

North American BioFortean Review



“For every complex problem there is a solution,
which is simple, neat, and wrong”
—H. L. Mecken

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News Notes	Craig Heinselman
New Hong Kong Snake Genus?	
Loch Ness Panel	
New Funnel-Web Spider?	
New Sri Lanka Owl?	
Lord Howe's Stick Insect <u>Not</u> Extinct	
New Species of Camel, That Drinks Salt-Water?	
The Other "Jersey Devil" of 1909	Chad Arment
Cryptozoology and US Military Insignia, Article I	Brad LaGrange
The Economic Introduction of the Kangaroo in America (Reprint)	Robert C. Auld
An Overview of the 13th Annual Bigfoot Conference	Craig Heinselman
Black Panther Sighting	Brad LaGrange
A Review of Jean Roche's book <i>Sauvages et velus</i>	François de Sarre Trans. Craig Heinselman
Wampus Cats, Mystery Felids, and the Santer	Loren Coleman
Wild White Cattle (Reprint)	James Edmund Harting
Cryptozoology in the Movies: <u>Grizzly</u>	Brad LaGrange
Investigations of the Lake Erie Monster (Reprint)	Charles E. Herdendorf
A Review of Lothar Frenz's book <u>Riesenkragen und Tigerwölfe: Auf der Spur mysteriöser Tiere</u>	Thomas Diehl
A Pennsylvania Primate	Chad Arment
A Study on Gunshots and Sasquatch Sightings: Part I	Brad LaGrange
A Western Oddity	Chad Arment
Testing the New Moon Theory at Lake Champlain	Craig Heinselman
The Trail of the Blue Tiger (Reprint)	Roy Chapman Andrews
"Black Panther of the Navajo"	Chad Arment
From the Past	Craig Heinselman
Brazos River Serpent	
Ontario Aquatic Creature	
Ontario Wild Man	
Monster Bird of Chile	
Giant Snake in PA	

From the Editors

Welcome to NABR #6. This first issue of 2001 provides a wider exposure to the biological mysteries around the globe, as promised in the last issue. Craig Heinselman joins us, and you will note a fascinating collection of both recent and historical material that he has gathered for this issue. Brad LaGrange delves into several cultural areas in which cryptozoology may have had an influence. If you have any information on such areas and would like to share them with Brad, please feel free to email him. Our reprints include a fascinating account by Roy Chapman Andrews on the popular “blue tigers,” early support for the introduction of kangaroos in North America, and an unusual history of an antiquated bovine breed in the U.K.

We continue to solicit articles for future issues of NABR. If you would like to discuss a potential article with any of us, please feel free to email. We are interested in biological and cryptozoological mysteries worldwide, both historical and recent.

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News Notes

Edited by Craig Heinselman

New Hong Kong Snake Genus?

On July 4, 1999 Jonathan Kolby in Hong Kong captured a peculiar snake. What makes this snake stand out is the presence of three prefrontals, which does not appear on any known genus of snake from the area. Internal examinations show anatomic characteristics linking it to the Colubridae family, but with the three prefrontals it does not correspond to a known species or genus. At present only the one hatchling has been found, but more specimens are being looked for. Is a new genus of colubrid snake about to be named?

Sources:

Greene, Harry. 1997. Snakes the Evolution of Mystery in Nature. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press.

Kolby, Jonathan, and James Lazell. 2001. "Amazing Snake." Porcupine! Newsletter of the Department of Ecology and Biodiversity of the University of Hong Kong Number 22, January.

Mattison, Chris. 1994. Snakes of the World. New York: Facts on File.

Loch Ness Panel

In the news at the beginning of 2001 was the controversial Loch Ness Environmental Panel being established in Scotland by the Scottish Natural Heritage organization. Much protest was made over the creation of this panel as it had the potential to make investigators into the possible lake creature not go through appropriate approval processes for investigations. Another resentment was that the panel would not have any current researchers on it, but would trust that researchers would seek them out for approval. A third argument was that various laws are already present protecting the environment of Loch Ness, and that an additional panel would not be of benefit.

Although the Scottish Natural Heritage was slow to respond to inquiries, they did finally answer this researcher back at the beginning of February 2001. By way of brief communications with Jonathan Stacey, the Scottish Natural Heritage NW Inverness Officer, the following additional information was acquired regarding this proposed panel.

1) A Code of Practice would need to be created to address the assessment of new proposed projects at Loch Ness.

2) Issues such as nets and traps, protection of biological life forms in the Loch from alien organisms, salmon protection, lake ecosystem protection and water quality would be part of the issues addressed by the Code of Practice.

3) The Loch Ness Environmental Panel is to address the impact monster-associated research could have on Loch Ness biodiversity. It is not aimed at protecting an unknown creature.

4) The panel will not consult researchers into the creature issue. It will trust that researchers will consult with them regarding their proposals.

5) At present a Code of Practice has not been created and the panel is in the planning stages only.

Questions still arise as to what effect such a panel will have on the situation at Loch Ness and what benefit such a Panel will actually do for the area. Time will tell as more of the story evolves and comes forth. If the Panel does function, will the end protection of the ecosystem actually be accomplished any more feasibly than current legislature such as the Protection of Animals Act of 1912?

Sources:

Stacey, Jonathan. 2001. Personal Communications. February 5, 6, 21.

Letter to Adrian Shine from Scottish Natural Heritage dated November 30, 2000.

News Notes: Loch Ness Environmental Panel, CRYPTO Vol. IV, No. I, January 2001.

New Funnel-Web Spider?

Dr. Robert Raven of the Queensland Museum in Queensland, Australia has found what he believes to be a new species of funnel web spider. The funnel web spiders consist of 36 known species, with this new report possibly making it 37. They range throughout Australia (including Tasmania) and can cause death to human due to toxicity of their bites. This new spider was found in the northern part of Queensland, nearly 600 miles from the closest known habitat in the south.

Sources:

“New funnel-web discovered in QLD.” 2001. Illawarra Mercury, February 1.

New Sri Lanka Owl?

A new species of owl was found after being spotted in January 2001 in Sri Lanka. The owl has yet to be formally described or named, but is important to the areas ornithologists as they had thought the system was thoroughly explored. Interestingly there had been reports of an unknown avian form in Sri Lanka for some time, often called the Sri Lankan devil-bird due to its vocalization. Though thought by many to be a form of night-jar, the devil-bird has also been theorized to be a form of owl.

Source:

“New Bird Discovered in Sri Lanka.” 2001. BBC News Online, February 26.

Shuker, Karl. 2001. Post to CZ e-mail list, March 1.

Shuker, Karl P.N. 1991. Extraordinary Animals Worldwide. London: Robert Hale.

Lord Howe’s Stick Insect Not Extinct

A stick insect, or phasmid, thought extinct from the Australian Island of Lord Howe Island has been found. This insect is known as the Lord Howe Island Stick Insect or Lord Howe Island Land Lobster (*Dryococelus australis*), and is a relatively large flightless phasmid nearly 6 inches in length.

In true cryptozoological fashion these insects were found by following reports of finding unknown dead insects. Reports came in during the 1960’s by people climbing a volcanic rock (called Balls Pyramid), and various reports have filtered in since then. In early February 2001 researchers from the National Parks and Wildlife Service along with representatives of the Australian Museum went to Balls Pyramid (which is situated roughly 14 miles off of Lord Howe Island).

At first the searchers found only some enigmatic droppings, but it was the night that turned the event to a success. As the insect is nocturnal, two searchers, Nicholas Carlile and Dean Hiscox, climbed part way up the rock. On a tea tree the two men found three females of the insect. But, can the species survive? Estimates rate the number of insects at around 10! Conservation actions are taking place to relocate the discovered insects to Lord Howe Island, where with a more hospitable environment it is hoped they will survive

Sources:

Barkham, Patrick. 2001. “The Walking Sausage Lives Again.” The Guardian, February 14.

Macey, Richard. 2001. “Joy as ancient ‘walking sausage’ found alive.” Sydney Morning Herald, February 13.

Smithers, C.N., 1970. "On some remains of the Lord Howe Island Phasmid (*Dryococelus australis* (Montrouzier)) (Phasmida) from Ball's Pyramid." Entomologists' Monthly Magazine 105: 252.

"'Extinct' Insect Discovered in Australia." 2001. BBC Online, February 13.

New Species of Camel, That Drinks Salt-Water?

Genetic tests conducted on remains of camels collected during an expedition in the Lop Nur area of China's Xinjiang province show a 3% difference between domesticated camels. These wild Bactrian camels may well be a valid separate species that was not domesticated by humans, based on the genetic work being carried out now. Even more astonishing is the fact that they can drink salt water that comes through the sand and survive without any obvious detrimental organ problems. However, as far back as June, 2000, there were hints of these animals being a separate species. It was not until the news was released on the start of the 21st session of the United Nations Environment Programme (UNEP) Governing Council that most of the public world knew of the animals.

In a newspaper story from the Xinhua News Agency from June 13, 2000, John Hare, founder of the Wild Camel Protection Foundation (which has been supported in part by UNEP and the Global Environment Facility, GEF) was quoted as saying:

"DNA tests in Germany, the United States and Kenya show that there is a three percent difference between the wild camels and the domestic ones. The difference is significant as the genetic difference between human beings and Chimpanzees is only five percent."

And in September 2000 in the WCPF Newsletter Number 4 (WCPF stands for Wild Camel Protection Foundation, whose patron interestingly is Jane Goodall) it is also mentioned:

"Only the wild camels, in the Gashun Gobi in Xinjiang, China, are completely isolated from domestic camels. This lack of an opportunity to hybridize is what makes their survival so vital. It is these remnant herds that the Wild Camel Protection Foundation is striving to save. The conference was told that the wild Bactrian camel has a 3% base genetic difference between it and its domestic cousin. There is no difference between the wild and domestic yak. However, there is a 5% base difference between mankind

and the chimpanzees which emphasises how impressive 3% is and also indicates that a separation took place many millions of years ago. Scientists are cautiously suggesting that the wild Bactrian camel may be a separate species.”

The Lop Nur area was once a nuclear test site of China, and was closed to the public in 1955. Since 1996 though testing has stopped and miners and expeditions have ventured into this region. This hiatus from people has aided in the animals surviving, however their numbers are not large with an estimated 600 or so animals in the area only. Confusion can be made by the varied names from the area, but according to a map provided by the Wild Camel Protection Foundation some clarity can be drawn. The entire region is part of the Gashun Gobi Desert with the camels being isolated to an area called the Kum Tagh sand dunes which borders closely to Tibet. The area known as Lop Nur is part of a camel preserve called the Arjin Shan Lop Nur Wild Camel Reserve that was established in 1999 and constitutes 107,500 square kilometers.

Sources:

WCPF Newsletter 4, September 2000.

Wild Camel Protection Foundation website at www.wildcamels.com.

“New Species of Mammal Discovered by UNEP-backed Expedition.” 2001. UNEP Press Release, February 6.

“China, GEF in Cooperation to Protect Wild Camels.” 2000. Xinhua News Agency, June 13.

“New Camel Species Discovered in China.” 2001. Xinhua News Agency, February 6.

“Salt Water-Drinking Camel May be Separate Species.” 2001. Reuters, February 7.

“Nuclear Test Site Reserved for Wild Camels after Four-year Campaign.” Royal Geographical Society Magazine, Vol. 71, No 6.

“New Species of Camel Discovered in Asia.” 2001. African News Service, February 7.



The Other “Jersey Devil” of 1909

Chad Arment

First, the newspaper account:

Canadian Excitement Stirs Ghost of ‘Monster’ that Local Residents Saw in ’09

For the First Time, the Story-Behind-The-Story
of a 40-Year-Old Williamsport Whopper

A “three-toed monster” inhabiting a swamp along the Nith River in Ontario, Canada, is creating a wave of excitement and half-fear in little New Hamburg, Ontario, similar to the excitement which prevailed in this city more than 40 years ago when a mysterious “monster” described as a flying horse was seen here.

Only those residents whose memories go back to the Winter of 1909 remember the local excitement. For weeks back in 1909 this community was talking about “the Jersey devil” and nothing else.

It was seen by a score of persons, none of whom agreed on the details of its appearance. A Newberry woman, however, was so positive that it had the large body of a horse and was supported by powerful wings that she made an affidavit before the late Alderman E. W. Batzle to that effect.

But, first, the story of New Hamburg’s “monster” is interesting.

Eighteen hundred inhabitants of that Canadian community are highly excited and more than a little jittery over the “three-toed monster.” Police Chief George Thomas told the Associated Press nobody knows exactly what it is.

He said he took a shot at it recently when it “left the swamp to go courting.” He described it as 30 inches long, about six inches in circumference, and leaving a track about seven inches wide. The track is distinguished by three distinct claw marks—from which fact it apparently draws its name as “the three-toed monster.”

“This thing is not a bird,” Thomas said. “The animal has been seen by citizens here every so often for the last two years. It is

always seen around the same time of year and that is why I think it is answering the urge to mate when it prowls at night.”

The police chief did not venture any opinion as to what the “three-toed monster” would mate with, but he made it clear that New Hamburg residents will be easier in their minds when the animal has been killed or captured.

Reading about New Hamburg’s excitement brought back to memory the long-ago story of Williamsport’s “Jersey devil.”

Evidence of it first appeared on a Winter’s night, when snow was deep. Large tracks at irregular intervals were found in the yard at the home of Frank Bowman, on West Fourth Street. The coachman of James V. Brown, donor of the public library, made the discovery.

Word of it—and the coachman’s panic—quickly reached a young man who was then reporting for the Williamsport News, a 1909 competitor of The Sun. (In 1912, it was bought by the late George E. Graff and was merged with The Sun.)

The reporter of that date now is the president of the Savings Institution of Williamsport—and it is from Fred A. Heim that the story-behind-the-story of the “Jersey devil” was recounted to today’s generation of reporters.

Mr. Heim remembers that interest in the mysterious object held for about three weeks.

In that period, it was seen scores of times in all parts of Williamsport. Non-resident readers were also writing to the newspaper, claiming they had seen it in their localities.

Two of the reports went into great detail.

A Newberry woman was sure it was a bird possessing powerful wings and the body of a horse. She accompanied the reporter to the office of Alderman Batzle and there swore out an affidavit to support her story.

Another person was so certain he had seen the “monster” that it cost him his job.

He was a street car motorman. His story was published in The News and led his Passenger Railway Company boss to investigate his activities. It was discovered that, although supposed to have been at work until late at night, he had abandoned his street car an hour early, gotten drunk, and left late customers stranded as they waited on cold street corners for “the last car.” He was fired.

The hoax, for such it was, was indirectly terminated by a shotgun. As community excitement grew, the stage setting became more elaborate. Chickens were killed and their blood appeared close to the strange hoof marks of the “Jersey devil,” making the mysterious “something” appear to be a killer and dangerous.

Finally, perpetrators of the hoax learned that Frank Bowman was sitting up at night in his darkened home with a loaded shotgun. He was prepared to shoot the “monster”—just as New Hamburg’s police chief now threatens to do.

It was at this point the three young men responsible for the stunt decided it had been carried far enough—and so they just stopped making hoof prints in the snow.

But they never told the story-behind-the-story.

Here it is, then, for the first time. And it is told by Mr. Heim, the man who conceived the idea and then each day wrote about the antics of the mythical animal in the news.

His companions were John Alden Knight, now nationally known as a fisherman and authority on fishing; and Albert H. Bubb.

Mr. Bubb later went South to engage in the lumbering business. He died some years ago in Monroe, La. His widow, the former Florence Hill, daughter of Stans Hill, one-time postmaster of this city, is visiting in Williamsport at the present time as the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph W. Harvey, of 74 Grampian Boulevard.

According to Mr. Heim, news was dull in Williamsport in January of 1909.

He reported for work in the office of The News one day to be told by the late Elmer E. Schuyler—remembered as the editor of the Gazette and Bulletin—that there seemed to be nothing doing. His instructions were “to go out and see what you can stir up.”

Mr. Heim did just that.

With his companions—Knight and Bubb—he developed the idea of the mysterious “Jersey devil.” They used a deformed horse-shoe with ends broken off to make the imprint of a track.

They tied the shoe to a string so that it could be dropped at irregular distances and at points far removed from pedestrian travel.

To make their scheme news worthy they had to point out the tracks in the Bowman yard to the coachman. It was easy to plant

in his mind a number of fantastic ideas—and these grew rapidly in size and variety once other people began reporting the presence of this strange animal in their neighborhoods.

“We scooped *The Sun* regularly,” Mr. Heim recalled laughingly. In fact, he remembered that *The Sun* at first ignored the entire matter until talk on the street became so general about “the Jersey devil” and so many people were worried about it that all newspapers had to give it attention.

New Hamburg may have a real, genuine, honest-to-goodness “three-toed monster.” It may be living in the swamps of the Nith River in Ontario, Canada. And it may be hunting a mate, just like Police Chief Thomas told the Associated Press.

But Williamsport’s much-publicized “monster” of 1909 was only a hoax—a thing conjured in the imagination of a news reporter who was trying “to keep community interest high” when bona fide news seemed non-existent.

It proved, however, that many, many persons live with very, very active imaginations and can be counted upon to verify what other persons say they have seen.

Williamsport Sun, July 18, 1953. Page 2.

This newspaper article is interesting on two counts. First, it notes a Canadian swamp cryptid which remains an enigma due to very few details, beyond being “three-toed” and the implication that it may fly. Second, there is a detailed account of a Pennsylvania monster hoax that occurred in January, 1909. Jersey Devil enthusiasts will recognize this date as the period when a series of “Devil footprints” showed up in the Philadelphia/New Jersey region. Researchers speculate that these latter tracks were created as part of a real estate scam. The account given here brings up a question. Is there any relationship between the Philadelphia-area tracks and the Williamsport hoax? Did one provide the inspiration for the other? Unfortunately, the Williamsport News was eventually purchased by its rival, the Sun, and archives of the News were apparently never microfilmed, so I don’t know when exactly the Williamsport hoax took place. Perhaps investigation into other regional papers from this period would provide a clue.

Cryptozoology and US Army Military Insignia

Article I: Black Panthers, Part 1

Brad LaGrange

It's not often that two of my interests intersect, but occasionally they do. Such is the case with the representation of cryptids on pieces of US military insignia. This is the first in a series of articles I will author on the subject.

The US first authorized shoulder sleeve insignia (SSI) in WWI. It was to consist of a patch worn on the left shoulder no more than one inch under the shoulder. It all began with the 81st Infantry Division (ID).

That division, assigned to train on the banks of the Wildcat River had drawn one of the most Godforsaken spots in the US, (Ft. Leonardwood aside). Having come through it, the 81st wished to show other outfits its success, so they took to wearing a patch made of green wool felt with a black wool felt wildcat on their left shoulder.

The general of the American Army in France, Pershing, ordered the practice stopped at first. He relented, however, and a brief study was launched that showed that the use of SSI was a terrific morale boost. "Blackjack" Pershing ordered all US divisions to develop their own design.

Some division commanders simply choose what was handy, such as the 5th ID, which used the red diamond the division already used to mark supply crates. Others put the design to a unit-wide vote, as the 66th ID did.

The 66th choose a design they felt reflected their toughness, speed, tenacity, stealth, and all around fighting prowess. They voted for a black panther.

The panther is in mid-run across an orange circle, head turned toward the viewer, mouth open to show its teeth, and a lightning bolt underneath its body. Divisions then being a recently developed entity in the US Army, they adopted the obvious nickname, "The Black Panthers."

An interesting note is that an American Army division has NEVER chosen a fictitious animal in its now almost 100 years of patch design. Even when fake division patches were created in WWII to confuse the enemy, only native

biological animals that the soldiers were familiar with were used. Spiders, rattlesnakes, eagles, and wolves are in the lineup right next to the 66th's black panther. Something to mull.

After WWI the 66th and its patch were retired as the army was brought back to peacetime levels. However, the division was reconstituted for WWII, as was its patch, though with a significant development.

The running panther was looked upon by some as "retreating" and it was decided to redesign the patch. Once again unit members voted, and the black panther was chosen a second time.

This time, though, only the panther's head was shown. Presented in profile, turned about and towards the viewer, resplendent in detail (made possible by an embroidery process rather than wool on wool), the panther has an even more menacing snarl.

Spending the war in a bitter, running, siege-like, urban battle in coastal France in towns where the Nazis had left behind their own to deny us use of the ports, the 66th proved itself as few divisions could. It could not survive a second post war deactivation. Rest assured though, should the US ever again involve itself in a major conflict the 66th Infantry Division will again spread the "Word According to Us" (a slogan adopted late in WWII) to America's enemies.

Sources:

Personal correspondence with members of the American Society of Military Insignia Collectors, Feb.-March 2001, <http://www.asmic.org>.

The Economic Introduction of the Kangaroo in America.

(Reprint from The Overland Monthly, Aug. 1892)

Robert C. Auld

I.

Inasmuch as there have been serious proposals made for the introduction of the kangaroo into this country, in some measure to take the place of the defunct bison of the plains, I made the subject one of careful investigation. I started out with decided skepticism; but now that I have all the material I have been able to collect at disposal, I feel bound to look at the undertaking in a totally different light, and have come to regard the idea as a feasible one.

With the object of giving the American reader all the information necessary to judge on this matter for himself, I shall first present a few notes, common to the text-books, on the natural history of the family of animals, marsupials, to which this strange creature belongs. Then I shall furnish evidence of the practicability of the undertaking, at the same time showing the purposes for which the animal is valuable. It may be permitted me to remark, if it might be thought at the outset necessary to offer an apology for introducing such a subject before American readers, that the animal that produces the “kangaroo” for our “uppers” is worthy of the attention of the curious.

The kangaroo belongs to one of the most peculiarly constructed orders of the animal kingdom. The family is “characterized by the existence, on the anterior portion of the pelvis, of two long, narrow, articulated, and movable bones, which serve in the females, at least in the majority of species, to support a pouch, situated below the abdomen, and called the marsupial pouch or purse.” This pouch is connected with the function of the development and nourishment of the young. The word is derived from the Latin *marsupium*, a purse. The bones forming and supporting the purse are hence called marsupial bones, and the order to which the animals so characterized belong is called marsupialia, or order of marsupials.

The marsupials constitute, thus, a very great anomaly among the mammals, and the modification in the skeleton that effects this anomaly is co-ordinated with a very peculiar mode of generation, which it would be highly interesting

partly to describe. The main points of peculiarity need only be alluded to.

It appears that there are what must be regarded as two phases to the gestatory process; one is uterine, and the other is the marsupial period. The first is short, extending to about thirty-eight days after fecundation; the second is the long period, about eight months. Professor Sir Richard Owen, F.R.S., the distinguished comparative anatomist and palaeontologist, who has lately retired from the position he held so long in the British Museum, determined from study that it is the female herself who forcibly extracts the immature foetus from the uterus. He has recently discovered that the paws are not used in doing this, but in keeping the pouch open. She extracts the young with her muzzle, while lying on the ground in a favorable position. She then places the young animal inside her pouch, over one of her mammae, which it would be powerless of itself to reach, and holds it there till it has seized its teat. After this the youngster cannot be detached without force, but it has not yet strength to enable it to suckle. To provide against this contingency, the mother is furnished with a muscle, which, by contracting on the teat, causes an injection of the milk into the mouth of the young.¹ Thus the kangaroo family is provided with a natural cradle for its young. In this cradle the organization of the immature animal is completed. In the larger species the hair appears during the sixth month. The young begins to put its nose outside about the eighth month, and to nibble at any blade of grass it may reach. At last in a fit of frolicsome mischief, and perhaps as showing its realization of the bondage that has, as it were, tied it so long and ignominiously to its "mother's apron strings," it makes its plunge from its peculiar perch, and ventures a few timid jumps; but, scared likely by the unusual excitement, suddenly screams back to its shelter. This is a welcome haven for it during periods of danger or hunger, until it is fully emancipated from maternal care. One may see, it is said, young in all stages, just born or just about to be weaned, at the teat at one time. Hence the female kangaroo has more mammae than the number of young produced at each litter.

All the marsupials with the exception of the true opossum, which inhabits America, and a dwarf kangaroo, which has been discovered in the staked plains

¹ Mr. W. B. Tegetmeir, who has recently studied some individuals in the London Zoölogical Gardens, says: "The top of the wind-pipe (larynx) is elongated upwards into the back of the mouth, and it is surrounded and closely embraced by the soft palate, so that the air passes through the nostrils directly into the lungs without going into the back of the mouth or throat, through which the milk reaches the gullet."

of Texas, belong exclusively to Australia, where very few mammalia of other kinds are found. There are two other facts of great interest yet to be noted; we find in the order a series of groups, apparently analogous to those of ordinary Mammalia—Insectivora, Rodentia, Carnivora, Ruminantia, and Quadrumana. This opinion has been confirmed by the discovery of fossil remains belonging to some species of great size. Sir Richard Owen has made out some fossilized species of this order, which must have been considerably larger than a horse. These remains have been found near Paris, in Auvergne, and in England. In geological times, therefore, Europe possessed marsupial animals; perhaps they composed an entire class, and parallel to the mammalian orders, as suggested in 1829 by Cuvier when he wrote: “One should say that the marsupials form a class apart, parallel to that of the ordinary quadrupeds, and divisible into like orders.”

In dentition generally—the kangaroo having no canine teeth—and in their digestive system, this species of marsupials approaches the ruminants; in fact, they are said sometimes to ruminate. The length of the great kangaroo is seven and one half feet from the nose to the tip of the tail,—the tail being a little more than three feet in length and fully six feet in circumference at the base. The height of the animal is rather more than fifty inches in erect sitting posture. When it raises itself on its toes, its height is greater than that of a man. It sometimes attains the weight of one hundred and sixty pounds. The most prominent characteristic of the kangaroo is the relative disproportion of the anterior and posterior feet. The former are short and weak. The radius allows a complete rotation of the forearm. The hind feet are long, thick, and strong. The tail is also long and powerful. It “constitutes a sort of fifth member, destined to facilitate the peculiar mode of progression” seen in the animal. The muzzle of the giant kangaroo is long and slender. The ears are large and straight. The aspect of the countenance is very mild. The animal’s disposition is timid. The body is thin in front; very massive behind. The posterior extremities possess only four toes, and one of these has a most murderous nail. Its coat is composed of silky hair on the head, the members, and the tail; and woolly hair on the rest of the body. Its diet is strictly herbivorous. They live in groups, under the direction of old males, and they prefer woody places. The females have one, at the most two, young at a litter.

“According to circumstances,” says Figuier, from whom we quote, “these animals walk or leap, and their tail plays an important part in either case. In walking they first place their four feet on the ground; then leaning on those which are in front, and on their tail stretched out like a rigid bar, they raise their

hind parts, bringing up at the same time their two posterior close to their two anterior legs, and moving the latter forward, to begin again the same manœuvre, and so on repeatedly. One can understand that they cannot move very quickly in this way; and so they have recourse to another expedient when pursued, or when they want to hop over any obstacle in their way. The fore-legs then remain unemployed, and hang idly along the body. Squatting on its hind legs, the tail stiff and leaning on the ground like a prop, as it does when the animal is walking, the kangaroo bounds, as if it were propelled-forward by a spring, and alights a little farther on, where it begins the same exercise over again indefinitely till it wishes to stop. The larger species of kangaroo can clear as much as ten metres in length [about thirty-three feet] at a single bound; and can jump from two to three metres in height [seven to ten feet]. Nothing is more curious than to see them traversing space with the rapidity of arrows, and like the giants we read of in mythology receiving fresh impetus every time they touch the earth.”

The tail of these animals is not only an apparatus of propulsion, but it also serves as a defensive weapon. They have been seen many times, when pursued by dogs, to strike them heavy blows with their tails. But the greatest offensive weapon they possess is the nail of the fourth toe of their hind legs, already noted. To make use of it, says Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire, the kangaroo stands erect against a tree; leaning on this with its four paws, it supports itself with its tail. This tree or any other obstacle high enough for the purpose is absolutely necessary to it, since, as it always moves its two hind limbs at the same time, it cannot lean upon one and employ the other in fighting. When a combat takes place between two kangaroos, the adversaries stand up face to face against each other, “and tear each other’s bellies out, as a couple of Japanese might do.” This mode of warfare among themselves is confined to the males.

About fifty species of kangaroo are known, varying greatly in size, from that of a rat up. They were first discovered in Australia by Cook in 1770. Fossil specimens of gigantic size have been discovered. Some of these “stupendous,” “huge,” or “great fossil beasts” have become extinct within comparatively recent times.

The flesh of the kangaroo is highly esteemed and much sought after. The animal is accordingly an object of sport with the squatters of Australia, who use dogs specially trained for the purpose of hunting them. The animal is remarkable for the great development of those parts of which the meat is most

esteemed, such as the loins, buttocks, and thighs. The tail is also said to make excellent soup. The tails are indeed being imported now into this country for that purpose. Certain species, moreover, have excellent and very choice fur. The leather is a well known article of commerce now in this country.

II.

Next I shall present the very full report furnished to me by and through the courtesy of my friend, Mr. P. R. Gordon, H.M.S., Brisbane, Queensland. It appears that in Queensland the government has been compelled to enforce stringent measures for the suppression of marsupials, where they threatened to overrun the country, and ruin the sheep industry by destroying the grazings. Mr. Gordon says: "My last official report on the working of the Marsupials Destruction Act will give you an idea how they have taken possession of the public estate. The immediate cause of the phenomenal increase of marsupials in these colonies is attributable to the fencing in of sheep runs, and grazing the sheep at large within paddocks. Before this could be done a raid had to be made on the native dogs, or dingo, of Australia. These were natural enemies of the marsupials. I enclose a letter from Mr. Brabazon H. Purcell, a stock and station agent in this city, who has had much experience with the marsupials, and who is a large buyer of marsupial skins for America. You will see that he is of the opinion that marsupials would breed well in America. On the other hand, Professor Shelton, Instructor in Agriculture here, an American, is of the opinion that the temperature of Colorado is much too severe for them, but he thinks that they might do well in more southern latitudes."

The following is Mr. Brabazon's report:—

I have had considerable experience with kangaroos all over Australia, both rearing, killing, and selling the skins. I really think that a good kangaroo breeding station would pay well, and have argued so with several of my clients. As you are doubtless aware, the kangaroo generally inhabits rangy or hilly country of a sour description; that is to say, that produces the most valuable skin.

First let me describe the most prominent species. *Macropus*¹ *major*, or great

¹ From the large size of the hind feet, caused by the extraordinary elongation of the metatarsal bones.

gray kangaroo:—This species thrives best in Tasmania and Gippsland, Victoria, where the cold is very severe, and snow lies on the mountains about four months out of the twelve. The fur is very long, and the skins tough and large. Of course, during the winter it comes down on to the plains, where there is no snow, but very heavy frost. As the spring approaches and the snow melts, it works back to the mountains. Skins of three pounds of this class at present are worth, according to quality from \$5 to \$7 per dozen. The same species is found all over the ranges of New South Wales and Queensland, also on the plains of the Murray River, Murrumbidgee and Darling rivers, and in fact thinly dispersed through intermediate plains five hundred or six hundred miles back from the coast. This is the best species to breed, as the skins are valuable, from three quarters of a pound upwards, and more valuable than any other kind.

Then there is the *Osphranter rufus*, or great red kangaroo. This species lives on the plains solely; it is rare to see them in the mountains or ranges. Their fur is red, (female, blue,) and skin very thin and easily torn. It grows quite as large as the *Macropus major*. It is not nearly so hardy, and dies quickly during severe drought. One peculiarity about these two species is that the gray when forced to fight hugs and rips, or strikes with the hind toes, whilst the red hugs and bites. *Osphranter robustus*, or black wallaroo,—more a species of the gray,—lives solely in the mountains; fur long and skin thick; worth about same as the reds.

There are altogether about forty-seven species of kangaroo and wallaby, even to the *Dendrolagus ursinius* and *inustus*, the black and brown tree kangaroos found in New Guinea and the northeastern coast of Queensland. The species I should advise to breed is the great gray kangaroo, and the *Halmatus allabatus*, or swamp wallaby, whose skin is highly prized in America. Although it is called swamp wallaby, it lives chiefly on the grassy slopes of Queensland, where there is plenty of green grass all the year round, and moisture. Its fur is brown and very long. Of course, you will know, the colder the climate the longer the fur.

I have found the kangaroo, when tame, docile, lazy, and quiet, fond of sugar and bread, and easy to handle. The bucks when fed by hand get very fat and will lie in the sun for hours. A flock of twenty head were a perfect nuisance on one estate; they got so quiet, and were continually about the house.

For breeding I would suggest the fencing in of some plains or slightly timbered country, with ranges at the back, and in a fairly cold, well-grassed

country. Both the species I mentioned could be bred together. All species breed alike, about one every ten or twelve months, and at twelve to eighteen months the skins are worth taking, but if left for a longer period would be more valuable in proportion. Sometimes they have two young ones at a birth, but very rarely.

Of course, the only expense would be the first cost of fencing. I would suggest the usual wire netting, six feet high, as the best style of fencing. They want no management, no one to look after them. The fence would occasionally require looking to. If some unoccupied land could be got, or land not suitable for other stock, that would be the very thing, as there would be no expense but fencing incurred.

I have never tried rearing the kangaroo on artificial food, but in the Royal Park, Melbourne, my friend, Mr. Lee Sonef, the Director, had several I forwarded him living on maize, grass, and bread. They have grown wonderfully. That they will breed freely in captivity is also noticed, as they have been breeding white ones for years at the Royal Park, Melbourne. It may take some time to breed up a sufficient quantity, but once they get, say, five hundred, they would then multiply in a surprising manner.

There is, at present, a law enforced at Tasmania, prohibiting the kangaroo from being killed under a certain age and during certain periods, and South Australia has brought in, or is about to bring in, a similar law. They have been killed at so surprisingly rapid a rate, that they are beginning to get scarce, and have been cleared off in some districts.

But can they be easily acclimated in this country? I think there is no doubt as to that. "Kangaroos easily accommodate themselves to captivity," says Louis Figuier; "they bear the climate of Europe perfectly, and breed freely in our menageries. It would be very desirable, therefore, to encourage by all means in our power their multiplication in our country (France), as they have begun to do in England." It is mentioned in the "New Statistical Account," published in 1838, that Sir Charles Forbes, Bart., of Newe, Strathdon, Aberdeenshire, introduced some kangaroo into that severe part of Scotland. It is said of them: "They seemed to experience no inconvenience from the rigor of the climate, and fed readily on grass and vegetables in summer, and on hay with occasional green food in winter. Unfortunately they were both of the same sex. It would have been interesting to have ascertained whether they had been so far naturalized as to

have bred in the head of Aberdeenshire.” In the same county, but in the lowland portion, several frisky specimens of *Macropus* used to be objects of great interest to travelers on the railway that passed close to the ground of Pitmeddan House, the seat of the Thompsons, ship-owners in the Australian trade. These showed no inconvenience from the weather.

These instances show their hardy character, and we have seen how prolific they are, even in captivity. So we have sufficient practical testimony to dispose of Professor Shelton’s opinion as to the possible inability of the species to withstand the American climate. I should say that a climate and environment could be provided in this country equal to that of its native habitation.

From the foregoing we find that this peculiar Australian representative of the ruminant order:—

- (1) Is easily domesticated;
- (2) Breeds readily in captivity;
- (3) Is easily maintained;
- (4) Has excellent and abundant flesh, of a very edible kind;
- (5) Is extremely valuable as a fur-producer;
- (6) Makes excellent sport when at large;
- (7) Can be bred and reared on an extensive, inexpensive scale, by simply fencing in a tract of land “not suitable for other stock”;
- (8) Becomes easily and thoroughly acclimated, and is quite hardy;
- (9) Can be procured very easily and cheaply.

These facts are worth knowing. And seeing that the native ruminant of the American plains is defunct, it would seem as if we have, ready to hand, another, and at the same time peculiar, representative of the ruminant order, when we so desire, to populate our useless Western areas. Besides their undoubted economic value in flesh, fur, and “foot-wear,” (the last commonly appreciated throughout America,) the greatest accommodation they have is

their adaptability for the utilization of tracts of country useless for other stock. In our Western States have we not boundless areas of such land, the stocking of which by any remunerative process would benefit the country at large? There may come a time when it may be found more profitable to raise kangaroo than even cattle on the “arid” ranches.

Look, too, at the success of ostrich farming in California,—such a tender, expensive subject as that bird is. The kangaroo is a hardy animal. Its products are all valuable and find a ready market. The introduction of the ostrich was a novelty and a success in this country. The introduction of the kangaroo would be no less novel, and I believe no less successful. Let this new industry therefore be recommended to those interested in the development of regions useless for other kinds of stock, but which could be made thus easily to earn a most welcome increment by this means; at the same time providing a species of sport of a most novel kind for the legitimate American sportsman.

From the Past: Brazos River Serpent

The Columbia Democrat (Texas) gives the following account of the sea or river serpent recently seen in the Brazos River.

“On Friday last, several of our citizens had a full view of a monster in our river, answering to the description of the sea serpent. They say it was from sixteen to eighteen feet long, with a very large head resembling the alligator. The circumference of its body near its head was about twenty-five or twenty-six inches, and its motions in the water were similar to those of the snake. It moved with incredible swiftness, sometimes raising its body out of the water three or four feet at a time. When a mile below our town, his snakeship took a resting spell, and was seen very plainly by a gentleman living immediately on the river.

There can be no doubt that this individual is either a lineal descendent of the sea serpent, or in some way related to that monstrosity.”

Source: Burlington Free Press (Vermont), May 23, 1853

An Overview of the 13th Annual Bigfoot Conference

Craig Heinselman

For the 13th year in a row the Tri-State Bigfoot Study Group of Newcomerstown, Ohio has hosted a Bigfoot Conference. Don Keating, the chairman of the group, along with the various members of the group offer this free conference to all people from around the world. It gives the attendees a chance to meet and talk with each other, as well as listen to interesting talks by selected presenters every year. This year marked the largest turnout of all, with over 320 people attending from around the country, east coast, west coast, southern and northern states. In total a wide demographic was present. This years' speakers were Don Keating, Bob Chance, Keith Foster, Eric Altman and Loren Coleman. The conference took place on Saturday April 7, 2001 in Newcomerstown, Ohio.

Don Keating talked briefly about the origins of the conference and the Tri-State Bigfoot Study Group. He dealt with such subjects as the various historical and current sightings within the state and various pieces of enigmatic video footage taken within the state. An overview of the history of Newcomerstown, Ohio and his updated book *The Sasquatch Triangle Revisited* (self-published, Newcomerstown, Ohio, 2001). In summation Keating gave an exceptional brief overview of the evening and its history, and encouraged all attendees to talk with the speakers and themselves.

Bob Chance gave an extended presentation on the Chesapeake Susquehanna Watershed activity going back 30 years. Chance talked about the same subject in 1999 during a brief, unscheduled, talk at the 11th Annual Conference. Chance presented information on the mystery of three toed tracks, and the possible placement of these creatures or beings into humanities ancestry. Interestingly, Chance's dealings have been with reports of three toed tracks only, leading him to hypothesis a sub-species in the Appalachian area that is different morphologically than the western part of the country. This problem of three toed tracks carried over into post-conference talks in the ensuing days, wherein others have dealt with five toed tracks from Maryland and subsequently do not necessarily agree with Chance about a strictly three toed sub-species being present. Regardless, Chance presented interesting slides to the group, including that of a beheaded primate. Some dates and facts regarding incidents were blurred from time to time, but all in all the audience received a sense of the research done.

Keith Foster talked to the audience about the incidents of Bigfoot sightings and anecdotal evidence from Colorado. Using overhead slides, a historical view of incidents within that state was demonstrated and Foster pointed out certain patterns. Reports surfaced, for example, in areas of infrequent human dealings, and not in popular destinations (for the most part). A trend that seems logical in that one could think if the sightings were intentional fallacies then they would derive from popular destinations and not remote harsher areas. Another pattern seen was that the sightings drop in elevation during the winter months, a trend associated with many animals as they drop from the high country in the winter. Additionally, the sightings appear in areas of higher elk populations and in cooler areas of the mountainsides (northern faces). All in all Foster demonstrated a good hypothesis as to patterns of behavior and potential for isolation in the area. His information from Colorado, and some surrounding states, was welcomed by most attendees and was new information to them to ponder over.

Eric Altman, a relative newcomer to the field, talked about the incidents that have been reported to The Pennsylvania Bigfoot Society (of which he is the director). The group has investigated a number of sightings as a whole and individually throughout the last few years, relying on witness statements and historical reports from several areas of the state, such as the Chestnut Ridge area. One interesting area of study by the group, and enforced by Altman as not being evidence for or against Bigfoot, was stick formations in the woods. Several slides of the formations were shown, and according to reports these formations were found during areas of Bigfoot type creature sightings. Although no hard evidence was presented, the variety of witness reports passed on to the audience shows that something is sparking reports in Pennsylvania and that the society in that state is dedicated to following up on these reports as well as conducting field research. For a fresh perspective on the subject of Bigfoot type creatures, Altman did an excellent and well articulated narrative that was widely appreciated.

Loren Coleman, a speaker and author that needs little introduction, presented information on the phenomenon of hominology through his years of research and travel. The usage of his experiences, and how he has seen culture and society change, made the talk very personable and unique. A transition from sporadic groups across the country of researchers to modern day wide ranging groups was shown, and at the same time a demonstration of the varied reports of sightings was outlined. The classification phase of creatures was touched on, from Marked Hominids to Merbeings, and how these different sightings

and track finds lend credence to the separation of the term Bigfoot into separate sub-groups, be they sub-species, species or something else altogether. Parts of Coleman's talk were reminiscent of his 1999 presentation at the 11th Annual Conference, in which an overview from Patrick Huyghe and his book *The Field Guide to Bigfoot, Yeti and Other Mystery Primates Worldwide* (Avon, New York, 1999) was presented. Although these similar areas were dealt with, the overall presentation was overwhelmingly well received and applauded by many for being original and of such a tone as one could readily associate themselves with the subject and not be alienated.

Although the conference, held on April 7, 2001 in Newcomerstown, Ohio was the focal point of the weekend, it was not the end all. Early arrivals teamed up on the 6th for an afternoon hike near Mill's Creek off County Road 410 (just up the street from Sasquatch Valley). This same area has a history of sightings, and the area hiked in was where an enigmatic video by Marc DeWerth was shot a few years back (DeWerth led this hike on the 6th). During this hike a group of 6 scaled a high wall area (left over from strip mining) for the first time, and were able to survey the area of miles from that vantage-point. Although an odd print was found in the area at the base of the high wall, no other potential evidence was located. The scaling of the high wall was the high point of the day for many, as it had not been done by the group prior.

On Sunday the 8th another hike was coordinated (again led by Marc DeWerth). This time in the area near where Don Keating filmed his now famous (or infamous according to some) film of a white being/creature (?) in 1992. For several hours the group of over a dozen walked the pathways. Tracks of a wide variety of wildlife were observed, and the behavior of the ecosystem during that time of year was seen. No signs of any type of creature was seen, but in all people not familiar with the area had a good overview of the terrain.

Part of the interest in the Ohio conference is the camaraderie shown by the attendees. Debate is done and comments good and bad are made, but in general a sense of respect for each other is shown. From various meals shared together, to late night talks in the hotel rooms or conference room at the hotel (the conference room talks were hosted by Chris Kraska and Marc DeWerth). One gets the sense from attending, especially year after year, that we may not be any closer to an answer to the question of Bigfoot, but we are getting closer, at least superficially, at lessening the distance between researchers. That and if nothing else is reason to attend. Besides where else can one get to help convert teenage waitresses at a Bob Evans during a power outage that Bigfooters are not a bunch of crack pots!

Black Panther Sighting

Brad LaGrange

As much as I enjoy Ivan Sanderson's books, I have always been disturbed by the sheer number of cryptids he encounters. Flying unknowns, mystery pink salamander-like creatures, Mexican crypto-cat pelts, fresh water African stingrays, odd Indonesian salamanders, etc. Now, Mr. Sanderson did travel the world looking for oddities, so if someone was likely to see a cryptid it was him, but I just can't help but wonder if he might have been having some fun with us having reported all of the above.

Likewise I have held this account under my hat now for a while. It's nothing spectacular, but a person always gets a suspect feeling when other crypto-enthusiasts start seeing cryptids.

During the last snow of this year in February, I was driving down a local highway near Leavensworth, Indiana. On either side of the highway there was about 60 feet of bush-hogged grass with woods on either side of that. The highway was elevated about five feet above the grassy area on the north side, about seven on the south. An inch of snow was on the ground.

I was heading east when what I thought was a dog popped up from the north side of the road and for a moment stood on the very narrow shoulder. It quickly did something no dog would do, though, springing cat-like across the west bound lane onto the center line.

This was no concerted effort either, the creature jumping in what I can really call a "half-assed" manner. It could have easily cleared both lanes of the road in one jump, I would guess.

The creature, very obviously a large black cat, turned and looked at my quickly approaching car and "slunk low" across my lane and down into the grassy area before beating it into the woods on the southern side of the highway.

I couldn't really stop the car very long, as there was no shoulder wide enough for a car, but I did let the car pretty much crawl down the road hoping for a second glimpse. It never came back.

The animal I saw was 100% feline in shape. It was, I estimate, with head and tail as long as a highway lane is wide, but from hip to shoulder about as long as a metal garbage can laid on its side. It was black and very sleek.

Its movements are what got me. When it slunk across my lane of traffic it was not some ordinary house cat, it was very smooth and large cat-like; most house cats I see are very jerky or stiff in their normal movements.

The encounter lasted less than one minute, maybe about 40 seconds. I have been back to measure the area, and confirmed my estimates of the cat's size as best as I could. I have become as certain as I can that what I saw was not a house cat or dog. Whether it was a cryptid or an escaped exotic is another matter.

I checked around and have not been able to find anyone who does or did, or even reportedly owned any big cats in the area. Nor have I found anyone who has seen or heard of any black panther sightings in the area for at least 25 years.

I will keep looking though, even if this is a hard case to follow up on.

“It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out where the strong man stumbled or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred with dust and sweat and blood. At best, he knows the triumph of high achievement; if he fails, at least he fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who knew neither victory nor defeat.”

—Theodore Roosevelt

**A Review of Jean Roche's book *Sauvages et velus*
(Editions Exergue, Chambéry, 2000).**

**Reviewed by François de Sarre
Translated into English by Craig Heinselman**

[Ed. Note—This review appears with the permission of François de Sarre. Any error from the original work in French is solely the error of the translator and should not be construed to François de Sarre. The review appeared in its French form originally at the Virtual Institute of Cryptozoology French website at <http://perso.wanadoo.fr/cryptozoo/index.htm> on September 29, 2000.]

Since the noteworthy book by Bernard Heuvelmans, *Les Bêtes Humaines d'Afrique* (1980), dedicated to the Dark Continent, we have missed out on a complete work, in French language, on the *Hominidés Sauvages et Velus* (HSV), (note: the French HSV has been maintained, it translates roughly to Wild and Harry Hominids). This emptiness has just been filled by the release of Jean Roche's book, *Sauvages et Velus* (Editions Exergue, Chambéry, 2000).

Certainly, I won't pass silently over the books of Jean-Jacques Barloy (1985), Richard D. Nolane (1993), Joly & Affre (1995), Jean-Paul Ronecker (2000), containing whole chapters on the yeti, sasquatch and other hairy bipeds. I won't forget either the articles by Marie-Jeanne Koffmann (1991, 1992) in *Archéologia*, Jordi Magraner (1993), Fabien Bleuze (1994), and Michel Raynal in *Bipedia* and *Cryptozoologia* and of course on the website of the *Virtual institute of Cryptozoology*, Eric Joye in *Cryptozoologia*, Michel Ballot in *Cryptos Magazine*, Dmitri Bayanov and Christophe Beaulieu in *Hominologie & Cryptozoologie*, Christian Le Noel (*La Race Oubliée, les hommes sauvages et velus de France*, 1999), and this reviewers contributions (1994, 1995), and last but not least, the very forceful book of Jacqueline Roumeguère-Eberhardt (*Dossier X: les hominidés inconnus des forêts d'Afrique*, 1987). Those that I forgot in this introduction, please excuse me.

But coming back to *Sauvages et Velus*, the object of our survey. First off look at the wonderful presentation of the work, with the cover page showing an identi-kit image of the barmanou, sketched by Magraner. The complete title of the book besides is: *Sauvages et Velus: Yéti, Sasquatch, Almasty, Barmanou, Bigfoot - Enquête sur des êtres que nous ne voulons pas voir* (Note, loosely translated as *Wild and Hairy—Yeti, Sasquatch, Almasty, Barmanou,*

Bigfoot... Investigation of beings that we don't see).

The word *investigates* is chosen judiciously. The rigorous scientific methodology is attentive, old or present, in search of evidence, *testimonial* and *circumstantial*, according to the terms inspired by Bernard Heuvelmans.

It is true that, in this domain, as in the one of the UFOology, that *meetings* between humans and entities (the Anglo-Saxons frequently use the term *entity* in the case of the HSVs) don't constitute any irrefutable proof of their existence. Strength is to think first about a creation of the human mind, to a mystification, to a mistake or to a simple joke... as for the real fraud, that means that the witness is also the author of the hoax, this it appears fortunately very rarely!

An example (from the book of Dmitri Bayanov, *In the Footsteps of the Russian Snowman*, 1996), is the one of *Metcheny*, a HSV that often came back to the same place. In other cases, the homin signals its presence by a noise or a strong odor. The meeting is therefore not fortuitous, even though it is the illusion of being so...

But never mind that, suggested presence or real presence, the paradox, is that the HSVs try to preserve their incognito, and yet, they appear!

Why this incognito? It is the question that Jean Roche submits to our sagacity. One can wait for the HSVs as they are intelligent. A lot of animals also hide, sometimes appear...

Exactly, where is this famous border between the human and the animal? What category is necessary to connect the HSVs? Jean Roche insists on the fact that, albeit ambiguous, result a contradictory state at the witness—or the researcher—an irrational fear (a *double blind*). It is the crisis. From there, all links together, all “fails” and it becomes impossible to put the hand on the flesh of a specimen...

For Jean Roche, it holds the psychic blockage. The hunters of *bigfoots* will always survey the wooded mountains, rifle to the hand, in the hope to offer a specimen to science: this waiting will be in vain! Even the naturalist anxious to approach a HSV peacefully will not be able to do so. The scientist in search of the *missing link* (it is not my case), or of shapes of humanity cousin, will come at the same psychic gate. That one animalizes or that one humanizes the HSVs, the result remain the same. At least, one won't have to put itself/themselves

one day the question if it is necessary to put them to the zoo, or to send them to the school!

In his book *Sauvages et Velus*, Jean Roche puts the accent, mentioned earlier, on this faculty that the HSVs have to live *incognito* in margin of our invading civilization. From a scientific viewpoint, nothing opposes a survival of neanderthals, pithecanthropes, bipedal monkeys or hairy dwarfs.

All during the book, one discovers besides (it deserves to be underlined) that the researchers (Porchnev, in head) don't say the whole truth while describing the cases of meetings. One "forgets" to specify that some HSVs are dressed, that they are armed of bow and arrows, or of clubs, that they discuss between them, or imitate the song of the birds...

Do they make themselves see some humans when they want to, and remain hidden as they so desire. Can one wonder even if the HSVs that one sees are good representative of the species? These are maybe small jokers...

The big merit of Jean Roche, in any case, it is an attempt to bring a *global* explanation to the HSV phenomenon, that takes very little of the beaten trails.

Certainly, the problem stays complex. The book *Sauvages et Velus* brings true elements of an answer. For my part, I would have liked to see to represented the word "ostentation" there, in link with the faculty that the HSVs have to appear where they want, and when they want it... And if the witness doesn't watch in a good direction, a noise of stones, the neigh of a horse, the crunch of twigs, or a total usual noise absence, will make him become aware of a foreign presence quickly.

Some readers will be, of course, regret the geographical card absence in the book of Jean Roche, which spreads hardly on the problems raised by the extension and the classification of the different types of HSV.

Sauvages et Velus avoids to fall into the everlasting compilation trap of Cryptozoology, because it is composed of new elements to the file of the HSVs, and especially, it brings original answers.

Written in an alert, palpitating style, preparing suspense all along its 220 pages (+ 14 illustrations), the book of Jean Roche suggests understandably that *Homo sapiens* is not the only *Hominid* to live on the planet. Other creatures of

neighboring morphology share the same places, and appear to us under different shapes, in various opportunities.

I can only recommend here an excellent book that will mark the turn of this century, a *must* that all intrigued naturalists must possess in their library. Until Jean Roche surprises us by another work...

<http://perso.wanadoo.fr/cryptozoo/bibliographie/roche.htm>

From the Past: Ontario Aquatic Creature

A. A. Freeman, member elect from Hyewood County to the next Legislature, told the editor of this paper, in the presence of several well-known gentlemen, the following remarkable story: J. B. Maxey, an intelligent citizen of Bell's Depot, in this county, and keeper of the hotel at that place, and for whom A. A. Freeman vouches as a reliable truthful man; was fishing in a canoe on July 17, in Forked Deep River, and in that part of the river between the railroad bridge and dirt road bridge, when his attention was called to an object in the river, some fifty yards distant, which presented the appearance of a man drowning. Maxey rowed his boat within ten feet of the object, and saw a remarkable creature, as the following description will testify: It has a face perfectly white, with features like those of a human being. It had something like moss on its head instead of hair, and its neck was longer than the neck of a man. Its body down to the waist, or so much of it as was exposed, was covered with black and white spots. It was as large as an ordinary man, and had large black eyes. Maxey was within ten feet of it for ten minutes. He did not see any arms. It looked at him and slowly turned around and disappeared in the water. Thomas Neal, Esq., told Mr. Freeman that he saw the same thing at the same place about three years ago, but did not tell of it because he thought that he would be laughed at. James Neal and Isaac Ward say they saw the same creature,

Source: The Perth Courier (Ontario), October 27, 1871

Wampus Cats, Mystery Felids, and the Santer

Loren Coleman (2001)

Mystery felids reported in North America are known by several local and regional names. Wampus and Santer are two names which pop up in the southeastern United States.

The origin of “wampus” cats is quite confusing. It has a very Native American sounding name, almost as if we are to assume the Europeans borrowed a colonial word for “Indian money” and added it together with a sense of the feline. The Narragansetts and Pequots traded their beadwork (wampum) along the southern coastal areas of New England with Europeans for goods. But “wampus” is not “wampum.” Instead, the name is more Scottish or French or imaginary, we are told by wordsmiths, coming from the word “cattywampus,” “catawampus,” or one of the other twenty or so variants of spelling it.

“Cattywampus” is an adjective or a noun. As an adjective, it means “cater-cornered or diagonal.” The most common alternative spelling is catawampus. An example of use is: “The fire station is cattywampus from the city hall on Water Street.” It is as a noun, where we find that its meaning becomes “a fierce monster or bogey-man,” often through the alternative usage: “wampus cat” or “wampus.”

As to the deep origin of “catawampus,” things get a bit complex. The first element of the word, “cata,” is probably related to “cater,” also found in the related word “catercorner” (or, as many people know it, “cattycorner” or “kittycorner”). “Cater” in these words is an Anglicization of the French “quatre,” or “four,” and “catercornered” originally merely meant “four-cornered.” To specify that something is “catercorner across” from something else is to stress the diagonal axis of an imaginary square or block, if you will, as opposed to saying “directly across” or just “across.” Both “catercorner” and “catawampus” are native American colloquialisms dating back to the 1880s or earlier.

The “wampus” part of “catawampus” is a real puzzler. It may have come from the Scottish word “wampish,” meaning “to wriggle or twist,” which would certainly seem to fit with “catawampus” meaning “askew” or “crooked.” But “wampus” also may have been a completely nonsensical element, made up by someone because it sounded silly.

Two other aspects of “catawampus” bear mentioning. First, “catawampus” can also mean “a fierce imaginary animal,” or simply “fierce.” The theory is that this sense of “catawampus” is entirely separate in origin from the “askew” sense, and comes from “catamount,” which is an old American folk term for a mountain lion (cat-a-mount, get it?).

Second, both “catawampus” and “catercorner” are often seen and heard with the first element spelled “catty” or “kitty.” Linguists call this process “folk etymology” — people replacing an unfamiliar element in a word or phrase (“cater”) with a familiar one (“catty” or “kitty”).

So yes, you see the origins of the word “catawampus” is a mess. In Random House’s unabridged dictionary, you will find this:

Of Midland and Southern origin. Means:

(1) askew, awry

(2) positioned diagonally

(3) obliquely, as in “we made a shortcut catawampus through the cotton fields.” Derivation: 1830-40s for earlier sense “utterly,” cata = diagonally, as in cater cornered, from obsolete cater for four

(4), probably from quarter wampus = perhaps akin to wampish, of Scottish origin 1810-20, to wave about or flop to and fro, apparently of expressive origin.

It is the “other sense” of “catawampus” and “catty wampus” common in some sections of the antebellum South which interests cryptozoologists. We are told it meant goblin, sprite or, sometimes, fearsome beast. Slaveowners were known to warn slaves whom they thought might be planning to run away that “catawampus cats” or the “wampus cats” were lurking in wait for them. Reportedly the slave masters sometimes also made fearsome noises in the night (or so claimed later), which they related to the bloodthirsty roars of the catawampus cats. Morris Dictionary of Word and Phrase Origins by William and Mary Morris, HarperCollins, New York, 1977, 1988, is a good source on this matter, as are other word origin books. The question thus remains, did a naturally occurring felid cryptid, a black panther or striped large cat, get saddled with the “wampus cat” name from the twisting around of the “catawampus” word because of these animals’ swampy behavior, origins, or location. The search is still on for the link between the moniker and the monster here.

As for the cryptozoological material on “wampus cats,” in Mysterious

America: The Revised Edition (2001), the Wampus are noted as cryptid felids in the South as is the mystery cat, the Santer. The discoverer of the Santer accounts was a teenager named Angelo Capparello III. Today, Capparello is a Ph.D. board member of the International Society of Cryptozoology and zoology professor at Illinois State University, who has been involved in new bird species discoveries from the Amazon. But back in the 1970s, Capparello was an eager youth sending me old copies of wampus feline stories and some intriguing mystery cat reports from the last part of the 19th century. He had searched his local newspaper files of the Wilkesboro Chronicle, Salisbury Carolina Watchman, and Stateville Landmark, and found many articles on what the North Carolinians had called the *Santer*. Sightings appeared in clumps down through the years.

In August-September 1890, the Santer was seen throughout Iredell County, North Carolina, with a sighting by Abe Harbin, among others, at Second Creek in September-October of that year. First near Roaring River in March-May 1897, then around Elkin, in Yakin County, just north of Iredell County, in June 1897, the Santer was back. In October, 1897, at Piney Grove, Charlie Smoot described the feline Santer as striped from the end of its nose to the end of its tail. The sightings, moving to Wilkes County, directly west of Yakin County, were reported from around Wilkesboro in 1899. On May 27th of that year, a witness named Smoak said the Santer was gray. Capparello thought that the 1890s Santer was a genuine large felid. He found that a mystery beast, said to be the Santer, was seen around South Iredell in May 1934, as well.

As with other old names for mystery cats, such as the Wampus, the Santer, as a label, hides a deeper truth. These two special names for mystery cats found in the southern USA are well worth noting in old news records and traditions from the area.



Wild White Cattle

Reprint

James Edmund Harting, F. L. S. & F. Z. S.

The few scattered herds of so-called Wild White Cattle which still exist in parks in England and Scotland may be said to form a connecting link, as it were, between the wild animals which have become extinct in this country within historic times, and those which may still be classed amongst our *feræ naturæ*.

The race is undoubtedly of great antiquity, but whether it is descended, as some affirm, from the aboriginal wild breed of the British forests—the Urus of Cæsar (*Bos primigenius*)—or whether, as others assert, it has at some period long remote been imported from abroad and since become feral, are questions upon which, at present, considerable difference of opinion prevails. The weight of scientific opinion, however, seems to favour the view that these wild white cattle were descended from the Urus, either by direct descent through wild animals from the wild bull, or less directly through domesticated cattle deriving their blood principally from him. That the Urus existed in Britain in prehistoric times, and was contemporaneous with man of the Palæolithic or older Stone Age, must be admitted. In the fluvial deposits of the Thames, and in some other places, the remains of the two have been found together,¹ and instances have been recorded in which the remains of the Urus have been found contemporaneous with man of the Neolithic or later Stone Age. In the Zoological Museum at Cambridge, where there is a remarkably fine skeleton of this animal from Burwell Fen, may be seen the greater portion of a skull from the same locality, in which a neolithic celt was found, and still remains imbedded.² Another skull of this animal was found in a moss in Scotland, in conjunction with bronze celts, indicating a still later period—the Bronze Age.

¹ The Rev. Samuel Banks, Rector of Cottenham, possesses a fine skull of the Urus, found in Cottenham Fen, the fractured bone of which clearly testifies that it was destroyed by a human weapon.

² See Carter, *Geological Magazine*, November, 1874. Both the specimens here referred to are figured in Miller and Skertchley's "Fenland, Past and Present," p. 321.

Mr. Woods has published a good description, with figures of the cranial part of the skull and horn-cores of *Bos primigenius* which were discovered in 1838 in the bed of the Avon, at Melksham, and has referred to similar remains found in the neighbourhoods of Bath, Tiverton and Newton St. Loe.¹

In the *Magazine of Natural History* (1838, p. 163), Mr. Brown of Stanway has recorded the discovery in a mass of drift sand overlying the London clay at Clacton, Essex, of a portion of the cranium with horn-cores of *Bos primigenius*, a very perfect skull of which has been admirably figured by Professor Owen,² from a specimen found at Athole, Perthshire, and preserved in the British Museum.

Fleming, in his "History of British Animals" (1828), has referred to a skull of this animal which is now preserved in the Museum of the New College, Edinburgh, and of which he has briefly given dimensions. It was found in a marl-pit at Newburgh, Fifeshire. Through the kindness of Dr. J. A. Smith, and by permission of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, we are here enabled to figure it from an illustration, slightly reduced, in Dr. Smith's excellent "Notes on the Ancient Cattle of Scotland," printed in the "Proceedings" of the Society referred to. To the proprietors of *The Field* we are also indebted for permission to make use of an engraving of an English skull of this animal, which, in *The Field* of April 18, 1868, illustrated some remarks on its discovery from the pen of



¹ Woods' "Description of Fossil Skull of an Ox," 4to, 1839.

² "British Fossil Mammals," p. 498.



Skull of *Bos primigenius*, Fifeshire



Skull of *Bos primigenius*, Lancashire

Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier. This specimen was found in the bed of the Ribble, below Preston, Lancashire, in the spring of 1867, and passed into the possession of Mr. James Dobson of the *Preston Chronicle*, who kindly forwarded it for examination.

In these and other instances which have been recorded, the animals whose remains were found were, in all probability, wild, and not domesticated. Indeed,

no discoveries have yet been made which lead to the supposition that the Urus was domesticated in Britain in pre-historic times; while *Bos longifrons*, the “Celtic short-horn,” as it has been termed, was everywhere subjugated and used by man. The latter was the only ox in Britain in the time of the Romans, and afforded sustenance to their legions. From it the small dark breeds of Wales and Scotland are descended; and it survived until recently in Cornwall, Cumberland and Westmoreland. The remains of *Bos longifrons* are plentiful in the English fens, and it seems to have afforded a staple article of food in the Neolithic Age. Mr. Sydney Skertchley found immense numbers of the bones of this animal in what are probably the remains of a Stone-age lake-dwelling at Crowland.¹ At the great flint-implement manufactory at Grimes Graves, near Brandon, the remains of this animal are very plentiful, and belong chiefly to young calves. It would appear from this that a principal element in the food of these people was milk, and therefore they could not afford to keep the calves, which must have consumed a large portion of what would otherwise have been available for the use of the household.²

But to return to *Bos primigenius*. While such authorities as Professors Rüttimeyer and Nilsson, Sir Charles Lyell, Professor Boyd Dawkins,³ and Mr. Darwin are inclined to believe that our wild white cattle are descended from the Urus in one or other of the two ways above indicated, Professor Owen and Dr. J. A. Smith (whose excellent “Notes on the Ancient Cattle of Scotland” are apparently less known than they deserve to be⁴) hold a different view, and consider that *Bos primigenius* became extinct throughout the whole island in pre-historic times. There seems to be much probability, though it can scarcely be considered proved, that such was the case in the southern parts of Britain; but, as Mr. Storer in his lately published work has pointed out,⁵ it has yet to be shown that in the northern parts the same rule prevailed, the Caledonian deposits especially (partly perhaps from their remote positions) having in but few instances been examined with that consummate skill, care, and attention which southern discoveries have received.

¹ Miller and Skertchley, “Fenland, Past and Present,” p. 343 (1878).

² Greenwell, ‘Grimes Graves,’ “Journ. Eth. Soc.,” vol. ii. p. 431 (1871).

³ Professor Boyd Dawkins once thought the Urus might have survived in Britain within historic times in some of the wilder parts of the country, (“Quart. Journ. Geol. Soc.,” 1866, p. 397), but subsequently altered his opinion (“Trans. Internat. Congress, Præhist. Archæol,” 1868, pp. 269-289.)

⁴ See “Pro. Soc. Antiq. Scotl.,” vol. ix. p. 587.

⁵ “The Wild White Cattle of Great Britain.”

But our concern is not so much with the *origin of the race* of wild white cattle, of which a few representative animals still survive, as with the *history of the herds* which are known to have been preserved in different parts of the country, and of which some half-dozen still exist at the present day. Of these we propose to give some account; but, before doing so, we may glance briefly at the historical notices of the existence of wild cattle in England and Scotland which have been preserved to us in the works of various historians, antiquaries, and naturalists. On looking over the plates of British coins figured by Camden in his "Britannia" (vol. i. p. lxxv.) we were struck by a coin of Cunobelin (fig. 13) bearing on the obverse a head of this king, and on the reverse a really characteristic figure, as we take it, of a wild bull—an animal which was no doubt frequently hunted by the early rulers of Britain.

Some indication of the existence of wild cattle in Saxon times is furnished in the celebrated traditional legend of the slaughter of the wild cow by Guy Earl of Warwick, which is said to have taken place in the days of King Athelstan (A.D. 925-941). The ballad, "Sir Guy of Warwick," is given in Ritson's "Ancient Songs and Ballads," and in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," where we are informed that it was entered on the Stationers' books in 1591, although undoubtedly of much older date. Much of this story, as Mr. Storer has observed, may be mythical, and many of its circumstances fabulous; but it nevertheless seems to prove just as clearly the existence in very ancient times of the dangerous and ferocious wild cow, as the popular ballads about Robin Hood prove the existence of fallow deer in Sherwood Forest in the time of King John.¹

In the Welsh laws of Howell Dha, which date from about A.D. 940, or before the middle of the 10th century,² we find white cattle with red ears (that is,



Coin of Cunobelin

¹ See also Woods' remarks on this point in his "Description of a Fossil Skull of an Ox found in Wiltshire," 4to, 1839.

² An English translation of these laws will be found appended to "The Myvyrian Archæology of Wales collected out of Ancient Manuscripts," ed. Owen Jones and others (Denbigh, 1870), pp. 1014-1062. Vide cap. ii. § 3.

resembling in colour the wild cattle of Chillingham) ordered to be paid in compensation for offences committed against the Princes of Wales. It is a question, however, whether the description indicates a difference of breed, or merely a difference of colour in individuals of the ordinary breed of Welsh cattle.

In the forest laws of King Canute (A.D. 1014-1035), wild cattle are thus referred to: "There are also a great number of cattle which, although they live within the limits of the forest, and are subject to the charge and care of the middle sort of men, or Regardors, nevertheless cannot at all be reputed beasts of the forest as wild horses, *bubali*, wild cows, and the like."¹ The word *bubali*, literally "buffaloes," is considered to mean "wild bulls," being the sense in which it is frequently used by Roman authors.

Speaking of a somewhat later period, Matthew Paris, in his "Lives of the Abbots of St. Albans," says of Leofstan, abbot in the time of Edward the Confessor, that he cut through the thick woods which extended from the edge of Ciltria (the Chilterns) nearly up to London, smoothed the rough places, built bridges, and levelled the rugged roads, which he made more safe, "for at that time there abounded throughout the whole of Ciltria spacious woods, thick and large, the habitation of numerous and various beasts, wolves, boars, forest bulls (*tauri sylvestres*), and stags.

Fitz-Stephen, writing about the year 1174, describes the country beyond London in somewhat similar terms. "Close at hand," he says, "lies an immense forest, woody ranges, hiding-places of wild beasts, of stags, of fallow deer, of boars, and of forest bulls," and he employs the same term (*tauri sylvestres*) to designate the wild cattle to which he refers.²

Nor was this the only part of the country in which these animals were at that time to be found. Knaresborough Forest, for instance, in Yorkshire, about the year 1200, had its "fierce wild cattle."³

Speed tells us⁴ that Maud de Breos, in order to appease King John, whom

¹ See Manwood's "Forest Laws," § 27; Thorpe's "Ancient Laws of England," vol. i. p. 429; and Spelman's "Glossary," p. 241.

² "Vita Sancti Thomæ," tom. i. p. 173 (ed. Giles).

³ Walbran, "Memorials of the Abbey of St. Mary of Fountains" (Surtees Society, vol. xliii.).

⁴ Speed, "History of Great Britaine," folio, 1611.

her husband had offended, sent to his queen a present from Brecknockshire of four hundred cows and a bull, *all white with red ears*. Whether this was the usual colour of the ancient breed of Welsh and British cattle, or a rare variety, esteemed on account of its beauty, and chiefly preserved in the parks of the nobles, cannot be determined with certainty. It is, perhaps, more natural to suppose that they were all domesticated, and not wild cattle. In later records, however, wild cattle are particularly referred to by this name. "Six wylde bulls," are included in the bill of fare on the occasion of the feast given at the installation of George Nevill, Archbishop of York, in 1466."¹

Hector Boece (Boethius), who was a contemporary of Leland, and who published his "Scotorum Historiæ, à prima Gentis Origine," in 1526, has often been quoted to prove the former existence of wild white cattle in Scotland.² His statement is to the effect that in the great Caledonian wood, which covered a great tract of country, running through Monteith and Strathearn, as far as Athole and Lochaber, there were bulls of the purest white, having manes like lions; and, though in other respects they much resembled domestic cattle, they were still so wild and untamable, and so fearful of the approach of man, that they even fled from any grass, trees, or fruit that had been touched by him.

This account has been copied, or at least followed by Paulus Jovius,³ Gesner,⁴ Bishop Leslie,⁵ Aldrovandus,⁶ Jonston,⁷ and many other writers much nearer to our own time.

That it was to some extent exaggerated there can be no doubt; and it is not surprising that Sir Robert Sibbald, in his "Scotia Illustrata" (1684), should have expressed the opinion that it "wanted confirmation." Not that the existence of wild cattle in Scotland was questioned, but only that they presented the appearance which was ascribed to them by Boethius.

¹ Leland, "Collectanea" (ed. Hearne), vi, p. 2.

² This work was translated into the Scottish vernacular by John Bellenden, Archdeacon of Moray, in 1553, and into English by Raphael Holinshed in 1585.

³ "Descriptio Britanniæ, Scotiæ, Hiberniæ, et Orcadum," 1548.

⁴ "Historia Animalium," 1551.

⁵ "De Origine, Moribus, et Rebus Gestis Scotorum," 1578.

⁶ "Quadrupedum Omnium Bisulcorum Historia," 1632.

⁷ "Historia Naturalis de Quadrupedibus," 1657.

From causes readily understood, wild cattle held their ground longer, and continued in a truly wild state later, in Scotland than in any other part of Great Britain. As civilization spread from the south, forests became partly cleared, partly converted into parks, and waste lands were gradually drained and cultivated. Wild animals became either exterminated, like the wolf and the boar, or, like the white cattle, were driven further north to their last strongholds. As the population increased, game everywhere decreased, except in places where “liberty to inclose” forest land was granted by the king to influential nobles or deserving courtiers. Great tracts of forest were from time to time inclosed within a pale, haye, or wall, with the game and wild animals they contained, or with others driven in, and these inclosures became parks. Thus the land and all that it contained was secured for ever to the person having the liberty to inclose, and no one could thereafter enter or interfere without subjecting himself to severe penalties.¹

This was the saving of the wild cattle, which, except for the protection thus afforded them, would, like the other animals mentioned, have become extinct centuries ago.

Many such “licenses to inclose” (some of very early date) are still preserved, and furnish, in not a few instances, a clue to the history of private herds of wild white cattle. In enumerating the herds which are known to us, and concerning which some historical notices are to be found, it will perhaps be convenient to take them alphabetically, *those which are still existing being distinguished by an asterisk.*

Ardrossan Castle, Ayrshire.—Although of unknown origin, it is certain that a herd of white wild cattle, with black ears and muzzles, existed here between the years 1750 (when they were introduced by Alexander, tenth Earl of Eglinton) and 1820, when, on the death of the twelfth earl, Hugh, being much diminished in numbers, they were sent away to be killed. Sir John Sinclair, in 1814, referred to this herd as one of the few remaining representatives at that time of Caledonia’s ancient breed; and Robertson, in his “Description of Cunningham

¹ Storer, op. cit. pp. 75, 76. By Stat. Westminster, l. c. 20, trespassers in parks might be compelled to give treble damages to the party aggrieved, suffer three years’ imprisonment, be fined at the King’s pleasure, and give surety never to offend in the like kind again; and if they could not find surety, they had to abjure the realm, or, being fugitive, were outlawed.

and Ayrshire,” published in 1820, has given a good description of it. He states that the animals in this herd were pure white, with the muzzle and inside of the ears black, and that they differed from the Chillingham cattle in being polled or hornless; in this respect resembling the herds at Gisburne, Middleton, Somerfold, Whalley, and Wollaton. Their number, he adds, was limited, not being allowed to increase beyond about a dozen; they were thinned by shooting, which required some precaution to accomplish. This account is confirmed by a somewhat similar notice, given by the Rev. Mr. Bryce, minister of Ardrossan, in the “New Statistical Account of Scotland,” 1837.

Auchencruive, Ayrshire.—A little more than a century ago, when this estate, now the property of Mr. Oswald, belonged to the Lords Cathcart, a herd of white wild cattle existed there. In 1763 the estate changed hands, and a few years afterwards, within the lifetime of the first Mr. Oswald, who died in 1784, the cattle, being found troublesome, were got rid of.

Barnard Castle, Dureham, formerly part of the chase of Marwood, adjoining the great forest of Teesdale, belonged successively to the Baliols (afterwards raised to the Scottish throne), and subsequently to the Beauchamps and the Nevills, Earls of Warwick. By the marriage of the daughter and co-heiress of Richard Nevill, Earl of Warwick, the King-maker, in 1471, with Richard Duke of Glo’ster, afterwards Richard III., it became the property and favourite residence of that prince until he ascended the throne; at his death it reverted to the Crown. There can be little doubt that during the whole of this period wild cattle existed and were hunted here, for they still existed here 150 years later. Charles I., by a grant dated March 14, 1626, in consideration of a considerable sum of money, granted to Samuel Cordwell and Henry Dingley, in trust for Sir Henry Vane, the reversion of Barnard Castle, with its parks, “together with all deer and *wild cattle* in the said parks.”¹ It is believed that wild cattle also existed at one time at Raby Castle, about six miles distant, the seat of the Duke of Cleveland.

Bishop Auckland, Durham, originally part of Weardale Forest, belonged to the Bishops of Durham, who kept wild cattle here before the Reformation. Leland describes it as “a faire parke by the castelle, having fallow deer, wilde bulles, and kin.” In 1338 it was let to Sir R. de Maners, from which it may be inferred, says Raine,² that the deer and wild cattle, not mentioned until afterwards, were then either few in number or none at all. “Wild kyne, with calves and

¹ Hutchinson, “Hist. Durham,” vol. iii. p. 245.

² “Historical Account of the Episcopal Palace of Auckland,” pp. 77, 79.

bulles, &c., of all sortes, remayned in Auckland Parke, Sept. 24, 1627, the number thirty-two” (Raine, p. 77).

In 1634 Sir Wm. Brereton, while a guest of Dr. Moreton, Bishop of Durham, at Bishoppe Auckland, thus described the cattle he saw: “A daintie stately parke; wherein I saw wild bulls and kine which had two calves and ruñers; there are about twenty wild beasts all white; will not endure yor approach, butt if they be enraged or distressed, very violent and furious: their calves will bee wondrous fatt.”¹ These cattle appear to have been all destroyed during the civil wars of Charles I.’s time. In the Parliamentary Survey of March 22, 1646-7, this park is described, and it is said “the deere and game—viz., fallow-deere and wilde bulls, or bisons—utterly destroyed, except two or three of the said bisons, and some few conies, in that part of the park called ‘the Flaggs,’ under the said walls of the said castle or palace.” Stainwick Park, also in the county of Durham, the property of the Duke of Northumberland, is believed at one time to have held a herd of wild white cattle, while there is good reason for supposing that other herds existed at Raby Castle, the principal seat of the Nevills, and at Beaurepaire, the ancient hunting park of the Priors of Durham. The cattle at this last-named place, it is said, were all destroyed by the Scots in 1315.

Blair Athole, Perthshire.—Fifty years ago, in one of the parks of this ancient seat of the Murrays, Dukes of Athole, in the forest of that name, roamed a herd of wild cattle, white with black points, having the ears, muzzles, and hoofs black. In 1834 this herd was sold, a portion going to Taymouth to the Marquis of Breadalbane, and the remainder to Dalkeith, to the Duke of Buccleuch. Both these herds are now extinct, but from them has descended in part the semi-wild herd which still exists at Kilmory House, Argyllshire, the property of Sir John Powlett Orde.

Burton Constable, Yorkshire, an ancient park, at present containing about 290 acres, is the property of Sir F. Clifford Constable. At one time it contained a herd of white cattle, as we learn from Bewick, who in 1790 wrote of them as having been then a few years extinct. “Those at Burton Constable,” he says,

¹ This description is quoted by Raine in his “Historical Account of the Episcopal Castle or Palace of Auckland” (p. 79), from a MS. in the possession of Sir Philip Grey Egerton, entitled “The Second Yeare’s Travell throw Scotland and Ireland, 1635.” This MS. has been printed by Sir Philip Grey Egerton, *Ann. Mag. Nat. Hist.*, vol. ii. (1839), and also in the first volume of the Cheetham Society’s Publications, 1844.

“were all destroyed by a distemper a few years since. They varied slightly from those at Chillingham, having black ears and muzzles, and the tips of their tails of the same colour. They were also much larger, many of them weighing sixty stone, probably owing to the richness of the pasturage in Holderness, but generally attributed to the difference of kind between those with black and white red ears, the former of which they studiously endeavour to preserve. The origin of this herd has only been surmised.¹

*Cadzow Castle, Lanarkshire, the seat of the Duke of Hamilton, with its park, originally formed part of the great Caledonian Forest, wherein King Robert Bruce, according to tradition, hunted the wild bull in 1320, and where, two centuries later (namely in 1500), James IV. of Scotland indulged in the same wild sport. This park has from time immemorial contained a herd of wild white cattle, which has been frequently described, and which still exists.² Sir Walter Scott has immortalized these cattle in his ballad of “Cadyow Castle”:—

“Mightiest of all the beasts of chase
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The mountain bull comes thundering on.

“Fierce, on the hunter’s quiver’d hand,
He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,
Spurns with black hoof and horn the sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.”

He is in error, however, when he states that the Cadzow cattle were extirpated for their ferocity about 1769.³ In all probability he derived this impression from a statement to that effect in the “Old Statistical Account of Scotland,” vol. i. p. 180; ii. 208.

As compared with those kept at Chillingham, the animals in this herd differ in having the inside of the ears black instead of red, and the fore part of the leg, from the knee downwards, mottled with black. The cows seldom have horns;

¹ See Storer, p. 255.

² One of the best accounts of this herd is that published by Jesse, who received it from a Mr. Brown, chamberlain to the Duke of Hamilton.

³ “Lay of the Last Minstrel,” 8vo, 1809, notes, p. 40. See also Stuart’s “Lay of the Deer Forest,” vol. ii. p. 225.

their bodies are thick and short, their limbs stouter, and their heads rounder than in the Chillingham breed, with small turn-up horns. In October, 1874, there were about thirty animals in this park, including one bull, and in a field near the park with similar pasturage were fifteen bulls and steers, along with one old cow and a young heifer—in all forty-five head. In June, 1877, the number had increased to fifty-six.¹

*Chartley Park, Staffordshire, nearly 1000 acres in extent, the property of Earl Ferrers, was formed by inclosing part of the Forest of Needwood by charter of Henry III. “About this time (32, 33 Hen. III., that is, 1248-9),” says Sir Oswald Mosley, “some of the wild cattle of the country which had hitherto roamed at large in the Forest of Needwood were driven into the park at this place, where their breed is still preserved.”² Erdeswick, who began his “Survey of Staffordshire” about 1593, speaks of it as very large, and having therein red-deer, fallow-deer, wild beasts (i.e., cattle) and swine. In an old “Account Book of the Steward of the Manor of Chartley, Præses, Com. Ferrers,” is the following entry:

“1658. Pd a moytie of the charge of mowings, makings, and carrying of hay for ye wild beasts—£2 7s. 7d.”



Wild Bull of Chartley

¹ A. H. Cocks, *The Zoologist*, 1878, p. 283.

² “Hist. Tutbury, co. Stafford” (1832).

In this herd, the usual average number of cattle, which were white with black ears, is said not to have exceeded thirty; yet in April, 1851, according to Mr. E. P. Shirley, there were forty-eight, and in 1873 there were twenty-seven. In July, 1874, Mr. Storer found only twenty-five namely, ten breeding cows, four bulls (two adult), six steers, and five heifers, of various ages; the finest old bull and one of the cows, besides some calves, having died since the previous autumn. In June, 1877, when Mr. A. H. Cocks visited this park, as described by him in *The Zoologist* (1878, p. 276), the herd, consisting of twenty animals, was thus constituted: One nine-year-old bull, one five-year-old bull, one bullock, five or six young bulls of different ages, two young bull calves (one called two months old, the other two or three weeks), the remaining nine or ten being cows and heifers of various ages.

In appearance the Chartley cattle—independently of the different colour of the ears, which are black instead of red—are very unlike those at Chillingham.¹ They are, in fact, “long-horns.” Nor are they so wild as the Northumberland herd. Mr. Storer has suggested that this is probably owing to the circumstance that the park is bounded on one side by a public road, from which it is only separated by a pale fence, which is not the case at Chillingham, so that they are at Chartley much more habituated to the sight of man.

*Chillingham Castle, Northumberland, the seat of the Earl of Tankerville, has been oftener visited, and oftener written about, than any other park containing wild cattle, and is, therefore, better known to the reading public. Of the date of the inclosure of this park (originally 1500 acres; now, exclusive of woods, about 1100) no record has been found; but there is evidence of its existence in 1292,² and “a park with wild animals “ is referred to in an inquisition 42 Edward III., as “of no value beyond the maintenance of the wild animals.” The “great wood” of Chillingham is referred to in a document of 1220.³ Mr. Darwin seems to have thought that this referred to the park, since he regards the date above mentioned as that of its inclosure.⁴ This, however, is not proved by the document in question. At the same time it is not at all unlikely that the inclosure took place about that time (temp. Hen. III.), and that the cattle were then driven in, just as they were at Hamilton, Drumlanrig, and Naworth, all of

¹ See Plot, “Nat. Hist. Staffordshire,” 1686, pl. 5; and Shaw “Hist and Antiq. Stafford,” 1798.

² See Tate’s “History of Alnwick,” vol. i. p. 94.

³ Hindmarsh, “Ann. Nat. Hist.,” vol. ii. p. 274.

⁴ “Animals and Plants under Domestication,” vol. i. p. 81.



Wild Bull of Chillingham¹

which herds, together with that at Chillingham, were probably detachments from the main body of wild cattle which formerly roamed the Caledonian Wood. Mr. Storer says:

“Whatever may be the age of the park, that, I imagine, indicates also the time when the wild cattle were first confined within its boundaries, for no record of their introduction exists. I suppose that they, previously wild denizens of the surrounding forest, were then first incarcerated, as they were at Chartley and at Lyme.”²

It is at least certain that this herd was in existence two centuries ago. In Mackenzie’s “View of the County of Northumberland “ (1825) there is the following note (vol. i. p. 390):

“In a family account book, written by William Taylor, steward of Chillingham,

¹ For these two illustrations from Mr. Storer’s work we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Cassell, Petter and Galpin. The horns of the Lyme Park herd are of an intermediate character between these two.

² Chatton, adjoining Chillingham, imparked by Edward I. in 1291-1292, contained “wild animals,” presumably the same as those at Chillingham.

and now (1821) in the possession of his great-grandson, William Taylor, Esq., Hendon Grange, near Sunderland, is an outlay:

“1689, Dec. 5, pd Wm. Kadyll’s white calf ten shillings.

“May 1697. Beasts in the Parke. My lorde’s 16 white wilde beasts, 2 black steers and a guy,¹ 12 white, read and black ear’d, 5 blacke oxen and brown one, 2 oxen from Warke, from last a steer killed.

“August ’92. Ye guy had a calfe, and went to Upwarke with the twelve black and read-ear’d, two of the Warke, and the brown one at Chivton.”

Many accounts of this herd have been published from time to time, amongst which we may refer to those of Pennant, Cully, Bewick, Lord Tankerville, Hindmarsh, and quite recently those of Mr. A. H. Cocks and the Rev. John Storer, all of whom have written from personal observation.

The account given by the late Lord Tankerville (“Ann. Nat. Hist.,” vol. ii.) commands perhaps the chiefest attention, since it comes from a former owner of the herd, who naturally would be expected to know more about it than any visitor.

In 1692, according to the steward’s account, the herd consisted of only 14 breeding animals, bulls, and cows, and calves of both sexes, and 12 steers; in all 28. In 1838, according to Mr. Hindmarsh, there were about 80, comprising 25 bulls, 40 cows, and 15 steers of various ages. In May, 1861, Mr. Darwin was informed by the agent, Mr. Hardy, that they numbered about 50. This was about the number we saw when visiting the park in May, 1863. In August, 1873, the

¹ This word, which is variously spelled “quhy,” “whye,” “why,” “wye,” and “twy,” appears to be an abbreviation of “twynters” (two winters), and signifies a two-year-old heifer. In the Accounts of the Bursar of the Monastery of Durham, 1530-1534, commonly called “The Durham Household Book” (pp. 205, 301, 327), are the following entries:—

“Et in 2 twynters (whyes) et 2 twynters (whyes) emptis de Wilhelmo Bernarde @ 9s
..... 36s.

Et in 4 vaccis, vocatis whyes emptis de Wilhelmo Bernarde, hoc anno @ 9s.. . . .
..... 36s.

herd consisted of 64 head—17 bulls of all ages from calves upwards, 19 steers, and 28 cows, heifers, and female calves (Storer, p. 171). In October, 1874, according to Lord Tankerville, the herd numbered 71. In March, 1875, the number had again decreased, amounting to 62 only—viz., 14 bulls and bull calves, 31 cows and cow calves, and 17 steers. In July, 1877, there were still fewer—59 only—consisting of 8 bulls, 27 cows and heifers, and 16 steers (*Zoologist*, 1878, p. 281). Lord Tankerville says they increase slowly, several dying each year by accidents or by overrunning their calves when disturbed; and the cows breed slowly, owing to having frequently the calves still sucking the second year.”

Bewick’s assertion that a few of the Chillingham cattle in his day had black ears is confirmed from other sources. In 1692 there were more with black ears than with red ears, and the present prevalence of red ears seems to have been brought about by selection.

Drumlanrig Castle, Dumfriesshire.—Until the close of the last century there was a herd of white wild cattle here, the property of the Duke of Queensberry. Its origin is unknown, but it appears to have been of some antiquity. Pennant (who went to see these cattle) and Bewick, who has noticed them, describe them as white with black ears. According to Mr. Hindmarsh, who derived his information from the clergyman of the place, “they were driven away about 1780” by the fourth and last Duke of Queensberry. Other writers besides those named have identified the animals in this herd with “the wild Caledonian cattle.”

Ewelme Park, Oxfordshire, formerly belonging to the De la Poles, Dukes of Suffolk, once contained a herd of wild cattle. In 1536 Edward Ashfield was appointed by Henry VIII. “keeper of the Park of Ewelme and master of the *wild beasts* there. In 1606 Lord William Knollys was keeper of the park and master of the *wild beasts* in the same” for James I. That the term of “wild beasts” referred to wild cattle, and not to any of the other wild animals which James I. delighteth to keep, is shown by a reference to the *hay* which was provided for them, which occurs in the conveyance of the park by Charles I. to Sir Christopher Nevil and Sir Edmund Sawyer in 1627.¹

Gisburne Park, Yorkshire, the seat of Lord Ribblesdale, is situated in the district of Craven, in the West Riding. It once formed part of Gisburne Forest,

¹ Napier’s “Historical Notices of Swyncombe and Ewelme,” 1838, pp. 204, 207, 212, 217; Shirley, “English Deer Parks,” p. 137.

while the still more extensive forests of Bowland and Blackburnshire were closely contiguous. So far as can now be ascertained, it appears tolerably certain that this herd, seldom numbering more than eight or ten head, was once part of the herd at Whalley Abbey, the property of the Asshetons, and that in 1697, on the death of Sir John Assheton, the last baronet of Whalley Abbey, part of the herd then went to Gisburne, to the Listers (afterwards Lords Ribblesdale),¹ with whom the Asshetons were connected by marriage: and the other part was added to the previously existing herd at Middleton Park, belonging to his heirs, the Asshetons, baronets of Middleton. In 1790 Bewick wrote:—At “Gisburne there are some perfectly white, except the inside of the ears, which are brown. They are without horns, very strong boned, but not high. They are said to have been originally brought from Whalley Abbey, in Lancashire, upon its dissolution in the twenty-third year of Henry VIII., and to have been drawn to Gisburne by the power of music”—in the same way that a herd of about twenty Red-deer is said to have been brought out of Yorkshire to Hampton Court.²

A few years later, Dr. Whitaker, in his “History and Antiquities of the Deanery of Craven,” published in 1812, gave the following account of them, with portraits of a bull and cow (pls. 8 and 9, p. 37) and a view of the park (pl. 10).

“Gisburne Park is chiefly remarkable for a herd of wild cattle, descendants of that indigenous race which once peopled the great forests of Lancashire. After their extinction in a wild state—which we know did not take place till a short time before the age of Leland—it is highly probable that the breed was kept up by the Abbots of Whalley in the ‘Lords Park,’ and fell into the hands of the Asshetons, who acquired possession of that rich domain after the Dissolution. This species differs from those of Lyme in Cheshire, and Chillingham Castle in Northumberland—where alone in South Britain they are now preserved—in being without horns.

“They are white, save the tips of their noses, which are black;³ rather

¹ The grandson of Thomas Lister (to whom Sir John Asheton had bequeathed Gisburne and part of the Whalley herd) and Catherine Asheton of Middleton, was created Baron Ribblesdale in 1797.

² Playford’s “Brief Introduction to the Skill of Music,” 1655.

³ A copy of the “History of Craven” in the library at Gisburne Park has the following note opposite the statement that the noses were black, in the handwriting of the first Lord Ribblesdale: “the ears and noses of this species of cattle are never black, but most usually red or brown.”

mischievous, especially when guarding their young, and approach the object of their resentment in a very insidious manner. They breed with tame cattle;¹ but it is to be hoped that respect for so ancient and singular a family will induce the noble owner to preserve them from any foreign admixtures.”

They became extinct in 1859, having become so delicate from breeding in-and-in, that their owners could no longer keep them. They had become quite tame, and were housed in winter. The last cow and calf were sold to Mr. Legh, of Lyme Park, in October, 1859, and on the 10th of November in that year the bull, the last of his race, was killed.

Hoghton Tower, Lancashire, the park whereof once formed part of the forest of Bowland, had a very ancient herd of wild cattle, which has been extinct probably about two hundred years.

Holdenby Park, Northamptonshire, was licensed to be imparked in 1578, and was much enlarged when James I. purchased the estate of Sir Christopher Hatton in 1607 (Pell Records, p. 80). During the Civil War Holdenby was seized, and granted by the Parliament to Thomas Lord Grey of Groby, who sold it to Adam Baynes, of Knowsthorp, Yorkshire, who in 1650 destroyed the park and pulled down the mansion. At the time of the sale, the park of 500 acres was stocked with upwards of two hundred deer of different kinds, worth £200, and eleven cows, and calves of wild cattle, worth £42.² Mr. Storer thinks they were introduced by James I.

*Kilmory House, Argyllshire. See Blair Athole, whence this herd was derived.

Leigh Court, Somersetshire.—This park, which once contained a herd of wild cattle, formerly belonged to the Augustinian Canons of Bristol, and was beautifully wooded. It is now the property of Sir William Miles, Bart., whose father in 1808 purchased it from the heirs of Lady Norton. Two years previously—*i.e.*, in 1806—the wild cattle there had become so savage that the owner was obliged to have them shot.³ There is no clue to their origin, and this is the only instance yet known of a wild herd in the west of England.

¹ This attempt to cross the breed failed, as did a similar attempt which was made by bringing a heifer from Lyme to Gisburne.

² Baker, “History of Northamptonshire,” vol. i. p. 197.

³ Shirley, “English Deer Parks,” p. 99.

*Lyme Park, Cheshire, was originally part of the Forest of Macclesfield, and was granted by Richard II. toward the close of the fourteenth century to Sir Piers Legh, who was standard-bearer to the Black Prince at the Battle of Creci. It has ever since remained in the family of Legh, and the breed of cattle still preserved there is thought to be at least as ancient as the park itself. Hansall, in his "History of Cheshire" (1817), says:

"In Lyme Park, which contains about one thousand Cheshire acres, is a herd of upwards of twenty wild cattle, similar to those in Lord Tankerville's park at Chillingham—chiefly white with red ears. They have been in the Park from time immemorial, and tradition says they are indigenous. In the summer season they assemble in the high lands, and in the winter they shelter in the park woods. They were formerly fed with holly branches, with which trees the park abounded; but these being destroyed, hay is now substituted. Two of the cows are shot annually for beef."

Thirty years ago this herd, it is said, numbered as many as thirty-four head. Then it gradually dwindled until in August, 1875, when Mr. Storer visited Lyme, there were only four animals surviving—a three-year-old bull, a cow, a three-year-old heifer in calf, and a young calf. In two years' time there was a slight increase, for in June, 1877, Mr. A. H. Cocks found two bulls, two cows, and two heifers, although one of the cows unfortunately was particoloured.

The loss of two cows during the present owner's time, and impairment of the fertility of others by the foot-and-mouth disease, as well as the retention at one time of a single bull which proved infertile, are the chief causes which have led to the threatened extinction of the herd, added to which Mr. Legh attributes its present diminished numbers to long-continued in-and-in breeding from near affinities.

Although in habits the old Lyme cattle resembled those at Chillingham, they were larger than any breed of cattle now existing in this country—higher on the leg, more upstanding, and longer in the body—very large cattle, with strong bone, much substance, and a large amount of flesh about the neck and dewlap. They had abundance of long rough hair, which, in the males was very fully developed, curly and mane-like on the head and fore-quarters, and the hide was of immense thickness. They were very grand and symmetrical in appearance, and their movements were distinguished by a peculiar majestic stateliness. Their flesh was excellent, but there does not seem to have been any record kept of their weights. For a great many years, indeed, none but

cows were ever slaughtered, and latterly not even these. The colour of the ears is subject to variation, and, although generally red, it is sometimes black or blue approaching to black. The horns are of an intermediate character between those of the Chillingham and Chartley breeds.

Middleton Park, Lancashire, the ancient seat of the Asshetons, was originally part of the great forest of Bowland, whence possibly the ancestors of the herd of white cattle which existed here were driven in on the inclosure of the park. At Blakeley (about a mile from Middleton Hall), says Leland, "wild bores, bulles, and falcons bredde in times paste."¹ Tradition, however, affirms that the Middleton herd originally came from Whalley Abbey, and the family connection which existed between the Asshetons of Middleton, the Asshetons of Whalley, and the Listers of Gisburne renders it, in the words of Mr. Assheton, "highly probable that had either family by any means acquired the wild cattle, they were very likely to have spread from them to the others." The cattle in this herd were white and polled; some had black, others brown ears. Dr. Leigh, in his "Natural History of Lancashire, Cheshire, and the Peak of Derbyshire" (book ii. p. 3), published in 1700, thus alludes to them: "In a park near Bury in Lancashire are wild cattel belonging to Sir Ralph Ashton, of Middleton; these, I presume, were first brought from the Highlands of Scotland [a mere surmise, probably founded on his acquaintance with the accounts given by Boethius and Leslie of the Caledonian bull]. They have no horns, but are like the wild bulls and cows upon the continent of America:" from which we may infer that in Dr. Leigh's day the bulls showed some indication of a mane. The descendants of this herd are not yet entirely extinct, although they have become quite domesticated; for, on the death of the third baronet in 1765, when the baronetcy became extinct, the elder of his two daughters, co-heiresses, married Sir Harbord Harbord (afterwards, in 1780, created first Lord Suffield), and inherited Middleton and the wild cattle, which were then removed to Gunton Park, Lord Suffield's place in Norfolk. Here they were preserved for many years, but gradually declined, until on the death of the fourth Lord Suffield, in 1853, they ceased to exist there. In the meantime, however, some had been transferred to Blickling Hall, originally the property of the Hobarts, created Earls of Buckinghamshire in 1746, and eventually inherited by the Hon. William Assheton Harbord (eldest son of the first Lord Suffield) on his marriage with one of the three daughters of the second Earl of Buckinghamshire, who died in 1793 without male issue. Others were sold about 1840 to Mr. Cator, of Woodbastwick Hall, near Norwich,

¹ Leland, "Itin.," vol. vii. p. 47 (ed. Hearne).

but, being subsequently crossed with shorthorns, the character and colour of the survivors have become much altered, although, as remarked by the Rev. Mr. Gilbert, who visited this herd in November, 1875, “there is a perpetual struggle at Woodbastwick to reproduce the original type: and this proves how much more firmly fixed is this in the blood than is that of any of the recently introduced crosses.”

Naworth Castle, Cumberland.—It appears from the “Household Book” of Lord William Howard, of Naworth, commenced in 1612, that wild cattle were introduced into this park in 1629, from Martindale Forest, in the neighbourhood of Thornthwaite, where at that time probably they roamed in a state of nature.¹ The entry is as follows:

1629. Januari 9. To Anthonie Bearper George Bell & William Halle for their charges and paines in bringinge wilde cattell from Thornthwate—*vs.* iiij*d.*

The date of their introduction at Naworth is thus approximately fixed.²

The “hirde of the forest” at this time was Richard Fisher, whose wages were £8 a year, paid half-yearly in May and November. When any of the wild cattle here were killed, the skins were sold with those of other oxen, but apparently did not fetch so much. Thus (at p. 284) we find the entry:

1633. June 22. Rec. for 2 kine skinns—xiijs.

Rec. more of him [*i.e.* the purchaser, Wm. Buckle] for one wild kowe skine—iiij*s.*

The calves were sometimes killed for the table, and being considered a delicacy, were sent as presents like game and wildfowl. Thus (at p. 318) an entry runs:

1633. Aug. 23. To Mr. Thomas Howarde’s manne bringinge one quarter of a wilde calfe to my Ladie—*vs.*

The cattle in this park, however, did not remain there many years. In 1675 it

¹ This “Household Book,” edited by the Rev. George Ornsby for the Surtees Society, seems to have escaped the notice of Mr. Storer.

² The park at Naworth was then enclosed by a wall, as we gather from entries of payments for repairing it (*e.g.* p. 320).

appears they had ceased to exist, having been destroyed probably during the Parliamentary wars.

In a MS. and anonymous "Description of Cumberland," dated 1675, and said to have been written by Edmund Sandford, a gentleman of good family in the county, the writer, describing Naworth Castle and the neighbourhood, says that around it *formerly* were "pleasant woods and gardens; ground full of fallow deer feeding on all somer tyme; braue venison pasties, and great store of reed deer on the mountains, and *white wild cattel with black ears only*, on the moores; and black heath-cockes and brone more-cockes, and their pootes."¹

*Somerford Park, Cheshire, the property of Sir Charles Shakerley, is situate near Congleton, in the heart of what was once Maxwell Forest.² An ancient herd of white cattle, resembling those at Chartley, but polled, still exists here; and these animals are considered to be the best surviving representatives of the hornless and tame variety of the original wild white breed. The colour is pure white; the ears, rims of the eyes, muzzle, and hoofs being quite black. Like all other old herds of the forest breed, they have a strong tendency to produce small black spots on the neck, sides, and legs, and this the proprietors admire and encourage; many of them have therefore become more or less speckled. When Mr. Storer visited this herd in August, 1875, it numbered twenty head. It is to be regretted that no record or even tradition with regard to the origin of this herd exists; for its appearance, according to Mr. Storer, bespeaks great antiquity. In answer to inquiries on the subject, the present owner, Sir Charles Shakerley, replied: "We have no history of how they came, or how long they have been here. I am of the third generation which has known nothing about them. The tradition is, they have been here two hundred years." It is quite possible that, like those at Lyme and Chartley, they may have been originally wild in the adjacent forest, and were driven in to the park when it was first inclosed. On the other hand, being of the same race as those at Middleton, they may have come originally from Shakerley, only a few miles distant from Middleton and Blakeley.

Whalley Abbey, Lancashire, had a park attached, which was originally part of the Forest of Bowland (granted by Edward VI. to a branch of the family of Assheton), and until 1697 contained a herd of white wild cattle, which were

¹ Jefferson, "Hist. and Antiq. Carlisle" (1838), p. 361.

² Leland, "Itinerary," vol. v. p. 87 (ed. Hearne).

polled. Some of these, according to tradition, were in that year sent to Gisburne Park, as above mentioned, where they existed until 1859; the remainder being transferred to Middleton Hall, where, after the death of the fourth Lord of Sheffield in 1853, they were no longer preserved.

Wollaton Park, Nottinghamshire, belonging to the family of Willoughby, Baron Middleton, was formerly part of Sherwood Forest, and held white cattle until about fifty years ago.¹ In 1790 Bewick mentioned this herd as one of the five “only breeds now remaining in the kingdom.” They were all white, with black noses and black ears, and had a fine circlet of black round the eyes. They were polled, or hornless, and were known as the “old park breed,” a name denoting some antiquity. Their origin can now only be surmised.² They became extinct in the time of Henry, sixth Lord Middleton—that is, between 1800 and 1835—when, fourteen of them having died at one time from eating dead branches cut from trees near the hall, and the herd having thus become so reduced by the accident, and the survivors showing no tendency to breed, they were ordered to be sold and slaughtered.

Of all these herds, there are now existing only those at Cadzow (Hamilton), Chartley, Chillingham, Kilmory, Lyme, and Somerford.

In Ireland no trace of these wild cattle has yet been discovered, although remains of the smaller *Bos longifrons* have been procured from many Irish localities.³

¹ See Thornton, “Antiquities of Nottinghamshire,” 1677, pl. 7, and Throsby’s edition of this work, 1790, vol. ii. p. 214, pl. 27.

² Storer, pp. 274, 275.

³ See Ball, “Proc. Roy. Irish Acad.,” vol. ii. p. 541; Wilde, op. cit., vii. p. 183. Adams, op. cit. (second series), vol. iii. p. 90; Scouler, “Journ. Geol. Soc.,” Dublin, vol. i. p. 228; Owen, “British Fossil Mammals,” p. 508; and Thompson, “Nat. Hist. Ireland,” vol. iv. p. 35.

From British Animals Extinct Within Historic Times,
with some account of British wild white cattle.
Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1880.

Cryptozoology in the Movies: Grizzly

Brad LaGrange

It's just hard to find movies with genuine crypto-related content. There are lots of giant animal movies, mutant animal movies, and giant mutant animal movies out there that just don't really fit into our hobby even if they are fun to watch.

Most seem to have been made in the 1970s, although a whole slew of cute mushy bigfoot flicks have been made in the last 20 years. I think we may be on the cusp of a rash of new cryptozoology-themed movies with the "wild" being once again seen as a far off and mysterious place.

One of the best movies to feature a cryptid is William Girdler's 1976 "Grizzly." In this movie a bear begins to terrorize a Yellowstone-like park (remember this was hot on the heels of "Jaws"), but rather than being just a bear, it is deduced from footprints that the bear is a prehistoric species.

The movie is just plain fun. You have a plausible cryptid, lots of good mountain scenery, bad special effects, and plenty of action. Most all we see of the bear is a bear paw that probably came from a mounted trophy, some file footage of a bear in a grown up field (shown when the bear is supposed to be in the woods), and a precious few shots of a tame bear that was very under-utilized. A typical bear encounter in the movie involves a roar and a quick shot of the paw being swept towards the camera.

Unlike "Jaws" which involves a sheriff, a marine biologist, and a shark, "Grizzly" is a major departure with the use of a forest ranger, a mammalogist, and a bear. However, much like "Jaws" you get two subplots which collide, the hungry animal/juicy tourists and the authorities wishing to make that animal die a horrible, exploding death that fortunately occurs at the end of the movie. Any further plot summary would be unnecessary.

Still, this is the movie to watch if you can find it. It isn't a super hard find; it was the top independent film of 1976 and was a runaway drive-in success. Since most of us are in the 20-55 age range, it's a movie that may have sparked our interest in cryptozoology.

Next Review, "Tremors."

Investigations of the Lake Erie Monster

Charles E. Herdendorf

Consulting Limnologist and Oceanographer

EcoSphere Technical Report No. 118

Prepared for Huron Lagoons Marina and City of Huron, Ohio

October 1990

[Editors' Note: This is a document which accompanied a presentation by Dr. Herdendorf which he gave in 1990 after a series of Lake Erie Monster reports. Dr. Herdendorf has kindly given permission for us to reprint this, as it is one of the few reports of this kind given by a mainstream biologist. It should be noted that the initial "naming" of the creature is a light-hearted jest, and not an actual published description of any such creatures. The material provided by Dr. Herdendorf has been condensed but is complete. It was originally meant as a supplement to an oral presentation, so is not particularly detailed but is very easy to follow. We are aware of current projects to determine the biological feasibility of various aquatic "monsters," and believe that further work in this area should be encouraged.]

Lake Erie 'monster' is baaack!

BY TOM FORD
BLADE STAFF WRITER

HURON, O. — In the wake of recent sightings of a Lake Erie "sea monster," some residents are becoming obsessed, like Captain Ahab was with Moby Dick and the inscrutability of what lurks under the surface.

The legend of a creature in Lake Erie has surfaced an and off since the early 1800s. It began growing again after a Richland County man reported seeing a serpentine creature Sept. 4 two miles south of the Cedar Point amusement park.

Since then, other people have reported similar sightings, and even Dr. Charles Herdendorf, a marine biologist, is not closing the door on conjecture.

On Sept. 11, Huron fire fighters Jim Johnson and Steve Dirks were conducting a fire inspection at an apartment complex on the lakeshore.

Mr. Johnson, a retired coast-guardman, was standing on a third-

floor balcony with Mr. Dirks when they saw a long, dark, snake-like object floating just below the surface of the water.

"I would estimate it was 20 to 25 feet long, with bumps on it," Mr. Johnson said. "I was about 100 feet away and 20 feet up."

John Schaffner, who opened a tell-free hotline at his Fort Clinton weekly newspaper, the Beacon, for reports of sightings, has received two calls. A fisherman Monday told of a long, black creature three miles from shore in Maumee Bay, and a woman called yesterday to say she had seen a creature seven years ago but kept quiet about it until now.

Dr. Herdendorf said a strange — and to this day, unexplained — image showed up on a satellite photograph 15 years ago.

The image, a white, serpentine shadow extending from the mouth of the Maumee River into Maumee Bay, perplexed Dr. Herdendorf and other scientists because it didn't resemble any sediment patterns they

had seen before or since.

"We enlarged it, and even in the enlargement we could not tell what it was," he said. "The image would have had to have been about 100 feet long."

At a loss to identify the image, scientists called it the sediment plume from a passing freighter, but only because that explanation was expedient, Dr. Herdendorf said. A freighter didn't show up on the enlargement.

Dr. Herdendorf frequently encounters unexplainable things in his research. During an expedition in the Atlantic Ocean, a robot camera used recorded on videotape a 28-foot-long great shark with eyes that glowed in the murky depths.

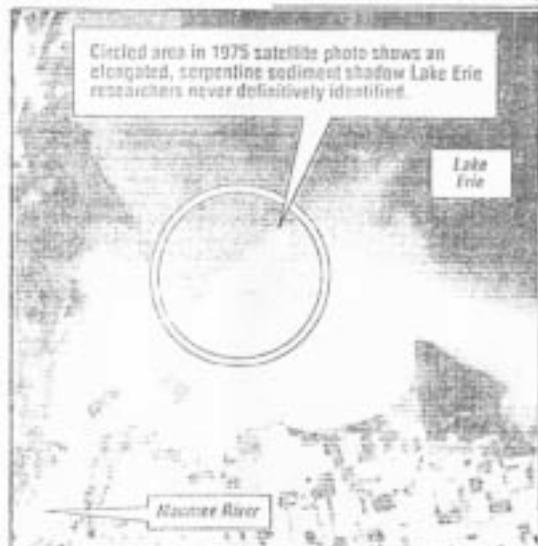
"That shark," he said, "was 1,000 miles south of where any lake it has ever been seen, so who knows what we might not have found in Lake Erie?"

Blade correspondent Natalie Parsons contributed to this report.

Is it or isn't it?

THE BLADE

Toledo, Ohio



Source: "Geobase," Future Publishing Co. 1977

Classification of Lake Erie Monster

Phylum Chordata (vertebrates)

Class Ichthyoreptilia (link between fish and snakes)

Order Obscuriformes

Family Obscuridae

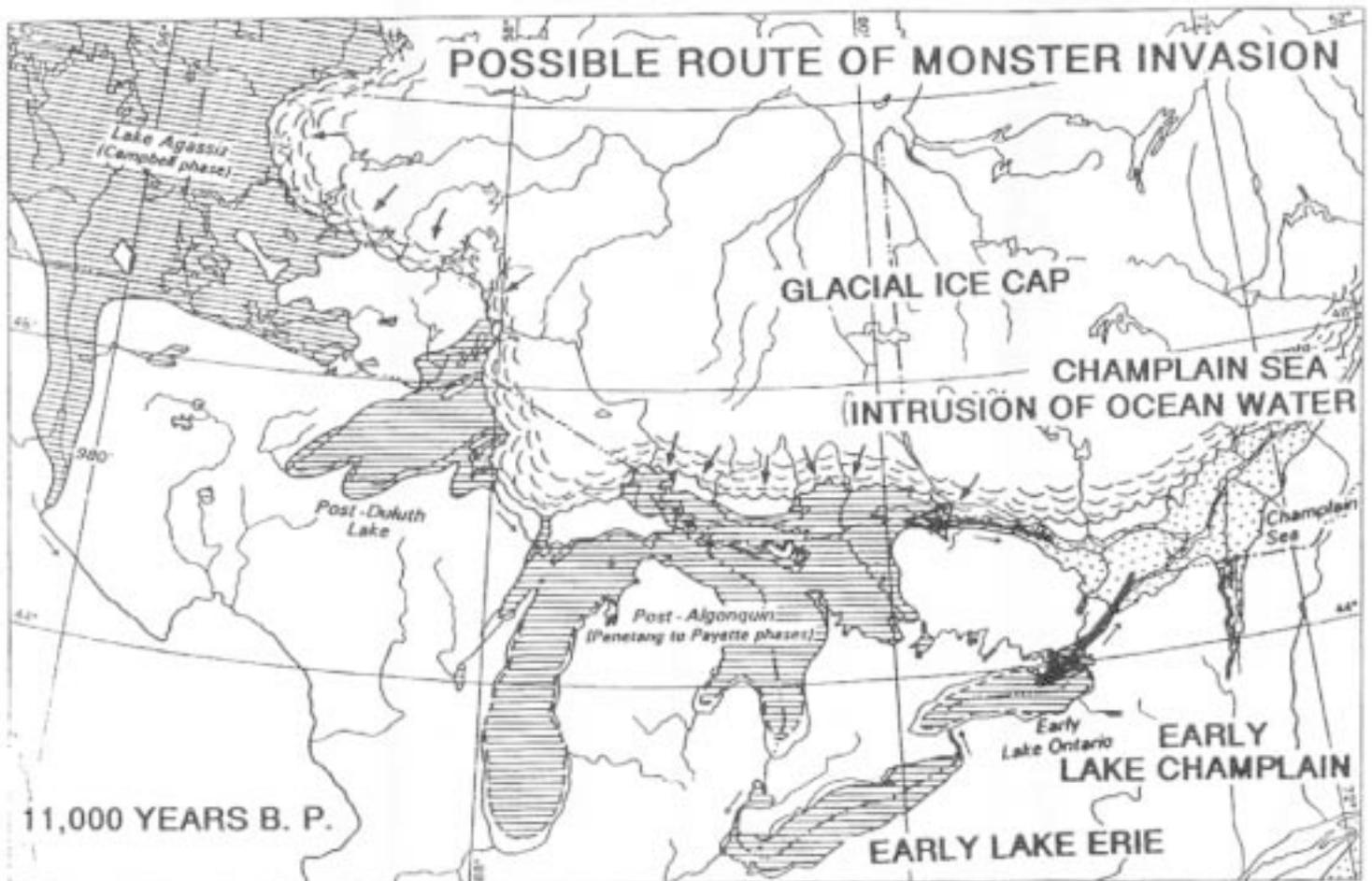
Genus *Obscura*

Species *eriensis*

Subspecies *huronii*

*Obscura eriensis huronii**

* rarely seen Lake Erie monster indigenous to the waters off Huron, Ohio



Prediction of Lake Erie Monster Swimming Speeds

Basic Facts

1. Adult fish have swimming speeds which are related to their body length and form.
2. Cruising speeds (sustained swimming) range from 1-3 body lengths per second.
3. Burst speeds (short duration to escape danger) are about 10 body lengths per second.

Assumptions

1. Lake Erie monsters follow the same general speed pattern as Lake Erie fish.
2. Lake Erie monsters have a body length of 10 meters.

Conclusions

1. Lake Erie monsters have a cruising speed of at least 10 meters per second (22 mph).
2. Lake Erie monsters have a burst speed as high as 100 meters per second (220 mph).

Potential Population Density of Lake Erie Monsters

Basic Facts

1. Lake Erie has a surface area of 25,000 km² (10,000 mi²)
2. Annually 25,000 tons of fish are harvested from Lake Erie

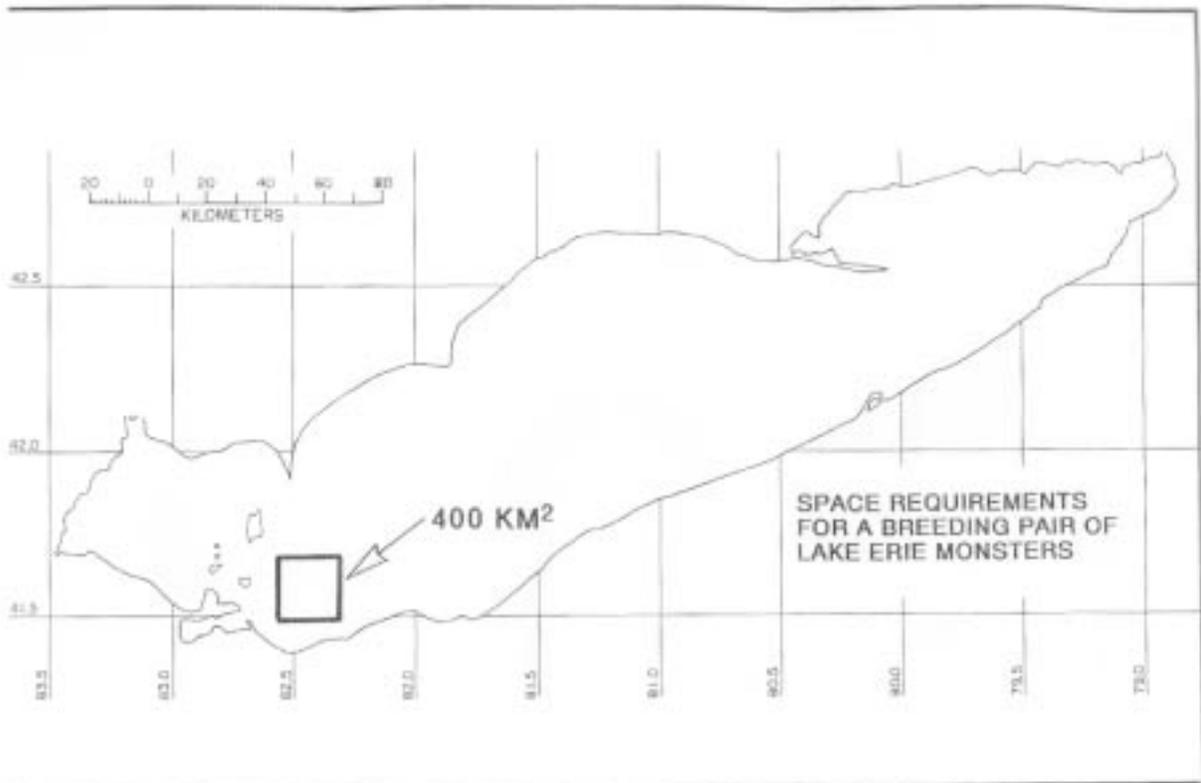
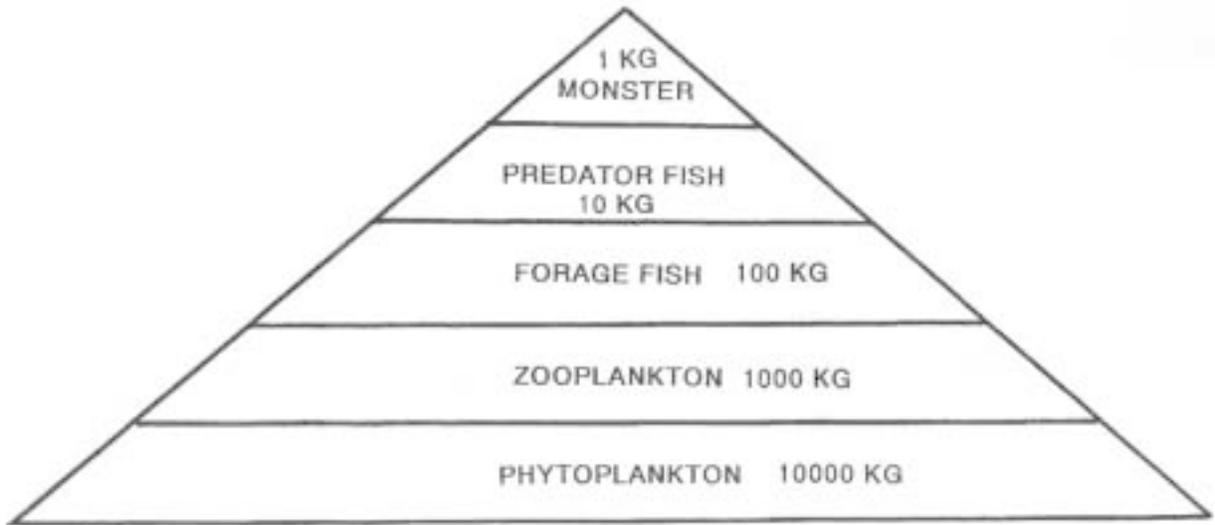
Assumptions

1. Lake Erie monsters are 11 meters (35 ft.) long and weigh 2,000 kg (2 tons)
2. 10 kg of fish are required to produce 1 kg of monster
3. Monsters crop about 10% of the harvestable fish

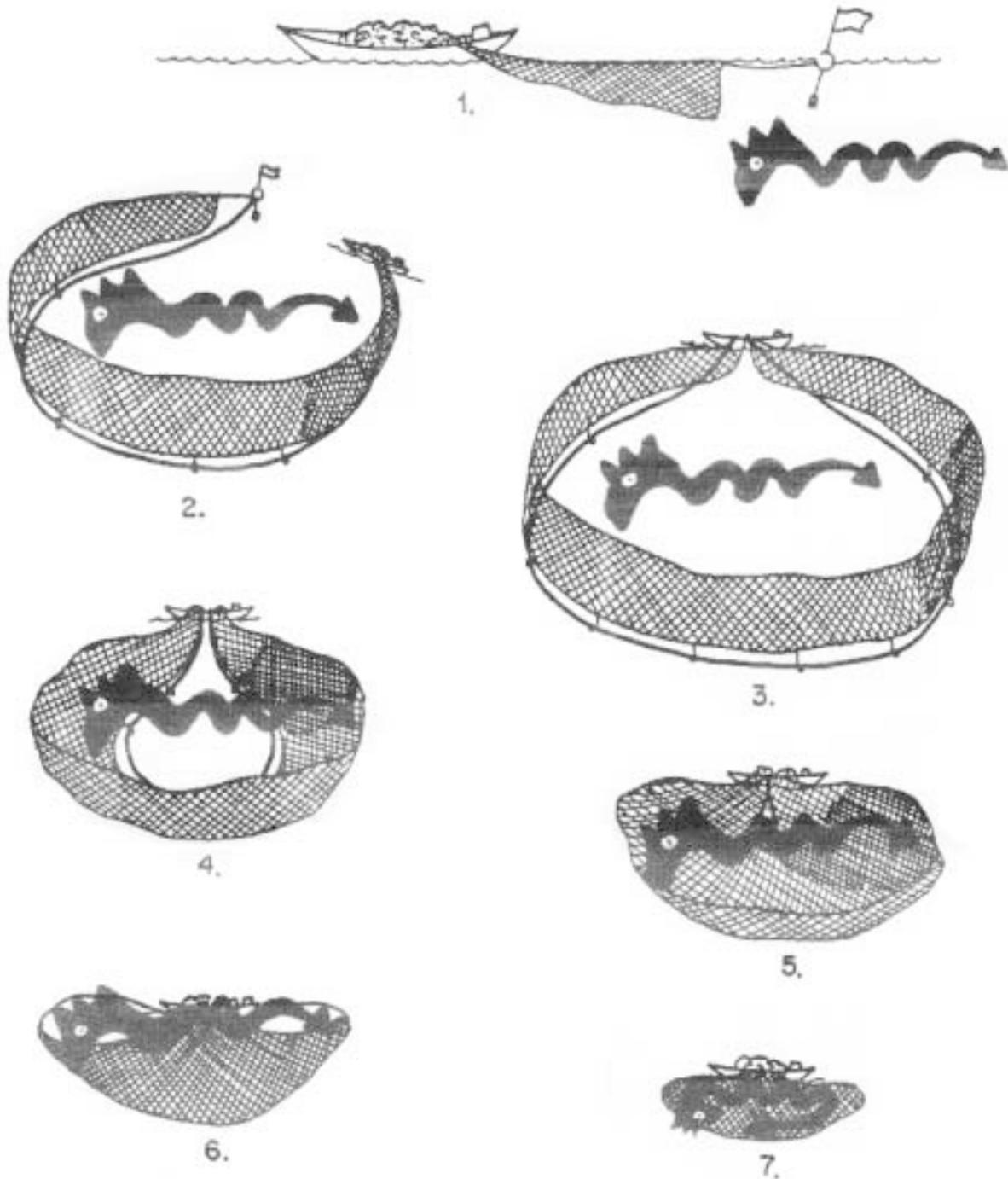
Conclusions

1. One ton of fish is produced annually for each square kilometer of lake surface.
2. One ton of monster can potentially be produced for every 10 square kilometers of lake surface.
3. Thus, Lake Erie is capable of supporting a population of 1,250 monsters weighing 2 tons each.
4. Lake Erie has a population of 125 monsters (one monster per 200 km²)

POSSIBLE LAKE ERIE MONSTER FOOD CHAIN



RECOMMENDED CAPTURE TECHNIQUE FOR LAKE ERIE MONSTERS



From the Past: Ontario Wild Man

A citizen and family went up the lake to Pretty's Island on Saturday evening to camp out. The husband brought back the report that on the first evening a plague of mosquitoes having fallen upon them and deprived them of power to sleep, he was sitting in the tent when suddenly upon the foreground of the shadows produced by the departing fire he distinctly saw the outlines of a man appear whose height was about eight feet. His hair was long and shaggy, and hung about his face he had a vest but no sleeves to his coat, knickerbocker pants, with hairy legs and arms. He stood still at the threshold of the brightness and was questioned, whence and whither. There came no response, whereupon the citizen picked up a large stone and hurling it with all his force struck the strange object amidships and it fell with a splash into the water. Hastening to the spot, he saw the stranger arise and depart swiftly, and though he searched for many hours there came no reward. So far as we are concerned we give as we receive. Possibly the wild man is somewhat of an offset to the sea serpent sensation of other streams so that the Mississippi may not be behind the times. The person who camped and saw is a well known river driver in the service of Mr. Peter McLaren.

Source: Renfrew Mercury (Ontario), August 3, 1883

From the Past: Monster Bird of Chile

A newspaper of Santiago, Chile, relates a wondrous story of a gigantic bird which made its appearance in the air one evening about five o'clock, in the presence of a group of miners. It is described as being of immense size with a monstrous head in shape like a grasshopper, with great, brown wings, with enormous eyes wide open and brilliant as stars, and covered with something like hair or bristles; the body, lengthening itself out like that of a serpent, was covered with brilliant scales, which emitted metallic sounds as the strange animal moved itself along. The superstitious believed that it was the devil in person, while others recollected having been witness, some years ago, in the same place, of the passage of a similar monstrous bird.

Source: Harper's Weekly, Journal of Civilization, June 6, 1868

A Review of Lothar Frenz's book Riesenkragen und Tigerwölfe: Auf der Spur mysteriöser Tiere

Reviewed by Thomas Diehl, Munchengladbach, Germany

(Rowohit, Berlin, 2000 - German Language Hardcover, 255 pages, ISBN 3 87134 390 0)

Finally a serious attempt to introduce the subject of Cryptozoology to a German audience. In this nice little country in Europe's center, Cryptozoology has never become accepted as much as in the US or France, thus the media-covering never reached the amount this field earned (except in some popular science magazines). And now there comes Lothar Frenz' new book, just in time.

In 20 greatly written chapters of a pretty pleasant length to read, Frenz introduces his reader into a number of cryptids, though he makes a pretty exclusive selection of the cryptids he talks about. But this just supports the credibility of the book and its topic. Loch Ness is just mentioned by the way and the African dinosaurs are not a topic of the book. And maybe this is good, because such texts about dinos and other Jurassic survivors could make the people disbelieve again or take it less seriously. The way in which Frenz does it makes people think that the things told about in the book could be real.

At the same time, many chapters are about successful discoveries in the past, such as the ones in Vietnam (especially the Muntjak) in the last years or in Australia, some centuries ago (duck-bills and tree-kangaroos). This way, Frenz gives a stable ground to the science of Cryptozoology instead of telling ghost-stories of wood-monsters from around the planet, and he uses this ground perfectly to tell people about yet undiscovered cryptids that suddenly become much more credible than on another background.

So, Frenz perfectly manages to introduce his readers to a topic they would usually only know from rather poor newspapers and pseudo-experts. I can only congratulate Lothar Frenz for handling our subject in such a way to write against the many prejudices German readers usually have against Cryptozoology, being hunts- or fisherman's yarns, heckmeck and stories.

In fact the book is a big step to establish Cryptozoology in Germany, if just enough people read it. I wish they will.

It is just sad that hardcovers are that expensive (the 30 marks is nearly equal to 15 US\$). And perhaps it's nothing for advanced Cryptozoologists, but it is a great introduction to the newly interested.

A Pennsylvania Primate

Chad Arment

Among the various reports of small primates from across North America is one which was given a little attention by Janet and Colin Bord in their Unexplained Mysteries of the 20th Century (1989, Chicago: Contemporary Books). They note that an approximately 50-lb. primate was shot in Honeybrook Township, Pennsylvania, in November, 1987, after a few sightings during the previous month. The “monkey” was about 2 1/2 feet long, covered with reddish-brown fur, and had inch-long canines. The Bords noted that “specialists at the University of Pennsylvania School of Veterinary Medicine could not identify the species. Nor did the authorities know where it had come from.” (Just as a side note—it would be very helpful in the future if authors did not propose a township as legitimate locality data. It is very possible for townships in separate counties within the same state to bear the same name. And you certainly can’t look up a township like you can with a county or town.)

The following article is the one referenced in this report. It is found in the Philadelphia Inquirer, Nov. 4, 1987, B-11.

Ape killed in the wilds of Chesco

Robert McSherry
Special to the Inquirer

The strange animal cries that echoed across the farmland of rural Honeybrook Township after sunset and that set dogs barking in barnyards for the last three weeks did not sound like any forest creature the local people had ever heard before.

Some folks actually said that they had seen the creature near their farmhouses in the rolling hills of northwestern Chester County. They described it as an orangutan or a chimpanzee. A few reported the sightings to the police.

Nobody much believed their stories. Until yesterday.

State police at the Embreeville barracks said Marlene Oatman, 48, shot and killed a “pretty big” monkey Monday night with a .22-caliber rifle at her farm on Talbotville Road near Morgantown

Road. The creature's body was found about 9 a.m. yesterday lying in a pasture next to Oatman's farmhouse, police said.

"We have animals. I didn't know what the thing might do. It might have had rabies," Oatman said during a telephone interview. "Then, when he was standing there looking at me, I thought, 'Good Lord, it might start coming after me.'"

Trooper Glen Gaasche said the monkey had been hit in the heart by the bullet. He said the creature had inch-long canine teeth, was about 2 1/2 feet long, weighed about 50 pounds and had reddish-brown fur.

Gaasche said he put the monkey's body in plastic bags and drove it to the University of Pennsylvania School of Veterinary Medicine, New Bolton Center, in Kennett Square.

"Yes, it is a monkey," said Cindy Smith, an administrative assistant at the center.

Smith said, however, that veterinarians at the center, which specializes in large animals such as horses and cows, could not identify the species. She said plans were being made to turn the carcass over to Philadelphia Zoo officials for identification and laboratory testing.

Gaasche said that authorities did not know where the monkey came from and that no reports of missing monkeys or apes had ever been received at the state police barracks. He said an apelike creature was first sighted in the Honeybrook area nearly three weeks ago by Robert Gerhart, 26, of Talbotville Road near the Oatman farm.

Gerhart said in a telephone interview that he first saw a large monkey or chimpanzee Oct. 18 in a pasture next to his farmhouse. He said the animal stood up on two legs and then ran away on all fours, disappearing into some nearby woods.

"Everybody thought I was joking," Gerhart said. "When I first seen it, they didn't believe me."

This is one of those cases which clearly illustrates that one should be very careful about using a report as evidence for unexplained phenomena without properly following up on the case. It also shows that it is possible for an author to create a bias even inadvertently. For example, the Bords state that "specialists" were unable to identify the primate, when that is obviously not the case. The veterinarians at the University of Pennsylvania center were not primate specialists, and there is no reason to suppose that they were capable of identifying an

exotic species. Rather, when faced with this animal, they turned to the real specialists, those at the Philadelphia Zoo. The identification of this primate came in the next day's newspaper: Philadelphia Inquirer, Nov. 5, 1987, B-2.

Monkey killed in Chesco was a Macaque with a Tattoo

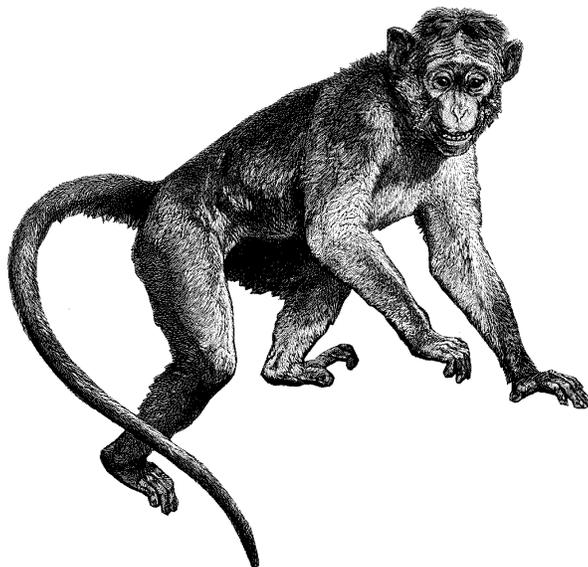
A large monkey shot and killed by a farmer Monday night in Honeybrook Township, Chester County, was identified yesterday by Philadelphia Zoo officials as a young adult male rhesus macaque, a species native to Asia and frequently used in laboratory experiments.

State police at the Embreeville barracks said the macaque, about 2 1/2 feet tall, was shot Monday by Marlene Oatman, 48, as it was standing in a pasture next to her farmhouse on Talbotville Road near Morgantown Road. Police said that an apelike creature had been spotted several times in the Honeybrook area in the last three weeks, but that no one had reported losing a monkey or an ape.

Dr. Wilbur B. Amand, the zoo's vice president of animal programs, said an autopsy performed yesterday by zoo personnel determined the 40-to-45-pound macaque had been healthy and well-fed. He said the monkey had a three-digit tattoo on its thigh like those on monkeys in zoos or research facilities. Police identified the digits as 779.

Crypto-primate enthusiasts should remove this particular case from their "unexplained primate" files, as once again an exotic release or escapee is the appropriate answer to the puzzle.

(Articles are reprinted with permission from The Philadelphia Inquirer, 2001.)



A Study on Gunshots and Sasquatch Sightings: Part I

Brad LaGrange

Introduction

There are a number of cases out there where it is reported that an individual has fired on a purported sasquatch. This leads to the question that if they are shot at, why are none killed. I hope to show why it is unlikely, no matter how many cases we get where one is supposedly shot, one will be killed.

This article is Part I. I hope to explain something about firearms, cartridges, shooting, and hunting. Basically this is a primer, given that many of our readers may not live in the U.S. and that access to first-hand firearm experience is limited, and that those who do live here may not have those opportunities either.

Firearms

One gun is not as good as another. Two guns of the same caliber may not be as good as each other. Many people think, “A gun is a gun is a gun” and hold them in mysterious awe. That simply is not true. You can’t cut plywood with a hammer or work on your car with a lathe. “Guns” are as wide and varied as the jobs they do.

To start out with, rifles are the workhorses of the firearms world. Almost all rifles are designed to be accurate, and for work that involves the taking of a life of some kind. They are usually for hunting, or military work. However the range of calibers available makes them suitable for everything from squirrels to light armored vehicles.

Carbines are basically a short rifle that in times past shot the same calibers as their larger cousin, but have in recent years swung towards pistol calibers.

Shotguns are weapons designed for the most part to fire lead shot in a spread pattern to hit small targets such as fowl and other game birds. They can be used to fire a single round (slug). Nothing is deadlier up close as a shotgun, nothing. If the projectiles don’t get you the shockwave of the blast will.

The aura of death that surrounds pistols is nothing but Hollywood and political nonsense. They are extremely close range weapons, and shoot underpowered rounds. Even a .44 magnum is not nearly as effective a man-stopper as a 20-gauge shotgun firing a deer slug. Being fired from one hand only usually does not make them accurate by any means.

Cartridges

A man could spend years writing about cartridges, so I will try and keep this as brief as possible without glossing too lightly over the subject.

Ammunition exists that runs the gambit from small caliber/high velocity, to large caliber/low velocity, to small caliber/low velo, to large caliber/high velo, to ammunition that was made as a gimmick.

The caliber has very little with how powerful a round is. The .223 round used by the U.S. military is a fine round and very accurate but up close it lacks the stopping power of a slow moving, big bore round. The 9mm pistol round is very accurate, has good penetration, and is a high velocity round but is not half the man-stopper a .45 ACP is, which is a far slower and less accurate round.

For hunting game deer-sized and above, most Americans prefer rifles with heavy-duty .30 caliber rounds. You need something accurate, with a round that can penetrate the game animal while at the same time not destroying the meat. A good rifle with a qualified shooter should be able to hit a heart-sized object at least at 200-250 yards.

The .22 long rifle one of the smallest rifle cartridges in the world, and kills more people in the U.S. every year than any other caliber around. The .22 was designed with two purposes in mind—as a small game hunting round, and tremendous accuracy. These things outperform the “junk” rounds like .25s, .32s, .380s, etc. Not very good on anything bigger than a squirrel, but they are kept in almost every gun-owning house in the U.S., and out in the country they are popular “varmint” guns for keeping the small animals from getting up around the house or into the chickens.

Shotguns use two types of ammo. One type is the shotshell. Firing lead shot from sub-BB-sized all the way up to 1/2 inch size. The other type of round is a “slug,” basically a large, slow moving bullet fired from a shotgun, usually for deer.

The most powerful shotgun found in most U.S. homes is the 12 gauge. Depending on the type of shot you use it is handy enough for squirrels, or powerful enough for deer. I have heard of grizzlies being killed with 12 gauges in Alaska when they attacked humans, but don't count on that.

Under the 12 gauge is the 16, then the 20, and finally the .410 (technically not a gauge, but a caliber, it is almost always referred to as a gauge).

Pistols, as stated above are very close range weapons. They are not nearly as deadly as a shotgun at close range, but for many complicated reasons they are more so than a rifle at sub 20-yard ranges.

For the most part, pistols are marginal man-stoppers at best unless you have a really hot or powerful round like the .45 ACP, or .41 Special, or .44 Magnum.

Shot Placement

An animal cannot simply be shot and then expected to die. The right type of ammo must be used, and just as importantly, it must land in the right spot.

An animal shot in the back leg will not likely die. A headshot is a terrible idea given that an animal has very little brain to hit. For most quadrupeds the best shot is through the shoulder, which pierces the lungs and the heart. Still, after that, the animal will mostly likely have lots of run left in him.

Getting the right shot requires you carefully plan out your shot, take your time (shaking the front sight one millimeter can translate to putting the bullet inches or feet off target), and maybe not get any shot at all.

Spraying gunfire may sound like a way to hit multiple targets (or the same target multiple times) but it more than likely means that you won't hit anything you are aiming at. Each shot pulls the gun farther off target.

If I fired three rounds at a sasquatch, very quickly, from my M1 carbine, the first being aimed at its chest, it would likely hit. The second round would hit the shoulder; the third fly way over it, and any subsequent rounds from that burst would be anti-aircraft shots.

To think that some terrified person blasting away at a sasquatch with deer

rifles in the dark would bring one down now seems silly, correct? Try shooting your car from 12 feet away with rubber bands fired off your fingers while aiming at the driver's window and you get the same effect.

For a sasquatch to be felled would take someone with the right type of rifle—something big enough to bring down an elk at least under optimal conditions (little wind, good light, short range) and the right mindset. The scenario in the previous paragraph would have about as much success as me firing at a deer in the dark with a .22.

In Part II of this article I will present a chart of 25 cases of purported sasquatch shootings. I will list the wheres and whens of course, but also what type of weapon, the distance (when given), time of day/night, and in several cases the reaction of the animal. A case by case examination will follow which will illustrate one reason why we don't have a body, and why it is unlikely we will get one in this manner.

A Western Oddity

Chad Arment

I recently received the following strange animal report (slightly edited) from a woman living in Lebanon, Oregon:

“I encountered a creature that I had never see before, and ever since, haven't been able to erase it from my mind, and it's driving me crazy! I've asked many people and have spent countless hours searching the Internet for answers to any known or unknown animal fitting the description of the animal I'm going to tell you about.

“It was during the summer of 1999, just outside a small town here in Oregon when I had my encounter. (The entire encounter with this creature lasted four to five minutes.)

“I was headed to an old off-road dump site that I’d never been to before, to dig up old bottles and such. After a short hike from the road, I came upon your typical old dump site. The recess was quiet and secluded with trees surrounding it, along with patches of tall skimpy grass, and weeds. A small stream rested at the very bottom of the recess that was one to two inches deep, about two feet wide, of slow moving water.

“As I was staking out the area, I happened across some tunneling-like holes in the ground. The holes were of a peculiar size which made me wonder what kind of animal dug them.

“After sifting around here and there for about 30 minutes, I found a spot that looked inviting to me and started digging. It was on the slant of the hill about 3/4’s of the way down.

“I had been digging on my knees for close to an hour and my legs were beginning to go to sleep, so I decided to take a break and stretch them. While I was moving about at the bottom of the recess, I thought I saw, from the corner of my eye, a clump of dirt move.

“I stared in the direction of the movement, but didn’t see anything and thought, ‘nah, it was nothing.’

“Then I saw it again. This time the clump of dirt moved, (about the size of a small dirt clod) and rolled down the hill. I looked around, fearing what could have caused it, when about eight to ten feet from me, something poked out of the ground! (Possibly the sound or vibration I had been making drew it out.)

“I stopped about four to five feet away from what poked itself out of the ground. It was about five inches in length (at this point, I wasn’t sure what end of the animal I was looking at). It was about two inches in diameter and the end of it was perfectly smooth and round (like a cue ball). It was light-brown in color (like the surrounding ground). It had a worm-like shape, but didn’t taper down at the end as worms do, and was firmer round looking. It had no distinguishing or familiar features to indicate to me what it was. I couldn’t see its entire body, only what was poking out of the ground and of that, I couldn’t detect any eyes, mouth, nose, or ears. It didn’t have any fur, scales, or ripples (like a worm has) for skin covering. It did have patches of peach-like fuzz, very thin and spaced apart like the hair on a young human’s arm, covering what looked like soft dusty skin about the texture of ours (not wet, slimy, or tough looking).

“All of a sudden, while I was examining it, two big beautiful crystal blue eyes popped open! (Now I knew what end of the animal I was looking at.) I wondered how big the body was and what its arms, legs, and tail looked like, or if it had any such parts. The white of the eye that surrounds the pupil was the whitest I’d ever seen (like pure virgin white). The size of the eyes were a bit big in portion to the body size (possibly a young one?).

“I was totally astounded when the eyes opened, because while looking at it before, you couldn’t tell that it had eyes (there was no visible eye-lids, eye-lashes, bulges, indentations, holes or slits of any kind). My presence didn’t seem to bother it because it studied me for only a short period of time. Then it ignored me. It appeared content and relaxed while it exposed itself. (Its slow motion movement and blinking reminded me of a Turtle.)

“I didn’t sense to fear it, so I came in even closer to get a better look. I looked for it’s mouth, nose and ears but couldn’t find them. I wondered if they were camouflaged in the same way that its eyes were. I also tried to determine where its head ended and neck began because it had no chin or indentations of any kind to separate the two. (The body, neck, and head were one.)

“I stepped back when it started swaying its head slowly from left to right, and back again, while stretching up-ward (all at the same time) towards the sky while slowly blinking.

“I tried to get it’s attention again by clapping my hands, and yelling but it continued to ignore me, (this made me wonder if it couldn’t hear sound) so I tried waving my arms and hands about to draw it’s attention to me, but all it did was stare at the sky, continued swaying its head from left to right stretching upward while blinking slowly. (It was as if it were hypnotized by the light or the sun.)

“I kept my eyes on it until it pulled itself back into the hole (tunnel). Then I looked in the hole (tunnel) after it, but it was so dark that I couldn’t see anything.”

The writer is going to continue looking for this animal again, and hopes to photograph it.

Testing the New Moon Theory at Lake Champlain

Craig Heinselman

Back in 1999 I read a self-published book by Lake Champlain “Champ” researcher Dennis Jay Hall. On Page XI of the Introduction to *Champ Quest 1999 Field Guide & Almanac for Lake Champlain* (Essence of Vermont, Jericho, 1999) he states the following:

“The lucky break came one day out of the blue. My brain had been working overtime for answers and spit one out from an unexpected angle. I had been looking for any kind of pattern, using past sightings as reference, anything to give me the edge. That’s when my brain asked, “Are there any times of the month that they are not seen?” I knew the answer. The animals hadn’t been seen (by me) during a new moon. But, I had seen it on the days before and days after a new moon. Research showed that many reported sightings had occurred during the week before and few days after a new moon, but none I could find, fell on the actual day.

With this new information the QUEST evolved to a higher level. I compiled and published a first ever list of the most likely dates the animals would be seen. That was three years ago; since then, 75% of the reported sightings have occurred on the lunar based dates I had theorized would produce sightings...”

This lunar cycle and projected sightings based off of the lunar cycle was an interesting approach to field research. Since then the idea of testing this lunar prediction has intrigued me. With the rash of snow storms here in the Northeast during the Winter of 2000/2001 I finally found the time to evaluate the theory based of historically sightings taken from Joseph Zarzynski’s *Champ: Beyond the Legend 2nd Edition* (M-Z Information, Wilton, 1988), Dennis Jay Hall’s *Champ Quest 1999 Field Guide & Almanac for Lake Champlain* (Essence of Vermont, Jericho, 1999) and Dennis Jay Hall’s *Champ Quest 2000 Field Guide & Almanac* (Essence of Vermont, Jericho, 2000). Additional sightings and date were extracted from Joseph Zarzynski’s LCPI Work Updates from the journal *CRYPTOZOLOGY* Volumes 1 through 9 (1982-1990), Dennis Jay Hall and Richard Deuel’s article “Champ Quest at Lake Champlain 1991-1992” in *CRYPTOZOLOGY* Volume 11 (1992) and Yasushi Kojo’s article “Some Ecological Notes on Reported Large, Unknown Animals in Lake Champlain” from *CRYPTOZOLOGY* Volume 10 (1991).

Experimental Data

A total of 141 date sensitive sightings were evaluated dating from 1878 to 2000. A comparison to new moon dates taken from an online database of new moon dates was then compared. Dennis Jay Hall had been using a 5 day window on either side of the new moon day. When a 5 day window was applied, there appeared a 39.72% rate for prediction surrounding the new moon, however the remaining 60.28% fell outside of this 5 day window. An expansion was then done to a 7 day window on either side of the new moon. This expansion yielded a 53.19% positive value for sightings occurring within 7 days of a new moon, yet still 46.81% fell outside of this window.

To see if the historic values skewed the prediction, a group of only the last two decades (1980-2000) was evaluated. This grouping was again applied to a 7 day window on either side of the new moon. The results were the same for all intents and purposes, with 52.07% being within the window and 47.93% outside of the window (within a 5 day window the values drop to 38.84% for falling within the window and 61.16% for outside). A further tightening was done from the last decade (1990-2000). Still using the 7 day window a total of 50.94% fell within the 7 day window and 49.06% outside of the window (within a 5 day window the values drop again to 39.62% for falling within the window and 60.38% outside).

To check the last 5 years (1995-2000) another tightening was done. The results end up more favorable to the new moon theory with 59.26% within the 7 day window and 40.74% outside the window. However, at a 5 day window the values again drop to 51.85% for inside the window and 48.15% outside the window.

Results

It should be noted that many older reports are not accurate as to the day of the sighting, and even to year of the sighting. This data if available could lead credence to the new moon cycle. For the sake of minimizing error in the mathematics only reports with specific dates were used, and in the case of multiple sightings on the same day, only one was used to avoid skewing values. What we seen then is perhaps a current trend in sightings, but not a historical pattern based on the current data available. Even at a 5 year period the data does not necessarily support the 75% success rate. There is a general

pattern of more success at a 7 day window than outside of one, but this amounts to an average 7.06% improvement only.

This conundrum though does not necessarily cast a detrimental shadow on the pattern. It is a worthwhile attempt indeed to narrow down a time from for field research, and if the pattern continues into 2001 then perhaps more information can be extrapolated. And even with only a 7.06% improvement there is still a better chance than otherwise.

An Improved Search Area in a Month Perhaps

A pattern was also run against reports during a particular calendar month. This monthly percentile based off of the 141 cases is as follows:

January	0%
February	.71%
March	1.42%
April	4.26%
May	11.35%
June	21.28%
July	23.40%
August	23.40%
September	8.51%
October	3.55%
November	1.42%
December	.71%

Summer months then show a larger yield in reported sightings, with June, July and August being the pristine time frame. This data supports the data put together by Yasushi Kojo in "Some Ecological Notes on Reported Large, Unknown Animals in Lake Champlain" (*CRYPTOZOLOGY Volume 10*, 1991).

When the 7 day window is applied around the new moon, there is some improvement in the month of July (63.64% in the window, 36.6% outside). But in general the average still falls to the aforementioned ranges seen in the prior evaluation.

Conclusions

In general there was a finding that the 75% success rate does not hold up over history. Part of this may be due to lack of date-sensitive reports from older reported sightings. Selective choosing of reports from specific time frames does start to approach the predicted 75%, but does not in all cases. As a guide the lunar cycle of a new moon does yield an improvement of 7.06% better results. Favorable to more data collection over the continuing years to see if a continued pattern is more firmly established.

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LCPI Work at Lake Champlain, 1984, *CRYPTOZOOLOGY* Vol. 3, 1984

LCPI Work at Lake Champlain, 1985, *CRYPTOZOOLOGY* Vol. 4, 1985

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The Trail of the Blue Tiger (Reprint)

Roy Chapman Andrews

In South China, the weird legends of men and animals come from the people of the hills. They find their way to the coast where their telling often lures men into the jungle of the back country.

I had followed just such a legend to Futsing, the story of a blue tiger. To me it was still not a completely credible legend, though it had been substantiated by friends in both America and China. But still, I told myself as I lay on my cot that night, I would never really believe a blue tiger existed until I saw one myself.

My thoughts were suddenly interrupted. A shriek pierced the night. There was a snarl, then the agonized, stifled cry of a child. I leaped to my feet. "Good God, Harry, what is it?" Harry Caldwell was already up, jamming cartridges into his rifle. "Tiger, I think; Hurry."



The enraged beast leaped in its feet and dashed at the fuel gatherers, striking right and left with its great paws.

the trail of
**THE BLUE
TIGER**

Even Harry Caldwell, the China missionary who shot like
Sergeant York and killed tigers with a .22, met his match in this
great blue cat, which seemed to have a sixth sense for traps

by **ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS**
Illustrated by Bruce Bomberger

In South China, the weird legends of men and animals come from the people of the hills. They find their way to the coast where their telling often lures men into the jungle of the back country. I had followed just such a legend to Futsing, the story of a blue tiger. To me it was still not a completely credible legend, though it had been substantiated by friends in both America and China. But still, I told myself as I lay

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We ran across the orchard to a house a hundred yards away. The courtyard swarmed with screaming Chinese. A woman sat cross-legged on the floor rocking back and forth, tearing handfuls of hair out by the roots. “*Ai-ya, ai-ya,*” she wailed. “My baby. The black tiger. It took my baby. Kill it, *Shen-shung*. Kill the black tiger.”

Harry talked rapidly with the terrified natives. “Get lanterns,” he shouted. “Come with me.”

We dashed out the gate and across the rice dikes, followed by a dozen men. Breathlessly, Harry told me what had happened.

“Family eating—baby playing in the court—suddenly the tiger leaped through the door and grabbed the child. It stood for a moment and then leaped over the wall. There’s one chance in a thousand it may drop the baby when it sees the lights—but he would be dead—tiger’ll head for the big ravine. Natives called it black, but I’m sure it’s the blue devil— that’s where it lives. This makes sixteen for it, sixteen people in two years!”

We rushed on in the darkness. For a mile we followed a narrow path beside the rice fields. Where the sword grass shut in like a wall on either side, a bloody rag hung on a thorn bush; a few feet beyond lay a tiny baby’s shoe.

Caldwell stopped. “No use going farther. The poor little fellow’s done for. We’ll have to wait until tomorrow.”

We turned back to the village, but not to sleep. The wailing of the family kept the night alive with the sounds of death. Moreover, our tent was pitched in the orchard and there might be another tiger on the prowl. I couldn’t have slept anyway, so I smoked my pipe until early morning, while Harry sat in the tent door, relaxed, but alert and watchful with a Hi-Power Savage rifle across his knees. There was plenty of time to talk and think.

I studied Caldwell curiously, for we had just met, after months of correspondence. Six feet tall, spare and hard as a trained athlete, with a flashing smile that seldom left his face in repose, intensely alive, bursting with enthusiasm. That was the man with whom I had come to hunt the blue tiger. A missionary, too, though he didn’t resemble any I had ever seen.

It was Captain Thomas Holcomb of the U. S. Marine Corps, now U. S. minister

to South Africa, who first spoke of him to me at the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

“He is an amazing man,” Tom said. “An effective missionary, a good amateur naturalist and the finest field rifle shot I’ve ever seen. I hunted with him. He kills tigers with a .303 Savage rifle. Better get in touch with him if you’re going to China.”

This was in 1916. I was planning an expedition to the mountains of the Tibetan frontier and Yunnan for the American Museum of Natural History, so I wrote Caldwell at Futsing, China. His reply was vibrant with the personality of the man and told an amazing story.

There was a strange tiger there; not yellow like the ordinary tiger but Maltese blue. Perhaps it was a new species. Why didn’t I stop and try to get it on my way to Yunnan?

Letter after letter followed, always full of accounts of the blue tiger. In spite of what Caldwell said, I didn’t believe it was a new species, but rather a melanistic phase of the yellow tiger. Melanism, the opposite of albinism, is an excess of coloring matter in the skin and occurs in many animals. But a blue or black tiger was unknown to the zoological world. Caldwell’s word could not be doubted, and the museum authorities agreed that the story certainly should be investigated.

I knew I would have to stop at Futsing. Enthusiastically I talked about it with Dr. William T. Hornaday, then director of the New York Zoological Park, in the Bronx. “Perhaps,” I told him, “I can bring it back alive. When it dies, the museum will get the skin and skeleton anyway. Would you be interested?”

Hornaday smiled. “Would I be interested to have the only blue tiger in the world? Don’t ask silly questions! I’ll get you a trap if you’ll try to use it.” He did. He had a trap especially made for me. It looked as though it would hold an elephant.

With trap and gear, I set off for China, after Tom Holcomb’s final words about Harry Caldwell had put my mind at ease. I needn’t worry, Tom had assured me when I expressed misgivings at spending weeks in the field with a missionary. Caldwell was a “he man” if there ever was one. He had spent his boyhood in the Tennessee mountains near Chattanooga. “If he wasn’t born

with a squirrel rifle in his hands,” Tom said, “he got hold of one soon after. He’s another Sergeant York so far as shooting is concerned, and he’s certainly done a wonderful job as a missionary.”

On my way down the China coast I heard much more of Caldwell; everyone seemed to know of him. His exploits were legends among “old hands” in China. A bishop told me how Caldwell had opened to Christian teaching a community of a hundred settlements—more than half a million violently antiforeign Chinese—by killing a man-eating tiger that had been ravaging their villages.

That was the opening wedge. Before long, other villages had asked his help, and his fame had spread. But it was not only for the killing of tigers. Because of his reputation for courage, honesty and fair dealing, he sometimes had acted as middleman in settling disputes, and once had saved a village from terrible slaughter by going alone to a bandit camp and persuading the chief to take his men back to the hills. The chief had been misinformed, he told them; the money they had demanded to ransom the village was not there, and he offered himself as hostage until his words were proved.

I thought of these things as I sat in the tent looking at Caldwell. Harry turned around.

“It was in that ravine,” he said, “that I killed my first tiger. I used buckshot, but believe me, I’ll never try that again. She was a big tigress and had eaten a boy the day before. The elders asked me to rid them of her, but the bearer with my load and rifle hadn’t arrived and, like a fool, I went out with only my shotgun. I’d never seen a tiger in the wild, and had no idea how hard they are to kill. It seemed to me that buckshot at close range would be all right.

“I staked a goat on an abandoned terrace and sat down behind some bushes off to one side. The tigress came out almost immediately on a grass-covered dike about a hundred yards away, but she seemed to suspect danger. For more than an hour she crouched there just like a great tabby cat, sometimes pushing one loot forward as though about to move, but each time drawing it back again. She looked awfully big and I wished I hadn’t come, but I couldn’t get out except by passing right below her. There was a confounded brain-fever bird on a tree above me, and it kept giving that rising, breathless call that drives people crazy. It got on my nerves so I could hardly keep from screaming.

“Finally, the tigress got up and circled to reach a small path—they’ll never attack through unbroken tangle if they can get to a trail. She had to cross a small bare space—it was only about twenty yards—but apparently she didn’t like being in the open. She flattened just like a snake, her chin and throat touching the ground, and slithered along with no body motion except for a quivering of her shoulders and hips. Yet she went awfully fast. As soon as she was in cover again, she made three flying leaps up the narrow terraces toward the goat. The last one brought her face to face with me about twelve feet away. She stood there, snarling. Her yellow and black head looked big as a haystack, and her eyes simply blazed. I let her have both barrels in the face and neck.

“I thought the buckshot would be in an almost solid mass at that range, and would knock her cold, but she only slipped backward off the terrace and didn’t fall. Blood streamed over her head, and she shook it out of her eyes and then slowly walked off into a patch of sword grass. I was scared, for I didn’t have any more buckshot cartridges—only No. 4 shot. So I sat tight for half an hour, and then worked up the hill through the bush and back to the village.

“The bearer was there with my rifle when I arrived, but it was almost dark and I didn’t dare go out that evening. Next day I followed the blood trail with the natives and found her dead nearly half a mile away. Her whole face and neck were full of buckshot, most of which were flattened against the heavy bones. I think she bled to death.

“When the Chinese brought her back to the village, the mother of the boy she had eaten began beating her with a stick, screaming curses. I kept only the skin for myself, and gave the body to the village elders. Every drop of blood was sopped up with rags which they tied about their necks to ward off disease and personal devils. The meat was sold as medicine. Anyone who ate a small piece was supposed to acquire some of the tiger’s courage. The bones, whiskers and claws they stewed up into a kind of jelly; after it cooled and hardened, it was molded into pills and sold to Chinese druggists in Futsing at a high price. That tigress brought the village nearly four hundred dollars. But shotguns are out for me, I don’t mind telling you. That one experience was enough.”

“I should think it would be, but,” I laughed, “I believe the .22 Hi-Power you’ve got is just about as bad. It’s plain damned foolishness to use that little bullet, if you don’t mind my saying so. It hasn’t enough weight or shocking power for dangerous game.”

Caldwell smiled. "That's what a lot of people say. I killed eight or ten tigers with the .303, and, thought it was grand, but the first time I ever fired this rifle I killed a tiger. You ought to have seen what that tiny bullet did to him. He was a big tiger, too—a man-eater that had killed several people in this very village. I staked a goat, as usual, but instead of coming out where I thought he would, the tiger appeared on a barren ridge more than a hundred yards away. It was already half dark, and I couldn't see plainly through the sights, so I walked into the open and moved up. The tiger saw me instantly, of course, and stood there switching his tail with ears laid flat against his head. I expected him to charge at any moment, but I had to keep on going until I was close enough to shoot in the bad light. If I had turned back then, he'd have come for me. Finally I was only thirty yards away. It was too dark to pick any vital spot, so I just fired at the body. The beast lunged into the air, twisted and came down dead as a herring. The bullet had caught him behind the ribs and went through the stomach. His intestines were messed up as though they'd been put through a sausage grinder. He had just eaten a dog and the stomach was full of meat."

"Well," I told him, "next time you use a .22 you probably won't be here to tell about it, unless you hit it in the head or neck. You don't realize that you were extraordinarily lucky. You say your bullet went through the stomach which was full of dog. To my mind what happened was this: the high-velocity bullet striking that extended stomach set up a terrific gas explosion which ruptured the intestines. That was what killed your tiger. I've shot woodchucks with a hard-nose .22 Hi-Power bullet, and they just blow up if I get them through the body when the stomach is packed with food, if it's empty, I lose my 'chuck."

Caldwell remained unconvinced. "Maybe you're right. But," he grinned, "next time I won't shoot him in the stomach. I'll hit him in the head."

Later I learned that Caldwell did kill other tigers with the .22 Hi-Power, but I don't know how many. Even though he once took on five of them with the .303 Savage and only six cartridges, and killed two, he gave up the .303 and used the .22 Hi-Power exclusively. After I had hunted with him for months in China and Mongolia and saw him kill flying birds with a rifle, I realized he could just about pick—on any animal's body—the hair he wanted to split.

But the night's experience had made me eager to hear more about the murderous blue tiger and I prodded Harry.

"I've seen it twice," he said. "The first time it wasn't twenty yards from me,

but I had only a shotgun. I came on it suddenly, lying right in the path in the sun like a great Maltese cat. While I was watching, it got up slowly and stood for a moment in the trail, then turned around three times. I thought it was going to lie down again, but it stretched, humped its back, and jumped into the bushes. I had a perfect view; could have hit it with a stone. It's really beautiful. The ground color of its body is Maltese, changing into light blue on the lower sides and belly. The stripes are black and well defined like those on a yellow tiger.

The second time was last year, and I had it absolutely cold in the sights of my rifle, but I didn't dare shoot. I had staked a goat in an open space near the lair, and saw the blue tiger creeping up, but from the other side of the ravine. I was just going to fire when I realized it was stalking two boys asleep under an old dike right below it. If I had wounded the beast, it would have certainly rolled down on the boys. I couldn't chance it, so I stood up and yelled. It turned about facing me, snarled and then walked slowly into the grass."

That was the animal we were going to track; the daring, cunning and lucky blue, which had twice eluded Caldwell. But we weren't to set out until mid-afternoon. The baby was so small, Harry explained, that it wasn't a big meal for the tiger, and by evening it would be looking for something else, we hoped.

So when the sun rose in a hot red ball over the hills, and the village stirred to life, Caldwell and I pulled the tent flaps and slept. At noon we were up, and before 3 o'clock were on our way through the rice fields, dragging two reluctant goats, a mother and her kid. At the entrance to a narrow ravine, Caldwell halted.

"This is where the blue tiger lives and I'll bet it's home. We'll tie the goats in this little open space and get behind those bushes."

"But," I protested, "it'll be right in our laps when it comes out!"

"Can't be helped. There isn't any other spot. I know this lair like the palm of my hand. There's where I killed my first tiger with the shotgun, right on that terrace."

It was a devilish place, a deep cut in the mountain choked with thorny vines and sword grass. Three or four dark tunnels twisted snakelike back into the murderous growth. "Tiger paths," Caldwell said, laconically. "I crawled up that one on the right for about twenty feet one day. Found a sort of room with bones of all kinds and heaps of pangolin scales. Tigers love pangolins. Branch

tunnels went off in three directions. Then, I realized what a foolish thing I'd done. My hair began to prickle and I backed out in a hurry."

We crouched behind a clump of bushes, half buried in sword grass. Fifteen feet away, the goats blatted incessantly; otherwise there wasn't a sound in the lair. A sweet stench of rotting flesh drifted out of the tunnel's mouth. It nauseated me; Harry wrinkled his nose in disgust. For three hours we sat. I watched the shadows steal slowly down the ravine and reach a lone palm tree on the opposite side. My watch said half past 6; that meant another hour of waiting, not more, for night comes swiftly in those South China hills.

Just as I was about to shift my cramped body, I heard the faint crunching sound of a stone rolled under a heavy weight. The mother goat bleated in terror, tugging frantically at her rope. Harry's shoulder touched mine. "It's coming," he breathed.

I was half kneeling, my heavy rifle pushed forward. A drop of sweat trickled down my nose, divided, and ran into the corners of my mouth. I could taste the salt of the sweat. Another drop started above my left eye and I blinked, frantically. Caldwell sat like a stone Buddha, the stock of his tiny rifle nestled against his cheek. Ten minutes dragged by; it seemed ten hours.

"God," I thought, "why doesn't it come?"

Suddenly all hell broke loose on the opposite hill. Shouts and yells, beating of pans, stones rolling down the slope. A small army of woodcutters swarmed over the crest on to the trail. The noise was to frighten tigers. They did a good job for, with a rumbling growl, the blue tiger turned back into the depths of his lair. There it was. I had only one fleeting glimpse, but I saw it was really blue. I got to my feet and stood silently for a long moment just looking at the Chinese. Then I let loose. At the end of my spectacular oration, Harry rolled his eyes and pronounced a fervent "amen."

We were disappointed, but Caldwell explained that the blue tiger would turn up again. "It operates in about three or four villages, here and on the other side of the mountain, but seldom stays more than a day or two in any one place."

We had to wait only a day when a breathless Chinese arrived from a village four miles away.

“The black tiger came right into the street,” he shouted at us, “and grabbed a dog. It threw him over its shoulder like a sack of rice and ran off to the hills. Everyone followed, yelling and beating pans and just inside the grass, on an old dike, it dropped the dog. He’s there; we found him.”

Caldwell was electrified. “This time we’ll get it alive, Roy. If a tiger hasn’t finished its kill, it will always come back after dark.”

We hurried to the village. Dozens of excited men wanted to show us the dog, but Caldwell selected only two and told the others to make a cage of heavy bamboo trunks.

“We’ll catch the black tiger for you tonight,” he said. “I speak the truth.” They looked dubious, but examined my trap with enormous interest. I clamped the vises on the springs, screwed them down and set it.

We found the dog lying beside a tree on a terrace about five feet wide, just above the open rice fields. His skull was crushed, probably from the first blow of the tiger’s paw, but only teeth marks showed on the body. “It couldn’t be better,” Harry said. We buried the trap on the terrace and fastened the dog to the tree with heavy wire.

We slept that night in the village. After sunrise, at least fifty men, women and boys accompanied us to the trap, bearing a cage strong enough to hold a gorilla. Harry and I halted the crowd a hundred yards away, and approached the terrace, rifles ready. Silence.

“What’s wrong, Roy? He ought to be raising Cain.”

Foot by foot we crept forward, but not a sound broke the stillness of the jungle. At last we could see the trap. No tiger—and the dog was gone! We stared in dumb amazement.

“It just can’t be,” Harry said. But it was, all too plainly. The blue tiger had approached from above, as we expected, dropped its fore feet on the terrace, reached over and lifted our securely wired dog from the tree as though he had been tied with string. Then it had eaten him comfortably on the upper dike a few feet away. The claw marks were within an inch of the trap pan. Just one inch more and we’d have had it!

The villagers crowded about like a jury to examine the evidence. Collectively they shook their heads and old Wang, elder of the village, delivered the verdict.

“Some years ago, *Sheng*, our villager, as you well know, killed his father. He was given the ‘Death of a Thousand Cuts,’ but nothing was done by our people to atone for his crime. The gods were offended. Now they have sent this black beast to harass our dwelling place. It is not a common tiger. No one can trap or kill an Evil Spirit.”

Harry and I walked back to camp saying little. We had lost face with the villagers. Harry thought of its effect on his missionary work; I was thinking of what a sensation the blue tiger would have caused in New York. To make it worse, a runner waited at the village with a cable from Dr. Hornaday. “How about the blue tiger?” it read. “When may we expect him?”

Three days later, the tiger killed again seven miles from our camp. It had been asleep on a grass-covered terrace when a dozen fuel gatherers disturbed it. The enraged beast leaped to its feet and dashed into the group, striking right and left with its great paws. One man’s skull was crushed; another’s head ripped half off his shoulders; a third landed ten feet away on a lower dike with a broken neck. Then the tiger leaped to an abandoned terrace, stood for a moment, turned and slunk off into the grass. It made no attempt to drag off any of its victims: apparently the killing was out of sheer bad temper at being disturbed.

When word reached us at 3 o’clock, Caldwell and I almost ran the seven miles. “It’s sure to return this afternoon,” Harry said. “We’ve got to get there before it comes.”

For two wretched hours we sat in the broiling sun, crouched behind a bush near the terrace where the man had been killed. God, it was hot! The thermometer had registered plus 106 degrees in the shade when we left, and the humidity must have been 80 per cent. I didn’t feel at all well. Jagged black patches darted before my eyes and violent nausea doubled me up in uncontrollable spasms of retching and coughing. Every time I went into my act, the sounds whacked back like rifle shots in the stillness of the jungle. Of course, that ruined our chance again. Just as night was closing in, the vague outline of the blue tiger showed against a background of feathery bamboo on the opposite slope, but before either of us could shoot, it faded from sight like a black ghost. “The Great Invisible,” I remarked, sadly. “That’s what he ought to be called.”

My heatstroke was a bad one, and for a week I lay in camp under a tree, racked with fever, headache and nausea. Finally, I had to leave for Hong Kong to

outfit for a year's expedition along the Tibetan frontier, but ten days of Caldwell's vacation still remained. He stayed on for another go at the Great Invisible and it very nearly cost him his life. I've set down the story as he told it to me later.

"A few days after you left," he said, "the blue tiger did something I wouldn't have believed possible. It jumped into a cowpen beside a house, killed a yearling heifer and leaped out with the dead animal in its mouth. The farmer and his wife saw the whole performance. I measured the fence; it was twelve feet high. My Chinese hunter, Da Da, and I found the remains of the heifer only half eaten about two miles away. The carcass was in a bad place, a very bad place. Four or five trails led to a little open space in thick jungle where the heifer lay, and the only way we could see it was by sitting in one of the paths. We didn't dare touch it.

"I said to Da Da, 'I don't like this at all. You know a tiger always moves along a trail if he can. It might come down this one.'

Da Da looked about, 'But, *Sheng-shung*, with all the wide world, and all these other paths, why should it come this way?'

"I still didn't like it, but there was no other spot. We'd been watching about an hour, and the sun was bright, when I thought I heard the low rumble of thunder. Da Da heard it, too, and we both looked at the sky; there wasn't a cloud. Then the rumble came again and this time it ended in a snarl. The blue tiger was right behind us in the grass! I knew it was close enough to spring, too, else it wouldn't have growled. We couldn't see the beast, but I was sure any sudden move would bring it on us. There was just one thing to do; take it by surprise. All tigers are afraid of the human voice—it is about the only thing they are afraid of. I twisted around very, very slowly and the tiger snarled again. I suppose it didn't spring because it was completely taken aback to find us there. Suddenly, I yelled and leaped straight at it, but caught my foot in a vine and sprawled on my face, arms outstretched. This, you'll hardly believe, Roy, but it's true: *my left hand actually slapped the tiger on its nose!* The beast went right over backward, whirled, and in one jump disappeared in the grass.

"I never was so scared in my life: I couldn't have fired even if I hadn't dropped the rifle. Da Da and I stood there shaking for a time, and then both of us got awfully sick. We could hardly walk back to the village."

That was the last time either Caldwell or I hunted the blue tiger. After his

vacation, he went up the Min River to a mission station at Yenping, and although he returned to Futsing from time to time and killed other tigers, he never saw the blue devil again. But the Great Invisible, or another blue like it, still exists. Caldwell, recently returned to this country, brought with him reports from the natives that a giant blue tiger is again terrorizing villagers in the South China hills.

(Reprinted from True: The Man's Magazine, Jan. 1950. No renewal.)

From the Past: Giant Snake in PA

The vicinity of Rittersville, Lehigh county, Penn., has been thrown into a fever of excitement by the appearance there of a monster black snake, measuring from twenty-five to thirty feet in length, and the thickness of a common stove pipe. Last week she was come across by a lightening-rod peddler. His horse suddenly made a stop, and on looking about for the cause, he saw in front of him across the road the huge reptile, its head in a rye field, while its tail was just leaving the fence on the other side of the road. She followed her course through the rye, which was seen to sway backward and forward as she moved through the field. The man hurried on and informed the neighbors who followed the snake with guns, but she took refuge between some rocks and was lost to view. Many other persons claim to have seen the snake at various times and places within the past year. Last year she was chased through a clover field, the path made by her course looking as if a heavy log had been dragged along. One of her favorite amusements was coiling her tail about a limb of a tree and swing to and fro like a large pendulum, darting her tongue in and out, snapping her jaws, and emitting a sound between a hiss and groan. In September last she was seen near Lehigh, slowly traversing a field, with head erect, and bearing in her mouth a large rooster which suddenly came upon her as she was in the act of catching a cat in her tightening grasp. The snake being of such immense size, and manifesting great rage, the young man became almost palsied with fear, and immediately ran away from the terrible locality, not thinking of his gun, which he might have used in destroying the monster. A party to go in pursuit of the monster has now been organized, when it is to be hoped the serpent will be killed.

Source: The Perth Courier (Ontario), September 15, 1871

“Black Panther of the Navajo”

Chad Arment

One of the biggest problems with the idea of a native population of melanistic felines in North America is the lack of historical support for such a biological phenomenon. If such a population exists, one would reasonably expect that descriptions of such animals would be found in literature throughout the 1700s, 1800s, and early 1900s. The earliest published reports, however, appear to be found in the mid-1900s.

I recently located a copy of an early fictional work which revolves around the premise of a “black panther” in the American southwest. The Black Panther of the Navaho, by Warren H. Miller (1921; D. Appleton and Co., New York/London), is an example of the popular “boy adventurers” genre from that period. Miller is recognized as the author for several popular books of this type. This particular work certainly qualifies as a fine example of early cryptofiction, and is a sequel to The Ring-Necked Grizzly. (Miller subsequently wrote The White Buffalo, but I haven’t yet determined if it is in the same series as these two books.)

The Black Panther of the Navaho refers to a large black feline that has begun marauding ranches and killing livestock. It is first described:

“Still am!” rumbled Hinchman, emphatically. “I’m old ‘White Father Hinch’ to all the Navaho north of us. They come to me with all their troubles or send in runners about it. One got in last night with a tough one for me to straighten out. It’s a medicine panther, Colvin, that’s been stealing old Neyani’s sheep. The Indians are all plumb scared of him; heap big medicine! They swear he’s black—can you beat that?”

“Black!” echoed Colonel Colvin, incredulously, while the boys listened in with flapping ears. “Freak coloration, eh? The Far East has black leopards, you know, occurring clear down into Sumatra. It’s possible, Hinchy. Where did the cougar get the black on his ugly face? No one knows—nor why there are both black and spotted leopards, either.”

Later, the black panther is portrayed as having symbolic meaning within Navajo mythology:

“Know, then, the legend of the Navajo, my White Father. How that Dsilyi crossed the rainbow arch and so to the Sacred Mountain came. And in the mountain was a cave. In the cave was a fire. The fire without wood burned. Around the fire were four panthers. A white one to the north. A blue one to the south. A yellow one to the west. A black one to the east.” Neyani paused to let the significance of this—to him—sink in. “The four panthers asked for tobacco,” he went on. “Then Dsilyi of the medicine tobacco took that he had stolen from the Ute. He to the four panthers gave. The four panthers smoked the medicine pipe. Still they lay, dead. Then took Dsilyi the ashes from the pipe, and on the four panthers rubbed. The four panthers came alive again. Then drew the four panthers a sheet of cloud from the four corners of the cave. And on the cloud were painted the yays of the cultivated plants by which the Dene (Navajo) now live. Thus Dsilyi for his Younger Brothers the secrets of the plants learned.”

So, clear-cut case for early usage of “black panther” as a term for a native American feline? Well... not really. Further along, we read:

“Sid,—suppose this is a real Asiatic black leopard?” he asked. “Did that ever occur to you, as a possible solution of his coloration?”

“Aw!” grinned Sid, “where’d you get that notion, Les? It’s a color phase of our own ordinary cougar, that’s all.”

“But it’s possible, though,” persisted Scotty. “Seems I remember reading once about a big circus that got strewn all over seven counties by a cyclone down here in Arizona. Now, if they had a black leopard in their menagerie—”

In the end after many adventures, you know the cat is going to be finally shot. But we still don’t have a good answer as to what this fictional feline is supposed to be:

“Gee, what a trophy!” exclaimed Sid, admiringly. “Cougar or leopard, he’s a scientific curiosity! But we’ve got to bury him, boys. It’s our duty. We couldn’t ship that skin out of Arizona without the warden examining it, and word of it would sure get back to the Indians. We owe it to Major Hinchman, fellows.”

This book, unfortunately, does not represent good collateral evidence for tales and legends of “black panthers” in North America prior to the 1940s. But, it might certainly lead to such. Miller was an avid outdoorsman and hunter himself, and wrote for several outdoors magazines. Could he have gotten the idea for this text from rumors he himself heard? Was the “melanistic leopard” hypothesis his own personal opinion for tales he had heard from the southwest? Or was all of this merely born from his fertile imagination? Its a good avenue for potential research.

And what about Navajo mythology of a black panther? Is there any factual basis to this? Obviously, Native American mythology is known to give aberrant physical characteristics to supernatural representations of known species, but it would still be interesting to see how the “black panther” plays a part in folklore from that region, if it does at all.

Wanted:

I am currently seeking works of cryptofiction, especially short stories, which were published in the 1800s and early 1900s for possible inclusion in further cryptofiction anthologies. I am especially interested in French, German, Canadian, and U.K. tales which may not have had wide distribution. These can often be found in period magazines of popular literature.

Email Chad Arment at: caa1snake@aol.com

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