

Dead Men Tell No Tales

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direction of the shore. Slowly Blackbeard raised his pistol; an entirely different smile now hovered at the corners of his mouth. He fired twice, and as the shots rang out, the frogs suddenly ceased their incessant croaking. The sailors stumbled, fell forward on their faces, and lay still. A silent gasp came from Mary Ann. A thin spiral of smoke curled lazily from the nozzle of Blackbeard's pistol.

Blackbeard, still smiling, turned to her, said, "Dead men tell no tales . . . Come . . ."

Somewhere on the lonely sand spits and shores of North Carolina lies buried treasure to the extent of over a million dollars; for it is known that Mary Ann Blythe collected several chests of jewels of immense value that have never been found. And Mary Ann and Blackbeard made several similar expeditions in the secrecy of night, punctuated by digging and pistol shots. Dead men tell no tales, and they have kept their secrets well . . .

It is in the Caribbean that the tradition of buried treasure holds forth in all its golden allure.

Perhaps the greatest prize ever to be taken by any pirate was the sacking of Panama, known as the "Cup of Gold," by Henry Morgan, not then "Sir," about two hundred and fifty years ago. Panama considered herself impregnable by virtue of being situated on the south side of the isthmus, and protected by what the Spaniards believed was an impassable barrier of jungle. But Henry Morgan, not to be balked of his prize, surmounted that obstacle by a classic trek through the jungles, up the Chagres River, beset on all sides by danger and hardships, to fall upon Panama and take the city in an orgy of bloody violence.

The Spaniards were warned of the approach of Morgan, but believing Panama immune from pirate attack, they were caught flat-footed. They put up a terrific resistance, but Morgan was not to be diverted from his purpose after his terrible march through the jungles, with its attendant toll in life and morale.

Henry Morgan fell upon the city of Panama with a pitiful few hundred followers at his back; and in a classic fight in which the Spanish employed everything they could mus-



AFTER THE MARINES HAD FINISHED THEIR WORK—These Communist tanks somewhere south of the 38th parallel in Korea would make a junk dealer's mouth water. They were suddenly converted into first class scrap iron when they tried to head off advancing Leathernecks. Such wreckage is common on Korean roadways since the Communists began their retreat.

ter, even to charging the pirates with a heard of wild bulls, he captured the proud and haughty Panama. Jan Esquemeling, the Dutch clerk-historian who turned pirate, and who was with Morgan when he took Panama, tells us that in this battle Morgan lost 200 men, a sizable portion of his "army", and the Spaniards lost 600 men killed. Many others fled to the jungles before the blood and gold-crazed pirates.

It is an acknowledged fact that Henry Morgan did not take from Panama all the wealth that the city contained. In his haste to find treasure he killed too many men—particularly priests—who could have told him where the treasure was hidden. For three bloody weeks Morgan tortured and killed, trying to wrest the last gold chain, the last piece of jewelry, the last incredibly rich church treasure, but he got only a pitiful handful of the total.

When Morgan finally quit Panama, leaving the city in flames, he carried with him, Esquemeling tells us, "175 beasts of carriage, laden with gold and silver and other precious things." But, after deducting the lion's share for himself, Morgan's men received, as their share of the booty, 200 pieces-of-eight-per-man—about two hundred dollars.

Back in the flaming Panama, somewhere in its tortuous tunnels and secret chambers lay buried and hidden

an incalculable wealth in gold and silver—candlesticks, bowls, chalices, bells, coin, jewels—all secreted hastily when the news came that Morgan was marching on the city. That was Henry Morgan's greatest defeat—to be frustrated in acquiring the enormous wealth he had suffered so many hardships to attain.

That wealth is still "lost", waiting to be found. It is guarded by the men who died to defend it—and dead men tell no tales.

Several years ago a Lieutenant Har-

ray Williams became interested in Panama and attempted to regain some of the lost treasure. He met with a certain amount of success, and proved that such a treasure does exist. He excavated old tunnels and passages under-neath the Bishop's palace in old Panama—the modern city of Panama does not stand on the old site. He found enough to delight the romantic heart of any treasure hunter. Skeletons, still holding in bony hands rusty swords with which they valiantly defended the passages, were found, ly-



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ing where they fell. Some coins, a cup, and some jewels were found. But Lieutenant Williams did not unearth the vast incredible treasure that without a doubt still lies buried beneath the ruins of the old city. The crypts of Panama still hold the staggering wealth that rapacious Henry Morgan in his greed and haste, failed to get. It is there waiting—for me or you.

Okay, so let's go a-hunting for pirate treasure, but don't let's wander so far afield as old Panama. For don't forget—Mary Ann Blythe's seven chests of gold and jewels, worth over a million dollars, still lie buried somewhere on the shores of North Carolina. We'll make a deal with you: If you find Mary Ann's treasure, you split with us; if we find the treasure, we'll split with you . . . Okay?—then it's a deal.

Don't laugh, that's not as much of

a pipe dream as it sounds—for, after all, treasure is where you find it.

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