

Jan. 14, 1972

Dear Bernice & Jack,

Thank you for the return of the map and I hope your picture gets back to you in as good shape. Neither of us can remember ever having seen these people

I'm still confused about that 8-N-P (or 3-N-P). It is entirely possible that we're wrong and there's something else under that particular piece of tape. From your last letter it seems that nobody is going to give with anything.

The little heart was carved out of a yellowish slate type rock. It was a much harder, smoother type of rock than the other stones, which were a gray sandstone.

Thanks for filling in my memory with "Al Norte Del Rio". My memory was not too badly at fault, but I try not to exaggerate or say anything I'm not pretty sure of.

Maybe I'm too naive (or lazy) but I can't imagine anyone going to all the time and trouble it took to carve those maps with the hope that someday someone would find them. Ken & I are both of the notion that the finders aren't necessarily the ones to blame for all this. We're sure that Travis T. thought he had something authentic. He just happened to be the one to find them, and now he's gone. How frustrating! I begin to see what you're up against. We're sure Travis was innocent of any misdeed, but people being people, they will suspect.

I do feel glad that the family is keeping Janie out of this. It could only cause her hurt feelings. She was only a child & couldn't have known much, if anything.

The weather here since the first of the year has been miserably cold. The day the kids went back to school after the holidays it was 1 degree below zero and the wind was blowing about 18 M.P.H. which makes a chill factor of about 22 below zero. And That is cold. And the snow hasn't let up much since then. So far in this new year we've gotten about 18 in. of new snow. Well--that's the hazards! Zero to 10 below expected tonight.

Sincerely,  
The Hainers

**COMMENTS:** Garry

The correspondence continued and in this letter from Pat, she is discussing some of the symbols on the maps. **She also describes the maps and this is one area where I am totally confused.** She describes the small heart as a yellowish slate that was harder and smoother than the other stones. She goes on to describe the other stones as a gray sandstone. This does not jive at all with maps that are in the possession of the Arizona Mining and Mineral Foundation. The trail maps are a dark red sandstone, the priest stone is a harder yellowish sandstone and the heart is a hard red stone. Perhaps we can check it up to the frailty of memory. I know I made a similar mistake while looking for a tombstone that I had seen several years previous. I knew it was red granite but when we found it, it was gray!

1020 Ussie Ave.  
Canon City, Colo., 81212  
June 6, 1972

Dear Bernice & Jack:

It just dawned on me that I had never answered your last letter.

We got a big laugh out of the names you gave us for your article. A few years ago there was a guy here in Canon that was arrested and tried for cattle rustling. He was allowed to return to the Marine Corps, and not sent to prison, but his name is Don Hanson. I guess you could call it rustling when he sold cattle that didn't belong to him and pocketed the money.

As far as we can remember, the names Sonora, Mex., Pedro, and Miguel were not on the map when we saw it.

And you didn't help me a darn bit by trying to tell us who did make the maps. I guess, not being familiar with the Superstition area is against us there. Maybe when we read your story we'll be able to fit more pieces together.

As for where Travis found the maps, we are pretty sure that he pulled his car off the main road into the barrow pit and climbed through the fence. He was familiar with the area and had a little time to spare so thought he would hunt arrowheads. The way he talked, he had hunted here before and it was a good area to look in. And that as I understand from your letters, is under part of the new highway now. It's hard a heck to try to remember all of this after so many years. It seems like he told us that he had not been out of the car very long, possibly half an hour, when he found the first map. He thought he had stumbled over a brick, then got to wondering what a brick would be doing way out there so went back and dug up the rock that turned out to be this silly map.

We've wished several times that we could talk to you in person, but,,, I'll put our phone number in, just in case you need to know something in a hurry.

If you ever decide to come up here to Colo. Springs to ride on the new cycle park, we'd love to have you stop in to see us.

There's an area here outside Canon that I'd love to see someone like you do a story on. It's Phantom Canyon between Florence and Cripple Creek. I'd do it myself but I'm too much of a dum-dum.

Hope your knee is better by now. We know what crutches are like. My husband spent several months on them three years ago. He fell two stories in an elevator. That is quite a ride.

Sonolong for now.

Telephone 303-275-4409

**COMMENTS:** Garry

It appears that the McGees had finished a draft of their coming article "Are the Peralta Stone Maps a Hoax" and they had sent a copy for the Hainers to review? The article actually came out in the 1973 April/May issue of Frontier Times and this letter was several months before. The McGees had used a fictitious name for the Hainers in their article, Don and Pam Hansen.

Another interesting item in this letter is Pat's statement that **when they saw the maps they could not recall the names Sonora, Mex., Pedro and Miguel being on the maps.** I have a strong suspicion that Mitchell added these items later to bolster the Peralta connection story that he related for a Life Magazine article and his book "Superstition Treasures".

June 19, 1972

Dear Bernice & Jack:

Just got your letter and while all my answers are fresh in my mind, I'll try to clarify myself. Ken always says I talk like a Kraut. (Which, incidentally, I am.) That's probably why Jack thought I was talking about a pig.

In this country, a barrow pit is the gutter at the side of the road. When you pull off the road into the gutter to change a flat tire, you're in the barrow pit. SO... that's where Travis was.

And if you've ever hunted arrowheads, you will know that you can spend half an hour just looking over a ten foot square of ground, so that doesn't always mean that you're half an hour from the car. By the time you zig-zag and backtrack, you don't get very far. I hope I'm not muddying up the picture. I'm trying to make it clearer. Barrow is pronounced bar.

We find it very hard to believe that there is another couple in this world with the same names as ours. Are you positive they spelled it Hainer? Every person ever traced with that spelling has turned out to be relation. Could it possibly have been spelled Haner or Hayner? Ken's aunt traced the family back quite a way into history and every one with the HAINER was a relative. Even one that rode with Butch Cassidy. (Supposedly.)

How do you describe some one that is average looking? Travis was just a shade under six feet. 5'10" or 5'11". He was overweight by quite a few pounds. Over 200lbs. Beginning to bald. What hair he had was an average brown. Wore glasses. Eileen was also pretty average. She had light brown, fairly long hair. She was about 5'3 or 4". Probably about 125-130 lbs. No glasses. What can I say? They were just average nice looking people. As far as that goes, that description could almost describe Ken and me.

Your account of the Big Bend country has been very interesting. Makes us think that someday we might visit that part of the country. Now we're looking forward to reading your article about the Big Bend that should be on the mag. stands any day now.

Well, here it is several days later and I was right. We just got done reading your Big Bend article. You've GOT to be kidding about wanting letters. After the hassle about the Superstition story you surely aren't going to ASK for opinions. You ought to know by now that people are going to give their opinions whether you want them or not. Personally, I have no opinion. I will say that it was interesting. For your sakes, I hope it turns out to be something worthwhile.

By the way, is this village of Boquillas the place where the Bass come from. There is a lake somewhere in Mexico with the same name that produces some terrific Bass. We were out to dinner in Juarez with my sister's family and they ordered the Boquilla Bass. I have never seen such a fish. A fillet off one side filled a platter.

The memory is a tricky thing. The more I think about the 3-N-P or 8-N-P (whichever) being under the tape, on the Priest map, and then I read your letter where you had seen Marlowe's slides and he had pointed out the 8-N-P at the bottom of the map and something else under the tape. Now someone comes up with color photos that show a heart under the tape. I'm utterly confused. I feel for you. I'm sure that the photograph is more correct than my memory so you'd probably be better off with the picture. NOW I'm wracking my brain to try to think where the 3-N-P does belong. Who sent you the photograph? (If it's any of my business.) How did they get these photos? I'm certainly glad you got them before the article was printed. I'm sorry to have misled you ----I'm just speechless. I have thought and thought, and the more I think the more of a blank I develop so guess I'll do something else for a while. Like try to prepare for a wedding in our backyard on the 30th of June. The oldest boy is getting married and they want a garden wedding.

*as always,  
The Hainers*

**COMMENTS: Garry**

The McGees were still searching for additional information for the story. They were also beginning to move on from the Superstitions. They had written an article on the Big Bend, Texas tablets that was published in 1972 in the July/August issue of True West Magazine.

1020 Ussie Ave.  
Canon City, Colo. 81212  
Apr. 27th, 1976

Dear Bernice and Jack,

Hey--nice surprise to hear from you again. Now I know why I haven't been able to find any articles written by you in any of the mags. What you haven't written I can't buy.

You sure have my curiosity working again. There are so many unanswered questions about the stone maps. Sure do hope Mr. Rose can come up with something more. I can't see any reason why Mr. Rose couldn't have my letters and address. Maybe he'd like to write to me himself. Be glad to help with anything I could.

This uncle-nephew connection has always puzzled me too. We were under the impression that after Travis Tumlinson died Eileen gave the maps to his uncle. That is what she wrote to us. I have always felt that Marlowe/Mitchell--whatever his real name may be--was that uncle. There's no proof other than gut feeling and similarity of the name Travis. You don't suppose he's changed his name around and Clarence Mitchell is the alias and Travis Marlowe is the real name?.

I can't help but remember that Eileen told us more than once that Travis was named after an uncle Travis. I believe I mentioned this in one of my other letters and never thought any more about it.

This story is beginning to sound like a soap opera--no ending. If there's a life after death I wish someone would send us a message.

We're all staying busy. The married kids have kids, the 3 at home are all busy. We all belong to the Colo. Barb Wire Association and they talked me into accepting Historian and Publicity Chair"person" positions so I'm getting to try my hand at a little writing. I write the newsletters for the state members and any articles for newspapers, etc. It's kind of fun. My 15 yr. old boy has won 2 second place ribbons for his display. He says third try has to be a first.

With 1½ acres part pasture, part garden, part fruit trees; 2 teenagers, a nine yr. old, bowling, a wire show every other month, my antiquing and estate appraising, would you believe people still ask me when I'm going to go to work to keep myself busy.

Better close.. I wish Mr. Rose all kinds of luck and will be expecting to hear from you. Hopefully with new information.

As always,

**COMMENTS: Garry**

Bernice contacted Pat for the last time in 1976 and Pat replied. She was still clinging to the notion that Clarence Mitchell was the uncle of Travis Tumlinson. Although she says nothing about it, her husband Ken had died in 1973.