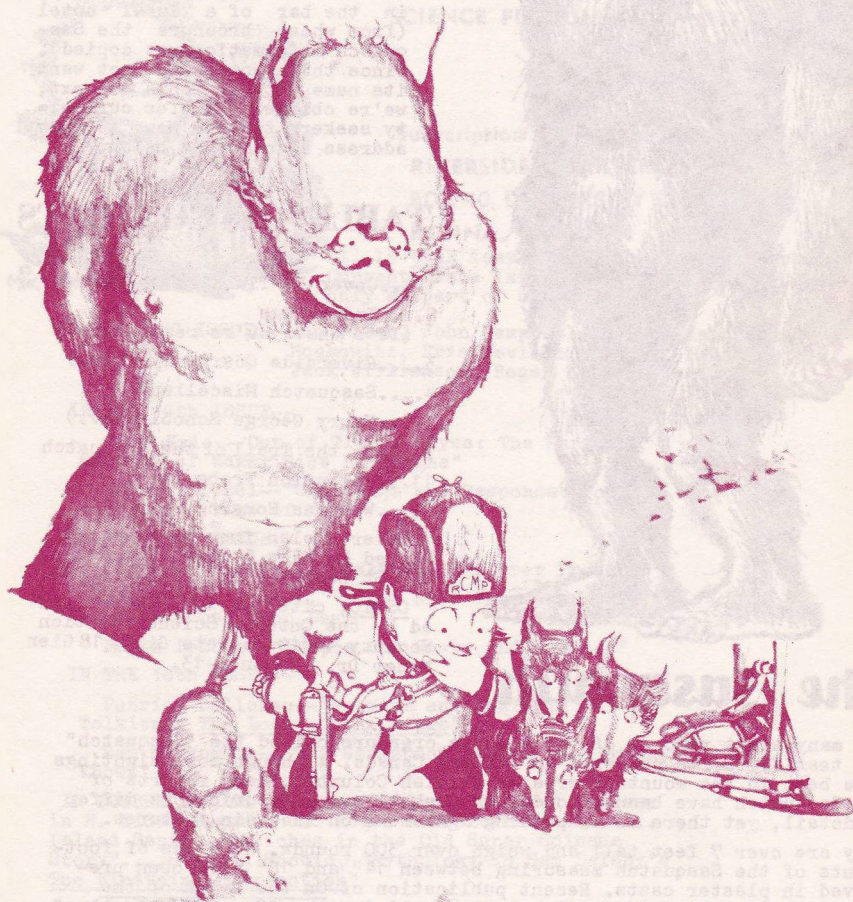


# The Sasquatch Saskatchewanian



# THE SASQUATCH SASKATCHEWANIAN

(formerly The  
Saskatchewan Sasquatchian)

Note: The Society mentioned below meets daily, except Sunday, in the bar of a local hotel (from whose brochure the Sasquatch information was copied). Since this hotel did not want its name cited in this context, we're obliged to refer curiosity seekers to the New Jersey address also listed below.

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Cover stolen from Energumen,  
edited by Mike & Susan Glicksohn,  
267 St George--#807, Toronto-180.

OSFiC, cited on p.7, is published  
by the Ontario Science-Fiction  
Society--editor: Pete Gill, 18 Glen  
Manor Dr., Toronto-13.

## the Sasquatch

The many sight records of the elusive creature called the "Sasquatch" all testify to its presence in Western Canada. Although most sightings have been in the mountain area of British Columbia, many reports of the Sasquatch have been recorded in Saskatchewan. Descriptions differ in detail, yet there is surprising agreement on the main features.

They are over 7 feet tall and weigh over 300 pounds. Hundreds of footprints of the Sasquatch measuring between 14" and 18" have been preserved in plaster casts. Recent publication of On the Track of the Sasquatch by John Green will help to publicize the "Sasquatch Problem" and may speed the day when proof is at last made available.

For membership apply to:

John J. Pierce  
Liason Officer (USA)  
275 McMane Ave  
Berkeley Hts, NJ 07922

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**Saskatchewan Sasquatch**

**Seekers Society**

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Derek Carter, "The Saskatoon Explorer Project"

Richard D. Mullen, "Edgar Rice Burroughs and  
the Fate Worse than Death"

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## Sasquatch Miscellany

Publication by the Saskatchewan Sasquatch Seekers Society of its first magazine has produced renewed interest--despite efforts of various irresponsible parties to discredit the Society and to discourage Sasquatch research in general. Below is a letter, from Florida, that is reproduced in its entirety, footprints and all.



Leland Sapiro  
Box 40 Univ. Sta.  
Regina, Canada  
Dear Lee,

June 25, 1970

J.J. Pierce says that...the Sasquatch...only exists in your poverty-stricken imagination. That seems such a shame. I can imagine wonderful tracking expeditions in the wilds of northern Canada, with beer and poker and all after dark. And I know how to mix plaster in case we should find a footprint and gosh it seems like it could be so much fun...

Best,  
Phyrne Bacon  
3101 NW 2nd Ave  
Gainesville, FL 32601

-----  
Mr. Pierce is not performing his Liason duties conscientiously if he discourages explorations in this manner. Be assured, then, that there do exist the Sasquatch and the Sasquatch Society, in which John Pierce himself is an officer.  
-----

The next letter is self-explanatory:

August 28, 1970

John J. Pierce  
275 McMane Ave  
Berkeley Heights, NJ 07922  
Dear Sir:

I have just received your bulletin on the Saskatchewan Sasquatch Seekers Society.

At the present time I have just returned from California, where I developed a bad case of altitude sickness. I would be interested in further information about Sasquatches, and about your Society. In fact, I would welcome anything which would take my mind off my illness (and my daughter--quite hopeless brain damage, you know).

Please send anything you can to:

Mrs. Winifred Fein  
151 Rock Creek Lane  
Scarsdale, NY 10583

-----  
Mr. Pierce returned this letter to the sender (whose daughter, Adrienne, forwarded it to me) together with a scribbled reply that was simply unbelievable. I do not reprint Pierce's answer, therefore, in order to avoid sceptical inquiries from our other readers.  
-----

Our last letter was sent by the editor himself.

15 July 1970

Scottish National Party  
Box 703 New Westminster, BC  
Dear Sirs:

Enclosed is \$1.10 for a clan map of the Scottish Highlands. As you can see from the enclosed / The Sasquatch Saskatchewanian, first issue / I'm particularly interested in reports of the Sasquatch roaming the Scottish Highlands--since I suspect that the rumours of this creature in Saskatchewan are just echoes, as it were, of a similar creature in Scotland.

Sincerely,

Leland Sapiro  
Box 40 Univ Sta.  
Regina, Sask.

-----  
Besides the map I received a reply from Ian Hannah, SNP Branch Chairman: "Sorry to disappoint you, but we don't have any Sasquatch in Scotland--just wild haggis!" From this I'd guess that the Sasquatch can exist in climates like that of the Himalayan or Rocky Mountains (or Saskatchewan), but not in relatively temperate zones like Scotland. Of course, the Scottish Loch Ness monster (and their wild haggis) help make up for this particular deficiency.  
-----

"Agents of the Earth Infiltration Mission, report!"

"My success war large," said Xardo. "I caused people to worship soldiers and dictators--Napoleon, Hitler, Peron. Soon Earth will be decimated by wars!"

"You nullity! Such people respect foreign soldiers but refuse to follow their own. And the dictators they admire are only those of other countries. I hereby sentence you to three time units in the mud flats!"

"Your omnipotence," stated Pogar, "I have penetrated the minds of economists and politicians in every nation. In some countries I made them fabricate huge bureaucracies that cannot govern. In others I have perpetuated a system called 'taxes.' Humans who possess empty land pay almost no tax--nor do owners in cities who cover their land with 'parked' stationary internal combustion vehicles or feebly-constructed dwellings called 'slums.' But if owners construct factories or habitable residences on their vacant land, then their taxes become ever higher."

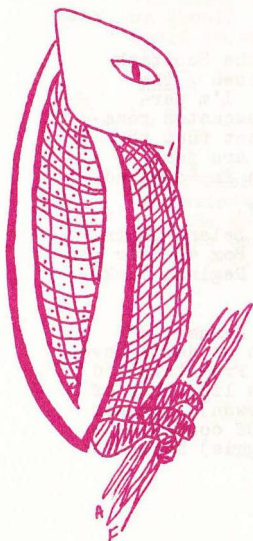
"And what of all this?"

"First, humans are forced to live in cities because land is owned by so few. And then taxes discourage owners from improving their land by putting factories or houses on it. So the people become miserable; they riot and burn, and soon there will be revolution!"

"Wonderful! But are these ideas not so ridiculous that even Terrestrials can see through them?"

"No, mighty Garge, I have agents teaching these concepts in all universities and among higher government echelons in all the so-called 'free' countries."

"Octogod be praised," shouted the ruler. "Soon we can conquer Earth without resistance."



If you don't relish being one of Garga's subjects, you should investigate how our economic system actually works. A good place to start is the Henry George School of Social Science, a non-profit organization that holds free adult discussion classes in major cities throughout Canada, the USA, and Britain--and in far-away places like Australia, Denmark, Formosa, Kenya, and New Zealand. Check your phone book for details of local classes or write to:

Henry George School  
50 E. 69th St  
New York, NY 10021

and ask for information about free correspondence courses.

# On the trail of the Sasquatch

Dick Kyle

Foreword: In the June 1970 issue of Riverside Quarterly (see p.3) Derek Carter discussed "The Saskatoon Explorer Project," Dr. Albert Finch's early (1899) rocket launching from this vicinity. In the words of one reviewer:

Although known to most Canadian school children, Dr. Finch's lead in experimental rocket propulsion in the late 1800s has earned him little fame in the world at large. Perhaps Carter's fruitful research will help alleviate the pall of silence surrounding the work of Finch...and others who labored on the great Saskatoon Explorer Project so long ago.

(Don Hutchison, OSFiC #23, p. 30)

About a month later, RQ's editor received from California a letter by Dick Kyle, who gave information on a previously unknown aspect of the Explorer Project. His letter is printed below.

Box 16168  
Long Beach, CA 90806

Dear Leland,

"The Saskatoon Explorer Project" was of special interest, since it appears to clear up an old family mystery, one that provided us all with seemingly endless speculations.

Late in the summer of 1899 my great-uncle, Emmett Kyle, a medical doctor and naturalist, vacationed in Saskatchewan, following rumors that a small flight of passenger pigeons had been observed in the area during the previous year. Keenly interested in wild life, he hoped to verify the rumors, and--if possible--create a sanctuary for these supposedly extinct birds. (Throughout his life, he was deeply committed to the preservation of all wild animals, as well as to the discovery of unknown species--though this last eluded him to the end.) Even in his eighties, he was a familiar figure at gatherings of the American Zoological Association, where his dynamic speeches did much to influence opinion regarding endangered species. I well remember his enthusiastic efforts on behalf of the prairie chicken of the American southwest.) He was accompanied on his Canadian expedition by two other nature lovers. One, Dr. Daniel Parley Loudermilk, a noted theologian, opponent of the theory of evolution (he once told a Chicago audience he would punch Thomas Huxley in the nose if the biologist ever came to that city), bird-watcher, and animal lover. The other, George B. Moody, famed one-legged explorer, discovery of Moody's Hole, in what is now the state of Wyoming, and the first white man to reach the headwater of the Susquehanna River. Although "Ol' Moody" was getting on in years (he would die of "exhaustion and age" in a New Orleans "boarding house" two years later), both Dr. Loudermilk and my great-uncle Emmett were still in their early thirties, vigorous and hardy men, well able to meet the demands of the Saskatchewanian climate and terrain.

All through the spring and early summer the two younger men roamed the byways of Saskatchewan, often accompanied in their search for the elusive passenger pigeon by the surprisingly vigorous old explorer of "The Sus." Indeed, Moody's diaries supply much day-to-day information about the expedition omitted from the notebooks of Dr. Loudermilk and Emmett Kyle, including report of an event that eventually proved to be of great significance--though it seemed trivial at the time. In early July, while exploring alone in an area to the west of Home Camp, Moody was forced to beat off a grizzly bear with his cork leg, after being thrown by his mule, which evidently had been frightened by the smell of the beast. Ol' Moody records a fifteen mile walk back to camp, aided only by a tree limb for a crutch, since the bear had carried away his artificial leg. (Fortunately, it was recovered some miles away on the following Sunday, lying near a plundered wild bee hive.)

Dr. Loudermilk was especially anxious to confirm the rumored reappearance of the passenger pigeon, arguing that the bird had "unquestionably been extinct, and its discovery in far Saskatchewan would not only offer certain proof of divine intervention, but would also refute, beyond any doubt, the theory of evolution." My great-uncle's own field notes are less philosophical, devoted in the main to descriptions and pencil sketches of the local plants and wild life, although they are occasionally punctuated with, "Where are the pass p'ns???" and, later, "Have we been gulled???"--phrases indicating his growing disappointment.

Then, on July 24th, after a series of dismayingly hot days that had affected all their spirits (Moody writes of short tempers, and quotes Dr. Loudermilk's complaint that the squeak of the old explorer's artificial knee--damaged in the fracas with the bear--was "driving the pagr. pgns. to cover") a major break came.

Tad (or Tim) Borchard, son of a local farmer, rode into camp on the family plough-horse just before dawn, carrying news of a sighting of roosting "passenger pigeons" at the previous dusk, while he was rounding up stray goats in a stand of trees along the western boundaries of the farm. Dr. Loudermilk, Ol' Moody, and Emmett Kyle immediately set out for the grove, hoping, my great-uncle wrote, "that our devotion will be rewarded by a sight of the true bird." Their animals heavily lathered from the long hard ride, the two younger men arrived at the grove a half hour before the meridian. (The Borchard boy had refused to enter the trees again, after examining what appeared to be heavily trodden grass in the rough growth surrounding the grove, and Moody was delayed by the pace of his mule.) Within moments, near-tragedy struck.

Dr. Loudermilk and my great-uncle separated as they entered the grove, the theologian plunging deep into the trees, wildly excited, with Huxley's and Darwin's names on his lips. Even as he vanished from Emmett's view, there was a "foreboding rumble of distant thunder, unique in its quality and troubling to my ear." Seconds later, Emmett's apprehensions were justified. There was a sudden "awful scream of mortal fear" in the depths of the grove. When my great-uncle reached Dr. Loudermilk's side, the theologian, "his face the color of port wine," was lying as though dead, two small feathers rested on his chest, and a trail of blood led out of the grove to the south and west.

Instinctively, Emmett stopped to give medical assistance to the theologian--but when Dr. Loudermilk's limbs began to stir, his color to recede, and his vital signs to return to normal, my great-uncle set out on the trail of blood, which vanished before the grove was quit, but pointed directly to a fresh pathway in the tall grass surrounding the trees. In a bare patch of soft ground he observed the prints of an animal--they were not human, in any event, being some 14 to 18 inches in length--and being without arms (in his haste to reach the grove, he had left his weapons in camp), Emmett returned to the grove, unwilling to face the wounded beast without effective protection. There, Dr. Loudermilk had regained consciousness, but not his senses. He raved hysterically and incoherently, the shock of his experience clearly affecting his reasoning faculties. When his wildly roving eyes caught sight of the two small feathers that still clung to the front of his shirt, he uttered a dreadful moan, and seizing the tiny bits of fluff, he hurled them to the ground and stamped on them, grinding the feathers into the mold and detritus of the gloomy copse. By this time, Moody had arrived on his mule with a report of young Borchard riding back to the west as fast as his horse could carry him.

Moody had forgotten neither his rifle, his revolvers, nor his long-bladed "Manhunter," and wanted to take up the trail of Dr. Loudermilk's attacker "while the blood was still hot," but Emmett, concerned for the welfare of the delirious theologian, insisted they take him to safety "before returning to the spoor of the grizzly"--as Moody put it, certain that the theologian had sustained an experience much like his own earlier in the month. (Though Ol' Moody does note that the "marks resembling those of strangulation" on Dr. Loudermilk's throat were not commonly associated with attack by the grizzly or other bear.)

Emmett's counsel was heeded, and the raving man was removed to the Borchard farm some miles distant, where they found the entire family gathered, reading their bibles aloud. These familiar words appeared to restore Dr. Loudermilk to a more normal state, but when questioned about his experience, he vehemently denied that he could recall the details of his extraordinary encounter. By this time, it was well toward evening, and the horses were exhausted. Plans to return to the grove that day had to be abandoned.

The following morning Moody and Emmett rode back, leaving Dr. Loudermilk in the care of the Borchards. As the old explorer descended from his mount, his artificial knee squeaked loudly in the green silence, and a single bird took flight, lifting up from a branch before their very eyes to soar toward the sky so rapidly neither man could ever be sure of what he saw. For some seconds the bird dipped and wheeled above the grove, but then turned toward the sun, now commencing its descent from the meridian, and flew west. Within moments, it was lost from view.

Calling upon his experiences as a "reader of sign," Ol' Moody reconstructed the events of the previous day. Hobbling along in the theologian's footsteps, he demonstrated how he had come upon the animal--the heavily packed ground beneath the deep blanket of leaves indicated the beast had weighed 300 or more pounds--which had turned upon the theologian and charged.

Puzzles remained, however. The formless tracks in the half-decayed leaves were most numerous below the branches of a single tree--branches too fragile to support more than the weight of a few birds. Yet clinging to those branches were tufts of fur, the same almost hair-like fur Emmett and Moody had found on the collar of Dr. Loudermilk's shirt, indicating the animal's reach must have far exceeded a man's, unless he were some seven feet tall. The reach,

Moody asserted, pointed directly to the grizzly bear--though the fur of the grizzly Moody knew in his own United States was rather different, probably because of climate. Too, the animal remains at the foot of the tree--a scattering of tiny bones, a few blood-stained feathers--suggested that the grizzly had been interrupted while feeding on what was a distinctly unusual diet for the beast, though its appetite would certainly be unpredictable. But the nature of the wildfowl remains was beyond sure resolution--though, of course, my great-uncle "contemplated the possibilities with a mixture of elation and despair," and his eyes "went involuntarily to the western sky into which that single flying creature had fled."

One puzzle remained. The instrument that had drawn blood from the animal and driven or frightened him away was still unknown. (Like Emmett, Dr. Loudermilk had left camp without weapons, carrying neither knife nor firearm.) Soon, however, half-imbedded in a fallen tree trunk near the scene of the attack, Ol' Moody discovered a "glittering fragment" of machined metal, to which blood and coarse hair adhered. The two men carefully examined the angle of its penetration. Obviously, the fragment of metal had fallen from the sky, grazing the skull or shoulder of the beast and plucking a few hair from its hide before it expended itself in the fallen log. (This deduction was later confirmed when a long tear and a tiny bit of metal were found in the left breast pocket of Loudermilk's twill shirt, left there by the fragment in the downward sweep of its trajectory.)

The source of that metal fragment remained a complete mystery, however, until the publication of your article. For many years my great-uncle investigated every possibility, but could find no explanation. Dirigibles were unknown to Saskatchewan in 1899. A balloon would have been visible. Artillery fire was out of the question, for the steep angle of the fragment's penetration of the log precluded an exploding shell, since its blast would have been all too evident, far greater than a distant clap of thunder.

Now we can confidently say the mystery is solved. Dr. Loudermilk's savior was, beyond question or cavil, a hurtling mass of metal from Dr. Finch's exploded rocket.

George B. Moody, as I have said, died two years later, in 1901. My great-uncle, Emmett Kyle, passed from the scene some nine years ago, at ninety-five, after a long, productive, and satisfying life, marred only by his failure to achieve his lifelong desire, the discovery of a new zoological species. Daniel Parley Loudermilk still lives, however, a patient in a New Jersey nursing home, well past the century mark. Though he appears alert if somewhat feeble, it has been many years since he has spoken, and I have wondered from time to time if that ancient brain ever speculates upon the act of God that saved his life.

And I wonder, now, what he would say if he were to know its true source.

Best,  
Richard Kyle

Afterword: Mr. Kyle's letter is printed here, rather than in Riverside Quarterly, because of the remark quoted on p.9--that the "'marks resembling those of strangulation' on Dr. Loudermilk's throat were not commonly associated with...the grizzly or other bear." In any case, I doubt that seeing a grizzly, or any of its relatives, would have so damaged Dr. Loudermilk's sanity--so I'd conjecture that it wasn't a bear at all, but the creature for which this journal is named--the Sasquatch.

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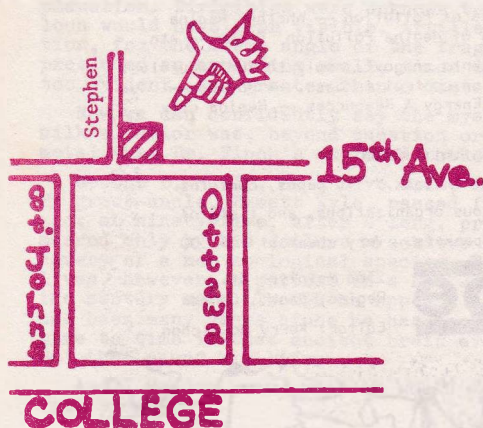
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