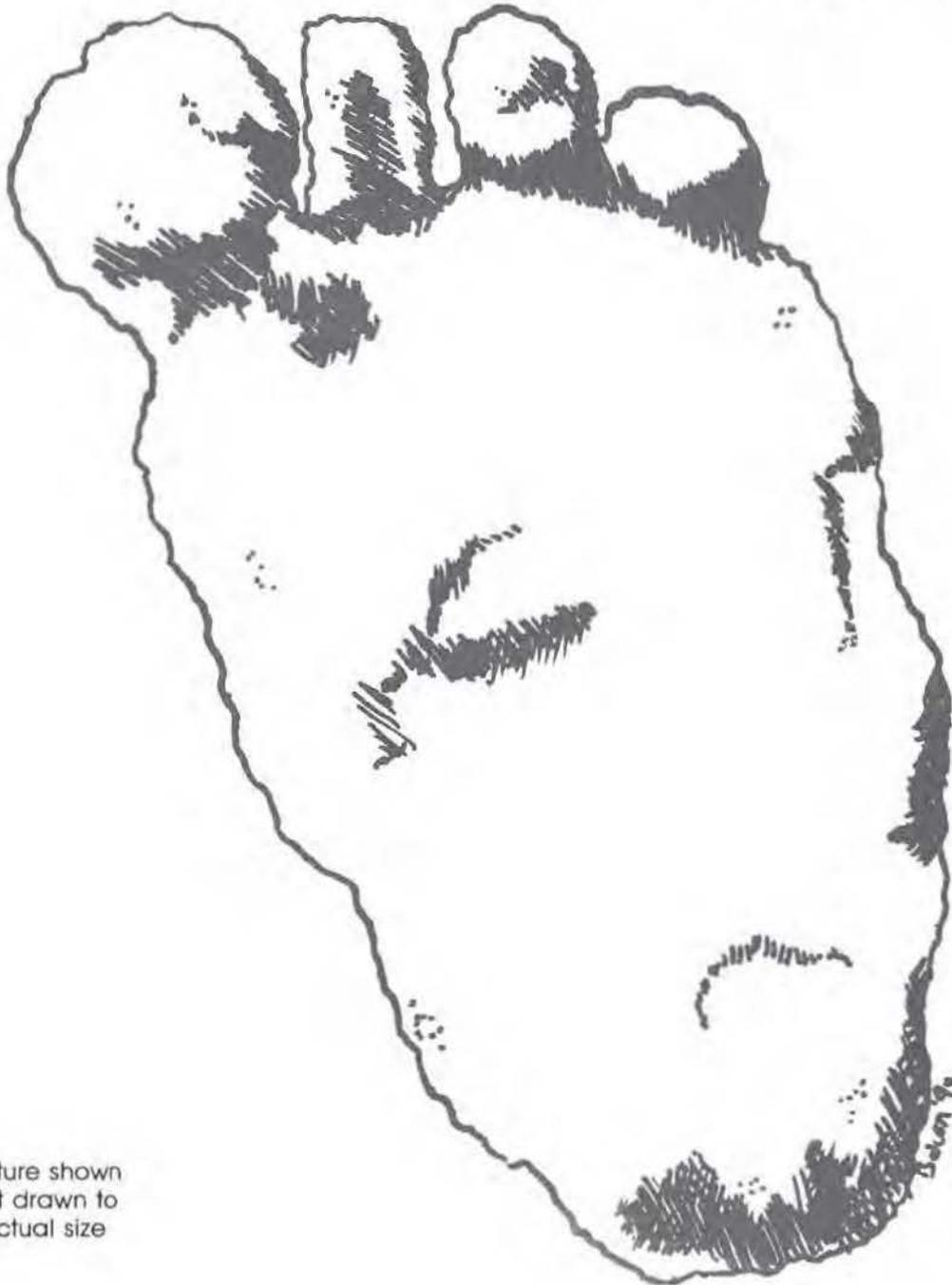

Exploring Unexplained Phenomena

JOURNAL of the FORTEAN RESEARCH CENTER

VOL. IV, NO. 4

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On the Trail of Bigfoot



Picture shown
not drawn to
actual size

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The Journal of The Fortean Research Center is published four times annually, by the Fortean Research Center, a non-profit corporation. Articles in this Journal don't necessarily represent the views of The Fortean Research Center. Any article in this Journal may be reprinted with credit given to the author and to the Center, unless specifically restricted by the author. The purpose of the Fortean Research is to investigate all aspects of unexplained phenomena, including UFO's, cryptozoological mysteries, out-of-place animal sightings, geological & archeological anomalies, mysterious falls of objects from the sky, psychic & paranormal phenomena, and all other areas of study which may provide data useful to the resolution of these perplexing mysteries. We also serve as a source of accurate, reliable information for the public at large. The Fortean Research Center is exempt from Federal Income Tax under Section 501 (c) (3) of the Internal Revenue Code. Membership in the Center is \$15.00 per year, and includes a subscription to this Journal. Your contributions may be deducted from your Federal Income Tax. Thank you for your support! This Journal is dedicated to the memory of Charles Fort, whose legacy of writing and observations of our world still instruct & teach us.

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Charles Fort

FROM THE DIRECTOR

Its good to be back! I think you'll find this "Bigfoot" Journal interesting, with articles written or submitted by Chris Bader, Alan Boye, Bob Nelson, Richard Seifried, Donald Ware, and me. (For more information on Bipedal Humanoid reports, readers may refer to Vol. 2, No. 1 of this Journal.) In a somewhat similar area of interest, we've included a paper on Black Panthers in Nebraska by John Eis, and part one of a series on unknown and/or strange creature sightings from Nebraska. Stephen Johnson, our new Assistant Director, contributed a piece about his initial UFO experience and the need for scientists (and perhaps all of us) to take a fresh look at the UFO phenomena. And, books are reviewed in this issue by Jerry Douglass, Gary Nelson, and John Wynhausen.

Faithful readers of this Journal have seen quite a few changes in the layout and design of our Journal in the last two years. We are constantly striving to bring you a quality Journal with articles, research and papers on all aspects of the unexplained. I recently did two things that caused our readers to wait a longer period of time than normal for this particular issue: 1) I took over as interim editor, and 2) I purchased an IBM compatible computer with WordPerfect 5.1, and then proceeded to get "up to speed." Your patience has been greatly appreciated and I hope that some of the changes in this and future Journals will meet with your approval. Our bottom line: We are trying to produce the highest quality Journal possible for a non-profit research center run by volunteers. Future Journals will have more graphics and visuals as I learn more about my system. Thanks for waiting

along with us--I hope you'll agree that it's been worth it. Starting with the next Journal, we will have a "Letters" column as a regular feature. Please address comments on articles found in our Journal, or on unexplained phenomena in general, to:

"Letters"
c/o The Fortean Research Center
P.O. Box 94627
Lincoln, NE 68509

All letters must be signed; however, you may elect to request that your name not be published, in which case we'll give you a pseudonym. Please print or type so that we can read your comments. Again, unsigned letters will not be published.

If you find that your comments run longer than a letter, you'll be interested to know that we will be starting a new column with a working title of "Thinking Out Loud" or something close to this, as a regular or irregular feature of this Journal. You, the reader, will determine its contents through your contributions, points of view, etc. I believe that this column will allow us to speculate, theorize, and to bring forth conjecture in the appropriate place. Perhaps you've been wanting to speak your mind regarding a particular area of your own interest. Well, get those pencils, pens and word processors fired up! Please note: To allow your contribution to be published in this "unconfirmed" column, you must sign your name and supply a return address. We will monitor and evaluate this column as time goes by. Again, please print or type your comments. All letters or correspondence sent to our Center are subject to editing and grammar correction, if necessary, and are the property of the Fortean Research Center.

JOURNAL OF THE FORTEAN RESEARCH CENTER

We are pleased to announce that planning is now underway for an "Unexplained Phenomena" conference in Lincoln, NE, next spring. Our Center has staged conferences of this kind in 1982 and 1983, and we served as a host committee for the 1988 MUFON Symposium in Lincoln. Many people have told us that we have one of the best conference sites in the country in Lincoln, and we're excited about the prospect. The call for papers is announced elsewhere in this Journal. We will keep you posted as to developments, dates, etc., so that you may schedule your travel plans accordingly. We feel that the topics will represent many aspects of phenomena research, and as in the past will be well balanced. Of course, members of the Center will receive a discount on the overall admission fees of the conference. More on details, dates etc. in the next issue.

If you are in the area of Lincoln, NE, please feel free to attend a regular coffee and tea discussion group that is open to the public. We meet the first Sunday of the month at The Mill, 8th & "P" Streets, from 2-4 pm. Gourmet coffee and tea, and great discussion make for an interesting and enjoyable Sunday afternoon!

The next potluck dinner of the Fortean Research Center will be Saturday, October 20th, at the Antelope Park Shelter, in Lincoln, NE. From "A" street, go south on Park Drive, and then take the first left turn. The shelter is fully enclosed and heated. Starting time is 6 pm, and we hope to have a surprise video to show you.

Congratulations go to George Knapp of KLAS-TV, channel 8, in Las Vegas. George recently received the prestigious Donald Keyhoe award from the Fund for UFO Research for his efforts in producing the news series and documentary, "UFO's: The Best

Evidence," which many of you have seen. Keep up the good work, George!

Jim Dallmeier has announced a limited number of UFO art prints, with the first art print featuring Kenneth Arnold's multiple UFO sighting in 1947. For more information contact Jim at 9047 Aero Drive, Pico Rivera, CA 90660.

Our friend and member Timothy Good, one of Britain's leading UFO authorities, has announced that he will air mail copies of his latest book, The UFO Report 1990, to anyone in the U.S. for \$30. Timothy asks that you use an international money order drawn on U.K. Sterling. His book features many new UFO cases, information on the mysterious crop circles that have a lot of us intrigued, new information on the Rendlesham Forest case of 1980, and many other accounts. Interested members of the Center may request their copy of The UFO Report 1990 by writing to the following address:

Timothy Good
247 High St.
Beckenham
Kent BR3 1AB
England

Thank you Timothy for all the long hours you put in! I count Timothy as a friend and I respect the work that he does. It is recommended that any member of the Center who hasn't read Above Top Secret by Good should read it cover to cover. Period.

Recently I met Dr. James Deardorff and his charming wife, and Dr. Deardorff told me about two books of his, The Talmud of Jmmanuel and its companion, Celestial Teachings, that are just being released. Dr. Deardorff apparently based his research on an ancient Aramaic document discovered in 1963, which he believes is the true origin of the gospels of Matthew and Mark. At \$15.95 and \$17.95 each postpaid, readers are encouraged to write to Dr. Deardorff at Wild Flower Press,

Box 230893, Tigard, Oregon 97224.

Asking the question "Who are they and why are they here?," E.T. Clearinghouse spokesperson Rick Edwards has announced a weekly news and documentary TV program called "UFO Spotlight." Rick has asked anyone who has access to information on the UFO and/or alien subject to contact him at UFO Spotlight, Airport Park Plaza, 225 N. El Cielo Rd., #693, Palm Springs, CA 92262. Networks or independents broadcasting this program were not known as of this printing.

Sharon Sandusky, Research Chief of WPA, Inc., has announced the start of a quarterly UFO news magazine in video format. Sharon is a member of our Center, and readers and members are encouraged to send material & information on the UFO subject to her at the following address:

Sharon Sandusky
WPA, Inc.
604 Davis St.

Evanston, Illinois 60201

I ask that you support Sharon in her work. And, we'll keep you posted on the availability of her quarterly news magazine.

Jerry Smith has written to inform our readers of plans to open a UFO museum in Reno, Nevada in April, 1991. Smith emphasizes that it will be a tourist attraction, not a tourist trap. Members and friends of the Center may write to Smith at The National UFO Museum, P.O. Box 20593, Sun Valley, NV 89433.

A local member of our Center has informed me of a legend of sorts in western Nebraska. People around the Gering, Nebraska area apparently have some knowledge about a "phantom pony express rider." Sorry, but I can't give you any more than this. I hope we can get an update on this for our next Journal.

Thanks go to Lucius Farish for a job well done. Lucius and friends host the annual Ozark UFO conference

in Eureka Springs, Arkansas. I believe the conference is usually held toward the first of April. Your director went this year and was impressed by the caliber of speakers and the whole effort put forth by Lucius. I also had the good fortune of attending this year's 11th Rocky Mountain Conference on UFO Investigation hosted by Drs. June Parnell, R. Leo Sprinkle, and friends. This conference focuses on the "contactee" experience from the sympathetic position. Both conferences will be summarized in our next Journal. We'll also have an update from our Assistant Director, Stephen Johnson, regarding the well-attended MUFON conference in Pensacola, Florida in July of this year. Our friend Donald Ware and his associates did a fine job in putting on the conference, and Stephen will have a full report for us.

This last note is taken from the AP news wires. The Lincoln Star newspaper ran a short article on UFO sightings in Canada. The story said that last year, people saw at least 141 UFO's in the Canadian skies, "according to what's being touted as Canada's first national survey of UFO sightings." Perhaps someone from the "great white north" can fill this sketchy story out a bit for us.

Don't forget the locally produced TV program, "The Unseen and the Unknown," hosted by Linda Perrin from Omaha and produced by Terry Mahlman, member of our Center. Your director was privileged to appear on the debut program. "The Unseen and the Unknown" airs in Lincoln on Cable channel 5, Thursdays at 8:30 pm, and Saturdays at 3:30 pm., and also airs in Omaha on Cox Cable on a different channel and time schedule. Linda and Terry, keep up your good efforts!

The Ralph Mueller Planetarium, on the downtown UNL campus, is now airing a program called "How to Watch a UFO."

Thanks again for your patience in waiting for this Journal. To our many new members, welcome aboard! Feel free to contribute a letter, opinion, or article for publication. If you want ideas for research, write to me or Stephen and we'll send you some areas that we are interested in

researching. As always, please enclose a S.A.S.E.

Our front cover this issue is a drawing by Dale Bacon. It's based on a photo of a plaster cast made by Roger Patterson of an alleged Bigfoot track--Thanks Dale! Thanks also to the contributors for this, our latest Journal. On with the show!

WHAT IS "PROOF" REGARDING BIGFOOT?

by Scott H. Colborn, Director

John Mitchell & Robert Rickard in their book *Living Wonders* (Mitchell & Rickard, 1983) offer a suitable starting point for this issue of the Journal of the Fortean Research Center:

"The closest parallel between Bigfoot and phenomena such as UFOs is that nowhere in the world have any of them yet yielded a single undisputed physical proof of their actual existence. Despite the eagerness of their pursuers over many years and several continents, there is no Bigfoot or Yeti body, nor hair nor hide of one, nor even one satisfactory photograph. ...Cryptozoologists of the flesh-and-blood school are in much the same position as the nuts-and-bolts ufologists--with no physical relics for their faith (pg. 42)."

The operative word here is "undisputed." And yet while the above may or may not be true depending upon which approach you take to research, it seems to me that there are two basic questions we should ask of ourselves: 1) What is "proof," and 2) How much proof is required or how much proof do we need. What do we make of reports by witnesses--the same witness that can

give testimony in a court of law, with said testimony accepted by the court. How much weight do plaster casts of alleged footprints of Bigfoot have? What about other physical elements such as fecal droppings or hair? Or is the "smoking gun" of Bigfoot research the Roger Patterson film, taken in a wilderness area northeast of Eureka, California, which purported to capture on film a female Bigfoot.

On the afternoon of October 20, 1967, Roger Patterson and Bob Gimlin reported the following:

"A sort of man-creature...about seven feet tall," walking through the woods about a hundred yards from them. "Gosh darn it...And for pity's sakes, she was a female," Patterson exclaimed. The thing, whatever it was, had "big droopy breasts," and was covered with "short, shiny black hair (Cohen, 1970)."

Apparently Patterson and Gimlin were both riding horses in an area called Bluff Creek in northern California, and trailing a pack horse behind them. They rode around a logjam and saw a female bigfoot on a watercourse ahead of them. At this point the Bigfoot began to walk away. All three horses panicked, with the pack

horse breaking free and leaving the area. Gimlin dismounted, while Patterson wasn't so lucky. After his horse reared, it fell over sideways, pinning Patterson to the ground. His horse then regained its footing, and Patterson freed himself from his horse. Running after the creature, which had continued to walk away rapidly, Patterson shot 28 feet of film, which was all that was left of that roll. At this point, with the Bigfoot having left the vicinity, Patterson and Gimlin then went after two of the horses that had bolted and left the area. Finding the horses, they returned to the scene and attempted to track the creature, without success. Returning again to the site, they made plaster casts of the footprints left in the sandy soil, and then left for their base camp, where they broke camp and drove to Eureka to mail the film to a relative (Byrne, 1975, pg.137-138).

John Napier, author of Bigfoot: The Yeti and Sasquatch in Myth and Reality (Napier, 1973) made these points after repeated viewing of the Patterson film:

- 1) *The walk of the creature was consistent with the walk of modern man.*
- 2) *The cadence of the walk was "grossly exaggerated" or "self-conscious."*
- 3) *In spite of the breasts observed the style of walking was that of a human male.*
- 4) *The cone-shaped top of the skull is non-human and consistent with adult male gorillas and male orangutans.*
- 5) *The apparent physical structure of the creature suggests a center of gravity of the body different from man, yet an analysis of the walk itself suggest the center of gravity of the creature is precisely as it is in man.*

- 6) *... "The upper half of the body bears some resemblance to an ape and the lower half is typically human. It is almost impossible to conceive that such structural hybrids could exist in nature. One half of the animal must be artificial. In view of the walk, it can only be the upper half (pg. 90-91)."*

In spite of the overall tone of his analysis of the Patterson film, Napier said that in general, he was "convinced that the Sasquatch exists, but whether it is all that it is cracked up to be is another matter altogether...there must be something (that) leaves man-like footprints (pg. 205)." Napier said that although the evidence at hand in favor of the reality of Bigfoot is not hard evidence, "nevertheless it is evidence and cannot be ignored (pg. 205)."

Peter Byrne, in his book The Search for Bigfoot gives the Patterson film "a 95% chance of being genuine and the subject of the footage a 95% chance of being a real living creature (pg. 150)." Byrne was able to get the following comment on the Patterson film from a chief technician at Disney Studios in California after an examination by the technician in 1973:

"If it is a fake then it is a masterpiece and as far as we are concerned the only place in the world where a simulation of that quality could be created would be here, at Disney Studios, and this footage was not made here (pg. 133)."

Byrne disputes Napier's findings and says if the creature in the Patterson film is real and is new to science, it can look and have a physical description different than what we might think it should have. Indeed,

Byrne says that "scientists in this country should be talking less about fakery and working more toward some solution of the enormous question that this unique strip of film poses (pg. 151)."

Grover Krantz is an associate professor at Washington State University, and his major interest is in the area of human evolution. Krantz has also seen the Patterson film and this is what he had to say in an interview in the August 1990 edition of Backpacker magazine:

"You couldn't fit a man into a monkey suit with that size and shape. If you get a man tall enough--almost seven feet tall--his shoulders are much too narrow. If he sticks his elbows straight out to fill the shoulders, then they're much too wide. The only way you could fit a seven-foot-tall man into that suit is to break his arms. It's absolutely impossible for a human being to have that shape (Wyatt, 1990)."

Krantz has been researching Bigfoot accounts since 1969, and in 1970 saw his first Bigfoot tracks. He says that "the bottom line is that the anatomical characteristics I could reconstruct were things that no faker could ever come up with (pg. 64)."

George Eberhart has compiled a massive creature bibliography of 4,500 entries titled Monsters (Eberhart, 1983) which is subtitled "A Guide to Information on Unaccounted For Creatures, Including Bigfoot, Many Water Monsters, and Other Irregular Animals." In the beginning of the chapter on "Humanoids in North America," Eberhart has this to say regarding Bigfoot tracks:

"Contrary to most people's belief, the tracks that have been found (over 600 to date) would be incredibly difficult to fake. The

movement of the toes and heel, the depth of the tracks in wet sand and other firm material, and their continuity over considerable distances in very rough country are nearly impossible to reproduce. Tracks have been found in areas which would be very unlikely for a hoax to be perpetrated, and the movements indicated by the tracks (meandering, zigzagging) are very typical for a wild animal (pg. 152)."

What general description does the Bigfoot literature give us in terms of what Bigfoot is, and what Bigfoot is not? I'd like to quote from Eberhart's wonderful book again. The following is a list of attributes of Bigfoot, compiled by researcher John Green (as cited in Eberhart, 1983, pg. 152):

- 1) *The creatures are much larger than humans, both in height and bulk.*
- 2) *They are solitary.*
- 3) *They are covered with hair like an animal, not partially like a human.*
- 4) *The proportions of their limbs are more humanlike than apelike.*
- 5) *The resemblance to a human is less from the shoulders up.*
- 6) *They are omnivorous.*
- 7) *They are primarily nocturnal.*
- 8) *They are not active in cold weather.*
- 9) *They make considerable use of water.*

And here is a list of attributes compiled by Green that haven't been reported in the Bigfoot literature, taken again from Eberhart's book:

- 1) *The creatures have never thrown anything overhand or in a straight line.*
- 2) *They make various sounds and screams, but nothing that resembles speech.*

- 3) *They do not use fire.*
- 4) *They do not use tools and rarely carry anything that could not be considered food.*
- 5) *They apparently have no permanent shelters.*
- 6) *They have no fear of humans or guns (pg. 152).*

Another list of characteristics of Bigfoot is found in Creatures of the Outer Edge (Clark, et al., 1978). As Eberhart pointed out, this list covers reports that may "border on the phantasmal" (Eberhart, pg. 154):

- 1) *In many of the incidents the creature's eyes are self-luminous. The color of this light is most often red, and sometimes green or yellow.*
- 2) *It usually emits a foul odor, often compared to decaying meat, rotting garbage, or sewage.*
- 3) *It is usually retiring in its behavior, although sometimes destructive to livestock and wildlife.*
- 5) *It makes a variety of sounds, the most frequent of them a low growl or a high-pitched screech which may remind percipients of a baby crying or a woman screaming.*
- 6) *It usually does not leave tracks. When it does, such tracks may be: two-toed, three-toed, four-toed, five-toed, or even six-toed. Even prints which have the same number of toes may have dramatically different shapes in different cases (Clark, et al., pg. 106).*

If we accept the eye-witness reports, the plaster casts of footprints, the still and motion picture film, and other related "soft evidence" as constituting proof as to the existence of Bigfoot, then what is Bigfoot? Is Bigfoot a 100%-of-the-time physical creature? Or does Bigfoot have the ability, self-directed or not, to materialize and

de-materialize? Is Bigfoot from this or another dimension? Is Bigfoot a "controlled being" or "worker" connected or related to the UFO phenomena, or even a genetic experiment? Is this creature part of our own ancestry, a link if you will with our evolution? Do we "create" this creature from our own consciousness in particular or from the collective unconscious in general? Or is Bigfoot the last remnant of a separately evolved race of beings, perhaps showing evidence of intelligence?

Barbara Wasson, in her excellent book Sasquatch Apparitions (Wasson, 1979), makes this conclusion:

"There appears to be sufficient preliminary physical evidence: tracks, movie film, a witness to this filming, unidentifiable hair and fecal material, and reports by reputable reliable observers, to give a strong indication that a hominoid of Sasquatch's descriptions exists in North America (pg. 134)."

While there will probably never be enough proof for some people, I would have to say that after reviewing just a sampling of the vast material that exists in Bigfoot literature in preparation for this Journal, I share the above conclusion of Wasson. In fact, I believe the witness testimony is the clincher for me. Either lots of folks are telling the truth to the best of their abilities, or lots of folks are lying or hallucinating.

I'll close with this sound advice from Barbara Wasson, again from her book Sasquatch Apparitions:

"There is a point at which you no longer can investigate. You have turned over every stone. You have to evaluate what evidence you have. If it is sufficient, if it is profuse, you must decide. Either you believe

or you do not, and guide your future accordingly. You must, if you are to be active and effective, decide. If it is that you believe, then you must behave as such, forever, for you can never disprove that a Sasquatch exists. You must postpone the other things in life, forego, and only seek, from the bush to the populace to the courtroom. You must be the one. You must go ahead with the search (pg. 80)."

The End

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"The only real progress lies in learning to be wrong all alone."
--Albert Camus.

"Be obscure clearly."
--E.B. White.

CONFERENCES

- Creating Unity In Our World**, September 16-21, 1990, Jackson Hole, WY. Contact: Together: Foundation for Global Unity, P.O. Box 9030, Jackson, WY 83001.
- International Forum on New Science**, September 20-23, 1990, Ft. Collins, CO. Contact: Maury L. Albertson, IFNS, Colorado State University, 1304 S. College, Ft. Collins, CO 80524.
- 1990 Annual Scientific Meeting of The American College of Orgonomy**, October 7, 1990, Princeton, NJ. Open to the public. Contact: American College of Orgonomy, P.O. Box 490, Princeton, NJ 08542.
- The Show-Me UFO Conference II**, October 13, 1990, St. Charles, MO. Contact: The UFO Study Group of Greater St. Louis, P.O. Box 31544, St. Louis, MO 63131.
- The UFO Experience**, October 13-14, 1990, North Haven, CT. Contact: Omega Communications, P.O. Box 2051, Cheshire, CT 06410.
- Fortfest 1990**, November 10-11, 1990, McLean, VA. Contact: INFO/Chair, P.O. Box 367, Arlington, VA 22210-0367.
- Exploring Unexplained Phenomena**, Spring, 1991, Lincoln, NE. Contact: The Fortean Research Center, P.O. Box 94627, Lincoln, NE 68509.

Please enclose a S.A.S.E. when you write for information. And, send details on conferences to The Fortean Research Center.

"Set out from any point. They are all alike. They all lead to a point of departure."

--Antonio Porchia.

BIGFOOT

By Charles Jones*

This is a report of evidence, tracks and sightings of a creature in Walton County, Florida between July and October 1987. The sightings of a large animal of unknown origin, presumed to be a "Bigfoot," were made by a 13-year-old boy. I had a discussion with the parents in December 1987 and later with the boy and his parents in January 1988. The parents and their son have seen this document and agree with the details of the two encounters described herein.

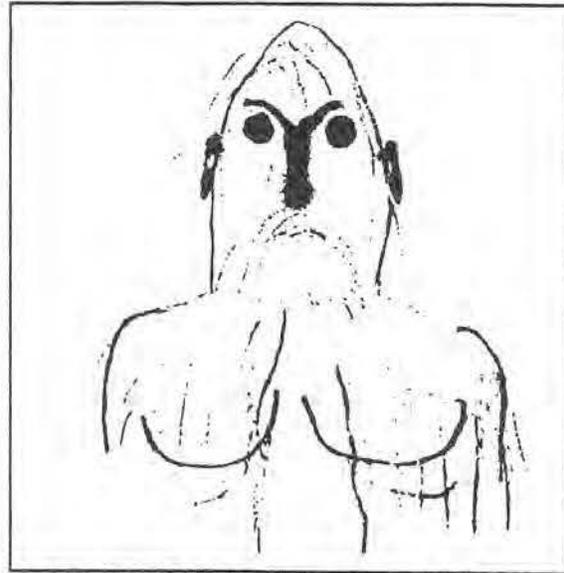
On one occasion the lad, standing in a clay road, saw the animal about 30 yards into the woods. The boy and the animal both saw each other and started to leave the scene at the same time. The boy stopped and "heard the animal going down through the woods."

During the second encounter, the youth got a very detailed description of the creature. One afternoon the lad was walking along a clay road looking for deer tracks when he caught sight of the creature out of the corner of his eye. The boy said it was surprising how the animal could look like a large, dark old tree. The creature was standing about ten feet away from him and the two were separated only by a small bush.

The boy froze in fright and the animal also froze in a standing position presenting the boy his right profile. The creature walked on two feet as a human would. When he froze, for several minutes the animal did not move anything except his eyes and ever so slightly turning his head in it's attempts to see the youth.

The lad said the animal was about nine feet tall with his crotch

about five and one-half feet or so above the ground. Almost the entire body was covered with long reddish-



Drawing #1 by 13-year-old boy.

brown hair except for a white hairy streak that ran from the base of his throat narrowing as it neared the groin. A small patch of brown hair separated the white blaze from the white beard on his chin. The nose, ears, upper cheeks, palms of his hands, and bottom of his feet were not covered with this long hair. The nose was very human, long and narrow, with the top beginning in a pair of dark eye brows. The skin was black in color.

The boy said the eyes were brown "like a hamster's eyes." This was explained to mean the eyes were slightly bulging and the entire eyeball was the same dark brown color. The eyes were set under a prominent brow ridge that shaded the eyes. The forehead was sloped back

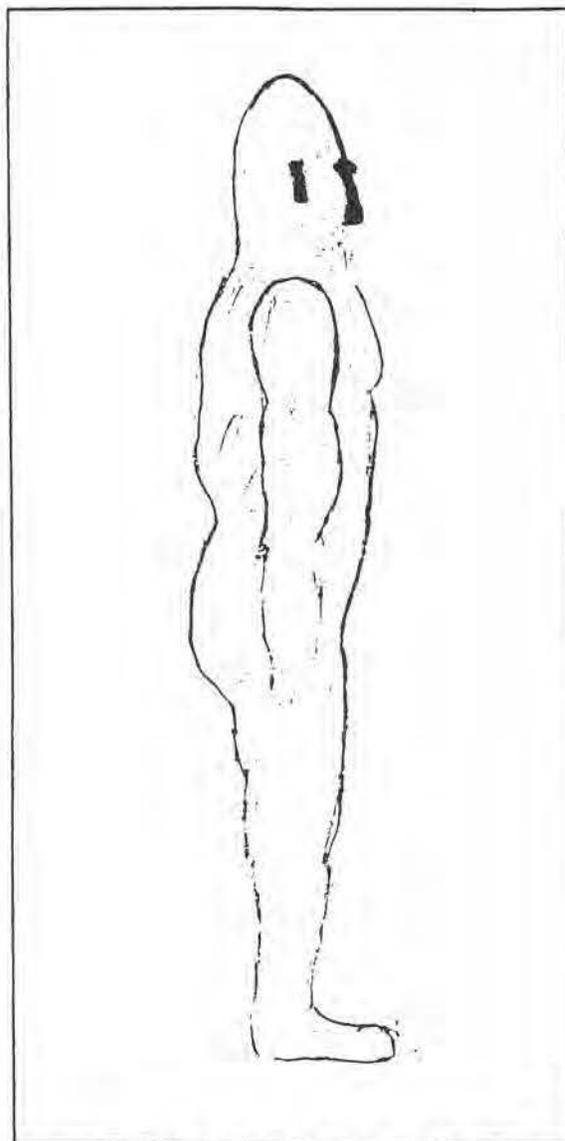
to a pointed skull. Human-shaped ears with ear lobes were clearly visible on each side of the head.

The hair was so long that no mouth was visible. No fingers or fingernails were visible from the back of the hands. The animal was not facing him but occasionally cut his eyes and slightly turned his head toward the boy, then returned them to the forward looking position. The boy thinks he was face-to-face with the creature for maybe five minutes.

The lad started to tremble with fear and dropped the walking stick he had in his hand. Finally, the creature turned his head to face the boy, gave a little growl, turned and walked off into the forest. The boy watched the animal walk about 50 yards up a small hill into the forest. The black leathery skin on the palms of his hands, fingers and bottoms of his feet was clearly visible. The animal had two large hair-covered buttocks separated by a definite "crack." The buttocks shook as the animal strode away. When the animal was walking on sand, each step could be heard as the feet struck the earth. On leaves or other ground cover the steps were silent.

When the animal reached a point about 50 yards away, it turned and looked back toward the youth. The boy noted the hair on the animal's cheeks moved out and up as if the animal smiled before it turned and disappeared into the woods. The creature had a strong scent like a skunk. When it walked it swung it's arms and the boy could see the muscles in it's legs flex and the buttocks move. When asked if the animal was a male or female, he indicated male because it had a chest (pectoral muscles) like a body builder. The youth noted the animal had tremendous biceps. He also added that well developed stomach muscles were visible even though they too were covered with the long hair.

When asked if this could have been someone in a costume, he replied no; because he could see the muscles in the animal's legs flexing when it walked. He also added that the body hair was so long that when the animal walked the hair swung away from the body then flopped back against the body with each step. He guessed the



Drawing #2 by 13-year-old boy.

weight of the animal to be at least 800 pounds and probably more.

The parents showed me about ten

photographs of foot prints they had taken in the woods near their home. They indicated these were of two separate animals, one of the footprints was about 17 1/2 inches long and the other about 16 inches long. Each footprint was distinctly humanoid with easily distinguishable toes, heel, ball and instep. On one, the fifth or smallest toe was separated more than the others and set off slightly to the side of the right foot. These photographs were very similar to the eight tracks I saw in those same woods on 10 October 1987.

The tracks I saw were not as fresh as those in the photographs so the two smallest toes did not have the same sharp definition. But the tracks were definitely similar in structure and size. I followed the tracks for about eight steps through the woods before the tracks were lost in a bed of leaves and pine needles. The track was about 15 to 16 inches long and about 8 inches wide across the ball of the foot. The heel and ball impression was about 1 to 1-1/2 inches deep. The tracks were of both feet; first the right, then the left, etc. I could see where the animal transferred its weight from the heel to the ball of the foot. In one step the ball pressed the soil backward as it exerted force to push the creature's weight forward. I, at 210 pounds, stood next to the tracks and did not dent the clay and sandy soil. I stepped off the stride which was two of my fully extended strides. This distance was later measured to be approximately 84 inches. In one footprint the animal pivoted on the ball of the right foot and changed direction veering to the left. During a later interview, I was given a picture of the first footprint I was shown. This photo was taken before a plaster cast was made from it and before I saw the prints. This explains why, when I saw it, the

footprint did not have the same definition as the attached photo.

During the discussion with the parents the mother was surprised when I told of my readings where Bigfoot was reported to have twisted off small trees. The mother said she had seen a couple of trees in their woods that appeared to have been twisted off and could possibly have been done in this manner.

The mother also related a story of an incident where something was seen rising from a nearby lake and frightening her young daughter. The mother and daughter were canoeing on the lake when something raising up from under the water was seen by the daughter. The object or animal was not in the line of sight of the mother. The young girl had not been able to explain what she saw but it was nothing she has ever seen before or since. This incident also occurred within the July to October 1987 time frame.

During the latest interview the lad drew the attached sketch of the creature in profile and full face.

Although the creature can not be positively identified, all indications tend to support the presence of a creature similar to those previously identified as "Bigfoot."

The End

*...This report was given to the Fortean Research Center by Donald M. Ware, MUFON Regional Director from Florida. "Charles Jones" is not the real name of the author of this paper; however, he is known to Donald Ware. In a related attachment to the above report, Ware sent the Center a copy of a letter he had written to Jeffrey A. Gore, Nongame Wildlife Biologist for the Northwest Region of Florida. In the February 28, 1988 letter, Ware refers to a 5 December 1987 sighting by "TMB," age 17:

"This 5 December sighting by TMB occurred about seven miles east of the focus of the Jul-Oct activity. He observed an 8.5-9 foot shaggy brown creature standing fairly straight about five feet from the edge of State Road 280. He rounded a curve to the right...and it was on the right side, as if starting to cross. It was about 7:00 pm, and as TMB slowed from 55 mph to about 45 mph, he only got a 3-second look at it in his car lights. The creature started to turn and walk back into the woods. TMB's drawing does, however, suggest the same creature described in Charles (Jones'-ed.) 17 Jan 88 report."

"One witness who told the father of the 13 year old boy of seeing a Bigfoot creature while walking in the woods, would not allow an interview..."

"On 6 Jan 88 Chuck (Charles Jones-ed.) and I interviewed Dawn Smith (real name on file with Donald Ware-ed.) of DeFuniak Springs, Florida...She had six parrots in a

cage on her porch. When she returned home on 1 Oct 87 at about 9:00 pm, many feathers were scattered. The quarter inch wire mesh cage had been mashed and the doors pushed in (they normally open out). The birds were out. Three were found alive with what appeared to be a cut across the back and the tails pulled off. They survived. One was found dead with the wings pulled off. The other two were not found. Some reddish-brown hair was found on the cage, but we were unable to obtain any...There were no tracks found, and we see no connection between this incident and the Bigfoot sightings other than the general time and location."

Editors note...The Fortean Research Center thanks Donald M. Ware for the above report. Should the interested reader have any comments or questions, they may reach Mr. Ware at the following address:

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Ft. Walton Beach, FL 32548

THE BIGFOOT MAN OF SKAMANIA COUNTY

by Chris Bader

I am an undergraduate researcher at the Evergreen State College in Olympia, Washington. During the winter quarter of 1989 I was required to conduct ethnographic fieldwork and I chose to study Bigfoot activity in Washington State.

I decided to visit Skamania County in the south-central portion of Washington, as the area has long been connected with Bigfoot activity. In fact, Bigfoot sightings were so prevalent in Skamania County during the 1960s that the local paper, The

Pioneer, published an "all-Bigfoot" issue.

Also during the same period the county passed ordinance #69-01, which protects Bigfoot from hunters; part of which reads:

"WHEREAS, there is evidence to indicate the possible existence in Skamania County of a nocturnal primate mammal variously described as an ape-like creature or a sub-species of *Homo sapien*; and

WHEREAS, both legend and

purported recent sightings and spoor support this possibility, and

WHEREAS, this creature is generally and commonly known as "Sasquatch", "Yeti", "Bigfoot", or "Giant Hairy Ape," and...

WHEREAS, the absence of specific laws covering the taking of specimens encourages laxity in the use of firearms and other deadly devices and poses a clear and present threat to the safety and well-being of persons living or traveling within the boundaries of Skamania County as well as the creatures themselves,

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED that any premeditated, wilful and wanton slaying of any such creature shall be deemed a felony punishable by a fine not to exceed Ten Thousand Dollars...and/or imprisonment in the county jail for a period not to exceed Five (5) years." (Skamania County Ordinance #69-01)

The ordinance was revised in 1984 when it was found that the county could not impose so large a fine, or a five-year jail sentence. The fine for killing a Bigfoot now stands at \$1,000 and the jail term at one year.

When I arrived in Stevenson, the Skamania County seat, I tracked down several people having to do with the ordinance, as I wanted to find out if it had been passed seriously or as a publicity stunt.

Bob Lieck, Skamania County's Prosecutor who signed the 1969 ordinance, said that the entire Bigfoot issue was one of "comic relief;" and the ordinance had been passed as a joke. Ed McClarney, the County Commissioner, mentioned sighting some Bigfoot tracks himself, but said that he could never be sure that there was a Bigfoot unless he saw one himself.

Meanwhile, the County Sheriff was gruff, saying that he had been on many "wild goose chases." On one

occasion a hunter brought in a very unclear picture of what he said was a Bigfoot body. The sheriff sent out a 35-man search team looking for the body fearing it might be human, but never found anything.

All in all, I found varying degrees of belief, disbelief and even disdain about the Bigfoot legend. Everyone I talked to, however, was agreed in one respect...that I must see a man named David*.

David lives in a small town a few miles away from Stevenson. I arrived at his farm early one morning in February. Cars in all states of repair were scattered about the yard. Hundreds of chickens ran about the farm, while dogs tied to posts howled. Fences which came out of nowhere and confined nothing in particular ran into the distance.

As I got out of my car, David appeared and extended his hand to greet me. He wore what I found to be his customary garb; a "safari" hat, homemade pants held together by duct tape, and a green jacket with a patch that said "Bigfoot Country." His wrinkled face was framed by a pure white beard and his skinny arms were topped by enormous, leathery hands.

David is about eighty years old, and in the time he has lived in Skamania County, he has become quite notorious for his strong belief in Bigfoot. In fact, people in town told me that he was the only person who still talked about Bigfoot. Everyone knows him; he seems to be the fabric that holds the belief together.

David seems to enjoy and encourage his reputation and asserts his role as the local "Bigfoot authority." He has brought what he claims are Bigfoot droppings and hair to the newspaper and sheriff's offices, all of which reinforce the town's opinion of him as a "Bigfoot nut."

David claims over a dozen

sightings of the creature. On one occasion, he was paddling down a "river in B.C." when he saw a Bigfoot on the riverbank which he was able to observe for twenty minutes. He has seen the creatures' tracks many times, and often hears it's screams. David, however, has widely different opinions about Bigfoot than most "mainstream" circles.

One Bigfoot witness, quoted in Janet and Colin Bord's Alien Animals, gave a very common description of it:

"The creature...stood fully five feet high...disproportionately broad and square at the foreshoulders, with arms of great length...The head was small compared to the rest of the creature, and appeared to be set upon its shoulders without a neck. The whole was covered with dark brown and cinnamon colored hair...(pg. 144)."

Although Bigfoot is often described as being taller than five feet, and has been reported in a variety of colors, the above is a good "average" description.

David has his own ideas about Bigfoot's physical appearance and called every single purported Bigfoot photograph that I showed him a hoax. He vehemently claims that Bigfoot only has black fur, has a severely pointed head, and never, ever smells. Other reported hair colors are either cases of mistaken identity, or Bigfoot wearing an animal skin coat, and that Bigfoot's smell may arise from the creature "passing gas."

I immediately found it interesting that David makes such wild claims. He is already separated from mainstream society because of his talk of Bigfoot, but with his "unorthodox" claims about Bigfoot's appearance, he even separates himself from mainstream Bigfoot circles where he might find acceptance. He seemed to have a need to have a personal

stake in the Bigfoot phenomenon; to own it as his own.

David has a wide assortment of Bigfoot material at his farm. In his barn is a 9 1/2 foot tall, "life size" (says David) model of Bigfoot. It is covered with dark, black hair and has a triangular head. In his living room he has a large tablet filled with Bigfoot clippings and drawings.

On my second trip to visit David, I was able to look through his notebook at some length. Among the assorted articles were some of David's pastel sketches of Bigfoot, all of which had writing on them. These writings were always statements which were supposed to be from the creature itself. For example, on a drawing of Bigfoot's head are the following phrases:

"I was here first...I am real...Don't pick on me little man. Throw me a fish."

David seems to reinforce his "ownership" of Bigfoot by actually attempting to step inside the creature's psyche; he thinks for Bigfoot. There are several other sketches in which David appears to be identifying with and becoming the sketch. In fact, in a local newspaper article about him, David is quoted as saying that he wears his hair long and has a beard to "identify with the creature."

At the end of a letter concerning Bigfoot, written to the Skamania County Pioneer, David wrote the following:

"...deceiving people is not my game. I want truth and I want everyone to have it. Only the truth will make us FREE (sic)."

It was obvious to me at this point that Bigfoot was more than a mystery animal to David. He was a

zealot of sorts; standing on a mountain yelling at everyone to come to the "truth"; that truth being a nine-foot tall, hairy monster.

On my third trip to visit David, I began to receive hints as to the role Bigfoot plays in his psyche.

After I arrived at his farm, David ushered me inside and immediately began talking about the environment and how people must respect it. He explained in the finest detail how to make a smokeless stove, drawing a chart and describing it's inner workings. Then came the clincher...

Bigfoot, he said, knows when campers are being ecologically aware and likes such people. He also said that Bigfoot hates guns and avoids people who carry them.

It goes without saying that, excluding the possibility of David "mind-melding" with Bigfoot, he has no way of knowing what the creature thinks about environmentally aware people. He has no way of knowing if Bigfoot is even capable of such thoughts. The creature seems to have become an outside projection of David's values. Since he "owns" Bigfoot, he can dictate its thoughts. David does not like guns; neither does Bigfoot.

I found that David's connections with Bigfoot ran even deeper, for after he finished discussing wood stoves, he began to discuss "social cycles."

According to David, humans are living in a social cycle which is ultimately self-destructive for our greed and exploitation of the environment will bring our ruin. When explaining Bigfoot's way of life, however, David spoke of a being who is closer to nature, more environmentally conscious and aware than humans; a noble savage.

The noble savage, often discussed in conjunction with Bigfoot phenomena, has been a figure in art

and folk tales for many hundreds of years. Described as a man who lives in the wilds, devoid of civilization, the noble savage lives off the land and yet he does not destroy. He takes what he needs and is never greedy. Most of all, he lives in harmony with his surroundings; a commentary on our greedy, destructive society.

I saw Bigfoot as David's noble savage. David attempted to "own" the creature by describing it in his own, unorthodox way, and calling all others hoaxes. He is then able to utilize his ownership and project his fears about the downfall of civilization onto a creature that may or may not be real.

I have continued to spend time with David and he is a friendly and fascinating individual. I make no judgments about the reality of his Bigfoot sightings as he was extremely sincere and I have no reasons to doubt his veracity. But, so far as David is concerned, the "real" existence of the creature is probably a moot point anyway, for it has inextricably shaped his beliefs and behavior.

THE END

*...David is not his real name. If any readers have a sincere interest in talking to David, I can get them in contact with him. Please write to me at the following address:

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Editor's note...Chris Bader has long been interested in all aspects of Fortean phenomena and in addition to his undergraduate studies, Chris writes a weekly column about strange events in Washington State for a local paper.

SHADOW OF ANOTHER WORLD

By Richard D. Seifried

The following article does not deal with UFO's. However, anyone who has been in the investigative business for long knows that no matter how one tries, fringe mysteries keep appearing in cases. The so-called Bigfoot is one of them. I have refrained from including UFO cases that have Bigfoot material in them. In fact I have never investigated such a case; but others have. Some of the people are very sincere, intelligent, and sometimes badly frightened witnesses.

The witnesses in the article are all very reputable. Most are shy in revealing such bizarre experiences. The Native Americans in the document do not have this problem. To them, the Bigfoot legend is a part of their heritage; a small segment of their environment. They neither boast of their experiences nor accept the shallow explanations of their white neighbors.

As for myself, not only am I fairly well educated but I am also a well trained woodsman. I am very comfortable presenting this information because I know what I have experienced. A Bigfoot spoor, for example, is not easily confused with a Grizzly Bear's paw print. I am somewhat of an expert on this point.

At a time in the history of UFO studies when we find ourselves going back and reassessing formerly rejected material, I submit this to you for your critical, analytical evaluation.

...Disbelief overwhelmed me and I brushed my fingers before my eyes, trying to regain reality.

It was still there.

Dark, clearly visible, yet illusive, the specter seemed to glide rapidly across the roadway. Immediately the intense forest shadows enveloped the creature in a blanket of seclusion.

Thoughts, memories, and images from the past rushed at me. What had begun twenty-three years ago had reached a visual climax. I had seen the apparition.

My quest for the truth began in the spring of 1964. While hiking in the rain forest of Olympic National Park, overwhelming odors of soured meat, garbage, and offal had assailed my nostrils.

The putrid stench emanated from a cave entrance a half-dozen feet above my head. Instinctively I assumed that a bear was above me. I hurried on. Inexperience had prevented me from realizing that no bear, however offensive, smelled quite that bad.

I immediately put the experience out of my mind.

Months later, after we moved away, I received a newspaper clipping. It reported that a giant ape-like creature had been seen on the outskirts of Hoquim, Washington. That wasn't very far from the rain forest. For the first time I wondered if the smells, so extremely disagreeable, had really been from a bear. Perhaps not.

My next encounter with a mysterious creature took place on a Saturday of July in 1977. I was hiking up the rugged slopes of Steen Mountain, in the Salmon National Forest, Idaho.

The trail led out onto a very steep meadow. Below, apparently from within an island of firs, a powerful

roaring sound welled upslope, assailing my ears. My mind conjured up the image of Gargantua, the famous circus gorilla of the 1940s.

Never before or since have I experienced such a powerful, chesty roar. There is no animal that I am aware of that can duplicate what I heard; not even a male grizzly.

Two days later I told my boss about the sound. He informed me that the previous April two United States Forest Service employees had experienced a frightening encounter. I was able to interview one worker.

One morning, around 2:30 am, the two men were driving home from a visit to the town of Salmon, Idaho. Fearing that the driver would fall asleep, they steered their pickup off the side of the road at Waggonhammar Springs. A cold drink of water would awaken them.

As Troy, the man I interviewed, stepped out of the truck that morning, his companion, who was already walking toward the spring, suddenly screamed in terror. Troy ran to the front of the truck and saw nothing. However, he did hear the crashing of underbrush as a huge animal made it's way back into the forest.

His young companion was in shock. When Troy got him calmed down the youth explained that there had been a gigantic ape-like creature sitting on a boulder, watching them.

The two men had confronted the animal at the mouth of the same canyon where I had heard the roaring sounds; 3,000 feet above the road.

Naturally everyone, except my two supervisors, laughed when I told my story. I went into detail about the odors I had experienced thirteen years before.

At the end of the winter of 1977-78, one of my supervisors and another employee were scattering grass seed upon a snow-covered slope of a mountain. The spreader was

towed behind the truck, with one worker manning the machinery.

A slight breeze wafted upslope. Earl, my summer boss, and his companion caught the horrible scent I had described. Frightened, the two men scrambled into the cab of the pickup, rolled up the windows and locked the doors. Hurriedly, they bumped and rumbled down the mountain road, away from the terrible smell. The location was a mere three miles from the place where I heard the roaring sounds.

During the summer seasons of the early and mid-1980s, I worked in Glacier National Park as a Ranger Naturalist. By then my curiosity had been greatly aroused about the crazy stories of a gigantic creature living in the vastness of the northern Western States.

Having read about a "Bigfoot" sighting at Logan Pass in Glacier Park I asked the District Ranger about the incident. Bob became extremely irritated and said that such stories were a lot of nonsense.

Over the years I became friends with several of the Blackfeet who were employed by the National Park Service. They believed that the creature existed, whatever it was.

They told me that one winter, citizens of the tiny community of Babb, Montana, located on the eastern side of Glacier National Park, stood outside in the snow, listening. An animal of some sort was running back and forth along the nearby ridge top. As it moved the animal emitted bone-chilling screams.

The local Deputy Sheriff was called. By the time he arrived the sounds had stopped. The next morning he found huge, but obscure, prints in the snow and a large patch of wooly fur, snagged on a barb of a wire fence. He gave the fur to the District Ranger.

I was told that the patch of hair was sent to a university

laboratory in Bozeman, Montana. Somehow it had been "lost." A report was issued, indicating it had been grizzly bear fur.

The Blackfeet didn't believe the report.

When I heard that story I realized that the mystery had greatly aroused my curiosity. Try as I would to avoid it, the topic kept coming up in conversations not initiated by me.

One winter, the year escapes me, my family and I attended a spaghetti dinner at my children's elementary school. This was in Ohio where I now reside.

A gentleman who is now an official of a local community sat next to me. Since we shared a love for the Northern Rockies we began talking about the area. Without my mentioning the subject of the mystery creature, the friend began telling me about his experience.

Years before, he had been employed by the United States Forest Service. He was a trained Civil Engineer and had been part of a small crew surveying an area far back in the Jim Bridger Wilderness Area of Wyoming. One night, as the crew members sat around their campfire, strange, high-pitched cries alerted them that a large, unknown animal was also on the mountain.

Although it was in violation of Federal law, one of the men had packed in a disassembled 22-caliber rifle. He took the weapon from his pack and put it together. The others protested his disregard for the law. Ignoring them, he announced that in the morning he was going to hunt the animal that was making the screaming noises.

At dawn he was gone. Not knowing what else to do or which way the man had gone, the remaining crew members spent the day surveying.

That evening they returned to camp. Their companion had not returned. Next morning he was still

absent, so they began searching for him.

They found the rifle first. It was lying alongside the trail, it's barrel bent into a "U" shape. Next to the trail the land plunged into a deep canyon. At the base of the cliff they saw the lifeless form of their companion.

"What did the Forest Service do?," I asked.

"Do? Why, they did nothing."

"Nothing?," I echoed.

"That's right. Nothing. The area was closed off to all travel for the remainder of the season. Of course, they brought the body out."

In July of 1985, my wife, youngest daughter and I were hiking along a heavily forested trail in Glacier National Park. The season had been very hot and dry. But that morning some precipitation had fallen. Moisture had settled the thick trail dust.

I was in the lead, for grizzly frequented the trail. Again the phantom entered my life. There, before me in the moist earth, was a perfect footprint. It appeared to be of human origin. Five toes, delicate arch, well-proportioned heel--all were clearly evident. Because of the slender gracefulness of the imprint, I took it to be from a female. The length was greater than my heavily booted feet.

Most amazing was the fact that there was but one print, crosswise in the trail. No one else had been on the trail since it had rained the previous night.

Whatever made the impression had a most unusually long stride. One step down and out of the forest onto the middle of the trail and the next footfall must have been on the downhill slope, well beyond the trail itself.

In wonder I paused and marveled at the spoor. My daughter, for some reason, would not look at it. My

wife looked and after a pause, turned away. Nowadays, she comments that it must have been something else.

"Perhaps a deer made it," she says.

Most importantly, the footprint marked a turning point in my attitude toward the so-called "Bigfoot." If I was to continue to maintain a scientific attitude...open-mindedness, as a rule, then I had very hard evidence to deal with.

Still, reason dictated that any such creature would have been killed or captured by man. Only rumors indicated that this had happened. Continually I asked myself how it could remain virtually unseen. What did it eat? What exactly was I trying to identify?

In May of 1987 I stopped in Chouteau, Montana, to visit with an acquaintance. When Jim discovered that my summer assignment was Crater Lake National Park, he had stated, "Be sure that you carry a five pound bag of plaster of Paris with you".

Laughing at the prospect of doing so, I asked, "Why?"

"Because," he unsmilingly responded, "that is Bigfoot country and you might be lucky enough to see a footprint. So, be sure to make a cast of the imprint."

Although I didn't take his advice seriously I did decide to check up on any Crater Lake sightings. In doing so I discovered that there had been perhaps four; all I was informed, by experienced National Park Employees. One report I never found. Three were recorded in a history book of the park entitled, The Smith Brothers' Chronological History, Crater Lake National Park, Oregon.

The first recorded sighting occurred on June 8th or 9th, 1976. The Chief Naturalist, a George Morrison, observed a "Bigfoot" walking upright across the road in the southern part of the park. He claimed the creature covered the

distance across the road in four giant steps. Since it was twilight, the color and shape were difficult to describe. An investigation revealed no footprints.

Two Rangers, Vic Affolter and Marion Jack, had a strange experience during the summer of 1978. They were at the Pacific Crest Trail junction with the West Road of Crater Lake National Park. The two Rangers heard "...something large crashing through the forest." As they listened, the unseen animal threw a pine cone in their direction. Next, they detected an overwhelmingly powerful odor.

Of the Crater Lake sightings, Roger Wade's was probably the best. Again it occurred on the West Entrance Road.

Wade reported "...seeing a Sasquatch, upright-type animal." It was fifty yards ahead of his car. It's fur was a light brown or cinnamon. Contrary to most Bigfoot reports, Roger estimated the animal to be six feet tall. Another difference was that the sighting occurred at 9 am, not in the evening or at night.

Later in the day Roger Wade returned to the site of his encounter. Although somewhat indistinct, large footprints were found. The middle toe appeared to be longer than the others. According to the witness, this is an often reported characteristic of Sasquatch.

Unexplainable odors, sounds, huge footprints, a patch of unidentified fur, and numerous sightings all enabled me, on that beautifully calm night in August, 1987, to recognize and accept what I saw crossing the road.

Even though I felt certain that I had seen the creature, with events so bizarre, there would have always been doubt without some verification. The exaggerated swing of the elbow seemed peculiar. Quickness of step and gracefulness of stride pointed to

only one explanation. Whatever it was, the furry monster was a "new" species not yet accepted by the modern world.

But what if there had been nothing?

The next day I reported for duty up at the rim overlooking Crater Lake. When I got out of my government vehicle, a young lady Ranger saw me. She smiled and hurried over.

"I have something to tell you," she exclaimed.

I laughed and responded, "You go first, for something happened to me, too!"

"Last night, after my campfire talk," she began, "the night was so beautiful that I couldn't stay inside our cabin. Placing a chair outside, I sat there with my big dog, looking out over the moonlit valley."

"Shortly after I sat down, a huge animal began smashing branches and logs down along the creek bed. The sounds were the result of tremendously powerful movements from some sort of animal."

"I'm not afraid of wild animals but I was last night." "And you know," she added, "my dog didn't pay the least bit of attention to those crashing sounds. Normally he would have been barking and trying to get loose."

My hair tingled with excitement. The sounds of destruction had come from off the

road at exactly the location where my phantom had appeared. The time of her experience was a half-hour after my sighting. The lady Ranger's experience dramatically supported my own encounter.

Reason dictates that something, other than the "known" co-exists with us.

Is it truly Sasquatch? Bigfoot? Are there really other dimensions in our natural world? Is the creature a spiritual being? Perhaps he is an illusion of the mind.

Whatever he is, I, like a growing number of other people, know with certainty that he does exist.

We have seen him!

The End

Editors note...Richard Seifried is a MUFON investigator who has written two manuscripts awaiting publication, both dealing with the UFO phenomena. The first, UFO's and You, is written for children. The second, Gentle Person, is a young adults adventure story that is about an alien visiting earth. Seifried is a retired social studies and history teacher, holding a masters degree in frontier history, with other graduate work. He spent more than 15 years as a seasonal naturalist with the National Parks Service. Best wishes to Richard on what looks to be a promising writing career!

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF SASQUATCH

By Alan Boye

The sun broke through the clouds over the dark tangle of the Coast Range Mountains. It was finally Spring on the Oregon Coast. Eight-year-old Nick Wells was

skipping rocks out over the bushes that lined the Siuslaw River. On such a glorious morning he was taking his time walking to the Florence elementary school.

He fired a stone toward the water. Something moved in the bushes below him on the bank. It moved again.

Branches broke in the underbrush.

The bushes near the road began to shake violently. A bear, he thought. Nick and his friends had seen plenty of bears along the river.

But then there was a deep groan. It was followed by whistle-like sounds and another deep groan.

Nick knew he must run, but his legs were frozen.

A stone's throw from where he stood a bush shook violently. A large limb broke. A dark shape rose out of the shadows and onto the road.

It stood upright as a man might, but it was covered with brown fur. It's head was larger than a basketball.

Nick Wells remembers this clearly: *When it saw him it's thick lips moved, and the round eyes blinked.* Nick then ran down the road toward town and school. He twisted his head to look back.

The creature was walking after him on the road.

Nick ran. He did not look back again until he reached the school. His teacher called Nick's home. She knew an upset eight-year-old when she saw one.

Nick's father arrived. He and Nick drove back up the road.

"Dad," Nick said as they drove. "Dad, what was it?"

Nick's father didn't know what to think.

"It'll be all right, son. Dad's here now. We'll check for tracks."

Nick figedted in the front seat of the pickup.

"But what if it comes back?"

"Dad's here now," his father said.

They drove in silence, then

Nick pointed.

"Stop," he cried.

Ahead was the spot where he had seen the creature. His father pulled the truck to the side. It was easy enough to find the spot where it had come onto the road--part of a bush was knocked flat.

An instant later, Nick Well's father found what he was looking for. Two prints were in the mud near the broken bush.

Plaster casts of those footprints are now thought to be some of the best of the North American Sasquatch. Like Roger Patterson's film, the casts fail attempts to discredit them. They are very distinct, showing the curvature of toes and how the foot distributes the weight of the body.

Nick Well's event happened in the early 1970's. Patterson's film was taken a few years earlier.

Patterson attempted to catch a Sasquatch on film and claims that he was successful. The seven-second sequence of a lumbering biped has been looked at by enough "doubting Thomases" to fill a phone book. So far no one can explain what they see. It is not a trick of photography. It is not a human dressed in a costume. It is not any known animal. Whatever it is on that film, it is most certainly not a figment of our imagination.

However, skeptics do nod their heads knowingly when informed that use of even a still image from Patterson's film immediately required a hefty payment.

If nothing else, Sasquatch remains one of our most enduring modern folk legends. The Oregon legislature was the first to pass a law that made shooting a Sasquatch illegal.

While Sasquatch stories still swirl around the smoke of thousands of campfires of summer vacationers, the number of reliable sighting has

declined drastically over the last decade. People who maintain the creature exists say the decline is due to the same environmental issues that are responsible for the disappearance of owls, salmon and mountain lions in the Pacific Northwest--the lumbering of old growth forests and urbanization.

Some of the more pragmatic even say that the creature is now extinct. Although the sightings have declined, a story from the 1980's remains one of the more convincing tales.

Through the Spring of 1980, residents of Portland and other nearby cities had been watching the small puffs of white smoke shoot up from the summit of snow-covered Mt. St. Helens.

At 8:32 a.m. on Sunday, May 18th, the entire north face of the mountain collapsed. The sound of the eruption could be heard for 300 miles.

In the days that followed the catastrophic eruption, special rangers from the U.S. Forest Service combed the wasteland looking for survivors and victims.

A woman ranger described walking the ridges and cliffs of a land she knew so well, now barren of all life, as the most eerie experience of her life.

She was traveling alone. She was returning down the mountain. She was trying to follow what was left of a logging road. She had just about re-entered a remaining clump of ash-covered Douglas fir trees when she smelled it.

The odor of rotting fish permeated the air. She knew there was something nearby, although nothing moved in the 150 square miles of total destruction.

Then she saw the tracks.

In the soft powdery ash, a line of prints crossed onto the logging road. She knew in an instant that they were tracks of no known beast.

By the time she bent to inspect the prints closely, she realized that there was no other explanation. No one could have been there to plant those prints as fakes. She was looking at the fresh tracks of a Sasquatch.

She was supposed to return via this logging road, and the tracks turned and followed it into the trees.

She continued down the logging road, now fighting back intense fear which she had never felt in the wilderness before. She had never believed the stories she had heard, but in the last moments her life had changed forever.

In a few dozen yards the trees grew thicker, although the ash was still thick on the ground. The prints veared off into the surrounding trees. She continued down the logging road. When she reached the bottom of the trail, she told her superiors she did not wish to return to duty if it had to be on Mt. St. Helens.

Since then, however, the number of even the most serious of Sasquatch believers has diminished.

Until recently a couple of cramped offices in the metal building of a Springfield, Oregon industrial park had been the home of the Association of North American Wildlife Research. The Association was staffed by volunteers and contained one of the largest depository centers for Sasquatch information. The casts made by Nick Wells' father, along with dozens of other footprint casts, hair samples, fecal droppings, drawings, and oral histories were stored on shelves and in bookcases. The office's file cabinets were crammed with transcripts of witnesses, and histories and legends about Sasquatch.

The Association is no longer listed in the phone directory.

Perhaps the Association fell victim to economic constraints. Or perhaps, along with Sasquatch itself, it is just another casualty of the changing environment, of what was once the wild mountain forests of the Northwest's Cascade mountains.

The End

Editors note...Alan Boye is the author of The Complete Roadside

Guide to Nebraska, which is published by Saltillo Press, 57 Lafayette, St. Johnsbury, VT 05819. A Guide to the Ghosts of Lincoln, also written by Boye, just entered it's fifth printing. Alan Boye has recently completed work on a novel, and teaches writing at Vermont's Lyndon State College. Individuals interested in writing Mr. Boye may do so in care of the above address.

CAMPING OUT IN BIGFOOT'S BACKYARD

An intrepid Daily Nebraskan Reporter-Photographer team explores the wilderness and its imaginations for physical evidence of that elusive humanoid creature

Story by Bob Nelson

By now, Dan Masias has told the story hundreds of times. He still is the only human who knows if it's true:

The snow along the edge of the prints is slightly melted as if the indentations were made by something warm.

At 11:45 on the snow-covered night of March 28, 1987, I looked out the second story window of my house in Green Mountain Falls, Colorado, and saw two creatures running north on Hondo Street.

One of the creatures was about 6 1/2 feet tall, the other much shorter. It was dark outside but the track lighting from my house lit the snow-covered road. The creatures both were running on two feet with their long arms swinging at their sides. They both were covered with long brown hair.

Soon after I saw the creatures, my son Jeff and I walked to the road and saw two sets of footprints. I took photos.

The photos show prints from large, manlike feet that have four, clawlike extensions from the heel.

I first learned about Masias and the Colorado bigfoot last July in a Rocky Mountain News article. The story I read was about a bigfoot specialist from Houston, Texas, who had gone to investigate the sighting. In the story, the specialist, Bob Brienzo, said he was intrigued by the case but came to no conclusions.

As a realist, I had plenty of conclusions. I figured photographer Eric Gregory and I would go to Colorado and find a loon; some kind of twisted human groundhog who had crawled from his hole one March evening to see his shadow running down Hondo Street. It happens to people in the mountains. They spend one too many six-month winters listening day and night to chinook winds bend their support beams. We would go to Green Mountain Falls,

talk with a badly-bent Grizzly Adams and spend the rest of the beautiful September weekend hiking around Pike National Forest.

But Brienzo wasn't the only person taking Masias seriously. Vaughan Langman, a Louisiana State University physiologist, said researchers at LSU's Museum of Natural History in Baton Rouge analyzed the photos Masias took and said they could not match the footprints to any animal species in North America. Langman said the prints would have been difficult to fake because the snow was melted around the print as though a warm, bare foot had stepped in the snow.

And Brienzo, an English professor in Houston who has researched bigfoot sightings since 1967, said Masias' pictures were so different from typical bigfoot prints that he questioned why someone would fake a bigfoot track so poorly. And, Brienzo said that Masias seemed like a "very normal guy."

Driving into Colorado Springs that Thursday evening, Eric and I heard two bigfoot jokes on one of the city's radio stations. The incident in Green Mountain Falls, only 17 miles from the Springs, already was legend in this region. From what we could tell, some folks took it seriously and most didn't.

We spent the night in Colorado Springs and drove up to Green Mountain Falls the next morning. Dan Masias lives in an isolated, three-story house built on a heavily wooded ridge above the village. As we drove into his driveway, Masias, a thin, 40-year-old Wayne Newton look-alike with tall black hair and a mustache, walked out of his house. He was extremely friendly and had an engaging smile. He invited us into his home.

Dan led us upstairs to all his records on bigfoot sightings. As he showed us his photos and newspaper

clippings, Dan explained his own theories about what he saw that night. He qualified each of his theories by saying, "I know this sound far-fetched, but..." He seemed terribly sincere.

Since his own sighting, Dan has researched bigfoot incidents and theories like a thesis topic. Brienzo said that the original incident, on that snow-covered March midnight back in 1987, was getting lost in fables, hoopla and copycat sightings. Brienzo's idea makes sense. Many incidents Dan claims as "creature sightings" are quite obviously black-bear sightings. What's strange is that the most intriguing of Dan's recorded incidents are ones that happened within 200 yards of his own home.

As Dan explained his theories, his wife walked into the room and said something very strange. She said she was tired of not knowing "what the creature was." She said she was tired of promises by researchers who claim they can help identify the thing. All she wanted, she said, was to find out what kept coming around their house.

Dan took us on a tour of the area around his cabin. He showed us the heavy animal path that passes within 50 yards of his house and continues up the ridge into the isolated Pike National Forest. Near the path, Dan said, he has seen humanlike tracks and smelled a heavy, musky stench like body odor many times.

From where the animal path crosses the road, Dan walked us south, up Hondo Street to see the Dabler cabin. Dan told us the story of a break-in at the cabin the year before. The Dablers later verified that something had happened, but their interpretation of the event was very different.

At 4 a.m. in late-July of 1988, they said, something broke through

the screened porch door of the cabin that is less than 100 yards from Dan's house.

Ryne Dabler said two, nearly full trash cans were on the porch at the time. Dabler said he never saw who or what broke through the screen.

The week before the break-in, Dabler said his mother, Dorothy Harper, saw a bear outside the cabin.

Soon after the break-in, Masias and Brienzo, who was in Green Mountain Falls at the time, pulled about 100 hairs from the Dablers' broken screen door.

Masias said he gave some of those hairs to reporters from the network television series "Unsolved Mysteries." Masias said the reporters gave the hair samples to Dr. Jerold Lowenstein of the Pacific Presbyterian Medical Center in San Francisco.

Lowenstein said he could not identify the hair, saying it was much like the hair of a primate or a human, but that it did not exactly match either one.

Brienzo said he was shocked by Lowenstein's findings. He said he was convinced the break-in was typical of a black bear. Brienzo said he still was skeptical of Lowenstein's findings.

Dabler said he still believes a black bear broke into the porch of his cabin.

"I could care less about this creature stuff," Dabler said. "It was definitely a bear. There had been bears around the cabin prior to the break-in, and I'm sure there was a bear there that night."

"I think he (Masias) is responsible for all this...It's all a product of an overactive imagination."

But Masias was confident enough to give Eric and me one of his 17 remaining alleged bigfoot hairs. He said he would love to have a second opinion. All three of us figured

someone at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln could identify the thing.

We continued our walk up to the cabins of Holly Johnson and Mike and Angie Depew.

One afternoon in the late summer of 1986, Holly Johnson, who was vacationing in a cabin about 50 yards from Dan's house, said she was sitting in her cabin when she heard her tomcat screeching just outside the front door.

She said she went outside, saw a cloud of cat fur and what looked like an ape running up the ridge on two feet. The tomcat escaped the attack with no scratch marks, as if it had been grabbed by something with no claws. In addition to Dan's descriptions of the event, Johnson herself made this testimony on "Unsolved Mysteries."

Dan's apparent sanity and seriousness began to scare me. Eric and I were about to hike up the animal path and into Pike National Forest to search wetland regions above the village. Brienzo had said that spores had been found on some of his hair samples. He said the spores could have come only from a marshy area. Eric and I were hiking into the only marshy area within 20 miles. In layman's terms, we were walking into the lair of a beast that was beginning to sound far too real.

After our tour of the cabins, the two of us, with full pack and a two-dimensional map, crawled up the ridge along the falls behind Dan's house.

Moaning and grunting, we trudged over the ridge and out into a clearing some 200 yards from what was now a stream. Finally, we fell to the ground, writhed and wrenched in the dirt like pigs for a while, stood up and set up camp.

It was a fine spot, a relatively flat clearing in the midst of heavy forest miles from

civilization--a place where two young journalists could be mauled and eaten like fried chicken without a soul knowing. It was getting dark.

So, Eric gathered firewood and I began to set up our bigfoot trap.

The trap, which we set about 70 feet from camp, was a pile of rotting cucumbers, rotting oranges, ravioli and leftover chili.

Back at camp we set up one of Eric's cameras with a 300 mm lens and prefocused it on the trap. Eric test-fired his flash, took light readings and by 7 p.m., we were huddled around the fire, staring into the darkness.

The campfire cast wild shadow-dancers along our camp's perimeter. The fire dominated the scene and senses; a friend, a surrogate sun, a harbor in the void. The flames danced in our pupils. We stared and talked for hours about psychology and creatures. It was a poetic and charming scene from a cheap Western, except for the fact that we were scared senseless.

At about 12:30 a.m., Eric jolted.

"Shut up," he said in a nervous whisper. "Did you hear that?"

We crept to Eric's equipment. I picked up the flash and Eric picked up the camera. I turned on the flash. It began its slow, whining climb to full power. I heard rustling by the trap.

We both stared into the darkness. My heart was pounding. My palms began to sweat, my breathing shortened.

I pointed the flash toward the trap. The pitch of the flash's wail swelled like an air-raid siren--a Formula racer hot off the mark. Red line. The flash began to beep. It was time.

"Are you ready?"

"Yep."

The flash's burst--brilliant like ground zero--burned a stark

landscape negative on my retina. Illuminated black shapes danced across the white background of night: trees, boulders, rotting food, empty cans. In the trap only white--no bigfoot.

"Dammit!"

The image faded into black, the night was back, and Eric and I retreated, dispirited, to the fire. Whatever had been near the trap would not be in the photo.

The horror of the whole scene was that Eric and I had semi-automatic handguns. In the frenzy, both of us pointed camera equipment with one hand and firearm with the other. We both believed whatever was out there was going to charge at us.

In retrospect, the incident could have been ugly--two crazed journalists with flash-burned, subatomic pupils in a firefight with a raccoon. We would have lost.

But here was the belief, the mania, the hysteria that made the story so real! The Masias' weren't the lunatics; Eric and I were.

We got up the next morning around 9, ate some Pop-Tarts, packed our day-packs and began the hike along the stream to North Catamount Lake.

We were searching for footprints. We figured our only chance of finding one would be in the mud along the stream or lake.

About 30 minutes from our campsite, we came upon a broken-down footbridge over the stream. Just past the footbridge, the walls of the stream's canyon became steeper, the forest thicker.

About 50 yards past the footbridge, I began to smell a nauseating stench.

The odor was a locker-room effluvium; a thick, noxious stench like an overweight lineman's armpit after late-summer drills.

Brienzo had said that when he went to Green Mountain Falls in

March, he found large human-like footprints in snow behind Dan's house. In the area of the footprints, Bob had told me there was a heavy, musky stench that smelled "like someone who hadn't showered in 10 years."

While searching the stream bed, Eric found a large print in light gravel about two feet from the stream. The odor was incredibly heavy in the area. We found other prints--one that looked like it was a large cat and others that looked like hoof prints from a deer or an elk.

The large print was shaped like a human foot and was much deeper into the gravel than our own footprints. But, because the print was in coarse material, there were almost no details.

A few hundred feet up the path from the print, the smell began to dissipate. We stopped searching for tracks along the stream and began a fast gait up to North Catamount Lake.

We found out later from Dave W. Oates, a forensic and analytical specialist in the wildlife division of the Nebraska Game and Parks Commission, that during mating season elk release a strong odor that can hang in an area for days.

Oates described the smell of an elk in rut as a "heavy, sweet, sickly odor." Elk are in rut during September and October, Oates said. We smelled the odor in late September.

Both Masias and Brienzo, however, have said they smelled the odor in months other than September and October. It all was terribly confusing but we still had our trump card--the hair.

After searching the lakeshore for a while, we headed back down to Green Mountain Falls. We wanted to reach the town before nightfall so we could set our second bigfoot trap behind the Dabler's cabin--the sight of the break-in. We figured that

from there, we were within 100 yards of four possible creature sightings.

At the Dablers, we set up a sardine and oriental-flavored Top Ramen trap about 60 feet from the patio. We decided that we would not have a campfire that night.

As night fell, a few porch lights began to dot the village below. Miles off, a dull glow hung in the sky--the halo of Colorado Springs.

Green Mountain Falls began to weary, the dogs tired of barking, the townspeople tired of driving. By 11 p.m., the town was nearly silent, the air nearly freezing. We sat and watched. By 2 a.m., I was completely frozen and completely frustrated. We decided to give up.

The sun crawled over the ridge much too early the next morning. I gave Eric a wake-up beating and crawled into the morning. We began hauling our gear to the car.

Within the hour we were ready to go. We said good-byes to Dan and the Rocky Mountains and drove down Hondo street, past the Church in the Wildwood, onto Highway 24 and on to Lincoln in a final effort to make some sense of the whole mess. In Lincoln, we would hand the hair, and the story, over to science.

The weeks passed. I found out the one thing scientists don't like to do is to speculate on the existence of strange creatures. I had to send the hair to someone who had done this kind of analysis before.

Dr. W. H. Fahrenbach of the Oregon Regional Primate Research Center has looked at hundreds of alleged bigfoot hairs. I was directed to him by extremely reliable sources in both the Wyoming and Nebraska Game and Parks Commissions. To anyone in the business, Fahrenbach is a credible and serious scientist.

Fahrenbach said the hairs most closely matched "presumptive bigfoot

hair" his lab has received from similar incidents in the Pacific Northwest.

Fahrenbach said he compared the hair to human, primate and dozens of hairs from animals that are indigenous to Colorado.

He said the Green Mountain Falls hair was the first he had seen from the Rocky Mountains.

Fahrenbach said the core of the hair, called the medulla, was thinner than the medulla of a typical bear hair. The medulla of a human hair is broken throughout the length of the hair. The hair pulled from the screen had a solid medulla.

Fahrenbach would not confirm that the hair was from an unknown humanoid.

"We don't have a standard of comparison at the present stage," Fahrenbach said. "You can't identify a dragon turd if you've never seen a dragon turd. Likewise, you can't identify a bigfoot hair if you're not sure you've seen a bigfoot hair."

The real twist in talking to Fahrenbach was not that the hair was unidentifiable, but that he didn't care that it was unidentifiable.

"Sightings are a dime a dozen," he said. "Same with footprints and hair. What we need is lengthy video...or a body. People will try to explain the whole thing away unless we have minutes of crystal-clear, image intensified video or a bloody carcass."

Fahrenbach said he is certain there are bigfoot in the Northwest.

"Sheriff's deputies have seen footprints and creatures time and time again...We've got whole neighborhoods giving the exact same descriptions of the things.

"After seeing so much evidence and so many reports," he said, "such a scam becomes much more incredible than the existence of such a creature."

Earlier, Brienzo had said

nearly the same thing.

"This (all the recorded bigfoot sightings) would be the biggest, most complex hoax in history," he said.

With the hair and the photos and our own mania, it seems now that the least probable conclusion is that Dan is crazy.

And, looking at all the evidence, it does seem that a hoax would be more incredible than the existence of a hairy humanoid.

Add the fact that Dan refuses to accept money for anything related to the bigfoot story and I'm left with only one probable conclusion. As a somewhat respectable journalist who returned from the hunt without a carcass, I refuse to say what that conclusion is.

The End

Editors note...This is reprinted with permission from the February 15, 1990 edition of The Daily Nebraskan, published on the Lincoln campus of the University of Nebraska. Our thanks to Bob Nelson. The photos taken by Eric Gregory which were originally part of the article as it appeared in the Daily Nebraskan were not made available for publication in this Journal prior to the printing deadline.

"We are asleep with compasses in our hands."

--W.S. Merwin.

"There are just some things no one can do alone; conspire, be a mob, or a choir, or a regiment. Or elope."

--Renata Adler.

"No snowflake ever falls in the wrong place."

--Zen.



BOOK REVIEWS

Science: Good, Bad and Bogus

by Martin Gardner

Science: Good, Bad, and Bogus is more about ideas than about science. Much of it deals with ideas the writer despises, and though he seems to be aware that the history of science is littered with false ideas, he shows little compassion for those he considers the false prophets of this age. This collection of essays and book reviews covers nearly forty years of Gardner's quack-busting efforts. The author seems to be one of those rare individuals like William F. Buckley who found his niche as a mainstream conservative early in his career. The spirit of this book can best be summed by the author's words in the introduction: "In discussing extremes of unorthodoxy in science, I consider it a waste of time to give rational arguments." I will add that it's not nearly as much fun either.

The kind of fun we find the author having reminds me of a

devilish little boy at a birthday party whose main delight is popping the other children's balloons and taking away their candy. One of his favorite targets is the famous magician cum psychic, Uri Geller. He attempts to discredit Geller and those who believe he is for real through the use of sarcasm and innuendo. In general, the result is unconvincing. If you consider the amount of media attention Geller has received, it would be difficult for even a master of misdirection like Gardner with all his witty repartee to make Uri Geller look like a complete fake. As such, it appears that Gardner writes mostly for his jeering section, professional science types who think like he does.

Another one of his favorite targets is ESP research. In a brief essay titled "ESP: A Scientific Evaluation," written originally for the New York Review of Books, Gardner evokes the liveliest exchange of the his book. We meet Gardner protecting the fruits of "scientific truth" while thrusting and parrying with those whom he considers unworthy of the distinction of being called scientists. To him, the explorers on the frontiers are careless, naive, and gullible. Their experiments are poorly designed so their conclusions are no doubt erroneous. What Gardner fails to mention is that in science, experiments are rarely if ever perfectly designed and that "scientific truth" is only an approximation. This is what gives science its democratic nature and why pedantic types like Gardner usually end up looking foolish down the line. But in the meantime, Gardner is good at generating heated replies and this serves to bring unconventional ideas to the attention of the mainstream.

Ignoring the author's obvious prejudices, it's easy to find a number of amusing and informative reviews in

this collection. He is a master of the art of ridicule, and interspersed among the many reviews are a few serious essays. These don't work as well as his attacks. His cleverness is like that of a typical stand-up comedian who puts up a "fourth wall" between himself and his audience. This style results in closing us out rather than drawing us in. He gets us to laugh at others but not at ourselves. The scientific community has more than one stand-up guy, but Martin Gardner typifies them. Ultimately, this book contributes very little to the study of the unknown, for there is little more here than a collection of put-downs. No doubt his mathematical writings will be remembered and appreciated far longer than these essays.

Reviewed by John Wynhausen

SCIENCE: GOOD, BAD AND BOGUS

by Martin Gardner

For some thirty years, Martin Gardner has contributed mathematical puzzles and games to the august magazine SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. His association with the respected magazine is (so far as I can find) the sum and substance of his scientific education and/or training. After earning a degree in English (BA, 1936) from the University of Chicago, Gardner worked as a newspaper reporter in his hometown of Tulsa (Oklahoma) for several years before moving on to the bright lights of New York City. He served for eleven years as editor of that renowned and august journal of learned thought, HUMPTY DUMPTY magazine for children. It's a living, as the old joke goes.

This is a difficult 'work' to review, and I use the term advisedly. Not a book except in the strictly

physical sense, this volume is a hodgepodge of essays, opinions, book reviews, and even one or two movie reviews thrown in to fill space between the covers. Our old friends Sherman and Mr. Peabody must have really cranked up the WAYBACK machine to the dawn of time to have come up with some of these jewels. The quality of Gardner's writing is quite uneven; indeed, the older stuff is better than the more recent, although the contents of the book remain unchanged from the original edition of 1981. Terrific--the literary equivalent of a TV record offer.

Although Gardner frequently writes with wit and skill, most of his time is spent knocking down such straw men as psychic surgery, Dianetics and the amazing powers of Uri Geller. Indeed, popping the balloons of the frauds, quacks, crackpots and charlatans of this world is honorable work if you can get it, and doesn't require much more than common sense, a keen eye, and a clear head (although some knowledge of stage magic and conjuring would be helpful). Gardner does overreach himself when he rails against researchers in areas with whom he does not agree. Gardner is very much the defender of traditional science, although it is not clear that science needs much defending from the sort of carefully chosen nonsense which he presents as a menace to logical thinking. A rigid thinker, Gardner fawns over the writings and personae of Isaac Asimov and Carl Sagan as his paragons. For Gardner, if it cannot be found in the textbooks of Holy Writ, then it just ain't so. Only problem is, Gardner seemingly quit reading textbooks about 1965, some fifteen years before he quit writing.

Life is getting curiouser and curiouser. Bizarre belief systems clamor for our attentions and wallets. The educational system has seemingly rendered many of its

victims utterly incapable of rational thought. Evil forces are even colorizing "The Maltese Falcon," Now of all times, we could use people like Martin Gardner to expose the emperor's new clothes of pseudoscience, the blend of fakery, buzzwords and outright nonsense that claim so many victims today (and you know who you are).

This book is not perfect, and its selections are uneven. At times, the writing can be very good indeed, funny and inspiring; at others, Gardner is poorly informed, pigheaded and sometimes just plain wrong. Reminds me of a guy I know who read his book the other day. Some sage once said that if one couldn't defend one's opinions, then one wasn't sufficiently well-informed to hold opinions to be taken seriously. If your opinions on ESP, UFOs, faith healing and the like can stand the attack of Gardner's writing, here is a great opportunity to practice your defense.

Reviewed by Jerry Douglass

The Gulf Breeze Sightings:
The Most Astounding Multiple
Sightings Of UFOs In U.S.
History

by Ed and Frances Walters

The UFO sightings in Gulf Breeze, Florida, in late 1987 and early 1988, quickly evolved into one of the most complex and controversial cases in UFO history. The case and its subsequent investigation promptly split the UFO community, whose unity was already strained by other divisive issues, into two polarized camps.

Walt Andrus, International Director of the Mutual UFO Network, declared it to be "one of the most significant cases in UFO history."

On the other hand, the J. Allen Hynek Center for UFO Studies editorialized in the International UFO Reporter that the case was "most probably a hoax." Jerome Clark, editor of IUR, compared the principal witness, who had maintained anonymity under the pseudonym of "Mr. Ed," to George Adamski, Howard Menger, and Billy Meier, notorious contactees generally considered to be hoaxers. Clark dismissed Ed's claims as "nothing with which we ought to be concerning ourselves."

What set this case apart from other similar UFO flaps were the 39 photographs taken by Mr. Ed during at least twenty encounters, using at least three different kinds of cameras. If that wasn't enough, the anonymous witness used his camcorder to shoot a videotape of the unusual craft maneuvering behind his house. To this add a buzz in Ed's head that seemed to signal the UFO's presence, cryptic messages received telepathically, a blue beam that seemed intent upon paralyzing and levitating Ed, and a late night encounter with a four-foot-tall creature wearing a helmet and shield, and you had a case guaranteed to generate interest and emotion, both supportive and hostile.

Recently, Ed came out of the closet. The Gulf Breeze photographer is Ed Walters, a prominent and rather well-to-do builder-contractor who, with his wife Frances, has written an enthralling first person account of his family's ordeal with the unknown. The book, which appeared in bookstores in February, is titled The Gulf Breeze Sightings: The Most Astounding Multiple Sightings of UFOs in U.S. History.

Walters calls the book an endeavor "to write these events for the record." Fortunately, he and Frances have done so in a straightforward style, devoid of the sensationalism and new-age mysticism

that often accompany similar accounts of ongoing contact with the UFO phenomenon.

I confess to a favorable bias toward UFO books written in the first person. Maybe it's because I spent so many of my younger years reading books by the experts of the time who specialized in numbing narrations of dozens of UFO stories, one after the other, page after page. The witnesses in these stories seemed more like abstractions than flesh and blood people.

But even as they tell stories that challenge the reader's credulity, Ed, Frances, and their two teenaged children come across as flesh and blood. The emotional component of their ordeals comes vividly to life in Ed's and Frances's separate accounts of each of the twenty encounters with the UFOs, whether it's Ed describing the sweat running down his back as he lay in bed in the middle of the night, his head filled with a buzzing sensation that at times became excruciating, or Frances catching her nightgown on the edge of their deck, causing her to fall to her knees while scrambling for overhead protection from the UFO hovering above her home. On another occasion, after a particularly harrowing encounter, Frances describes crawling over dirty clothes she had earlier piled on the laundry room floor to lock an outside door before joining the rest of the family in the rec room, where they spent the rest of the night together because they were too frightened to go to their separate bedrooms.

Maybe I felt close to the Walters because I, like Ed, am in my early forties, have a wife and two teenaged children, and live in a small town. As a public school teacher, my reputation is very important to me.

So, as I read The Gulf Breeze Sightings, I found myself returning

to the same questions. Assuming the Gulf Breeze case is a hoax, how would I, as a reasonably intelligent person, pull off such a hoax. Assuming I had convinced myself to risk my job and reputation, how would I persuade my family to go along, to live a lie that would undoubtedly disrupt their lives for months, or even years to come. How would I produce photographs good enough to fool the experts, even when using special equipment provided by those same experts. Would dozens of others in my town be so mesmerized by my photographs and my story that their imaginations would begin to run amok with corroborating reports of craft identical to the ones I had hoaxed. Would I be able to withstand the hours of questioning without a slip-up at best, or crack-up at worst. I came to the conclusion that if Ed Walters is pulling off such a hoax, then he is a better, (or should I say worse) man than I.

The book also contains an introduction by Budd Hopkins, an analysis of the sightings and photographs by Dr. Bruce Maccabee, position statements by Walt Andrus and Donald Ware of MUFON, an appendix that refutes the critics and debunkers, and another listing other sightings in the Gulf Breeze area. Maybe most importantly, the book includes most of the startling photos that make this case so astounding.

Reviewed by Gary Nelson

UFO ABDUCTIONS: A DANGEROUS GAME

by Philip J. Klass (1988)

Philip Klass is widely recognized as the leading critic of the UFO phenomenon and general gadfly of its promoters. He was trained as an electrical engineer (BS from Iowa State, 1941) and worked in that

capacity at General Electric for twelve years before moving to AVIATION WEEK magazine in 1952, where he is now the avionics editor.

In two previous works (UFO's Explained and UFO's: The Public Deceived), arch-skeptic Klass has argued bitterly that UFOs do not exist, and that UFO witnesses are without exception ignorant, deluded, mentally disturbed, or simply mistaken. The same characterizations are also applied to UFOlogists who attempt to study the phenomenon seriously (at least, those who are not termed frauds, hucksters, and/or extraordinary liars). In his earlier works, Klass fails to document his investigative efforts (if any), and too often descends to the level of shrill, personal attacks upon those with whom he disagrees. Such generally repellent and unseemly tactics have thus tended to weaken his presentation for many readers, try as one might to judge his work on its own merits. Some of his arguments are indeed plausible and well-founded, while others are poorly informed and some border on the arrogant.

I found Abductions, Klass' latest work, to be his best. Written in a more even and reasoned style than his earlier works, Abductions is a strong and thought-provoking rejoinder to the more commercially successful likes of Whitley Strieber and Budd Hopkins. To no one's great surprise, Klass argues that not a shred of credible evidence exists for the claims of alien abduction and molestation of humans. He traces the abduction scenario back to its early roots in the Hill (1961) and Walton (1975) cases and follows the tale as it grows in the telling to the recent books of Strieber and Hopkins. His discussion of the shortcomings of the hypnotic regression experience, a cornerstone of abduction research, is instructive and valuable, although I

urge the reader to seek out and consult the cited original references. Finally, Klass sets out in detail how he perceives that the essentially harmless myth of the UFO threatens to become a dangerous cult of alien-abduction mumbo-jumbo, menacing the mental (and perhaps physical) health of all participants, founders and followers alike.

So-called abduction research has gone from a bizarre curiosity to a mainstream channel of UFO research in a short time. Books on the topic, such as Strieber's Communion and Transformation and Hopkins' Missing Time and Intruders have topped the best seller list. Readers of Strieber and/or Hopkins as well as the generally curious would be well advised to read Abductions.

Opinionated but well-written, Klass provides a worthwhile counterpoint to the more commercial works above.

Although I fear that those who would most benefit from exposure to a balance of arguments are least likely to read it, I would recommend Abductions highly to any interested person.

Reviewed by Jerry Douglass

"I think that if I recall something, for example, if today I look back on this morning, then I get an image of what I saw this morning. But if tonight, I'm thinking back on this morning, then what I'm really recalling is not the first image, but the first image in memory. So that every time I recall something, I'm not recalling it really, I'm recalling the last time I recalled it. I'm recalling my last memory of it. So that really, I have no memories whatever. I have no images whatever, about my childhood, about my youth."

--Jorge Luis Borges.

THE NEBRASKA BLACK PANTHER

by John A. Eis

My name is John A. Eis. My stepson, Dan M. Campbell, and I were driving down a county road in southeast Nebraska when a large black cat ran across the road. By black cat, I'm referring to a black panther. The location was near Iron Horse Recreation Area, northwest of Du Bois, Nebraska. The large black cat or panther crossed the road approximately 75-100 yards in front of us.

I had a very good look at it, and it's total length was 7-8 feet long, and the tail was 4 feet long. The creature had a cat head, short black hair, long lean body, and was a very pretty animal. Dan walked into the timber along the road and saw it again, running.

The above-described sighting took place during the latter part of October 1987, at 9:15 a.m., on a cloudy morning. I saw the full side view of the black animal. Two weeks later I returned to the area and looked for any tracks that might be found in the grass and creek area, but wasn't successful. It had been very dry in this area of the state.

I work as a research technologist at the University of Nebraska in Lincoln, testing a variety of major crops grown in the state, such as corn, milo, oats, wheat, grain sorghum, soybeans, crambe, rape, milkweed, etc. I work with a lot of official data. However, I soon found out that I don't have proper credentials to verify that what I am calling a black panther or some species of large black cats exists in the state of Nebraska, for state and national records.

This large animal ran into a

state recreation area during the fall, but during the summer I've seen many people, including children, within 100-200 yards of this area. As this matter of a large cat such as I've described above moving around an area where there might be children present is of concern to most adults, and certainly to parents, I contacted the Nebraska Game and Parks Commission in Lincoln, NE.

After explaining to a biologist there the size, color, and details of my sighting, the biologist told me I had seen a bobcat. I responded that I'd never seen a bobcat in Nebraska in the wild. Frankly, it disturbed me that my sighting was shrugged off in this manner. I then spent lots of time calling or talking to game personnel. Finally, others told me to go to the newspapers, T.V., and radio stations, to get my story out. Most places wouldn't touch it.

The Falls City Journal, published in Falls City, NE and the Pawnee City Republic of Pawnee City, NE ran articles written by myself in their papers, which I'm grateful for. The first article was very small but I was amazed at the number of people who came forward and told of what they had seen. Scott S., of the Falls City Journal, was surprised at the reports I had received from respectable people in the community. I made up my mind that despite what people might say, it was better to tell the truth and let people know what was out there. Hopefully, they wouldn't forget what I wrote about.

I've hunted all my life, went to college, and have worked for the State of Nebraska for over 20 years. I've also studied martial arts. I don't drink or do drugs, and regard

myself as a stable person who enjoys life. Because of the time I've spent in the outdoors, I probably see more details in things than most people. I was shocked that our state agencies aren't keeping files on other reports of black cats. It appears that they don't have the manpower, time, money, or don't believe what people are reporting to them. Approximately 50 letters were sent to state and federal agencies by myself, outlining in part what I've shared with you in this paper. Two letters were sent to the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Department at its Grand Island, NE office, and I have not received any information back from them.

Senator J. James Exon of Nebraska was very helpful in obtaining material on the Endangered Species Act for me, so that I could explore the options of protecting this species of large cat.

There seems to be more sightings of large cats than just the one I witnessed, and I have accumulated data from others that suggest that more than one animal is being reported, judging from the size differences.

Don Eis is my brother and he farms east of Du Bois, NE. After kidding me for some time about what I'd seen, Don saw a big, black cat moving very fast in the snow in his field. It ran like it was in slow motion, but covered a large distance in a short time.

Don reported his sighting to a game warden the following evening, but they couldn't find any tracks. There was a covering of ice under what little snow there was, and there had been high winds later the same night of Don's sighting.

The following are remarks by people who have shared information with me after having read a newspaper article on my large cat sighting. The first account is from Dane W., who reported this:

"I have seen the cats three times in the last ten years. What was that running across the field? It was a large 'black as coal' cat. It jumped the fence into the ditch, and one leap took it completely across the road. It then went over the fence. We couldn't believe it. We watched it run across a pasture at a remarkable speed. We couldn't believe that it was so fast."

The second sighting by Dane W. was also witnessed by his son. They saw a large black cat and followed it. Dane said that he "heard a noise in the hedge row...there was a cat, not the big one but a small one, solid black, standing in the brush in the hedge row."

Jerry B., living in Kansas, reported that in 1978 or 1980 he saw a female with kittens. Mrs Delores F. said the following:

"...Saw the same cat you saw. November, 10:15 p.m., when I saw the big cat. At first I thought it was a bear. I was so scared and being alone, I didn't stop to check."

Bonnie C. told me that her parents saw a black cat 6-8 years ago near their barn. Her parents believed that the cat was seeking refuge in their barn.

Michelle K. and her family have experienced many sighting of large cats. She said their first sighting was in 1965, and one year later they were losing sheep. Her father checked on the sheep one night and saw eyes (in the dark-editor), and quickly returned home. Michelle said in 1972 or 1973 her father saw a large black cat at daylight crossing the road approximately 250 yards from the house. She said it was approximately 2 1/2 feet in height, and 7-8 feet from head to tail. Her father, brother, uncle and a friend decided to look for tracks leading

into a ditch and followed them until they heard a loud growling noise. They left the area and returned home rapidly. In 1978 or 1979 Michelle's brother saw the cat cross the road and chased it on his motorcycle. And in 1983 or 1984, Michelle had this experience:

"...arriving home around midnight (I) got out of the car and walked toward the house. I heard a growl followed by a scream directly across the road approximately 60 feet away. The next afternoon I was home alone. The dog began barking and scratching on the door, wanting in. The cattle across the road (were) running wildly. I saw a large, black animal jump into the tree. We have known about this animal for many years but tend to keep it to ourselves because some people think it simply can't be true, but we know it is."

Michelle said in February of 1989 that the last time they had seen the cat was approximately 4 years previous.

Also received in February of 1989 was a report from Bud K., who said: "We have 5 neighbors who have seen the panther." Vernon R. declared that he had seen it quite a few times, and seen it recently. Harvey F. said that a large cat was seen several years ago sleeping on a big bale of hay. Several other people have reported seeing a large cat recently, including Luke K., who said that he has seen it chasing deer. Other people, like Willie O., say that they have seen it "lots of times." I got to talk to some of these people in person, and I believe what they told me was the truth.

This September 1984 incident came from an area outside the southeast portion of Nebraska. Rosallee N. gave this report:

"...10:15 p.m., my car lights caught a large form. I remember thinking what a large dog, only to have it turn and look directly at my head lights...(and then I saw) two large yellow eyes, spaced several inches apart and a large cat-like face (staring) at me. What I saw was a large black animal. I slowed to let it cross the road but instead the cat went back into the thicket. I continued on very shakily. I never saw the animal again."

My father, John W. Eis told me in May of 1990 that a neighbor reported seeing large cat tracks in the last snow of the spring, and in the mud more recently. In fact, Dad saw some large cat tracks on a pond of his and didn't tell me until about a year ago. His sighting of the tracks was about the same time I saw the cat. My father said that he "wants me to leave them alone-- they're not hurting anyone."

In a letter dated February 26, 1990, Cheryl H. gave this account:

"About two months ago I spotted what I believe to be a black panther running down the highway. We had a golden retriever and (the black panther) was as large as him. The dog tried to chase it, but (the black panther) out-ran him. Everyone thought I was "crazy" when I told them what I had seen."

Cheryl's husband is a Nebraska State Patrol officer and he believes that what she described is the truth. I called them and from what she told me I feel that her story is similar to what other people are reporting.

March 9, 1990, I met with Rex W. Amack, Director of the Nebraska Game and Parks Commission, in his Lincoln, NE office. We spent 1 1/2 hours going over material and

reports. I expressed my concerns regarding what I felt should be done to study these animals. Rex asked me to pin-point areas that I feel may have a higher concentration of animals so that the Game & Parks Commission can go in and investigate. He said that he would alert staff to be on the lookout, and he suggested that an optimum time to look in a specific area would be this fall after a snow.

I would like people to realize that there are large, majestic black panthers and mountain lions being reported in southeast Nebraska. I enjoy the outdoors with activities such as camping, fishing, and hunting. With what I've learned from these large cat reports, I'll be more cautious in the wild.

I'd like to know how these large cats got here. Should they be protected as an endangered species? I've tried to get Nebraska State Senators involved but they don't know what they can do. It feels like I've been running into a brick wall trying to get the local, state and federal agencies involved in researching these large cat reports. We need either a private or public agency to conduct a study of the existence of such animals in Nebraska. I hope we can get in-depth research completed before they become extinct.

We need to implement a coordinated research and management plan, with support from conservation organizations, to protect these Nebraska black panthers or species of large black cats. I suggest we consider the following strategies:

- 1) Verification by state and federal agencies that these large black cats exist.
- 2) Documentation of existing and future data.
- 3) Pictures of the animals, and plaster casts and pictures of any tracks found.

- 4) Records kept of the date, time of day, weather conditions, area of the sighting, existing landmarks, etc.
- 5) For measurement purposes, place a quarter, or some item of known size, next to the tracks prior to taking close-up pictures. A ruler would be another good item to photograph next to the suspected prints. The casts of cat prints I've seen measure as follows: front--3 inches in length, 3 1/2 inches in width, hind--3 inches in length, and 3 inches in width. Note that there are no toenail prints on these cats.
- 6) Preservation of a carcass.
- 7) Analysis of collected data, such as habitat use, daily activities, social order, range of travel, population estimates, disease identification, genetic data, implications of the eco-systems of the large cat, etc.
- 8) Protection of the species. I believe that the animal(s) in question should be placed on the endangered species list.

The large cats are going to require management and study. It may be necessary to form a regional study group, composed of agencies from Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas and Missouri, to coordinate research and data accumulation and analysis. I believe that there will be changes required in existing Nebraska laws to accomplish the above.

Public opinion is needed to inform our state and federal agencies of our positive support for the study of these large, black cats. We will all have to work together to accomplish the protection of these

majestic creatures.

I would like to thank all the people who wrote or contacted me to make this paper possible. A list of a few individuals and groups or agencies who have cooperated wholly or in part in my search includes:

- 1) Nebraska Game & Parks
Commission, P.O. Box 30370,
Lincoln, NE 68503-0370.
- 2) Missouri Department of
Conservation, P.O. Box 180,
Jefferson City, MO 68102-
0180. They have published
an article titled "Shadow
Cat," written by Jim H.
Wilson.
- 3) Robert L. Downing, Clemson
University, 114 Lewis Road,
Clemson, SC 29631
- 4) Dr. Lee Simmons, Henry
Doorly Zoo, Omaha, NE
- 5) Senator J. James Exon,
Nebraska.

I would also recommend the following books for their implications on my work:

1) Mysterious America, by Loren Coleman.

2) Jaguar, by Alan Rabinowitz.

Time may be running out for these large, black cats in Nebraska. It is time we move forward with our research, so that in doing so we protect these animals.

The End

All rights are reserved by John A. Eis, including the right to reproduce either in whole or in part, in any form, unless prior approval is sought in writing and granted by me.

Editors note...All names of those reporting sightings are on file with John. There are others who have seen large cats and have reported their sightings to John that aren't listed in this article. Those who wish to contact John may do so at the following address:

John A. Eis
2611 Surrey Ct.
Lincoln, NE 68512

UNKNOWN CREATURE REPORTS IN NEBRASKA, PART 1

By Scott H. Colborn

During the development of this Journal, I had the opportunity of reading the article on Nebraska Black Panthers by John Eis. As I read John's paper, my memory was triggered and I remembered several reports in my files that I had tucked away and nearly forgotten about. Presented below are two reports--the first details several experiences with what were described as black panthers by an individual who had a witness to one of her sightings. The second

report is based on a copy of an official Incident & Case Investigation Report of the Lincoln Police Department.

This is part one of a series on unknown, strange animal or creature sightings in Nebraska. Readers' comments and additional reports are welcomed.

On a late afternoon in the early fall of 1975, two women were driving to Sioux City, Iowa. Approximately 3 miles north of Macy,

Nebraska, one of them saw something black in front and to the left of the car in the undergrowth which grew along the road. Realizing that the Indian tribe in the area occasionally had Black Angus cattle out of the fence, the driver slowed and then stopped, so as not to hit what she thought was a Black Angus calf coming out of the undergrowth in the ditch onto the road.

The driver told me that both of them saw a "large, black jungle cat" leave the ditch to the front and left of the car, and begin to cross the dusty road right in front of their car. The animal's tail was described as "low to the ground" and was "swishing" back and forth. The large, black cat stopped in the middle of the road, "not more than 10 feet in front" of their car. Until this time the mysterious cat had seemed either oblivious or indifferent to the presence of the car. The animal paused in the middle of the road, looked in the direction of the car and bared its teeth. It then continued across the road and entered the ditch to the right front of the car's position. The two women sat in the car briefly and compared notes as to what they had seen. Then, still parked in the middle of the road, the driver got out and went over to the ditch where they had last seen the large cat entering the undergrowth. As she began to search for the animal, she suddenly had the realization that it wasn't such a good idea to be in a ditch looking for a large, black creature that had just bared its teeth at her! And she knew that they really had seen the creature, for there in the dusty road were tracks left by the animal. If it was a phantom, it was a physical phantom.

Continuing their journey to Sioux City, they then called the Nebraska Game & Parks Commission. The response from the Commission was

that it "couldn't have been" a black panther, because the habitat wouldn't support animals like these. The two women called the Nebraska Highway Patrol and made their report. The Patrol said that they had received reports from this area since the 1930's, and were told by the officer at the Patrol of a longstanding rumor that a circus train had derailed in the area of their sighting, and that the mysterious cat sightings were the result of circus animals being seen in the wilds by the local populace. At any rate, the women were told that what they had seen was "probably a large black labrador dog." As a note to this first account, the Missouri River was approximately 1/2 mile from the location of the sighting.

The following year, in the spring or the fall (she wasn't quite sure), the woman mentioned as the driver in the first account above was traveling by car back to Macy from Lincoln. It was dark, very foggy, and about 8-9 pm. She had just made the turn from Walt Hill. The road followed the hilly terrain of the countryside, and there were low spots and somewhat higher spots in the roads elevation. The low spots of the road were extremely foggy, so she was driving slowly. She came to a higher, level portion of the road, and saw 2 large, black cats in front of her. They were on either side of the road, walking slowly, and acting as if they were sniffing the shoulders of the road. Apparently intent in the pursuit of some scent, the cats began to crisscross the road in front of her now stopped car. As they moved away from her, she described their actions as if they were "doing figure eights."

The same woman also related to me that driving to Macy on a back road one day, she stopped to pick up an old Indian woman who had been walking along the road. As they rode together they passed an old farm

house that appeared to be abandoned. The older woman said that she didn't like this particular area of the road, because it reminded her of when she was a very young woman. When she was growing up her family had assigned her a chore of going to the river daily and getting water in a bucket and returning home with the water. One day she had gone to the river to get water, and while she was at the water's edge, she looked up and saw a black panther on the opposite side of the river drinking from the water. The young woman left quickly, shaken by what she had seen.

The woman who was the source for the previous accounts told me of hearing about several individuals near Macy who had discovered quite a few small trees uprooted or broken along the river, and who had encountered a very offensive, powerful odor nearby. I don't have much more information than this, so I'll leave it as an unconfirmed report. She told me that the people she heard this account from believed that it could have been a Bigfoot.

The final report is from the files of the Lincoln Police Department. On July 3, 1980, at approximately 11:45 pm, a young man (identified in the Police Incident Report as "#1") encountered an unusual animal. The Police report form identifies the type of occurrence as "Animal (?) Complaint." Let's read directly from the reporting officers account:

"#1 reports that at about 2345 hrs 3 July 80 he was operating his motorcycle westbound on Fairfield Street from North 27th when a "large animal, about 7 feet tall and probably 300 pounds" ran across the roadway at about the 2600 block forcing #1 to take evasive action. #1 further described this "animal" as having "long dark hair, looked like an ape and smelled like the creek."

OFCS returned during daylight hours and were unable to find any irregular footprints in the area where the "animal" was last seen running."

"Due to the nature of #1's report a pre-test was conducted for the purpose of determining presence of alcohol: there was none."

The signed report is in our files.

This concludes the first in a series of reports on unknown and/or strange creature sightings in Nebraska. Look for more reports in the next issue of our Journal.

CALL FOR PAPERS

**"Exploring Unexplained Phenomena"
Spring 1991, Lincoln, NE**

The Fortean Research Center is pleased to announce that a conference open to the public will be held in Lincoln, NE, in the spring of 1991 (the exact date will be announced in our next issue). Those interested in presenting papers on any area of unexplained phenomena, including UFO's, animal mutilations, religious miracles, Bigfoot and other cryptozoological mysteries, strange geological formations, unexplainable artifacts, and psychic and paranormal phenomena, are requested to submit an abstract for consideration by November 1, 1990. Please send your abstract to the Review Committee, c/o The Fortean Research Center. See you in Lincoln in 1991!

*"Memory is incomplete experience."
--J. Krishnamurti.*

*"Include the knower in the known."
--Julian Jaynes.*

IN SEARCH OF MYSTERIES

by Stephen Johnson, Assistant Director

*"The most beautiful thing we can experience
is the mysterious. It is the source of all
true art and science."*

--Albert Einstein

As I left the on-ramp and turned left, driving towards the overpass, some lights caught my eye. I slowed the car down, all the while trying to figure out what I was looking at. Squinting my eyes through the glow of the street lights, I tried to rationalize what it was that I was viewing. But deep down, I knew all along that it was a UFO!

I said to my girlfriend, who was soon to be my wife, "Can you see that? It looks like a UFO!"

She looked, expecting not to see a thing. Perhaps she thought I was trying to make conversation during what had been a quiet drive home. Or, maybe she supposed I was being humorous or something.

She looked and saw the same thing that I was observing. Approximately 100 yards from Cheryl and me, as we continued to drive, now a little slower down the road, was a round formation of lights above the interstate in the night sky .

A couple of cars were behind me and were getting nearer. I wanted to stop, but Cheryl didn't. I knew that with her grip on my arm increasingly getting stronger, and the cars behind me starting to voice their collective opinions at our slower pace, I had no choice. Accelerating, we drove off. I looked back for miles.

As the days passed, my feelings went from elation to disappointment. Nobody believed me when I told them I had seen a UFO. I soon began to realize and get a sense of what so

many people face when they bring up this subject. So for the time being, it was left at that--a mystery, put into a file with all the other mysteries.

The Fortean Research Center

That incident initiated the start of my search for answers--grabbing at headlines, reading books for years, feeling like I was the only person in the area interested in the UFO subject. And then I met the folks at our own Fortean Research Center.

I love the fact that there is a group of dedicated people asking serious questions about a whole range of mysterious subjects. I'm sure that Mr. Einstein would be proud, if he could see their approach. A weekly talk radio program on the unexplained, this very Journal produced four times a year, and research and investigation work that keeps some of us busy. One of these busy (and dedicated) people is Dale Bacon, former assistant director and editor of the Journal. Radio show co-host, researcher, contributor to the Journal, full-time father of two children and husband of Lin Bacon...whew!

Recently, after much deliberation on his part, Dale decided to cut back on some of his commitments to the Center, and these involved the assistant directorship and editor. The editor's position is being filled by our director, Scott

H. Colborn. I was asked to consider assuming the duties of the assistant director of the Center, and when I was nominated, I accepted the position.

Dale's abilities will be missed by Scott and myself. Dale feels his newfound 'spare time' will reflect positively on all of the other areas of his life. I hope you will agree with me when I say that the present quality of our Journal give us full proof that Dale must have achieved many of the goals he set out to accomplish regarding the Center. We can all look forward to Dale's future Journal contributions and his continuing involvement in the production of this Journal. If you get a chance, give Dale a 'pat on the back' when you see him, or send him a letter voicing your feelings regarding a "job well done" on his part. And, while it might be said that my little feet don't quite fit the big shoes that Dale left behind, I'll give it my best shot!

The Search for the Right People

Brian O'Leary, former astronaut, author (Exploring Inner and Outer Space), and scientist, calls for a new scientist, or is that the *great* scientist, to come out of the closet, so to speak--scientists willing to take the risk of studying controversial material. Mr. O'Leary is exactly right.

This is what it is going to take, short of a UFO landing with major network cameras providing instant live coverage on the nightly news, to bring respect to the study of UFO's that it so richly deserves (and needs).

Now, please understand me. I am not a scientist by any means, so I would not know of the pressures they must undergo. But it only makes sense to me that if you were a true

scientist and were faced with a subject as complex as the UFO phenomenon, you would dig in and search wherever the truth took you. You would conduct research until your resources ran out or you had an absolute answer. I bet that it would get a Pulitzer!

I wonder what would happen if Carl Sagan asked the university he's employed with to grant him \$500,000. This would be used to do on-site investigations of UFO sightings and reports. In my opinion, the university would do one or more of the following:

- 1) Laugh...
- 2) Wonder about his sanity...
- 3) Terminate him.

I'll bet I'm not far off base except for using Carl Sagan as an example of a scientist willing to study UFO's. Isn't it paradoxical that they will give out millions to install radio telescopes to listen for alien life forms, among other usages for said devices, but won't give anyone a dollar to interview some of the thousands of eye witnesses right here on this planet. These misguided perspectives, orchestrated or not, have their origins in a few specific areas.

First, take for example suppressed or negative press releases, beginning with the reported crash landing of a UFO at Roswell, New Mexico in 1947. As the report of the crash was being transmitted on the teletype, it was apparently interrupted by a government agency which ordered the message stopped. And a cover-up followed.

In the years following this case the media in general have made a running joke out of the subject. They give us an effective giggle at the end of the broadcast, if they even decide it's worth airing at all.

Secondly, the Condon report was biased from the start. This was a government commissioned study on UFO's that eventually took its name from the man in charge, Edward U. Condon of the University of Colorado. Edward Condon stated publicly before the study even got into full swing that he did not think there was anything to the UFO subject. Most researchers feel that the final conclusions of the report reflected the initial bias of Condon, and that key data was either ignored or mishandled. Yet the Condon report did tremendous damage to the future study of UFO's, with the Air Force basing it's closure of Project Blue Book on what the Condon report and Edward Condon concluded--that the UFO was not worthy of study.

Third, the hoaxers have also done their fair share of damage to the credibility of every report, to the extent that in many people's minds, every sighting is considered a hoax until it's proven otherwise. Presumed guilty until proven innocent. Even today, a UFO report is not called a proven UFO, it's called a proven unknown.

The various forms of denial of the UFO reality, orchestrated or not as I said earlier in this paper, have sent scientists a message over the years. Research has become sporadic, pain-staking, and methods have come under fire by fellow and sister researchers before a final conclusion has even been reached! The infighting among UFO researchers has become downright embarrassing. Is this sort of scrutiny good or bad?

So, as we slowly overcome these and other hurdles that block us from the truth, and as we are finding more scientists and researchers willing to study the UFO and other mysterious subjects, the Fortean Research Center will continue to bring their findings and opinions to you through our weekly radio program and our Journal.

Two scientist/researchers willing to examine unexplained phenomena are Dr. Jack Kasher and Professor Harry Jordan, from Omaha, NE. In the near future they will share with the readers of the Journal their initial findings regarding a lengthy investigation of a complex UFO case in a locale here in the Midwest.

Our future looks bright here at the Fortean Research Center. Great ideas and articles are in the works, with talented people to get the job done. So, stay tuned to the radio, polish those reading glasses, and keep informed!

Editors note...Stephen Johnson is also the MUFON Assistant State Director for Nebraska, and Stephen and Cheryl are the proud parents of four children. Stephen works as a technician for an office equipment and supply firm, and enjoys golf and attending auctions and sales in his 'spare' time. Welcome aboard, Stephen...I think those shoes are going to fit just fine!

"When Gandhi was asked what he thought of western civilization, he said, 'It would be nice'."

"If you want to see how you look asleep, stand in front of a mirror with your eyes shut."

--Author Unknown.

"After an hour or so in the woods looking for mushrooms, Dad said, 'Well, we can always go and buy some real ones'."

--John Cage.

"I can't hear myself hearing."

--Marcel Duchamp.

**ATTENTION
FORTEAN READERS**

There is a tremendous amount of information available to the casual reader of unexplained phenomena, or to the person just becoming interested in finding out more regarding many of the mysteries that perplex us. Every opinion from a spectrum of special interest areas is readily available--from the conservative to the fringe. A new reader of the literature is faced with the initial decision of what to read and where to look for answers. It is precisely this decision of what one should read and where one should look for an answer that motivates the Fortean Research Center to look to you for your counsel. Here is how you can help.

Send us your recommendations for future publication in this Journal, of books, journals, and printed material that you would personally recommend to other readers. You may wish to label or group your suggestions as "UFO's," "Ghosts," "Geological Anomalies," "Alternative Science," "Unusual Animals," etc. For the sake of this editor, please limit your recommendations to 10-15 books total for all areas of interest combined.

You'll need to include a complete title, author, and publisher for your book suggestions. For journals, magazines and other reference materials, please include the complete name of said printed matter and an address for it, or perhaps a book or journal source that you know is reliable.

We will compile a list of your recommendations and include it in this Journal at a future date. You may then refer to it for suggested readings for yourself, or perhaps you'll wish to make a copy for a friend who has indicated interest in a particular field. Remember, we

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With so much information to choose from, a person new to an area of interest can be quite literally overwhelmed with the choices available. With your response, you'll provide a much needed service. So, send us your selections!

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Kirlian Photography by John Wynhausen, D.C.

On Mind And The Physics Of Paranormal Phenomena, excerpts from The Meeting Of Science And Spirit, by John White.

Possible UFO Landing In Southern Iowa by Dr. John C. Kasher.

The Changing Message Of UFO Activity: From Empirical Science To Experiential Science by Dr. R. Leo Sprinkle.

Unidentified Objects Or Living Beings?, by John Foster.

The Fourth Dimension And Alien Technology by Erich A. Aggen, Jr.

Unknown Creature Reports In Nebraska, Part 2.

Miss Grace Rosher & Automatic Writing, by L.J.

The Mysterious Artesia, New Mexico and Lincoln, Nebraska UFO-Related Connection.

Plus, your letters, comments and questions, more book reviews, and other articles of interest, coming soon, soon, soon!

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