rich lode—which has been found and lost *twice*—is still waiting for the man willing to defy the

CURSE OF SLUMACH'S GOLD CANYON

By Robert S. Davidson



N
in
ha
co
at
an

tw
fec
one
20
th
eig

S
Be
bul
his
Ind
mir
In
bitt
Nov
inst
O
key
him
left
his
A
was
we'
and
it. A
the
side
'Nil
leer
W
fog-
nev
mer
\$100
ste
tling
Te
rugg
few
slop
dou

New Westminster Daily Columbian: Jan. 16, 1891: Slumach walked firmly up the steps leading to the platform and faced the crowd below. The hangman quickly adjusted the noose and Father Morgan commenced a prayer. Then the black cap was put on and at eight o'clock, exactly, the bolt was drawn, the trap fell and Slumach paid the penalty of his crime.

The hanging was very ably managed and beyond a few twitchings of the hands and feet, the body remained perfectly still after the drop. In three minutes and 58 seconds, life was pronounced extinct, but it was more than 20 minutes before the body was cut down and placed in the coffin. The coroner verified the drop of eight-feet-five inches had snapped the neck.

Slumach was executed for the murder of Louis Bee, and when he died, he took the secret of his fabulous lost gold mine with him. Some time during his wait for the hangman, the murderous old Salish Indian put a curse on the mine: "Nika Memloose, mine memloose"—"When I die, mine dies."

In downtown New Westminster, the miners swore bitterly when they heard the execution was over. Now they would have to find the mine themselves instead of trying to follow Slumach to it.

One black-bearded miner downed a shot of whiskey and said "Why the hell did they want to hang him for the murder of a half-breed? If he'd been left alone, we might have followed the old man to his mine and got the gold."

Another stared dejectedly at the rings his glass was leaving on the bar and added: "Yeah, now we've got to look all over that whole damn area and it's too big and too rough. We may never find it. All we've got to go on is that we know it's up in the mountains north of Pitt Lake somewhere. Besides, I don't like what the old son-of-a-bitch said. 'Nika memloose, mine memloose.' Makes me feel leery about going up into those damn mountains."

Whether Slumach's curse, or the dangerous, fog-shrouded mountains caused their deaths will never be known, but over the years, at least 23 men and probably more, have died looking for the \$100 million hoard of gold paving the floor of a steep little canyon only a few miles from the bustling cities of British Columbia's lower mainland.

Today, the Pitt Lake area is still some of the most rugged wilderness in North America. Except for a few logging roads above the lake where the gentler slopes have been cut, there are no roads and it is doubtful if there ever will be. Access into the area



Slumach, a Salish Indian, discovered the rich lode north of Pitt Lake, but its location died with him when he was hanged for murder.



Like the Lost Dutchman Mine of Arizona, no one seems to know the exact value of Slumach's lost mine. The figure most often mentioned in the old accounts is \$100 million! However, this much has been well established—Slumach did come into the town of New Westminster on wild spending sprees with thousands of dollars in gold. When it was gone he would disappear for a time and come back with another heavy sack of gold. One prospector disappeared in the vicinity of Slumach's mine several years after the Indian's execution, and a search party found 11 ounces of pure gold in a jar in his deserted camp. Did this lone prospector find Slumach's gold canyon? Probably—but what happened to him is just one more mystery that's baffled the authorities. Knowing this, and if you still want to try finding the fabulously rich Lost Pitt Lake Mine, then get your hands on Memoir #335, Geologic Survey of Canada . . . and good luck!



Three of the nine dance-hall women who went with Slumach to the mine and never returned. Many treasure hunters were also killed searching for the mine.



U.S. Man Dies Hunting Gold —Lost Mine's 23rd Victim

A vacation spent in the Pitt River badlands, hunting a legendary gold mine ended in death for an American naval draughtsman Wednesday. Body of Lewis E. Hagbo, 49, of Bremerton, Wash., was brought out to civilization Friday after noon by a rescue party led by Sgt. Jackson Payne of the Port Coquitlam RCMP detachment.

Hagbo is the twenty-third man to die seeking the Lost Creek mine. Some died by accident, by misadventure, by exposure and by murder.

Word of Hagbo's death was brought out by his brother-in-law, Frank Mattson, Bainbridge, Wash., who hiked six miles to a dwelling at the north end of Pitt Lake.

(The rugged jungle of rock-fall and mountain north of Pitt River is supposed to hide the Lost Creek gold mine.) It is said that the mine, in a hidden valley, was found by the Indian Slumach, who was hanged at New Westminster in 1801.

He was convicted of the murder of an Indian woman, one of many he took with him back into his mine each time he returned.

In the past 70 years, hundreds of prospectors and hopeful adventurers have hunted the gold, but none have found it.

It is believed Hagbo suffered a heart attack. A package of nitroglycerine pills used by sufferers of heart disease was found in his pocket.

The body was packed out six miles over rockfall and down a dry creekbed to a forest access road, and then by boat down Pitt Lake.

An autopsy will be held.

is only by boat or seaplane. And from where they put you down, you walk. Even helicopters have difficulty finding a level spot big enough to land.

The first time Slumach staggered drunkenly around the bars of New Westminster with a heavy poke of gold, he didn't attract too much attention. A wealthy miner down from the Cariboo gold fields of Central British Columbia for a spree wasn't too unusual. The many sporting ladies were obliging and if he wanted to be a high roller, they'd certainly help.

A handful of raw gold is one of the world's greatest beauty aids. Slumach's nearly 60 years and what the newspapers later called "his mean and evil visage" weren't enough to discourage the girls from bestowing their favors in exchange for some of it.

A few weeks later, after thousands of dollars were spent in wild parties, Slumach bought a few supplies and persuaded one of the women to accompany him as cook and "companion." Slumach promised the woman all the gold she could carry and the way he had thrown his wealth around so freely, gave truth to his promise. No sporting lady with an eye for opportunity could resist such a dream of golden treasure.

Two or three weeks later, Slumach was back in town with several more thousands in gold, but no woman. Questioned about her absence, he told

how she had fallen into the swift, muddy Fraser River and drowned. He had tried to save her, but had failed and couldn't find her body. Nothing could be proved, so Slumach went on another prolonged drunken spree.

(Continued on page 88)

SLIM INCHES AWAY IN THE AMAZING NEW BODY TAPER-TRIM SHIRT

Puts power in your sex appeal as it reshapes you to more manly "tapered" proportions!

- SMOOTHES TORSO
- BUILDS CHEST
- STRAIGHTENS BACK
- SLIMS ABDOMEN
- CINCHES WAIST
- FLATTENS BULGES

Extra-light, extra-comfortable long line undershirt puts power net LYCRA SPANDEX & NYLON to work providing firm, smooth control from chest to lower abdomen. Smooths out bulges and trims you with unprecedented built-in slimming-power. Worn as an undershirt, it works to keep you in shape. Completely machine washable. White only.

INSTANTLY HOLDS \$7.99
STOMACH IN!



10 Day
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Purchase Price Refundable
if not 100% Satisfied.

R. S. SALES, Dept. 8873
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028

My chest is _____ inches. (Exhale & measure chest.)
SIZES: ☐ S (34-36), ☐ Med. (38-40), ☐ Lg. (42-44),
☐ XL (46-48), ☐ 2X (50-52) Add 50c per order post-
age & handling. Total Enclosed \$ _____ Calif.
residents add 5% tax. For COD enclose \$2.00 deposit.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

\$130.00 PROFIT FOR JUST ONE EASY JOB
of INTERIOR CUSTOMIZING
AUTO UPHOLSTERING

Send for free MASTER PLAN and Big Illustrated Booklet/Data/Guide on learning to upholster and customize all Auto interiors, plus recreational vehicles, dune buggies, campers, trailers for BIG MONEY, spare or full time. No experience needed. We give you EVERYTHING to get started (1) Home training covering ALL phases, (2) all tools & training kits. Write TODAY for FREE FACTS and booklet/data/guide. No obligation. No salesman will call.

Auto Institute, Box 64-US, Orange, Calif. 92669

WIRELESS MICRO-MINI MIKE

Self-Contained. Picks up slightest sound & transmits it without wires up to 450 ft., thru any FM radio. Tunable 88-108 mcs. Use as a silent monitor, burg. alarm, music amplifier, intercom, baby sitter, hot line, etc. Only 1 1/2 x 1/2 x 1/2". Complete with batt. Money back guarantee. — Only \$13.95

Add 50c for AMC SALES, Dept. S
pstg. & hdlg. P. O. 2923, Pasadena, Ca. 91105

"POWER AUTOMATIC"
Pellet Firing Target Pistol

and SILENCER

FREE 50 Reusable 22 Cal. Pellets only \$125

Rapid firing 22 cal. fully 9 inches long with the look and feel of an "undercover" automatic. Snap the "silencer" on or remove it for fast combat-type target practice. FREE 50 reusable 22 cal. pellets and supply of targets. Money back guarantee if not satisfied. Just send \$125 plus 35c for postage and handling.

HONOR HOUSE PROD. Dept. 197PA11
Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563
Not sold in NYC

DESTRUCTION DERBY (Continued from page 51)

The green flag dropped with a flourish and the most expensive destruction derby in history was underway. Within 15 minutes the first casualty was the \$25,000 Rolls Royce driven by Bobby Unser. It was smashed time and time again, even though Unser buried the car's nose into bales of hay stacked at the edge of the infield to protect his front end. The sides of the Rolls were battered continuously until suddenly, a fire sent huge clouds billowing from under the hood and inside the vehicle. Bobby Unser quickly scrambled safely out the front window as glowing flames engulfed the car's insides. Fire crews quickly used chemicals to smother the flames. The car was a \$25,000 wreck.

The rest of the autos were also dying slow deaths on the stadium floor. Cars lurched and lunged, driving backwards to protect their vulnerable front ends from injury. The bigger cars were destroyed, one by one, until only two were left to fight. A Ford was in relatively good shape, but the Mercury had its tires stripped and its trunk resting inside the backseat. The drivers of the two survivors weren't the famous racers but were experienced experts in the old jalopies they ran in small destruction derbies around the country. Ken McCain in his 1973 Ford outlasted the rest of the competition and collected \$7,000. Tom Zumwalt from Carson, Calif., drove the big Mercury Marquis station wagon owned by Peter Revson, but by the end of the smashing show it looked like a tiny Gremlin. It couldn't move another inch and he had to settle for the second place prize of \$3,000.

Even after the excitement of the world's richest destruction derby there was still one more thrill to go. Evel Knievel, the world's greatest jumping motorcycleist, was waiting to perform. Some spectators were ready for his blood.

Could Evel roar down the 200-foot plywood ramp at the stadium's west-end and soar over 51 pyramided cars? The 51 wrecks were piled in such a way that Knievel would have to clear 18 car widths to reach the wooden safety ramp. Could he do it?

At 5:07, after a number of test runs, Evel Knievel roared his bike down the ramp at 100 miles per hour, soared 50 yards through the air and landed safely on the other side of the ramp. He speeded up another ramp and out the stadium, a parachute billowing behind his Harley Davidson motorcycle to slow him down. The crowd exploded into cheers. Evel drove back into the "arena" and onto a platform where he was greeted by J. C. Agajanian, promotor of the Moto Heroics Show.

Knievel triumphantly mounted the ramp and spoke to the crowd clustered at his feet. "Did you come to see me die?" he said into the microphone and then answered his own question. "No, I don't think so. As I roared down the ramp, I could feel everybody's good wishes and prayers."

The crowd yelled and screamed as Evel Knievel continued talking, signing books and papers with his circus gestures as he went along. Suddenly, he left the microphone and took a big leap and landed right on the spectators. The happy crowd carried him around the field on their shoulders. This gladiator had beaten the odds again.

It had been a long, tiring, but thoroughly exciting day for the thousands who came to see the Moto Heroics show. They had seen men try to blow themselves to pieces, others sliding across the track after being pulled by a car, the world's most expensive destruction derby. And, of course, there was Evel Knievel, risking his life as he jumped 18 car-widths with his motorcycle. Evel is planning to jump the Snake River Canyon in Idaho and it will take an incredible stunt like that to top the thrills of the Moto Heroics Show.

★ THE END

SLUMACH'S GOLD CANYON (Continued from page 38)

By this time, the miners realized Slumach was on to something big and watched him carefully. Weeks later, when he left town with another woman, they managed to follow his canoe until he turned out of the Fraser into the Pitt River. There, in the maze of brush lined sloughs that existed before the flood control dikes were built, the experienced, bush-wise Indian easily confused his pursuers and left them paddling angrily up dead-end inlets. Disgusted, they finally gave up and went back to the saloons.

Shortly thereafter, Slumach was back with more gold but without the woman. Again he told a plausible story about her disappearance that couldn't be disproved.

In one bar, one of the men who had tried to follow him, hunched over a corner table and toyed with a glass of cheap whiskey. He watched bitterly as the Indian partied with the women.

"You know," he said to his partner, "we ought to take that bastard Indian prisoner and pull out a few fingernails by the roots. I'll bet he'd tell us where the mine is then."

"Sure," his partner replied sarcastically. "If we did that, he might talk and he might not. Either way, we'd have to kill him and then we wouldn't know if he told us the right place or not until it was too late. No. The best bet is to follow him. After he leads us to the mine it'll be a pleasure to kill him."

"I guess you're right," the first agreed reluctantly. "We'll find the mine, then fix him up real good."

Greed gleamed in their eyes as they watched Slumach carelessly spill a few nuggets on the table and call for more champagne.

Over the next two years, Slumach repeatedly slipped into the wilderness of the Pitt Lake mountains. Nine different women went with him and nine times he returned alone, laden with gold and with another story about each woman's disappearance.

No one tried too hard to prove anything—the women weren't missed and if Slumach was in jail or hung, he couldn't be followed. The miners were trying every trick they could think of to track the Indian to his mine.

Men were posted at strategic lookout points along the route they thought he would take. Others tried to trail him by canoe and others tried to get the Indians living along the river and lake to tell them where he went.

The Indians refused to talk to the white men about Slumach because they were deathly afraid of the bloodthirsty old man. During his long, villainous life he had killed many other Indians and they knew he wouldn't hesitate to kill again. They considered him insane and believed he would stalk and murder anyone he suspected of spying on him, or telling the white men about his movements.

Every trick the miners tried proved useless. Slumach knew every inch of the sloughs and each time he slipped past the lookouts unseen.

About three miles up the east bank of the Pitt River from its junction with the Fraser, a hill of granitic rock juts several hundred feet above the flood plain. Spreading over 200 acres, this mound was thought to be the place where Slumach cached a stock of gold between trips to the mine. The miners had combed this huge rock many times but failed to find a trace of his hoard. A half mile south of this hill, the Allouette slough joins the Pitt.

On Sept. 9, 1890, four Indians went by canoe to the junction of the Allouette and the Pitt to fish for salmon. One of them, Louis Bee, a big, muscular, half-Hawaiian and half-Salish Indian was well-known in the district as a tough, bar-room brawler. On one of his spree's Slumach had an argument with Bee but it had only gotten as far as an exchange of angry words.

The Indians beached their canoe on the north shore of the slough and Bee stepped ashore. Casually, he walked a few yards along the beach, then stopped, his attention attracted by a noise and movement in the brush. As Bee watched, Slumach stepped from the bushes, a shotgun cradled under his arm, and walked up to him.

Standing near the canoe, the other three Indians could hear them talking, but were too far away to understand the conversation. Suddenly, their voices rose in anger and as the startled men watched, Slumach snapped the shotgun to his shoulder and fired point-blank at Bee.

Bee saw the deadly motion and turned to run, but in the middle of the turn, the closely packed charge of shot caught him in the left arm and tore into his rib cage. The heavy blast ripped through Bee's heart and lungs, shredding them to a bloody froth. Bee was dead before he hit the ground.

The three shocked Indians standing by the canoe saw Slumach step through the cloud of black powder smoke and stand over Bee's twitching body. He glanced casually down at it, then turned to look at the men. Methodically, he began to reload the shotgun. Fearing for their own lives, the unarmed Indians quickly

STRONG ARM

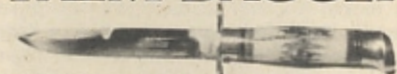
BRACELETS

Build winning strength and power in your arms for tennis, golf and other sports — WITHOUT SPECIAL EXERCISE! Just wear these unique weighted bracelets as you work, walk or play — every ordinary arm movement you make becomes a strength building "exercise"! Made of gleaming gold-toned weights with genuine leather straps, they add a rugged 'mod' touch to your appearance. Strengthen and build man-sized arms this easy way! \$7.50 for one (fits either wrist) or get two for just **\$12.98.**

Money back guarantee. Send to:

JOE WEIDER, Dept. 49-83PB10
25 Maple St., Norwood, N. J. 07648
(sent postage collect)

PALM DAGGER




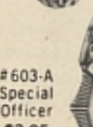
All-Purpose, sheath knife with double edge point, 8 1/2" overall. Genuine stag handle, strong pommel and guard, in leather belt sheath — or tuck it in your boot. Made by Nowill of Sheffield England.
#19ST PALM DAGGER **\$8.95**

Mail orders promptly filled. Add 75¢ for postage and handling.

Corrado Cutlery
26 North Clark St., Dept. S-083
Chicago, Illinois, 60602
Write for free album of 500 knives.

SOLID BRONZE PROFESSIONAL WALLET BADGES

Heavy solid bronze for lifetime wear. Used by thousands of professional investigators and detectives all over the world. **\$3.95** each postpaid

	#203-A Private International Investigator \$3.95		#203-B Private Detective \$3.95
	#203-C Official Press Photographer \$3.95		#250 Deputy Sheriff 6 Point Star \$3.95
	#303-A Special Investigator \$3.95		#303-B Special Agent \$3.95
	#603-A Special Officer \$3.95		#603-B Security Officer \$3.95

Genuine Leather Badge Case. Display your badge in an official manner. **\$3.00** postpaid
Send name, address & style # desired; print plainly. No C.O.D.s, please. Add 5% tax in Calif.
FREE WITH ORDERS ONLY—Catalog of police and detective equipment. Unusual items.

POLICE EQUIPMENT CO., Dept. 8873
7471 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046

FOLLOW THIS MAN!

(Operator 38)



EXCITEMENT, SECURITY GOOD PAY...All yours as a CRIME INVESTIGATOR AND FINGER PRINT EXPERT Train at Home—Spare Time

There's a thrill in helping to bring a crook to justice through Scientific Crime Detection or Finger Print Identification. With crime figures rising, men and women trained in this exciting work are needed everywhere. The pay is good . . . the security unmatched and opportunity for advancement is assured. We have taught thousands of men and women to step into this important, profitable, exciting profession. Let us teach you at home in spare time to fill a responsible, rewarding, well-paid position. Low cost, easy terms. Learn Investigation, Finger Print Identification, Firearms Identification, Police Photography, Handwriting Identification. Our graduates are employed world-wide by hundreds of leading bureaus and private firms. Cash in, now, on the vital need for trained experts in this uncrowded field.

G.I. Bill Approved

OVER 800
American Bureaus of
Identification employ
IAS Graduates

FREE! The famous BLUE BOOK of CRIME

Packed with thrills and money making information about this important job opportunity. Reveals startling "behind the scenes" facts of actual criminal cases. Tells how trained investigators solved them through the same methods you learn at IAS. Explains exactly how you can get started in this thrilling work, easily, quickly. Don't wait . . . it's FREE . . . mail coupon today.

INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE (A Correspondence School Since 1916)

Dept. 1347 1920 Sunnyside Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois 60640

CLIP AND MAIL COUPON NOW

Institute of Applied Science
1920 Sunnyside Avenue, Dept. 1347
Chicago, Illinois 60640

Without obligation, rush me the Blue Book of Crime and list identification bureaus employing your students or graduates. Include all information on IAS training and easy terms offer. (No salesman will call.)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

launched their canoe and paddled furiously out of range into the middle of the Pitt River.

Now beyond reach, they rested on their paddles for an instant and turned to look back. Slumach still stood by Bee's body and watched the fleeing men. When they stopped paddling he raised the gun high over his head and shook it menacingly.

At the threatening gesture, the Indians frantically leaned into their paddles until they were out of sight around a slight bend in the river. They beached the canoe and after an excited debate, one of the men began to run the three miles to the little settlement of Port Coquitlam to notify the police.

The two others left their canoe and moved cautiously along the bank until they could see Slumach. They watched as he retrieved his canoe from its hiding place in the brush, launched it, and paddled away up the Pitt. After he was out of sight, they came into the open and tried to decide what to do.

While they were still arguing, one of them pointed up the river in alarm—*Slumach was coming back*. The two men scrambled up the bank and hid again. They watched as Slumach landed near Bee's body, dragged it down the bank and rolled it into his canoe. Then he tied rocks to it and paddling out to deep water, dumped it overboard where it vanished into the deep, clear water. Slumach then drove the canoe back up the Pitt toward the lake.

A graphic newspaper account of the subsequent seven weeks is still available in the files of the New Westminster Public Library:

Sept. 9, 1890—Louis Bee, a half-breed, shot and killed by an insane Indian named Slumach at Alouette slough.

Sept. 10, 1890—The coroner, Capt. Pittenridge, and attendants journeyed to the murder site—long before the spot was reached, the Indians could be heard chanting a death song. Indians very fearful and none dared pursue Slumach—Bee's body recovered by dragging.

Sept. 19, 1890—Slumach still at large. Inspector Moresby went up Pitt Lake on Wednesday searching for him. Constable Anderson reported having seen Slumach the preceding day standing on a rocky bluff with nothing on but a red shirt and a handkerchief tied around his head. Too far to exchange shots and Slumach vanished as Constable Anderson approached. Indians warned by Indian Agent not to give aid to Slumach.

Oct. 25, 1890—Indians had been previously warned not to give assistance to Slumach. Today he gave himself up to Mr. P. McTiernan, the Indian Agent, and two Indian constables. His ammunition was all gone and he was in rags. He had not eaten for days and was very ill.

Each year, adventurous men head into the rugged country near Pitt Lake to search for the little canyon paved with a fabulous treasure. Only two are believed to have found it for certain.

In the spring of 1902 or 1903 (the date 90 □ SAGA

is uncertain) an American prospector arrived in New Westminster. He listened avidly to all the stories about Slumach's lost mine, then in July, he hired two Indians with canoes to ferry him and a stock of supplies to the head of Pitt Lake. There, he paid the men and headed into the fog-shrouded mountains.

John Jackson backpacked what supplies he could, but he tried to live off the land for the most part. Fish were plentiful, but game is scarce in this region and he had a difficult time keeping himself in food.

The coastal mountains are frequently covered in heavy rain clouds that remain for days. If Jackson established a base camp and worked from it each day, he could easily be trapped by the quick forming storms and be unable to find his way back to camp. Except for the rare clear days, he had to pack his camp wherever he went. This slowed him down and made the work much harder.

For weeks, Jackson climbed up and down the steep, heavily timbered slopes or fought his way through the wet underbrush. Then one clear day, he slid down the steep walls of a canyon and *found gold in the stream*. More gold than he could imagine was lying exposed in the gravel and covering the bedrock.

Seized by gold madness, Jackson feverishly picked up handful after handful of the golden treasure lying spread out in every crack in the bedrock and mixed through the gravel of the little stream. With so much in sight it didn't take long for him to nearly fill his pack. Then, to his frustration, he found the pack too heavy to lift.

Swearing, he feverishly scraped a hole under a large tent-shaped rock and buried most of the gold. The irrationality of burying the gold when there was so much more in plain sight waiting to be picked up, never occurred to him, but it is certainly understandable to anyone who has swirled a gold pan and seen the glittering grains gleam in the sunlight.

With enough gold unloaded from his pack so he could lift it, Jackson started up the steep canyon walls. Forced to stop and rest every few feet he struggled over the ridge and back to camp.

Too excited to eat, he huddled beside his campfire late in the night and gloated over his treasure. Even in his wildest dreams he hadn't seen gold lying on the ground waiting to be picked up by the handful like it was in the golden canyon. Exhausted, Jackson finally fell into a fitful sleep by the dying fire.

The next morning, leaving most of his gear behind and carrying only his blankets, rifle, cold meat, and the gold, he started out toward Pitt Lake.

Three days later, sick and staggering with exhaustion from the short rations and the heavy pack, Jackson came to an Indian fishing camp on the north end of the lake. The hospitable Indians gave him food and a place to sleep in their shelter. Almost afraid to close his eyes he obsessively guarded the pack. He even took it into his bedroll when he slept. The Indians shook their heads in bewilderment at this sick old man and avoided him as much as they could. He was obviously half-mad and they were afraid to

provoke him. Once, while he was asleep, a squaw driven by curiosity, crept up and peeked into the pack. Years later, the old Salish woman, Marie McDougall, told another prospector she saw loose gold nuggets in the bulging pack.

In a few days Jackson's fever subsided, but he was still too weak to travel on his own. He hired the Indians to ferry him to New Westminster.

He didn't stay in town long. As soon as he could, Jackson caught the first ship to San Francisco where he banked \$8,000 in gold. Jackson told no one of his find, because as soon as he was fully recovered, he intended to go back for more.

But the old man didn't recover. By September, 1904, he knew he was dying and would never make it back to the golden canyon. He had no relatives, so he wrote to a man in Seattle who had been a friend and grubstaked him in the past. A week or two later, James R. Shotwell opened the letter and immediately tried to contact Jackson in San Francisco. He was too late, the old man had died a few days after mailing his fabulous secret.

During the winter, Shotwell organized a well-financed expedition and in the spring of 1905, as soon as the snow had melted, went in with a party of men to search for the lost mine. They found nothing. Over the next few years Shotwell financed or organized several more searches, then finally gave it up as hopeless. Jackson's descriptions were too vague. The dying old man had not given enough detail and the map, although surprisingly accurate in geologic features, was still too vague to allow the exact area to be pinpointed. In that mass of glacially carved rock an error of a mile or two makes everything hopelessly confusing.

For the next 25 years, seasoned prospectors and greenhorns alike searched the inhospitable wilderness. So far as is known, all failed to find the lost canyon.

In 1924, R. A. "Volcanic" Brown began to search. An experienced prospector from Grand Forks, British Columbia, Brown had spent nearly 50 years in the wilderness and was extremely knowledgeable.

Somehow, Brown had gotten hold of a copy of Jackson's letter and map and convinced it was genuine, started combing the Pitt Lake mountains. Each spring he went into the area as soon as the snow began to melt, and followed the retreating snow line into the higher elevations. Brown was convinced the lost mine was about 4,000 feet high, because as Jackson said in his letter, "I kept high up," so Brown concentrated his search in the higher reaches of the mountains.

Each Fall, the gold hungry old man would be driven out by snow and spend the winter in New Westminster. Like many men who spend too much time alone in the wilderness, Brown was a compulsive talker and would go on for hours about his search for Slumach's gold mine. Each year he was convinced he was getting closer and closer to the lost treasure.

For seven years the old man prowled the mountains, then in late September 1930, Brown failed to come out of the mountains. Some of the old man's friends

(Continued on page 92)

**INCHES SLIMMER
DOCTOR'S WAY!"**

**SLIM
BELT
FOR WOMEN!**

ES THAT MAKE THE FAMOUS Rx BELT

off waist! • Vital back support for Lum-
Raises abdomen and keeps it there! •
la support!

**ABSOLUTELY
UNDETECTABLE UNDER
ANY CLOTHING,
EVEN SWIMWEAR!**

Made of Power-Knit
SPANDEX to stretch with
you. No wrinkle, no roll,
no ride-up! Reinforced
front and back.

**UNCONDITIONAL MONEY
BACK GUARANTEE**

**MEN'S STYLE (sizes
26" thru 52" \$ 5.99
2 for \$11.00**

**WOMEN'S STYLE (sizes
26" thru 42" \$ 6.99
2 for \$13.00**

Dept.: 8873

Hollywood, Ca. 90028

inches. ☐ Men's Style. ☐ Women's
postage and handling. For COD enclose

**MODERN HOSPITAL
ACCIDENT PLAN OFFERS
YOU LIBERAL BENEFITS
... EVEN FOR LIFE!**

\$1,500 PER MONTH | \$50 PER DAY

**WHILE HOSPITALIZED
DUE TO ACCIDENT**

and YOUR FAMILY RECEIVES

\$20,000 in one lump sum

YOU HAVE A FATAL ACCIDENT

every family can easily afford this plan
helps pay hospital bills, other bills
benefits paid even if you have Medicare
or other insurance
benefits are paid directly to you ...
or you may assign them if you wish

**MAIL COUPON NOW - FREE DETAILS
NO OBLIGATION -
NO SALESMAN WILL CALL**

S5

Delity Interstate Life Insurance Co.
33 W. Touhy Ave., Dept. A-58
Hollywood, Ill. 60646

Please send me free details about the 5-813
Lifetime Hospital Accident Plan that offers
several benefits if I am hospitalized as a
result of an accident.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Available in those states where the policy
and advertising (if required) are on file.

(Continued from page 90)

notified the authorities that he was miss-
ing.

Early in November, four men—Game
Warden George Stevenson, Police Con-
stable Eugene Murphy, and two trappers,
Roy and Bill McMasters—formed a
search party and went out to look for
him. On the way in, Constable Murphy
and Bill McMasters were forced to come
back because of an injury to one of them,
but Game Warden Stevenson and Roy
McMasters continued on into the moun-
tains.

In November, these mountains in
British Columbia become extremely
treacherous. The snows can come with
such ferocity and heavy amounts that
anyone unlucky enough to be there can be
trapped. However, the two tough, rugged,
wood-wise men continued their search
and, fortunately, the snows were late.

Twenty-seven days later, the men
found Brown's last camp near the head-
waters of the Stave River where it foams
from beneath Stave Glacier.

The camp was a disaster. Near a col-
lapsed tent lay a shotgun, a notebook of
herb cures, and a few cooking utensils. In
the tent were some of Brown's personal
effects and clothing. As the men sorted
through these for a possible clue, they
turned up a startling find—a small glass
jar which held 11 ounces of raw,
rough-edged gold.

Had Brown found the Mother Lode,
the area where the nuggets that paved
Slumach's gold canyon came from? All
indications were that he had. The nuggets
displayed by Slumach and the gold Jack-
son brought out were slightly waterworn
and rounded, indicating they had been
moved a short distance by water. Brown's
gold wasn't waterworn at all and there
were still crushed and broken crystals of
quartz embedded in it. This was con-
vincing evidence that it had been ham-
mered directly from a quartz vein.

As any geologist, mining engineer, or
prospector will tell you, a vein of quartz
containing visible chunks of raw free gold
is incredibly rich and Brown had obvious-
ly found such a vein!

But, Brown wasn't anywhere to be
found. He had vanished, leaving his camp
intact. Stevenson and McMasters
searched the surrounding area for a
couple of days, but failed to find Brown's
body. Finally, the late snows arrived with
a vengeance, and they barely escaped the
mountains with their lives.

When word of the gold they had found
in Brown's camp spread around New
Westminster, gold fever reached a new
high: The Depression was well underway
and many men were grasping at anything
that might bring in some money. As soon
as spring made travel possible, men
swarmed into the mountains and
found—nothing!

During the Great Depression of the
1930s, no one knows how many poorly
equipped and inexperienced men went
into the mountains searching for Slu-
mach's lost gold canyon. Some panned a
few dollars in gold dust from the streams,
but most found nothing. Certainly none
stumbled onto the golden treasure. Many
of the men died alone and unmissed in

this unforgiving wilderness.

Over the years, hikers have casually
noticed a few old, scattered, chip-
munk-gnawed bones, thought they were
those of a winter killed deer and walked
on. A little better knowledge of anatomy
and a closer inspection would have
shocked the hiker, because he would have
identified them as human bones. The
names of the lost men will never be
known except to the frowning buttresses
of rock that scowl down on the intruder.

By the early 1960s the Canadian Pro-
vincial and Federal governments were
tired of searching for lost or missing men
who had gone to seek Slumach's gold.
The rescue missions were costing thou-
sands of dollars and risking the lives of
the many search parties. The vicious air
currents around the ragged glacier sharp-
ened peaks and the unpredictable weath-
er, also made flying these mountains on a
search pattern extremely dangerous.

Something had to be done to dis-
courage inexperienced and ill-equipped
treasure hunters from going into this wil-
derness. Through unofficial channels, the
word was leaked that very little effort
would be made to find missing men any
more. Even this didn't discourage the
gold hungry men and many kept search-
ing for Slumach's canyon.

In a further effort to discourage them,
the Federal government published a
small section on the Lost Pitt Lake Mine
(Slumach's) in their 1965 publication,
Geologic Survey of Canada, Memoir 335.
This survey flatly states that the area is
unsuitable for the occurrence of gold de-
posits because "no quartz outcroppings
are visible."

Unfortunately, they published a geo-
logic map of the area at the same time.
While geologic maps do not contain much
detail, they do outline the types of rock to
be found in an area. Compiled from air
and ground surveys, these maps are rea-
sonably accurate and are one of the im-
portant tools used by a prospector or ge-
ologist before selecting a likely area.

Like the Lost Dutchman treasure of
Arizona, no one seems to know the value
of Slumach's lost mine. The figure most
often mentioned in the old accounts is
\$100 million. No one, of course, knows for
sure. It may be worth only one or two mil-
lion and hardly worth looking for unless
you happen to be able to use a million or
two for taking care of a few bills.

Again, like the Lost Dutchman, there
are so many stories it is difficult to win-
now out the myths and get to the reason-
ably reliable facts. However, it has been
well established that Slumach did come
into New Westminster and go on wild
spending sprees with thousands of dollars
in gold. When it was gone, he would dis-
appear for a time and come back with an-
other very heavy sack of gold.

No one can prove he killed the nine
women who accompanied him into the
wilderness in the hope of getting some of
his wealth, but it can't be disproven, ei-
ther. With the amount of gold Slumach
spent, it is not unreasonable to assume he
could easily persuade the sporting ladies
to go along and warm his blankets. In
spite of his vicious appearance and his
reputation as a killer, the lure of "all the

**10 CIG
FREE**

SPECIAL LIMIT

3 Months Trial Subscription
Cigar Club with this Special



6" long

A Blend
Quality le
Factory F
Mellow—
6 Inch Cig

We want
acquaint
benefits
member
Surrey C
make the
of a Free
cigars, o
which ar
for up t
10. As
of our c
the privi
members

- 1 Pay r
shipm
get yo
- 2 Choic
ent st
- 3 Chang
time
- 4 Retur
don't
- 5 Get s
the m
- 6 Recei
every
FOR L
- 7 Canc
any t
month

Join with
Lawyers, E
and other
are membe
Surrey Ciga
benefits AT

MAIL APPLICAT

John Surrey Cigar Club, Dept.
227 East 45th Street, New York

Please rush my FREE box o
take as little as ONE BOX
for 3 months from the C
accepted as a trial membe
standing I can keep receiv
3 months. I enclose 50¢
handling charges for my g

Name _____

Address _____

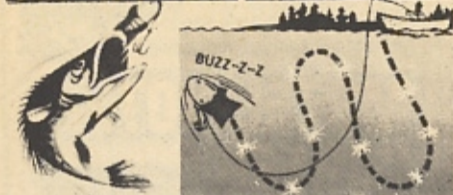
City _____ State _____

Area Code & Home Phone _____

Signature _____

"ACTION" FISH LURE

Catch more fish or your money back!



**ACTION LURE SWIMS AND DIVES
COMPLETELY UNDER ITS OWN POWER!**

Amazing ACTION LURE swims, dives, flops on its side like a crippled minnow! Buzzes like a dying insect. Drives pan fish, game fish, salt water fish into a frenzy! Gets savage bites that can't pull loose from your hook. Works like magic in fresh or salt water. World's first self-propelled fish lure dives as deep as 15 feet for a full hour or more on a single charge of fuel. Amaze your fishermen friends! Get limit catches even when other lures and baits aren't getting a nibble. ACTION LURE complete with a full season's supply of fuel only \$2.98 plus 35¢ for postage & handling. Order two different colors for \$5.50 (same 35¢ for both) and save 81¢. For CODs enclose \$1.00 good will deposit—pay balance plus COD & postal charges. Honor House Dept. 1971A11 Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563

EXTRA INCOME! MAKE \$1 PER SALE

SELL ENGRAVED METAL SOCIAL SECURITY PLATES

Millions of new prospects added every year! No investment needed.

SEND FOR FREE SALES KIT TODAY!

ENGRAVAPLATES, DEPT. 17

P.O. BOX 10460 • JACKSONVILLE, FLA. 32207

BEAT THE DICE TABLES

All Legalized Casinos

Double-Your-Money-Back GUARANTEE!

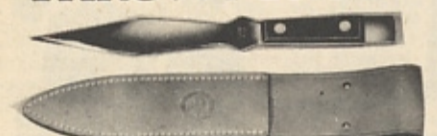
Place only 5 bets. All numbers are in your favor... including 7... 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12...

You win every roll!

Send \$1 For Details

M. C. CORBIN CO. Dept. MGSAB
Box 869, Radio City Sta., N.Y. 10019

THROW FOR FUN



With Knife Used By Professionals

The professional hand crafted Throwing Knife — Individually perfectly balanced for perfect accuracy — Made of Swedish High Carbon Steel, expertly tempered — The "Rugged One" for tournament competition — With top-grain cowhide sheath. Length 11 1/4". Weight 10 ozs.

No. 409—Olsen Hunter\$10.00

You must be satisfied or return for refund. Mail orders promptly filled. Add 75¢ for postage and handling.



Corrado Cutlery

26 N. Clark St. Dept. S-083
Chicago, Illinois 60602

Write for free album of 500 knives.

HANDBOOK OF Knots and Splices

By CHARLES E. GIBSON. Now tie knots for every purpose—useful, ornamental, fun-to-make! Book gives complete "1-2-3" sketches and instructions for every hitch, splice, bend, sling, lashing or whipping you'll ever need for boating, camping, climbing, fishing, hammocks, rope fences, "welcome" mats... ornamental lamps, vases, bell ropes, key chains, buggy whips, cat-o-nine tails, rope handcuffs, play quilts, etc. They're all here... over 100 kinds of knots and ropework! From the simple square knot to such fancy numbers as the Manrope, Stopper, Shroud, Crown, Turk's Head, and Pineapple knots. Also covers plaiting, braiding, much more! "Highly recommended." — Library Journal. Profusely illustrated. **ORDER NOW!** 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee. Send only \$4.95 plus 30¢ handling to EMERSON BOOKS, Inc. Dept. 857X Buchanan, New York 10511



gold they could carry" would be a powerful persuader.

Are Jackson's letter and map authentic or are they fabrications? While there are undoubtedly some phony copies around, the original letter to Shotwell is believed to be authentic. Many experienced men have gambled a great deal of time, money, and their lives that it's accurate.

An examination of the geologic map of the area, printed in 1965 and drawn from aerial photographs and ground survey information, discloses one startling thing:

John Jackson must have been on the spot because his descriptions of the rocks he encountered coincide with the geologic map published by the Canadian Geologic Survey 60 years later. In addition, Jackson's rough map shows geologic features that are surprisingly accurate. He certainly couldn't have seen the country from the air in 1902 or 1903. *He was there!*

The 1965 Geologic Survey, Memoir #335, says the area is unsuitable for gold. This statement is not borne out by the geologic map. Geologists now know the occurrence of gold in the older, underlying rock formations is a very distinct possibility and that it is an excellent place to look for minerals.

Without getting into the confusing jargon of geology, it boils down to this: The area roughly bounded by Stave Glacier, Stave River, and Corbold Creek, have considerable amounts of PreJurassic and Jurassic (220 million years old) rock showing on the surface. This rock is now known to be suitable for the occurrence of minerals. Therefore, there is a distinct probability that Slumach, Jackson, and Brown *did* find gold in this area. Just because the gold-bearing quartz vein wasn't found by a hurried ground survey party, doesn't mean it isn't there. If Slumach's lost mine had been easy to find, it would have been found long ago by the many searchers.

AMERICAN TAX REVOLT

(Continued from page 13)

exceptions and exemptions, waivers, loopholes, escape hatches and shelters, permitting the greatest tax benefits to those who least need or deserve them.

It isn't really welfare for the poor that keeps our taxes high but welfare for the rich! A giant handout from Uncle Sam to the moneyed classes? You bet it is, and it was most graphically revealed last year in a study headed by Joseph A. Pechman and Benjamin Okner, top tax experts at the Brookings Institution in Washington, D.C. Applying computer methods to actual IRS returns (furnished on computer tape without taxpayers' names), plus figures from different economic surveys, the two experts arrived at a breakdown of average tax savings on a per family basis. Their findings look like this:

If You Make:	Your Yearly Tax "Welfare" Will Be:
Over \$1 million	\$720,000
\$500,000 to \$1 million	\$202,000
\$25-50,000	\$4,000
\$15-20,000	\$1,200
\$5-10,000	\$340
Under \$3,000	\$16

The coastal mountains of British Columbia and the nearby Cascade Range of Washington are primarily composed of plutonic (formed from molten magma) rock and are favorable for the occurrence of minerals including gold and silver. Many deposits have been found. Only a few miles west of Pitt Lake, Anaconda Copper's Britannia Beach Mine on Howe Sound is producing high grade copper ore and often hits pockets of ore that contain appreciable amounts of gold. Copper and molybdenum outcroppings have been found near Pitt Lake and molybdenum outcrops were discovered on Corbold Creek. Gold has been found a few miles southwest and northeast of the most likely area for Slumach's golden canyon.

No geologist or mining engineer who is aware of the increasing knowledge of mineral occurrences would say that there is little chance of gold in this area.

After examining all the evidence handed down through the years and discarding the obviously exaggerated, then correlating the remaining facts with the geologic information available, the most likely area for Slumach's treasure is in the general area of Corbold Creek's headwaters and the Stave River's beginning. This is the area where "Volcanic" Brown's last camp was found and matches Jackson's description.

Someday, a searcher is going to stumble and slide down a steep canyon wall and find Slumach's treasure. Then he'll be wealthy beyond his wildest dreams. It might be a rank greenhorn, but more likely it will be an experienced prospector who will start his search only after careful, logical, research and evaluation. It could be you if you're tough enough to match this rugged country.

One word of caution. If you're in there this summer looking for the lost mine, be careful when you approach my camp. I don't believe Slumach's curse, but I'll still be jumpy. ★THE END

As Philip M. Stern, a veteran student of IRS rulings and intricacies, pointed out in his recent book, *The Rape of the Taxpayer*, "the net effect of a 'tax forgiveness' is identical to that of a direct federal handout." Take another look at that table above. The "handout" to the vast majority of wage earners would *maybe* buy each family a bag of groceries every week for a year, although that is doubtful in these days of soaring inflation. The poorest among us get a meager tax benefit of 30 cents a week. And the gigantic tax "welfare grants" that go to the super-affluent minority can be pictured in terms of wild extravagance ranging from the purchase of a new Cadillac every week to about 40 around-the-world vacation trips a year.

Crazy? Incredibly unfair? The answer has to be both. Altogether, those tax savings or, if you like, Treasury handouts, total \$77.3 billion! Only \$92 million goes to the six million poorest families in the nation. But 24 times that amount is awarded those with annual incomes of

(Continued on page 96)