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SEA SERPENT REPORTS PERSIST

They Go As Far Back As Livy and Even Get Into British Naval Records

"It had a head like a camel laughing, with lo-o-o-g whiskers dripping at the sides of its mouth. When it reared its head back it reached half way up the mainmast, and if it had reached over just a teeny bit more it could have picked poor Johnny Rum off the yardarm. Its back was scaly and bright, shiny silver—all dirty brown underneath. Oh, it was a monstrous thing, monstrous—" and Uncle L.'s voice always droned off there and The Sun reporter, who was four or five at the time, would tug at his cravat for a continuance.

Uncle L. was in the Egyptian Sudan in the summer of 1885. He had brought back a scarred leg, some wonderful pearls, a little Zouave jacket, all red velvet and gold thread and a bright visual memory of what must have been the matriarch of all contemporaneous sea serpents. Uncle L. had an imagination of sorts, but it was not until he began to waver a little in his description that any of the family suspected perfidy. Now when anyone says sea serpent the reporter thinks of Uncle L. and his sea serpent and the story always takes on an air of credibility.

To the average straight thinker the very words are noxious. To those who were reared on Pinnocchio and Peter Pan and the Golden Treasury, the words sea serpent sound right nice and ringing.

The files of The Sun are full of tales of scaly monsters of the deep and it would be three days' work to give them all fair hearing. However, this is an unusual sea serpent occasion.

The little town of Perry, N. Y., is celebrating the 82nd anniversary of its sea serpent, which turned unhappily out to be a phoney.

In the fine old issue of St. Nicholas Edward R. Stevenson quoted Olaus Magnus, an ancient Scandinavian author, as describing a sea snake 200 feet long that rose from the waves, towered above a ship's mast and snapped up cattle and men in its jaws.

Livy tells of a serpent 120 feet long killed during the Punic wars, but of course, you do not have to take Livy with a dash of salt, when you remember some of the patent legends he relates as complete truth.

As the world got older the sea serpent stories came to light more frequently—often obviously born in a cask of old Jamaica rum rather than the caves of Neptune. But occasionally a hardy ship's officer rarely deluded by anything less than a pair of pretty eyes from the County Derry, would come back with the solemn tale of a sixty-foot horror that was playing around the bow during a storm. Such a one was Capt. McQuahae of the British ship Daedalus who saw a sea serpent off the African coast in 1848.

Not long after that Mark Trelawney, the gallant Yankee Quartermaster of the brig Daphne, reported a monster in the same area, commenting on its dragonlike head and its

swimming speed of fifteen knots. Later the tales became more direct and business-like. Capt. F. W. Dean of the British naval ship Hilary reported a sea serpent in the log dated May 22, 1917.

"An object was observed on the starboard quarter. The ship was steered straight for it. When we were about a cable from it, the creature quietly moved out of our way and we passed it at a distance of about 30 yards. As we passed it lifted its head, as if looking at us. The head was in appearance black and glossy, with no protrusions such as ears, etc., in shape about like that of a cow. The dorsal fin was four feet above the water."

Now you can't call an officer in the King's Navy a liar! Nor can you accuse him of stopping too long in the grog room.

Nor can you discount many of the similar accounts by such solid people as Capt. R. V. Peel, commodore in the British Royal Naval Reserve, master of the Mauretania, who said he saw a strange thing Jan. 30, 1934.

"It was sixty feet long, with a flat head resting on the surface of the water, and with undulating humps on its back. I did not say that it was extraordinary, but it was strange—very strange."

Latest of all the marine nightmares is the fearsome Nessie, or Bobby (depending on its undetermined gender) of Loch Ness Lake, Inverness, Scotland, which bobbed up in 1934, and has bobbed up since a total of 21 times, making Inverness something of a place on the map, and worrying the Benedictine monks who reside on the shore half to death. One of the factors of importance in all this is the curious similarity of all the stories—from the Mediterranean to Nebraska. Sixty feet long, flat ugly head, many coils and humps and tremendous speed—all characteristics of the monsters.

And an equally strong factor for disbelief is the fact that there aren't any photographs of the beasties whose centres of interest couldn't have been just a smudge on the negative. Surely somebody ought to have had a Leica or Contax tucked in one of his coat pockets. From all the candid camera shots that have appeared lately there must be a miniature camera to every fourth man, woman and child. Maybe the creatures won't pose for anything short of a panorama camera. Maybe they won't pose. Maybe they aren't.

MATHIEU'S SYRUP
COLD BRONCHITIS GRIPPE
STOPS COUGHS

C. N. R. ISSUES SPECIAL MENU FOR CHILDREN

MONTREAL, July 27—All the good things that come from the kitchens at home can now be ordered by children on dining cars of the Canadian National Railways," stated W. W. Swinden, General Superintendent of Sleeping and Dining-Car Services, in announcing new "Children's Menus" on Canadian National trains.

These new menus, designed particularly to appeal to children, give a wide choice of suggestions for breakfast, dinner and supper for the little folk. They also include a number of nursery "jingles" in modern style.

It is the kiddies' own menu. They may even take a copy home as a souvenir, and their dining car steward will autograph it if they so desire, making them members of the "Little Folks Travel Club."

"We already have special china-ware and cutlery for children, as well as high chairs and bibs," said Mr. Swinden, "and these new attractive menus complete the list. We are making every effort to make meal-time appetizing and pleasant for children on our diners and our employees have been instructed to give them special attention."

NEW YORK, July 26—The son of Frances Hodgson Burnett, noted authoress, who was the inspiration of his mother's famous novel, "Lord Fauntleroy", died yesterday by a sudden seizure. The son who had adopted the journalistic profession in his early years had just directed from his yacht the rescue of three persons clinging to an overturned rowboat in Long Island Sound. After the rescue was effected Burnett collapsed and passed away shortly after.

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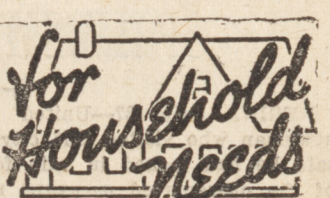
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