

# Bits & Pieces – Issue No. 35

Christopher L. Murphy

The story of what was called the de Loys' Manbeast has had wide publicity, and is now firmly lodged in the realm of the unexplained. We are told that the animal was shot in the jungles of Venezuela in 1920 by a member of a Swiss expedition headed by Francis de Loys. He took this photograph; then cut off the head and skinned the creature for subsequent scientific analysis. Unfortunately, both were lost in a boating accident. Nevertheless, the photograph was submitted as evidence.

De Loys claimed that the creature was just over 5 feet tall (said to be 61.81 inches or 1.57 meters). This was highly disputed until someone noticed that the oddity was sitting on a fuel crate, which had known measurements (15.5 inches high). Analysis of the crates was said to confirm de Loys' height estimate.

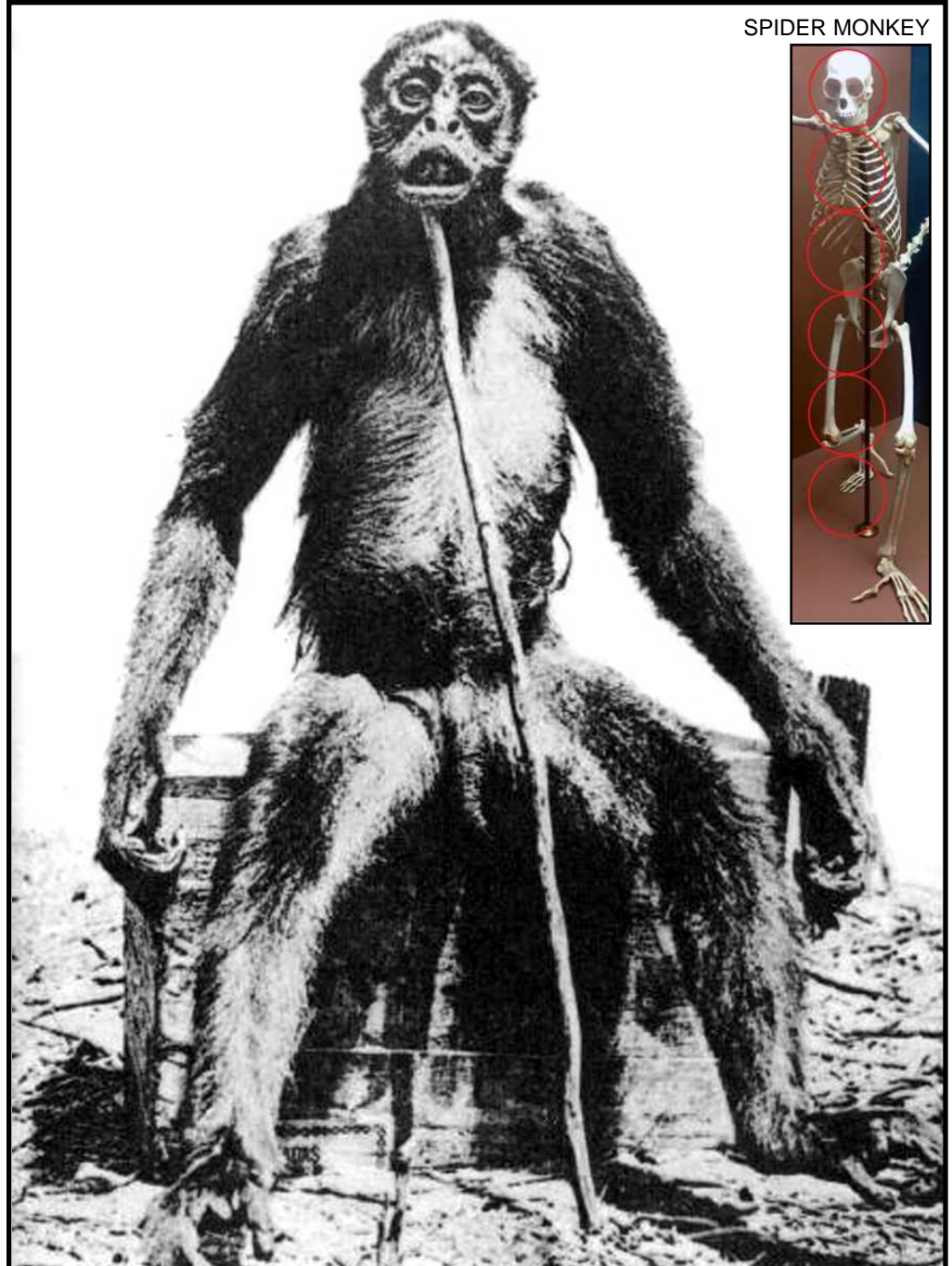
My own analysis indicates that the seated animal is 44.9 inches tall. This gives us a head height of 7.39 inches. If the standing height is 61.81 inches then the head to height ratio is 8.36:1. That is likely improbable. If we adjust for the fact that the mouth is open, then the ratio would be even greater. The maximum human ratio is 8:1; the great apes are much less.

If we use the ratio for regular chimpanzees and gorillas (6:1), then this animal was 3 feet, 8.4 inches tall. A spider monkey (considered likely) skeleton (inset) also indicates about this ratio.

If we use the ratio for bonobos (7:1) then this animal was 4 feet, 3.8 inches tall.

My opinion is that the animal was no greater than 4 feet tall. This is another one of those "you can't have your cake and eat it too" situations. If the head ratio and the crate height don't reasonably agree, well one or the other is wrong.

Of course, it's difficult to conclude that de Loys was incorrect in his height estimate; however, perhaps it was not his estimate. It appears some "professionals" were anxious to discover a new species. There is also speculation that the creature was a hoax (a monkey of some sort made to look unusual), and was not photographed in Venezuela.

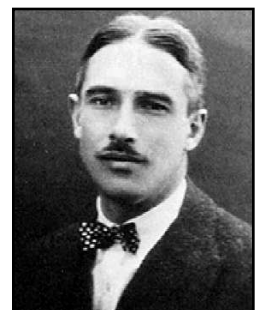


The following is from Wikipedia as to the animal's description:

The animal resembled a spider monkey, but was much larger: 1.57 m tall (compared to the largest spider monkeys, which are just over a metre tall). De Loys counted 32 teeth (most New World monkeys have 36 teeth), and noted that the creature had no tail.

animal was mathematically much less than 5 feet tall and that is the only point I wish to make.

François Fernand Hector de Loys ,  
Swiss geologist  
(1892–1935).



Whatever the case, it appears the

It appears this letter and the press sparked off major speculation that the US Army knew about the sasquatch at an "official" level. It was thought that if the US Government (Army Corps of Engineers) included the sasquatch in its Washington State Environmental Atlas, then the entity must exist. Nothing could be further from the truth.

I went directly to the Army Atlas people and asked for an explanation. As it happened, they were determined to provide more information in their publication that would be of interest to the general public; they wanted to improve their image. They had received feedback from some people who suggested providing information on the sasquatch. Several of the Atlas people thought it was a good idea; why not sort of thing. If the entry was refused, so what? They researched information on the sasquatch and put together a decent summary and provided sighting statistics. To imply that the entry was "light-hearted" they included a cartoon:



Upper management people failed to pay attention to what was planned (they were likely sent a draft), so the Atlas just sailed through and was published at a cost of \$200,000.

I provided the complete, highly detailed story in *Know the Sasquatch* (pp. 200 to 203). In truth, before I researched the story, I even considered the Atlas a form of US government sasquatch recognition.

We are inclined to take material of this nature at face value. As a result you will see the Atlas referenced as proof that the US government gives the sasquatch full credibility.

You might note that in the adjacent official letter, the writer asks for information on the sasquatch. That was back in 1975, so I doubt the request still



DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY  
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF ENGINEERS  
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20314

REPLY TO  
ATTENTION OF:

DAEN-CWP-P

22 October 1975

Dr. V. Markotic  
Department of Archaeology  
University of Calgary  
Calgary, Alberta, T2N 1N4  
Canada

Dear Dr. Markotic:

This is in response to your letter of 3 October 1975 requesting information on Sasquatch.

The inclosed write-up was reproduced from data presented in a recently completed Corps of Engineers environmental inventory atlas for the State of Washington. This inclosure represents all that is said about Sasquatch in the Washington Atlas. However, should you be interested in the Washington Atlas it is available through the U. S. Government Printing Office under Stock No. 0820-00526.

Because of the broad interest in Sasquatch and the uncertainty of its existence we would appreciate receiving any information you may have or are aware of that could shed some light on this subject. Should you have any information you would like to share, please contact:

U. S. Army Corps of Engineers  
ATTN: NPSEN-PL-ER  
P.O. Box C-3755  
Seattle, Washington 98124

I hope that the inclosed information can assist you in your work.

Sincerely yours,

PHILLIP C. PIERCE  
Environmental Planner  
(Fish and Wildlife)

Incl  
As stated

stands. I don't think Dr. Markotic responded; but he should have.

The upper management people for the Atlas were not at all pleased; they failed to see any humor in what was done and considered the entry bad publicity. Nevertheless, the Corps did not suffer. In my opinion, many people would consider the entry a mark of honesty. The Washington State "environment" certainly has a lot of sasquatch sightings, so the Atlas people explained the situation as they should. Indeed, at least one county in Washington had sasquatch protection laws at that time.

For sure, the Atlas resulted in more sasquatch awareness, whatever the circumstances. Unfortunately, the Atlas is about all we have from the US government.

Some time in the early 1990s, the subject of Ray Wallace and Rant Mullens came up when I met with René Dahinden. I knew very little at that time. I suppose he told me what he knew, and before I left he gave me a photocopy of an article in the *Los Angeles Times*, for June 4, 1982. I read it and, filed it away.

I ran across the article the other day and re-read it. For certain it shows just how silly Wallace and Mullens were. I suppose they were just having a lot of fun and all that—by this time bigfoot was on its way to becoming a joke, so they jumped on the bandwagon. I thought you might like to see what was written 36 years ago, so provide the article on the following pages. I continue my talk on page 4.





Rant Mullens says the legend of Bigfoot is a hoax that he started years ago just for the fun of it.

## How the Story Started

# Bigfoot Legend Engenders a Feud

By WILLIAM OVEREND, *Times Staff Writer*

TOLEDO, Wash.—This is one of the little lumber towns near the base of Mt. St. Helens. It's a friendly place. There's fishing and hunting in the rivers and forests nearby, and people here have the rugged look of the outdoors to them. Many of the town's 630 residents are loggers, and a few still mine for gold in the surrounding wilderness.

The legend of Bigfoot is strong here.

### More than Fantasy

There are many in town who don't believe the stories told about the giant ape-man creatures said to inhabit the forbidding slopes of the volcano that towers over the region. But even they seem to enjoy the legend. It is a kind of charming myth that makes Toledo something more than just another little town.

To some, however, Bigfoot is more than pleasant fantasy. There are a few residents who have told how they have encountered Bigfoot in the wilds. Some have offered

evidence in photographs of questionable authenticity and books of dubious fact. A few of them have made some money from the legend, and this has caused some bitterness that slightly tarnishes the myth.

For years, two of the town's best-known residents have feuded openly about Bigfoot. Rant Mullens and Ray Wallace originally had no quarrel about the existence of Bigfoot himself. Wallace was simply one of those who had managed to

profit from the legend, and Mullens wasn't. It was Mullens' view that Wallace had cheated him out of some money, and Wallace made it known to all in town that he feared Mullens was eventually going to shoot him over the disputed debt.

### Mullens' Version

Mullens still chuckles about this as he tells his side of the story. At the age of 86, he has trouble moving around and he is a bitter man in many ways. But the thought of Wallace worrying about Mullens coming after him with a gun brings a smile to the old man's face. Everybody in town sort of expected it, he says. The local sheriff even stopped him in the middle of town once and searched him for a weapon, obviously believing in the gunfight some were predicting.

Instead of shooting Wallace, however, Mullens settled on a less violent revenge. The Bigfoot legend was nothing but a hoax, he declared. In fact, he had started it himself more than half a century earlier in his younger days as a forest ranger when he was something of a practical joker.

One day he got the idea to carve some enormous feet out of some slabs of wood. Then a couple of friends took the feet around with them in Washington and California, leaving phony tracks that people credited to Bigfoot. Mullens told this story first to a local newspaper, then again on national television after CBS News had learned about it and judged it worthy of a broader audience.

### Moment of Victory

He had decided it was time to tell the truth about Bigfoot because it wasn't fair that some people were getting rich by deceiving the public, he declared. For Mullens, it was a moment of victory. But it didn't last for long. What Mullens soon came to realize was that most people didn't really seem to care if Bigfoot was a hoax or not. It was a legend that was easier begun than ended.

As for Wallace, he was promoting Bigfoot with greater enthusiasm than ever. Of all the local storytellers, he was the unchallenged king. He had person-

Please see **BIGFOOT**, Page 14



Ray Wallace says he's seen Bigfoot in person and made these plaster casts from tracks left by both big Bigfoots and little Bigfoots.

RAYLEY HANSEN



# BIGFOOT: Practical Joke or Reality?

Continued from First Page

ally run into Bigfoot on more than 2,000 occasions during the years, he contended. He had some film of a creature he identified as Bigfoot, and it wasn't true as some people charged that it was either his son or another local resident named Lurch Slumsky dressed up in a bear-skin, he said.

Last week, while Mullens recounted his story of the hoax and told again of his personal misfortunes, he seemed more of the loser than the winner in the latest battle. Wallace, meanwhile, was holding forth in the local tavern on one of his many Bigfoot adventures.

A full-grown Bigfoot can throw a rock half the size of a shot put and kill a deer at 300 to 500 feet, he was saying. One time he had a camera with him and could have taken a great picture of Bigfoot, he added. But the creature pitched one of those rocks about 100 feet and knocked the camera right out of his hand.

There wasn't just one Bigfoot out there in the wilds, Wallace said. There were whole families of them. One of these days, he promised, he would capture one of the babies. Then the world would see the legend was true, and people could judge for themselves whether it was Rant Mullens or Ray Wallace who was telling the truth.

It had been about a month since the network television crew arrived at Mullens' house and had him show a pair of wooden feet like those he had first carved in 1928. Mullens wasn't happy about the aftermath. For one thing, he hadn't even been able to see himself on television. A television set is one of the many luxuries he's never felt he could afford.

"I'm disgusted with the whole thing," he said, resigning himself to the chore of having to tell the story once again. He wasn't exactly sure what he had expected the story to accomplish, but he had thought there would be something to come out of it. But the only result so far, he said, was that some stranger from Seattle had come by and told him there were some people in Chicago who would be interested in buying the set of wooden feet he had carved. It was the only set he had, and he had given them to the man from Seattle, hoping he might get a little money for them. But he hadn't heard anything since, he said, and he was starting to wonder if he ever would.

### Lost Track of Sets

It was something along similar lines that started his quarrel with Wallace, Mullens added. After carving his first set of feet 54 years earlier, he'd carved about six other sets, he said. Back then there were some bootleggers or some kind of outlaw types living in the mountains, and the phony tracks were just one of the ways he passed the time trying to scare them while he was working as a forest ranger.

Mullens had lost track of all the sets not long after that, and it wasn't until almost 20 years later that he found them again. They'd been taken by another resident of the town, and put on a shelf somewhere and

then forgotten. After Mullens regained possession, he said, Wallace bought one of the sets for \$50. Then he offered Mullens another \$1,500 for the rest, Mullens added. He said Wallace took all the wooden feet one day when Mullens wasn't home, but never paid him a penny for them.

"I'm the one who whittled the feet, and I never got anything out of it," Mullens said. "I don't know. Maybe some people will want some now, and I might carve up some more. But I got to get me a good jackknife first. That's another thing that's got me worked up about all this. Somebody must have made off with my jackknife. I've looked all over and I can't find it. I even went down to the hardware store to get a new one. But you know what they're charging now for a good knife? It was something like \$26. I can't even afford to get a knife."

It just hadn't worked out the way it should have, Mullens continued. Sitting on the back porch of his cluttered and shabby house, he was becoming progressively dejected. He didn't even have a set of phony feet to show anymore. The best he could do was to hold up one of the slabs of wood he'd use to carve some new feet if he could get a new knife. It wasn't fair, he said.

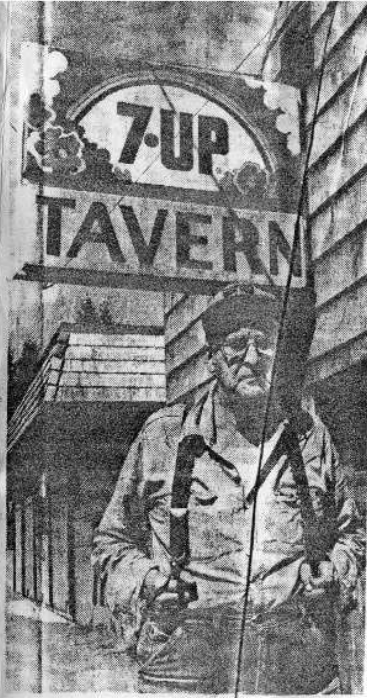
"Some people get all the breaks," he added.

Wallace's version of his troubles with Mullens is considerably different. He never offered Mullens \$1,500 for his wooden feet, he said. But he has given him some money over the years, he added, because it was Mullens who first showed him some of the caves where the Bigfoots live.

At the Toledo Tavern, one of the social hubs of the lumber town, almost everybody at the bar starts grinning when an inquiry is made as to where Wallace can be located. It turns out that his son, Rick, is one of the beer drinkers at the far end of the bar, and he says his father will be arriving momentarily.

Rick Wallace looks to be about 300 pounds, and it's not implausible to picture him in a bearskin looking like Bigfoot, whatever Bigfoot really looks like, assuming he looks like anything. Rick denies he has ever tried to pass himself off as Bigfoot, however. He also makes it pretty clear he doesn't want to get caught up in the Bigfoot controversy. That's his father's province, not his, he says.

As for Mullens, Wallace's son maintains a neutral position. He gets a chuckle himself out of his father's fears in the past that Mullens might gun him down. For the last five years his father has never sat with his back to a window, he says. He seems to think Mullens is some kind of aging Wyatt Earp.



Ray Wallace says he has a theory that the Bigfoots were dropped off by a flying saucer.



Rant Mullens claims he whittled feet from wood and made the Bigfoot tracks from them.

At this point, Ray Wallace enters. At the chance to tell his Bigfoot stories to somebody who hasn't heard them before, he eagerly sits down at a table and launches into a detailed description of what it's like to meet up with one of the creatures.

"They look like a giant-size man with fingers eight inches long," he says. "They're covered all over with hair. In the winter, it's all brown. But in the summer

when they're out in the sun, it turns to a kind of cinnamon color.

"They're people. They speak like a man," he says. "They make a sound like this: 'Yuk! Yuk!'" The other animals come to them. Cougars, for example. Cougars are their friends, and they help warn them whenever humans get near."

Please see **BIGFOOT FEUD**, Page 15

## BIGFOOT FEUD

Continued from 14th Page

While there have been reported Bigfoot sightings in all kinds of places, from California to China, Wallace says there's no question most of Bigfoots live in the Mt. St. Helens area. How they got there is a mystery, he says. But, he adds, some old Indians have told him they've been around for centuries.

One theory Wallace has is that they might have been dropped off by a flying saucer. In addition to all the Bigfoots he's run into during the years, he says he's seen about 2,000 flying saucers in the Mt. St. Helens area. Once he saw one 300 feet overhead. It was round and spinning real fast, and had a real bright light.

### Quality of Carvings

As Wallace switches from Bigfoot to flying saucers, then back to Bigfoot again, it gets a little hard to swing the subject back to Mullens. Wallace doesn't want to make him any madder than he already is, he says. Nonetheless, he can't resist a jab at the quality of the wooden feet he's carved.

"Those things would never fool anybody," he says. "Some of the smartest people in the world study Bigfoot and Rant's feet are almost like square blocks. I've seen thousands of Bigfoot tracks and they don't look anything like Rant's feet. I've got plaster casts of Bigfoot tracks myself. I've even got the tracks the babies make. They're the real thing. There's no point trying to fool the scientists."

From the tavern, Wallace heads home to rummage through his basement for the plaster casts he's been talking about. Not everybody in the Wallace family is as enthusiastic as he is about Bigfoot. His wife won't even talk to him at the moment for bringing some strangers home.

This has as little impact on Wallace as the heckling he was receiving earlier at the bar. He's talking now about some Bigfoot teeth he once had. But these bits of evidence disappear faster in Toledo than Bigfoot himself when danger threatens.

### Trusts People Too Much

"Somebody came through and said they were from the Smithsonian Institution, so I gave him the teeth," Wallace says. "I found out later he was a fraud. Maybe I trust people too much, sometimes."

He really doesn't want this feud with Mullens to go on forever, Wallace adds. He did get some of the wooden feet once, he admits, but he can't remember what he did with them or whatever happened to them. Anyway, he'd like to make his peace and he says he's sure he'll have the chance one of these days.

"I've got film of Bigfoot you wouldn't believe," he says. "I've got his screams on tape too. One of these days, one of the networks is going to want to buy this. I'll tell you one thing right now. I think they'll pay me \$50 million for it once they see the film."

"I'm going to give Rant 10% of what I get from the film," he says. "Hell, anybody can make feet like Rant's. But he showed me where they lived a long time ago. I'm not going to forget him. He deserves something out of this."

### Continued from page 2

Perhaps at the same meeting with René, but I believe later, he gave me a photocopy of something Peter Byrne had given to him many years earlier (probably the 1960s). It showed a photo of Ray Wallace with a story on the back. Here is the photo followed by the story.



RAY WALLACE UNLOCKING THE STEEL CABINET IN WHICH HE KEPT THE BABY BIGFOOT THAT HE TRIED TO SELL TO PETER BYRNE AND TOM SLICK IN THE SUMMER OF 1960. HE WANTED \$25,000 AND WE AGREED TO GIVE IT TO HIM. T.S. WROTE A CHECK AND SHOWED IT TO WALLACE AT THE OAKS CAFE IN HOOPA ON A SUNNY SUNDAY MORNING. WHEN WALLACE REACHED FOR THE CHECK T.S. POPPED IT BACK INTO HIS POCKET AND SAID THAT WE WOULD JUST LIKE TO HAVE A LOOK AT THE CREATURE FIRSTLY, JUST A LITTLE PEEK AND WOULD THIS BE POSSIBLE, WALLACE AGREED TO SHOW IT TO US THE FOLLOWING MORNING.

NEXT MORNING WE AGAIN MET WALLACE AT THE CAFE. HE WAS VERY GLUM AND DEJECTED AS HE TOLD US THAT THE BABY BIGFOOT HAD TAKEN ILL IN THE NIGHT. IT HAD GROWN PALE AND WAN AND RATHER THAN LET IT DIE IN THE STEEL CABINET WHERE HE KEPT IT HE HAD DECIDED TO LET IT GO.

WOULD YOU BUY A CAR FROM THIS MAN?

I don't recall any more discussions with René about Wallace and Mullens. I suppose we didn't want to waste our time.

Unfortunately, Ray Wallace still haunts us from his grave. When he died in 2002, a relative went to the press with a pair of Wallace's wooden feet; as usual, the press went wild.

In 2013, Daniel Loxton stated in the "Abominable" book (page 44) by him and Donald Prothero, the following:

As Wallace's son put it to reporters, "Ray L. Wallace was Bigfoot. The reality is, Bigfoot just died." Given the pivotal importance of the Bluff Creek tracks, I cannot help but think that he was right.

Of course, I would expect that sort of thing from Loxton, he's just a journalist; however, Prothero is a PhD scientist. Furthermore, the book was published by Columbia University Press. You might reflect a little on the previous article about the government Environmental Atlas. It's obvious that some management people are simply dead from the neck up in many situations.

Mullens slipped into history without a murmur; well, nothing that I know of. I must admit that he and Wallace certainly made a mess of things, which was obviously their objective; they were probably journalists at heart.