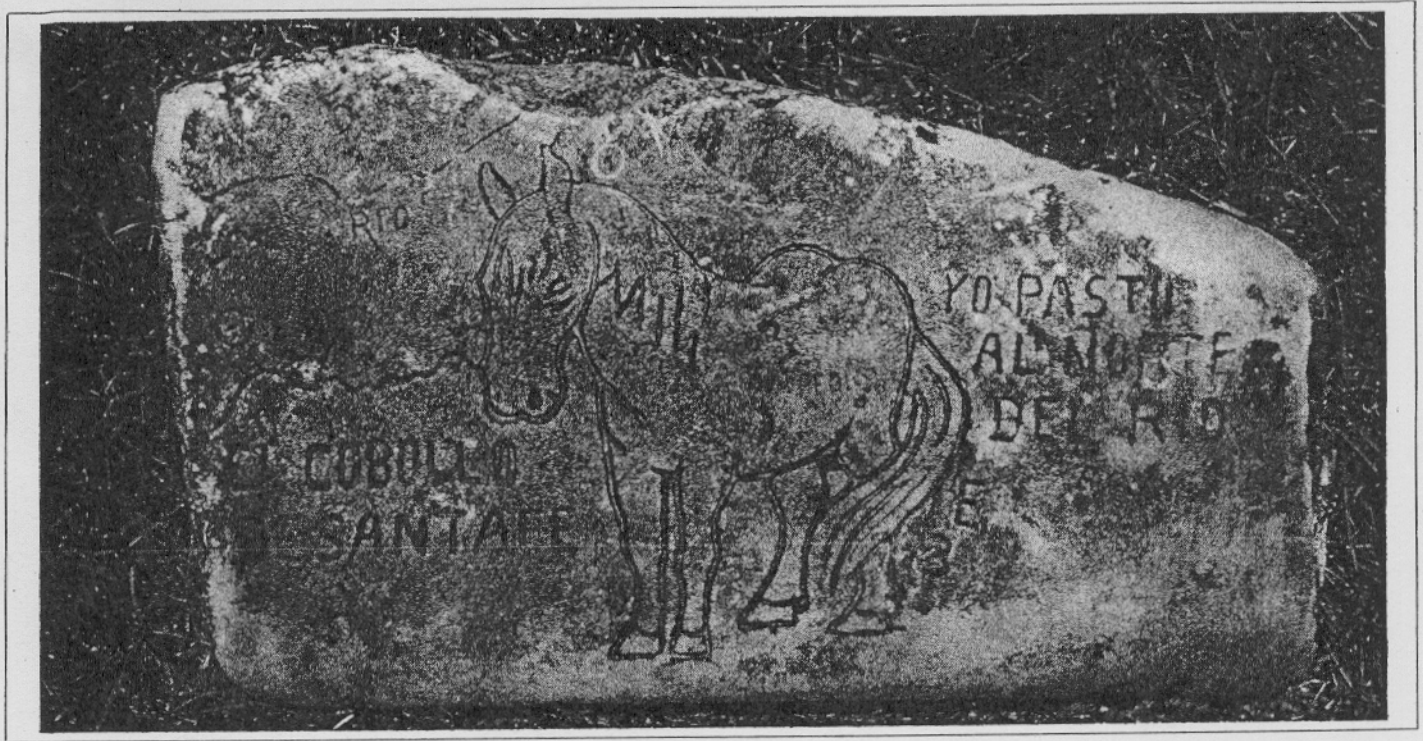


ARE THE PERALTA ST

Could be we've all been taken for a ride on the famous Caballo!



The Horse Map side of Map No. 1 found by Travis Tumlinson. This photograph was given the authors in 1965 by Travis and Grace Marlowe for use in lectures and slide-show presentations. It is the only photograph the McGees know of which shows this side without tape.

BY
BERNICE and JACK McGEE

Photos, Illustrations, Maps
Courtesy Authors

ONCE UPON A TIME, in an enchanted "Never-Never-Land," an ageless desert rolled northward from an ancient sea. In the spring its magic sands were pin-cushions for new-born scents and hues. Earth and sky were held together by arms of giant cacti. By day the up-stretched arms cradled the sun across the sky; by night, they anchored a night-blanket of moon and stars to light the desert's dark.

Indian gods were said to dwell on cloud-ringed peaks of nearby mountains, their moods reflected in the shadowed, craggy heights. If angered, the gods rumbled ominous warnings from mountain to mountain, across canyons to trembling desert. Black clouds hid the sun. A Thunder God shook the earth and spit jagged words of "beware" at any who dared enter his domain.

It is said an expedition of Mexican miners was exploring the Great Sonoran Desert and, unaware of the Indian legend, had pushed deep into the jealously guarded Arizona mountains in search of

gold and silver. Their trespassing stirred only displeasure but by mining they were doomed! It was decreed they die at the hands of Apaches who, avenging their gods, massacred all who used pick and shovel on sacred ground. Thus, a legend was born. Without survivors, who could tell "when" and "where" it happened? Tradition has set the legendary date in late 1847 or early 1848.

The Mexicans supposedly were led into the Superstition Mountains by members of the Peralta family, wealthy cattle ranchers and mine owners of Arispe, (Sonora) Mexico. It is here the legend can be shattered into a dozen segments of controversy. Each historical reference to the Peralta family differs. Some insist Don Miguel was killed in the massacre along with one or more of his sons, their names Enrico, Pedro, Manuel, and Ramon.

"Peralta" is a grand old name in Spanish, Mexican and American history, but has been unmercifully abused over the years. The worst violation was thought to have been inflicted by Missouri-born James Addison Reavis in 1883 when he formally laid claim to a Spanish Land Grant of twelve million acres of Arizona and New Mexico, known as "The Peralta Grant."

The fraudulent James Addison Peralta-Reavis introduced into history two additional names to an ever-growing list of Peraltas. Don Miguel Nemecio Silva de Peralta de la Córdoba was shoved into Arizona history as the first "Baron of Arizona." His only son, Jesus Miguel Silva de Peralta de la Córdoba y Sanchez de Bonilla, heir to the vast Peralta Grant, was named the second "Baron." James Addison Reavis had fully intended to become the third—and almost succeeded!

His famous trial versus the United States of America presented an incredible succession of lies and forgeries. Lasting two weeks, it began on June 3, 1895 in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Testimony proved the Peralta Grant a hoax, and erased the two Peraltas from authentic history. The Barons had never existed.

TO UNDERSTAND how such a hoax could survive twelve long years, one only has to read the well documented *The Peralta Grant—James Addison Reavis and the Barony of Arizona* by Donald M. Powell.

In 1899 *The Call*, a San Francisco newspaper, printed an article by Reavis, entitled, "Confessions of Peralta-Reavis, the King of Forgers." But it may well be

ONE MAPS A HOAX?



Author's statement regarding the Priest side of Map No. 1: "We have tried our best to duplicate the Priest Map. It is a composite of our own memories, photos in Marlowe's book, the Hansons' hand-drawn maps, and miscellaneous photos and letters. Any omissions are explained in the story."

that now the "King" will have to relinquish his title to a new forger—both having much in common. They each selected the state of Arizona to bear the brunt of their pranks, and once again the proud name of Peralta is being exploited. *This time, on a set of four carved stones said to be "treasure maps"*

To see how this possible hoax is being fed by legend, let us return to those anxious moments when the Peraltas and their miners are awaiting "massacre" in the Superstition Mountains of Arizona.

"*Por Dios! Why were we chosen to die in this wilderness?"*

"*Que lastima!* What irony to die in this unknown place where no Peralta heir can find the precious treasure, paid for with our lives!"

"*Pero no!*" The brilliant "sons de la Peralta" reportedly contrived a last-minute, three-phased plan! At least the treasure would not be lost!

Phase one—map-making! Though horrible death was sure to come at any moment, prayers and rosaries were set aside long enough for the Peraltas to scheme their way across four stone maps with a plan so outrageous and extravagant it hasn't been figured out yet. For 125 years the "Peralta Treasure" has patiently gathered cobwebs, even though

the so-called Peralta Treasure Maps were found in 1949!

On one side of what 20th century treasure-hunters have dubbed "Map No. 1" was carved an ornate drawing of a horse, flanked by cryptic, misspelled Spanish inscriptions.

On its reverse side is a second list of distorted Spanish, engraved beside an equally distorted, long-haired human of undetermined sex. The figure wears a long skirt, a tall hat, and has been labeled a "priest." Partially exposed beneath his long robe is a tiered pedestal on which he is standing. Its base tier is inscribed 1847!

From the priest's hand a church-cross is held extended like a fishing pole. Dangling beneath is a back-lashed line of charm bracelet rejects—crescents, crosses, day-old doughnuts, a few numerals, and a small heart.

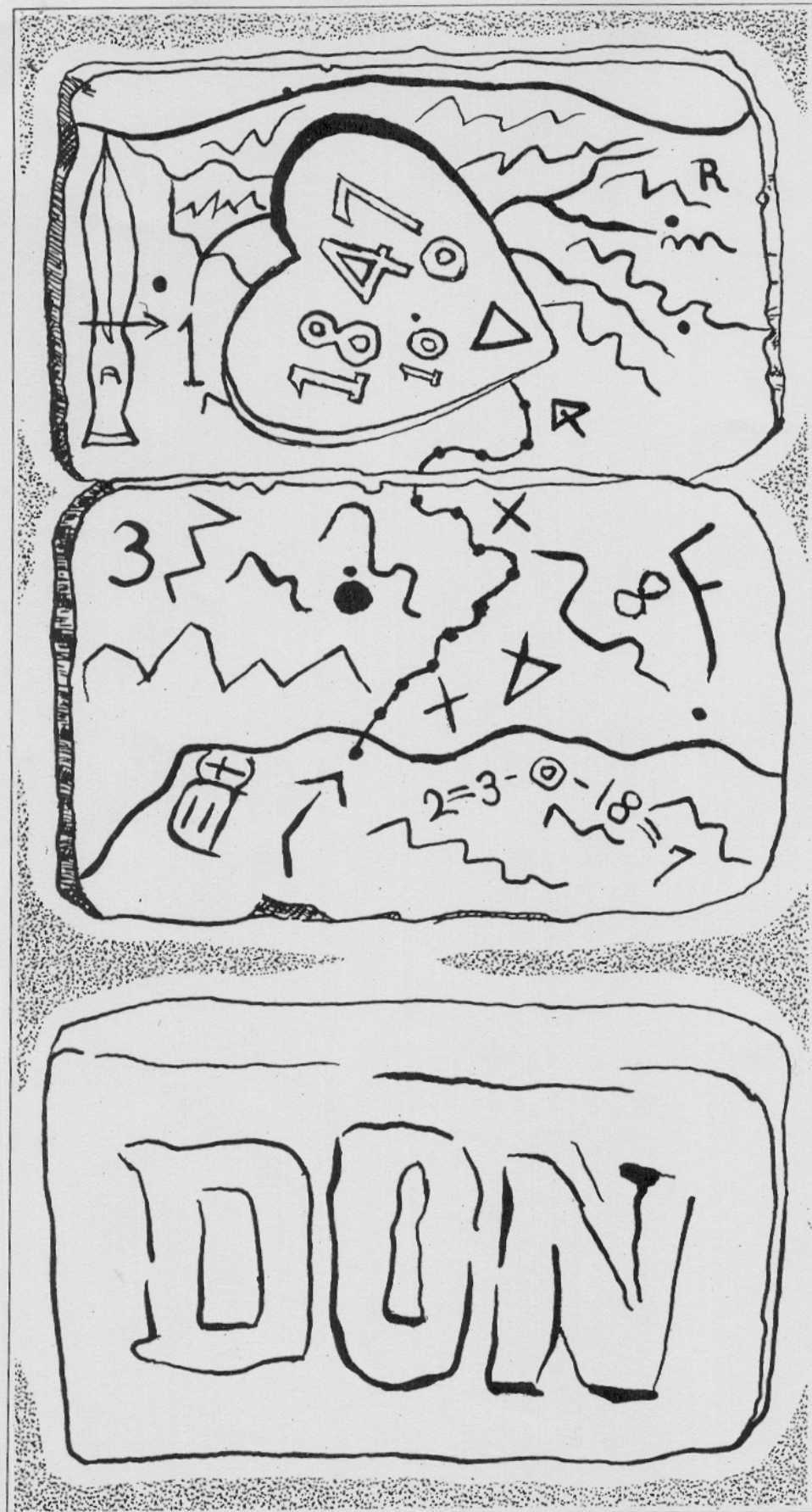
The Peralta Maps 2 and 3 are slashed with a bewildering maze of dot-lined trails, drilled holes, nervous zigzags, arrows and Xs, with numerals becoming more plentiful.

Map No. 4 is by far the most artistic. Shaped like a huge valentine, the yellowish rock was hewn to fit perfectly inside the heart-shaped depression of Map No. 3. Reportedly cut from a slab of red

chalcedony, the little Heart Map wears two faces. It changes each time it is turned over and slipped into the heart cavity. On one side the "000000" across its surface reads "1000000" when nestled against the numeral "1" on Map No. 3.

Its other face has been kept secret from the public. When turned over and dropped into the hollow heart, it becomes the missing piece of a stone jigsaw puzzle. It picks up the dotted trail and joins the arched line curving inward from the numeral "1." Jagged lines and canyons meet in unison to give Map No. 3 a "total look." Between them is a circle, a triangle, an "X" and an "Omega." For men supposedly in a hurry, this small "pièce de résistance" was probably what cost the Peraltas their scalps!

THE painfully complicated Phase One had ended. The maps were completed. It was now time to carry out Phase Two, equally time consuming and twice as ridiculous. Someone's winning idea of where to hide the maps was to smuggle them outside the mountains, past vengeful Apaches, and bury them on the desert floor—well down the safe path to home!



Map No. 3 (top) and Map No. 2 (bottom), which together form one large map, reportedly were found buried face to face as if to protect their intricate work from erosion. Map No. 3 is shown as it looks before the insertion of the Peralta Heart Map, opposite page. The backside of Map No. 2 is identified by DON.

What happened to those men selected for the burial party? When the maps were discovered in 1949 they were found on the desert, eight to ten miles away from the mountains. Three maps were carefully buried "8 paces north" of Map No. 1. Two were found at a depth of three feet, and the Heart Map eight inches below them, so we can safely assume they had not been dropped in flight. Are we to believe that once the burial party was that far south, with the maps safely buried, these stout-hearted chauvinists sneaked *back through* Apache lines for the privilege of dying with their companions? Had they continued going south, toward the alleged Peralta holdings in Arispe or Chihuahua, their service as guides *back* to the mines and caches would have been priceless to the Peralta heirs at home. With guides, there would have been *no need* of the cumbersome treasure maps.

The legend also would have us believe the Peraltas still had time to carry out Phase Three. A marked trail to match the stone maps must now be built at different locations on the desert, canyon walls and mountaintops! Trail markers of carved cacti and rock monuments would be vital to the Peralta heir expected to find and use the stone maps. The maps and harmonizing trail *had to be used together to find the treasure.*

Legend would also have us believe the doomed Peraltas were *actually depending* on some family member to wander the Great Sonoran Desert and the uncharted wastelands of Apacheria in search of his missing relatives, and in his blind groping across unknown territory he would suddenly straddle the microscopic grave covering his set of Peralta Maps—as yet unknown to him!

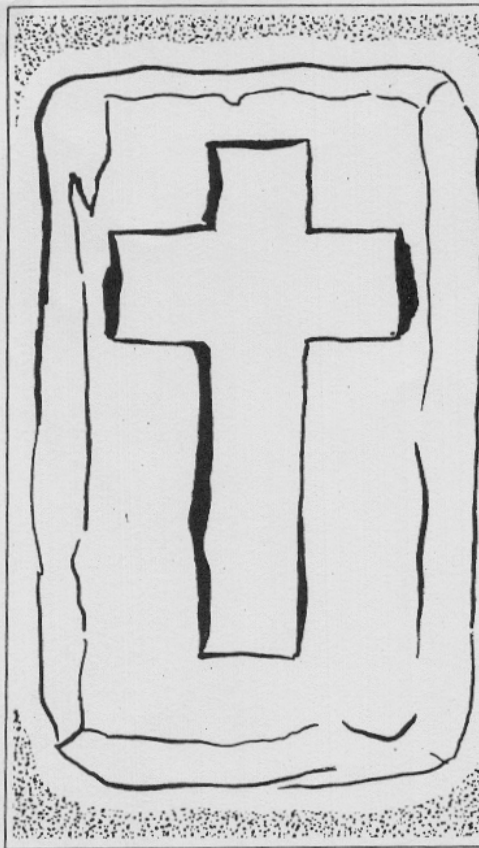
At this spot, a Sixth Sense, or ESP would take command. The heir would somehow *know* that below his horse's weary legs, underneath the burning hoofs, four maps to treasure were buried just for him. Only then would he realize his family's fate. The expedition had been lost to the last man and mule!

Maps made, then hidden, and a matched trail of signs erected, Phase Four had to depend entirely upon this poor unsuspecting heir who has just found himself saddled with a load of rock so heavy they would give two packmules the heaves! He apologizes to his mules, explaining to them in Spanish that without the cumbersome load he wouldn't be able to find the marked trail to the Peralta mines and martyred treasure.

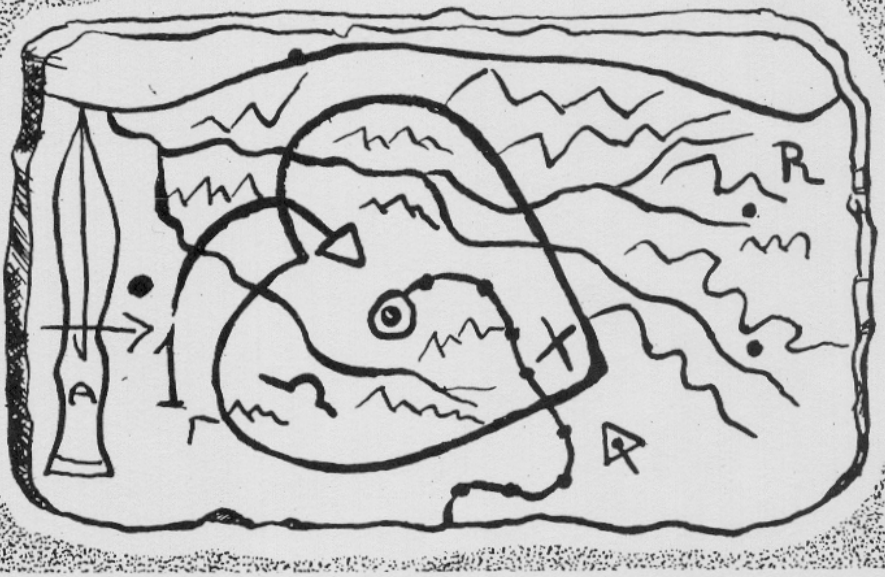
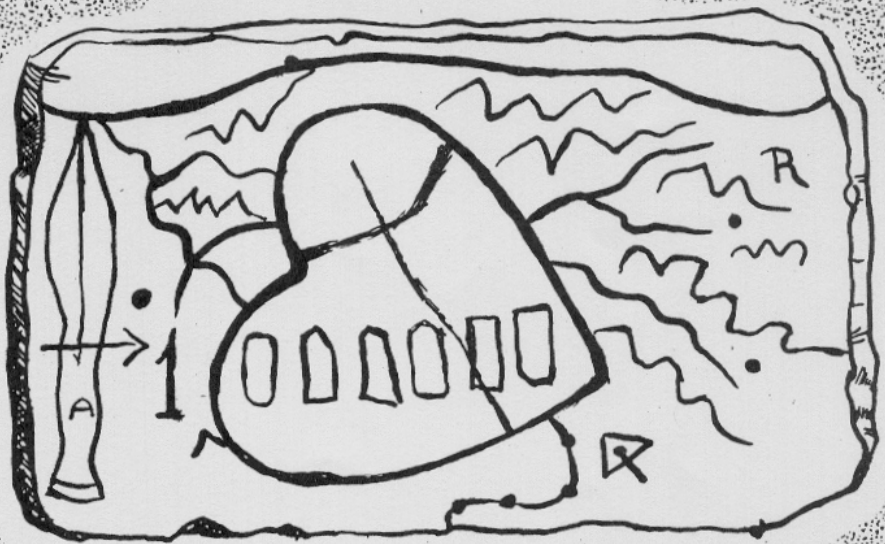
The heir was first expected to recognize a trail of directional symbols carved into cactus, trees, rocks and anything else not made of sand. It would be simple. Did he not have four genuine Peralta Treasure Maps to guide him?

Since the map instructions were written in Spanish, we assume the expected searcher could read. If so, he would have been appalled at his deceased relatives' capacity for spelling!

IF THE Peraltas worked on their maps and trails under imminent threat of death, the danger must have been ignored. The elaborate trail they supposedly built to match the stone maps



Map No. 4 is a yellowish rock designed to fit into a depression in Map No. 3. Top right shows the "Public Face" of the Peralta Heart Map inserted into Map No. 3; below is the "Hidden Face" of the Heart Map. The authors believe this is the first time the latter has been publicly displayed. Above: The Cross is the backside of Map No. 3.



criss-crossed half the desert and *all* the mountain range. A trail to what? For miners so hell-bent on saving their precious hoard of mineral plunder, the Peraltas forgot to mention several important things on their maps—*gold, silver, treasure, mines*, and even the name *Peralta!*

The intricate "trail to treasure," presumably built by Mexicans while ducking, hiding, running and dodging Apache arrows would have taken the Corps of Engineers five years to complete—and only then if they gave up lunch and coffee breaks! Over the past thirty years Superstition Dutch-Hunters have reported finding parts of the Peralta Trail strewn from the Gila River, north to the Four Peaks, and from Picket Post Mountain near Superior, to the Usery Mountains west of Goldfield. To accomplish all this, it is possible the Peraltas really died of old age while trying to outwit future generations of treasure-seeking gringos.

Surprising as it may seem to the reader, to us and to the Peralta ghosts who are said to still lurk in their canyon haunts, no Peralta heir ever showed up to claim his inheritance. So an Indian legend and an old treasure yarn merged to ignite one of the Southwest's largest treasure hunts. The sparks that set it off were those awesome treasure maps. Stories

vary as to when and how they were discovered.

For unknown reasons the man whom history would credit for making the belated discovery has always been blanketed with the utmost secrecy. He was first mentioned in 1964 when *Life Magazine* announced the existence of such maps in an article, "Mysterious Maps to Lost Gold Mines." Without being named, he was briefly described as an Oregon policeman, deceased, whose widow had given the maps to the man *Life* had interviewed in Arizona. To protect his life and his privacy, this man later was given the alias, Travis Marlowe.

In 1965 Travis Marlowe published *Superstition Treasures* in which he admittedly protects the true identity of his policeman friend by calling him "Jack." In his book, and in personal interviews with us, Marlowe has related how the Peralta Maps were found.

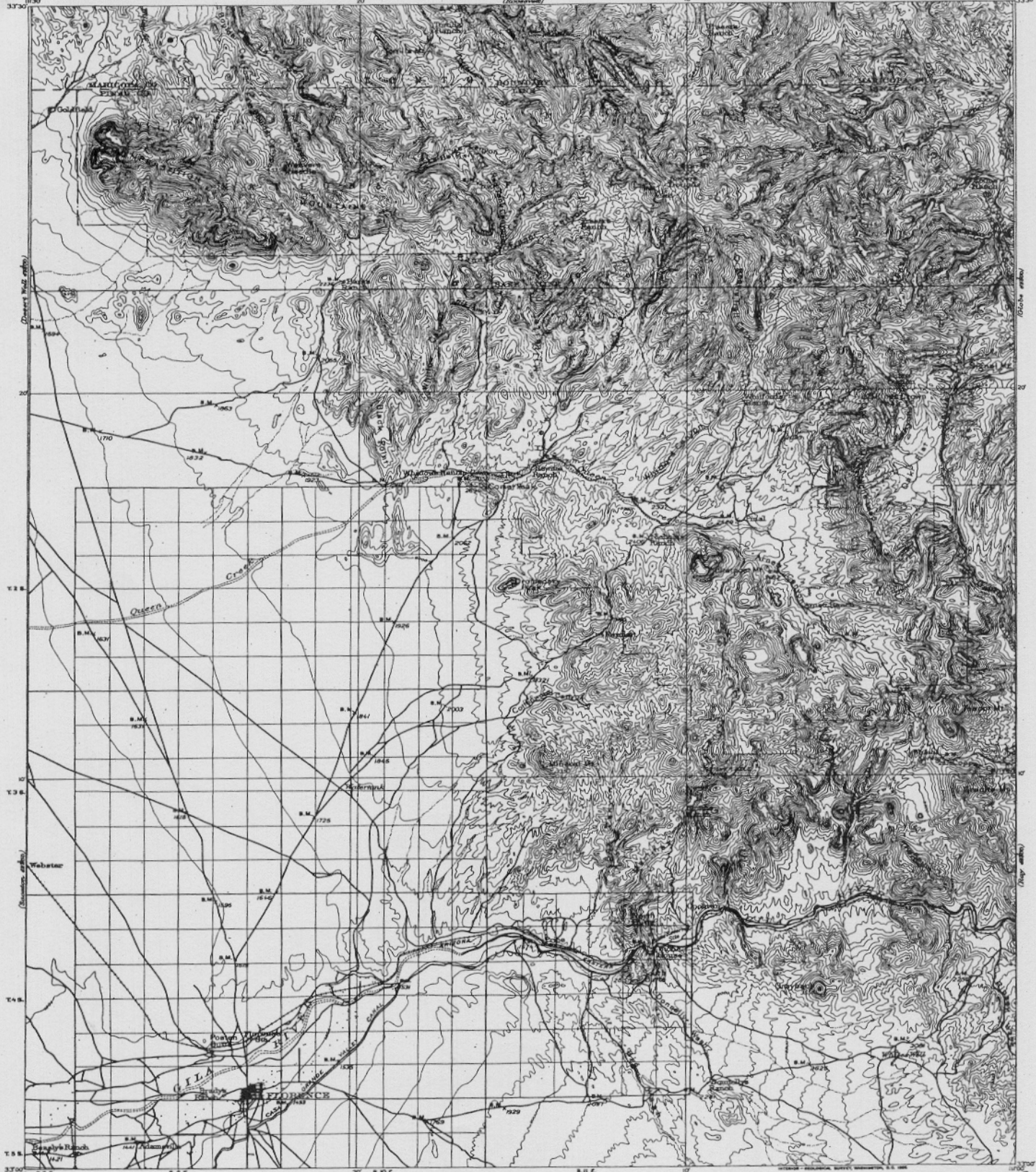
Mr. Marlowe claims Jack and his family were en route from a northwestern city to vacation with relatives in Texas. In Arizona they drove by Superstition Mountain, where Jack turned off Highway 80-60, parked, and took a walk into the desert.

The object of this hike was a better view of Weaver's Needle, the famous landmark hidden behind Superstition and Bluff Springs Mountains. Only the tip of this lofty spire can be seen at intervals along the highway, where it cranes a lonely neck to peep over the imprisoning ring of mountains.

Jack climbed a small hill, or rise, to crane back at Weaver's Needle. There, he tripped over a rock whose inscribed corner had worked free of its sandy grave. Map No. had, at last, risen from its desert shroud.

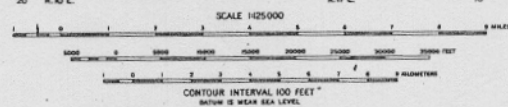
The odds against making such a discovery are a million to one, yet this man, chosen by fate to win possession of the fabled maps, was continually brushed aside. He was the key to the whole story. He came, he found, he owned, he *used* the maps for the nine or ten years preceding his death.

FOR history's sake we needed to delve into Jack's past. The maps have become legend, and whether this story proves or disproves their credibility, they will always belong to history. To try to document this man's life was harder than trying to break the maps into the



E. M. Douglas, Geographer in charge.
Triangulation by A. H. Thompson.
Topography by T. M. Bannon and W. J. Lloyd.
Surveyed in 1900.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |
| 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |
| 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 |

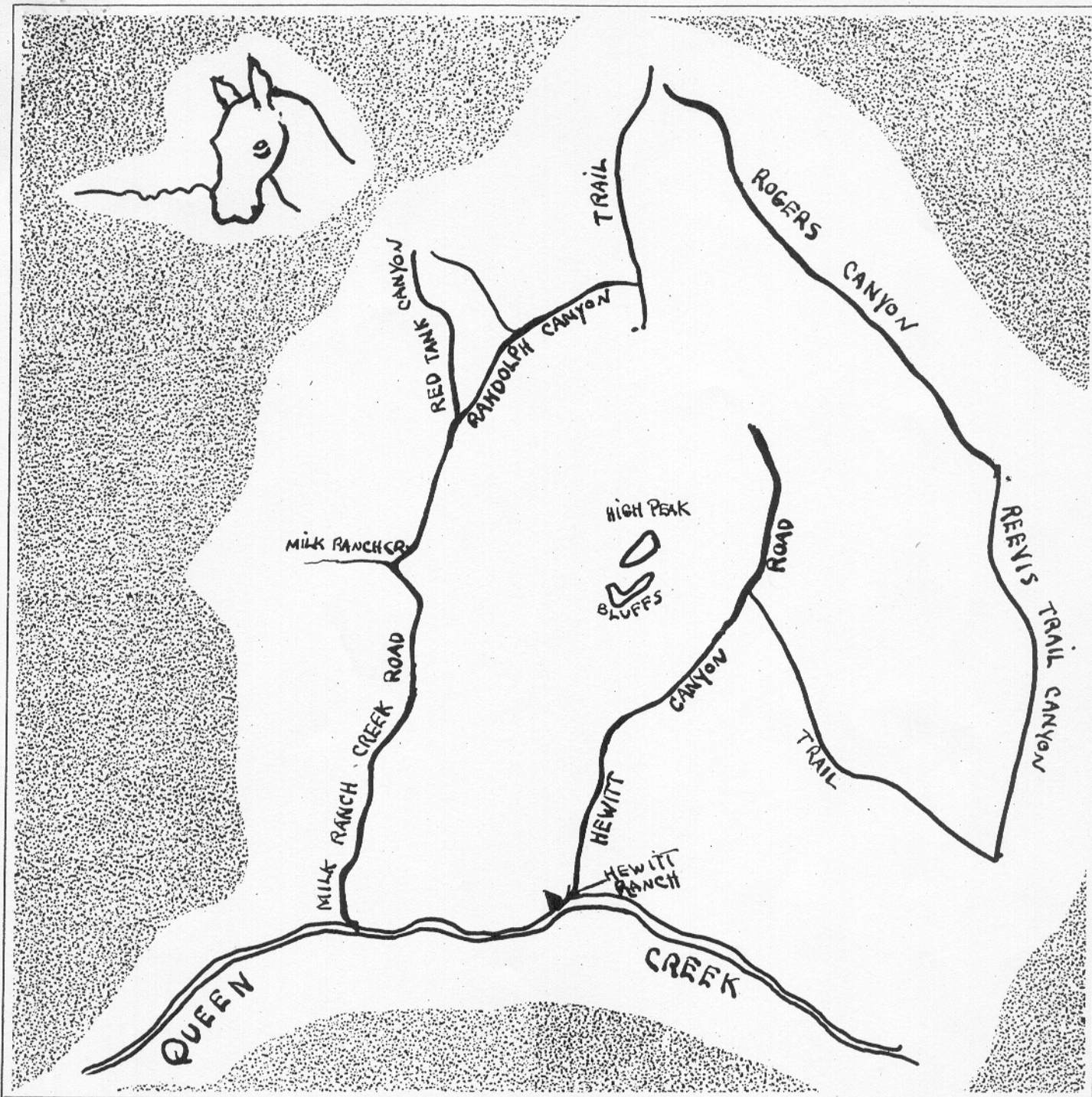


Polyconic projection. To place on 1927 North American datum
move projection lines 425 feet south and 350 feet west.
Map of the Hualapai Canyon, see Rio, Picketwood, Wm.,
and Superior quadrangles, scale 1:24,000, from base and
more detailed contour, covering the southeast corner of
this area, are available.

FLORENCE, ARIZ.
142500-111000/30
1900

FOR SALE BY U.S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY, FEDERAL CENTER, DENVER, COLORADO OR WASHINGTON 25, D.C.
A FOLDER DESCRIBING TOPOGRAPHIC MAPS AND SYMBOLS IS AVAILABLE ON REQUEST

Florence Quadrangle Map—the "last of its kind"—surveyed in 1900.



The Florence Quadrangle Horse, traced by the authors from the topographical map, actual size, as it appears on the Florence Quadrangle. The smaller horse in the upper left-hand corner was traced from the Peralta Horse Map in Travis Marlowe's book—actual size. Notice the placement of ears, eyes, curved lips, jaw, throat, and neck. Every line was critical to the rock-artist in effecting an exact match.

category of "hoax." Months of inquiries netted unanswered letters. Doors that once opened in friendship and information slammed shut. Even so, the man Jack is no longer a mystery man. He does have a name and a past.

A new source of information opened to us, but it had its price—a request that their real names not be used. They want no publicity, but only wish to identify an old friend who they feel deserves credit for making the Peralta Map discovery.

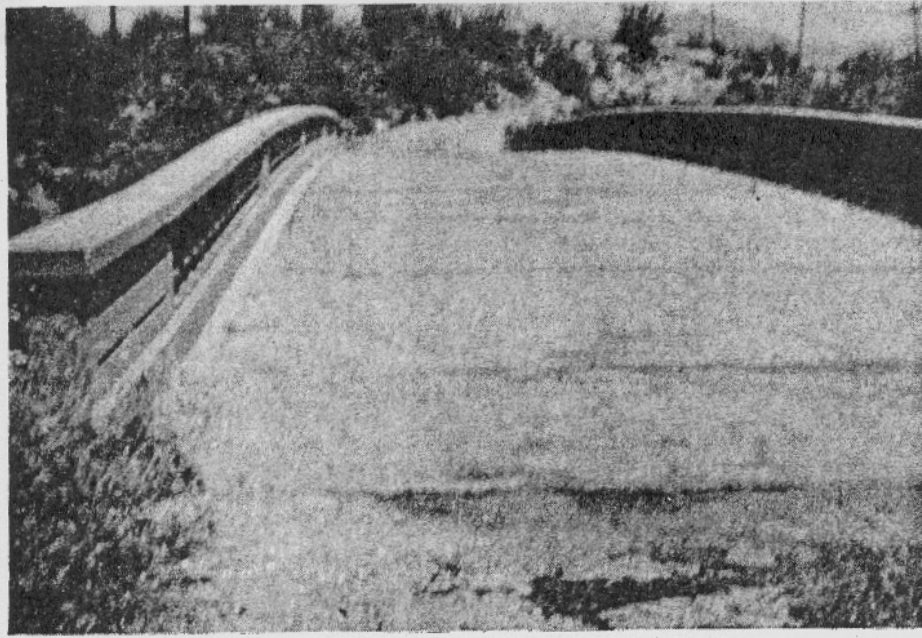
April-May, 1973

"Don and Pam Hanson" have identified Jack as Travis Tumlinson, whose ancestral roots reached far back into Texas history. The Tumlinsons and the Hansons became good friends in Hood River, Oregon when the stone maps were in Tumlinson's possession. From the Hansons came a second version of where and how the Peralta Maps were found.

Travis and Eileen Tumlinson left Oregon for a vacation in Texas, but stopped somewhere near Florence Junction to search for arrowheads. "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 some time to spare. He had hunted arrowheads here before, and knew it was a good place to look. He had not been out of the car very long, possibly a half-hour, when he stumbled over a brick. Wondering what a brick would be doing way out there, he went back and dug up the rock that turned out to be Map No. 1.

"If you've ever hunted arrowheads, you will know that you can spend a half-hour



Adolph Ruth Bridge on old paved highway, northwest of Florence Junction. This is where Glenn Magill claims the Peralta Maps were found.

just looking over a ten-foot square of ground, so that doesn't mean you are half an hour from the car. By the time you've zigzagged and backtracked, you don't get very far!

"Travis showed us these maps he himself had found. When he found them we do not know, but he had had them for several years.

"The little heart-map was carved from a yellowish slate-type rock. It was much harder and smoother than the other stones, which were a gray sandstone."

The exact "where" the maps were found is a much disputed subject, but the area can be generally agreed upon when correlating the data given in the following accounts by people well known in the Superstition area.

The Hansons have hand-drawn copies of the Peralta Stone Maps which they kindly lent us. On a margin below one of the drawings was a notation of where the maps were found—taken from the verbal directions of Travis Tumlinson. The words "Florence Junction" were accented by a directional arrow, marking the Junction as being located between Phoenix and Globe.

Travis Marlowe has written that Jack drove off the main highway, parked, then walked up a small hill, or mound, where Map No. 1 was found. This site was pointed out to us by Travis and Grace Marlowe while driving across Queen Creek Bridge on Highway 80-60. The area was identified by a pointed finger as we crossed the bridge. The hand pointed toward the Superstition Mountains and a voice said, "Just over that little hill." The only hill glimpsed in passing was a man-made cut through which a highway had been blasted, leaving a high bank on the north side of the highway.

The banked hill, or rise, was pinched between the highway and a wide, sandy curve of Queen Creek. At the bridge's

west end is a flat area of desert that rolls northward. The east end connects with the "hill," or high bank, that would make parking next to the highway pretty dangerous. But at the west end there is a wide place to pull off onto the shoulder, or barrow pit. A short distance to the right of the parking area, Queen Creek's inviting depth of creek banks, deep sand, and tumbled river rocks might tempt a hiking hunter of arrowheads.

L. G. "Doc" Rosecrans has also heard versions of where the maps were found. Doc is steeped in the lore of Superstition Mountains, having made his home there over twenty-five years ago. He establishes the burial site as "Just west of Florence Junction there is a flat area where Indians used to camp—or so I heard—and this is the area where I understand the maps were buried."

Doc and we are still plagued by reports we heard long ago, before the Peralta Maps were ever made public. At that time friends who ranch the Superstitions had asked us to help identify several symbols recently found in the area. The pencil-drawn symbols had been copied from some "maps" that had been "turned up alongside a new lane of highway being added to Highway 80-60." The maps were evidently uncovered when graders were working this newly divided highway. Reportedly they were found just east of the Queen Creek Bridge, west of Florence Junction. Doc told us that the new strip of road for westbound traffic had already covered the place where the maps were found.

The penciled symbols meant nothing to us at the time. They were out of context, selected at random, and few in number. Later we recognized the same symbols as part of the Peralta Stone Maps. This report would still place the discovery site near the hill east of the bridge.

From Glenn Magill comes a fourth

version of where the maps were found. Glenn is a private investigator from Oklahoma who made headlines in 1966 when he and seven associates filed claim on the "Dutchman Mine." The story of their discovery is told in Curt Gentry's *The Killer Mountains*.

Glenn Magill is a staunch defender of the stone maps' validity and is convinced, beyond any doubt, that the maps point to one of the Peralta mines known as the Lost Dutchman.

Glenn agrees with Marlowe that the tablets were found "off the main highway." From Florence Junction a paved loop called the "old highway" will take the sightseeing visitor closer to the mountains if he is familiar with the road. It is not shown on state maps, and it is not designated as a tourist drive at the highway entrance. Glenn feels this was the road used by Jack, as described in Marlowe's book, and that the maps were found on the north side of the ornate, old cement bridge he calls the "Adolph Ruth Bridge."

To the best of all our combined knowledge, this is how and where the stone maps were found.

IMEDIATELY after its discovery in 1949, Peralta Map No. 1 traveled to Texas for a brief visit where it was shown to Tumlinson's father. Then after a short stop-over in Arizona to revisit the place it had been buried, the map was taken home to Oregon while the other three maps lay in waiting, undetected. On his next vacation Travis Tumlinson was somehow able to reunite the four Peralta maps.

Not since the curious Pandora pried open the forbidden box had so many premeditated troubles been unleashed on the Treasure Hunter's world. "Hope" had remained in Pandora's Box, but now it had been freed with the stone maps to infect everyone who looked at them.

TEN YEARS LATER, in 1959, Travis Tumlinson and his wife were managers of the A.G.A. (Apple Growers Association) fruit camp in Hood River, Oregon. It was here the Tumlinsons and Hansons became good friends.

During several visits with Travis and Grace Marlowe, we had been told of Jack and his family. The Marlowes called Jack's wife "Eileen," and their daughter "Janie." The Hansons also list Tumlinson's wife as Eileen, and their small daughter as Janie! Marlowe even took the name "Travis" as part of his own alias. This would seem to prove that the man Marlowe describes as "Jack," and the man who told the Hansons how and where his maps were found, are one and the same.

The Hansons offered a physical description of the Tumlinsons. "How do you describe someone who is average looking? Travis was just a shade under six feet—5'10" or 5'11". He was overweight by quite a few pounds. Weighed 200 pounds. Beginning to bald. What hair he had was brown. He wore glasses.

"Eileen was also average. She had light brown, fairly long hair. She was 5'3" or 5'4". Probably weighed 125-130 pounds. No glasses. What can we say?

They were just your usual nice-looking couple. As far as that goes, that description could almost describe Don and me."

Don and Pam Hanson tried to give us a picture of the Tumlinsons' life in Hood River. "The fruit camp was where transient apple- and pear-harvest workers lived during the picking and packing season. There were several acres of cabins; one room renting for \$6.00 a week, two rooms for \$8.00. This camp had every sort of person imaginable living there. Some were good people who returned year after year. They worked hard and saved their money. Then again, there were the winos who worked only long enough to buy another bottle."

Travis and Eileen were managers of this camp, their house sitting in the middle of all the cabins. The Hansons recalled an incident told in Marlowe's book, of someone trying to break into the Tumlinson house four times in one month in what was thought to be an attempt to steal the maps.

"Break-ins weren't too unusual in such a place, and someone did try to get into the Tumlinsons' house. But someone also tried to break into our cabin one night—and we didn't have any maps!"

Beside managing the fruit camp, Travis was one of the many foremen in the cold storage area. But his third job may explain why Marlowe had called Jack an Oregon policeman—he worked as a deputy of some sort, mostly to keep order in the camp.

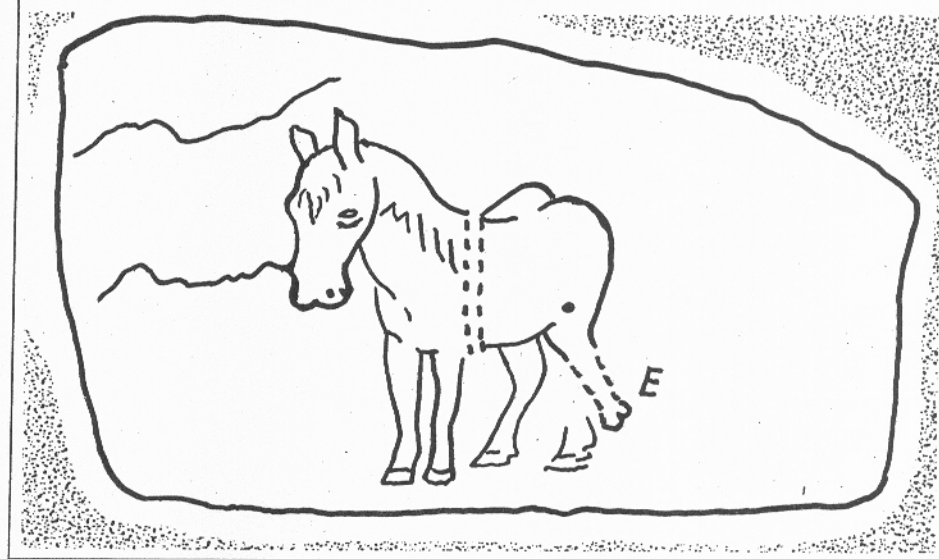
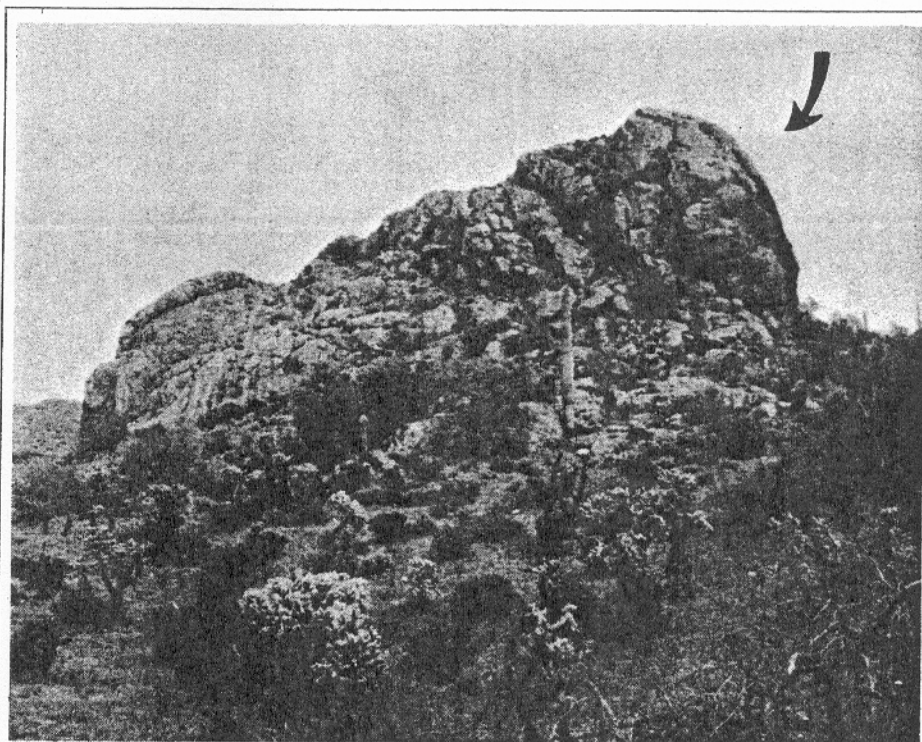
The Hansons had much in common with Travis and Eileen. Together they hunted arrowheads, often trading points from other states. And then there were the stone maps. "Travis would take Don into the den where they would sit on the edge of the bed, with the maps spread on the floor. They discussed and pored over them for hours. During those evenings in the den, Travis talked quite freely about the maps.

"Travis and his uncle worked together to try to unravel the maps, spending \$2,000 one summer trying to find something. This was in addition to other times they had searched. We don't have any idea of the uncle's name, but we had the feeling Travis was named after this particular uncle. They had been very close until they had a falling out over some things the uncle had found—a Spanish pack saddle, a watch set with a ruby, a jeweled crucifix, a musket and other artifacts. The partnership was then broken up.

"Later on, Travis offered Don a partnership. He would furnish the money if Don would do the work. Travis had a slight heart condition which didn't allow him to do anything strenuous. But we had to leave Hood River—Travis passed away—and that was the end of that!

"We left Oregon in the fall of 1959 and Travis was very much alive at that time. We don't know exactly when he did die, but in June 1961, Eileen wrote that she had been back to Texas to decorate Travis' grave. She and Janie still lived in Oregon but were planning to move back to Texas."

WHAT WAS behind the reason for keeping "Jack's" name a secret?



Above: Elephant Butte, a landmark inside the area outlined by the Horse's Head on Florence Quadrangle Map. Below: An illustration, by the authors, of the coincidence relating Elephant Butte to the Horse's rear end, as cited in the story.

During the interviews with the Marlowes they said the reason for secrecy had something to do with a relative in Texas. When the same question was asked of the Hansons they immediately replied, "The name Tumlinson apparently springs from an ancient ancestor. Travis told us that it came from "Peg-Leg" Tumlinson, who is mentioned in J. Frank Dobie's *Coronado's Children*.

Our research of Peg-Leg shook no shameful skeletons from the Tumlinson closet; certainly no reason for the secrecy that lives on even today. But there is one interesting comparison between old Peg-Leg and Travis Tumlinson. Peg-Leg was also a treasure-hunter. He, too, was introduced to treasure by an aging Mexican Don. And his would-be riches would

be determined by finding the buried bones of a cousin to the Peralta Horse—a burro. The Tumlinson clan seemed destined to have Mexican Dons and an assortment of quadrupeds connected with their waybills to gold!

It is hard to believe that Travis Tumlinson would spend ten or eleven years of his life on four carved rocks that *nowhere, on any of the four maps, even hint of treasure, gold, silver or mines!*

Soon after Travis' death, Eileen rid herself of the stone maps. They became the property of Travis and Grace Marlowe. In 1964 the story *Life* did on Marlowe exploded the magazine racks with the fantastic existence of the Peralta Maps now made public. The *Life* photo-

(Continued on page 47)

The Peralta Stone Maps

(Continued from page 13)

graphs showed only portions of them tantalizing the viewer into a state of treasure-hunting delirium. To further intoxicate the readers who were already packing clothes suitable for the Arizona climate, small strips of black tape covered portions of the maps said to contain "key signs." Just enough of the maps were left in view to tease and excite.

And just as mysterious was the man to whom the maps now belonged. To keep his identity a secret, he was given the anonymous name of Travis Marlowe. In his *Superstition Treasures*, Marlowe allowed photographs of all four maps to be shown for the first time. But, as in the *Life* presentation, some of the Spanish inscriptions and key signs were hidden beneath slender strips of black tape, making the maps as desirable as a coy stripper, slow in taking it off!

Over the past twenty-two years, the maps have belonged to a variety of people, bringing only loss of life, friends, time, energy and lots of money. To raise cash for a full-time search of the Peralta mines and treasure caches, a company was formed called Moel, Inc. It sold 588,000 shares at ten cents a share. The maps were shared by 125 investors, the \$60,000 coming in from six different states.

Moel, Inc. went into bankruptcy in 1965, after 1964 State and Federal injunctions halted further sale of unregistered stock. The Peralta Maps then went to some of the investors as part of their bankruptcy settlement.

Ex-fireman Clarence O. Mitchell, one-time president of the defunct company, relied on memory and photographs to continue his search alone under the name we know as Travis Marlowe.

ON JANUARY 14, 1970, the *Arizona Republic* newspaper in Phoenix announced the Peralta Stone Maps would have their first public showing on the following Sunday. The maps had been donated to the Arizona Mineral Museum by the thirty investors, and would be on display during the Superstition Mountain Mineral Festival to be held at the Dons Club base camp at the foot of Superstition Mountain.

The Dons Club of Phoenix is a rather unique organization of fifty or so business and professional men who work hard to promote and perpetuate the lore and legends of the West. Each year during the month of March, the Dons Club Trek conducts a mock search for the Lost Dutchman Gold Mine. The Spanish-attired Dons and their Doñas play host to visitors who number into the thousands.

The Dons Club base camp is on the south side of Superstition Mountain where the seven-mile "Peralta Road" leads north from the highway to end at the mouth of Peralta Canyon and base camp. The day's entertainment is as varied as the age groups who attend—barbecues, exhibits of Indian arts and crafts, Western music and square dancing, gold-panning, guided hikes up Peral-

ta Canyon to Weaver's Needle, pageants and fireworks.

It was at this base camp the maps would be unveiled to the public. Ironically, they were thus returned ever so briefly to a place not far from where Travis and Eileen Tumlinson had found them twenty-one years earlier! After their public debut, the maps were again "buried"—this time under a museum lock and key, in glass coffins, and still wearing their black tapes!

Acting on a rumor we had heard of the maps' being up for sale, a letter of inquiry was written to Mr. Lee Hammons, Director of the Arizona Mineral Museum. Mr. Hammons replied, "The stone tablets purporting to relate to the Superstition Mountains and/or the Lost Dutchman Mine are not the property of the museum at all. They belong to the A. L. Flagg Foundation for the Advancement of Earth Science.

"They are not for sale, nor have they been offered for sale since they were donated to the Flagg Foundation. We don't know if they are genuine or not. They are a part of the legends of Arizona and as such the museum is happy to have them on a loan basis so that the public may see them."

He also corrected a misconception of the stone maps' geological make-up. "The three large stones are sandstone, the smaller heart-shaped piece appears to be quartzite. It is certainly not chaledony."

At the time our letter of inquiry was sent to the museum, symbols beneath one piece of tape were unknown to us. Without this information the Peralta riddle lacked a full answer. Quite bluntly, we asked for help. You never know what people can or will do unless you ask! Now we know. "The Board of Trustees of the Flagg Foundation has set a policy regarding the examination or photographing of the tablets. The policy is simply that anyone having a Supporting Membership to the foundation, or higher, can examine them without tape and make as many pictures as desired within a two-hour span. Supporting Memberships cost \$50 per annum. The Board would not make an exception in your case," we were told.

Who asked? We only wished one bit of information; not to conduct an examination or do photographing. Annual Membership Donations range between \$5 and \$100. Life Membership Donations float from \$200 to a drowning \$10,000!

The bit of information we needed came from other sources even before the museum's answer arrived. This soothed the sting, and put the starch back in our upper lips and sagging chins.

DON'T TRY to buck a legend and expect too many pats on the head! Using cold logic to replace dreams of Spanish gold is unpopular. Force-feeding dull fact down someone's throat is a thankless job if that someone has visions of a dark and musty shaft with Peralta bones and treasure still entombed. We admit it's a lousy swap, but take it from us, who have fought in both corners of the Peralta Map affair—the swap in theory *can* happen!



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In April 1966, a letter came from a reader interested in discussing another article we had written about the Superstitions. The letter consisted of one page, 349 typewritten words, and one small drawing. In the short time it took to digest the letter's content and to glance at the pen and ink sketch, our stomachs had crawled into our throats, our tongues had turned up more than a few cuss-words, and our anger was exceeded only by the embarrassment of overlooking the obvious!

In our hands was a drawing identical to the Peralta Horse on Map No. 1. It was an exact twin—but it had been copied from another source. The likeness was so startling not even we, the Peralta Maps "champions," could possibly ignore such shocking evidence.

In the letter Marion Parsons described herself as an avid fan of Superstition Mountain history, who sifted and categorized information until hitting on some interesting analogies and theories. In this case, it was too damned logical!

From an armchair, her keen-eyed perception had spotted something "odd" on an old map of the Superstitions—a map that we had owned for eight years and had handled hundreds of times.

Marion Parsons is a professional photographer and artist whose eye is trained to the abstract. Her drawing showed us for the first time, something that matched to perfection anything found on the so-called Peralta Maps. Staring back at us from her small sketch was a perfect replica of the horse's head—too perfect in every detail to be chalked up as coincidence, accident, or mere happenstance!

Marion's horse was hidden in the center of an old Arizona quadrangle map. Hidden, yes—but once noticed, you can't see anything else. It was then we realized the four Peralta Stone Maps were kin to four dead fish—after a few days they both began to stink!

Touched off by Marion Parson's "horse," the next six years were spent in an attempt to prove a definite relation between the stone maps and the old survey map.

In 1900 the United States Department of the Interior began preparation of a geological survey that would be first published in March 1902 (ten years before Arizona was admitted to statehood). The map's purpose was to define specific meridians, longitudinal and latitudinal degrees and topographic features within this particular area. Thin brown lines contoured the elevations of desert and mountains. Blue lines showed river, creek and intermittent streambeds. Springs, canyons and mountains were boldly labeled, and black-dotted foot trails could guide even the greenest explorer into the mountainous interior.

The city of Florence is pictured as a tiny cluster of black squares and street lines. Roads, railroad tracks, mines, elevation markers, county lines, ranges, townships, sections and distances were all compiled into one neatly printed package. Around its outside margins were the names of survey maps that adjoined and surrounded the brand new "Florence Quadrangle" map.

THIS NEW innovation in map making would become an essential part of every adventurer wanting to explore what, only months before, had been the uncharted wilderness. It is probably the most popular survey map ever used in the Superstitions. It measured a compact 17"x21", and was easy to carry in a pocket, back-pack or saddlebag. One inch of map covered two miles of land measure.

The Florence Quadrangle showed only the southern half of the Superstition range of mountains, but did include the Superstition Mountain, Queen Creek, the Gila River and the irregular pattern of old trails and roads criss-crossing each other in an untidy effort to reach the city of Florence in the map's southwest corner.

As we worked with the two sets of maps, in many ways we found the Peralta Map hoaxsters had been quite honest. They did not say in any way that the carved stones were treasure maps. They did not say even they were maps! They have not led anyone to believe that the Peraltas were responsible for making them. It is generally believed that the names "Pedro," "Miguel," and "Sonora, Mex." were possibly additions (for reasons later explained).

So far we have given you a smattering of over a century's Indian and Peralta legends; the Peralta Maps' discovery, along with their twenty-three-year history. Now we would like to offer the results of our own research into the "oddties" and "coincidences" that further link the Florence Quad map to the four stone maps. During those fitful years of study, no doubt a few of the findings will be a coincidence, but the sheer bulk of comparisons cannot be ignored. We offer these results as food for thought. It is up to the reader to separate the wheat from the chaff. Swallow what you can; spit out the rest!

TO GET smacked with the full impact of what we felt when looking at Marion Parson's drawing, you should have four things:

1. The Florence Quadrangle Map.
2. A sheet of transparent paper.
3. A pencil.
4. An open mind and a sense of humor.

Place the transparent paper on the Florence Quad within the immediate area bordered by Queen Creek, Whitlow Canyon, Hewitt Canyon and the Tortilla and Fraser ranches. With your pencil trace the outline of the old road beginning at Queen Creek and running north into Milk Ranch Creek. As you enter the creek continue north on the first dotted foot-trail to your right. It will take you to the junctures of Red Tank, Randolph, and Fraser Canyons. Using Randolph as your guide, move northeast up the canyon and stop at the foot-trail connecting it with the Tortilla and Fraser Ranches at the letter "E" in Forest.

Return your pencil to its Queen Creek starting point and carefully trace, toward the east, the blue lines of Queen Creek. Be very sure to keep them separate from the black-lined old Butterfield Stage Road.

At Hewitt's Ranch, take your pencil for a hike up Hewitt Canyon. Go all the way to road's end at the last printed "N" in Canyon, where you will begin to get the uncomfortable idea of what we are doing!

For the horse's throat come back down Hewitt Canyon to the "A" in Canyon. Take the foot-trail southeast toward the old towns of Pinal and Silver King and stop anywhere in the vicinity of Whitford Canyon. Red Tank Canyon is the horse's right ear, his left is the trail at the end of Randolph Canyon that turns north into Rogers Canyon.

Still lacking the horse's eye, we need only to find the highest promontory between Millsite and Hewitt Canyons. Encircle the topmost elevation above 4,000 feet, and you will note the steep contour lines beneath this circle even conform to the pouch beneath the stone-horse's eye.

The horse head you have just traced from the Florence Quad is a flawless twin to the Peralta Horse. You can pick out at least eighteen places *critical* to the rock-artist as he copied the exact nose, mouth, jawline, forehead, ears, neck, throat and eye!

At this point of the story, to its very end, it will be necessary to involve seven different maps: Side One and Side Two of Peralta Map No. 1; Map No. 2; Map No. 3; Side One and Side Two of the Peralta Heart Map; and the Florence Quadrangle Map. Confusing, isn't it?

Let's throw out all the confusion of Side Numbers and Map Numbers and give each map an easy name to remember. The first map found by Travis Tumlinson is Map No. 1—but let's simply refer to its two sides by the unique drawings on each. The Priest Map and the Horse Map. Its horse—the Peralta Horse.

WHEN Tumlinson returned to Arizona a year later, he reportedly found Map No. 2 and Map No. 3 buried face-to-face like a big rock sandwich. The meat and trimmings were tucked safely inside (map-sides inward) as if to protect them from eroding elements.

The unprotected top and bottom of this closed-face sandwich are also engraved, but not much attention has been given Map No. 3's huge church cross, or Map No. 2's backside emblazoned with the word "DON." Then, as now, the maps are meant to be used together. When separated into an open-faced sandwich, the two halves form one large map. Since there is only one side of each map to worry about, they will remain Map No. 2 and Map No. 3.

The shape of Map No. 4 speaks for itself, but unfortunately the Heart Map wears two faces—one on each side of the heart. Only one side has ever faced the public. The opposite side has been kept a secret. They shall be called the "public" or "hidden" faces of the Heart Map.

The Quadrangle Map, and its hidden horse, will be the "Florence Quad" and the "Quad Horse." This should help simplify the very complicated solution.

When finally faced with Marion Parsons's observation of the Florence Quad's somehow being connected to the Peralta Maps, we dug out the old survey map

and began looking for other clues that would tie the two together.

The first important breakthrough came from the clue on the Peralta Horse's neck. The lines of his mane plainly spell "Mill." Treasure enthusiasts insist the slashes are an abbreviation for *millón*, the Spanish word for million. Marion Parsons suggested the Mill could well represent Millsite Canyon, as this is the canyon running the full length of the Quad Horse's face.

It is more probable the hoaxsters followed the same pattern here that they used elsewhere in their stone-map clues. They keep pounding away at the horse's location hidden within the Florence Quad. (Remember, we aren't supposed to know it exists!) At each corner of the Florence Quad, meridian lines of degrees and minutes can be seen graduating from 111° 00', 111° 10', 111° 20' and 111° 30'. Therefore, the Florence survey lies in meridian 111, correctly abbreviated in its written form as Mill.

Now that the hoaxsters had chiseled the meridian lines on the horse's neck to establish his east to west location, they were equally honest in giving the horse's latitudinal degrees. Two 3s appear on the Horse Map. One is carved into the horse's side; the other can be seen behind his left rear foot. On the same four corners of the Florence Quad, printed beside the 111th meridian lines, are the degrees of latitude within the Florence Quad survey. They are all within 33 degrees! From south to north they graduate from 33° 00', 33° 10', 33° 20' and 33° 30'.

With these two sets of figures, the hoaxsters have zeroed us in on an *exact target* within these longitudinal and latitudinal degrees and minutes. *No place else on this half of the globe can have the same two intersecting sets of numbers!*

Notice the numerals Mill, the two 3s and the three Os were made obvious, but the numeral 2 is hidden in the horse's forelock of hair. The numeral 5 has long been concealed under black tape on the Horse Map's upper left-hand corner above the word, Rio! Adding these two numbers leaves little doubt as to which topography map the hoaxsters wanted us to use in solving their riddle. It would seem the humorous map-maker decided to include the scale of the paper map he was using (1:125000, 30 minute series). The correct scale can be as deadly in "fingering" a topography map as a fingerprint can be to a criminal. To identify the longitudes and latitudes needed, and to give the Florence Quad map scale, the hoaxsters had to give five numbers: 0, 1, 2, 3 and 5. The Horse Map has these five digits and *no others!*

THINK how easy it would be for a hoaxster to plan his stone-maps from the Florence Quad. He already *knew* about the horse's head that had miraculously turned up in the center of a government survey map. Starting with that he ingeniously began to transpose what was needed to identify the horse and its location. He knew what numerals would be needed, and had only to find a teasing way to scatter them around over

(Continued on page 52)

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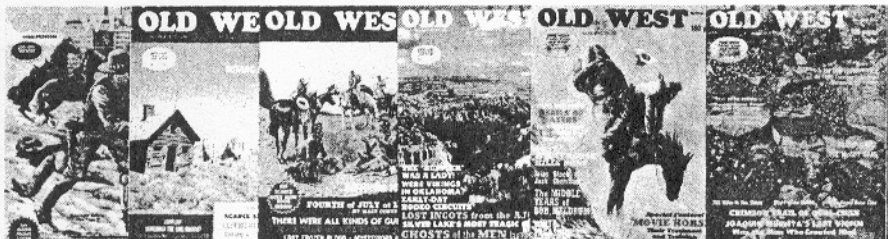
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The Peralta Stone Maps (Continued from page 49)

his stone-maps.

Once the Florence Quad was snatched away from its hand-chiseled, newly-conceived twin, the odds against anyone's ever noticing their connection would be a million to one! Especially after 1963 when the old Florence Quad became an "out-of-print" collectors item!

The Horse Map continued to give up new evidence linking it to the Florence Quad. Two inscriptions flank the Peralta Horse. Near his rump, *Yo Pasto al Norte del Rio* implied to treasure hunters that the mines and caches were to be found in the English translation, "I pasture north of the river."

If we forget "treasure" and stick to the hoaxster's integrity, we not only find a clever play on the word, Rio, but we can see how the word was borrowed directly from the Florence Quad map. The Peralta Horse is shown with his nose dipped into what had already been identified as Queen Creek. The Quad Horse's nose is immersed in the same creek bed. The Quad Horse is not only north of "del Rio," but as we shall see, *he is in it!*

Our mysterious map-maker brings Rio to your attention twice on the Peralta Horse Map—once in the inscription, and again to the upper-left of the Horse's head. The wavy line above the word lulls the treasure fan into the smug conviction that indeed this *must* mean the Salt River!

If we were to place the Florence Quad and the Peralta Horse Map side by side, and put a finger on the Quad Map in the exact position to match the word Rio to the left of the Peralta Horse, the finger would be pasturing in Rio and it has *nothing* to do with a river!

The Florence Quad is a detailed map of ranges, townships and sections. Across the bottom of the Florence Quad, below the line framing the map, numbers are given for those few ranges established in 1900. Locate R. 10 E. and follow its boundary lines north. The range number stays the same all the way to the top of the Florence Quad and continues to be the same on maps directly above and below the Florence Quad. The Horse's Head does pasture north of Queen Creek, in "R10 E.," thus we have used the clue "R10" and the letter "E" on the Peralta Horse Map.

At this point of working on the Horse Map solution, we found an amusing "co-incidence." It will make an interesting side-note for anyone who has actually explored the desert in an area framed within the Florence Quad Horse's Head. Between Millsite Canyon and the old road to Milk Ranch Creek, is a natural rock formation of ponderous size. Standing alone, outlined on the crest of a small hill, one small eye of Elephant Butte keeps an eternal vigil toward the south. If the front half of the Peralta Horse is covered, the rear half becomes a picture all its own—an *exact replica* of Elephant Butte! It faces the same direction, and the hole drilled into the horse's flank

becomes the elephant's eye. The curved horse's tail serves two purposes: it shortens the trunk to match Elephant Butte, and it softens the effect. Without the tail swung around into this prominent position, the trunk would have joined the horse's hind leg. The 3 would round off the tip of a normal length trunk, and the letter E is reminiscent of a toddler's picture book of animal caricatures that reads, "E is for Elephant."

We have used everything inscribed into the Horse Map with the exception of the second inscription, to be mentioned later, and the small Omega letter of the Greek alphabet. Its English equivalent is "O" and could easily be absorbed by all the Os demanded by the Florence Quad in locating the horse by degrees, minutes and scale.

IF the Horse Map deductions were correct, we thought the flip-side Priest Map would bear out our suspicions. The Spanish inscriptions had been prostituted in their spelling and arrangement. Having a fair knowledge of cryptograms, anagrams and the Spanish language, we soon became fascinated with the patterns of English words formed when combining the conspicuous mistakes. The oddities and misspelled words are italicized in the following Spanish version:

ESTA BEREDA ES Peligroza (THIS TRAIL IS DANGEROUS)

YO BOY 18 LUGARES (I GO 18 PLACES)

BUSCA EL MAPA (LOOK FOR THE MAP)

BUSCA EL CO(R)AZON (LOOK FOR THE HEART)

In the first line, the "ES" was off-set; the word "trail" is "Vereda," spelled with a "V", and the last eight letters in "Peligroza" were written in small case letters.

In the second line, the word "BOY" should have been "VOY." The third line plainly says "Look for the map," not maps! What then led Travis Tumlinson to believe he could return to Arizona a year later and find three more treasure maps? The word "Map" is singular, not plural. Only one map was to be sought—the Florence Quadrangle.

In the fourth line the "R" was dropped from the word "Corazon." After first learning to spell "Madre" and "Padre" we are sure the romantic Spaniards would have made the word "Heart" the third word in their vocabulary.

Now we can turn the Priest Map over and add the remaining inscription from the Horse Map: EL COBOLLO DE SANTA FE (The Horse of Santa Fe).

Adding the two Os from the misspelled word "Caballo," fifteen oddities were found in the total inscription. The first hint of an anagram came in the first line of the Priest Map inscription. By combining the eight small case letters in "Peligroza" with the "B" from "Bereda," the words "Globe, Ariz" fell into place. That name we didn't need! Globe is an historic old mining town east and north of the Superstitions, but had not been included in the Florence Survey.

Hopefully we looked at the Florence Quad for a clue. There it was! The name "Globe" appeared in parentheses at the

east end of a heavy black line cutting across the Quad Horse's forehead, just above his eyes. It was the Gila and Salt River Base Line, and would be brought to our attention more than once. The Quad map's reference to "Globe" was to indicate a topography map of that area was available.

Working on a hunch that the "Yo Voy 18 Lugares" might indicate the number of letters to be used in anagrams, we began to list them.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
BELIGROZA

GLOBEARIZ
5 3 7 1 2 9 6 4 8

Our left-overs were ES, a possible B/V and the dropped R from the Priest Map, and the two Os from the Horse Map.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
ESROOB ---
V

ROOSEV ---
3 4 5 2 1 6

Again the letters popped forth a name—a familiar old friend and companion-map to the Florence Quad, The Roosevelt Quadrangle. It mapped the northern half of the Superstitions; the Florence Quad mapped the southern half. They are of the same size and scale and must be used together for a complete picture. The Roosevelt Quad maps the Apache Trail, Salt River, Four Peaks and the Dam and Reservoir for which it was named.

On the Florence Quad, the word "Roosevelt" is in parentheses just as the word "Globe" had been. The word is located on the map-margin above the Quad Horse's Head, dead-center between his ears. The three letters missing in the anagram were apparently hidden somewhere on Map No. 1. We found only one symbol that hadn't been used in the Horse Map interpretation. It was a tilted "T," or church cross, resting on top of the letter "L" in the "EL" preceding the word "Cobollo." Since these three letters spell "ELT" is it not reasonable to use them in forming the last letters of ROOSEVELT? For us, the 18 "errors" or "things to look for" which exactly spell "Globe, Ariz" and "Roosevelt" were ample proof that we might be on the right track!

The hoaxsters had gradually boxed-in an area surrounding the Quad Map Horse. They had tightened the square by giving latitudes, longitudes, range, the base line and names of adjoining quadrangle maps. (Remember, we still aren't supposed to know anything about the horse's head hidden in the Florence Quad, and the hoaxsters assume we haven't spotted it yet!)

NOW that we had finished with the Spanish inscriptions, we move to the carved priest. After having recognized the pattern established by the pranksters, even he was beginning to make some sense.

The Priest and his fishing-rig are bristling with Ts and Os, while an N and an 8 play at the end of his line. A likeness of the Priest's pedestal can be found centered on the Florence Quad. The 8 tiers, or steps, begin at the Silver Bell Mine and stairstep their way northward to wind up in the Quad Horse's mouth.

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SEE PAGE 56

The tiered lines represent the boundary lines of a national forest and wilderness area protecting the Superstitions. From the Quad Horse's mouth, the lines of dots and dashes march right up the middle of his face, where they suddenly turn west at the juncture of Red Tank, Randolph and Fraser Canyons and continue to surround the vast Superstitions.

The Priest has even been kind enough to give us the name of this national forest boundary outlining part of the Quad Horse's face. He spells it with his fishing gear. Starting with his pole, and coming straight down the line, the letters T, O, T, O and N fall into place. Tonto National Forest!

On the Quad Map, the word "Tonto" screams in bold, black print above the Quad Horse's ear. The net is tightening even more about our Quad Horse.

The Priest tells us much more. He will add the finishing touch to completely frame the hidden horse. If you recall, on the opposite side of Map No. 1 (the Horse Map) the hoaxsters began wide with their directions for finding the hidden horse. Latitudes and longitudes were given to place Arizona in the target area. Minutes and degrees then refined and reduced the area to somewhere around the Superstition Mountains. And then the map scale identified the one map having these minutes, degrees and seconds.

The Priest refines the area to the most minute dimension within his power. The Horse Map provided us with the range number. It is part of the Priest's job to give the townships. Now, the hoaxsters have really begun to squeeze, shrink and pinpoint!

Ranges and townships do for a small area what latitudes and longitudes will do for continents. The ranges and townships will criss-cross and intersect just like their big brothers.

If you still have doubts as to whether the Peralta Stone Maps are linked with the Florence Quad, the Priest has a surprise for you. Wouldn't you think it strange if the Priest could give the exact township numbers, arranged in the exact order as they appear on the Florence Quad?? We did!

Below the Priest's fishing pole, the numerals 2, 3 and 4 are wound around his line. During the 1900 survey, only three full townships were shown on the Florence Quad. On the left hand margin of the Quad Map, the townships begin with T.2 S, drop down to T.3 S, where we find the city of Florence embraced in T.4 S!

One of the many Ts surrounding the Priest represents "township." We vote for the fishing pole itself because it is used to separate the numeral 1 from the other township numbers. Why would it separate T.1 S from its 2, 3 and 4 companions?

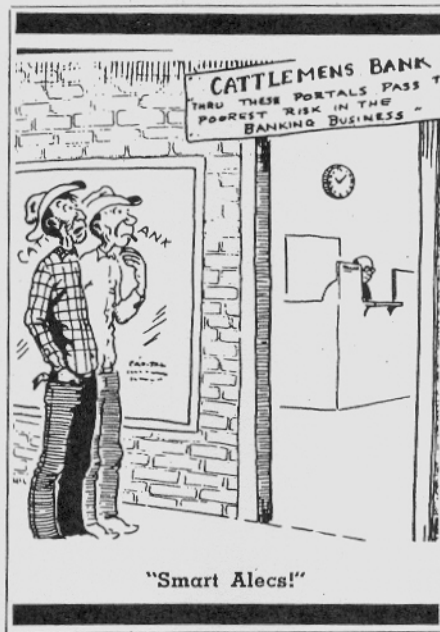
Township 1 south had not been added to the survey map, but anyone knowing how to read a geographical survey will automatically know the next township is 1. The top boundary of T.1 S is our old friend, the Gila and Salt River base line, and it is here the townships begin anew, only this time they will read T. 1 N. The Priest's sleeve will confirm this; it tells you there are two township 1s to be found

on the Florence Quad. It takes both of them to frame the hidden horse—from the bottom of his lip to the tip-end of his ear! He fills T.1 S, and T.1 N. He is T.1 S and T.1 N and R-10 and R.11E!

We've wondered if the letters S and N, to indicate the township north and south, were included among the Priest's clues? There is a small N off to the right of the curved fishing line, and the S could be the unusual hemline of the Priest's robe, or even the strange shape of his back-lashed fishing line.

We had tried to account for every scratch made on both sides of Map No.1. We almost made it, but not quite! Below the Priest Map's inscription, under the word *coazon*, a set of symbols were hidden beneath black tape. Even though we had seen the stone maps seven years ago, the look was brief and we just couldn't remember this one set of symbols. Help was sought in many places.

LETTERS were sent the Arizona Mineral Museum, who had the maps on



"Smart Alocs!"

display; Travis Marlowe; Don and Pam Hanson; Texas relatives of the deceased Tumlinson; a Moel, Inc. stockholder whose name had appeared in the *Arizona Republic*; and a wide variety of names long associated with hunting for the Lost Dutchman-Peralta Mines.

The only suggestion given by the Arizona Mineral Museum was out of the question—a long trip to Phoenix, and the added expense of the membership to the A. L. Flagg Foundation. The Hansons sent hand-drawn copies of all the Peralta Maps as they remembered them in 1959. In that slot was 3-N-P—but they added the fact that in Marlowe's book he had mentioned 8-N-P when telling how Tumlinson found the three remaining Peralta Maps by walking 8-N-P from the original gravesite of Map No. 1. We remembered that too, but Travis Marlowe had indicated the 8-N-P came from the symbols at the end of the Priest's fishing line—not under the tape.

What we needed was someone to con-

firm our suspicions that our missing E L T in "Roosevelt" lay beneath the tape. Due to the conflicting sets of numbers, we wrote Travis Marlowe about the clashing opinions. Travis' answer was friendly and polite, but our question remained unanswered. Many friends tried to help, without much success. One visited the Museum and did see the maps, but with tapes. One man even sent a color photograph of the Priest Map in his efforts to help. Call it fate, bad luck, or whatever, the angle and lighting was such that the only thing really visible was a small heart under the tape. The symbols within were too dim for us to accurately include in this story. What we *did* see couldn't be construed as 8-N-P or 3-N-P. Among the smudges left by black tape, a faint church-cross, or T could barely be seen by us. Maybe! But if it is, could an E and an L be close by? For those of you who may have seen the maps without tapes, and can remember what you saw—we envy you! (Where were you when we needed you?)

Like many others who have spent a great deal of time studying the stone maps, we also are at a loss to explain the faint words, "Miguel," and "Pedro," and "Sonora, Mex." (even though the Superstitions were part of Sonora, Mex. 1847). It would be easy to cop-out and say they were later additions to the original maps, and that is exactly what we think. There are several reasons why. All three of these thin and scrawny names have popped up on only one map—Map No. 1! They are not characteristic of the hoaxster-artist—and he was an artist! The stone maps have felt an artist's touch; composition, balance, beautiful lines, patience and pride went into their creation. His stroke was bold in sketching and printing.

The faint-hearted hand that chiseled "Sonora, Mex.," "Pedro" and "Miguel" surely wasn't the hand of talent. As you will note, all three of these suspicious names have several things in common. First, the size of print; second, the shallow depth and thinness of line, as if a completely different tool had been used; third, the words' position—so timidly crouched away from the real work of art. The amateurish hand seemed hesitant, even intimidated by the masterful work he was tampering with. Fourth, Map No. 1 is the *only one of the four maps* graven with this almost invisible lettering. And why are these three misbegotten words the *only ones* daring to unite the Peralta name to the set of carved stones? And why is it the Hansons have no recollection of these three names? "As far as we can remember, the names Sonora, Mex., Pedro and Miguel were not on the map when we saw it."

If all these remembrances and suppositions are correct the motive for selecting these carefully chosen words leads one to believe that someone was selling the Peralta legend. He had to, since the real artist, hoaxster that he was, remained honest to the very end of his final map.

THE Peralta Maps 2 and 3 were almost impossible to solve. There were no inscriptions to guide us, and the numerals

didn't fit any pattern. We kept remembering the Greek Omegas. "Omega" is the last letter of the Greek alphabet, and the phrase "Alpha and Omega" has been used since biblical times. Christ had said, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." The Greek Omegas only hinted at what was to come!

More than once we gave up on these maps in disgust. The profusion of numbers on Maps 2 and 3, plus the misleading math equation at the bottom of Map No. 2, led us on a mathematical chase that went nowhere. Pages of math problems filled our wastebasket; we used every kind of math known to us. We even turned to reading the history of mathematics as devised by the Romans and Greeks.

Only the simplest forms of addition brought rewards, but the solutions meant nothing. We were being "eighteened" to death and didn't know why; "18" was in the Spanish inscription, and "18" was part of that crazy equation on Map No. 2. The sum of 1, 2, 3, 4 and 8 along the Priest's fishing line totaled 18. The number of dots linking the dotted trail into the Heart Map add up to the maddening sum of 18.

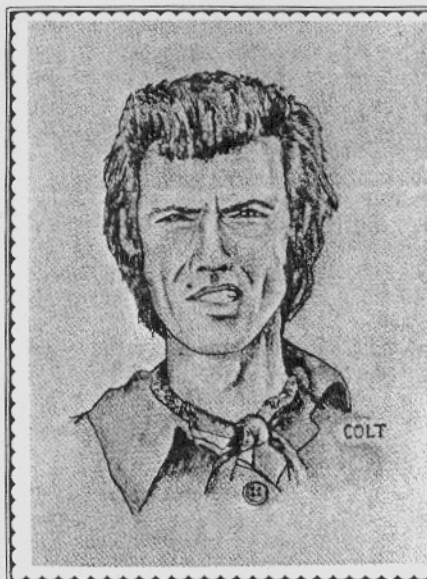
The Florence Quad had been foolishly laid aside during our months of acting like "Einsteins." So much time was wasted trying to solve what we had thought to be a math problem! For several weeks we deliberately stayed away from the Peralta Map solution, but when resuming work we had the Florence Quad beside us. This time we used it!

Photographs of the Peralta Maps were spread next to the Florence Quad. Had we been the hoaxsters, with two blank stone-tablets in front of us, how would we have shown the remaining Florence Quad clues? What was left to show?

Mentally we began to clean house on the Florence Quad. We threw out everything already used by the map-makers when planning Map No. 1. We blanked-out the hidden horse, the meridian lines, base line, ranges and townships, the Tonto National Forest boundary lines, place names, creeks and roads.

We were left with a clutter of grids in the lower half of the Florence Quad. They had become the main attraction on the now uncluttered map. Map No. 2's "math equation" ($2=3$ $18=7$) quickly jumped into focus and became as obvious to the naked eye as the hidden horse above it! The solution was perfect; its simplicity and accuracy were in keeping with the rock-artist's system of honestly clinging to the Florence Quad's original survey.

The gridwork now dominated the lower half of the Florence Quad. Connecting blocks of townships, ranges and sections were stacked side by side in rows, one on top of the other. Like a stack of children's wood blocks, 7 blocks of townships stand heavily outlined in black. Inside each of them, thin black lines are checkered into sections. Each section represents one mile. If we imagine each section line as ladder rungs, or gates, we would have to climb 18 rungs, or open 18 gates on our way from the city of Florence to the hidden horse's mouth



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dipping into Queen Creek. No matter which way you travel these grids, in any of the four directions, you will find that the seven blocks total 18 miles.

The seven blocks have been mapped in such a way that to give an oral description of how they are placed on the Florence Quad, you would have to say there are three stacks of 3, and two stacks of 2. Thus, we have now calibrated the numbers of the mysterious math equation to match the only thing of importance left in view on the Florence Quadrangle Map.

Our brief vacation from the maps brought fresh ideas. Maps 2 and 3 were used as one map, joined together by the dotted trail. These years of trying to out-guess the hoaxster's next move was like having a phantom roommate; we were always together, but never spoke! We had learned something of his behavior pattern and thought it strange he hadn't tried to include the name of his paper-pattern, the Florence Quad. He was too ingenious *not* to record the source of his plan, and this was his last chance to include the name "Florence" as proof of his cleverness. His artist's ego would see to that!

The large letter F signaled the name Florence, and the R and O helped fill in the eight-letter word. Here, the King of Forgers had us checkmated for a time. Remembering that the Greek Omegas had been used on the maps, we noticed that other letters from the Greek alphabet were scattered at random over the remaining maps, and tried converting them into the English equivalents of "A,B,C, D, etc."

Classical Greek came close to giving an answer, but we were left with too many "left-overs" that refused to fit. When forced to fall back on a much older alphabet system, *three words came to life*. Tucked between the amorphous scrawls, the Peralta Maps boast a somewhat accurate knowledge of Primitive Greek. Since there are many symbols to draw from in Primitive Greek, this may be one of those coincidences—but you must admit finding the *fifteen letters* necessary for spelling "FLORENCE QUAD MAP" is worth mentioning, especially since the three words fell into word-groups of 8, 4 and 3—precisely matching the numbers given on the top half of Map No. 2.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 1 2 3 4 1 2 3
 < > O R 3 X 3 ● ^ X V 4 R
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 1 2 3 4 1 2 3
 F L O R E N C E Q U A D M A P

TRUE, the Greek letters were sometimes upside down, but all can be found on Maps 2, 3 and the Heart Map! There is no F in the Greek alphabet. In two instances we had to use numerals instead of letters, but isn't it interesting that the letters in those three words number the same total as the three large numbers carved into Map No. 2?

If you cannot accept the Greek interpretation of Florence Quad Map, there is another explanation. Maybe it's even better as it includes the numeral 1 on Map No. 3. If we put them all together

in a row they read "1-4-3-8."

If we run a quick total of township numbers down the left Quad Map margin,

| | | |
|-------|--------------------|-------|
| T. 2 | The Range Numbers; | R. 8 |
| T. 3 | | R. 9 |
| T. 4 | | R.10 |
| T. 5 | | R.11 |
| <hr/> | | <hr/> |
| 14 | | 38 |

The totals of township numbers and range numbers match the four numerals flaunted across Map No. 2 and Map No. 3!

The hoaxsters made sure we could double-check his determination to turn Maps 2 and 3 into a proving ground for ranges and townships. Below the wavy line on Map No. 2, the numbers in the equation brought attention to township and ranges squares. Above the line, the four numbers outside the heart depression rigidly conform to the township and range totals! Both sets of figures given, below and above the line, dwell on the same subject and would offer proof of the range and township theory as being feasible.

As for the Heart Map? It strongly suggests "Arizona." Arizona was our baby state until Hawaii and Alaska. She was the 48th to achieve statehood, and admission day was February 14, 1912—VALENTINES DAY! As the Omegas say, "She was the first and last, she was the beginning and the end."

Perhaps the F we took to be an abbreviation for Florence really signaled "February." The heart is stressed throughout the maps; it automatically says "February 14." And if *every number on Maps 2 and 3 are totaled, the answer is 1912—the year of statehood!*

| Map No. 2 | Map No. 3 | Map No. 3 with Heart Map | Total |
|-----------|-----------|--------------------------|-------|
| 2 | 1847 | 10 | 45 |
| 3 | 10 | | 1857 |
| <hr/> | | | <hr/> |
| 18 | 1857 | | 10 |
| 7 | | | 1912 |
| 8 | | | |
| 4 | | | |
| 3 | | | |
| — | | | |
| 45 | | | |

The "10", arrived at by combining the 1 on Map No. 3 and O from the Heart Map's Hidden Face, seems logical as the two numerals are joined by the line arching upward from the 1. The arch continues on the "Hidden Face" of the Heart Map, tipped by an arrow pointing to the O.

You say you can't buy that kind of thinking? O. K.! Use the knife flanking the Numeral 1, and its O companion. Sever the two numbers adding up to 10; cut it away from the total of 1912. It is then 1902—birthdate of the Florence Quadrangle Map!

It should be noted that the Peralta Stone Maps have outrageously stolen topographic symbols from the Florence Quadrangle, or any topography map. Such Xs, Os and triangles are codes for horizontal and vertical elevation markers, tanks and wells. The church-cross within a square, shown three different times on

the Peralta Stone Maps, is listed on the sheet of topographic map symbols as a "church." A black triangle is a U.S. mineral or location marker, while other Xs and dotted circles mean section corners, windmills, etc.

WHO KNOWS for sure what ideas passed through the minds of men, or a man, planning bogus maps if, indeed, this is what they are! The only motive for such a wild scheme must have been to make a profit of some sort. This was no spur-of-the-moment project. Intelligently planned and executed, the stone map legend has been ingeniously kept alive for almost a quarter of a century.

A handful of symbols are still unaccounted for. We admit failure. The few left-overs make no sense to us, perhaps they will to you. It may be that we aren't 100% correct in our attempt to give you all the symbols just as they appear on the stone maps. If not, we apologize for misleading you even 1%. Our only excuse is that the maps are more closely guarded than the Crown Jewels. To ask questions about them seems a mortal sin.

These past years of meridians, mathematics, checkmates, stalemates, maps and phantom roommates had to end sometime. We leave the task to someone else; we are tired. Maybe you can put a name to our anonymous prankster. We wouldn't be a bit surprised to find his name somewhere on the maps' fronts, backs, sides or edges as a finishing touch to his masterpieces.

Should you care to add your dollar's worth, for fun or out of curiosity, it is possible to order a photostat of the old Florence Quadrangle Map from the United States Department of the Interior, Geological Survey, Washington D.C. 20242. One dollar will buy a photostat, but if a better quality photographic copy is desired, they can prepare a film negative instead at \$6.00 each. D. L. Pinkerton, Chief, Map Information Office, informed us of a forthcoming price increase that may already be in effect.

It has been an unusual experience trying to match wits with our unknown opponent we call "The King Of Forgers." In dollars spent, he made James Addison Reavis look like a penny-pincher when separating men from their money. When we decided to close our lengthy study of the Peralta Maps, we leaned back and looked over the disaster area that once was an office. Like the Phoenix-bird that rose again from its funeral ashes, a picture of the Heart Map had risen to the top of a mound of maps, books, letters, pictures, cigarette butts and manuscript papers. Its imprudent "Public Face" was having the last word. The staggering figure "1000000" was taunting us: "I'll bet you a million to one that nobody will ever find the Hidden Horse. But if they ever do, I'll bet you another million that nobody will believe your story!"

Too Much Gold Talk

(Continued from page 23)

White Sand Hills area, as the Willow Springs wagontrain campsite became known, seemed to have witnessed the massacre.

AFTER the skeletons had been collected and buried in a common grave, the artifacts were removed to the Sul Ross College at Alpine for study.

Colonel Hayes and others probed the case for several years, during which various theories arose. Probably the most reasonable deduction resulted from the arrangement of the train's wreckage when discovered. That the caravan consisted of forty wagons was unquestionable; these were easily counted as the wagon parts were arranged at the Willow Springs waterhole in a V-shape formation. This was a practice distressed caravans adhered to when Indian attacks threatened.

That the wagontrain was en route from California was undeniable. Colonel Hayes discovered that "the wagon tires and some of the household articles were made of tool steel, proving that the train was returning from California, as tool steel could not be purchased in the East at that date, but was selling from freight boats in San Francisco."

He concluded, after he had made a careful study of all the available Yuma newspaper accounts, that the wagons stopped at Willow Springs early in 1874 on their long overland trek. Hayes reasoned that it would have taken the ox-drawn train at least that long to cover the distance from Fort Yuma to the sandhills northeast of Monahans.

Why did the Missouri-bound travelers take to the rugged dune country when there were other more frequently traveled trails across West Texas? Where the massacred train was found was raw country indeed, and little was known about the region until Captain Randolph B. Marcy sought a relief route across the wasteland during September and October of 1849 in an effort to take care of the traffic created by the California gold rush.

Marcy, while laying out the trail, hired a Comanche to guide him over the unknown stretches. He found the whole country around the Willow Springs waterhole, which became known shortly thereafter as Mustang Springs, one continuous succession of great billowing sandhills. In his report he said that the dunes ranged from 20 to 100 feet in height, and that the sand was so deep his horses sank to their knees at every step. Travel was slow and treacherous, making wagontrain travel extremely vulnerable to hostile Indians. Comanches had claimed the surrounding desert as their habitat for several centuries. (Relics of these long-ago tribes can be found in the sandhills today by explorers equipped with four-wheel drive vehicles.)

There was just one thing, it was decided, that could have detoured the wagontrain through the rough country around Willow Springs—the need for water. It existed in abundance at a depth of about two feet at Willow

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