

Who, When, Wow! Mystery Edition

Lost Dutchman's Mine

Carly. Psst! Hey! It's your favorite secret host here, from your favorite "cross your fingers it's still a secret" podcast. Today we put on our prospector hats and checked out some *superstitious mountains*. There was gold, there was silver, there was a charming little creature in a charming little shell? But no it wasn't Marcel, Ha. Great rhyme. It was a wild time, I'll stop. So don't go anywhere. I'm Carly Q, and this is Who When Wow, Mystery Edition!

(THEME SONG)

Carly. I'd love to say I came into work today in a great mood.

(Soundbite of phones running and office workers talking.)

Carol. Good Morning Carly Q!

Carly. Hi Carol.

Carly. But the truth is, I was bummed. It's been a few months now since someone left me a note saying they knew about us using the elevator to travel back in time. They didn't sign it! I was freaking me out, and with no leads on who it might be, I was feeling pretty discouraged.

Amber. Hey Carly! You okay? You look a little down.

Carly. I'm fine, no need to worry about me.

Amber. Well I hope you have a good day!

Carly. Thank you Amber.

Carly. Even Amber's sunny smile wasn't easing my crummy mood.

(Soundbite of basement door closing and Carly walking downstairs.)

Carly. Luckily, my rat friend Nibbles was waiting for me down in the basement, so I commiserated with her about how I was feeling.

(Soundbite of rat squeaking.)

Carly. Wait, *what* about the handwriting? Nibbles, in a brazen attempt to lift my spirits, had a new idea to find the letter writer. You want to compare the handwriting of the letter against everyone's handwriting who works here at BUTTHED?

(Soundbite of rat squeaking.)

Carly. I guess it's not a terrible idea. We did all have to take a fourteen hour hand written exam to work here. So many essays.

Lewis. Oh Carly Quuuu!

Carly. When Lewis came down to the basement I told him Nibbles' plan.

Lewis. That's a great idea. Especially coming from a rat. Why do you sound so, unexcited about it?

Carly. I'm just feeling kinda pessimistic. Every clue has fallen through, it's starting to wear on me.

Lewis. Hm perk up, butter-cup. This might actually break the case wide open. As you may know, I'm on the Committee-Making Committee, so I have access to all the hand-writing samples. So I can easily scan for a match. Lewis saves the day. Again.

Carly. But just then.

(Soundbite of a thumb drive coming down the vacuum tube.)

Carly and Lewis. A new time-sealed file!

Audio File. Event: 1931, (BEEP) Superstition Mountains (BEEP) Peralta Map.

Carly. Superstition Mountains?!

Lewis. What's that? Like a mountain range full of old wive's tales? Or someplace where you always have to knock on wood? And avoid black cats and not break mirrors.

Carly. Or a mountain range that *doesn't even actually exist?*

(Soundbite of rat squeaking.)

Carly. Oh.

Lewis. What?

Carly. Nibbles says it's just a regular old mountain range in Arizona.

Lewis. Okay. That's less exciting. Way to yuck our yum Nibbles.

Carly. I pulled out my handheld digital assistance device, H-dad.

H-dad. H-dad here, fully present and definitely not distracted watching unboxing videos on Youtube. Oh look at that. Wow.

Carly. Uhh?

Lewis. Seriously H-dad?

Carly. Ok, I'm just gonna plug in the clues from the file: 1931, Superstition Mountains, Peralta Map.

H-dad. This file most likely refers to the Lost Dutchman's Mine, a long fabled gold mine hidden in the mountains of Arizona. Gold nugget emoji!

Lewis. What's the Dutchman?

H-dad. Legend has it a German immigrant named Jakob Waltz secretly found a gold mine in the 1860's. "Dutchman" was a common nickname for Germans at the time, given the German word for German is "Deutsch."

Carly. Okay that's not confusing at all? Anyway, did someone find the mine? And what's the Peralta Map?

H-dad. The Peralta Map is a long-rumored document that supposedly shows the location of various hidden mines in the Southwest.

Carly. Oh! It's a treasure map!

H-dad. In the 1910's, a man named Erwin Ruth came into possession of the map, and later shared it with his father Adolph. Adolph set out to find the Lost Dutchman's Mine in 1931 and ended up disappearing while searching for it.

Carly. Oooo, a disappearance!

Lewis. What happened to him?

H-dad. Analyzing. Analyzing. Analyzing.

Carly. Right, okay. Maybe he found the mine, and then took off to start a new life in the Caribbean? Oooh, or maybe he found it but it turned out to be a portal to another dimension? OOOH or maybe he was neither Dutch NOR German but in fact AN ALIEN?!

Lewis. Aaaand there it is.

Carly. This is a fun mystery. Maybe a good old fashioned treasure hunt is just what I need to get me back into the swing of things!

(Soundbite of Lewis walking back upstairs singing "Treasure, treasure".)

Carly. Lewis agreed, then went back upstairs to get started on the handwriting search. I got some work done myself, and before long.

P.A. Voice. Attention, Butthead employees, it's Hula Hoop and Soup day! Fill up on soup, twirl that hoop, and see who can keep it spinning the longest!

(Soundbite of Lewis coming down the stairs.)

Lewis. Luuuuunch tiiiiime! Let's go climb some Superstition mountains.

Carly. There's gold in them hills!

Lewis. This town aint big enough for the both of us.

Carly. I grabbed Nibbles and H-dad, and we took off for the elevator.

Carly. My goodness gracious.

Lewis. Look at that Cacti.

Carly. Look at that Cactu.

Lewis. I got a big steak in my boot.

Carly. You sure do.

Odie. Hello Carly.

Carly. Hi Odie.

Odie. And friends. How are you today?

Carly. Uh, just okay. I'm feeling a little down about the whole search for the letter writer.

Lewis. We've been trying to cheer her up. And what better source of cheer than GOLD?

Odie. Gold?

Lewis. Gold! We got a mystery today all about the Lost Dutchman's Gold Mine, and this guy who went looking for it, Adolph Ruth.

Odie. Ah, of course! I remember this story. I believe that, before setting out to look for the mine, Adolph stayed at a friend's ranch up in the Superstition Mountains.

Carly. "Superstition mountains," I just love that name!

Odie. Isn't it fantastic? Anyway, you might want to speak with Adolph at the ranch before he goes off searching. You'll likely recognize him by the limp in his walk.

Lewis. Solid plan!

Odie. Then can I hear the time travel rules please?

Carly. Be back by the end of lunch, and no changing the past!

Odie. Take heed of the last one Carly Q. I know you might be tempted to say something to Adolph about what's going to happen to him, or even grab a nugget of gold for yourself.

Carly. But I can't, because we can't throw off the timeline!

Odie. Exactly right. Okay, I think you two are ready. But just keep in mind: the wise mountain snail remembers its trail.

(Soundbite of wind chimes.)

Odie. Okay here you go.

Lewis. Wait, what?

Carly. Snail? Did she say snail?

Odie. Happy hunting. (laughs)

(Soundbite of elevator travel noises.)

Lewis. Snails are just slugs with storage space on their baaaaacks.

(Soundbite of elevator travel noises then thud.)

Carly. We made it! We are definitely in the mountains.

(Soundbite of horse.)

Lewis. Look, that must be the ranch.

Carly. Just down the way was a big wooden house, nestled into the mountain side. A few horses grazed in a fenced-in pen nearby.

Nibbles. What a place to live! Look at the view.

Carly. Nibbles was right, between the clear blue sky overhead, and the gorgeous view up the mountains, it was a pretty spectacular place.

Lewis. Okay, let's go find Adolph, yeah?

Carly. Nibbles and I agreed. She hid down in my pack as we walked over to the ranch house and knocked on the door.

(Soundbite of everyone singing and then knocking on the door.)

Adolph. Come in!

Carly. We entered into a living room, arriving just as an older man come down from upstairs.

Adolph. Hello?

Carly. He had a limp, so I figured he must be just the man we were looking for. Hello, Adolph?

Adolph. Yes? Who are you two, the new stable boys or something?

Carly. Uh, yeah! Yeah, yeah, that's us, just a couple of stable boys here to wrangle the horses. You know, with ropes, and um that "click-clack", the old "click-clack" Here boy. Maybe the occasional "Whoa!"

Adolph. Uhhh?

Lewis. Ignore her. She fell off too many horses. Sir, we heard you were going to look for the Lost Dutchman's mine?

Adolph. I most certainly am. I'm all ready to go too, I'm just waiting for a pair of cowboys to guide me up into the mountains. I'm sick of waiting here, the gold is calling to me!

(Soundbite of coughing.)

Carly. Uh, are you sure you're up to that?

Adolph. Ugh, you sound like my son! He tried to talk me out of this too, after the Anza-Borrego mountains.

Lewis. And what happened in the Anza-Borrego mountains?

Adolph. Erwin, that's my son, came into possession of the Peralta Map down in Mexico. One of the hidden mines on it was the Lost Pegleg Mine, supposedly in Southern California.

Lewis. A pirate's treasure, hidden in the heart of Disneyland? Perfect.

Adolph. Disney-what now?

Carly. Uh never mind! You were saying?

Adolph. Me and Erwin went looking. But one day while he set up camp, I went out searching by my lonesome and ended up tripping into a ravine.

Carly. Oh no!

Adolph. Took them 4 days to find me. I'd broken a hip, they had to put in a silver plate to keep it in place. That's why I've got this limp.

Lewis. Ouch.

Adolph. Sure it hurts, but I'm not letting that get in my way. I've got the thrill of adventure in my blood, I'm not letting anything get in my way! Not even my own son refusing to join me.

Carly. Okay, and, where exactly *is* the Lost Dutchman's Mine?

Adolph. Oh ho ho, I bet you'd like to know, wouldn't you? You'd probably like me to whip out the old Peralta Map and show you the exact location.

Carly. Uh, I mean, yeah. That would be great.

Adolph. Okay!

Lewis. Wow. That was easy.

Adolph. Well, you two are just a couple of stable boys, right? Why not?

Carly. He left the room, and came back a few moments later with the map.

Adolph. If this map is true, then the mine should be right about here, right in the shadow of a big rock peak called Weaver's Needle. Once these cowboys show up I'll finally head there, and see what this Lost Dutchman really found.

(Soundbite of laughing then coughing.)

Adolph. Could I trouble one a' you's for a glass of water?

Carly. Actually, you can trouble us both! I pulled Lewis with me over to the sink. What do you think? Should we take the elevator to Weaver's Needle and have a look ourselves?

Lewis. Uhm, Yeah!

Carly. Nibbles popped up out of my pack.

Nibbles. Agreed! The sooner we get to treasure hunting, the better! Also, I have to pee, so pick up the pace would ya?

Carly. We brought Adolph some water and said our goodbyes. We have to get back to work now, but thanks so much for showing us the map. And, um good luck!

Lewis. See ya later prospector!

Carly. Lewis come on. We raced outside, and scrambled up to the elevator. Weaver's Needle, here we come!

(Soundbite of elevator travel noises then thud.)

Carly. Mm fresh air.

Lewis. I don't know if this stable life is really for me Carly.

Carly. We came back out of the elevator right below the needle it was hard to miss, a giant column of rock that looked like a finger pointing up into the sky.

Lewis. Okay, let's get searching for some gold!

Nibbles. Absolutely! I just need a minute. And a little privacy. It's number three.

Carly. While we waited for Nibbles to, ya know, Lewis and I looked around the base of the Needle, even dug a few holes, but nothing turned up, so we started searching further afield.

Nibbles. Hey, you guys! I found something over here! Looks like there's some marks on the rocks down this ravine. Maybe it's a trail that leads somewhere? Like a gold mine!

(Soundbite of everyone walking.)

Carly. We followed Nibbles, and started making our way down a narrow valley. But after walking for awhile we still hadn't found anything.

Lewis. Ugh, how long have we been out here? Days? Weeks? Months?

Carly. Lewis it's been twenty minutes.

Lewis. What a bummer that searching through the wilderness for a lost gold mine requires so much.

Carly. Searching through the wilderness for a lost gold mine?

Lewis. Exactly!

Carly. Hey look, over there!

Lewis. What is that glinting in the sunlight?

Carly, Lewis and Nibbles. Gold!

Carly. We raced over towards the speck of something, shining in the distance. But as we got closer we realized.

Lewis. It's moving?

Carly. Yeah, it seems to be moving slowly across that rock.

Nibbles. How weird!

Carly. Oh my goodness. IT'S A SNAIL!

Nibbles. A tiny speck of gold on the back of a snail shell?!

Lewis. Okay. That's just YUUUCK!

Carly. Oh shush. Hello Mr. Snail!

Lewis. Carly, NO. We are NOT taking him back with us. Remember the Terry the Termite fiasco?!

Carly. I know, I know, I know. But still, a snail! Just like Odie's riddle!

Nibbles. I wonder if this is what she meant?

Carly. Yeah! She said something about trails too, but I don't see any trails nearby here.

Lewis. Umm she usually doesn't mean stuff super literally?

Carly. Still, if there's gold on this snail, then the mine must be around here somewhere, right? I mean right?

Carly. We looked all around, and didn't see much other than lots and lots of regular rocks. But at one point we did see a pair of people off in the distance.

Carly. Hey look! They're waving to us! Maybe it's Adolph and one of his cowboys.

Lewis. Don't wave back. We don't know them. Adolph would not have gotten up here so fast.

Carly. But just then,

H-dad. Analysis complete!

Carly. Yes! H-dad, what's the story here? Did Adolph ever find the mine?

H-dad. Inconclusive! After Adolph went out with the cowboys he disappeared. A search party was formed, but nothing turned up until six months later, when his skull was found, with holes in it, and eventually the rest of his remains were found as well.

Lewis. Yikes!

H-dad. Many of Adolph's personal effects were also found but NOT the Peralta Map.

Carly. So what happened? Did the cowboys take the map for themselves?

H-dad. This is the most commonly-held theory, but what actually occurred remains a mystery. Adolph's notebook was also recovered, and in the final entry he wrote that he had found the mine, and ended with the line "Veni, vidi, vici."

Nibbles. That's Latin for "I Came, I Saw, I Conquered."

H-dad. Ten points to the rat.

Carly. Whoa, Nibs.

Nibbles. I keep telling you, rats know things!

Lewis. Okay, but what about the mine? Has anyone ever found it?

H-dad. Negative! The location of the mine remains unknown, though many people still search for it. Adolph's death became national news, and likely helped generate the interest in the mine that continues to this day.

Carly. Not sure there's much to be found out here besides our snail friend.

H-dad. Incoming message from BUTTHED HQ.

P.A. Voice. Attention Butthead employees, Five minutes until the end of Hula Hoop and Soup lunch break.

Carly. Welp, guess it's time to skedaddle. We made our way back to the elevator, and said goodbye to Mr. Snail.

Carly. Bye Mr Snail. Nice knowing ya.

Lewis. Carly come on. So gross, disgusting.

Nibbles. I'm getting hungry. Let's go.

(Soundbite of elevator travel noises then thud and ding.)

Odie. Welcome back. How were those wonderfully named mountains?

Carly. Honestly pretty superstitious.

Lewis. Apparently Adolph's story ended in tragedy. It seems likely someone attacked him and stole the map. So cliché.

Carly. And if anyone else ever found the Lost Dutchman's mine, they've done a very good job keeping it hidden.

Odie. I see.

Carly. Lewis is right about Adolph too, it's real shame. Because even though he'd gone through a similar experience before, it's like he forgot all about that and just plunged ahead regardless. (gasp) Wait a minute, that's what you meant with your riddle!

(Soundbite of wind chimes.)

Odie. The wise mountain snail remembers its trail.

Carly. You meant that Adolph forgot his trail!

Lewis. Wait, so Odie *did* mean it literally?

Carly. Only kind of. A trail isn't only where you're going, it's where you've *been*. Adolph got so focused on his end goal he forgot about his journey.

Odie. That's very true. The journey you've been on in the past matters just as much as the destination you're heading towards in the future.

Carly. Thanks Odie.

Odie. A pleasure as always, basement companion. Lewis.

Lewis. Odie.

Carly. You know Lewis, the same goes for our mystery. We haven't solved that yet either, but we've done a lot of good work to try to solve it.

Lewis. This is true. Some of us have done more work than others. For example, I should go and see how the handwriting samples compare with the note. Detective Lewis on the case.

(Soundbite of Lewis walking up stairs and Nibbles squeaking.)

Carly. Lewis raced off upstairs, and Nibbles and I went back to my desk. A few minutes later.

(Soundbite of footsteps coming down.)

Carly. Uh that was fast.

Lewis. Okay. The handwriting analysis program is finished.

Carly. YES!

Lewis. But, it turns out, we were wrong. The letter actually WASN'T handwritten at all.

Carly. What?!

(Soundbite of rat squeaking.)

Lewis. The letter was typed and then printed out. The writer just used a font that *looked* like handwriting, probably to throw us off the scent!

Carly. Oh mumble crust. That is very frustrating! But you know what? I could tell Nibbles and Lewis were both bracing themselves for me to say something negative. It's okay! I'm still glad we chased down that clue, even though it didn't pan out.

Lewis. Wow Carly Q. Is this you getting your positive attitude back?

(Soundbite of rat squeaking.)

Carly. It never left. It was just a little tired, that all. That's what we do. Pursue mysteries wherever they lead. And with that, it was back to work! What a great adventure! Sad to think Adolph lost his life in search of gold that might not even exist.

Lewis. Glad to have you back.

Carly. But it's always good to be reminded of the journeys we've been on in order to get to where we are now.

Lewis. See you later Carly Q.

Carly. Meanwhile I'm recommitted to the hunt for the letter writer, and I can't wait to see what clue we'll turn up next. Until then, this is Carly Q, signing off. And remember, you never heard this!