

NORTH AMERICAN  
**BioFortean Review**



If stationary men would pay some attention to the districts in which they reside,  
and would publish their thoughts respecting the objects that surround them,  
from such materials might be drawn the most complete county histories.

— Gilbert White  
*Natural History of Selborne.* 1789.

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## Notes from *Science News Letter*, 1935-1936

### Measure Your Giant Carefully and His Size will Shrink

The American public may scoff a bit at fairies, but it would like very much to believe in giants.

At least, so it appears from the thin but steady stream of letters received at the Smithsonian Institution.

Every month in the year brings these letters. They come from people eager to tell that they have found the bones of a race of seven or eight foot giants that stalked about the countryside in the ancient times.

It is the task of the Smithsonian anthropologists to explain to these giant-finders the facts about giants. It is a thankless task, and sometimes the people who so eagerly asked the Smithsonian's opinion are downright annoyed to have their folktale illusions shattered.

On the other hand, the Smithsonian anthropologists grow somewhat weary of the giants. There is such a sameness about them, for nearly all of them are conjured up into being by the same set of mistaken ideas.

If you come across something that looks mightily like a giant, therefore, pause, and consider these points on the anatomy of giants vs. ordinary morals, as explained by Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, the Smithsonian's curator of physical anthropology:

"The estimate of stature," he explains, "is usually based on the thigh bone of a man of ordinary size. But the person unfamiliar with human anatomy does not know that the upper joint of the femur is several inches higher in the sacral region than would appear from superficial examination of the living body. The finder makes a hurried comparison of the length of the fossil thigh bone with his own, applying the specimen usually to the front of his body and from this calculates roughly the size of his hypothetical 'ancient giant.' The height usually appears between seven and eight feet.

"The jaw bones of the 'giants' almost invariably fit into a series of the jaws of extant peoples. Some may be rather massive, but seldom excessively so. But the first act of the finder is to fit the jaw bones over his own. He generally finds that he can do so and jumps to the conclusion that the owner must have had an abnormally large jaw. Actually, most adult jaw bones, unless narrow, can be fitted over those of living persons, to a certain extent at least."

Occasionally, Dr. Hrdlicka says, the bones that are thought to belong to giants are not human at all. This is especially true in Mexico, where bones of extinct mammoths are mistaken for some marvelously huge race of men.

Out of the lot of the reports, an occasional abnormal human being is revealed. After all, there are giants in the circus today for us to wonder at. But the size of such big men and women is generally attributed to glandular disorder. And they are rare types.

The Smithsonian will tell you, at any rate, that there was no prehistoric race of giants—or pygmies either—among the wonders of America's past

— *SNL*, February 24, 1934, p. 118.

## Worm Eats Small Enemy Merely to Get Its Weapons

Warriors lacking weapons sometimes raid their enemies primarily for the sake of capturing their arms. Some of the most exciting tales of strife are based on such heroic thievings.

From the world of lesser animal life that struggles in the water, a similar tale was brought to the meeting of the National Academy of Sciences by Prof. W A. Kepner of the University of Virginia, and his associates, Drs. W. C. Gregory and H. J. Porter.

The hero of this small zoological saga is a worm, known scientifically as *Microstomum*. Its enemy is a creature called *Hydra*, belonging to a still lower order on the evolutionary scale. They live in freshwater ponds and quiet streams.

*Hydra* possesses hundreds of little daggers in the form of explosive stinging cells. With these it paralyzes and captures its prey, and also defends itself against enemies.

*Microstomum* has no such armament. It attacks, kills and eats *Hydra* for the sole purpose, apparently, of getting possession of the latter's stinging cells. *Hydra* cannot defend itself against *Microstomum's* attack, because the worm secretes a substance that protects it from the tiny daggers. Only when it unwittingly approaches *Hydra* is it vulnerable.

Once *Microstomum* has captured and eaten its enemy-victim the stinging cells go through a most astonishing course. First, the white blood corpuscles of the worm, which move about in its body as freely as though they were tiny independent one-celled animals, take charge of the cells. There are three types of these; and one of them, which is of no use to the worm, is digested and disappears.

The other two types of stinging cells, which are well adapted to *Microstomum's* defensive uses, are carried to the surface layers of the body, and there arranged into a formidable defensive armament by cooperation between the white blood cells and the fixed cells of the body.

Thus *Microstomum* is given a complete borrowed armament, which aids in repelling its enemies.

This armament, moreover, is useful not only to the worm that first captures it, but can be passed on to its offspring even to the third and fourth generations.

— *SNL*, November 30, 1935, pp. 342-343.

### Seeking publication?

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cryptozoological and biofortean topics.

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## Scientists Like Their Jokes

Not Always Engaged in Dry Research, Scholars, Too, Play Pranks — With a Purpose, Or Just for Fun

By Dr. Frank Thone

Scientists, like other mortals, like to have their little jokes.

And like other mortals, they are not above making those jokes at the other fellow's expense.

As perpetrators of practical pranks, scientists have a very considerable advantage over the rest of us, for they can make use of their knowledge of the forces and phenomena of the natural world in ways we wot not of. They leave us gasping — and they also leave us guessing.

The very essence of a practical joke is to throw the victim into sudden bewilderment or loss of dignity. You get two laughs out of him; first at his initial discomfiture, then at his wrath when he learns just how he has been tricked.

But the scientist's "coat" may never learn how the trick was played — unless his learned tormentor chooses to tell him. If he does, it is a safe bet that the victim will have at least that particular scientific fact down pat as part of his education. We learn by experience, and the more startling the experience the longer the lesson sticks.

There is the story, for example, of the psychology professor who made his class more careful observers by playing a trick on them. When they came into his room one day they found him mixing an exceedingly disagreeable mess of stuff in a glass beaker. It had an evil greenish-yellowish-brown color, and it smelled as bad as it looked. The professor was stirring it with his forefinger.

"Watch Closely

"Watch closely," he told the class, "and do exactly as I do."

He lifted his hand, flicked his finger into his mouth, licked it thoroughly, brought it out clean.

With a perfectly unmoved face, he passed the beaker round the class. One by one the reluctant students stuck their forefingers into the mess, then into their mouths. The stuff tasted as ill as it looked and smelled. Their wry faces were eloquent of their outraged tongues.

Then the professor held up his forefinger, with the evil goo still on it. "You did not watch closely as I told you to," he said calmly. "I did stir the stuff with my forefinger, as you saw, but it was my middle-finger that I put in my mouth."

But scientists do not usually pull stunts of this kind for the solemn purpose of improving the minds of the young. As a rule they play tricks just as the rest of us do, simply for the fun of it.

A joke which combined the psychologist's trick with an elementary chemical fact was perpetrated years ago by Prof. R. W. Wood of the Johns Hopkins University, and is still a classic tale on the campus in Baltimore. Dr. Wood, then one of the younger faculty set, strolled out of the laboratory one day, after a rain that had left puddles of water on the uneven, worn old stone-slab sidewalk.

As he passed one of the puddles, he spat into it. Instantly a little jet of yellow flame leaped forth on the surface of the water, and danced around for several seconds before it went out. When he returned a quarter of an hour later, a little crowd of mystified students were still arguing about how he did it.

## Metallic Sodium

What Dr. Wood had done was very simple. When he spat into the puddle, he also dropped into it a bit of metallic sodium which he had been carrying in his hand in a scrap of paper.

Sodium is one of the oddest of metals. It is as soft as putty, and so light that it floats on water. It has a tremendous affinity for oxygen, so strong that when it touches water it disrupts that marriage of oxygen and hydrogen. The hydrogen, thus roughly divorced, immediately remates with the free oxygen of the air, celebrating the wedding in fire.

Dr. Wood knew that the students would see him do only one thing at a time, so he distracted their attention while he flicked the bit of sodium into the water. And the chemical reactions did the rest.

Dr. Wood once played a joke on the naval censors of one of the Allied powers but it was a joke with a purpose this time, to convince them that they were not using all the precautions they needed to. They had been showing him their elaborate set-up for the chemical detection of secret writing that might be on the back of seemingly innocent letters or between the lines. Letters passed as innocent they marked with a rubber stamp "NO SECRET WRITING HERE."

Dr. Wood asked them if they had thought of subjecting the letters to the rays of an ultraviolet lamp. No, they told him, that was unnecessary, the methods they were using would detect all possible kinds of secret writing. He challenged them to leave him alone for five minutes, and he would give them a sheet of paper with a secret message they could not detect, but which he could bring out with ultraviolet rays. They took him up.

As soon as they were out of the room, Dr. Wood scrubbed their rubber stamp clean of all ink. Then he rubbed on it a very thin coating of white vaseline, which like all oils and greases shines like fire under ultraviolet rays. He pressed the stamp on a sheet of blank paper, and called the intelligence officer back in.

## Chemicals Showed Nothing

They put the sheet through their relied-on routine, found nothing, accused Dr. Wood of wasting their time in trying to spoof them. He led them into the darkroom where there was an ultraviolet lamp, and turned it on.

Instantly, in great letters of fire, leaped out the mocking legend: "NO SECRET WRITING HERE."

Another one of the same scientist's jokes-with-a-purpose was the invention of a trick handle for bank messengers' satchels. So long as it is held firmly, nothing happens. But if the messenger's grip is loosed as it would be in case a thief snatched the satchel, the handle would begin to pour forth volumes of chemical smoke. For some reason, however, banks and express companies have not adopted the device. It may be they are afraid of false alarms, in case a messenger should inadvertently relax his hold for a moment.

A different kind of a trick bag, devised purely for joke purposes, is the invention of another prominent physicist. As is well known, a rapidly spinning gyroscope wheel tends to stay in the same position, and strongly resists being turned. It is this property that makes it valuable for such purposes as stabilizing ships, holding a compass true, and steering airplanes and torpedoes.

The impish physicist has put a gyroscope into a small handbag, together with a motor for running it. When he goes on a journey, he starts the motor as he prepares to leave the train, and asks the porter who takes his grips to follow him closely. Then he proceeds to take a course around as many corners as possible — and at each turn the porter finds that accursed bag trying to pull his arm off. Probably more than one red-cap has become convinced that the thing is full of "ha'nts."

## Play That Paid

Sometimes a thing that starts more or less as a joke turns into a real scientific discovery. Several years ago, a young chemist named Dr. A. L. Fox working in one of the du Pont laboratories at Wilmington, Delaware, was investigating the properties of a complex chemical known as p-phenyl-thio-carbamide.

Two of his co-workers accused him of “poisoning the air with that stuff,” making it taste bitter. Dr. Fox was incredulous. He put some of “that stuff” on his tongue. He could taste nothing. His two protesting companions also tried it. To them, it was more bitter than quinine. They wouldn’t believe he could not taste it.

Really, it was a most remarkable thing, for until then all things that had a taste at all tasted alike to everybody. Dr. Fox had stumbled upon the strange phenomenon of “taste-blindness.”

For some time, however, he did not regard it as anything more than a curiosity, and a chance to have a little fun with his friends. If he could get two persons to try the stuff, and one of them turned out to be a non-taster, a lively argument was likely to ensue. He tried it on two Chinese waiters in his favorite chow-mein establishment. One could taste it, the other could not. The resulting flow of Celestial language was something awesome to hear.

Then a science-writing newspaperman got wind of the thing. He broadcast it through the press; other scientists became interested. Physiologists, psychologists, geneticists worked at different angles of the phenomenon, and a tidy bit of research was carried on. The joke had become a serious matter.

Scientific jokes may become serious matters in quite another sense, if attempted by persons who have only that little learning that is proverbially a dangerous thing. That is why student jokes are so much more likely to end in disaster than are the more carefully controlled jokes of their professors.

There is, for example, the tragic tale of the erratic but otherwise harmless anti-evolutionist antiquarian, who was steered by a group of mischievous students to a place where they had planted some fake fossils baked out of clay. On finding some of these inscribed with the Hebrew name of God, the poor old professor was tremendously excited, and published his discovery broadcast. It ruined his career and shadowed the last years of his life when the hoax was uncovered. The students were sorry, but could not undo the harm they had done.

Sometimes, however, a professor quite deliberately “sticks out his neck.” A few years ago, newspapers published the old, hardy-perennial yarn about wheat from an Egyptian tomb being planted by a professor in a Pacific Coast university, and bearing a crop of good grain. Such wheat is frequently found in Egyptian tombs — but always where it has been put by some wily guide with an eye to bigger and better baksheesh. The luckless professor in the present case was not in the science department: if he had asked a botanical colleague about his wheat he could have escaped being played for a sucker.

One of the most deliberately planned of professorial jokes was perpetrated years ago, in Yellowstone National Park, by a scientist who had better remain nameless, lest even now he incur the wrath of the National Park Service.

This professor, then arranging his honeymoon trip, packed in his grip a pint jar of fluorescein, a powerful, intensely blue dye. Standing alone with his bride on the brink of Morning-Glory Pool, a remarkably blue hot spring that opens out into a deep, funnel-shaped basin some thirty or forty feet deep, he waited until he heard a tourist party approaching.

Then he fished the jar out of his pocket, and heaved it into the pool. It sank from sight into the depths just as the tourists came up. The dye, quickly dissolved in the hot water, came welling up from the spot where the jar had disappeared.

“This, ladies and gentlemen,” the tourists’ guide was saying, “is Morning-Glory Pool, famed for its deep, intense blue...”

“Oh, look!” gasped a lady tourist, as the pool turned bluer than a tub of washday bluing.

The guide forgot the rest of his speech.

— *SNL*, July 20, 1935, pp. 42-43.

## From the Past: Mastodons in Alaska

### *A Queer Report Circulated by a Band of Northern Indians*

That the mastodon was once common in Alaska is certain from the great number of their skeletons, found in the marshes and clay banks of the Yukon and northern plains; but that this huge pachyderm still exists there in the living state has never been deemed likely, or even conjectured until recently. This conjecture rests on reports by way of the Stick Indians on the White river, a tributary of the Yukon.

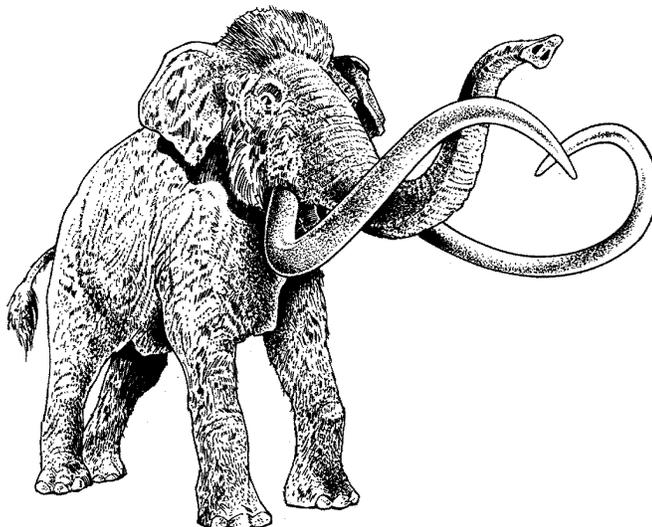
The account is that while hunting on a wooded bottom, a few miles from this river, two Indians came upon a trail, consisting of enormous tracks fully two feet across, and deeply imprinted in the moss and earth, strewn along near which were broken branches of the trees. Following cautiously on these signs, they at length heard the noise of the creature feeding, and presently spied a prodigious animal, as large, they assert, as a white man's house — meaning the trader's one-story store. Its teeth, they declared, were as long as a man's leg, and curved outward, while its ears were likened to a seal-skin in size. Its color it was represented to be dark brown. It leaned against a dead tree-stub, and scratched its side, and its body seemed to be covered with patches of coarse brown hair. Terrified at the sight of such enormous game, the two hunters promptly retreated.

Other native hunters corroborate this story with similar accounts of their experiences; accounts which they are reluctant to relate for fear of ridicule, or from some superstitious feelings regarding the matter. The uncharitable attribute the apparition of the strange beast to the vision-disturbing effects of *hoochinoo* — a particularly villainous kind of whisky distilled from molasses. Others rejoin that these Indians never take *hoochinoo* while on a hunt — or, in other words, that they never go on a hunt as long as there is any *hoochinoo* left in the *rancherie*.

This may be subjecting the narrative of the natives to a somewhat harsh criticism, the more so when it is considered that one of the two who saw the supposed mastodon is an Indian of known probity and good character — he with three others of his tribe having brought down to the trading post the body of the late murdered bishop.

Let us hope that these Indians have really seen a mastodon, and that it may, in due course, figure in the place of the lamented Jumbo, and not only substantiates the theories of the savants, but delights the eyes of every boy and girl in the United States. — *Youth's Companion*.

— *The Western Star* [Lebanon, OH]  
December 27, 1888, p. 6.



## “Fall of Blood” in Chatham County. (North Carolina)

F. P. Venable

A singular shower of some red liquid, supposed to be blood, which fell in Chatham on February 25th, 1884, was mentioned in some of the State papers, but little notice was taken of it. Nearly a week after the fall, Dr. Sidney Atwater brought a small specimen of sand soaked with this liquid to the University, to be examined. It was looked upon rather as a joke and no analysis was made for some time. When it was taken up several days afterwards there seemed to be sufficient interest attaching to it to warrant paying a visit to the locality where the matter fell. Meantime nearly three weeks had elapsed, and several heavy rains had fallen, so that when the place was reached (a small negro-cabin in New Hope township, about a quarter of a mile from the Raleigh and Pittsboro road) no vestiges of the matter could be found on the ground, and only one or two marks of drops on the fence. The woman who saw it fall was, however, examined and inquiries were made of the neighbors who visited the spot soon after. The fall came from a cloudless sky, when the wind was so slight as to be almost imperceptible. The position of the drops seen on the fence indicated a very slight wind from the south or south-west, across some ploughed land. The woman was standing on this ploughed land, near a fence, along which some small pine bushes were growing. She noticed something falling between her and the ground, saw it leave a red splash on the sand, heard a pattering like rain around her, looked up, but it was all over and she could see nothing. She was a good deal frightened and affected, taking it as a portent of death or evil of some kind. Mr. S. A. Holleman visited the spot the next morning, (the fall took place about mid-day), and has kindly given me the following facts observed: The space covered was about fifty by seventy feet, and nearly in a rectangular form. The drops were of sizes varying from that of a small pea to that of a man's finger and averaged about one to the square foot. Smaller drops were instantly absorbed, larger ones, with those on the wood, coagulated. Some fell in the bushes and coagulated upon the limbs. Dr. Robinson, living near, collected some of the freshly fallen material and made certain simple tests which satisfied him that it was blood. It even had the smell, he says, of fresh blood. Now as to the samples which I could procure for analysis: One from Mr. Holleman was gotten by some third person and consisted only of a few grains of stained sand. The other also stained sand, was somewhat larger in quantity and came indirectly into the hands of Dr. Atwater, who gave it to me. It is a pity that a sample could not have been gotten more directly — one whose origin would have been placed beyond all dispute. The analysis is detailed at length, as it is important to see on what foundation rests the claims of this material to be blood. The sand placed in cold water gave a brown-red solution which coagulated on heating. The coagulum, a dirty brown, was soluble in caustic alkalis, giving an indistinct green solution — treated with an acid solution of mercury nitrate, it gave a brick-red color. Nitric acid also caused the formation of this coagulum and gave the characteristic yellow tint on heating. The original solution in water was brightened in color, not turning green or crimson on adding ammonia. On leaving the solution two or three days, it readily putrefied, showing under the microscope a great swarm of bacteria. Examined by the microscope, the appearance of small, slightly altered corpuscles was seen, corresponding well with those gotten from slaughter-yard soil. The spectrum of this substance when the solution was perfectly fresh gave a line in the yellow, none in the green, and a faint one in the red. On standing, the first two disappeared, and the red absorption band or line became very distinct; on adding ferrous sulphate the red line disappeared and the two first became distinct. To explain now: The yellow and green lines are characteristic of reduced hæmatine (the red coloring matter of the blood). The red line is characteristic of acid hæmatine. If you take fresh blood and add tartaric acid to it you get the red line — if you then add ferrous sulphate you get the yellow and green. The material then, according to the spectroscopy, is partially

decomposed blood. The test known as hæmin crystals could be gotten only indistinctly, if at all.

This leaves little or no reasonable doubt then that the samples examined had blood upon them. The question arises, were they carefully taken; had no animal ever bled on the same ground; had pigs never been slaughtered in that quarter of the field? etc. As to theories accounting for so singular a material falling from a cloudless sky, I have no plausible ones to offer. It may have been some bird of prey passing over, carrying a bleeding animal, but a good deal of blood must have fallen to cover so large a space. If a hoax has been perpetrated on the people of that neighborhood it has certainly been very cleverly done and an object seems lacking. On the possibility that it is not a joke, I have deemed this strange matter worthy of being placed on record. Other similar observations hereafter may corroborate it and combined observations may give rise to the proper explanation.

Chemical Laboratory, U. N. C.

— *Journal of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society*, 1884, pp. 38-40.

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### Video Review: Squatching

Approx. 43 minutes  
Scott Herriott, Squatching.com

Reviewed by Chad Arment

Scott Herriott's latest documentary is a collection of serious and humorous vignettes exploring the field of Bigfoot investigation. Interspersed between excursions and field technology, Herriot shows the cultural impact that Bigfoot has had on society as he questions both researchers and the general public. Besides showing a gamut of belief and disbelief (along with agnosticism until enough evidence is found), the answers indicate that whether Bigfoot exists or not, people are interested in the subject and most of them have an opinion.

Herriott includes footage of the Patterson-Gimlin film, as well as videotape images of a couple creatures which he and another man encountered on a densely forested hillside in the Pacific Northwest in 1992. The animals in the latter film are surrounded by brush, so no distinct forms can be discerned, but the pair of blinking eyes is intriguing. I'd like to see a digital rendering of that footage.

Discussions with investigators in the PNW, Virginia, and a conference in Texas provide insight into the minds of serious Bigfoot researchers (scary), and highlight some of the topics currently of interest within the Bigfoot investigation community.

Personally, found it useful to put some faces to a few names, and it does illustrate the vast amount of available territory for any possible primate population in the Pacific Northwest.

One thing I didn't see which would be good for future editions would be the music details for the soundtrack — not sure if the songs were created specifically for this documentary, or, more likely, come from other sources.

Squatching is available in DVD or VHS from Scott's website, [www.squatching.com](http://www.squatching.com).

Rescued from the Past! — #1:  
Forgotten and Neglected Cryptozoological Articles Published in Foreign Countries:  
A 1934 German Account of a Lake Tanganyika Cryptid.

Dr. Dwight G. Smith\* and Gary S. Mangiacopra\*\*

“The Tower of Babel.”  
— The Bible (King James version).

Introduction

One of the conflicting problems that affects investigators of cryptids is the unavailability of foreign language published accounts of reports of unknown animals. This is compounded two-fold: One is the simple problem of finding articles in foreign journals and magazines and obtaining a copy of it; the second is to find someone able to translate that foreign language into one's own native tongue with reliable accuracy.

It is usually only through chance — or the generosity of a contact in another land — that North American cryptid investigators can locate articles of interest.

Such is the following German letter-to-the-editor that was sent in in response to Germanic newswire reports of the Scottish Loch Ness Monster that were, in the 1930s, just starting to gain world-wide recognition and fame. This article related to a potential East Central African rival in 420 mile long Lake Tanganyika of their unknown aquatic cryptid.

To prevent any possibility of a loss of meaning that can occur during translation from one language to another, the original German language article will be presented first, then the English translation.

Juni 1928 — Tanganjika-See

Neue Mannheimer Zeitung, Mittagsausgabe, 6.1.1934, S.5d:

“Zu den Berichten über das Fabelwesen in Loch NeB schreibt eine Leserin der ‘Königsberger Allg. Ztg.’, ihrem Blatte: Ich lege Ihnen einen Brief vor, worin über ein ähnliches Ungeheuer aus dem Tanganjika-See berichtet wird. Es heißt da: ‘Du willst etwas Neues aus Afrika wissen? Also, höre zu, was kürzlich am Lagerfeuer erzählt wurde. Im Tanganjika-See lebt noch ein Saurier, der von verschiedenen Schiffen aus gesichtet wurde, aber nur von weitem. Er sah aus wie eine Insel. Wenn man näher kam, tauchte die Insel plötzlich unter. Spuren von ihm hat man im Ufersand gefunden: drei Klauen, wie von einem Riesenvogel, viel größer als ein Elefantentap, und die Schleifspur von einem dicken Schwanzende. Der Bruder dees am Anfang des Krieges oft genannten Sir Edward Grey sitzt schon seit Jahren am Tanganjika-See, hat seine eigene Yacht, und bright sein Leben damit zu, nach dem Ungetum zu forschen. Mr. Dammy M., der auch hier im Lager weilt, ist ein persönlicher Bekannter von Mr. Grey und beatigt das von letzterem Gesagte.’”

\*Biology Department, Southern Connecticut State University, New Haven, Connecticut.

\*\*Milford, Connecticut.

The English translations reads as follows:

June 1928 - Lake Tanganyika

Neue Mannheimer Zeitung. Noon edition, 6.1. 1934, page 5d.

A reader of the Königsberger Allgemeine Zeitung writes to her paper in addition to the reports about the fabulous creature in Loch Ness: I submit to you a letter, in which is reported a similar monster in Lake Tanganyika. It is there reported: "Do you want to hear something new out of Africa? Then listen to what was recently told around camp fires. There still live, a saurian in Lake Tanganyika, which was sighted by different ships, but only from a long distance. It looks like an island. When you come closer, the island suddenly plunges into the water. Its footprints have been found in the sand of the lake shore: two claws like those of a gigantic bird, much larger than elephant tracks, and the dragging trail of a thick tail's end. The brother of Sir Edward Grey, after mention at the beginning of the war, sits already for years at Lake Tanganyika, has his own yacht, and therewith spends his life searching for the monster. Danny M., who also sojourned in the camp, is a personal acquaintance of Mr. Grey, and confirms the latter's statements."

If nothing else, this 1934 account of an aquatic cryptid in Lake Tanganyika reveals the enormous amount of valuable cryptozoological observations, anecdotes, and analyses that lie mostly hidden — buried, forgotten, or nearly inaccessible — in foreign newspapers, journals, magazines, logbooks, and diaries. The publication of many journals, newspapers, and magazines on the Internet suggests that at least some of this treasure-trove of "buried" information will become more and more available to workers in the various subdivisions of cryptozoology.

#### Acknowledgment

This article is dedicated to the memory of the late International Cryptozoology Society member Steven Kredel of Greenberg, Pennsylvania, who passed away in 2002 due to complications of diabetes, for the English translation of this article.

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#### From the Past: Snake in a Sewer

##### A Big Boa Constrictor Frightening the People of a Town in Iowa

The people on south Main street, Washington, Ia., are terrorized by the presence in a sewer in that vicinity of a huge boa constrictor. At the time Forepaugh's circus was in the city, on the 16th, a wagon containing a cage of large snakes fell from a car and was broken open. Five of the reptiles got out, but four of them were recaptured by the showmen. The fifth, a large boa, could not be found. Since then the huge reptile has taken up its quarters in south Main street sewer, from whence it comes at sundown for food and water. It has been seen on several occasions at the water trough on Main street. The reptile is nine feet long. A reward of \$100 has been offered for its capture. An organized gang of men hunted for it Friday night, one venturesome fellow crawling quite a distance up the sewer with a torch. He could find nothing, however. A strict watch is being kept. People in the vicinity are afraid the boa may hurt some of their children, and are very much worried.

— *The Western Star* [Lebanon, OH]  
July 30, 1891, p. 6.

## CryptoClassic—The Waitoteke

Alfred Russel Wallace

“Much more interesting is the reported existence in the mountains of the South Island of a small otter-like animal. Dr. Haast has seen its tracks, resembling those of our European otter, at a height of 3,000 feet above the sea in a region never before trodden by man; and the animal itself was seen by two gentlemen near Lake Heron, about seventy miles due west of Christchurch. It was described as being dark brown and the size of a large rabbit. On being struck at with a whip, it uttered a shrill yelping sound and disappeared in the water.\* An animal seen so closely as to be struck at with a whip could hardly have been mistaken for a dog—the only other animal that it could possibly be supposed to have been, and a dog would certainly not have “disappeared in the water.” This account, as well as the footsteps, point to an aquatic animal; and if it now frequents only the high alpine lakes and streams, this might explain why it has never yet been captured. Hochstetter states that it has a native name—Waitoteke—a striking evidence of its actual existence, while a gentleman who lived many years in the district assures me that it is universally believed in by residents in that part of New Zealand. The actual capture of this animal and the determination of its characters and affinities could not fail to aid us greatly in our speculations as to the nature and origin of the New Zealand fauna.\*\*

\*Hochstetter’s *New Zealand*, p. 161, note.

\*\*The animal described by Captain Cook as having been seen at Pickersgill Harbour in Dusky Bay (Cook’s 2nd Voyage, Vol. I. p. 98) may have been the same creature. He says, “A four-footed animal was seen by three or four of our people, but as no two gave the same description of it, I cannot say what kind it is. All, however, agreed that it was about the size of a cat, with short legs, and of a mouse colour. One of the seamen, and he who had the best view of it, said it had a bushy tail, and was the most like a jackal of any animal he knew.” It is suggestive that, so far as the points on which “all agreed”—the size and the dark colour—this description would answer well to the animal so recently seen, while the “short legs” correspond to the otter-like tracks, and the thick tail of an otter-like animal may well have appeared “bushy” when the fur was dry. It has been suggested that it was only one of the native dogs; but as none of those who saw it took it for a dog, and the points on which they all agreed are not dog-like, we can hardly accept this explanation; while the actual existence of an unknown animal in New Zealand of corresponding size and colour is confirmed by this account of a similar animal having been seen about a century ago.

From: Wallace, Alfred Russel. 1895. *Island Life*.  
2nd Revised Edition. London: Macmillan & Co.

Rescued From The Past! — #2:  
Forgotten and Neglected Cryptozoological Articles Overlooked by Chance of Fate:  
African Cryptid vs. American Mysterious Fireballs.

Dr. Dwight G. Smith\* and Gary S. Mangiacopra\*\*

“The palest ink is better than the best memory.”  
— Anonymous

Introduction

It is always the chance of Fate that if two things happen on the same date, one would be remembered for long afterwards; the other would be forgotten quickly. Thus such a situation occurred half-a-century ago when the national newspaper Sunday supplement magazine, *Parade*, on the same February date in 1952, published two articles on strange mysteries that were separated half-a-world apart from each other.

One would deal with the mysteries of the skies over America; the other a mystery of the land of Africa. Only one would still be remembered after the passage of five decades and requoted by numerous writers. The other’s importance is only now being recognized.

In 1951, the United States of America was in the midst of a wave of reported sightings of “unidentified flying objects.” Among these reports were sightings of strange “giant green fireball meteors” that were reported flashing across the skies of the Southwestern region of America. These reported sightings were collected and investigated by the late Dr. Lincoln LaPaz, Institute of Meteorites, of the University of New Mexico at Albuquerque. [1, 2, 3]

Several million contemporary Sunday newspaper readers across the United States were formally presented with the known facts of these strange yellowish-green fireball meteors. No less than three pages in *Parade* [4] were devoted to this aerial phenomena. And in the aftermath of its original publication, this article received additional recognition across America and even world-wide, by being chosen as a reprint article in the May issue of *Science Digest* for that year. [5] Thus it became more accessible for future researchers to consult as some library-bound back-issue. These factors secure this fireball article from being forgotten and neglected.

However, a *second* article on mysteries was also published in this same Sunday issue. The article seems to have been completely forgotten, but its contents remain important to current cryptid investigators.

The author of the article, Quentin Keynes, was seeking *living quaggas* in South West Africa! Writing under the title, “You Might Think I’m Crazy, ... But I’m Looking For A Tiny Horse That ‘Doesn’t Exist,’”[6] Keynes’ one page article summarized his expedition to seek living examples of quaggas. As Keynes originally wrote, and which is requoted verbatim:

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“What would you think of a man who went looking for a dodo? You’d think he was crazy, of course, because everybody knows there’s nothing deader than a dodo — a long-extinct species of birds.

“Well, you can call me crazy, too, because I’m looking for a quagga. And for over half a century scientists have classified quaggas with dodos.”

According to Keynes,

“All that remains of this little cross between a horse and a zebra are three old photographs, 18 stuffed carcasses in European museums and seven drawings. Yet, once they roamed the plains of South Africa in herds of thousands.”

Keynes related these additional facts about the quaggas:

“\* White settlers shot them for food and hides. The last known living quagga died in a Belgian zoo on Sept. 12, 1883.

“\* The quagga was horse-shaped, about four-feet tall and striped only on the neck and shoulders. Its hind quarters were greyish-brown. Its belly, tail and legs were white. Some scientists call it *hippotigris* — ‘tiger horse.’

“\* It was only recently that I realized a quagga wasn’t some sort of mythical beast, inhabiting the pages of children’s books. I ran across two clues that it still might exist.”

### They Saw Quaggas

“FIRST, a traveler told me quaggas could be found in the Kaokoved (‘The Place of Loneliness’), a remote section of South West Africa. The reason: white hunters had been kept out of the area, so that they would not go snooping for diamonds.

\* Then I found a yellowed clipping from a Cape Town paper of 1930 reporting that a mine manager had seen 14 quaggas in the Namib Desert.

\* These accounts fired my imagination. With my camera (I never shoot game) and a special jeep truck, I set out for Africa. I took with me a photostat of one of the quaggas photographs a certain Mr. York made in the London Zoo in 1870.

“For five weeks I drove through the ‘place of loneliness,’ showing the picture to natives. Many of them nodded eagerly in recognition.

“Once I thought I had cornered my elusive quarry. On a high hillside, I spotted a herd of brown, zebra-like animals. My heart was pounding with excitement as I stalked them. Then they galloped off into the shadows, and for the first time I could see the tell-tale stripes on their sides. They were another rare beast — the mountain zebra.

### I’m Still Hoping

“I RETURNED to New York almost willing to concede that the quagga no longer exists. But two more clues came to light.

“\* A South African scientific expedition which followed me into the Kaokoved reported a Hottentot tribesman had accurately described a quagga which he had seen recently.

“\* My research uncovered a report by a Swiss zoologists that quaggas might be lurking in a lonely area of Southern Angola, hundreds of miles east of the Kaokoveld.

“So — crazy, or not — I am heading back for African again this spring. And in my pocket will be the same old tattered quagga photograph.

“*Don't say dead as a quagga — yet!*”

It is only now that belated acknowledgment of this article of an African cryptid is starting to emerge from the shadow of its rival — and more historically famous — article on the Southwestern green fireballs aerial phenomena that was published in this same Parade issue.

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- 5) Sprague, Wallace E. Mystery of the Green Fireballs, *Science Digest*. May 1951, pages 65-68.
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#### From the Past: That Adams County “Albatross”

In one of the last numbers of the Lebanon Gazette, was reprinted from the Clermont Courier, the account of an albatross found on the farm of Mr. F. P. Chapman, in Adams county. The Courier stated that the bird found was ten feet long, and measured three feet from tip to tip, a manifest misstatement, which if reversed, would make about the proper measurement of a large albatross. But since that time, a member of the Star staff has been in correspondence with Adams county people, and while the bird has not been absolutely identified, yet it may be stated positively it is no albatross. The tip to tip measurement has been reduced by this correspondence from ten feet to from 42 to 54 inches, which with the color pattern given fixes the bird absolutely as one of the large gulls, probably either a ring-billed or herring gull, birds which are of a comparatively rare, yet tolerably regular, appearance on the Ohio. Herring gulls have been killed on the old Lebanon reservoir, and both species are common on Lake Erie. So the Adams county “albatross” is no albatross, and the list of Ohio birds remains at precisely the same number that it was before the bird was captured. The “albatross” is being mounted by a Portsmouth taxidermist.

— *The Western Star* [Lebanon, OH]  
March 9, 1893, p. 1

# The Dutch Henry Monster

R. D. Bedwell

Here is a story that I've heard since I was a child. The series of events took place near Lewistown, Illinois, in October of 1968. I've researched this story and found only one press release in a local newspaper — the *Fulton County Democrat*, Wed., Oct. 23, 1968. The story printed is very vague, and from my interviews not very accurate. The actual first encounter was Friday, Oct. 18, 1968, between 7:00 and 8:30 pm. on the Dutch Henry gravel road just a few minutes outside of Lewistown.

## The First Sighting

Like most high school students from around the midwest, trying to find something to do in small town U.S.A. on a Friday night can be a challenge. So like many others, cruising and parking on the back roads is not uncommon. But this particular fall evening proved to be much different. In two separate vehicles, one following the other, they come upon what they think is an animal stunned, lying in the middle of the road. Both cars come to a stop, headlights on. They all get out and start walking towards this animal. As they get within ten feet or so from it, it stands up. Shocked at what they see, they think it is someone dressed up in a monkey or gorilla suit (after all it was almost Halloween). So one of the guys yells at it, "You-little-son-of-a-b——, you better get the hell out of here before I beat your ass!!" This creature bent over and slapped the ground, then picked up a handful of dirt-gravel and threw it at them, hitting a few and the first car. Now the guy charges the creature, it turns to get away, as it spins, it back-hands the teen across the chest area. The guy flies into the roadside ditch, the others run to their cars. The creature leaps a nearby fence with ease. I was told that it moved as fast as a deer, no way could a person be that fast or strong. All seven who witnessed this made a police report. The police went to the Dutch Henry road later that night and found nothing.

## The Second Sighting

The very next night around 9:30 pm., a Fulton County police officer was driving on route 24 near the Dutch Henry road turn-off when a wild-ape ran in front of his patrol car. He turned down the gravel road but lost sight of the creature. For about 3 weeks people reported seeing this wild-man, then all the sightings stopped.

## Description of the Creature

The animal was described as 4-5 feet tall and had dark brown hair or fur. It was very stocky and had long arms. The face looked human but it moved like an animal, though running and walking upright. No smell was noticed, but it did make some grunts.

## My Theories

First, my half brother was one of the teens that witnessed this event. He would not lie about this! He doesn't believe in bigfoot/cryptozoology, he thinks its all B.S., but he doesn't

have an answer as to what he and his friends saw that night in 1968. My dad remembers other reports on the local radio, he said the radio was saying it was just a Halloween prank. But he really feels that something was there and that my brother wouldn't lie about it. I asked my half brother just last year if it was the truth — I told him after all these years there was no reason to hang on to a Halloween prank. He said, "I saw what I saw, don't know what that thing was, it was real, it happened!" He is now in his mid 50's.

Second, I think that there are a small number of North American Apes that travel by water and use obsolete railroad tracks, and possibly stay in old mine shafts for shelter. Many sightings take place near train tracks, creeks and rivers.

#### Return of the Dutch Henry Monster?

I did an interview in the mid-1990's with a lady named Rhonda Bybee, she told me that in September of 1991, around 8:00 pm, she was driving down route 100 near St. David, Illinois (about 10 miles from Lewistown). She saw something at the edge of the pavement, it was down on all fours. She thought it could be a hurt animal until it stood up and crossed the road in front of her car. It was acting stunned or hurt, then it went down into a ditch, and up over the railroad tracks, then into the woods. She was terrified! Another car that was coming from the other direction must have saw it too, as it sped off very fast. She told me that it had black or dark brown fur-hair, was about five foot tall, and very dirty-looking, like it had mange. Could this have been the return of the Dutch Henry Monster?

Well, for now this is all the information that I have been able to piece together about the strange events of 1968, I hope that one day the Dutch Henry Monster will return, or could it be that it's still here?

## THE MONSTER STORY

About 9:30 p.m. Friday evening while driving on the Dutch Henry crossing near Lewistown, three high school boys in a pick-up truck had been following their friends who were riding in a car quite some distance ahead of them. All at once the boys in the pick up pulled to a stop as the car they had been following was crossways in the road and the boy was laying in the road as though knocked out.

The boys got out of the truck and were walking toward the boy when someone or something attached them and knocked them to the ground and each time they tried to get back up were knocked down again. The boys said whatever it was did not fight with his fists but backhanded them. At one time the boys did manage to get it down but all at once it knocked them aside with ease.

During this time the other boy who had been on the ground ran for the truck and locked the doors. He said he got a fairly good look and it was not too tall, but very stocky built and seemed to be very hairy. Evidently something scared it away as all at once it was gone. The boys were not harmed but were quite shaken up. The incident was turned in to local police authorities.

*Fulton County (IL) Democrat,  
Wed., Oct. 23, 1968*

# What the Readers Wrote In: Secondary Bigfoot Sources as Given in the Letters-to-the-Editor Column of the 1960s-1970s Men's Adventure Magazines

Dr. Dwight G. Smith\* and Gary S. Mangiacopra\*\*

“Let-ter: a direct or personal written or printed message addressed to a person or organization.” — Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary, 1967 edition.

“History belongs to those who write about it.” — Anonymous.

## Introduction

Bigfoot sightings continue to draw attention from many quarters. Not least, a recent issue of the prestigious *Scientific American* included an article by *Skeptic* editor, Michael Shermer about the relevancy of sightings of Bigfoot and other cryptids. In his article entitled “Show me the body.” [1] Mr. Shermer pointed out that the science of cryptozoology must remain in the anecdotal realm until the body of a Bigfoot specimen or Loch Ness monster is actually discovered. Still, Mr. Shermer was willing to grant that other rumored cryptids were, in fact, eventually discovered — among the most recent being the discovery of a giant 24.5 inch gecko in 1984 [2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8] and at least one new artiodactylid in the highlands of Southeast Asia in the 1990s. [9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21]

The point of Mr. Shermer's article was that sightings and observations, no matter how well documented, remain anecdotal until a body is found, then a name can be attached and the newly discovered organism is removed from the annals of cryptids and placed among the known animals, or plants. Mr. Shermer quotes social scientist Frank J. Sullivan — “Anecdotes do not make a science. Ten anecdotes are no better than one and a hundred anecdotes are no better than ten.”

Yet, Sullivan had neglected to note that for centuries, anecdotal reports of the phenomena “ball lightning” had numbered in the hundreds of published accounts of such sightings. But only since the 1960s had this remarkable and still unexplained weather phenomena been accepted by science as actually existing. [22, 23] Previously, it was considered nothing more than mere myth and folklore.

## Background for Secondary Historical Sources on Bigfoot Phenomena

To the present day individuals who either passively or actively investigate the cryptozoological topic of Bigfoot, one may be totally unaware of the massive amounts of published information of several decades past that is currently forgotten and neglected or of the simple acknowledgment of even once existing.

Each year via the Internet, many young individuals (i.e., under 30 years) are taking an interest in the history of the anthropological controversy in the possibility of the existence of surviving relic prehistoric hominoids that are commonly called the Abominable Snowman or the better known terms of Sasquatch or Bigfoot. There are currently dozens of such websites that deal with this subject, though unfortunately many simply requote other author's publications and are little more than vanity websites for many so-called Bigfoot investigators.

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What is ignored by many current Bigfoot researchers is from the time frame of 1950 to 1981, three major American men's adventure magazines, TRUE, ARGOSY, and SAGA had carried many pioneering and now considered classic Yeti and Sasquatch articles of the then contemporary newsbreaking controversy on this topic. Almost all of these early articles are forgotten due to the almost total impossibility of obtaining copies of them for their historical significance. This is due to the unfortunate ever increasing deaths of many of the early Bigfoot pioneering investigators (some of whom were in their 70s and 80s!) and whose personal archives are inaccessible due to their heirs or simply lost to neglect.

Thus leaving the only option of acquiring said copy of these articles from the Library of Congress — assuming that you know the precise issue, it's date, the article and author (and a \$10 copying fee for each journal article or features!). Unless you are lucky of establishing contact with someone who has this specific magazine back issue that had been saved for nearly half-a-century, these issues with their articles simply for all consideration do not exist — even among the collectors of old magazines!

Men's adventure magazines, now, alas, long gone for more than two decades, such as TRUE, ARGOSY, and SAGA, had monthly paid circulation sales of 1,100,000+(!) in their glory years of the 1950s and '60s. By the end of the 1970s all of these magazines had fallen on hard publishing times due to a combination of problems: declining readership, falling paid advertising ads, increased magazine cover prices and spiraling upward postal rates. This combination effectively doomed these magazines to publication extinction and thereby ultimately eliminated the only American sources that tracked of contemporary breaking Bigfoot reports that reached this nation's readers.

This publishing void has never been successfully filled by any other magazine publications since that time.

Yet, there is an irony. Though these magazines whose monthly sales circulation such as TRUE and ARGOSY were over a million (SAGA came in a fair second of several hundred thousands paid monthly circulation), this meant that an estimated minimum 3 million American readers per month were scanning these monthly issues.

Among the three million+ monthly readers of these three magazines, a few, after having read an article in that month's issue, would take the time and effort to write to the editors to comment on an article's contents.

Typically each of these monthly publications would allow one page, or if generous, two complete pages for the letters-to-the-editors column to publish what their magazine readers had to say on their previous articles. And it is in these columns that a small — but important and overlooked — number of Bigfoot/Sasquatchery sources have been ignored by today's investigators. Personal experiences of these men's adventure magazine readers finally had an outlet to tell what they knew about this controversy. And yet once published, they were then totally forgotten quickly by everyone, as seldom were these issues saved for the future.

As one of the fortunate few who did save these issues for the future, co-author Mangiacopra as a teenager bought on the newsstand and later scoured back issue sources for whatever issues he could of TRUE, ARGOSY, and SAGA, especially those with the Bigfoot articles in them. Thus acquiring a unique magazine collection with nearly complete yearly runs from the late 1960s until their demise a decade later.

While re-reading his back issues collections, he realized that these scarce and forgotten letters-to-the-editors by the magazine readers contained Bigfoot information that had not been reprinted elsewhere by other writers on this topic. Information that needs to be brought out to today's readers.

It should be noted that though contained within this article are references to several Abominable Snowman/Bigfoot articles that were published since the year of 1950, the collector Mangiacopra does not at the present time have copies of them and were culled from George M. Eberhart's 1983 out-of-print edition "*MONSTERS — A Guide to Information on Unaccounted For Creatures, Including Bigfoot, Many Water Monsters, and Other Irregular Animals*". [24] These Abominable Snowman/ Bigfoot

references were included due to their historical significance and the importance of acknowledging the existence of these sources so that other individuals may locate copies of them.

It should be noted that many letters, such as those that were written in a tongue-in-cheek fashion by the readers, are given a brief summary, while the important letters that contain Bigfoot information are quoted in their entirety as they were originally published in the magazine pages. It is also noted that it is unknown how much these letters may have been edited by the letter's column editor due to space limitations.

#### TRUE — Foremost #1 Men's Adventure Magazine on American Newsstands

The first issue of TRUE magazine appeared during the Depression Era on May 1937. TRUE ceased publishing in 1978, with the last issues a mere former shadow of what had been a premier men's adventure magazine of America by which others were judged. During its Golden Decades, this magazine reigned supreme featuring among its pages articles and stories by some of the most talented hunters and adventures of the world, names such as Zane Grey and Ernest Hemingway, along with less famous but still well-known animal collector and naturalist, the late Scottish-born Ivan Terrance Sanderson (1911-1973). [25, 26, 27]

In the 1940's, Sanderson began writing many of his pioneering cryptozoological articles. During its publication, TRUE featured several of his groundbreaking articles on the Yeti/Bigfoot controversy. Sanderson's first Yeti article appeared in the 1950 September issue with the title, "The Abominable Snowman." [28] In this article, Sanderson summarized the many Tibet stories about the mysterious "Man-Ape" called the Yeti. Nine years later Sanderson published another article for TRUE about these "Man-Apes." This article pointed out that one need not go to Tibet to seek Abominable Snowmen, for they were now being observed in North America. In this 1959 December issue, Sanderson's "The Strange Story Of America's Abominable Snowman" [29] related his 1958 investigation of these encounters coming from the West Coast state of California.

Publicity of Sanderson's forthcoming TRUE article was given in the November 22 Sunday edition of the Washington Post's "The Magazine Rack" column. This column informed newspaper readers of interesting and off-beat articles that appeared in national magazines that had hit the newsstands during that week.

Giving it a three sentence review (!) in the bottom-of-that-column section, THUMB FUN: [30]

"And then there's the strange story of 'America Snowman' in True. 'Somewhere in the wilds of California,' says True, 'there is a gigantic creature which walks on its hind legs, leaves huge human tracks and is scaring hell out of everybody.'  
Gee whiz."

Sanderson's "Gee Whiz" article produced a flood of letters from North American readers who described their observations about these "Man-Apes" or Bigfoot. A regular series of letters came to its TRUELY YOURS column on this American Abominable Snowman controversy. (Note: the authors do not possess complete copies of these letters, but refer to them for their historical importance.)

Sanderson himself submitted a letter in the 1960 January issue with the title, "More Snowmen" [31], on his further comments on the controversy he had started the previous month.

The following February TRUELY YOURS column contained the comments of two reader's letters written by Sam Logsdon [32] and Darlene Roe [33] under the topic, "Another Snowman."

Sanderson had written an immediate follow-up article on this American Snowman controversy in the March issue titled, "A New Look at American's Mystery Giant." [34] Within this same issue the TRUELY YOURS column contained six readers letters of criticism on Sanderson's previous December article. Five of the letter writers took a very frivolous point of view, saying that the Abominable Snowman

in the wild of California was Ernest Hemingway! (Joe Orr, Morton, Washington) [35]; or let this poor devil stay in his primitive state of happiness (Edward R. Bryant, Princeton, Illinois)[36]; or that the IRS will track him down for failing to file his tax return! (Don A. Grotemat, Grand Rapids, Michigan) [37]; what a crock story! (Alexander Forbes, Renton, Washington) [38]; and a “Despicable Iceman” flipped over his loghouse, grabbed his fifth of Four-Star Hennessey, Marilyn Monroe calendar (Authors note: the famous 1950 photograph in which she commented that the only thing she had on was the radio!!) and his copy of TRUE! (Hugh H. Magone, Superior, Montana)[39].

But it was the sixth letter that made up for all of the previous tongue-in-cheekness. It came from John M. Weekes (Providence, Rhode Island), who offer substantial private family history regarding these California Abominable Snowmen. As it was published verbatim in the TRUELY YOURS column: [40]

“My grandfather prospected for gold in the eighteen fifties throughout the region described as being the home of the Snowman. Upon grandfather’s return to the East, he told stories of seeing hairy giants in the vicinity of Mount Shasta. These monsters had long arms, but short legs. One of them picked up a 20-foot section of sluiceway and smashed it to bits against a tree.

“When grandfather told us these stories, we didn’t believe him at all. Now, after reading your article, it turns out he wasn’t as big a liar as we youngsters thought he was.”

Exploiting from the information in this letter, we have to assume that his grandfather was at least in his 20’s at the time of the Californian Gold Rush. Meaning that Weekes as a youngster had to have heard this story towards the close of the 19th century (his grandfather would have to be almost in his eighties at the time); and Weekes himself had to be close to 70 when he wrote this letter to TRUE. Thus, this family history of Bigfoot sightings had lain dormant with his family for at least 110 years!!

The April issue had the comments of Marjorie Gray in its column under the title “Abominable Snowjob.” [41]

Sanderson had his fourth and final Abominable Snowman article published in the 1961 November issue under the title, “Abominable Snowmen Are Here!” [42]

TRUE’s only other article for this decade on the American Bigfoot phenomena saw print five years later when the 1966 June issue had writer Gene Caesar’s “The Hellzapoppin’ Hunt For The Michigan Monster” [43] published, covering the reports of encounters of Bigfoot in the state of Michigan.

The final Bigfoot article published in this men’s magazine during the waning years before it’s demise was in the 1975 May issue under author Al Stump byline, “The Man Who Tracks ‘Bigfoot’” [44], the investigation of Peter Byrne’s decades long pursuit of the Yeti and Bigfoot.

#### Rival on the Newstand: ARGOSY — The Number 2 Men’s Adventure Magazine.

If TRUE had a contender for its claim as the premier men’s adventure magazine on the American newsstands, it’s closest unquestionable rival was ARGOSY.

ARGOSY originally began its publishing history circa 1888, originally as a very “pulpish” fictional stories magazine. It gradually changed its stories from fictional to more of the factual “real-life” adventures in the 1920s and by the 1940s was very similar in format style to its arch-rival TRUE. Publication of ARGOSY ceased circa 1978/79, at almost the same time that TRUE met its demise. Both were victims of declining readership, ads revenue, increasing magazine costs, and rising postal rates.

During its last 25 years of existence, the pages of ARGOSY featured many classic and groundbreaking articles about the Yeti and Bigfoot. The first ARGOSY article on the Yeti controversy was published in the 1954 February issue written by Norman G. Dyhrenfurth and Richard Hubler, “I Know Monsters Live on Everest!”[45]

It took the passage of 5 1/2 years, and coincidentally during the same years of 1959-60 when Sanderson's TRUE Bigfoot articles were appearing, before ARGOSY published two more Yeti/Bigfoot articles contributed by two different writers.

In its 1959 December issue, J. Stuart wrote "Canada's Abominable Snowman" [46]; and a year later, in the 1960 December issue, Michel Peissel wrote an anti-Bigfoot article, "The Abominable Snow Job" [47], whose position was the yeti was nothing more than a "Tibetan bogieman."

It took the passage of 8 years before one of the best selling issues that ever came out in ARGOSY's post-World War II period hit the newsstands in February 1968. This contained the front cover story of the still very controversial and much debated Roger Patterson-Bob Gimlin's 1967 16mm Kodachrome Bigfoot film of a female Sasquatch. The lead article was written by Ivan Sanderson and captioned, "First Photos of 'Bigfoot,' California's legendary 'Abominable Snowman.'" [48]

The ARGO NOTES section related under the tight "James Bond" security conditions that the Patterson film was first viewed by experts at the Shoreham Hotel at Washington, D.C. A complete transcript of the taped discussion was given upon request from the Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall's office. [49]

The April issue contained reader's responses to the February article. In the section called ARGO NOTES we were informed that: [50]

"Our February issue, which featured the first published photographs of California's legendary "Adorable Woodswoman," has proved to be a real collector's item. Ten days after the magazine hit the stands, it was sold out on the West Coast, and our circulation department informs us that the Bigfoot story was the hottest to grace our pages in over fifteen years." And as for the readers response:

"Mail has been cascading into our offices from all over the world, from readers who claim to have seen such a creature themselves and from those who insist we're trying to pull the wool over their eyes. 'It's my mother-in-law,' wrote another. 'It's a hoax,' charged an irate woman. 'Real feet aren't full of pockmarks.' (She was referring, we surmise, to the plaster cast of the creature's footprint, which she assumed to be a real foot.)"

The April issue included another article by Sanderson: "More Evidence That Bigfoot Exists." [51] In this article, Sanderson described additional American Bigfoot encounters. Three letters were chosen to see print in the "BACK TALK" column — and none of the letters were from those who might have seen Bigfoot.

Reader L. L. Orburn of Chicago, Illinois made a plea to preserve this creature and study it, rather than the "heavy rifles will immediately come out to exterminate this creature." [52]

A writer from Forsyth, Missouri (who requested that his name be withheld) said it was his lost mother-in-law, who went out for firewood and got lost and said, "when she's located, you'll find she's shackled up with a grizzly." (No wonder he wanted his name withheld!) [53]

The third letter was from a University of Oklahoma anthropology student, Thomas R. Cartledge of Norman, Oklahoma, who seriously put to paper: [54]

"... the thought struck me that with this news made public, about half of those brave, trigger-happy gentlemen known as the might hunters, who blast everything from Bambi to farmers' livestock, will be heading for the California hills to kill one of these creatures ..."

He ended with this hypothetical question, would a man killing one of them be guilty of homicide?

Another letter-to-the-editor noted that "Secretary of the Interior Udall has already expressed great interest in this story and the question of conservation of the Big Foot."

It was a passage of a year's time before the 1969 April issue had another Bigfoot article, again written by Sanderson and entitled "Wisconsin Abominable Snowman." [55] In the BACK TALK section of the same issue included Douglas D. Winter's (Shawno, Wisconsin) observations that on the Johnny Carson's Christmas Night show, those in his area saw Ivan Sanderson discussing the "Fremont Yeti." Winter's explanation was that this monster was really only "a male bear who drinks brandy and water. After several libations, he usually staggers around, making tracks similar to those shown on the television show." To this, ARGOSY's science editor, being no less than Ivan Sanderson himself, personally replied, "The staff of *Argosy* is grateful to you for furnishing this information. By an odd coincidence, our version is on page 27." [56]

The very next issue reported in its ARGO NOTES section, that Sanderson "is no novice when it comes to hunting down hair creatures such as 'Bozo' and 'Bigfoot.'" [57]

In this issue, Sanderson wrote about "The Missing Link." [58] Sanderson related details that he examined in co-habitation with Dr. Bernard Heuvelmans about a carcass that reputedly showed what appears to be a primitive hominoid encased in a man-size large block of ice, part of a traveling carnival exhibit owned by a Mr. Frank Hansen.

In the August BACK TALK column, four letters were commenting on Sanderson's discovery of the "Ice Man" published. Under the subsection, LIVING FOSSIL, Scott Reimer (Tustin, California) wrote "Why do we always hear about the Missing Link and other such weird pieces from *Argosy*, and no other nationally known magazine? ... You have to be putting us on!"

To which editor Hal Steeger replied: [59]

"...To answer your other question: The reason you see these articles in ARGOSY, and not elsewhere, is because we spend a great deal of time, effort and money to get them. We decided to specialize in the field and have achieved an excellent reputation for having done so.

"Actually, you may not have seen them, but some of these stories have appeared in other publications — very prominent ones, such as 'National Wildlife,' the official publication of the National Wildlife Federation."

With just his initials, J.P. of Little Rock, Arkansas, informed readers that after checking to see if there were "any politicians missing here in Arkansas, he found that they are here." [60]

The third letter writer, C.W. Mainwald (Pine Bush, New York) noted that "a showman who hates publicity, should get the Honest Abe Award." [61]

But it was the fourth letter by Don De Simone of Century City, California that attracted the immediate attention of readers. De Simone claimed to have seen a similar ice creature nicknamed the "Riskshi Bumpoo" while in Tibet: [62]

"Ivan Sanderson's article on the missing link found in Wisconsin was of great interest to me. In 1949, in Tibet, I saw a creature called by the native sherpas a 'Riskshi Bumpoo' that looked exactly like Sanderson's ice-encased cadaver, only smaller. It made a whistling noise and played like a child.

"These creatures are considered holy in Tibet and are protected by the lamas. There are supposed to be larger ones called Yeti, and there is a giant of over eight feet tall, called a Me Tah.

"Being a simple barber and no anthropologist, I would not really know whether this Riskshi Bumpoo — which I observed at a distance of forty yards — was man, ape-man or missing link"

Readers comments on the 'Missing Link' article continued again in the September issue. Letter sender Charles R. Bingham of San Jose, California asked whether the "Bozo" in the block of ice was genuine or not, and "Until such time, I believe that your magazine should refrain from making a flat statement that 'Bozo' is the 'genuine article.'" [63] This was a single letter on the topic of the snowman carcass in ice.

Less than a year-and-a-half passed before the 1971 February issue contained another Yeti feature on the other side of the world, bylined by Odette Tchernine and titled, "Abominable Snowmen Behind The Iron Curtain" [64] but oddly, the following issues had no letters-to-the-editor published in response to the Iron Curtain Yetis.

The August issue of 1971 featured Harold Stephens' "Abominable Snowman of Malaysia." [65] In this article, Stephens related the results of an expedition to Asia to track down the legendary Orang Dalam.

Two letters-to-the-editor appeared in response to Stephens' article in the subsequent November issue. Otte O. Wylie, Jr. of Redding, California, [66] informed that he lived in Big Foot country in Shasta County, but contributed no substantial additional observations. The second letter — and a rather lengthy one — from Charles C. Ansley of Piney Flats, Tennessee, offered comments about Malaysian giant people. Mr. Ansley also described his personal experiences about Brazilian "Capelobo." As published word-for-word in the BACK TALK column: [67]

"I read Harold Stephens' piece about Malaysian giant people (August) and thought you might like to know about the Brazilian brand, which the natives refer to as 'capelobo.' Having spent eight years in agriculture and resettlement work in that country, I am well versed in tales the natives tell while sitting around the campfires.

"I first heard of the Amazonian man-ape while working along the divide between the Tocantins and Gurupi rivers.

"Pedao, a local hardcase, had encountered one in the jungle. It was no credit to his reputation that he showed his fright as he told of emptying his thirty-eight S&R at the creature.

"Pedao then turned and ran, but capelobo did not follow him.

"His description indicated a fairly erect figure that would be over five feet tall, weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds. It uttered some piercing screams but did not make the menacing gestures associated with a gorilla, or chimpanzee. It was covered with long black hair and, except for lack of a tail, it could have been an overgrown howler monkey.

"The incident occurred in mid-morning, many hours before tale-telling time around the campfire. Pedao had just come from the jungle and his listeners agreed with his admission of fright and futility by shooting at the creature. Their comments were that you can't kill one unless you hit it in its hairless navel, which it keeps covered with its hands (or paws). Capelobo cannot bear the sound of a shrill whistle, so in order to kill it you must whistle as shrilly as possible. It will then lift its hands to cover its ears, thus leaving the navel unguarded. By that time the would-be killer would have the shakes so badly that he could neither shoot so small a target nor bring his lips together to let out a whistle.

"So the creature gets away.

"My impression is that this man-ape is more timid and retiring than ferocious. But all of Pedao's listeners agreed that to run across one in the twilight denseness of the jungle was something to frighten one.

“In all my years in Brazil, I never had that experience!”

Two more years would pass before another Yeti/ Bigfoot article appeared in 1973. The July ARGO NOTES section recounted the previous series of Bigfoot articles, taking note that its own late science editor, Ivan Sanderson, had personal records of 25 sightings of such creatures between June 1964 and December 1970 in 14 different states. The popularity of this topic was also noted — “So great is interest in the subject, that even now our staff members continue to get several requests a week for reprints,” causing the editors of ARGOSY to choose for its August book bonus inclusion the former director of the Primate Biology Program of the Smithsonian Institution, Dr. John Napier’s *“Bigfoot — The Yeti And Sasquatch In Myth And Reality.”* [68]

The August issue published Napier’s Bigfoot book in condensed form, devoting 14 pages of the magazine to it. [69] In response, the November BACK TALK column ran a lengthy letter from a H. M. Mathews of Powell River, British Columbia, telling about his personal knowledge of Bigfoot. The events Mathews described had transpired circa the year of 1958: [70]

“I must tell you how much I enjoyed the Bigfoot book bonus by John Napier (August, 1973). He certainly covers the ground. At the same time, it brings to mind a peculiar incident that I experienced.

“Many years ago, in my younger days, I was with the Hudson’s Bay Company Fur Trade at a little settlement called Hazelton, situated at the junction of the Skeena and Bulkley rivers. I knew many, many Indians of the area, to whom I was known as ‘Husson-Bay-Matieu.’ Church-going on Sundays was to the Haguelt Reserve, where there was a Roman Catholic Mission, about three and a half miles from Hazelton. That meant horseback, shanks mare, dogteam, or whatever, according to the weather and season. One Sunday, I was just about to enter the church when I heard my name called. I looked around and it was a very old Indian, who for some reason or other, probably age, couldn’t walk, and shuffled around on his rear end with the aid of his hands. ‘Matieu, Matieu, you no go ... you no go....Big man he stop....You no go,’ and he pointed at a certain angle in a definite direction over the mountains. I did not pay too much attention to him and thought he was just ‘wandering.’

“I forgot the incident until, some months later, there came the report of a discovery of some enormous footprints in the Harrison Hot Springs Areas. Then a lot of talk about the Sasquatch. I began to wonder. I got a map and located myself in the area the old Indian pointed out, sized up the direction and, would you believe it, it was right in the direction of Harrison Hot Springs!”

In its last six years of publication ARGOSY continued to publish Bigfoot articles. In April, 1975 issue, “Tracking Bigfoot!” by Jim Scott [71] was published. In this article, the controversial Ivan Marx and his Bigfoot movies were presented; December/January 1977 issue of ARGOSY included “Bigfoot: Man, Beast Or Myth?” by T. Jeff Williams [72], which described Peter Byrnes’ attempts to track Bigfoot. The final year of ARGOSY’s existence also saw its last Bigfoot article, in the March 1978 issue — “A Bigfoot Sighting In South Dakota,” by Deputy Sam Dart [73], explaining how since September of 1977, there had been 11 confirmed sightings of a large, hairy creature in the tiny Indian village of Little Eagle, South Dakota. ARGOSY ceased publication in either late 1978 or early 1979, the last few issues being a faint shadow of what once was a major adventure magazine. During its last decade, its pages included some of the very best investigative articles on the Bigfoot phenomena for the general North American reader, leaving behind a void that has not been filled since by any other magazine.

The Third Runner Up on the Newstands —  
SAGA: More Pulpish in Adventures — And Beating the Others in Bigfoot Stories Combined!

SAGA’s first issue came onto the newsstands on September 1950, and it eventually outlasted both TRUE and ARGOSY before it too, finally ceased publication in 1981. Its last issues were filled with

formerly published articles to cut publishing costs as it desperately tried to financially survive in an ever changing publishing market.

During its newstand heydays of the 1960s and early 1970s, this men's magazine published more Bigfoot articles than TRUE and ARGOSY combined! The quality of these articles, though, were more on the sensational and "pulpish" side than of the more conservative and news-breaking quality of the rival magazines. SAGA included articles titled like "Abominable Spacemen" (February 1968) [74]; "Terrifying Woodland Monster-Men" (July 1969) [75]; "I Killed The Ape-Man Creature Of Whiteface" (July 1970) [76]; "America's Mysterious Cave-Men Monsters" (November 1970) [77]; "America's Ape-Men Monsters" (April 1972) [78]; "Missouri's Mystifying 'Momo' Monster" (March 1973) [79]; "The Most Sensational Bigfoot Pictures Even Taken" (December 1973) [80]; "The Strange Link Between UFOs and Bigfoot" (August 1974) [81]; "America's Abominable Swampman (March 1975) [82]; "Monsters In Our Midst — New Clues To The Growing Bigfoot Mystery" (July 1975) [83]; 1975's "Unreported UFO-Monster Flap" (May 1976) [84]; "The Ex-Marine Stalked By Bigfoot" (June 1976) [85]; and the last, "Bigfoot — Advance Guard From Outer Space?" (November 1977) [86].

SAGA had surprisingly very few letters-to-the-editors published in response to their Bigfoot articles. Most letters contained just a very few bits of personal information of their involvement with the Bigfoot phenomena.

Letters that did appear in SAGA's SOUND OFF column varied greatly in content. The first was from David P. Hoover [87] (Audubon, Pennsylvania) whose lengthy letter was written in reply to the November 1974 issue of the coverage of the Findley-Marx-Biscardi quest for Bigfoot and the infamous (and now recognized as hoaxes) photographs claimed to have been taken by Ivan Marx. The author of this article, William Childress [88] took pains to state his neutrality on the existence of Bigfoot. He simply reported the facts as he saw them. Though concluding that, "All I know is that I'm beginning to be convinced that something unusual roams the continents in question." Another SAGA reader who requested to be anonymous in both to his name and address replied to the August 1974 Bigfoot article. As an actual on-the-site researcher of a Bigfoot incident, this unnamed individual wrote: [89]

"... I used to live in Jamestown, N.Y., and from 1967 to 1970, we investigated UFO reports in our area — western New York and Pennsylvania.

"... You told about the Presque Isle incident near Erie, Pa. I was there along with some other investigators from our unit and another group. If my memory serves me right, there was a small tree not too far away, 8 or 10 feet from the auto. About 5 feet up the tree was a place where the bark had been torn off. It was lying next to the auto, and the bark was picked up and taken to a lab. We never heard anymore about it. But you could see what looked like claw marks on the tree."

The last published SOUND OFF letter from a reader on Bigfoot was from Bettie Johnson of Orting, Washington, who told of her possible (?) encounter with Bigfoot in her home state: [90]

"Have lived in the Puget Sound area since 1929 and it was only been within the past couple of years that I have heard of the Sasquatch north of Humboldt County, California.

"About 10 years ago, my young son and I, accompanied by a 'woods-savvy' hiker, trekked up 'Trails End' in the Olympic National Park. I ruined the whole trip by insisting that we were being followed and watched by something. All I wanted was to get out of there. The 'woods-savvy' friend insisted it was probably a cougar. I wouldn't settle for that, so we headed back to the camp site at a trot. I have never returned to the 'woods' since then."

Thus these four letters summed up the total number of SAGA's readers SOUND OFF replies over a decade of time in regards to their Bigfoot articles. Although all are minor historical significance in regards to the Bigfoot phenomena.

And in Summary: R.I.P. TRUE, ARGOSY, and SAGA —  
For the Likes of You Will Not Be Seen Again!

It was through the pages of these three premier men's adventure magazines from 1950 to the late 1970s, that the Bigfoot phenomena became so widely known to the general public of North America and ultimately to a world-wide audience. These magazines played a pivotal role in establishing the Bigfoot controversy to the extent that it presently has become common mainstream media news.

These men's adventure magazines also served as an outlet for many of their readers who had personally experienced the Bigfoot phenomena would otherwise not have had a source by which they could tell their tales.

Through the letters-to-the-editor column of these magazines, a few of the reader's letters were chosen to be published and thus contributed historical information and anecdotes about the North American Bigfoot controversy. One can only wonder about the letters that were probably received but never published; what lost information might they have contained?

And yet, of the letters that did see print, of those that have been quoted in this article alone, is the first time that they have been quoted since their publication decades prior.

By presenting these secondary Bigfoot sources to present day Bigfoot investigators, we hope to contribute to the still on-going debate concerning the Bigfoot phenomena in North America.

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And second, to Bigfoot investigator Mark A. Hall of Wilmington, North Carolina, for copies of Ivan Sanderson's lesser known early 1960s Yeti/Bigfoot articles that have never received their acknowledgment for their pioneering importance.

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## From the Past: The Sea Serpent

### *A Monster of the Deep in Fresh Water*

#### Fifty Feet Long and Black as the Ace of Spades — The Crews of Two Vessels Obtain a Good View of His Serpentship

Charleston, S. C., Sept. 26. — Captain A. A. Spring of the steam tug H. L. Buck, brings a strange story from Georgetown. On Saturday his tug had in tow the schooner Jessie Rosaline, on her way to the bar, and had just passed the wreck of the Harvest Moon, which lies in the edge of the channel, when a little boy, seven or eight years old, son of C. W. Foster, directed his attention to something in the water over the port bow, and asked if it was a bird. Being in charge of the wheel, he paid little attention to the child's question, merely glancing in the direction indicated. He noticed what at a glance seemed to be some large bird floating in the water. He heard the mate of the tug, whose attention had evidently been also attracted, remarked that it looked like the back of a drowned black. When passing abreast of the object his attention was again called to it. The boat was moving rapidly through the water, so that when he had secured his glasses the object was about two hundred yards away. He examined it intently and carefully, and made out nearly its entire shape. It seemed to be resting or sleeping, the head and body being more or less exposed to view as the waves rose and fell about it. The mouth appeared to be beak-shaped, the head oval and quite large. The body looked to be as large as a flour-barrel, and lay upon and in the water in the curves common to snakes while swimming. The tail was not at first entirely visible. While looking intently at the monster something — possibly the noise of the tug — seemed to arouse it, and in an instant it threw its tail into the air, exposing fully fifteen feet of its length, and lashed the water into foam. It swam off in the direction of what is known as Muddy Bay and the Mud Flats, where it was impossible for the tug to follow it. The color of the monster was very dark. As well as could be judged, the portion of his tail lifted from the water was eight or ten inches in diameter, and his estimated length thirty feet. The captain of the schooner, who got a much nearer view, estimated the monster's length at fifty feet. At the point where it was seen the water is fresh, as it is several miles below, and Captain Spring thinks the animal was made sick by it, and if he does not find his way back to salt water very soon his life will be the forfeit for his rash visit to port, and science may yet have an opportunity of fixing his identity.

— *The Western Star* [Lebanon, OH]  
October 4, 1878, p. 2

# The Camel Brigade

Hobart E. Stocking

When Lewis and Clark were preparing for the expedition that officially opened the West, President Jefferson instructed them to be on the lookout for the remains of prehistoric monsters. In this request he showed a scientific interest well ahead of his time and a realization of the potentialities of an unknown land.

Popular belief had it that in a region as vast as that which lay beyond the Mississippi there was space for anything and everything. The West held no surviving mammoths but it has produced other wonders no less magnificent or unusual. Easterners have long been accustomed to the marvels of the West, with its “greatest plains,” “highest mountains,” “widest deserts,” and “deepest valleys.” Many are inclined to believe that if, through oversight or circumstance, something might be lacking among the wonders of the West, it would soon be supplied by some accommodating person—if not produced in body then distilled from fancy.

An Easterner who chanced to read in the 1907 issue of the *Rhyolite* (Nevada) *Journal* an account of a prospector who had seen two life-size camels in the desert, probably attributed the item to the obliging hospitality of the Westerners. Someone evidently had felt that the West should have a few camels; a prospector conveniently “saw” two, and the *Journal* dutifully reported the incident as a feature of a country that had everything.

It is probable that the younger subscribers of the *Journal* were equally skeptical, for if they knew nothing of camels, they were at least familiar with the visions of prospectors. But their elders, whose memories were longer, were more credulous. They reckoned that these must be the last of Jeff Davis’ wild camels, the remnants of a considerable band that once roamed the Great American Desert. In this they were correct, for it was the last public notice of the surviving fragments of a unique and successful experiment conducted by the United States Army.

It was not a hastily conceived enterprise. As early as 1836 Major G. H. Crosman had called the attention of the War Department to the possibilities of camels as beasts of burden in wilderness areas. Major H. C. Wayne later made an intensive study of the history of the military use of camels throughout the Near East and in 1848 he recommended their utilization in the deserts of our West.

A vast undeveloped land lay between the new settlements on the Mississippi and the old established towns in California—the domain of buffalo and wild Indians; hence the Nation in general and the War Department in particular were vitally concerned with communications between East and West. But a transcontinental railroad was the vision of many, and those who were not faced with the immediate hardships of a journey across the continent were content to dream of an iron horse.

So it was not until Jefferson Davis became Secretary of War that effective steps were taken to investigate the use of camels as transports on this continent where they had once thrived in prehistoric times. From a lethargic Congress, Davis procured an appropriation and from the Navy he borrowed the U.S.S. *Supply*, under command of Lieutenant D. D. Porter. Early in 1855 Major Wayne, having observed camels in the zoological gardens of London and Paris, met Porter and the *Supply* at Spezzia, Italy. Calling at Malta they carefully selected the first camel. They intended to observe the habits of this initial acquisition while they looked into the use of camels in the Near East.

At Tunis they paid a courtesy call on Mohammed Pasha. This ruler, willing to please the new almost unknown nation somewhere in the west, promised them two fine animals from his own herd. It was Wayne’s and Porter’s first experience with Mediterranean generosity. One animal was of fair size and

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condition, the other they disposed of as quickly as diplomacy allowed. The *Supply* called at Smyrna, Salonika, Constantinople, and the Crimea. At the latter place the two men were guests of the British, who allowed them complete freedom in collecting information concerning the utility of camels in the Crimean War, then in progress.

As a camel enthusiast of long standing, Major Wayne looked into every corner of camel lore. He learned that in the Near East the word “dromedary” referred to a racing animal. If it had two humps it was a Bactrian camel, if it had only one it was an Arabian. When Wayne was satisfied with the effectiveness of camels as military transports, he delved into their history, biology, and the nature of the ailments to which they were heir. Wayne and Porter were probably the first and last authors of a camel-questionnaire. They prepared a list of questions calculated to yield useful information concerning the practical use of camels in any locality and they circulated this among every English-reading consul, agent, minister, and commercial representative in the Near East. They sifted the answers, probed the disagreements, questioned concurrences until they had more than a general knowledge of the use of camels throughout the Levant.

In February 1856 the U.S.S. *Supply* left Smyrna with a cargo of one booghdee (a hybrid offspring of a male Bactrian and an Arabian female), nine Bactrians, and 22 Arabian camels. In April the ship arrived off the Powder Horn, three miles south of Indianola, the former capital of Texas. It was the first of two voyages, and Lieutenant Porter returned immediately to the Mediterranean for a second load. Very soon 74 camels were landed in Texas. Quality rather than quantity governed the choice of animals, and prices paid ranged from a low of \$100 to a high of \$400. To instruct Wagon and Forage Masters of the U. S. Army in camel lore, 15 Arabs and Turks were employed at \$15 a month each. Among this group, according to Porter, was a “camel M. D.”

Lieutenant Porter was a seaman, accustomed to direct action and plain speech. When on the second voyage the Viceroy of Egypt promised a gift of six fine animals, Porter expected to receive just that. There was some delay attending their delivery and when Porter saw six scrubby, mangy beasts, he would have nothing to do with them and so informed the Viceroy. It was not the sort of gift His Excellency had intended to offer the United States and he quickly corrected the nefarious dealings of a subordinate.

The confinement of an ocean voyage is a hardship for livestock, and it was particularly difficult for animals as top-heavy as camels. When seas roughened, Porter had the animals brought to their knees; when the rolling increased he designed a harness to hold the kneeling animals. When the wind moderated and the camels were unable to rise, he saw to it that the stiffness was massaged from their legs. The booghdee, a gigantic brute, presented a special problem due to its height, but Porter cut a hole in the upper deck to accommodate its hump. During rough weather the native attendants were too seasick to be of use, and in calm their services were rarely required.

The captain of the *Supply* was a new-comer in the camel experiment, but he was an intelligent man and applied common sense to a new circumstance. He formulated sensible rules governing the camel deck and made certain that his orders were obeyed. The veterinary practice of the “camel M. D.” was a compound of ignorance, cruelty, and superstition. When the first calf born aboard the *Supply* died under his ministrations, Porter successfully applied horse sense at the next delivery. He had little confidence in the efficacy of tickling a camel’s nose with a chameleon’s tail, a treatment recommended for obscure ailments.

Among the Bactrians and Arabians aboard the *Supply*, there were four *pehlevans*—trained wrestling camels. In their native state, male camels defend their harem from interlopers by throwing a right foreleg across the neck of an opponent and bearing him to the ground. A buck camel thus vanquished either sought companionship elsewhere, or the combat was carried to a bloodier finish. This natural wrestling tendency had been cultivated by the Arabs, and camel wrestling matches were as common

in the Levant as cock-fights in Alabama. By the time a calf, christened "Uncle Sam," was a month old, the Arab tenders had coached the youngster into a first class wrestler. It had been born on the *Supply* and seemed to possess sea legs at birth. It was eager to wrestle any other animal similarly equipped. The calf had the run of the ship, and it stalked unsuspecting sea-men as they performed their tasks. With the advantage of surprise, the infant *pehlevan* invariably won the first fall in innumerable wrestling matches in a matter of seconds. There is no record of its having thrown Lieutenant Porter for a loss, but by order of the captain of the *Supply* the budding champion was securely tied.

The Texas coast had been selected for debarkation, for it was thought that the Southwest most nearly approximated the environment to which the camels were accustomed. At Indianola the importations were allowed time in which to regain land legs. Major Wayne selected Val Verde (Camp Verde of the War Department Reports), about 50 miles from San Antonio, as a permanent home for the newcomers, and there they were settled to rest and recuperate from the voyage. Jefferson Davis pointed out that months were required for horses to recover from a long voyage; since camels were larger they would require even more time.

The camels were incomprehensible to Texans. Sudden sight of the plodding apparitions scared a number of hardy frontiersmen witless. To the normal beasts of burden of the region they were completely unacceptable, and a brief glimpse of the camels was sufficient to spur a sleepy burro or a lethargic mule into astonished activity. Startled men and mules regarded the experiment with scant sympathy, but men engaged in the freighting of goods were much impressed when they saw a camel lift 1200 pounds (a load that would have flattened a mule) and leisurely plod away with it.

The camels remained at Camp Verde for some time; and the experiment, according to the War Department, "proceeded according to plan." The animals received exemplary care and were allowed to stretch their muscles on several easy round-trips to San Antonio. They became a familiar sight in the country, but since they had neither horns nor hoofs they were not regarded with favor by inhabitants of a country overrun with both.

The 1850's were a period of westward migration, and the camels were indirectly to influence this restless surge toward the Pacific. Emigrants who made the overland journey left civilization behind at Independence, Kansas. Crossing the Kansas River, they topped the divide to the north to strike the Platte in the vicinity of Grand Island. The valley of the Platte and its northern fork offered a broad but primitive highway that led to the Sweetwater. And from the head of that stream the emigrants toiled upward to cross the backbone of the continent at South Pass through the Wind River Range. By then they knew that a hard road lay behind them, but few were aware that the road from there to California or Oregon was infinitely worse. There was no royal road to the West, and the annual flood of wagons toiled along the only trail they knew.

The southern route to California—out the Santa Fe Trail, across New Mexico, Arizona, and Southern California—saw few emigrant trains, for it was a passage reported to be deficient in water, wood, and grass. Lacking any one of these, a caravan could have little hope for a successful journey.

In the autumn of 1857, Lieutenant E. F. Beale, then head of the California-Nevada Department of Indian Affairs, was employed by the War Department to open a wagon road from the region of Ft. Defiance in New Mexico Territory to the Colorado River. It was intended to be a road feasible for loaded emigrant wagons, with water holes located a day's journey apart and with adequate firewood and forage for stock. The firewood was a necessity, because in the Southwest buffalo chips were rare.

In September 1875 the brigade of camels, mules, and a few wagons left Camp Verde, Texas, for Albuquerque, New Mexico Territory. Months of rest and sensible care had prepared the camels for the journey; time alone would corroborate the distrust of their critics or justify the optimistic claims of their proponents. At the outset, the camels lagged behind the mules and wagons, but very soon their muscles

were accustomed to the work, and from then on they required so little attention that their placid efficiency was taken for granted.

From Camp Verde westward to the Rio Grande and then northward along the Santa Fe-Chihuahua Trail which: lay in the valley of that stream, the caravan was a source of wonder and amazement in each small settlement. Very probably they stampeded horses, mules, burros, and oxen encountered along the route, and this would not have increased their popularity.

At Albuquerque the brigade turned westward again, leaving the beaten trail that had carried the commerce of the prairies from Independence, Kansas, to Santa Fe and on southward to the settlements of Mexico. They passed El Morro (Inscription Rock) where M. H. Stacey, a member of the party, carved his name in the soft sandstone not far from where an inscription had been left by Juan de Oñate in 1605.

On to Zuñi and into what is now Arizona the caravan traveled without incident. The modern road that connects Winslow, Flagstaff, Williams, and Kingman is not far from the actual route traversed by the camel brigade, and very probably the animals passed within sight of the location of these cities of the future.

No doubt they were an odd spectacle to the Indians of the region. They were new to the Southwest, but they were not the first of their kind to reach the Western Hemisphere. In 1701 a shipload of camels had arrived in Virginia, but their eventual fate remains unrecorded. And even earlier, camels had been imported to Peru by Juan de Reineza. Some of these escaped and ranged wild near the foot of the Andes, where they were reported by José Acosta, a Spanish missionary, who saw them near the end of the sixteenth century.

The patient immigrants from the Levant that plodded across the Southwest were new to the region but they were not new to desert emergencies. Each camel carried 600 pounds of provisions for men and mules. While the long-eared ingrates consumed their rations without thanks, the camels foraged for themselves and fattened on thorny desert shrubs. In the malevolent terrain of western Arizona the guides lost their way and led the party far from water. Under a broiling sun the situation quickly became acute. Men who had hoarded the last few gallons of water gave it to the horses so that the animals might not collapse and leave their riders afoot in the desert. The camels met the emergency with their traditional scorn of distance and drought. They laid aside their burdens of food and placidly packed water from the last waterhole, a journey far beyond the strength of their long-eared associates.

Lieutenant Beale, in charge of the expedition, was a man of considerable frontier experience, and for the most part the caravan traveled without harassing delays. The route traversed territory of hostile Indians; but the size of the party, together with unremitting vigilance, prevented surprise. Beale, returning alone one night from a search for water, halted on a rise overlooking what appeared to him a sleeping camp. It was an affront to his specific orders and with the intention of teaching a lesson he drew his pistol, fired it, and loosed a nerve-ripping war whoop. Before he had closed his mouth the reaction was instantaneous and unexpected. A volley of shots from vigilant camp guards ripped the air about him. His horse wheeled to race through the dark night in uncontrollable terror. Miles from camp, still fleeing in panic, the horse stumbled and threw its rider. It was not until the following day that a searching party located Beale, who had spent an uncomfortable night recovering from the jolt.

The men of the camel brigade logically expected that animals accustomed to the waterless desert would prove difficult at the crossing of the Colorado River. The first camel justified their apprehension by refusing to swim the muddy stream. But another was of sterner stuff. Promoted to the head of the train, it took to water without hesitation. The remainder followed in groups of five, like so many ducks.

The camels left the Colorado a short distance above the point where the California-Nevada boundary intersects the River and with their less versatile associates marched across the Mojave Desert. From Val Verde, Texas, across New Mexico, through Arizona to Fort Tejon (near Bakersfield), California, and

back to New Mexico the patient, placid, and efficient ships of the desert carried a heavy load for more than 4000 miles. In his report to the War Department Lieutenant Beale rendered homage where homage was due and reckoned the value of one camel in the Southwest as equal to that of four mules.

The success of the camel brigade encouraged private capital, and in 1860 the California-Nevada Camel Company imported fifteen Bactrians from Mongolia. In 1862 they landed 22 more at San Francisco. Twelve of these performed efficiently in packing salt from a marsh in Esmerelda County to a silver mill at Washoe, Nevada. Others were employed in freighting supplies in British Columbia. Later, some of the Nevada camels served as ore-packers in Arizona. In most instances the camels performed well, but their incredible endurance encouraged neglect rather than care. Inevitably they were reduced in strength through abuse, and eventually, either because of poor performance or changed circumstances, they were discarded. A few escaped to happy freedom in the desert, and in the 1890's the United States-Mexican Boundary Commission reported that wild camels were frequently seen along the line of the survey. The strays might have thrived and multiplied in the Southwest, just as imported camels have thrived in the Australian desert, but the hand and gun of every man was against them.

Use of camels by the War Department might have continued with even greater success, for the first venture had proved their utility beyond a doubt, but when Jefferson Davis relinquished the post of Secretary of War the experiment lost its most influential supporter. Lieutenant Beale agitated for continued and expanding employment of camels on the difficult trails of the West, but his recommendations fell on ears attuned to nearer voices. He successfully employed a portion of the camel herd in later explorations and volunteered to care for and maintain the balance in return for their services, but the offer was ignored. Stationed at various posts in the Southwest, presumably under the command of officers who preferred mules as pack animals or regarded Levantine innovations with disfavor, the neglected camels fell on ill times. Before their genuine usefulness could come to the attention of another influential proponent, the Civil War put an end to the experiment. In Texas the Confederates ignored the camels at Camp Verde; and three strayed into Arkansas where they were recovered by Union forces and sold at public auction in Iowa in 1863. In 1864, 34 Government camels were sold at Benecia, California, and in 1865, 44 at Camp Verde were sold to a Colonel Coopwood at \$31 a head. Some of these were removed to Mexico and some, according to reports, were resold to circuses.

The ultimate fate of most of the camels, which had so thoroughly justified the hopes of Davis, Wayne, Porter, and Beale, is hidden in obscurity. Only one remained indefinitely in Government service—its mounted skeleton stands in the National Museum in Washington, an exhibit for the enlightenment of this and future generations.

History is more generous with some of the men associated with the venture. Jefferson Davis was destined to be the leading figure in another but more tragic experiment, for he became President of the Confederacy. The common sense of Lieutenant Porter eventually won for him the rank of Admiral, and his namesake the U.S.S. *Porter*, a destroyer, was sunk only two years ago by an aerial torpedo while on an errand of mercy rescuing seamen from a sunken ship in the Battle of Santa Cruz Islands. Lieutenant Beale's honors included those of a Brigadier-General and the office of Minister to Austria-Hungary. Young M. H. Stacey left his name engraved on El Morro where, together with the names of other noteworthy westbound emigrants, it adds to the historic interest of a National Monument.

Of all the individuals who cared for the camels, probably none achieved mention in so many personal histories as did Hadji Ali. Beginning in the Mediterranean under Wayne and Porter, he remained in faithful service until 1870. Mustered out, he became a prospector and for years was a colorful figure in the Southwest. In a new land this son of the East was more fortunate in winning friends and influencing people than the camels he tended. Hadji Ali may have remained a Levantine at heart but not in name. He appears briefly and favorably in the memoirs of many pioneers who left written accounts of their adventures in the Southwest, and always as "Hi Jolly."

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