

WILD MAN HAUNTS CLEVELAND WOODS

Women and Children Frightened by Naked Man.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, July 2.—A wild man of terrifying appearance has for the last two weeks been causing consternation among the residents of a portion of Lakewood.

He wears no clothing and is about thirty years of age. He haunts the woods in the vicinity of West Madison and Wyandotte avenues, commonly known as Case's woods or May's place. The reports concerning him are too well verified to admit any doubt as to their authenticity.

He has been seen by a number of persons, and several women and children have had terrifying experiences with him. Perhaps the most alarming encounter was that experienced by Mrs. Harold Ware, who lives on West Madison avenue, near Wyandotte avenue.

"Yes, I saw the wild man last Wednesday," said Mrs. Ware yesterday afternoon, "and I must say it was a most terrible experience. I will never forget it as long as I live. Wednesday morning at about 9:30 o'clock I started to walk from my house to the residence of my husband's parents. They live on West Madison avenue also, but considerably further down town. I should say that it is about ten minutes' walk.

"There is not a house between their home and ours, but I did not feel the least nervousness, although I was without a companion, I have taken the walk so many times that I have grown used to it, and then, you see, I had no reason for fear. It was broad daylight, and I felt secure.

Wild and Strange Laugh.
"I had gone about half the distance to my father-in-law's house, when suddenly I heard a most peculiar laugh on the other side of the road. Though I was rather startled I did not look up, because I imagined that it was only a workman or a farm hand. But the laugh was repeated, and it was so wild and strange that I glanced across the road to see who the person could be that was laughing in such a peculiar manner. To my horror, I saw standing on the other side of the road, behind the fence, a man entirely naked except for a black rag or piece of shirt, which was drawn tightly up under his arms and knotted or tied in some manner.

"I was so startled and terrified that I almost fainted. I do not know whether I screamed or not. I tried to run, but I felt overwhelmed me, and my limbs failed me.

"The man was about thirty years of age, I should judge, very dark, with dark hair and beard and wild appearance. For a minute I stood there rooted to the spot, staring at that awful man, who grinned at me in an insane manner. Then, suddenly, he began to crawl over the fence.

You may be sure that I ran then. I never ran so fast in all my life. I heard him jumping over the fence, but as I ran I did not turn to see if he were pursuing me. When I reached my father-in-law's house I was so exhausted that I could only fall into a chair, without speaking. When I had recovered sufficiently to tell the story, Mr. Ware, my father-in-law, and another man started out immediately to see if they could discover the man who chased me. They were not successful, however."

The women of the neighborhood are much terrified, and are careful to keep their doors locked. The houses are all a good distance apart, and in some cases are beyond call. Mr. Ware is about to purchase a revolver for his wife, that she may not be unprotected in his absence.

The wild man was first seen about two weeks ago. Clark Worthing, of No. 2643 Detroit street, was directing work which was being done on a ditch in West Madison avenue. While he was thus employed several young Bohemian girls, who were working further up the road, and who were returning home, called out to him: "Man up the road. No clothes. He chase."

Mr. Worthing thought that the girls were jesting and let the matter pass without comment. He now realizes that this was the first appearance of the wild man.

The last time that the wild man was seen was Sunday afternoon. The two daughters of Mrs. Wolf, who reside in the neighborhood, were passing a particularly dense portion of the woods, when, happening to look over the fence, they saw the wild man standing there, so near that he could have touched them by merely extending his hand. They screamed and ran home.

Mr. Ware and several other men then set out to search the woods. They could find no trace of the man. It would be practically impossible, however, to find him without a large force, as the woods are extensive. He was seen Sunday afternoon by several children, who caught a glimpse of him as he ran across a field. During the latter part of the week a woman who happened to be passing through the woods soon after a shower saw plainly marked upon the moist soil the imprint left by the bare feet of a man.

The apparition of the wild man has aroused great excitement in this ordinarily peaceful neighborhood. All the berry pickers have taken alarm and refuse to return from work by the road which leads past the woods. The Lakewood police, it is said, have undertaken to investigate the affair.

Fitted to Her Case.

Mrs. Van Vorst, the author of "The Woman Who Tolls," had many amusing and odd adventures during her life as a worker. One adventure that has not heretofore been related concerned a taciturn man.

She met this man on a New England road, mending a worm fence.

"Can you tell me," she said, "how far it is from here to the next town?"

He pointed forward. "Milestone little further on will tell you," he growled. "Rudeness such as this vexed Mrs. Van Vorst. "But the milestone will be no good to me, for I can't read," she said.

Thereupon the taciturn man chuckled a little. "Ho, ho," he said, "it is just the kind of milestone for people that can't read, for all the writing's been washed off of it."

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