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Located In Tucson, Arizona U.S.A.
From 1885 To The Present Day
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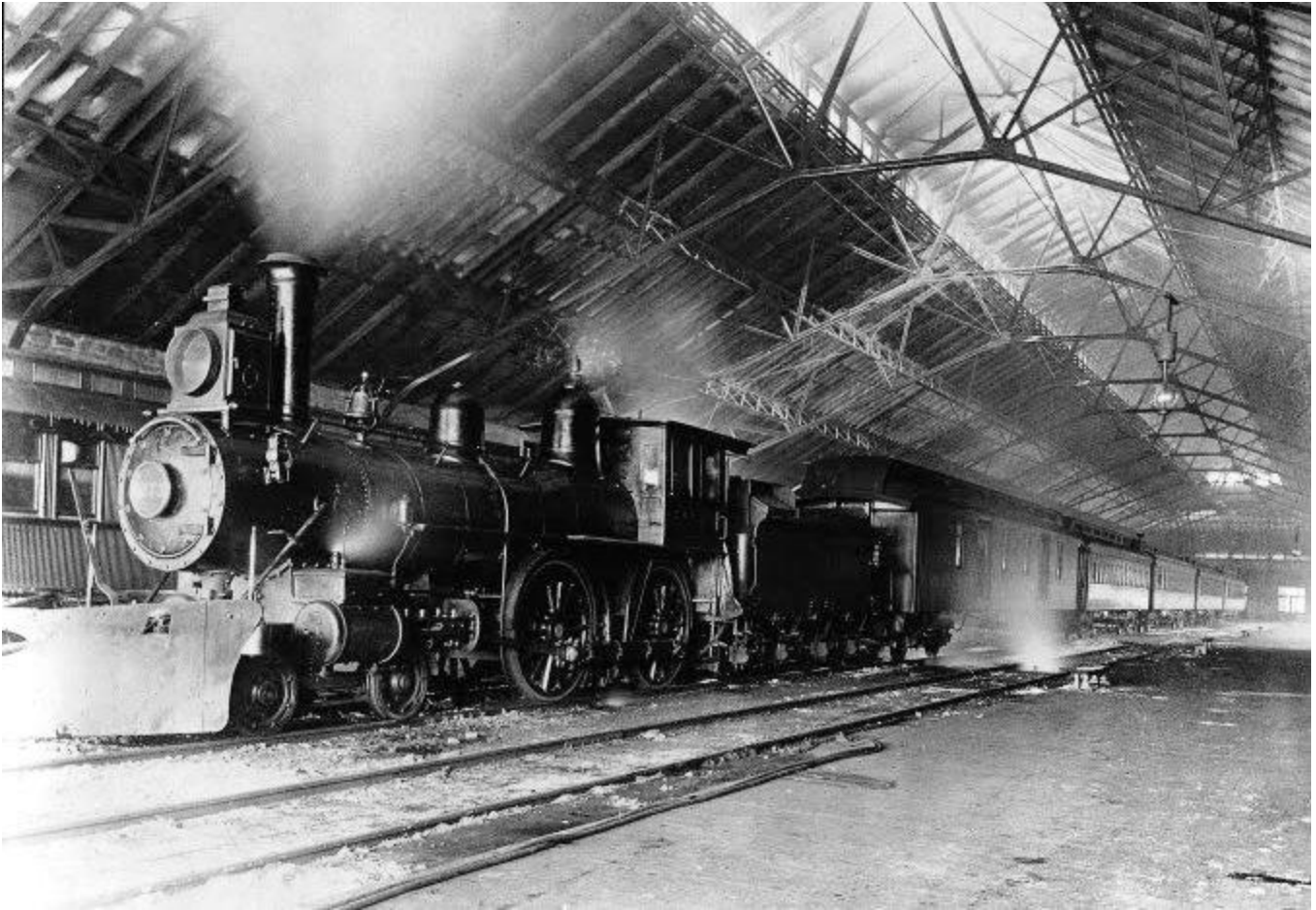
The Professor's Strange Obsession



1893 Old Main At University Of Arizona

It was in the late fall of 1893 after the weather was just starting to cool in Tucson when the imminent Dr. Ambrose L. Horn arrived at the Arizona Territorial College of Mines in Tucson amidst a huge swirling cloud of desert dust completely surrounding him kicked up by the Tucson Livery Stable Service's open air jitney wagon along with its team of mules in which the professor was riding in.

The newly elected U.S. President Grover Cleveland had just appointed Louis Cameron Hunt, a Union civil war veteran, as the 11th Territory of Arizona Governor, 15 year old boys could walk into any of the Congress Street Saloons for a drink, the Kingdom of Hawaii had been overthrown by a group of wealthy United States Businessmen secretly working for the U.S. Government, the Apache & Yavapai Wars had since ended with what the newspapers called the 'hostiles' being relocated to government reservations or other relocations individually into various cities all around the United States.



The able doctor's long series of traveling on wood burning steam powered locomotives and on stage coach rides from back east had conferred at least some no-nonsense [Out West Wisdom](#) into his entire thinking processes.

He now knew a few of the ways the [The West](#) really was after meals served in wild saloons and seedy hotels. A pocket .45 cal. derringer had helped even out the odds he jokingly quipped in a low voice to an older lady sitting next to him.

The seemingly nice little old lady opened up her purse to the doctor revealing a multi-shot 'pepper box pistol' inside as she casually winked to him slyly.

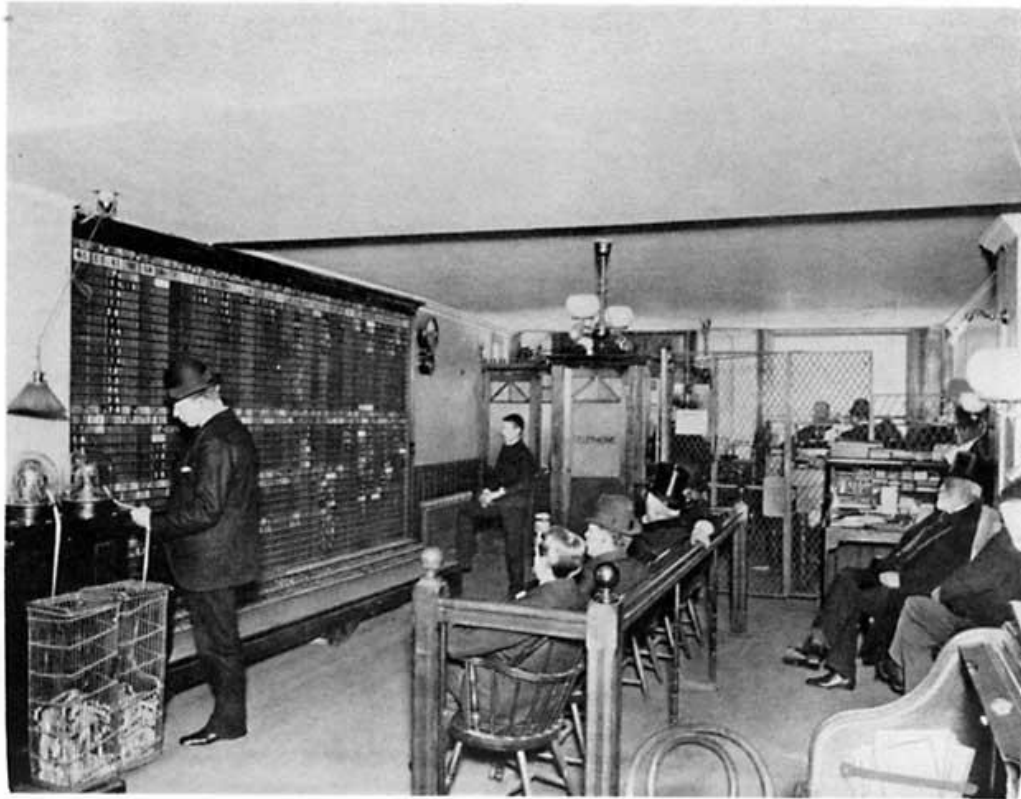
Tying his fine thin weaved silk cloth handkerchief around his mouth and nose to filter the dusty blowing desert sand, the doctor jumped down out of the back of the horse drawn wagon onto the bare packed [Territorial University of Arizona](#) desert sand in front of what was then known as [The Arizona Territorial College of Mines](#) in Tucson (now known as Old Main).

Dr. Horn was known in some of the upper circles of the United States medical profession during the later 1800s as an unusually exceptionally gifted surgeon, and highly talented medical instructor.

After a few moments standing out under the warm sun on the dusty dirt entrance road of the college the doctor was quickly shown to his new home on the mostly desert and cactus filled campus with the exception of one main building

located in the center along with a few wooden sheds and small outbuildings around nearby.

The 1873 stock market crash had lasted until 1878. Not so many years later from 1892 to 1893 in the United States the public first experienced a rampant financial panic, then a stifling depression, finally followed by an almost complete economic meltdown including a stock market crash and a run on all the nation's banks which left many people suddenly completely penniless.



Late 1800s Stock Broker's Office

Many banks would suddenly quickly escort their depositors outside with a very assuring, "*come back in the morning*", close the banks front door, and never open up again.

That while the bank management suddenly and quietly left town late that night with what gold & silver coins, jewels, and paper money was left while the naïve town's population slept.

At the time no safeguards existed protecting even a single penny of bank customer's deposits or their accounts.

The good doctor had lost a part of his savings but was not at all in the dire straits that many of the people of his era found themselves in.

Many of those had committed suicide or merely quietly disappeared under the cover of darkness late at night never to be seen again while their families were left sleeping only to wake up to the towns wraith a few hours later.

That was done during the nations numerous financial panics on a grand scale rather than face their customers, family, and business associates with the reality of bankruptcy.

Doctor Horn's recent employment at the [University of Arizona](#) was proving to revitalize his means considerably and rather quickly at that.

But, the doctor's recent vivid memories of the financial crashes, bank failures, and public panics he had experienced left the professor with a very leery feeling of [banks](#) and those located in Tucson were especially no exception.



A couple night janitors along with some night owl predisposed students on the campus noted observing what they thought was Dr. Horn on various nightly occasions digging in and around what was then the many cactus gardens located all around the dark shadowy unlit [20 acre](#) desert grounds of the College of Mines in Tucson.

Given the already well known eccentricity of both professors and doctors of the latter 1800s era the rumors and matter of the doctor's often nocturnal activities quickly passed through the idle gossip phase and were in time forgotten just about as quickly.

Then one late stormy night in [1894](#) as the wind howled with fury through the desert, two members of the football team (both also members of the same campus [fraternity](#)) were walking around the many campus cactus gardens after drinking some [Red Eye Whiskey](#) they had purchased at the Bucket of Blood Saloon down along the Congress Street area.

Tucson's Red Eye Whiskey in the 1800s often arrived in Tucson in large wooded barrels as the far cheaper and always clear grain alcohol liquid. To make it look like the dark expensive whiskey variety, local Tucson saloon owners would drop a couple handfuls of rusty nails down in the barrels to darken the color of the clear liquid and within a few hours that would give it the very characteristic dark amber whiskey look of expensive whiskey from San Francisco, Los Angeles, or the East Coast.

On their walk back to the college the two football players sharp young eyes caught the dark shadowy shape of a man off in the distance ahead seemingly bent over near the middle of what is now the University of Arizona's Mall area, which at that time was part of a very large and well-kept cactus garden over much of the property.

As the two young students got closer they could just make out the figure way out in the distance in front of them.

It was unmistakably that of the esteemed Dr. Ambrose L. Horn crouched over looking down at the ground and tamping down some earth with a small hand trowel such as was used by the schools gardeners.

With the heavy smell of whiskey on their breaths, and not wanting to suffer demerits to their records the two fraternity brothers quickly and very wisely veered off and quietly slipped away into the night unnoticed.

Three days later the two students unable to stand it any longer, and waiting on a moon lit night both then returned to the spot where they had observed the professor mysteriously crouching under the cover of the desert darkness.

The ground was still reasonably soft, but when it would not yield, one of the boys pulled out a small pocket knife and soon found buried about 12 inches down in the desert soil a small leather pouch with a thin lead liner inside it.

Upon opening the pouch up, even in the desert darkness under the limited moonlight they could still both see an unmistakable gleaming shine before their eyes.

To their amazement it was GOLD!



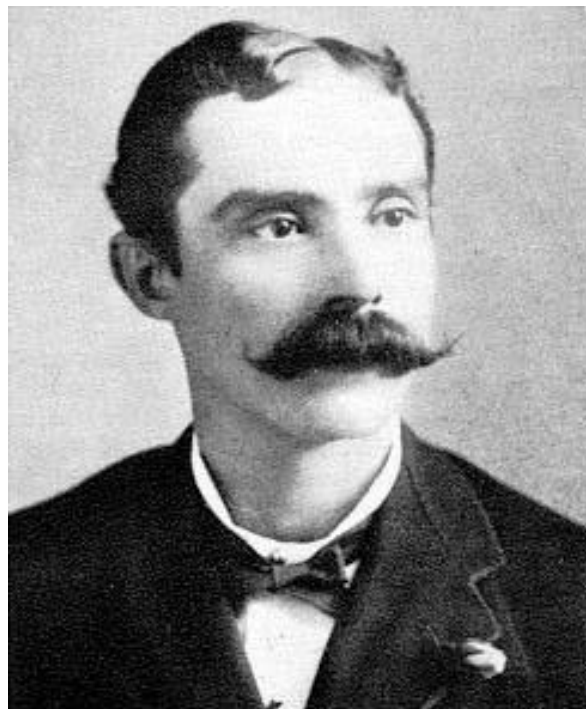
And more precisely, it was gold coins in denominations of the [\\$20, \\$10, and \\$5 dollar gold pieces struck by the United States Mint.](#)

Quickly getting back to their fraternity buddies the two excitingly woke up the rest of the house with the very strange and bizarre story they told of their find. Quickly they all together quickly began devising their plans to

secretly search for more of the Professor's hidden hordes of gold and silver coins.

However, what none of the young students realized was that the mysterious Dr. Horn had indeed witnessed the two young football players dig up and abscond with the leather pouch that he had so carefully buried that night under the cover of darkness.

Also what none of the fraternity members could begin to possibly imagine was the diabolical surprise that the good Dr. Horn was now planning for all of them.

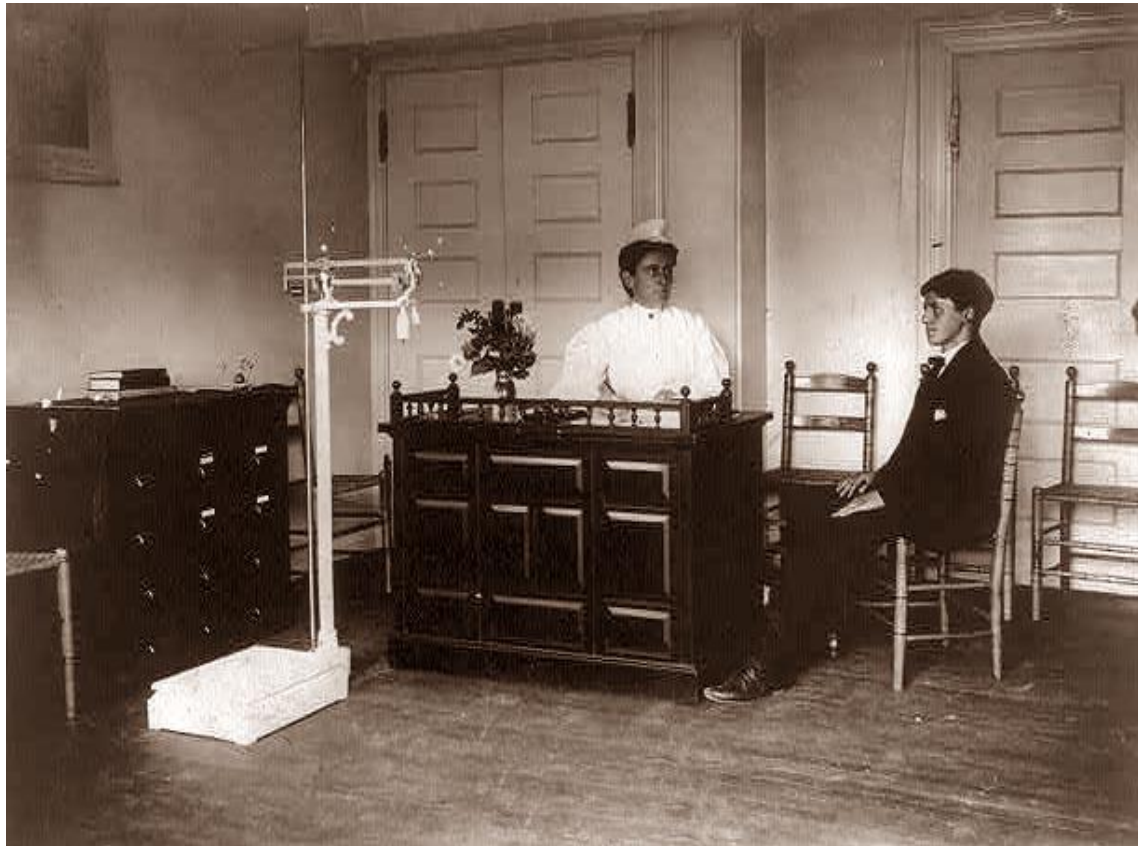


Dr. Ambrose L. Horn

The very clever doctor bided his time until the week of the annual Tucson Cotillion Dance that was one of the most very highly popular upper class social events of the 1800s held every year in downtown Tucson at the Ebber's Building.

The annual cotillion dance introduced the Tucson Communities most eligible girls from all the most socially elite and wealthy merchant and professional families in the area to the very best and brightest of young men from the upper social strata then attending the University of Arizona.

As part of the era's requirements for a wealthy family's male college student to attend such a prominent local social event it was required that one of the college's own doctors perform a simple health exam.



Dr. Horn then skillfully made very sure that he would be the schools doctor performing the exams on the young men.

The morning of the exams came with all of the very most athletic and the brightest students at the college soon showing up which included the Fraternity Brothers as each eagerly waited to be seen by the doctor.

One local young man patiently sitting in one of the chairs was 'Edward' who was not a student, but the son of a prominent Tucson Businessman,

and a patient of Dr. Horn being treated for Dipathentic Larangites who had been told to come in that day for a follow up.

Unknowingly, the young Edward quickly infected all the fraternity brothers with the highly infectious disease that caused those with it to experience laryngitis (the inability to speak), a total inability to gain an erection, a slight fever, along with vomiting and diarrhea.

Subsequently, the small handful of fraternity members who did attempt to attend the dance despite their 'mysterious illnesses' only lasted moments before bolting out the exit doors of the building with dark brown stains suddenly appearing down the legs and on the seats of their white formal pants saturating right down to their socks and shoes.

Soon, after each payday at the college, the Professor was once again burying his lead lined leather [pouches](#) of gold and silver coins all around the campus under the cover of night without any interference. Continuing his total and complete distrust of the banks.

[Dr. Ambrose L. Horn](#) died suddenly one afternoon of heart failure while teaching a medical class. It was reported his room had been searched two nights later likely for gold coins and a possible map of the pouches locations. The room was left in 'great disarray' according to the official incident report with some floor boards having been pried up.

Although the face and layout of the College of Mines and later University of Arizona campus has been changed many many times over the years since then, only a very few of the doctors money pouches have ever been found.

Those found are usually during or from the construction excavations or other digging projects, with the last being in early August of 2021 when three large 1800s silver coins were found by a construction worker who quickly sold them to a local coin shop.

All of the remaining pouches now containing very highly valuable gold and silver coins are presumed to be still scattered all over what is

now the University of Arizona campus in Tucson, Arizona.



Recently, a prominent coin dealer on Oracle Road mused, *“Considering at various times over the years since that time, the U.S. Governments massive melting down of gold & silver coins, and later in the 1930’s the federal governments outright making the possession of gold coins by citizens illegal in the United States, and then the governments melting those coins down also, the Professor’s gold and silver coins would now be of a really unbelievable value!”*

“The elusive professor’s use of a thin lead liner in his pouches has probably contributed to them not being found in modern times with all the

electronic gadgets around except if the pouches have gotten torn in some way over the years by soil action and ground movements, new landscaping projects, or excavations.”

Some employees, fraternity members, students, and visitors at the University of Arizona have reported on very dark moonless nights seeing a man dressed in an all-black suit bending over digging with something in some of the planted areas on campus.

Some frat houses over the years have kept secret their experiences hearing the unmistakable sounds of solid gold and silver coins striking each other very late at night coming from the old wooden walls and ceilings.

And, suddenly coming down with mysterious diseases including diarrhea just before campus social events involving young female students and dances.

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