

## *Treasure Hunt* (Prologue)

Jeremy had always been intrigued by movies and fiction about artifacts, lost treasures, and adventures seeking things like the Holy Grail. Lara Croft in Tomb Raider. Raiders of the Lost Ark. The Treasure of the Sierra Madre. Romancing the Stone. But he was particularly interested in stories about the Lost Dutchman's Gold Mine.

He had researched every available piece of legend and fact about it. There were lots of different stories. He pieced together as much of what he thought was the truth and came out with this, his own version:

Jacob waltz was a German nicknamed the “Dutchman”. This was a common moniker given to Germans by Americans. He had a partner named Jacob Weiser and they both worked a mine and supposedly hid their gold in catches in the mountains. Weiser was killed in an Apache attack, leaving Waltz as the sole keeper of the mine's secret. He lived on a farm not far from the base of Superstition Mountain. A flash flood destroyed his farm and he was exposed to the elements. A nurse named Julia Thomas took him in and let him stay on her property as he recovered. He told her many secrets about the mine and even gave her a box of gold that he had kept under his bed. He said there was enough gold left in the mine to make many men rich. He couldn't pin point the mine's location without bringing her there himself. One clue he allegedly gave her was that at noon, during the previous month, the sun shined through Weaver's needle directly on the mine's entrance. Waltz died of pneumonia a couple months later never getting the chance to bring her to the mine.

Even though many had tried to find the mine's location, Jeremy thought he had enough information combined with some modern instruments that his chances were good. Waltz died on October 25, 1891. Using an almanac, Jeremy calculated what day of the year would match the sun's angle as it would have been on September 25, 1891. The projected day was coming up on April 15<sup>th</sup>, two months away. His plan was to be at Weaver's Needle at noon on that day. He told no one about his plan except his girlfriend Wendy.

She was an outdoorsy girl and adventurous too. She was all in.

Here is a picture of Superstition Mountain



The name Superstition originated from white settlers in the late 1800s. They added to the mystery of the German prospector who had claimed to have discovered a large gold mine there. Many of those who searched for it disappeared to never return. Perhaps dying from lack of water, exposure, accidents, or wild Indian attacks. This only added to the mystery.

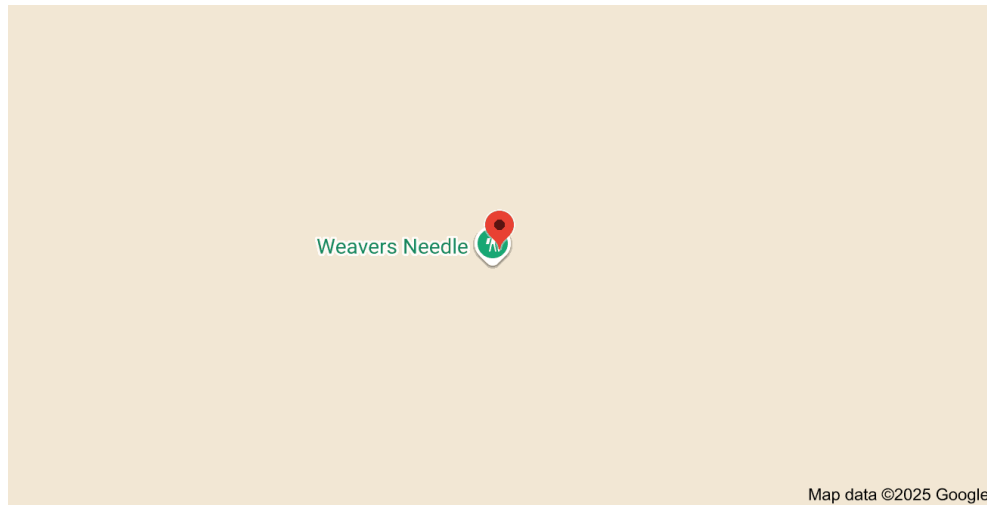
Here is a picture of Weaver's needle



Weaver's Needle is named after Pauline Weaver, a mountain man and scout who roamed the area in the 1800s. The peak's distinctive, needle-like shape, combined with the legendary association with the Lost Dutchman's Gold Mine, solidified its name.

Author's note: I am particularly interested in writing this story. When I was 17, my brother, a close friend, and I went looking for the Lost Dutchman's Gold Mine. There was no one more clueless than us three. We planned to spend a week at Superstition Mountain and were going to hike to Weaver's Needle.

I asked Google for a map of Weaver's Needle's location. This is what came up. No wonder no one has found the mine.



We didn't even know where Weaver's needle was. When you are that young, nothing deters you. We did camp the first night at the base of Superstition Mountain. Our plan was to get up early the next morning, while the temperature wasn't too hot, and begin our hike. We each carried two bottles of water. We started our hike as planned. By the time evening came around, we had drunk all our water. Weaver's needle is 8 miles from the base of the mountain. We all would have died of thirst if we had kept going. Not being totally stupid, after spending the night. we returned to our base camp.

To continue:

Jeremy was much smarter than the three who had tried in the past. He searched on line for somewhere to rent a donkey, burro, or mule. He didn't know the difference between the three.

Here is the difference:

A burro is just the Spanish name for a donkey. So they are the same animal. A mule is the offspring of a male donkey and a female horse. Mule's cannot reproduce.

On April 8<sup>th</sup>, Jeremy and Windy left Phoenix and drove to the burro rental place. From there they journeyed to the base of Superstition mountain where they camped for the night.

The burro would carry enough water to last two weeks for the both of them. It also carried their camping stuff, food, and equipment.

### *Treasure Hunt* (Chapter 1)

They also left early in the morning. Even though spring weather in that area is fairly pleasant, temperatures can go up to 90 degrees or more depending on weather conditions. It took them 5 hours to reach Weaver's Needle's location. They didn't need that useless Google map. GPS devices were everywhere. As long as you had an unrestricted view of the sky, it worked. They passed Charlebois Springs on their route.



Charlebois Springs

This crucial water spot, one of the few in the area that has water all year around, will play a big roll in their survival in the days to come. Even though Jeremy brought enough water, he also brought purification tablets, just in case.



They set up camp on the eastern side of Weaver's Needle. Even though the projected date hadn't arrived, they wanted to see what area is illuminated at noon by the sun through Weaver's Needle. Each day the sun rose a little higher in the sky. The illuminated area was not as defined as Jeremy had hoped. There was still a large section brighter than normal as the sun traversed the daytime sky. The noon time spot moved closer to Weaver's Needle each day. The terrain was not flat either. This made it more difficult for them to survey. The third day they woke up and noticed some of their stuff had moved around. Coyotes? That was his first guess. They just shrugged it off, but the designation "Superstition" lingered on both of their minds.

As they progressed along the noon day illuminated path, the terrain got worse. There were peaks and valleys and some rugged outcroppings of rocks.

Each day, Jeremy would fire up his metal detector. You may wonder, can gold be detected? Jeremy had invested in a higher price device that had special adjustments to help pinpoint metals like silver and gold. Copper, zinc, and iron were the metals that registered the highest. How many bottle caps did metal hunters find at the beach. Beer and soda tabs outnumbering anything else by far.

Windy had her own hobbies. Rock collecting was among them. She had studied lots of books on the subject and could identify most of the crystals, rocks types, and gems. Here are some of the rocks they unearthed using the metal detector. Float copper, iron, and iron oxides such as hematite, magnetite, lepidocrocite, limonite, and maghemite.

Not detected, but dug up were turquoise, azurite, malachite, and chrysocolla.



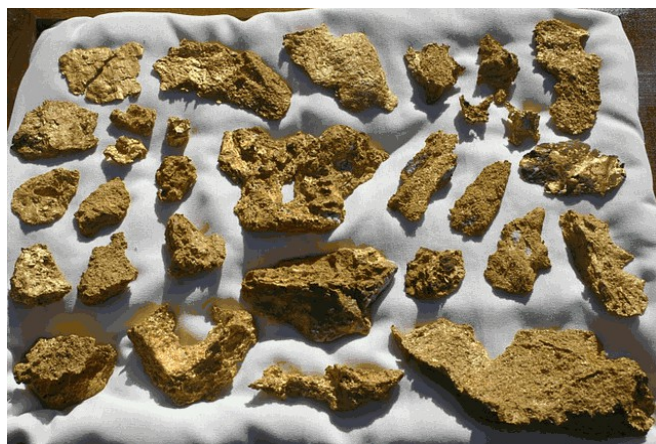


*Chrysocolla*

Obsidian gem stones



This is what gold nuggets look like



This is copper in its natural form



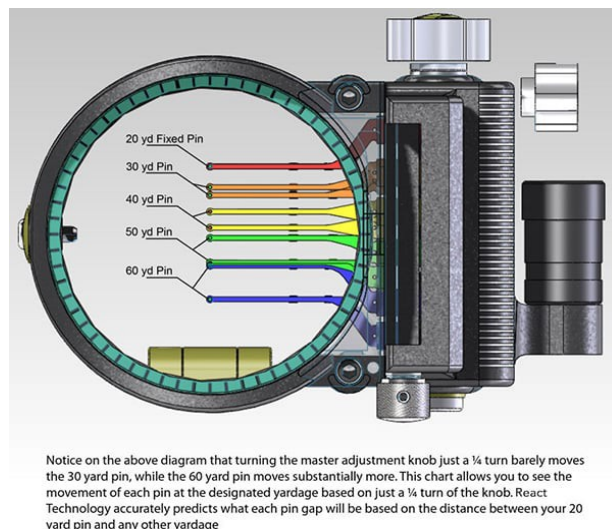
#### Author's note:

I have always been fascinated with crystals, rocks, and gems. I bought a map of gem locations in Joshua Tree National Park. I bought a picture book identifying all the gems. I had a GPS, a rock pick, and a Jeep. One time my daughter and I went looking for opals at Opal Mountain just west of Barstow, California. I forget to copy down the GPS coordinators for Opal Mountain. When we drove out that way, my GPS showed a map like the one pictured of Weaver's Needle in the last chapter. Just a blank screen. Undaunted, we drove around hoping to find it and some opals. We never found any opals. Still, I thought we might find some relics or fossils as we dug. The only thing we found was a condom. My analysis was that prehistoric man practiced safe sex. In all my hunting, I have never found any crystals or gems.



Speaking about hunting. Jeremy had brought his compound bow. He had never shot any animals, but had practiced for months at a shooting range. He got good enough that he could hit a bullseye the size of a quarter from 25 yards. He had intended to hunt rabbits in the fields near his home, but never got the chance. He found out that in order to get a hunting license, you had to take a safety course. He never followed through. Out here, in what he considered the wilderness, he didn't worry about laws. Springtime in the desert had a few edible animals to hunt.

### Compound bow with sights



Author's note:

I also have one of these. I couldn't quite hit a bullseye the size of a quarter, but I could hit the target every time from 25 yards.

Antelope Jackrabbit



Cactus Wren



He set out looking for the rabbit. The wren looked kind of scrawny and maybe not much meat. The rabbit looked like a more desirable meal. As it turned out, he didn't get either the first night. Instead, he almost stepped on an Arizona Diamond Back. Getting bit out here might have been fatal. Using a branch from a dried out creosote bush, he trapped the snake in its fork like end. Using his Rambo style knife, he sliced off its head.

When he returned to the camp, Wendy wasn't there. Not concerned as she often went off rock hunting by herself. When she returned, Jeremy had already skinned and gutted the snake. Not sure if she would object to the meal, he didn't tell her what it was that he was roasting. This is pretty good. Did you shoot some kind of bird? Not exactly, but some call this Arizona chicken. Sure tastes like chicken. Verdad?



Each night, as they settled down, they saw bats flying around. This is not uncommon in the Arizona desert. Each day, as they got closer to Weaver's Needle, there were more and more bats.

### **Treasure Hunt** (Chapter 2)

The next evening, Jeremy did kill a rabbit. One shot from 20 yards right through the neck. It died instantly. Good, he did not want to make any animal suffer. They could still live on trail mix and beef jerky, but it doesn't beat fresh meat over an open campfire. He had never skinned a rabbit, but

thank God for Youtube. You can learn just about anything by searching there. He had watched a video on how to skin a rabbit. It wasn't as hard as you might think. He remembered the steps and soon had roasted game cooking for dinner.

He asked Wendy, do you want the rabbit's foot for luck?

A rabbit's foot is considered lucky due to beliefs in ancient cultures like the Celts, who saw rabbits as connected to the spirit world, and in African American hoodoo traditions, where it was a powerful talisman for luck and protection. Additionally, rabbits' prolific breeding habits have historically associated them with fertility and abundance, further reinforcing the idea of good fortune.

No thanks. It certainly wasn't very good luck for the rabbit.

Jeremy couldn't help but feel like one of those ancient cavemen who brought home the bacon. Returning back to the cave with his bounty. He mentioned that to Wendy. Now if you can just do your part tonight in our cave tent, that would be the perfect ending to the day. Nice try macho man, but my sleeping bag has a zipper with a lock on it for a reason. Later that night, he learned that those sleeping bag zippers can be joined together. He fell asleep completely contented. The next morning he woke up alone. Wendy must have gotten up early and gone rock hunting again. He started to make a fire to boil water for coffee. That was when he knew something was truly amiss. All his water containers had been sliced open. He had no water.

Jeremy did a cursory look for Windy, but it was to no avail. He knew he couldn't spend too much time looking. Without water, he would quickly deteriorate. Whomever took Windy, only took her and nothing else. All his stuff was still there, even the donkey. He had named the donkey Sam. He rode Sam back to Charlebois Springs. He let the donkey drink its fill. He was sure that Sam was immune to any bacteria contained in the water. He used some of his purification pills and drank his fill too. He had one bladder that had not been out in the open. He filled it to the brim and returned to his base camp. He planned to continue his search for Wendy.



When he got back to the camp, he realized that it was almost noon on April 15<sup>th</sup>. This was the day Weaver's Needle was supposed to illuminate the gold mine entrance. Not knowing which direction to look for Wendy, he might as well follow the lighted path. As he walked on he came to a steep rock precipice. He noticed that some bats had just returned to a small break in the rocks. He remembered that as they got closer to Weaver's Needle, the night time bat sightings had increased. Taking out his rock hammer, he broke away more of the surrounding rock and could smell the distinct odor of bat dung. As he continued to make the hole larger, more and more of the dirt fell inside. Soon there was a big enough space for him to enter. He cautiously entered but lost his balance and slid down inside. And down and down he did slide until he hit bottom. He hadn't expected this to be large enough for a person to enter.

When he ended his slide, he was standing in the most astonishing place he had ever seen.



Gold as far as the eye could see adorned every wall. The Dutchman's Gold Mine wasn't a mine after all. It was a cavern. Over time, the entrance must have been altered by weather and geological events. It had remained totally hidden.

It finally dawned on him. Jeremy had found the Lost Dutchman's Gold Mine. But he had lost Wendy. Before he ascended back up, he picked up a large gold nugget that had fallen to the cavern floor and stuck it in his pocket.

He was able to climb back to the top and out into the open. He pushed the dirt back around the hole, found a large flat rock and covered up the entrance. There was still enough room for the bats to go in and out. He used some brush to further disguise the entrance he had opened up.

He returned to the camp, but it was too late to look for Wendy. He still had enough water for at least two more days. He would resume his search for her the next morning.

He couldn't sleep much. Worried about Wendy and amazed at his find. He was up before daybreak. He spent more time looking around his camp. This time he noticed a bunch of footprints that were not there before yesterday. In his haste the day before, he had missed these clues. He took a closer look and saw the direction they led. He took Sam with him and followed. The footprints led to a meadow and some hillside caves. He crept up toward the hills and spotted an Indian. He was surely dressed as a warrior. These must be the people who had taken Wendy. All he had was his compound bow, but he had an ample supply of arrows. He waited until almost dusk before he ventured any further. There was an enclave of rocks kind of hidden from view unless you got close. There he saw Wendy tied to a post. She looked unharmed, but he didn't know what ordeal she had already endured. What he should do is go back to Phoenix and contact the authorities to report a kidnapping or abduction. Are they the same thing?

Author's note:

Sometimes while writing these stories, I come across definitions I am not sure of. So I try to be authentic and use the right terms. This helps to educate me. Here is a definition I found.

Kidnapping and abduction are not always the same thing, though the terms are often used interchangeably and have similar definitions of taking someone against their will. Kidnapping typically involves the taking of a person by force, threat, or deceit with an intent to hold them for ransom, for a felony, or to cause harm. Abduction is often a broader term that includes

taking a person by force, fraud, or persuasion, and can specifically refer to situations like a family member taking a child from a legal guardian.

Based on this information, Wendy was abducted. Taken from her boyfriend. No ransom involved.

Jeremy did not want to leave Wendy any longer in their possession. Unaware of what might have already happened to her. More caveman instincts surfacing. Who knows? He knew he couldn't just mosey down there and untie her. He needed a distraction.

Sam unknowingly volunteered. Jeremy found some creosote bushes nearby. Creosote is sometimes used as a kind of tar like substance to coat fence posts. Being oily in nature, it is somewhat flammable.

He grabbed a bunch and snuck around behind a giant rock overlooking their camp. He quietly dropped groups of the brush into strategic locations. The Indians were unaware of these happenings. Jeremy returned to where he had left Sam. He tied some creosote to Sam's harness in a place that wouldn't harm him. Sam didn't know that. Jeremy lit the brush and slapped Sam on the rump. He took off like a banshee heehawing all the way down to the camp. As far as the Indians saw, this was an apparition from hell. They scattered in all directions leaving Wendy unattended. Jeremy quickly used his Rambo knife to free her, he grabbed the flaming burro and fled the scene. Once out of their sight, he tied the bushy substance to several of his arrows. He lit them before firing in to the brush he had dispersed around their camp. This group was probably as superstitious and any and the added effect of exploding brush completely traumatized them. This gave Jeremy and Wendy time to make their escape. Jeremy didn't bother to stop at their old camp. He just kept going. They replenished their water at Charlebois Springs and let Sam enjoy a greatly needed refreshment himself.

Jeremy and Wendy returned Sam to the rental place. The operator asked, what did you do to my burro? He went into his stall and won't come back out. Not sure what you are asking? But we did go into the Superstition Mountains. Maybe he saw something that frightened him.

Once back at their apartment. Jeremy told Wendy, I found it. What do you mean you found it? I found the Lost Dutchman's Gold Mine. He hadn't had time to update her on what happened while she was a prisoner.

He told her the whole story about what transpired before he rescued her. She couldn't believe it. What are you going to do about it? I am not sure, we need to think about this.

By the way, your rescue was indeed impressive. I think you deserve some compensation.

### **Treasure Hunt** *(Chapter 3)*

Jeremy was curious about who the Indians were that had captured Wendy. Did they harm you in any way? No, in fact other than keeping me from leaving, they fed me and gave me water. They seemed fascinated by me for some reason. From what he had observed, he remembered seeing something similar to their dress style while visiting a museum in Phoenix. It looked very close to the appearance of the Anasazi Indians.

The term "Anasazi" refers to the Ancestral Puebloan culture who lived in the Four Corners region of the Southwest from around 400 AD to 1300 AD. Their descendants are the Pueblo, Hopi, and Zuni Indians. They were known for their distinctive architecture, including cliff dwellings and large pueblos like those at Mesa Verde and Chaco Canyon. Their culture thrived through agriculture, sophisticated pottery, and extensive trade networks. They are believed to have migrated away from their cliff homes around 1300 AD, possibly due to a combination of factors including drought and increased conflict.

The enormity of his discovery of the Lost Dutchman's Mine was great, but finding a thriving culture of a once thought lost tribe was in of itself a major find.

He needed to consult with some local authorities. He didn't want some scam artist to cash in on his find and ruin everything. His two discoveries should belong to the state and be available for all to visit. There was a sort of Lost Dutchman's Gold Mine museum not far from Superstition Mountain. He told Wendy that they should pay the proprietors a visit.

The next day, they arrived around 10 AM. There was a \$5 charge to enter and view the paraphernalia collected. Being a weekday, the parking lot was almost empty. Lots of story books like he had read and researched before his excursion. The only other visitors left shortly after Jeremy and Wendy went in. This was the opportunity he had been waiting for. The old couple who ran the place were extremely nice. They gave a short speech on the history. Something that they had probably given thousands of times over the years.

When they got to the part about the sun shining on the entrance to a mine, Jeremy halted their discourse. He intervened. There is a minor error in your delivery. How's that?, they politely asked. The sun doesn't shine on any mine entrance, it shines on the entrance to a cavern. They both looked at Jeremy with a stunned expression. Why would you say that? Because I've been there and climbed down into the cavern. The couple turned around, closed the door, and flipped the open sign around to closed. Young man, this is nothing to make light about. Thousands have tried to find that mine and many have perished trying. We came close to perishing too. Not only is there a cavern entrance close to Weaver's Needle, but there is also an ancient Anasazi tribe living in the area most likely guarding its secrets. My girlfriend Wendy was captured and just by luck, I managed to rescue her and escape just a few days ago. I thought you might know how I can go about revealing this tremendous news. If this is no joke, we do know the right authorities that would handle this with the care it deserves. Do you have any evidence to validate your story? Yes I do. He pulled out the chunk of gold that he had picked up from cavern floor. In today's gold market a nugget that size would probably sell for \$15,000. The elderly couple looked at each other. We have a friend who is an official at the Archaeology Institute here in Phoenix. He has handled other sensitive finds in the past. I will call him and ask him to come here to meet you.



While waiting, the couple treated Jeremy and Wendy to some home baked muffins and coffee. Wow, these are delicious.

A half hour later, a man arrived. The couple's name were Alice and Ben. They introduced their friend. This is Sam. He is a member of the Hopi tribe. They are descendants of the Anasazi. Jeremy couldn't hold back his smile. What's so funny? It's just that we just left a burro that we had used as a pack mule and we had named him Sam. I am sure he is no relation of yours. Sam the Indian smiled too. That kind of broke the ice.

Jeremy related the story he had told Alice and Ben and added much more detail. Sam just shook his head trying to get around the story he had just heard. What you have told me has many consequences. For one, we have to notify the state of Arizona officials about your discovery of the mine, oh sorry, the cavern. The situation with the Indians you mentioned is more complicated. We can't just bring a bunch of state officials storming into their camp. I am a member of the Tribal council made up of various Indian tribes. I need to consult with them about how to handle this.

Is the cavern entrance easy to find now that you entered it? No, I managed to cover it back up and left it much like it has been for over 100 years. Still hidden.

It took a week before Sam met with Jeremy, Alice, Ben, and Wendy. I conferred with my people. Before we bring any Arizona state officials into the picture, we need to warn the band you encountered. The best way to approach this is to send a small contingent of the eldest men from the Hopi, Zuni, and Pueblo tribe to meet up with the Indians you told us about. Some of the elders still know some of the ancient words from the language of their Anasazi ancestors. Perhaps they can converse with them.

Can Wendy and I go with them? For now, I think it best to avoid bringing any white man or woman there. No offense.

The meeting did take place. Some amazing information was gathered. These were indeed modern day Anasazi descendants. They knew about the outside

civilization, but decided to remain hidden. Their people had encountered white men in the past and it had always turned out bad. They still did not want to join civilization. They preferred their old ways. Sam assured them that he would do everything possible to keep them protected and safe. One of the eldest Hopi was able to converse with them. In fact, in his past he was a brave warrior himself. They had brought some gifts of weaved baskets that had been handed down through generations. This further cemented the friendship between the two groups.

Another thing discussed was the discovery of the Lost Dutchmen's Gold Mine. They warned the Anasazi that soon the government would claim the cavern as a natural state treasure and they would set it up as a World Heritage Site. Safeguards would be put in place to declare the area where they lived as off limits. They could continue their life style just as they had for centuries if they wished.

It is interesting that the Anasazi never knew about the cavern. They only had noticed that over the centuries many people had ventured into their area not realizing that they were searching for gold.

The state of Arizona opened the cavern as a tourist exhibit. The gold was removed to alleviate the possibility of criminals trying to steal it. It was stored in another guarded museum location available for viewing along with the Lost Dutchman's Mine stories.

Jeremy and Wendy were hailed as famous treasure hunters. Especially since the search for the Lost Dutchman's Gold Mine had gone on for over 100 years. They were inundated with requests to search for other lost treasures. Here are some suggested to them to search for.

## Heirloom Seal of the Realm



The Seal was created in 221 BC, shortly after Qin Shi Huang unified China and established the Qin dynasty. This was China's first imperial dynasty. The Heirloom Seal served as the imperial Chinese seal throughout the next millennium of Chinese history, and its possession was seen as a physical symbol of the Mandate of Heaven.

The Seal was carved from jade because, in ancient China, jade was symbolic of the inner beauty within humans. Many tombs and burials from ancient China contained decorative jade, including a jade burial suit unearthed in 1968 that belonged to a Han prince, Liu Sheng. During the Han dynasty, the Chinese associated jade with immortality to a point where some individuals attempted to drink jade in liquid form to gain eternal life. This association further complements the idea of the Mandate of Heaven and why the Seal was carved in jade, China's most valued material for thousands of years.

The Amber Room mystery refers to the disappearance of the priceless, 18th-century room looted by Nazis in 1941 and taken to Königsberg Castle. Its fate after 1945 is unknown, with theories ranging from being destroyed in Allied bombing raids to being hidden in secret bunkers or lost at sea. A replica was completed in 2003, but the original room's whereabouts remain one of history's great puzzles.

## The Amber Room



Actually, the fate of the Amber Room was thought to be pretty conclusive. The Germans took the Amber Room and stored it in a nearby city that was under its control. When the Soviets' counter-offensive reached that town, their bombardment destroyed the building it was being supposedly stored in. Following the war the Soviets sought extensive reapportions from the Germans for their lost treasures. The East German government spent decades searching for the room after the war to no avail. Finally, the East Germans built a replica of the room, at great expense, and gave it to the Soviets. After delivery the Soviets admitted that they might have accidentally destroyed the room, but kept the replica anyway. This explanation does not satisfy everyone, especially because those Soviet officials who were responsible for the recovery of the room most likely filed false reports on its fate, to keep from getting shot. Therefore there is just enough contradictory evidence to keep conspiracy theorist minds engaged, and hence there is always someone who thinks it still exists.

Montezuma's treasure refers to a legendary and lost Aztec hoard, believed to have been hidden from the Spanish conquistadors, and it is not known if it has ever been found. Legends describe it as a vast collection of gold, silver, jewels, and other artifacts, with some stories placing its burial in the Southwestern United States. Many expeditions have searched for it, but the treasure remains lost.



The Aztecs lived in central Mexico, with their capital city of Tenochtitlan founded on an island in Lake Texcoco around 1325 AD, which is the site of modern-day Mexico City. From this base, the Aztec Empire expanded significantly, eventually controlling a vast territory that stretched from the Gulf coast to the Pacific Ocean, and south into what is now parts of Guatemala. Montezuma never visited Arizona, although many places in Arizona are named after him due to a misunderstanding by early settlers. Montezuma Castle National Monument and Montezuma Well were not built by him, but were instead created by the Sinagua people centuries before Montezuma II ruled the Aztec Empire.

This well-preserved cliff dwelling was built by the Sinagua people between 1100 and 1425 AD, not by the Aztec emperor. It was named "Montezuma's Castle" by later European settlers who mistakenly believed it was of Aztec origin.





This natural limestone sinkhole was also named by 19th-century soldiers who encountered it and incorrectly associated it with the Aztec emperor. It is doubtful that Montezuma was ever near the well. It resembles the cenotes that exist all over the Yucatan peninsula.

Montezuma's Well



A Cenote



Author's note:

My wife and I visited these places on one of our road trips and also on a vacation to Cancun.

### Lost Inca Gold

Steeped in death, conquest, desire, and mystery, the legend of the lost Inca gold is guarded by remote, mist-veiled mountains in central Ecuador. Somewhere deep inside the unforgiving Llanganates mountain range between the Andes and the Amazon is said to exist a fabulous Inca hoard hidden from Spanish conquistadors.



The legend begins in the 16th century, when the great Inca Empire in western South America was giving way to European invaders. Atahualpa was an Inca

king who, after warring with his half-brother, Huáscar, for control of the empire, was captured at his palace in Cajamarca in modern-day Peru by Spanish commander Francisco Pizarro.

Pizarro agreed to release Atahualpa in return for a roomful of gold, but the Spaniard later reneged on the deal. He had the Inca king put to death before the last and largest part of the ransom had been delivered. Instead, the story goes, the gold was buried in a secret mountain cave. And there the legend has remained, daring others to prove it.

So these were some of the lost treasures that treasure hunters were clamoring Jeremy to search for.

His new found fame perhaps made him somewhat arrogant. He started to believe his own prowess for treasure hunting. They let him keep the nugget that he found in the cavern and the State of Arizona gave him \$20K finders fee for the cavern discovery.

With those funds, he started thinking of looking for another treasure.

Where should he look next. Wendy encouraged him. She was a little star struck too and wanted to join him in whatever adventure he chose.

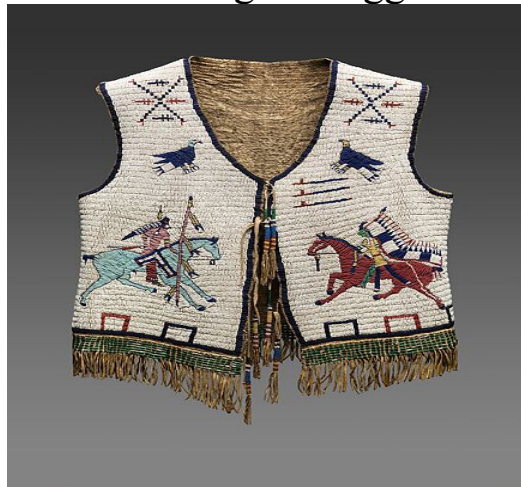
He could have tried any of these places.

Jeremy in China, in Germany, Peru, Yucatan, or back in Arizona. His thoughts reverted back to the Anasazi tribe. He asked Sam the Indian if it was possible for an interpreter to accompany him. He wanted to ask them some questions.

Sam agreed, after he found out just what Jeremy's purpose was. Of the many lost treasure requests that he had received, one in particular peaked his interest. It was true that Montezuma had never been to Arizona, but he surmised the Anasazi tribe he had met must have been to Montezuma's well at one point in their existence. He brought a printed picture of Montezuma's Castle. He also brought his compound bow. Wendy insisted on going with him. Before they met with the tribe, the elder, who had communicated with them before, set up the meeting. Upon seeing Wendy, the men, and especially the woman were highly excited. As it turned out, they had not

captured Wendy to do her any harm. It was just that they had never seen a white woman with blond hair and blue eyes. This was their premise for taking her. Wendy presented them with some gifts she had brought. They also didn't want to harm Jeremy. They just wanted him to leave.

Jeremy put on a shooting show using his compound bow. He had positioned some acorn nuts on a stone ledge with a sandstone backdrop. From 25 yards away, he split 5 out of 5. This greatly impressed the chief. When Jeremy presented the chief a gift of his own compound bow, this cemented their relationship. The chief had discovered that it was Jeremy who had rescued Wendy from their camp. He was duly impressed. He told the interpreter that Jeremy was a great warrior for his brave action in rescuing his squaw. Wendy was not too happy with this designation squaw. Jeremy couldn't hold back. He told her to be a good squaw and make big whoopee when they get back their tepee. She just punched him in the arm and rolled her eyes. The chief presented Jeremy with this authentic Anasazi beaded vest. He could have sold this vest for more than the gold nugget.



Jeremy showed the tribesmen the picture of Montezuma's Castle. This created lots of excitement among the group. The elder Hopi translated for Jeremy. The tribe recognized this place as somewhere their ancestors had talked about. Then Jeremy asked the question that had prompted the whole reason for his trip. He told them that he was looking for Aztec gold. Not to make himself rich, but to share it with the world along with its history. The chief whispered in Jeremy's ear a clue that no one else was aware of. This was enough for him to pick his next treasure hunt.

## Epilogue:

As I mentioned before, I too had looked for the Lost Dutchman's Gold Mine. With the little preparation we three had done, there was little danger of the mine being discovered by us. This was in 1963. No Google or Youtube to help us.

The idea for the mine being a cavern instead of an actual mine came from a tour I did with my brother in Arizona. We toured Kartcher Caverns. I used their picture. It did look like the walls were lined with gold.



Kartchner Caverns was discovered in 1974 by cavers Gary Tenen and Randy Tufts, who kept it a secret to protect its pristine condition. They discovered the entrance very similar to my account of Jeremy. They noticed bats coming in and out of a thin crevice in the rocks. They eventually worked with the landowners, the Kartchner family and Arizona State Parks to develop the site for public preservation and tours. The caverns officially opened to the public in 1999 and were designated an International Dark Sky Park in 2017.

## **The End**

Maybe not the last we hear of Jeremy and Wendy “Treasure Hunters”