

The OTHER WORLD of the

By BERNICE McGEE

Photographs by Don Barnett



Our first view of one of the last remaining wilderness areas.

LOCATED somewhere in the rugged Superstition Mountains in Arizona is the famous Dutchman's Lost Mine. Its legend has brought a line of gold seekers to the foreboding wilderness ever since the Dutchman, Jacob Walzer, first discovered his secret source of wealth in 1875. The gold is still there luring its victims year by year to enter this desolate region with their hopes of finding fame and fortune.

For a century the Superstitions have been laid with a carpet of blood, starting with the Chiricahua Apache massacre of 400 Mexican miners in 1848 to the latest fatality, Vance Bacon, a mining engineer who fell to his death from the high pinnacle of Weaver's Needle, on March 26, 1963, just a few weeks before we were to try our hand at entering the beautiful but deadly area. Each of the seven of us had minor injuries during our two weeks in this vast expanse of rugged terrain, but perhaps the Thunder Gods were more gentle with us since the wealth we sought was not in gold.

When most six-year-old children were asking to hear "Jack and the Beanstalk," I was begging my father to repeat, among other stories, the tale of "Jake and His Gold Mine." Thus he entertained me with such accounts, reliving his youth on the desert around Phoenix, Florence and Cave Creek. He answered all my questions as best he could about the old Dutchman and the Indians' superstitions about the Big Mountain. He described also how he hunted quail and rabbit on the slopes of Superstition, hiked its twisting canyons, and explored caves in search of Indian ruins.

His two old prospector-friends, Jake Lemon and "Saltback" Morris, who befriended him as a boy, became my make-believe friends. Most important of all my father gave me respect and love for the Arizona Indians and from this love came a desire to learn more. He also taught me the beauty as well as the danger of the desert.

As I grew older, I studied books on the area, sent for topography maps and memorized the terrain, anything to make me feel a part of my beloved mountain. Then there came a day when there were no more books to help me learn and no people who could give answers to my many questions. There was but one thing left for me and that was to make the trip to see for myself. I was thirty years old before I was given the chance to see my dream come true, twenty-four years of waiting to walk in my father's footsteps and to discover with my own eyes what I had up to now seen only through his. My husband understood my desire and took me to the Superstitions in 1958 and again in 1961. These two trips formed the groundwork for the 1963 expedition.

IN 1961 Jack and I returned from the mountains with stories of the amazing things we had seen and the tales we had heard. Our friends, Don and Darlene Barnett, were as interested as we and the four of us spent much of our spare time during the next two years in talking about this neglected phase of Arizona history.

Don Barnett is a commercial photographer in Fort Worth, and he was anx-

ious to record our findings on film. We then asked Eberhard Jackh and Karl Swoboda, two German students in this country on a training program, to go with us. They were extremely enthusiastic as they had heard legends of the Superstition Mountains in Germany and, most important, they welcomed the opportunity to see the country before their return home. One of the boys was eager to study the insect life of the Arizona desert, as his father is an entomologist for the Uebersee Museum in Bremen.

Our plan for the expedition was to cover as much of the region termed the "Superstition Mountains" as possible. Although there is only one Superstition Mountain, the lesser known surrounding peaks, such as Black Top Mountain, Bluff Springs Mountain, Weaver's Needle, Battleship Mountain, Geronimo Head Mountain, Tortilla Mountain, La Barge Mountain, Iron Mountain, White Mountain, Castle Dome Mountain, Mound Mountain, Spencer Mountain and others all fall into the category of the Superstitions. Our goal was to explore west of Superior to Apache Junction and south of the Apache Trail to the highway at Florence Junction, an almost impossible task in the space of time we had. It would mean working around the clock to obtain the data and photographs we hoped to bring back.

Our home suddenly turned into a gymnasium with everyone working out three nights a week, two hours a night. The other evenings it was a conference room, a school where we held classes on geography, topography and history. We acquainted ourselves with the wildlife and flora of the area, studied maps, compass reading, how to properly use, handle and care for firearms. We used our garage to learn basic mechanics, to repair any damage that might occur to our trail machines on which we would have to depend so much.

Don briefed us on camera order. We were given a talk by Dr. Earl Schraff on emergency treatment, first aid, and the new freezing method of treating snakebite and scorpion sting. We knew that at times it would be out of the question to get to a doctor within twelve to fourteen hours. For eight weeks we

This land is not accursed. It is willing to let men enter its mountains and canyons and leave again—unharméd. Why is it that so few of them do?

Superstitions

trained on a tough obstacle course perfecting our skill in riding the trail machines. We were relying on them to take us deeper into the mountains' interior than ever before possible.

Our original group of six worked as a unit for four months. At the end of this time each of us was aware of the danger involved. We knew that, even though we would be operating as a group, each person would have to rely on his own initiative, determination, physical strength and personal courage to be able to keep up with the rigorous schedule. The geography and topography of the land was stressed so that, should it become necessary, any one of us could make his own way out of the mountains.

DURING our training program we contacted people in Arizona whose help we needed. We contacted the Archaeology Department of the University of Arizona. They were very gracious in their offer of help. Not having conducted an intensive survey of this region, they were most interested in the interior. We

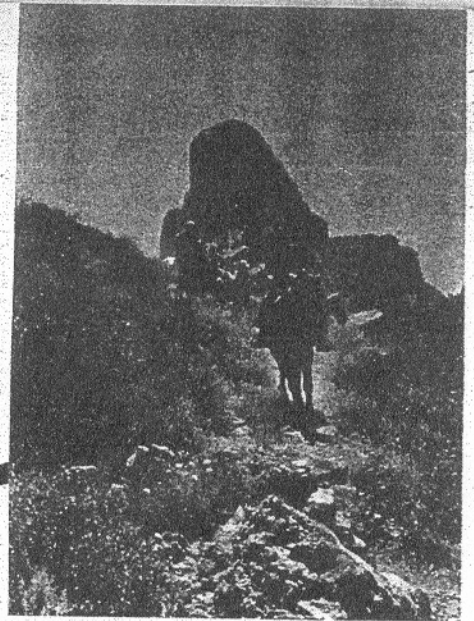
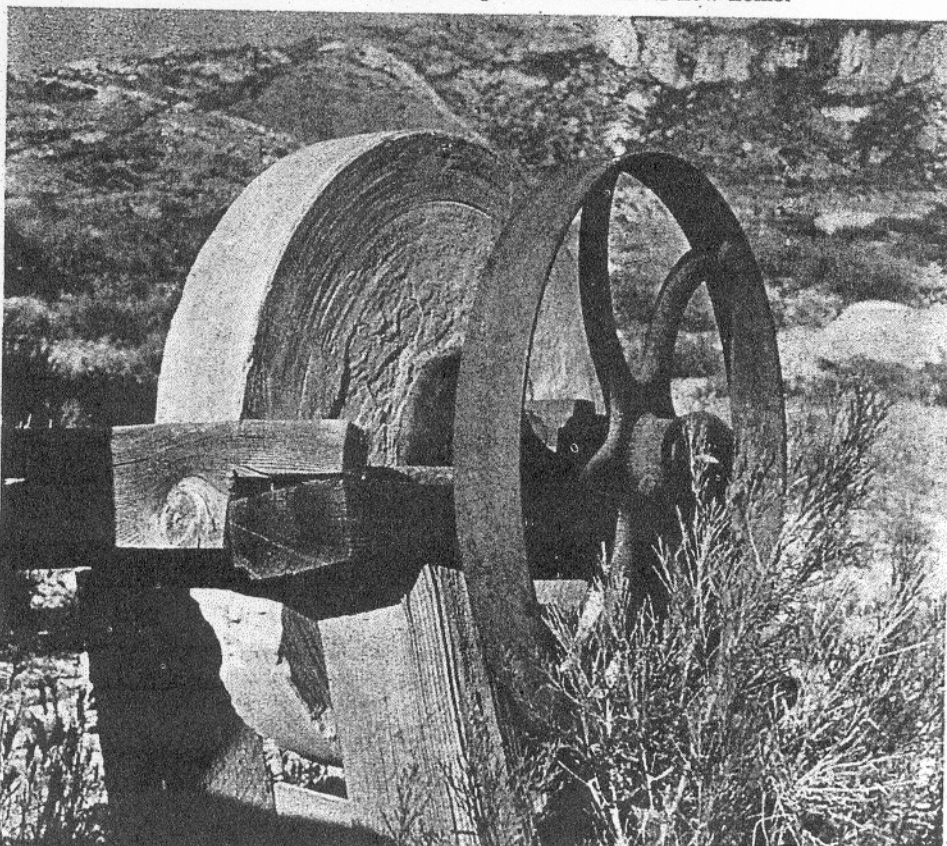
contacted Texas Christian University's History Department in our own city of Fort Worth. Dr. Curtis Nunn was most cooperative.

When our intentions became known, we received help from many sources. Two new buses were lent us by a local foreign car company to carry our heavy equipment. We were given six new trail machines to use where there were no trails. We were donated heavy trail clothing and food for the entire trip. Miss Narda Volinsky, a dietician, planned a 4,000-calorie diet to cover our expected output of energy.

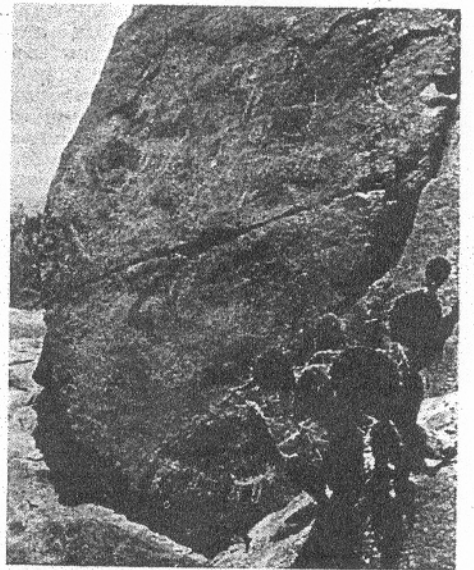
Then a seventh person was added to our expedition. A reporter for the Fort Worth *Star Telegram* was accepted by our unit after two conferences. The paper planned to cover our expedition with a day-by-day article. We did not know if Ed Johnson, the reporter, would be physically able to endure the hardships. It was only a week and a half until departure.

We were later to find that we had a man going with us whom we would ad-

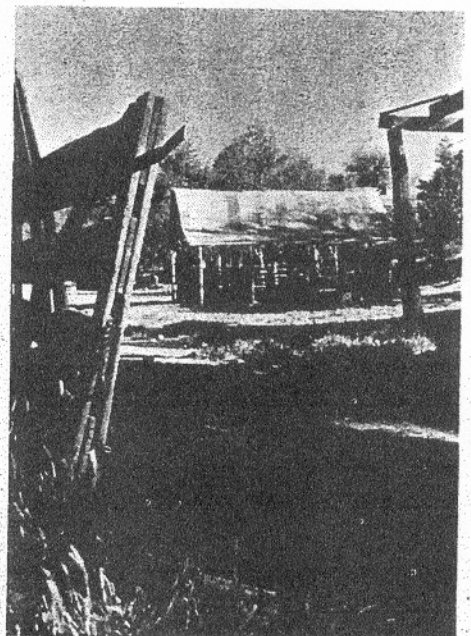
This old grindstone was put aboard a sailing vessel at Swansea, Wales, eighty-five years ago to come around Cape Horn to find its new home.



Weaver's Needle—the compass of the Superstitions.



Petroglyphs



The original Reavis house and orchards are where the barn now stands.

more and more. There were days when we went through hell together and he never complained. He did an excellent job of reporting in spite of the difficulty of finding a telephone to call in his story each night. Don sent in a roll of film per day to use with the newspaper articles.

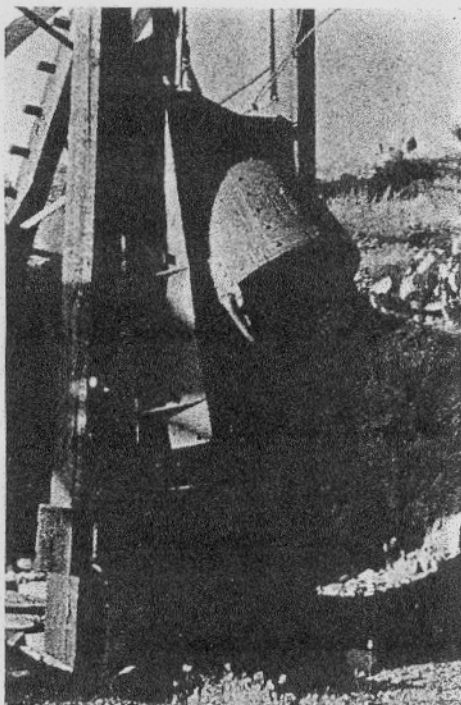
Donations came forth—a transistor tape recorder that we needed desperately, ammunition, medical supplies, and guns of all descriptions. Trail equipment, such as compasses, knives and even a pair of boots, was showered on our reporter. Other calls came from people who had read articles in the library that perhaps we had missed. The entire adventure was fantastic in scope by the time we departed.

ON FRIDAY, May 3, 1963, the seven of us felt a mixture of emotions as the time finally arrived to begin the big adventure. My husband and I shared last minute doubts about taking our five friends into the area. It was possible they could be seriously injured or even killed.

Don Barnett and his wife were busy packing camera equipment. Everyone's face showed signs of strain from the past four months of hard work. Ed Johnson looked completely awed by it all as he stood armed with his portable typewriter. Eberhard made sure all his insect collecting equipment was put in a safe, soft place in the back of a bus. Karl was rechecking the cords that secured the trail machines. TV cameras were pointed at our every move. Newspaper photographers' flash bulbs punctuated our friends' and relatives' good wishes. It wasn't until we reached the outskirts of town that we realized we were actually heading west toward an experience that would create a bond between us that time could never destroy.

We drove straight through from Fort Worth to King's Ranch, Arizona, our base camp for the next few weeks. It is ideally situated on the southern slope of

The Silver King's only remaining ore bucket, still suspended from its gallow's frame, is in perfect condition.



Mrs. Middleton graciously set aside her firm rule of not allowing photographs to be taken of her or of Silver King.

Superstition Mountain. We had driven twenty-eight hours and were exhausted when we arrived late the following night. Sunday we spent the day sorting groceries, unloading and setting up our equipment so we could be ready to start out early Monday morning.

It took half a day to separate groceries into four separate cabins. We would all prepare our own breakfasts to save time; each person was to pack his own lunch to carry on the trail. The evening meals were to be prepared together. It was then we would discuss the day's events, our different impressions and compare notes on our operations. Monday was to be the break-in hike for the group. We would hike from King's Ranch north to Superstition Mountain, where high in a canyon were the ancient Indian petroglyphs we had come to photograph and study.

Monday morning dawned clear and hot. We left the ranch and struck out across the desert floor. Jack and I took turns setting the pace. After we had hiked about an hour we took time out to inspect a strange formation of saguaro cactus. This plant grows at random over this area of the desert, all shapes and sizes, with no two alike. We found four giant saguaros close together in a perfect 15° north-northeasterly direction. We estimated their age to be about 250 years. One would assume they had to be hand planted to be in such a perfect line.

When sighting along the saguaros, our eyes were led to the highest peak of Superstition Mountain. Were they trail markers left by the Peralta miners to point out the Spanish trail? We were to find more trail markers later in the day. We left the saguaros and continued in a northerly direction till we came to a wide and rocky ravine. After crossing to the eastern side we followed this ravine upward into the mountains until it widened and deepened and became the canyon we were looking for. We continued until the

canyon took a sudden 45° right turn to the east-northeast.

In crossing over a seventeen-foot boulder of red lava rock we discovered it was pitted with seven cone-shaped holes. They ranged from six inches to ten inches in diameter and were ten inches to twelve inches deep. We had seen these man-made holes before and recognized them to be mortar holes where ore was crushed by hand. As we rounded the canyon curve, we knew we had arrived at our destination. Between us and the opposite side of the canyon lay two brackish waterholes. On the opposite canyon wall from where we were standing was a peculiar jumbled mass of black cubic lined rocks. Even from where we stood we could make out the petroglyphs covering an area seventy-five feet long and twenty feet high. It had taken two and a half hours of fast pace hiking to reach this spot. The seven of us made our way across a narrow rock corridor that separates the two waterholes, then we scattered to the winds, examining and searching farther up the canyon for the many Indian petroglyphs.

The Spanish markings were set apart from the Indian signs. One lay in the middle of the canyon on a small rock jutting out of the canyon floor. It was as if put there so it could not possibly be missed, for you have to pass this rock from any approach to the water. The first Spanish symbol we saw was a circle with lines shooting in all directions from the center ring, resembling the sun and its rays. A little below this was the word "oro" etched deep in the rock. Oro, is the Spanish word for gold. About twenty-five feet from this we found another similar sign except this sunburst had one of the lines around the circle extended farther than all the others. This arm pointed toward the higher elevations of the canyon. At the end of the extended arm was a solid white oval mark. This sunburst had a

dot in the center of the sun circle. It was evidently a trail marker.

We could have spent the entire two weeks in this one canyon searching the vast area for other symbols. Of the many petroglyphs we examined, several we are quite excited about. Photographs of these symbols have since been placed in the hands of men who have knowledge to verify our beliefs, perhaps. We have tried to connect them with the Apache, Pima, Papago, Salado or Maricopa Indians, but we now have reason to believe that some of these symbols date back to a civilization now extinct. In the excitement of our findings we made the trip back down the mountain in one hour and fifteen minutes. We had been working in a breezeless 115° heat and our canteens were reduced to a mere swallow of water of near the same temperature.

MY HUSBAND and I first met Mrs. Grace Middleton three years ago on our second visit to Arizona. We had read articles about Mrs. Middleton and her town of Silver King, but I can hardly believe the authors ever really visited this place. Some of the derogatory remarks made about Mrs. Middleton had kept us from even trying to visit her remote home on previous trips. These articles led us to believe she lived in an armed fortress, dedicated to shooting any and all trespassers intruding upon her property.

I wish at this point to dispel these stories, my wish not being one of a contradictory nature, because I do not know all of the circumstances. Yet I do feel that many people have taken undue advantage of this lady, trying to encroach on her property by looting and claim jumping. Vandals keep her on constant alert. People have exploited her friendship for personal gain. They think it brave to raid her domain by throwing

rocks at the walls of the guest house and breaking the crystal clear panes of glass that were brought in from great distances by mule train during its construction. Is it any wonder that strangers are at times met with distrust and, perhaps, the sharp whine of a high powered rifle bullet? I am sure any woman living alone in a remote area would shoot to protect herself and her property.

That day our group was to spend searching out trails, poking into abandoned holes and viewing with awe the remains of the famous town of Silver King, as guests of Mrs. Middleton, the owner and lone resident of this once bustling mining town. The "Queen of the Silver King" reigns over her desert empire with undisputed power and a stern but loving hand.

I am not a tall person, but I had to look down into the bird-bright eyes that reflected so much quick humor, kindness and wisdom. This "Ogre of the Mountains" has endeared herself in our hearts. One would have to search a long while to find a more friendly, lovable person. Her knowledge of the region, its facts and fantasies, are amazing.

Mrs. Middleton has prospected and mined all over the area and has claims as far away as her Fortuna Mine two and a half miles from the Silver King. She can blast with dynamite or operate a bulldozer with equal ease. Her sharp mind is as accurate as a calculator and she gives ready answers to any question asked about the eighty-eight-year-old history of the town and the mining done there. Mrs. Middleton's versatility was evident even in her younger years. She worked for a Hollywood cosmetic company and wrote a beauty column for a Florida newspaper. During this period of her life, Mrs. Middleton owned a school specializing in teaching psychology. Her warmth, charm, intelligence and courage

captured the affections of our entire group.

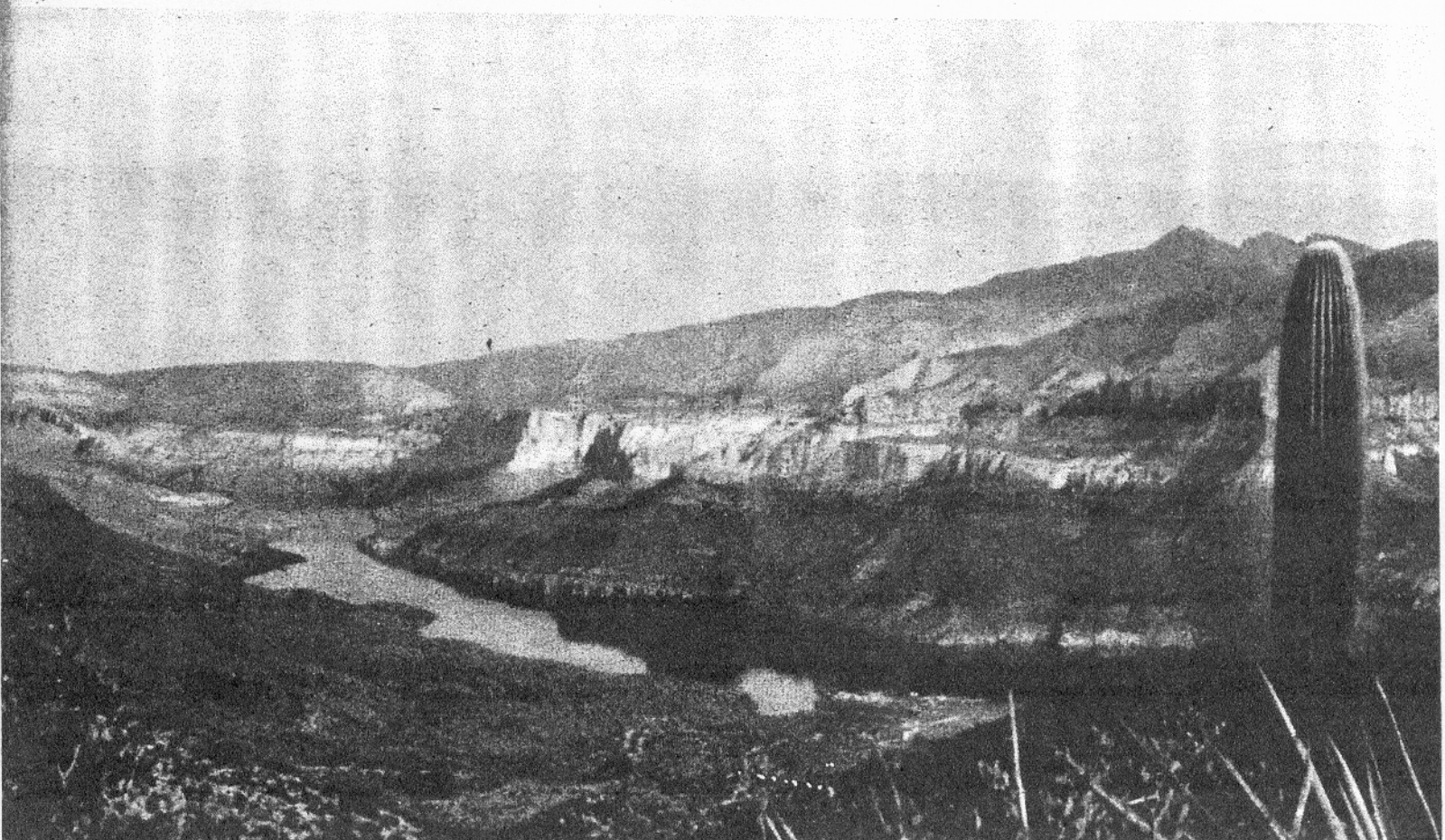
Her home is, in itself, a monument to the town of Silver King. It is built entirely with the remnants of the original buildings. Her small house sits on a hill apart from the old town. From the porch its queen can keep a sharp eye on her beloved city.

In its heyday there were about 4,000 inhabitants. From 1875 to 1900 the Silver King gave up an estimated \$42,000,000 worth of ore. The entrance now is crumbled and the lower levels flooded. Time and the elements have taken their toll in sixty-three years of standing idle. In 1900 the price of silver dropped to twenty-five cents an ounce and the mine closed. It was impossible to bring the ore to the surface, haul it, smelt it and show a profit.

The Cornish miners and their families drifted away to newer finds and more prosperous areas, and the town was slowly taken back to the desert. Wind, sun, rains and shifting earth have erased the feeble work of man until today the only thing remaining is the once lovely and regal two-storied guest house, now as scarred and weatherbeaten as the rocks and hills that surround it. Originally it was built to serve the V. I. P.s who came to the Silver King. It also held the paymaster's office and no one can guess how many "big deals" were worked out in its lavish confines.

This one-time "mansion" has the distinction of being the first house in Arizona to have electricity and bathrooms outfitted with porcelain bathtubs and indoor flush commodes. The large mirror over the fireplace in the parlor must have captured many reflections of gaily dressed ladies and their handsome, bearded, gun-toting escorts. A huge dining room was separated from the living room by heavy wooden sliding doors, handmade

Apache Lake as seen from high on the Reavis Road.





The cords of timber used in the mining operation stripped the Silver King locale of wood for a radius of five miles.

The tintype poses of the whiskered Cornish miners were taken during the boomtown days in the 1870s.



and fitted so perfectly that their opening and closing did not disturb the dinner guests. The kitchen and two bedrooms completed the downstairs area.

A beautiful cherry wood bannister, hand-turned in England, still stands sturdy and gleaming, embellishing the stairway that leads to three upstairs bedrooms.

Around the clock, armed guards were stationed on the roof where a lookout kept vigil against Geronimo's Chiricahuas or anyone interested in high grading a little ore after dark. From the lookout you can see the three-room rock jail. The only prisoners it now holds are the palo verde trees that have grown within its crumbled walls.

THE CORRAL that once held the many twenty-mule teams has withstood the years in grand shape. The head-high circular wall was built by fitting large stones together without the use of mortar. Miners would often smuggle out silver ore and, under the darkness of night, climb over the high wall into the corral, burying their cache in the dirt floor. The trampling of hundreds of shod feet tamped the earth solid again leaving no evidence of fresh digging. How the miners reclaimed their buried treasure is a mystery to us after seeing the large area within the old corral.

Karl walked to the pumphouse and photographed the only remaining ore bucket, still suspended from its gallows frame in perfect condition. The pumphouse stands alone at the near end of Main Street against the backdrop of King Crown Peak. A white lime dike runs in horizontal slashes across the face of the peak.

Most mines of great wealth are found in close proximity to the lime dike which runs from Buenos Aires across South America, Mexico and North America to disappear into the frozen wastes of Alaska.

The pumphouse is near the "Glory Hole," an insignificant looking pit that we were told gave up over \$14,000,000 in silver ore. Mrs. Middleton had dynamited earlier that morning next to the Glory Hole, so we all began digging and picking at the white layers of silica rock that were so recently exposed. She climbed up on the fresh pile of rubble and started carefully picking at the loose rock. Suddenly she called to Jack and me.

With her famous grin she asked, "Which of you two is my best friend?" and handed me an unbelievable work of nature's art. The top of the foot-long silica boulder was encrusted with hundreds of clear crystal formations resembling a miniature city. They sparkled and glittered in the bright sunlight. In the center of the crystals lay a beautiful lavender amethyst. The rest of the piece was streaked with blue from bromide, and greens from chloride. Black specks of native silver completed the color.

To Ed, Karl and Eberhard she gave Apache tears the size of a medium potato. I have never seen Apache tears to equal these in size. To Don and Darlene she gave a boulder of quartz, lined and streaked with silver. Perfect crystals as large as a man's thumb protruded from the top and sides of the round lump of quartz.

We wandered to the blacksmith shop and saw the grindstone that was brought to Silver King in the 1870s. This old grindstone has worked without complaint ever since being put aboard a sailing vessel at Swansea, Wales, eighty-five years ago to come around Cape Horn

to find its new home. The people of Superior still use it at times to sharpen knives, axes and garden tools.

At the mouth of Silver King shaft is a platform that was used by the miners to shower and change clothes after coming up out of the mine. Silver King shaft #2 is only a few yards away, looking much like its sister shaft. Mrs. Middleton briefed us on the shaft that lay behind the crumbled entrance. She said, "King's shaft is 960 feet deep."

The silver was mined at ten different levels with the levels seventy-five to ninety feet apart. Due to the shortage of wood, the lower levels are braced with columns of silver. Mrs. Middleton claims that if she had enough money to reopen the King she could bring out enough silver to make millions. It would cost considerably to start operations. The lower levels would have to be pumped dry at a very slow pace to let them dry out gradually.

Due to the scarcity of water in Arizona, one of the mining companies in a nearby town wanted to pay Mrs. Middleton to let them pump out the water to be used in their own mining operations. She declined the offer knowing that if the water were pumped out too rapidly it would cause the lower levels to collapse. The vein of silver would be lost forever under millions of tons of mud and rock.

Mrs. Middleton knows from twenty-three years of talking with the men who had worked the Silver King exactly where the vein of silver was when operations ceased in 1900. She has seen the old mining engineers' maps of the ten-level plan and has checked the mining records. They have convinced her that the silver lode had not been scratched in comparison to the silver that is still there. She kidded us saying, "All I need is one of your Texas millionaires to back me, and I could bring up a million dollars in less than a year!"

After the tour of the town Mrs. Middleton invited us to look at her prized collection of old photographs. These pictures were taken during the boom days. The tin-type poses of the whiskered Cornishmen at their work are priceless. When she showed us one photograph of the miners all sitting in a group, she

pointed to one of the men in the front row whose head was swathed in bandages. She said a lady from Globe had visited her a few weeks before and had recognized this bandaged dandy. Her uncle had been the one responsible for the cracking of this gentleman's head during a scuffle at one of the local saloons.

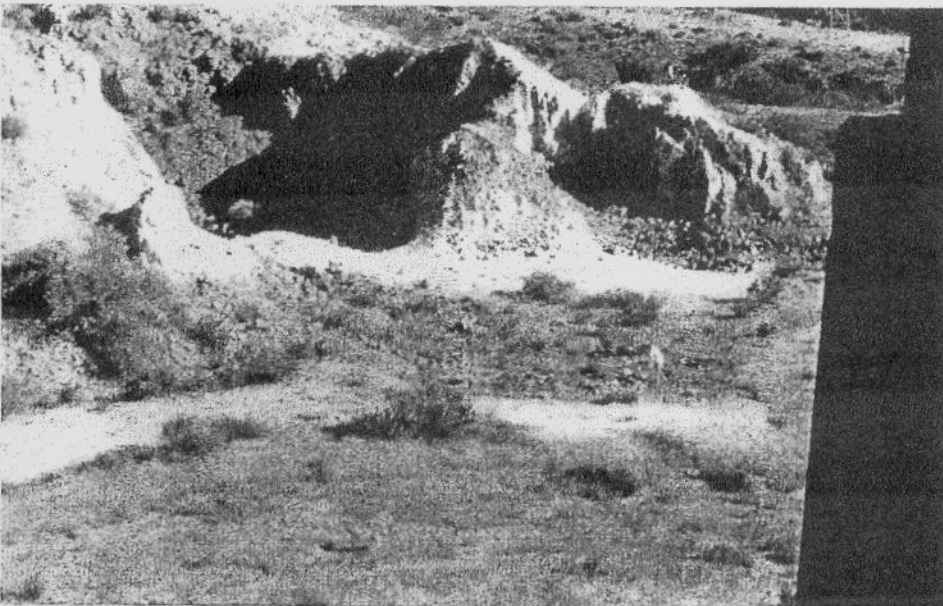
Mrs. Middleton pointed to a pass, high in King's Crown Peak, that marked the beginning of the long trail to Globe. This trail was eagerly used by the miners after a hard week's work in the mine. They would walk the twenty miles to Globe, spend their pay getting gloriously drunk, and walk back in time to report for work Monday morning. And to quote Mrs. Middleton—"without ever rolling down the mountain."

ONE OF THE most touching stories she told was about a child's grave on a nearby slope. This child was a miner's son who had been bitten by a rattler and died. The nine-year-old boy was buried in the upper hills away from the noise of the mines. At that time the higher country was thickly overgrown with wild iris and trees. The child's family put a small iron fence around the little grave and planted it full of the beautiful wild iris.

Mrs. Middleton said just a few months prior to our visit, two men came to Silver King to buy old iron. She told them they were welcome to look around and see if they could find any. In the afternoon they returned from their search asking if she knew about a grave that lay on the slopes of the hill. It had been encircled by an iron fence that had long since fallen over. The two men had reset the fence around the small grave. Mrs. Middleton had heard of the child's grave but had never seen it. The men told her she could easily find it because of the profusion of colored iris.

She could not believe it because for over fifty years, due to the steadily increasing colder changes of temperature, iris had not grown even at the lower levels. She walked up the next day and found the grave as it had been described. The rusted iron fence was holding in a mass of the beautiful blooms that had been extinct for over fifty years. The flowers the child's parents planted had

The "Glory Hole," an insignificant looking hole in the ground, gave up over \$14,000,000 in silver ore.



survived the coldest heights and outlived the hardest trees to remain the only marker to the memory of a little boy.

We hated the thought of leaving her at the end of the day and said our good-byes with the promise to return soon. We left our "Queen of the Silver King" standing watch over her empire of silver.

The shadows were lengthening fast as our bus traveled along the dirt path cut out of the desert by the hoofs of tugging mules and the heavy, wide-wheeled ore wagons of years long past. One could almost hear the zing of the mule skinner's whips. During the twenty-five years of mining operations, the trail from mine to smelter was worn deeper and deeper until today you ride through cuts some of which are eight to ten feet deep. A luxurious feeling to ride on a road cut and graded by \$42,000,000 worth of silver ore!

THE DUTCHMAN, Jacob Von Walzer, when making his historic trips into the mountains, would cross the desert until he came to Queen Creek. Queen Creek runs from east to west following the southern edge of the Superstition Range. Whether he left from Phoenix or Florence he would use this wide, sandy avenue until he came to Charley Whitlow's Ranch, situated on the south bank of Queen Creek. This was an abandoned Spanish ranch until Whitlow took it over in 1875. It then became a stage station to Pinal City and the Silver King.

Walzer discovered his mine in the middle 1870s so it is known that he and his partner, Jacob Wisner, stopped here as a resting place before turning north to enter the mountains. The easiest route into the mountains was to pass an old Spanish ranch and go through a canyon behind Whitlow's ranch. This canyon is now named Whitlow Canyon.

Walzer and Wisner followed the canyon northward to its end. Here they were said to have spent the night at Lady Kavanaugh's Goat Ranch on Milk Ranch Creek. Kavanaugh Mines were located on Mineral Creek as it flows into the Gila River. At the north end of Whitlow Canyon is Coffee Flat Mountain. It is just west and north of the fork where Red Tank, Randolph and Frazer Canyons all converge to form Frazer Canyon. Most of the present-day names of the canyons and mountains were never known to the two Dutchmen. It was, for the most part, an unnamed, unknown wilderness.

At the junction of Randolph and Frazer Canyons there was a small rock house left by the Spaniards of the Peralta mining era where the two men camped at nightfall. This is where the trail was lost by followers trying to track them to their golden bonanza, reputed to be worth \$90,000,000. They could have disappeared into any of the three canyons from this point. Their trail was never known from there.

By continuing north up Red Tank Canyon they could have dropped into lower La Barge Canyon. This canyon continues in a northwesterly direction, winding past Coffee Flat Mountain, Tortilla Mountain, Bluff Springs Mountain, Three Red Hills and Geronimo Head Mountain to finally empty into the Salt River to the north. Randolph and Frazer Canyons would have taken them to Iron Mountain and White Mountain farther to the east.

After Wisner was killed by the Apaches at their mine, Walzer's trips into the mountains became few and far between. It became more dangerous for him to go alone. Not only did he have



On the dirt floor of the ranch house kitchen is a hand-built rock stove.

the Apaches to contend with, but the men who tracked him continually. Many times he was followed, many times shot at, but he always knew how to elude his pursuers and would let them wander in the mountains, obsessed with finding the man who was no longer there.

Fred Moxley from Phoenix and Don Weagle from Fort Worth joined us with trail machines of their own for the next day's journey. We left King's Ranch and rode east to Queen Creek. We followed the creek bed through a haze of extremely fine, blowing sand. After several hours of tough going, someone saw in the distance an abandoned ranchhouse on the north bank of the creek. The house caused a lot of excitement within the group. We knew it was not the Whitlow Stage Station as that had been destroyed dur-

ing construction of Whitlow Dam, its foundation buried under several feet of earth.

This picturesque rock house was built in such a way to indicate it dates back to the 1800s. One room had a stone slab floor, one was dirt, and a more modern wing had a wooden floor. On the dirt floor of the kitchen was a hand-built rock stove in comparatively good shape. The barns and corrals looked like someone had taken special care of them as they were in good shape by any standards. The ranchhouse so intrigued us, we decided to photograph it inside and out. Could this be the old Spanish ranch where the Dutchman stayed? We believe it is.

After lunch, we began wandering over the grounds. While in front of the barn my husband called asking me to see what he had found. There in the dust at his feet were three Apache tears. They were unpolished, with white rock still clinging to them. We immediately got on our hands and knees and began sifting the dirt between our fingers. In less than an hour in this one small area the nine of us had found forty-one Apache tears taken from ground we knew should not contain them. We assume someone dropped them there, but when, why, and how long ago, we will probably never know.

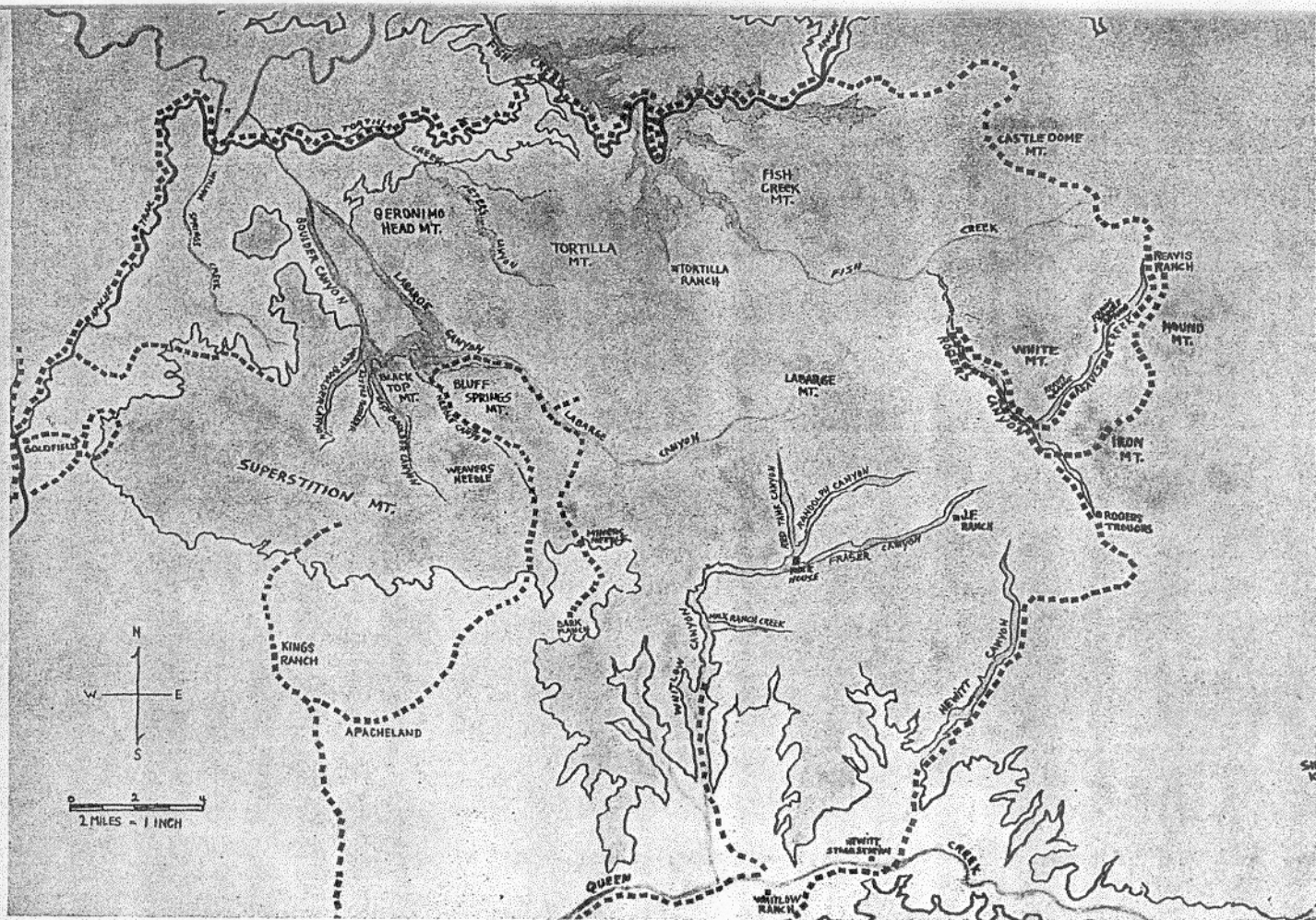
STILL tracing the Dutchman's route on to Whitlow Canyon we crossed Queen Creek. At the end of a ravine we came upon a mine shaft that had filled with water. Ore grinding holes, like those found in Hieroglyphic Canyon, were ground deep in the canyon floor at the mouth of the mine. We immediately tried to get our bearings, took compass readings and sighted landmarks. Much to our amazement this mine matched the riddles the Dutchman used to tell about his mine.

He said, "You can climb up a short distance and see Weaver's Needle." We could!

"The afternoon sun shines in my mine." It did!

Around the clock, armed guards were stationed on the roof where a lookout kept an alert vigil against Geronimo's Chiricahuas or anyone interested in "high grading" a little ore after dark.





Topography map—the dotted lines represent exploration routes.

He said, "You can see the military trail from the mine, but you cannot see the mine from the trail." And it was so!

Had we found the Dutchman's Lost Mine, or was this another false lead that so many had followed before us? Walzer also said, "My gold is in a cache across from my mine."

We spread out and began searching the sides of the ravine for any tell-tale signs of a sealed cache. In about twenty minutes, below a rock ledge and behind a palo verde tree, Karl and I found a place that looked as though the rock had been carefully placed. We called the group together and it was decided without much wasted time to begin digging!

Our only digging tool was a not too substantial collapsible shovel. When the first layer of rock was cleared away, we began to see signs of a cave behind them. The digging became more intense! If this was it, there were seventy-five years of silt, vegetation and rocks to get through. We wore out our shovel digging a hole back under the rock about six feet deep. When the shovel broke, it was useless. We tried digging with our hands but Mother Nature was protecting her own with vigor. As it was getting dark, we decided to return to the ranch and come back to this spot with the proper tools at the first opportunity. We had a tight schedule and we knew we would have to let something else go if we were to continue digging in what we believe to be the Dutchman's cache.

The sad part of this story is that we could not return. There was so much more for us to see and photograph that we were unable to work in the needed time for digging. This spot seemingly

has lain undisturbed for seventy-odd years so we hope it will remain so for another year or two until we can return and spend all our time excavating this one location. Our entire group gets gold fever every time someone mentions the day we followed the Dutchman's route.

We were up hours before dawn, anxious to start our long awaited visit to the Reavis Ranch. The name, Reavis, aroused our curiosity. It was quite prominent on the first United States Geological Survey maps as far back as 1900—Reavis Trail, Reavis Springs and Reavis Grave. We knew the name was quite uncommon and we wanted to see if it had any connection with James Addison Reavis, "The Baron of Arizona" who, in the 1880s, successfully swindled the United States Government out of 11,000,000 acres of land, taking in part of Arizona, including the Superstitions, and part of New Mexico. The Baron held the Peralta Land Grant for almost ten years. This curiosity led us to our most unusual findings, as well as being the most dangerous trip we undertook.

THE HISTORY of the Reavis Ranch is filled with mystery, murder and controversy. From 1875 to 1896, E. M. Reavis, the original founder, lived here. After his murder, Harry and Pearl Knight homesteaded approximately sixty-five acres of the Reavis claim. Harry Knight was foreman for Jack Frazer's J. F. Ranch at the time. Jack Frazer became the next owner of the Reavis after reputedly paying Knight \$3,000 for the claim.

Around 1880, Jack Frazer, a saloon owner, won twenty-nine cows on an election bet. He hired a cowpuncher and

turned him and the cows loose. Frazer's herd grew to such proportions that in 1909, while selling to the Clemons Cattle Company in Florence, Arizona, he guaranteed 5,000 mother cows. The J. F. brand was registered to the J. F. Land and Cattle Company with the Arizona Livestock Board in 1912.

The Clemons Cattle Company eventually sold the property to John (Hoolie) Bacon and A. C. Upton. By then, the boundaries had shrunk to their present size. Then Hoolie Bacon bought out Upton, split the allotments, and sold the Western Tortilla and south J. F. allotments to Bill Martin. The present Reavis owners bought the Tortilla from Bill Martin and the Reavis allotment from Hoolie Bacon.

Forty-five acres of the 125 sections have been sold to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Carpenter. The forty-five acres takes in the present ranchhouse and orchards. We are grateful to the owners of the gigantic Reavis and Tortilla spread for the information given us about the ranch's history, and the privilege to roam over their property at will.

It took us two and one-half hours to drive from King's Ranch to the gate that holds back the outside world of things to which we were accustomed. We unlocked the gate with a key that was entrusted to our care. Our caravan rolled through and the gate was locked behind us.

Apprehension grew as we started up the thirteen-mile road that has been graded out of the sides and over the tops of the highest peaks in the mountain range. Our heavily loaded buses never failed for a moment over a road that is almost more than a person's nerves can



This mine now filled with water coincides with all riddles and clues left by the Dutchman.

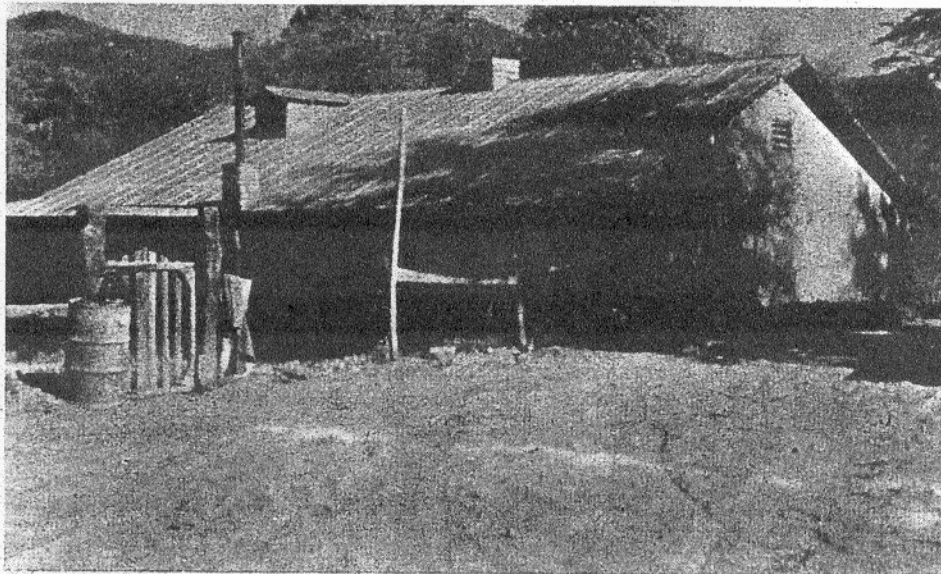
stand.

The road is privately owned and maintained by the owners of Reavis Ranch. They fight a never-ending battle with problems of erosion, both from rains and the ruts left by wheeled vehicles in the loose, soft, sliding shale. We had to drive with our inside wheels up the mountain-side as much as 30° in places to get past the crumbled-out areas that would have sent us sliding down hundreds of feet into the deep canyon. Ten miles an hour was our top speed; more often it was a snail's pace as we climbed higher and higher.

Crossing over Castle Dome Mountain was an experience never to be forgotten. All of us got out of the buses, leaving our two most experienced mountain driv-

ers to inch their heavy load over this dangerous grade. The incline is extremely steep for a distance of fifty feet. The wheels slid perilously close to the edge of the sheer drop-off for the road is just wide enough for the wheels. Don's and Jack's courage was really tested. The rest of us had a hard time walking up the grade, slipping in the foot and a-half of soft crumbled rock.

At last, one at a time, the buses came roaring over the top of the peak where the rest of us stood waiting with a bit of apprehension. Our relief at their safety was overshadowed by the knowledge that in order to get out, they had this peril to face again—worse, on the return, because at the bottom of the extremely sharp incline was a hairpin



Back view of Reavis' ranch house.

curve. If the load was too much for the brakes, the curve could never be made.

We took a ten-minute break on the crest of the mountain to ease the tension from the two hours spent on this terrifying road. This is not just a woman's description which some might discount as highly exaggerated. The men in our group have nerves of iron, but they also were ready for the sight of the Reavis Ranch. We had begun to doubt that the road led anywhere except to higher and more nerve-wracking grades.

I will admit that I was ready to turn around and head back, but there were three things that stopped me from voicing my opinion. One, there was no place to turn around. Two, we would have to go back over what we had succeeded in conquering up to this point. Three, the fear of not satisfying my curiosity about Reavis Ranch was much more than fear of the road.

In the last half-hour of our upward climb the air grew cooler until we actually felt chilled. We thought it just seemed colder than it actually was because we had been working every day in temperatures ranging from 108° to 115°. Then at 5,000 feet, the vegetation changed considerably and the temperature continued to drop. Contrary to what we had seen in the desert, everything was green. Tall trees that still held their winter leaves were everywhere. We had the feeling Arizona was left far behind and we were entering a world strange to behold and difficult to comprehend.

SUDDENLY we came into a valley that was unbelievable. Our now level road wound us through a lush green valley that lay between two mountain peaks, more like a New England setting than one you would expect to find in the middle of the Superstition Mountains. Pastures of tall green grass were held in by log fences that followed the road. We were hardly prepared for the hundreds of apple trees that were in the groves leading up to the ranchhouse. Apples in Arizona!

The ranchhouse and surrounding landscape was breathtaking. A large rock and adobe house faced a pool of clear spring water. White ducks floated on the lake that lay in the shadows of beautiful old shade trees. Wild roses grew along the shore. The wind was blowing in cold gusts and the air was filled with falling leaves. An autumn scene in May. Below were the lower orchards of apple trees.

The ranchhouse with its thick walls was almost too cool to be comfortable. The large living room had a massive rock fireplace at one end of the room. The ceiling was crossbeamed with mighty tree trunks. The ponderous furniture, handmade in the town of Superior and hauled to the ranch over the Reavis Road, matched the massiveness of the house.

The original settler in the valley (1875) was E. M. Reavis. It is alleged he was a second cousin to James Addison Reavis. How this man came to choose the seclusion of this high mountain retreat is not known. We heard him referred to as "The Hermit of the Superstitions," but it seemed he was more of a recluse than a hermit because of his frequent trips into town.

Reavis was a Yale graduate, well educated in languages, science and mathematics. The mystery of what turned him to isolation has never been solved. Rumors proposed everything from being a

bitter, disillusioned, rejected suitor to running away from life's realities. After seeing his beautiful Eden, I can understand why a man would choose to spend his life there. He was not a hermit by choice. There is only one place like this in the world and it happened to be secluded. So he went to the mountain because he could not change geography.

Reavis made his living from the sale of potatoes, cabbages, turnips and the wild things that grew, such as blackberries, raspberries, cherries, and walnuts. He used the water from his mountain springs for irrigating, turning his home into a garden paradise. As his business grew, he hired men to help him. He later raised cattle, for grass and water were abundant.

With his produce loaded on the backs of burros, he and his dogs set out to travel the long, lonely and difficult trail. It winds in a southerly direction from the ranch on White Mountain, following a wide, rocky creek that flowed with clear, running water. The creek has to be forded many times. At one point the trail crosses a meadow of pines so tall they blot out the sky. Its floor is spongy with grass and silenced by a carpet of brown pine cones. Four miles south of the ranch, the trail leads past a spring also named for Reavis.

We found we could follow this ancient trail for a distance of four and a-half miles from the ranch to the Reavis Divide on the Hondas. Parts of the old trail had been lost due to erosion and fallen trees. We rode around these obstacles and picked up his trail again within a matter of minutes. When we reached the divide, the abrupt downward path into Rogers Canyon forced us to leave our trail machines.

The trail had not been traveled in many years and nature had tried to cover it with thickets of "Wait-a-Bits," a lacy, slender shrub with thorns that bite and stay in the flesh. They tore at our clothing and equipment until backing through the thickets using our backpacks as bulldozers was the only way to stay on the trail. The decline is so rapid that the temperature starts to rise immediately. Cool, lush forest of a few moments before changed into low brush so dense we had to fight our way down the trail every inch. The trail could not be followed into Rogers Canyon that day as nearly the entire morning had been spent getting into the Reavis Ranch and unloading our equipment. However, we did want to test the trail first to see what condition it was in before the long journey into Rogers Canyon the following day. Our objective was the cliff dwellings that are known to be along the north end of Rogers Canyon and Fish Creek Canyon.

THESSE cliff dwellings are very remote.

No one, to our knowledge, had been able to photograph and explore them as we planned to do. Trying to carry in the heavy camera equipment was one of our main problems, plus trying to make the necessary miles in this rugged terrain. The grown-over trail was impassable.

Our troubles began on the first day with our weary and painful return from the test run. Due to our complete ignorance of the area, its long, dangerous road, and its lack of any modern conveniences, Ed Johnson found himself five and a-half hours away from the nearest known telephone. We all accepted his responsibility to meet a deadline so, without waiting to eat, Eberhard, Don and Ed took the long trip out.

They started down the mountains in the dark trying to reach the Apache Trail. From the Trail it was twenty-eight miles one way to a "maybe" telephone at Roosevelt Lake, and forty miles the other way to Apache Junction where there was a known telephone. Jack and Karl stayed behind with Darlene and me as two were support enough to make the hazardous trip down the mountain with Ed. We did not expect to see them until sometime in the early morning hours but, to our surprise, at 11:45 that night we heard the sound of engines returning.

They were a frozen, hungry, but smiling group, as they had been fortunate enough to find a battery telephone at a lonely outpost of the Arizona Highway Department. After hearing their plight, a man was kind enough to cut through the red tape of this small, private communication center and put a call through to Mesa, Arizona. Mesa relayed the call to Lucille O'Conner at King's Ranch. She, in turn, called in the story for Ed to the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*. The reading public will never know the hardship in-

involved in getting this article into the paper! All three riders had taken spills hurtling down the mountain, slipping and sliding in the loose rock and gravel. Eberhard was almost thrown over the rim of the road down a 500-foot drop!

Only four of our party made the trip the next day. Much to our disappointment, Karl and I were unable to go along as we had received minor but painful injuries on the test run. We would only have held the others back. We knew we could be of more use to the expedition by photographing the ranchhouse, orchards, and the antiquated pieces of machinery that were scattered over the valley.

Karl and I wished our four companions good hunting for they would have to make their way again down the Reavis Trail. We were a little worried as we had always worked as a unit of seven. Jack, Don, Darlene and Eberhard were the four we checked out. Machines were filled with gasoline, oil was checked, tires inspected, canteens filled and weapons loaded. Medical supplies, food, juices and,



Photograph of E. M. Reavis, "Hermit of the Superstition," was provided through the courtesy of the State Department of Library and Archives, Phoenix, Arizona.

most important, maps and compasses were put into the backpacks.

Ed Johnson stayed behind through no choice of his own. He could not risk missing his deadline again. We readied his trail machine and made sure his canteen was filled. We hated to see him leave alone on the dangerous fifty-mile trip back to King's Ranch. He took the gate key and told us he would hide it near the right-hand side of the gate under three large stones. Ed made a forlorn sight as he started on his lonely way out of the wilderness toward civilization.

We had not packed enough food to last two days and nights. Our four explorers had taken along dried breakfast flakes and juice—not exactly energy-packed for the day they experienced. They told us that morning to expect them back by 5:00 p.m. as we needed to load and be out to the Apache Trail before dark.

KARL and I worked on our diary tapes to help pass the long day. In the afternoon we did some photography when the light and shadow was best. Much of the time we hobbled around the ranch, looking at the equipment, the old mixed with the new. The most interesting item was an iron horse-drawn road grader. We could not visualize how this heavy equipment could have been used to cut a road out of the sheer side of a mountain, and what caliber man it took to sit on this monstrosity and let mules or horses pull him along that narrow road and curves. I felt much more brave about the trip down the mountain in our buses after seeing that!

This old road's history began with the Mormons. At the turn of the century they had planned a summer community in this area. It was to be named Pine Air. A plat was drawn and lots were sold. Several of the old-time residents of Mesa still talk of their purchase of Pine Air property. One still has his original papers to the land.

The present Reavis Road follows the original survey with the exception of two places. The Mormons began building the road from both ends, but the financing gave out and their claims reverted back to public domain. Part of their wagon road is still visible at the lower end of the Reavis Road. The latter was built in 1946 by Hoolie Bacon and his wife. They built the thirteen and one-half miles of road with their own money. No federal or state money has ever been spent.

The Forestry Service wants to open the Reavis gate to the public as it is in the Tonto National Forest, but the road is not ready to receive guests. It would be a disaster to let cars on it at will. After a week of grinding wheels, ruts and erosion would surely send the inexperienced flatlanders to certain tragedy.

The Forestry Service does not want to accept the responsibility of the road and its travelers, yet they want it to be an open road. The owners of the road cannot accept the responsibility for the risks involved. The daily damage to this unstable roadbed would make it impossible to maintain. Both sides have a point, as the ranch is in the Tonto National Forest, but the road speaks for itself.

Shadows were long when we first started listening for the sound of the engines in the canyon. It was 5:30 p.m. when we felt the first inkling of worry. Six o'clock, seven o'clock, eight o'clock and still the canyon was quiet and dark. Karl and I started making plans for an emergency.

We had no telephone, radio or any means of getting help from the outside. We planned to walk the seven miles of the trail with which we were familiar, using lanterns and gunfire to help locate the position of our long overdue companions. If they were lost we could help, but if one were badly hurt we would have to make further plans at that time.

We were starting down into the lower orchards to pick up the trail when we began to see small lights blinking far back in the trees, then the sound of their engines began to reach us. The headlights of their trail machines soon became large enough to make out that there were four separate beams. They were all accounted for!

We did not give them a chance to come to a full stop until we were slapping backs and hugging necks. What a sight they were—sunburned, scratched and so weary! They had spent a terrifying three hours lost in the canyons between Iron Mountain and White Mountain. We heard their story in brief intervals as we loaded our equipment into the buses. We had dreaded our descent in the daylight, but it was now dark.

THEIR story made our anxious hours worthwhile. They followed the same trail as we had the previous day, continuing down the mountain until they dropped into Rogers Canyon. Following Rogers Canyon in a northwesterly direction, they left the Reavis Trail to travel around White Mountain. It slowed them down as there was no trail to follow, and the rocky canyon was difficult to maneuver. They had left a well-marked trail from where we had stopped the day before, to be certain of locating the correct

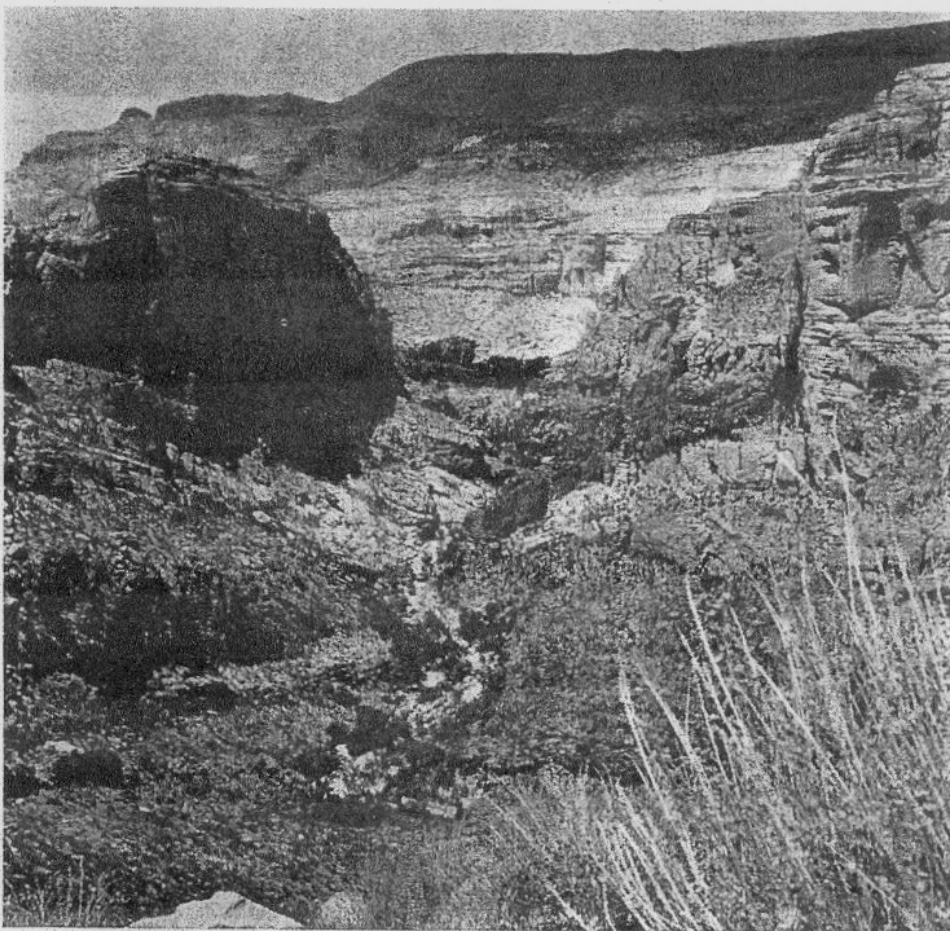
canyon on their way back from the cliff dwellings.

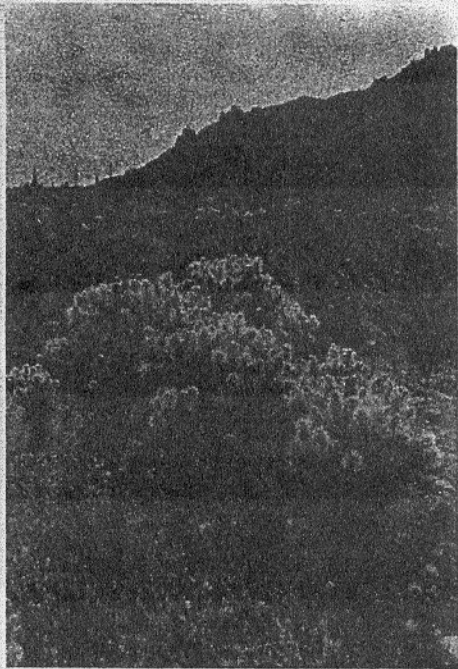
The day passed quickly as they wound their way northward. By 2:30 they were still three miles away from the scheduled ruins—and they knew they had to start back or be caught in this unfamiliar mountain range after dark. The ruins are said to be a mere thirty or forty feet off the canyon floor and a short climb would make it possible to investigate them. However, they found another ruin that no one seems to know about. This cliff dwelling is located at least a hundred feet from the bottom of the canyon.

By using binoculars they could make out what seemed to be crumbled steps or handholds cut out of the rock surface leading up to a large eye-shaped cavern. The ceiling of the cave was blackened by the smoke of many fires. Inner wall structures that looked to be at least four feet tall were still standing in some places. The Salado Indians lived in the Salt River Valley region of the Superstition Range from an undetermined date before 900 A.D. to sometime in 1400 A.D. Then for some unknown reason they vanished. These Rogers Canyon dwellings are in the same general area as the Tonto National Monument cliff dwellings, so it is assumed that they are of the same culture.

Time, our worst enemy of the whole trip, prevented the climb to explore the large cave. Don took photographs of the dwelling from the canyon floor, but the distance was too great to show anything positive. If we could have all been together, we would have stayed in the canyon all night to finish the job we had started. There was water there and,

Deep canyons and treacherous terrain along the Reavis Road.





The Cholla cactus is beautiful but unfriendly to man, beast and machine.

by staying, we could have spent the entire afternoon getting up to this dwelling and continued on the next day to reach the larger more distant dwelling toward Fish Creek.

Realizing that Karl and I could not know of their predicament and would worry, their concern for us was greater than their earnest wish to go on. Plans were made at that time to try again at a later date, using the Hewitt Canyon route to the south, possibly gaining the extra three hours needed.

Attempting to pick up the Reavis Trail again, their trail markers were somehow missed and they found themselves in a box canyon. A mysterious happening for our trail-wise group. Could their trail markers have been disturbed? It was already getting late and to work their way back out to Rogers Canyon would consume precious time.

THEY SAT down for a brief rest before scaling the sheer canyon wall to reach a high point for sighting landmarks. Don noticed a large bear track in the soft sand of the canyon floor—minutes old. This fresh track inspired a quicker ascent up the face of the mountain than they had anticipated. Upon reaching the top, they found (by checking a compass reading against one made earlier that morning from Reavis Divide) that they had drifted too far south in their search for the right canyon.

There was nothing to do but start climbing in a northwesterly direction from one high peak to another. Each summit looked identical and each only threw up another barrier of a higher peak. Completely encircled with a solid growth of chest-high brush, at times they could not penetrate this wall of thorns and had to crawl on their stomachs and all fours, sometimes for a distance of a quarter of a mile.

At this point they were completely unmindful of snakes or any other dangers. The fear of not getting out before dark

This is the entrance to Rogers Canyon from the southern approach.

made these risks necessary. When a place was reached where standing upright was possible, Eberhard used his powerful back and shoulders, protected by his backpack, to tear a path for the others.

Three hours of heat and tortuous work found them without water. Their mouths were seared, lips parched and cracked, from hot dry air being pulled into their lungs while laboring for breath. At last they dropped down into a peculiar grove of trees they remembered from earlier that morning. A few feet to the west was their trail—only six miles to the ranch from this point! The relief of no longer being lost gave them the energy to half-trot the remaining distance to their trail machines. It was then very dark in the heavily wooded area. They flew over the rocky creek beds, jumping the boulders and logs, and hitting the running creek at top speed when crossings were necessary. After reaching the pine meadow, their headlights searched out the trail home to a joyful reunion.

We started the grueling return trip down the steep mountain road. All eyes were glued to the pattern the car lights threw on the narrow road ahead. One glance out across the inky depths of the bottomless canyons was enough to quickly draw the eyes back to the road and keep them there. Jack and Don did a superb job of driving that night, a miracle after their exhausting day.

We half expected to find Ed Johnson somewhere along the fifty-mile route back to King's Ranch. We had told him if any trouble occurred to sit tight and wait for us to pick him up. Then we knew he had made his two-wheeled flight down the mountains safely when we found his "three rock cache." Underneath lay the little key that had opened a new world for us.

We locked the gate behind us and wondered if we would ever have the opportunity to see this lost valley again—lost in the respect that it is lost to the world. I imagine the white people who have set foot in this unknown land number less than a hundred. Because of the water, coolness, and the abundance of forests and game, this was the land the Indians chose for their home. Every mountain point is strewn with evidence of their existence. An archaeological paradise! I hope that someday a complete archaeological survey will be made in this area to preserve the priceless pieces that should be kept in Arizona museums instead of winding up on the mantles or in the attics of tourists. People of science could gradually, piece by piece, put together the life and history of America's first inhabitants. So little is now known about these extinct peoples, perhaps this single area could give us some of the answers about their culture and an explanation of their sudden flight.

"OLD MAN REAVIS," as he was often called, did not know what problems he would cause when he settled in his serene little world. Three eras of civilization are side by side in his valley just a few hundred feet from the ruins of the ninety-year-old homestead. The house that now holds the title of Reavis Ranch was built in 1937 by two cowboys who contracted to do the job for \$500. The Clemons Cattle Company of Florence owned the Reavis at that time. They planted all the apple trees in the old orchard and built a house that burned down. Two women were canning fruit the day it caught fire; the men were away at the time working at Whiskey Springs, a mile southeast of the house.

Clemons also set up a sawmill at the Reavis for ranch lumber, as everything



had to be packed in from the south over Reavis Divide, a distance of twenty miles from the Silver King and forty miles from Florence.

The orchards also hold apples trees of three different ages. The original ones planted by "the hermit" are where the barns now stand. A few yards from these is the saddle shop where the old man's house stood.

John Bacon and his wife planted the trees in the newest orchard. Of the 500 planted, 350 remain. Lack of care and grazing deer killed the others. From the three stages of planting, the Reavis still has perhaps 500 tree flourishing in the upper and lower orchards.

While traveling past the ruins of the hermit's old house, we wondered at this man who gave the Superstitions one of its strangest legends. A man who came from nowhere, his life a complete mystery. He lived as an eccentric, more than a hermit, from the day he built his "Garden Valley" until the day, twenty-one years later, when he was found murdered on the trail that bore his name.

On his last trip down the Reavis Trail, he was assassinated. His burros were loaded with the produce he was taking to Silver King and Florence. He had planned to go on to Mesa for seed potatoes. Murdered after going over the Reavis Divide, his body was found between the divide and the bottom of the trail as it drops into Rogers Canyon. Bud Neighbors and James Delabaugh, prospectors, found his body on April 20, 1896. His dogs and horses remained near his decomposed body. Some say he was partly eaten by coyotes and wolves, but it was probably his own dogs tugging at his body trying to rouse the still figure. Reavis was buried near the trail by the men who found him as was the

general custom of the times.

Robbery was not the motive because he always used the money from his sales to buy provisions. Rumors were that he had gold hidden on the mountain. But why wait until he had left it, if gold were the motive? There was still another inference made. Reavis had never filed on his homesite, but had squatters rights. Perhaps it was not open to entry at that time.

He did establish water rights to Reavis Creek and its tributary canyons for irrigating his crops. Superstition country is arid in late spring and summer. The increasing numbers of cattle began to wander where feed and water were best. As the cattle increased so did the amount of needed range. Offers were made several times to buy out Reavis, but each time he refused. The cattle began to eat crops and he, in turn, bothered the cows. So things stood when the hermit was murdered.

In the next 100 years when the people involved get to the "great-great ancestor" stage, the real story of this Superstitions mystery may be told. It will be quite interesting to learn how it was accomplished. I am sure it was from ambush as both white and red men had a deep respect for the old man's marksmanship. Man, deer or bear did not stand a chance when Reavis took aim. The Apaches who wandered over the entire southern end of the Pinal Mountain Range had a great fear of the Reavis rifle and usually left the tempting vegetables and fruit in the valley alone.

One of my favorite stories is how Reavis outwitted the Apaches who banded together in an attempt to make a raid on the ranch for food and livestock. Old man Reavis was smart enough to know he could not hold off fifty Apaches. He



waited until they were near the cabin, threw open the door, and ran out screaming like a madman, tearing at his long matted hair and beard. His face and nude body were smeared with ashes. The Indians turned and fled the valley in terror. Reavis knew the superstition the Indians had about evil spirits that dwell in the body of a demented person. To kill this person would unleash these spirits to enter the body of the murderer. Reavis was never to have any more trouble from marauding Indians!

The hermit's appearance would have startled anyone. A tall, erect frame was accentuated by long, uncombed auburn hair and beard. Facial features were undistinguishable under the masses of hair and heavy brows. He never touched a comb to his shaggy tresses and never was known to change his variety of clothing—overalls; flannel shirt and an old coat when needed.

The only time his head was free of hair was when he fell from his horse one evening after drinking with some of the boys at Tempe. On their way home he took his spill about the time they reached Florence, and landed in cholla cactus. To rid him of this mat of cactus and hair, his friends had to cut it away. The next morning—sober—he saw his own face for the first time in years. Reavis had himself branded on the flank with an "H" so he could recognize himself if this ever occurred again!

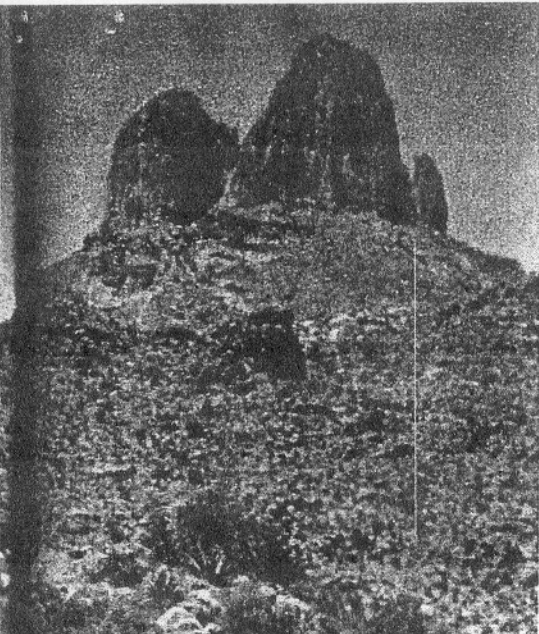
There were many dancehall girls who tried, to no avail, to become the Eve in his Garden of Eden, complete with apples and serpents. He would push them aside saying, "I only drink with the men."

I like to think that, somewhere, old man Reavis, Jacob Walzer, Saltback Morris, Jake Lemon, and a score of others are lifting their glasses and having a good hearty laugh at us puny mortals scrambling over their land trying to unravel the snarl of mysteries they left behind, and thanking their God that they lived in an age where legends were made not told.

WE FOLLOWED our hand-drawn map as well as we could as we searched for the route to Hewitt Canyon. The map was hard to distinguish in the early hours before dawn. I had sketched the map the previous afternoon when our newly acquired friends at Apache Junction volunteered to make a test run to

This Spanish trail marker signifies wealth. Extended arm with white oval at the end indicated direction to be followed.





The Dutchman said, "From my mine I can climb up a short distance and see Weaver's Needle."

the unmarked entrance to Hewitt Canyon. They knew no one could describe the way to the mouth of the canyon, it had to be pointed out. The trouble most visitors encounter on their first visit to the Superstitions is that all canyons tend to look alike to one not familiar with the area. You can drive for hours on a good road winding through the desert but when you reach the end of it you do not know where you are or where you have been.

Our friends saved us many hours of trial and error. They pointed out the route step by step. We did very well remembering until we got onto the dirt roads. We reached the entrance of Hewitt Canyon just at daybreak. From there, we were on our own.

We drove up the canyon's sandy bed for several miles until we unexpectedly found a dirt road. We felt we could really gain time now, and time was what we needed most on our second attempt to reach our elusive cliff dwellings. There was so much smug self-satisfaction that Fate must have decided to give us a good slap on our large egos.

We came to a fork in the road, something we were totally unprepared to find. The lack of maps showing this road took a toll in precious hours. By now you have guessed—we took the wrong turn. We did Arizona a good deed, however, as we spent hours rebuilding five miles of road for them. The seven of us worked like a road gang filling four washed-out places that could not be crossed even by jumping. Bruised egos were completely toppled when we found our efforts had taken us to an old deserted mine and a fallen shanty.

The road we needed was above and to the north of us, a thin beige line running high on the mountain. As yet unbeaten, we put all the gear on our backs and started out on foot. After climbing through gullies, over rocks and under the forest boundary barbed-wire fence, we picked up the trail that would take us to Rogers Troughs. It was a straight-up hike for what seemed like hours on this old but passable road. We had to stop every few yards to get our wind during

Black Top Mountain is the most dangerous area of the Superstitions.

the perpendicular climb. Each rest period brought on fresh complaints about the wrong road that we had just put together with our bare hands, and our laughter could be heard echoing throughout the canyons.

There was a gradual change in the vegetation. At Rogers Troughs green thickets and large trees made an ideal spot for camping. The concrete troughs catch the dripping water that trickles down through a small pipe from Rogers Spring, a few hundred yards higher up on Iron Mountain. It was difficult at first to spot the troughs because of the groves. At the north end of the valley we passed a corral. In the corral were the troughs, almost hidden, under the branches of a large shade tree. We stopped long enough to fill our canteens.

We knew there were several Indian ruins on Iron Mountain nearby, but we did not take time to explore the valley or the mountain slopes surrounding it. We were still determined to see if we could get to the cliff dwelling we found the week before while at Reavis Ranch. On the way from the troughs toward the creek bed in Rogers Canyon are some stone house ruins. Two sets of them lie fairly close together. It is hard to determine if they are of Indian or Spanish origin. The stone breastworks resemble the work of Spaniards. Placer gold had been found in the area around Rogers Troughs. Two cyanide tanks side by side sit like two deadly twins near the stone ruins. The word "Poison" is printed in black paint on the sides of the tanks.

We had never seen this part of the Reavis Trail and felt quite fortunate that we had come this far, a distance of twelve miles, on our own, through an unfamiliar section of the Superstitions.

Someone was on the trail ahead of us and by only a few minutes. We never did spot our phantom horseback rider all that day, even though his fresh tracks made him our constant traveling companion. Could this inhabitant of the Rogers Canyon area be the reason for the disappearance of our trail markers the week before?

Rogers Canyon was full of rivulets and pools of good cold water. We walked for several miles up Reavis Trail crossing from one side of the canyon to the other. Seven hours had passed since we

started into the mouth of Hewitt Canyon. We figured the time it would take to get out would be cutting it pretty close and as yet, we were not within sight of our ruins. But we found our own tracks made the week before and had traveled the entire length of the Reavis Trail during our explorations.

We decided to gamble with the valuable space of thirty minutes and go on a bit farther. We lost! The thirty minutes found us still too far south of the dwellings. It would have been simple to spend the night in the canyon, as we had our supply of emergency rations and water was everywhere, but plans had already been made for early the next morning.

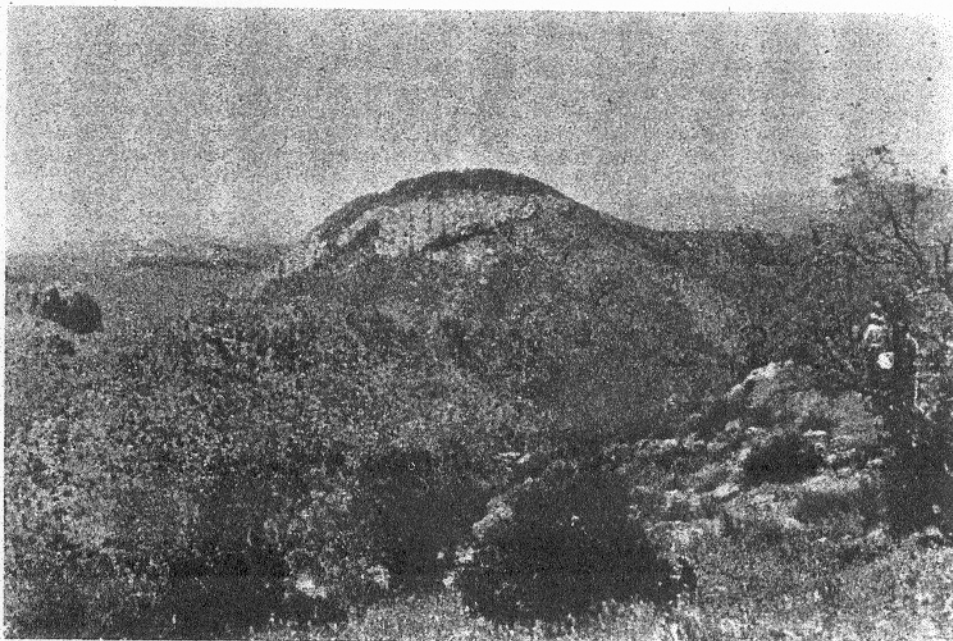
We had a 7:00 a.m. appointment with two guides, seven horses and a pack mule for a trip that was luckily saved for the last day of our scheduled stay in Arizona. We were going into the most dangerous area of the Superstitions—Weaver's Needle, Black Top Mountain, Needle Canyon and La Barge Canyon to obtain photographs of the Peralta master map.

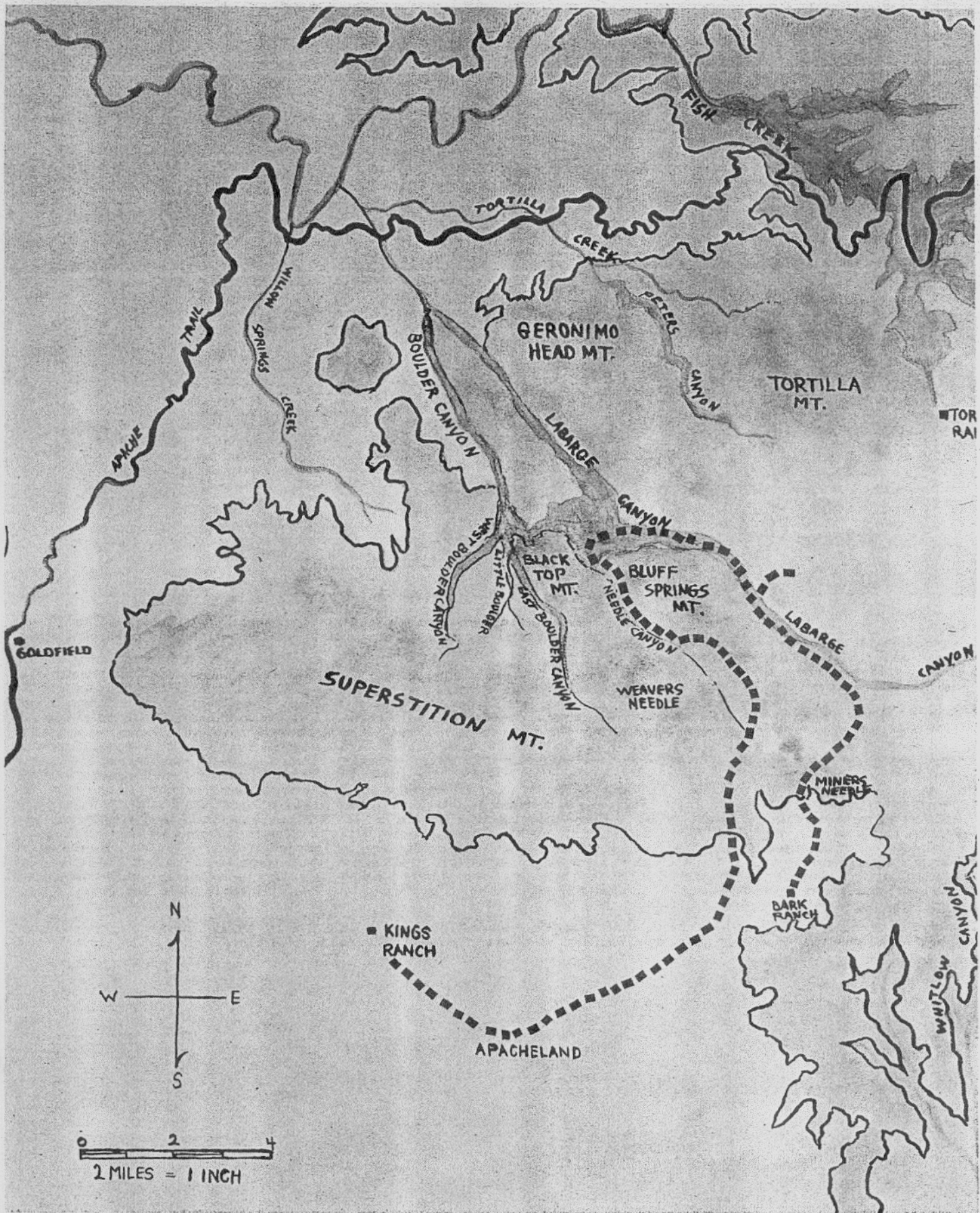
A footsore and heartsick group turned and headed back the sixteen miles to the start of Hewitt Canyon. The steep road kept us in a half-trot, slipping and sliding most of the way down. We had only one day left in Arizona. We know that next time we must spend at least seven days and nights in the canyon. It will take all seven days to explore this one area known to contain cliff dwellings.

WE HAD not anticipated that a twelve-hour horseback ride was about the most hazardous and bone-aching way to get into the mountains of any. We contacted Tom Daly who is rancher, wrangler and guide—the wiriest, toughest man we encountered. We asked if he could provide seven horses and a pack animal for the cameras, and if he could guide us past Weaver's Needle to La Barge Canyon to photograph the Peralta master map. In answer to our request to take us up on Black Top Mountain to photograph the Spanish petroglyphs he said he would, but he did not like the idea. The last two times he had taken someone up there he was fired upon.

Tom said, "They are just trying to scare you when they shoot, but they just

(Continued on page 55)





The thirty-five mile route taken on horseback to photograph Weaver's Needle and Peralta master map.

The Superstitions

(Continued from page 15)

might hit somebody trying to miss!"

Black Top Mountain lies directly north from Weaver's Needle. It was agreed that he would guide us and if we had time, we would go up on Black Top.

We met Tom early in the morning at Apacheland, where his horses are stabled. From there we rode across the desert floor to Linesba Ranch, a distance of seven miles. This part of the ride was wonderful. We were fresh, the saddles were soft, and the ground was flat. At the ranch we dismounted to check cinches and make sure all the gear was properly lashed on the mule. The Linesba cattle trail took us into the mountains. After a few minutes on this trail, we all wished we were back at King's Ranch drinking coffee on the patio. The trail was very steep, narrow and rocky. This ride is not one for tenderfeet such as we. Only people who have worked cattle in this terrain can appreciate the fear we began to feel. But the horses were excellent mountain beasts and were quite deliberate where they placed their hoofs, watching for loose stones that might roll with them and with us. I am sure had we been astride horses from the flatlands of Texas, we would all be at the bottom of a canyon now.

Tom had brought along Blackie Gross, seventy-one years young. His saddle was engraved "Champion All Around Cowboy, Tucson, 1954." That made some of us wonder if our tender ages of mid-twenties and thirties would be good enough to maintain the pace. Blackie was riding a spirited animal that he claimed was the most surefooted of any he had ever owned. After a couple of

hours on the trail, we were all in agreement with Blackie, for he rode on the trail, off either side, urging us on, his horse often sliding all four feet in order to maintain its balance.

There were three hours of holding our breath and trying to find a soft spot on the saddle as we ascended Bluff Springs Mountain and made our way down into Needle Canyon. This is on the east side of Weaver's Needle. From this point the Needle is not one shaft of stone pointing skyward as is usually seen, but three separate giant spikes looking much like a trio of tepees from an ant's point of view.

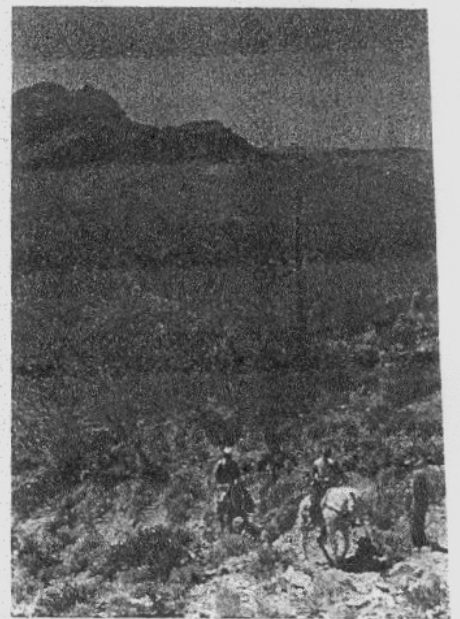
During a ten-minute "water and get the kinks out break," we photographed the Needle from an angle few people get to see. The spire had recently claimed another victim. Vance Bacon, a mining surveyor, fell to his death from the uppermost peak, thus adding kindling to the legends of the mountains. Most of the accidents or fatal misfortunes have happened in a close proximity to the Needle. It is an extremely rugged area, and one that tells a tenderfoot or experienced hiker, "Beware. Danger. Proceed at your own risk." It is not written anywhere, but you can feel it in the air. From the time we had the Needle in view, we felt as though a dozen pair of eyes were on us, watching our every move. It was somewhat reassuring to look around me and see eight other people with the same thoughts crossing their minds, and knowing they were friends, well armed, and able to protect themselves.

Our ten minutes up, we headed down the trail where Tom had told us there was good water. Our canteens were considerably lighter for the heat and dusty trail had produced an unquenchable thirst in all of us. Had the trail been

Eberhard, Ed, Don, Darlene, Bernice, Jack and Karl. Modes of travel utilized included Volkswagen buses, Honda trail machines (and fourteen good legs when motorized travel became impossible!)



Winter, 1964



Blackie Gross and Darlene on Linesba cattle trail cross Bluff Springs Mountain

enough to gallop our horses, I am sure we would have raced to the waterhole

WE WERE descending a steep part of the trail when tragedy almost struck. To the right, the mountain rose abruptly and to our left it fell away to a canyon bed some 1,000 feet below. The horses were having trouble keeping their footing on the loose rock and shale. Suddenly there was a place in the trail where the horses had to step off a three-foot boulder. The first two horses made it fine and it was my turn to follow the leader.

My horse stopped at the boulder, hesitated a moment, shifted her weight from one foot to the other as if trying to decide how she should make the drop. Finally, she stepped down with both forefeet. I had not noticed that one of the horse's hoofs touched a loose rock, which rolled in under her, buckling her legs. She fell to her knees and in toward the rising mountain on our right. My right leg was caught between the horse and the mountain. At this moment, completely off balance, the horse floundered to regain its footing. I was pitched head over heels over her neck. When I quit rolling, I tried to help the horse regain her footing so she wouldn't roll down the slope to the canyon below.

I could find no broken bones and all of me seemed to be functioning. Then I happened to think, "What if the horse had fallen to the left instead of the right!" I thanked God and climbed back into the saddle.

I thought I knew exactly how this country would look from the interior region. I had my mountains placed right, but the canyons had me puzzled. Two years before we had climbed the Dons Trail, at the south end of Superstition Mountain, to get a view of Weaver's Needle, Black Top Mountain, Bluff Springs and canyons that we had memorized from maps. The Dons Trail starts in Peralta Canyon, and at that time represented a two-hour climb. This year we found that the Forestry Service had put in a wide new trail that could be hiked in half the original time. From the Dons Trail you are unable to see Weaver's Needle until the last fifteen feet of the climb. Then it emerges over

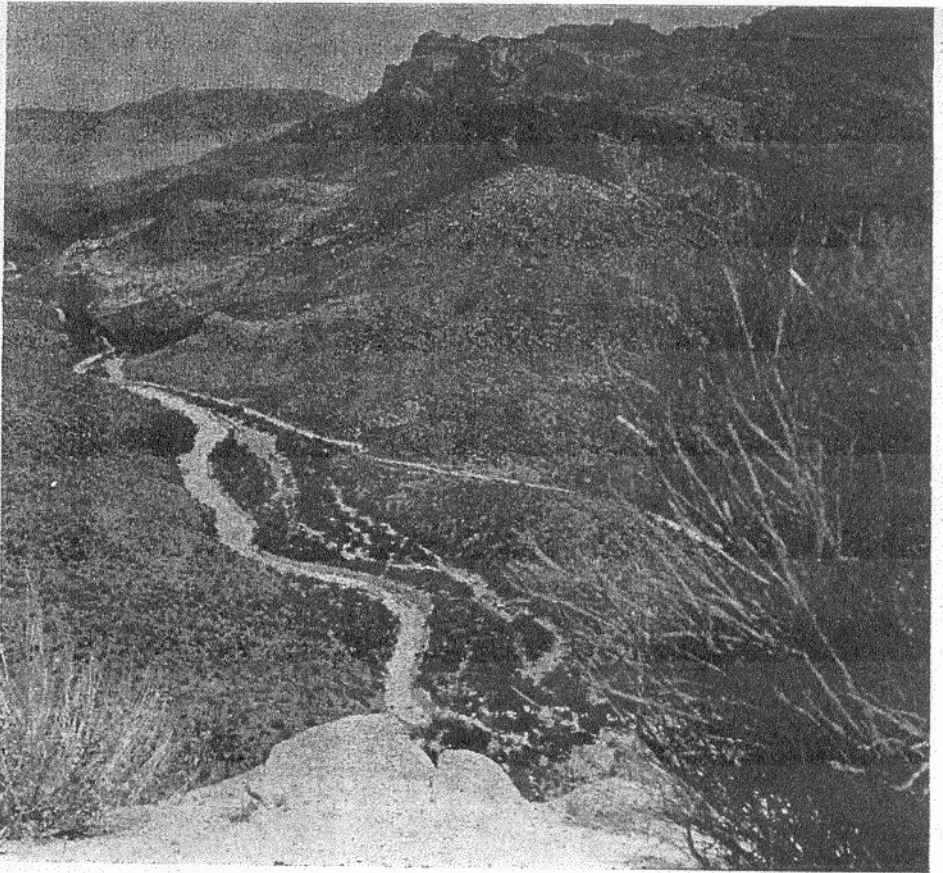
the horizon of the pass, every step bringing a better view.

It is a deceptive but beautiful panorama. The mountains look tall and the canyons deep. The bottom of Needle Canyon looked so deep and narrow it seemed at the time to resemble a thin silver ribbon separating Black Top Mountain and Bluff Springs Mountains. Later I was amazed to find how shallow Needle Canyon really is, and what little time it takes to travel the length of it.

Black Top Mountain was very small. We could have been to the top of it in thirty minutes to photograph the set of Spanish symbols that is carved on the southeast corner. I have seen pictures and sketches of these symbols. They match to a degree the ones we had seen earlier in Hieroglyphic Canyon. (The sunburst symbol with the word, oro, beside it and a Spanish land measure sign meaning fifty varas—33 1/3 inches to a vara.) There is also a small map that no one can decipher. I have heard there is a snake sign pointing straight down.

Knowing this, we were not surprised to see an excavation exactly below the region of the secret signs. Someone has made a tunnel that could be used as a subway from the size of it. It was located about 150 feet, approximately 50 varas, below the rock carvings.

I tore my gaze from Black Top to scan the sides of Needle Canyon for other signs. I had read of a rock marker that had been erected by the Indians to put a blood curse on any white man who dared trespass on their land. I was so busy looking for this alleged "curse" that I was not keeping an eye on the trail. Without warning, I felt my right boot catch on something. It was holding fast. I was being dragged out of the saddle by a metal survey marker which



Fish Creek Hill is a breathtaking highlight of the drive over the Apache Trail. The road drops from this high point, taking only a few moments to reach the floor of the canyon below. Fish Creek can be seen to the left of the Apache Trail.



had caught in the rawhide laces of my boot.

I kicked my other foot free of the stirrup and was turned around in mid-air facing the direction from whence we had just come. My horse gone from under me, I hung like a kite tied to the ground by the marker. I felt sure I had cracked a rib or so, as my back had landed on a sharp rock that tried to find its way through my rib cage. After two falls, I decided that "The Indian Gods in Charge of Curses" had kept busy hanging on my shirt-tail the entire trip.

WE STOPPED for water near the junction of Bluff Springs and Needle Canyon. I looked back for a brief glimpse of Weaver's Needle; it now wore the face of the Needle I recognized—a singular spire of granite thrust up out of the earth to stand majestically tall; a lonely sentinel, looking as though it has taken upon itself all the sorrow it has had to witness since the day it was created.

There is a large cave on the Bluff Springs side of Needle Canyon. It is thought by some to be the cave the Dutchman spoke of when he said, "Across from my mine is my cave." His mine was in a canyon running north and south as does Needle Canyon. That would place his mine on Black Top Mountain which is directly across from the cave. I personally do not think his mine is in this part of the Superstitions. Every

Joe Kelly, prospector and friend, relates the history of the old Doc Palmer Mine. It is located on the northwest slope of Superstition Mountain. Joe is telling Bernice about the ruins of the Palmer Mine powder house where the explosives were kept.

rock has been turned over three times in the last sixty years. If it is ever found it will be in a more easterly part of the wilderness.

We turned into La Barge Canyon toward Charlebois Spring where, after riding six and a half hours, we were going to stop, rest and eat. On the way to the spring, we passed several deserted camps where gold seekers had spent their time and energy digging in the mountains.

The rest stop passed all too quickly, for Charlebois is a beautiful spot—green trees, flat ground and a bubbling spring of clear, cold water. Each of us drank our canteens to the bottom twice. Finally, we were ready to continue up La Barge Canyon to photograph the Peralta master map.

After riding about three miles, Tom said quite casually, "There's your master map." It is on the left-hand side of the canyon going south, a wall of rock that is very flat and the color of burnt toast. The map is etched deep into the rock and is supposed to be the key to the Peralta Mines.

It is said there are eight or eighteen mines. If you can unscramble this map, all their wealth is yours. It is hard to understand why the map was put here. There is no water, and no place for a camp—just a narrow ravine with a sandy creek bed.

Our thoughts have worked overtime trying to figure this riddle. Did the map maker draw from memory, or was he looking around at the landmarks from this spot and etching it as it was? The Peraltas were known to use La Barge Canyon as an entrance into the moun-

tains. Here again, as in Hieroglyphic Canyon, the map was put in a spot where it could not possibly be missed. The canyon narrows to a mere eighteen feet at this particular spot. Weary and saddle sore, we joyfully unpacked our cameras and measuring instruments. The opportunity to document the authentic route to the now hidden Peralta Gold Mines was ours.

When we started out of the mountains, it was getting late and the ride back was long and hard. Tom and Blackie decided to take us to the old Jim Bark Ranch, now called the Quarter Circle U. It was closer, and time was of the essence. The trail became bone jarring, and we found ourselves standing up in the stirrups or holding our weight off the saddle by leaning heavily on the saddle horn. I am sure it must have been amusing to the cowboy guides to watch our agonizing efforts.

There were no water breaks on the way back. It was either drink while at a half-trot or do without. We came out of the mountains over a rock pinnacle called Miners' Needle. The shortest route to the ranch was straight down, so down we went. This entailed the most tedious riding we had ever done. The horses were in a vertical position most of the time. In order to stay in the saddle, our backs and the horses' rumps would touch. It took us forty-five minutes to descend the rocky butte, and we were fortunate to get down without further mishap.

Once on the valley floor, another three miles brought us to the vacant Quarter Circle U Ranch where there was plenty of water and a nice, hard front porch to lie upon. By this time it was 7:30 p.m.;

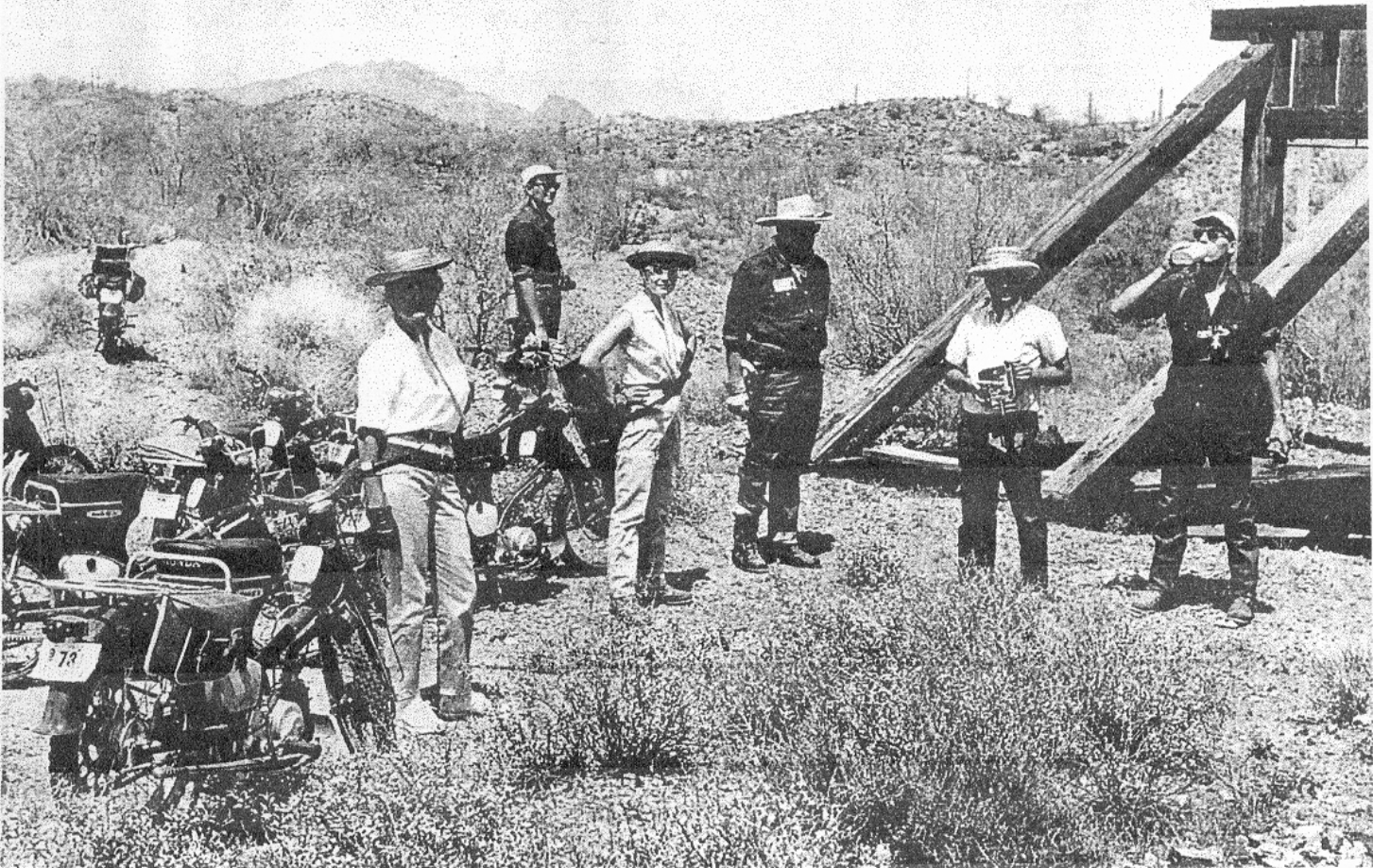
the corral at Apacheland was still to twelve miles away. Leaving us at deserted ranch our guides rode in darkness to Apacheland. I know the seven of us did not move during the three hours it took for them to return with our horses. Lying there in the dark, we could hear a tremendous booming sound come from the mountain's interior. It sounded on this last night in Arizona, like Thunder Gods bidding us farewell and inviting us to return as their welcome guests. We had kept a pledge not to deplete or disturb the sacred ground of civilizations past. We had been allowed to see and to learn more than most; the amount of knowledge attained is but a speck of sand to the desert. This expedition was at its end and we realize our quest for knowledge had only been whetted.

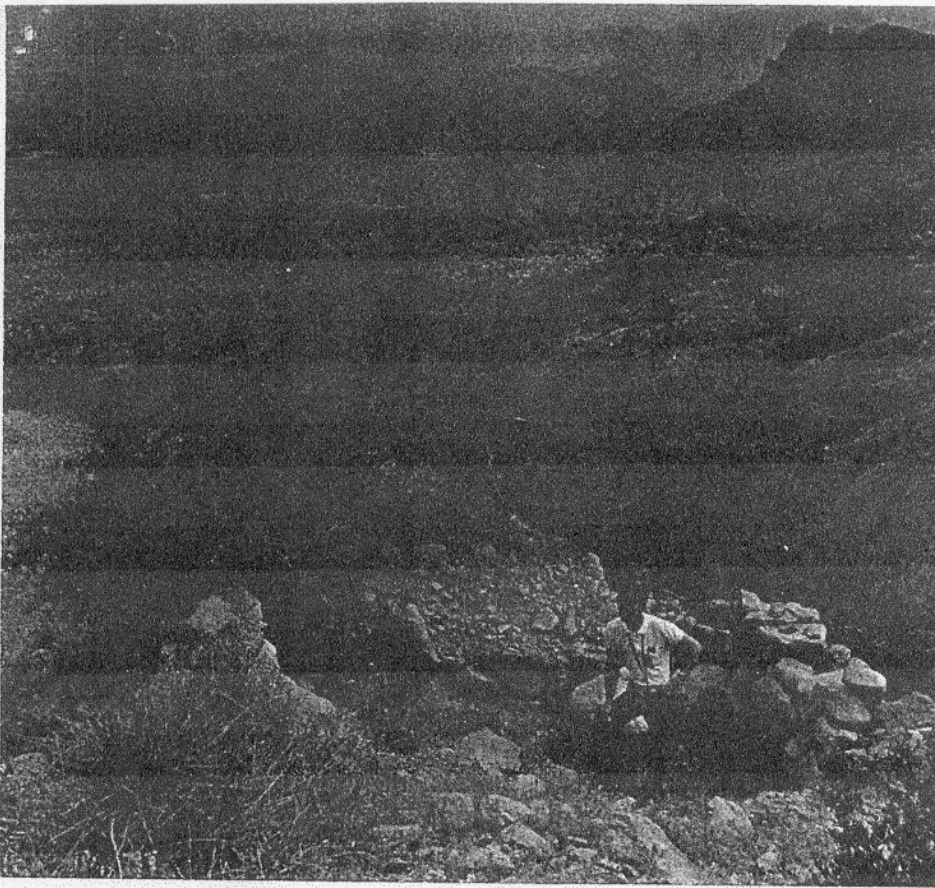
UPON OUR arrival home, our work began anew. Notebooks were filled with everyday travels, descriptions, reactions, measurements and historical data. Maps were reworked to show new roads and old trails not shown on present maps. Familiar voices spoke again to us from the recorder, repeating history and stories both amusing and tragic. I kept a written diary as well as a diary on tape. Cans and boxes of film had to be processed.

Detailed reports were made for the Arizona State Department of Libraries and Archives whose personnel were tremendous help to us. Plans are now being made to try once again to conquer the Superstitions. She has hidden her treasures well. Her cliff dwellings, secret symbols and maps, her wealth of lost gold and silver, are all well protected within the circle of mountains.

The Indians were the first to take to the land and live upon its bountiful

(Left to right) Bernice, Karl, Darlene, Ed, Don and Eberhard. The expedition group are at the Black Queen claim area where the Dutchman was known to have filed a claim, prior to the discovery of the Mormon stope and the Goldfield era.





Jack standing beside ruins of Silverlock's house on massacre grounds. In 1916, Silverlocke found a leather pouch containing \$18,000 in gold evidently dropped during the Peralta massacre. After spending his entire fortune hiring men to dig on the massacre grounds in a fruitless search for more of the gold, Silverlocke killed himself.

sources. Archaeologists are still searching for the reasons of their unexplained flight and extinction. Next came the Spaniards, Jesuits and the Mexican miners to strip her of gold and silver. They met disaster at the hands of the Apaches. The white man has fared no better, tragedy befalling most. The list of men who have died in these mountains number into the hundreds. Perhaps one day someone who "gives" something to the mountains instead of "taking" will be the one to whom she will divulge her secrets.

We have been asked many times, "Why is this mountain named Superstition?" Thousands of people each year travel along the southern part of the Superstitions. Signs along the way point out Superstition Mountain. A strange and mysterious sounding name! Many people think the name has a connection with Jacob Walzer and his Lost Dutchman Mine but, in our opinion, this is completely untrue.

It was named such because of what was thought to be an Indian superstition about the mountain, a poor selection of a word used to depict this holy place of the Pimas. It is a slap in the face to their religion, for "superstition" translates as: belief and veneration of things which are not proper objects of worship, or article of faith based on ignorance of, or an unworthy idea regarding, the Supreme Being.

After learning the Pima Indian beliefs concerning Kakandaku Navangu (Crooked Mountain), it was as though we had never really seen the mountain before, although we had observed and walked upon it many times. Their story of how the top of Superstition Mountain

was formed can only be compared with our own Biblical story in the book of Genesis, when the earth was covered with water.

Their religious songs have been handed down through generations, as the Indian did not leave any written text. The coming of the flood and the fate of their Pima ancestors is told beautifully in the form of chants. They describe in detail the unusual and unique appearance of Crooked Mountain. The flood songs from the Earth Doctor first gives the warning of the coming disaster.

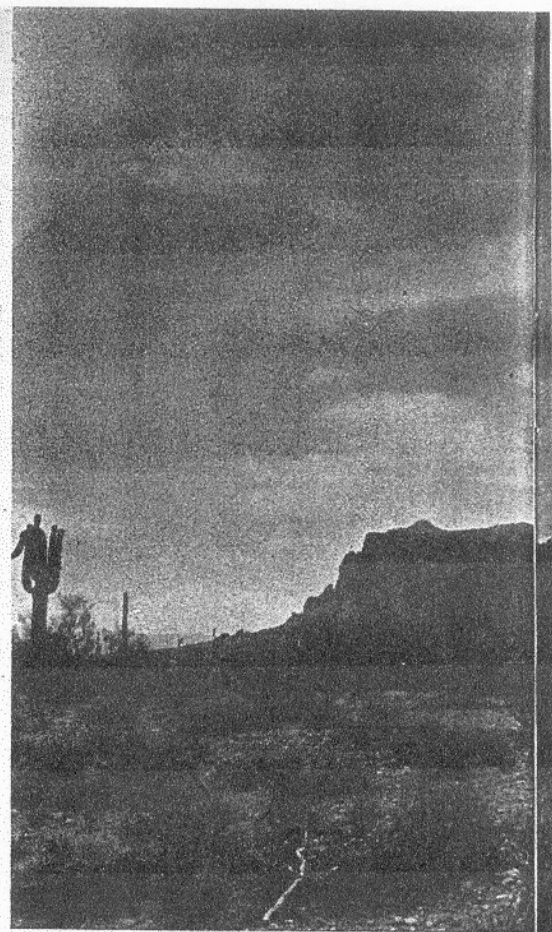
*Weep, my unfortunate people!
All this you will see take place.
Weep, my unfortunate people!
For the waters will cover the land.
Weep, my unhappy relatives!
You will learn all.*

The waters will cover the mountains.
Now when looking at the mountain, we can visualize the trails of people making a panicked ascent up all sides to reach the uppermost peaks. Fathers and mothers, clutching their children, the young helping the old, the strong aiding the weak. The efforts made to escape their doom is part of the song.

*Haiya! (Aha) Haiya! Flood! Flood!
Haiya!
See the doom awaiting them!
Haiya! Haiya! Flood! Flood! Haiya!
Here are my doomed people before me.*

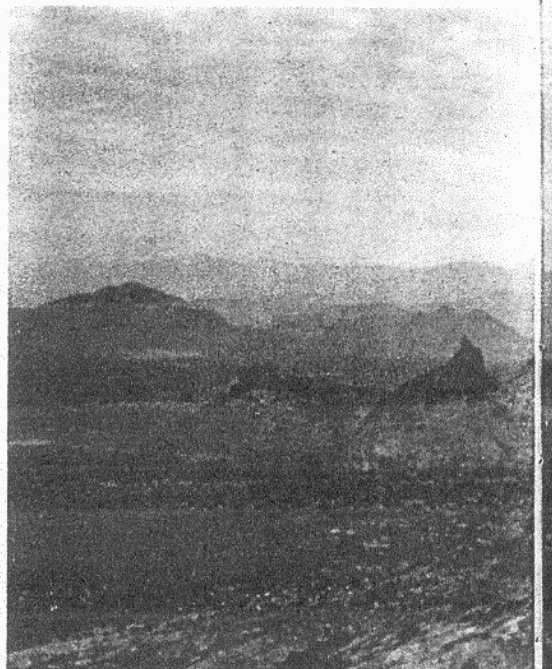
While waiting on top of the mountain the flood songs, by South Doctor, tell of the frantic try made by Nasi (Pima Magician) to stop the rising crest.

The waters dissolve the land!

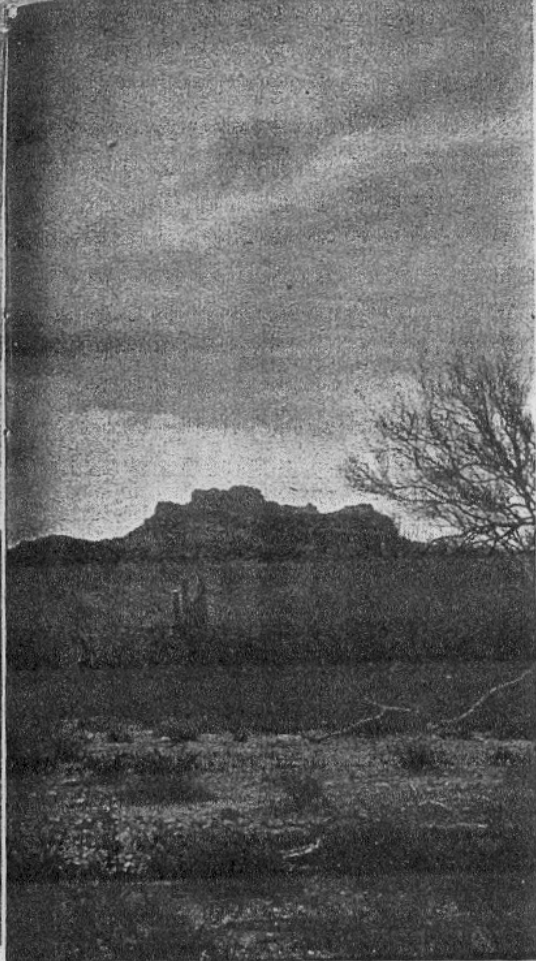


*The waters dissolve the land!
The Mighty Magician tests His strength.
The waters dissolve the mountains!
The waters dissolve the mountains!
Nasi forsees what is coming.
On Crooked Mountain I am standing.
Trying to disperse the waters.
On Crooked Mountain I am standing.
Trying to disperse the waters.*

The last stanza explains the figures of stone you can see to this day along the highest ridges of "The Crooked Kind of Mountain" (Kakanda Ku Tatavang).

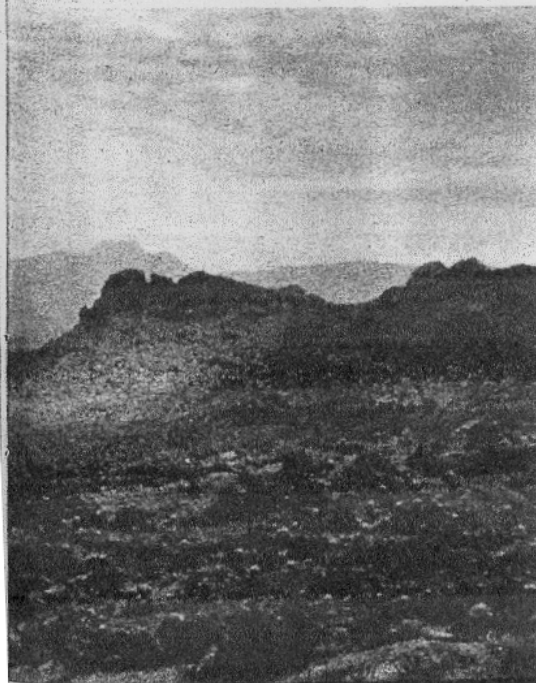


Old West

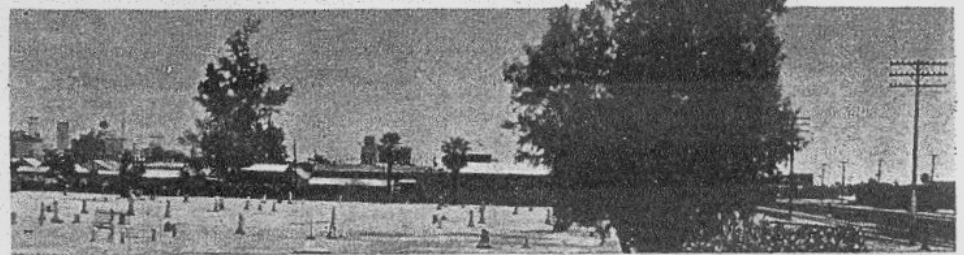


*Powerless! Powerless!
Powerless is my magic crystal.
Powerless! Powerless!
I shall become as stone.*

One needs no special kind of imagination to see the huddled masses of people. An artist could not have sculpted these graves of stone to better express the grief, astonishment and quiet submission in the scene that Nature has portrayed. On closer observation, you can see children, their small arms clinging to their elders' knees in fright. Some heads are bent in prayer, while others



Winter, 1964



Center picture shows view of the west side of Superstition Mountain. Prominent is the "ship's prow" on the mountaintop. Above is shown the monument at Apache Junction, erected by the Dons Club in memory of Jacob von Walzer, "The Dutchman." Below, in an unmarked corner of the Phoenix, Arizona, city cemetery, is the site of the Dutchman's grave.

are standing erect and proud taking one last look at their homeland. They are there for all to see!

CROOKED MOUNTAIN is also used in their festival, war, medicine and game songs. One of the game songs describe the white waterline that runs along the crest called the seaform line.

THE GAME SONG

*Here on the slopes of Crooked Mountain,
Here on the slopes of Crooked Mountain,
Around whose crest the foam remains,
We have run for blue water.*

THE FESTIVAL SONG

*From the Superstition Mountain rose the eagle,
From the sluggish moving gila rose the hawk.
Ma-Akahi talked with the eagle, then arose, grasped his shield, and went his way.
Hivayomi talked with the hawk and then arose, grasped his club, and journeyed forth.*

On this site 400 miners were slaughtered by the Apaches in 1848, in their attempt to return to Mexico. The Peralta family in 1847 had sent them to mine as much gold as possible before the signing of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo which would make this land United States soil.

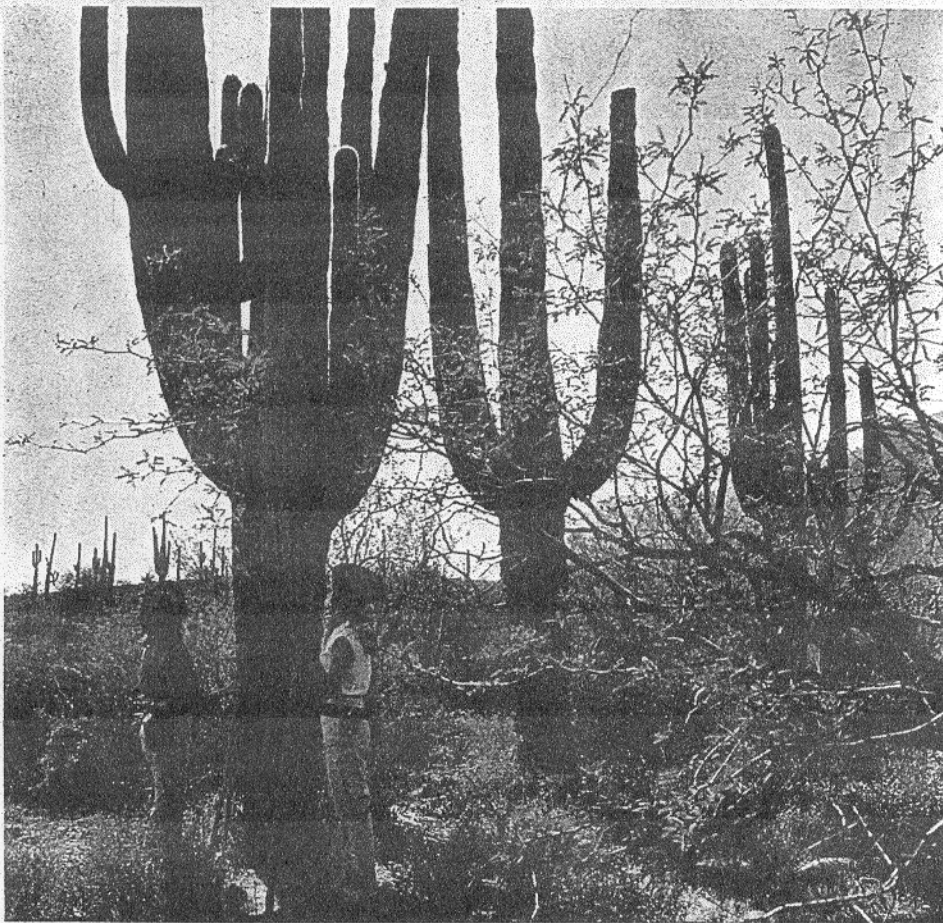
THE WAR SONG

*There arose in the east land,
One whom I met there smoking
Flowerlike cigarettes
Running dazed and falsely speaking,
Pitiable and faint-hearted.
I feel at Crooked Mountain
There I am going, there I am going.
I have to drink the liquor
That makes me stagger as I run.*

The last song is one that perhaps explains the puzzling actions of the Indian who will not walk in the shadow of Crooked Mountain. The seventh stanza of the Badger Song is one of the Pima medicine songs.

*The shadow of Crooked Mountain
The curved and pointed shadow
T'was there that I heard the singing!
Heard the song that harmed my heart.*

THIS I believe to be the key as to why the name Superstition was given to Crooked Mountain. In the early 1900s, my father saw the Indians coming from the west, traveling toward Superstition Mountain in their springboard wagons. They were going to gather greasewood to take back to their villages for fuel. They could have used the Apache Trail which was a dirt road at that time, but it was too near the mountain and would lie in its shadow at times. The Indians would drive their wagons out into the desert to not risk trespassing in the shadow of Crooked Mountain.



Many of the legends of the Pimas are connected with the area. The stone they used to make their axes was called "Hatovik." There is a large quantity of this stone found along the Salt River which lies north of Superstition Mountain. Some of the Pimas say that the stone was not of this earth, but was brought by the Nether People when Elder Brother led them up from the underworld to conquer those then living on the earth.

The Pima houses were built with their doors facing east toward the Superstitions so the early-rising Pimas may pay their respects to the sun as it rises over Tortilla Mountain, one of the highest peaks.

Is it any wonder that the Pimas hold this land in reverence? How much money has been spent in just our lifetime by organizations searching the face of the earth for Noah's Ark? Think of the homage that would be paid this mute proof of the flood. It strikes me as being rather strange that the Indian has a similar story coinciding with our own faith. They knew of the coming of the waters just as Noah knew—the difference being, the Pimas had no ark but fled to their Crooked Mountain, there to be turned into a pillar of stone.

If you ever pass Superstition Mountain in your travels, look to the lofty peaks and there on the horizon you will see the so far untouched, unspoiled panorama of the Shrine on Superstition Mountain.

At right, 250-year-old Saguaro cacti point the way to Hieroglyphic Canyon. Below, the sunset on the last evening of the expedition. A tremendous rumbling had come from the interior of the mountain—as if the Thunder Gods were bidding the expedition farewell.

