

SASQUATCH BEHAVIOR

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Questions often arise concerning what research might know about Sasquatch behavior. As far as I know there are *no known behaviors*; only *reported behaviors*; I want to be clear about that distinction.

We can only build on what has been reported by multiple witnesses and draw from that information a picture that shapes what we can say we might know about Sasquatch behavior. Truth is often found in the simplest of reports and not in the multiplicity or confusion of twisted particulars. It is probably not wise to make statements about the Sasquatch people that might be construed as a universal behavior. Each report is different and describes a different personality unique to that Sasquatch alone.

For me, I find it counterproductive to romanticize reported Sasquatch conduct. I am a conventionalist relying exclusively on what I've personally seen and what the data suggests. I've found it not wise to depend on only one account or one person's take. I lean heavily on records and the statistics in that data. For me, there is nothing more disconcerting than when members of research make the choice to spread careless remarks that are contrary to the data they are supposed to know about.

My own close encounter (as unremarkable as I think it was) gave me the enthusiasm to begin this search nearly thirty years ago. In addition, I've had the good fortune to communicate with thousands of other individuals who came to me through the Bigfootencounters.com website to share what they know and what they've experienced. Thousands of people with an experience to share have written about their encounter with cathartic bliss. Many were relieved to have someone to talk to without the derision, laughter and ridicule. In gathering the bulk of the data, I have at times, stood on the shoulders of giants; men much wiser than I am.

I cannot attest to the veracity of these *reported* behaviors; they are what they are – raw and heartfelt in most cases. Case reports come from all walks of life from Joe Average types to academics and of course, professionals and members of various government agencies. I am not here to judge their reports; simply to log the listed behavior for whatever historic significance it may contain for future followers of this mystery.

Most of the data previously published is old, outdated and repetitious – so

much so that it adds monotony to the examiner's hunt for new up-to-date statistical information on Sasquatch behavior. Much of the previously published data speaks to issues of terrain and witness reactions. There is generally very little behavior listed in most reports; I'd like to see that change. A great deal of the old published data was about Sasquatch as an ape. We know differently now; tracking the ill-thought-out ape hypothesis was a 45 year distraction by those with name recognition who had never seen that which they promoted as an off-shoot of Gigantopithecus. Finding tracks in the wild never replaces a daylight, full on, face to face with a Sasquatch!

For this purpose, I'm not so much interested in the reactions or the feelings of the informant nor am I interested in naming names. The focus here is primarily on reported behavior patterns and various manners of reported conduct. It is suffice to say that in almost all reported incidents, the witness reacted with surges of adrenaline and enormous levels of fear.

Some handled the situation well but most informants (admittedly) did not. It is in our nature to fear what we don't understand and cannot control. The overwhelming size of some Sasquatch individuals generally renders the witness to the level of, "*this is it, I'm going to die.*" The level of fear is defined and perceptions become skewed.

In an effort to locate new and unpublished information for "*The de facto Sasquatch*," I poured through old computers, notes, letters, transcripts and audiotapes with relevant information stored since the 1980's up until today. There were surprising numbers of case reports never made public still stored in my old computers whose shelf life had long since passed. I had forgotten how to work the mega-heavy old Datel computers. Can you imagine working on an antiquated 8088 (8-bit) running at 8Mhz with 256KB of memory and a 20MB hard disk today? Chances are, this current generation can't imagine such an operating system. But it was state of the art for home use in the 1980's. The other antediluvian computer was a 286 (16-bit) running at 12 Mhz with 1MB of memory and a 40MB hard drive. The operating systems on both were running DOS; that was life before Bill Gates invented Windows. Compare that to the latest iPhone 5 (October 2012), which has 1GB of RAM, 64GB of flash storage, and two CPUs running at 1,002Mhz. It is easily thousands (maybe millions) of times faster than those first home computers. Making life crazier, there was no dialup, no cable connection in those days. To get on the web back then, (it wasn't called the internet yet) we had to sneak on and make use of bank and university main frames; you had to know someone; have their passwords – and even then you never knew when you would get cut off so that someone else could get on. It was a wild adventure and there wasn't all that much information available even when we did get online. There were chat

rooms and it seems everyone had an experience to relate – some of them unbelievable for the time. Such was what we had to work with; it took dedication to the subject for when dialup did happen, long distance rates were simply staggering.

Today, retrieving data off those relic machines and making any sense of them was a challenge. I poured through piles of yellowed *Post It* notes, some scribbled incoherently and others written in rich detail...and so my collecting began, even if it was rather sloppy compared to computer use today.

Nearly thirty years' worth of little-known behavior will become apparent as you read on. To be clear: for this chapter on Sasquatch behavior I've omitted most of the extraneous verbiage in the reports that speaks to any issue the informant might have felt; his fear, circumstances and conclusions.

The focus here is strategically placed on whatever message the informant's statement may have contained that reflected specifically on the behavior of the Sasquatch. Where stories are paraphrased, I have not changed the drama or actions of any Sasquatch behavior, nor have I changed cited manners of conduct. Years have passed in some instances and where I was unable to obtain permissions specific to a case, I've paraphrased the narrative. Where needed, I have changed the names to protect those I was unable to locate again. If there is comment, it's my opinion.

Occasionally I have included excerpts or whole letters that tell a life-story or life experience that includes behavior thought to be uncharacteristic. Where those accounts occur, it was done in an effort not to lose sight of the teller's thought-flow. You will notice too, that I occasionally include entire emails or interviews with permission simply to set a scene.

In the beginning of this project it occurred to me that basic behaviors attributed to the Sasquatch have been in the past, essentially ignored in favor of the ape bias or alien drama.

The *behavior* most often recorded would be the wandering of a Sasquatch out onto a road seemingly oblivious to the dangers of high-speed traffic. I call them *road-runner* reports; they come from people in cars, vans, trucks and several 18-wheeler incidents. Road sightings account for most of the numbers in my data but for this effort, I mention only a few road-runner accounts to keep repetition to a minimum.

One report came from a driver hauling fuel while working for a major oil company. In 1996 the driver wrote me about two major highway sightings he

personally had. Both occurred up the Interstate 5 corridor in the northbound lanes through California's beautiful Mt. Shasta County. There was very little physical detail in his report except its height, which would have placed it in the 9 to 10-foot category – the approximate height of a tractor-trailer's cab. The behavior however was something else. The truck driver said this individual strolled out onto the freeway in the midst of tractor-trailers, recreational vehicles and other general traffic. Brakes squealed cars fish-tailed and yet the Sasquatch apparently just walked unconcerned amidst the vehicles. We cannot say categorically that all Sasquatch have a high degree of *street smarts*. Bears aren't that irresponsible; rare are the reports of bears mindlessly sauntering out onto a busy, highly trafficked thoroughfare. Yet in my data, the most reported cases tend to be sightings from the road.

In any case, the informant said the creature walked casually onto the northbound side of traffic having come out of the pine trees that lined the forested freeway in that part of the country. The highway is split in that vicinity into separate lanes. The northbound and southbound traffic is divided by a wide median thick with pine trees; all sides heavily forested. The Sasquatch did not stop and look and was apparently not deterred by the approach of high-beam headlights, horns and screeching brakes. The Sasquatch strolled smoothly across the trucker's lane, crossing the freeway in just a few steps that he said, "*were major steps, it was not leaping but strolling along looking straight ahead*". The trucker stated he pulled on the air-horn but got no reaction from the strange creature. This sort of behavior is commonly reported not only in the Lakehead-Lakeshore region of California but all over North America.¹

The gas hauler in the previous account applied brakes and so did the witness in this next narrative. His reaction was animated and expressive. The story has its origins in west Texas where the African American trucker became emotionally overwrought during the retelling of his ordeal. Seeing the large hairy primitive amble across the road directly in front of him, he screamed into the telephone, "*...Whoa, sweet Jeezus, what do we have here, glory, hallelujah, help me Jeezus, what is this thing I see?*" Wildly emotional, the trucker said he was concerned whether or not he would be able to stand on his brakes hard enough to stop the fully loaded 18-wheeler; this was just 3 miles eastbound out of Butterfield, Hudspeth County, Texas on Hwy 62. The informant, Amos Washington said he had to gear down to allow the loping "*barefoot booger*" to cross the road exclaiming that it was "*hairy and naked*."

Mr. Washington, decidedly upset in the retelling of his experience, remarked that the night was pitch-black outside. He indicated the apparition had better eyesight than he did to negotiate the terrain like it did. I could never decide

which was more interesting, the informant or his telling of the event.²

A few of the road-runner sightings however, parlay into additional behaviors like peering into the vehicle, reaching into vehicles or running along the side of a vehicle and sometimes facial gestures like smiling or showing teeth and interestingly in one report, the show of emotion and the acknowledgement of road courtesies. Many are chase scenes and Bigfoot racing alongside cars.

Steven M. had an unusual road encounter in Jasper County, Missouri. The witness claimed that he saw a *"large hairy creature, from head to toes completely covered in long spindly hair,"* amble down the middle of the two lane highway that led to his former home in Joplin, Missouri. The creature stood in front of the man's car, perfectly still in the headlights for several minutes. Steven flashed his headlights and tooted the horn with no reaction from the creature; he exclaimed it was almost as if the "Sasquatch was a deaf mute." There are several instances in the data where the hairy man is described acting as if it was mute or deaf and dumb.

The report read, *"Suddenly the monster broke into a sprint headed right at the witness's car. The witness stepped on the accelerator and managed to swerve to avoid hitting the beast."* He mentioned the car suffered minor front end damage when he swerved the vehicle off the side of the road. He reported the incident to the local Sheriff who informed him there had been several other sightings that same night. In Missouri, the locals call the Sasquatch, *Momo*.³

A retired Federal employee, hunter, woodsman shared this encounter in 2011 with Stan Huhtala:

"The statement was taken from two ladies who were traveling to work into Lincoln, Montana because they had to open and get *Lambkins Restaurant* ready for the morning breakfast crowd. They were driving their car, down the pavement NE of Lincoln, say twenty miles, when a large hairy biped came across in front of the path of their vehicle from the creek below the roadbed on their right and went up an embankment and into the Hagen Creek drainage. I took it that the car was brought to a stop to avoid hitting the creature. The creature was less than five feet in front of their car and in full view through the windshield; it looked in their direction before climbing up the roadside incline. They did not wish to comment, but I finally got one of them to talk to me about the encounter afterward. I am convinced there are many stories that remain untold. There are many hotspots and these stories when put together often broaden the geographic areas,

increasing the need for concentrated research efforts down the road. One such, area is between Helena, Montana and Lincoln Roger's Pass." ⁴ (Huhtala)

In a separate incident Stan spoke with a fellow over the phone that had a Bigfoot road-runner sighting. The man was traveling down I-80 in California between Sacramento and Reno, Nevada at 3:00 p.m. when suddenly in front of him was a black Sasquatch crossing multi-lanes of the Interstate Freeway.

Road reports generally lack detail so surprised are the people who see them from inside a moving vehicle. It's uncommon to get much creature description from an excited informant. Rare are any behavior notations in road sightings.

The next roadside sighting had a vivid description. The behavior shows lack of interest in the dangers inherent in all busy highways. It was described by Wayne A. M. of Camp Tom Howard, Tennessee in October of 2004.

"It was broad daylight and we could see clear as day that as we approached, this man was unusually tall and covered about his body with hair - not a thick fur coat, but hair on parts of his body. The guy had no clothes on, had long straggling hair that bounced off his wide shoulders and he walked bizarrely. This guy was going the same way we were going and finally he took a couple of steps and got off the road. Then full stop, turned, looked at us as we drove on by." ^{4a} (W.A.M.)

A face like an old warrior...

The encounter was documented by Octavio Ramos of the *Albuquerque Examiner*. The road side encounter took place on March 7, 2011, in Thoreau, New Mexico. According to the witness, he was traveling home from work from Gallup to Bluewater in a snow storm when he noticed a figure moving by the road. At first, the witness believed the form to be that of an unusually tall person, but as he got closer he saw that the creature looked, by its hair, to be more ape-like than human. He estimated the size of it at seven feet tall and in excess of four hundred pounds. The creature was covered with long stands of brown hair over the body, with shorter, grayish hair on its head. It had dark eyes, a pronounced brow, and "a face like an old warrior, both stern and angry in expression." The witness was frightened and elected not to stop because of the mixture of snow and ice on the road and the size of the creature, which made its way toward his truck. The witness said that the creature did come very close to his vehicle. ⁵ (Ramos 2011)

It is interesting that the informant described the Sasquatch as ape-like then contradicted himself by saying "*it had the face of an old warrior,*" which would be human-like not ape-like; in many cases I think the body hair is the confusion.

The Ramos case is one of many that list the behavior of Sasquatch freely moving about in freezing conditions. It is another case where the Sasquatch has been observed walking in snow and ice...barefooted, apparently for long periods of time according to various reports and snow photographs. Are they oblivious to the pain you and I would normally feel walking barefoot in icy conditions or are their feet so heavily calloused they are able to withstand freezing temperatures?

Excess body heat?

I read a science article that may shed some light on the Sasquatch's ability to withstand extreme cold temperatures.^{5a} The article suggested that the DNA of the Neanderthal showed markers indicating their body produced excess heat; perhaps Mother Nature's way of warming them in winter. Might this be the case with the Sasquatch? Much has been speculated that perhaps the Sasquatch has this same marker and may account for the ability to walk in snow, teach their children to walk early in snow and survive winters in such places as the Alaska, Northwest Territories and the arctic reaches of the Yukon and Nunivak, Quebec. We have available in research many photographs of adult footprints in snow and alongside those tracks we see tiny 5 and 6 inch tracks identical to the adult track.

The Sasquatch cannot be an ape. North America has no fossil record of great apes. Apes are quadrupeds; the Sasquatch is a biped. For me, there was never any logic in thinking them upright walking apes despite reports that originated from the cryptozoologists that the southern states had a variety of subspecies that were feral ape Sasquatch types.

At the same time, I discovered that all states have strict wildlife certification requirements for any ape held on private or public lands; that includes Florida where apes are illegal to keep without certificates of state approval, adequate insurance, and strictly regulated facilities and fencing. Steep fines are strictly enforced. Housing an ape is discouraged, especially males because there is the potential for sudden aggressiveness; fatalities have occurred. State laws required males be castrated and females the same. Since an escaped ape wouldn't be able to reproduce, it more or less rules out a group of feral apes being misidentified as a towering Sasquatch. The news more or less ruled out

the Myakka, Florida creature as an ape, relegating it to that of a costumed individual; a more sensible conclusion. I was personally questioned attentively by most agencies when I broached this subject and was admonished that there were no pockets of feral apes in the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida or Alabama. Florida's wildlife representative also reminded me that a feral ape population would require appropriate vegetation. Palmettos and southern pine trees are not forage for apes. All citrus farms are closely regulated and the state would know if Florida orange and grapefruit growers were being hassled by any population of feral apes. Otherwise, Florida has no wild fruit trees orchards available for feral ape forage. The basic dietary requirement for feral ape populations does not exist in Florida or any other southern state.

Another incident in snow...

This next case came to me from Quay County, New Mexico...

"My grandfather Horace was an engineer for the Rock Island Railroad in the 1900's. In his diary there is an entry that spoke to something unusual. It's in a safety deposit box; my sister has the keys; but I'll try to recall the incident as I think you'll find it interesting. Horace wrote extensively about a winter in 1950, January I think it was. He guided the freight train north towards Tucumcari, New Mexico in a "*dastardly snow storm*." Short of the city he saw through heavy falling snow what he thought at first were Apache Indians wrapped in dark blankets huddled together walking toward the city. Upon closer inspection, there were 6 or 7 upright walking hair covered beings walking along the railroad tracks. He thought them *aliens* because three years before this incident there was the big stink in Roswell about an alien flying saucer crash and you know that story. As the locomotive drew passed the bunch, he got a good look and described them as "*nothing he had ever seen before*." They wore no foot covering or clothes, the blankets were instead thick hair on them and all of them had *braided hair down their backs* and each walked with arms embraced across the chest against the blowing snow; heads down into the storm. The entry continued with my grandfather saying he was sound of mind and not drunk. I work for Southern Pacific RR and would appreciate anonymity please." ⁶ (A.J.R. 1996)

If you fancy the Sasquatch an ape, a point to consider would be that apes are not found in climates where it snows; they live in tropical climates where fruit and edible green vegetation is in abundance year round. Some argue there are

macaque snow monkeys in Japan that do live in snowy conditions but they spend the winter sitting in hot springs and they are not great apes; we're not talking lesser monkeys in the case of the Sasquatch.

I don't think I'm painting here with too broad a brush, but if some of these reports are valid and true, we will at some point have to consider the Sasquatch has become a highly successful species. They appear efficient, able to establish themselves and adapt within their environment and to the encroachment of civilized man and modern machinery.

The Sasquatch is like man yet unlike him in that its adaptations are entirely of bodily strength and endurance. The Sasquatch's size and physical strength prove sufficient for its protection and for obtaining food without reliance on others. With few exceptions, the Sasquatch appears to be entirely a self-sufficient machine that works in concert with its environment to remain covert all the while functioning as a family unit similar to us but removed from any social interaction.

Beyond finding random tracks for the Sasquatch, research doesn't have much in the way of '*known*' behaviors with positive evidence to support the claims. Research essentially is at the mercy of witness interpretations and anyone will tell you *witness interpretations* are often skewed and unreliable. Even my own memories become dim and confused at times.

The flawed perceptions of an informant are often exaggerated by the shock that accompanies the visuals involving the strange sight of a Sasquatch and its overwhelming size. I've painstakingly measured all angles of witness interpretation and decided that without anecdotal evidence, research basically has nothing to consider; no clues with which to move forward deciphering how they maintain life.

DNA may tell us the genetic origins of the Sasquatch, but it will never tell us their rules for living or if they have a moral code. Sometimes it seems like what's theirs is theirs and what is ours is also theirs. DNA won't tell us anything about their culture, their social structure or how they came to be here. DNA may tell us if they are physically equipped to speak but it won't tell us if they have been taught a language or what it is if they have. Do they simply mimic what they overhear?

Still, if only a small percentage of what witnesses tell us is accurate that much might be considered. The only real way to get better accuracy in sighting reports is to polygraph each informant and that is not only unreliable but expensive, time consuming and not very practical. Not only are reports often

faulty, but most of the participants in research are keyboard investigators and wholly unprepared to question informants without leading questions. Beyond that, one of the essentials field investigators overlook is the mental health of an informant. Case in point: I worked with a female informant by email for 5½ months on a daily basis unsure that what she told me was actually happening because there was never any proof, no evidence, tracks or photos. She detailed a family of Sasquatches who often came to her backyard looking for handouts. My exchanges with her moved from email to phone conversations that lasted for hours at a time and often late into the night. So intriguing were her associations with the Sasquatches on her property I became enthralled in her weekly updates. Frustrations grew out of the lack of clear tracks and photographs or other evidence. Still she persisted; five months turned into a year and the communication with her continued until I finally relented to visit her over a weekend. Her home was an eleven hour drive one way – but I went anyway. She was warm, extremely intelligent and taught economics at one of California’s prestigious universities; there was no reason not to believe what the woman was telling me. I arrived on Friday; we talked until two in the morning over a myriad of things. She was genuinely likeable and interesting; her Sasquatch descriptions were accurate, detailed and fascinating. She declared photos were not possible even hidden from inside the house or secreted in her clothing. I could never understand that logic – photos do not threaten, endanger or give away her secret location; nevertheless, I was prepared with an unseen camera.

Recently widowed, she lived alone on property that backed up to a national forest with all the ingredients for long term interaction with a Sasquatch family; I admit, I was her captive audience!

We spent all day Saturday in the field and I actually did find tracks deep in the bush that circled a stagnant pond that was active with dragonflies, tadpoles and gnats but little else. With the heat, the stench was overwhelming but it came out of the pond itself and was not the odor of some unseen Sasquatch.

It was at this point that I thoughtfully considered her account may have merit; there were six 15-inch tracks in all, each with a width of 6.5 inches; all were clearly 5-toed, the right foot with a slight arch, the left foot flatfooted. Back at her beautiful hillside home and exhausted from the miles we’d walked, we sat on her back deck watching into the tree line until well after three in the morning. Nothing happened and I turned in for the night.

Sunday morning dawned a gorgeous day, she went to great trouble to fix a breakfast of German sausage and ebelskivers dusted with powdered sugar and coffee; staying at her house was comparable to a weekend stay at a five-star

hotel-resort – she was a marvelous hostess and great company – I genuinely like her; she was, to anyone’s mind, a credible informant.

We ate on the back deck and she pointed out where a big male would often come out of the woods and stand motionless staring at her – watching. I figured with fifteen inch tracks the Sasquatch most likely wouldn’t be as big as she demonstrated with her hands; probably a shorter female or older juvenile. Morning came and went and I had to consider an eleven hour drive home. My restlessness was apparent. Suddenly my informant shouted and pointed to a giant blue spruce not sixty feet from her dining room deck (veranda). Thinking she must mean behind the spruce I headed out into the yard in the direction she pointed. But I found nothing and returned back to the porch a bit put-off and suspicious. As I approached the steps she excitedly pointed in the other direction and announced excitedly, “...*here they come now, they’re curious about you; they want to meet you, ...I think.*” Again, turning in that direction, all I saw was the dog emerging from its dog house, yawning and stretching and then coming our way. Still I scanned the area, desperately trying to see what she saw but nothing was there...I mean absolutely nothing was there and believe me I looked!

Meanwhile, my brain was beginning to reexamine the situation. I found myself there with this marvelously intelligent woman whose company I thoroughly enjoyed. But I said nothing to her as she carried on in her excitement. “*You don’t seem very interested,*” she said earnestly.

“*I’m very interested, but I can’t see what you are seeing,*” I replied in a rather thoughtless tone. I heard a faint, “*Oh dear,*” as she excused herself to run into the house. The woman emerged with a pharmacy prescription bottle. She fumbled to take a pill with her coffee.

Sometimes discretion really is the better part of valor but holding myself in check that day required some doing! I grew anxious to hit the highway home and made inroads to that end. Then strangely and as if on cue, her son dropped in for his weekly visit with his widowed mother. In the course of that exchange I learned his mother was a diagnosed schizophrenic with imaginings and sporadic delusions far beyond my comprehension and my training. Without her medication, which I was told she often forgot, she imagined many unusual things to include Bigfoot beings canvassing her backyard and visitors from space.

How did I miss the signs? What about the tracks by the pond? A full year of conversing with the informant convinced me of her high intellect and seeming stability. Unfortunately she had mental health issues which made for a very

long eleven hour drive back home. It doesn't help that she's lonely and seemed to need mental stimulation that our long conversations brought her. We remain in contact today; her sightings are fewer when she remembers her medication. Even though there were well defined Sasquatch tracks several miles south of her residence around a stagnant pond, it's hard to know what the reality of the situation ever was or was not. Did the maker of the pond tracks ever actually come into her yard and speak with her? I don't know.

Pride aside - as field investigators we fail miserably at interpreting the merits of a case by telephone interview/conversations alone. It doesn't matter who you are or how long you've been examining evidence in this field. The truth cannot be reasoned by a phone call however long the call may be.

Another more localized interview in the hills of San Diego County, California ended quickly when the man answered the door and openly confessed he was hoaxing just to see if any of the Bigfoot people would take the bait. So you never know what you'll encounter. Overall, I think most testimonies are genuine, but who knows? Sometimes I think the genuineness of a report comes in tiny details the public isn't aware of and I like hearing those from a witness. Small children are especially great with details.

On sight interviews are costly, time consuming and long hours away from family. One long time researcher said of his informant, "*he's a really nice guy.*" Of course being a nice guy doesn't give his testimony any particular merit. As it turned out, that particular report was fabricated.

I don't know how many times I've heard researchers say the report they took was credible and they based their opinion on the credentials after the informant's name or some impressive affiliation elsewhere? That is silly way to think; even U.S. Presidents point into the camera lens and lie straight-faced. I like Bill Clinton but he's a bold-faced liar who preferred to save his ass than tell the truth about Monica Lewinsky; he is no George Washington, although cherry trees may not measure up to an affair in the Oval Office with an intern.

Do not base the merits of a Bigfoot situation on a man's profession or the credentials listed after his name. Hoaxing comes from all manner of personalities. Some of our highly regarded, name recognition nice guys have fabricated a story or two; hang around long enough and you hear it all. Thirty years has taught me the deception in this field among the visible, more vocal members would be scandalous if all was told.

Interviewing by telephone is convenient but no way to evaluate the worth of a sighting. I spent a great deal of time with the woman in the cited example but

a greater lesson was learned; not all interviews I've done end up like that one. It was a lesson I didn't expect and chance to think you wouldn't have either!

The only bit of information available to research is an avalanche of 'reported' sightings and encounters. In those accounts there are listed behaviors and other manners of conduct that tell a story. I like to listen for the behavior clues. Just about every report has a few clues to behaviors once we get passed all the talk about terrain and the inherent fear factor that comes with almost every sighting.

The debate over the worth of subjective evidence invariably rages on. Even if only a half-dozen of the reported cases in the database proved true, at least it's something to work with, a starting point worth considering. Data is data no matter how it's received or how controversial it may be to those who haven't studied the history of this subject. When the data shows additional cases where the same behavior is noted on several occasions, then we begin to look at that behavior as a statistic. Statistics then rise to become patterns and from patterns we can begin to understand a particular Sasquatch conduct.

In processing the chronology of the case reports to follow, I was surprised at some of the activities and manners of behavior available that few paid attention to. Overwhelmingly, the statistics in *The de facto Sasquatch* demonstrate behavior with a human element; some behaviors show both human and ape traits. A few find otherworldly aspects and often where none exist, at least not in my data.

I can honestly say that in nearly thirty years, I have received no full blown paranormal reports with provable legitimacy. A veteran investigator and trusted friend suggested that was because people know my conventional thoughts on the subject. But that isn't entirely true. The data I receive comes from strangers who read my website, Bigfootencounters.com or newsletter. Initially, they don't know me or my views or what I think on the subject. It is rare that I get any inclination from an informant of supernatural activity.

Most informants just want to report what they've seen and heard. There is no melodrama in those reports; no strange out-of-this-world supernatural conduct or behavior listed. My guess is that only those who subscribe to the occult practices and alternate realities are the only ones receiving the more inventive, the dramatic testimonies. I don't know why that would be, but apparently it is.

It's rather peculiar, but the abstract theorists I know tell me they've never

seen or encountered a Sasquatch yet they blame weird feelings on unseen Sasquatches hidden somewhere in the bush...true! What a bum-rap for the Squatch. I don't know what sparks an association between Bigfoot and the paranormal except the need for a degree of attention and drama - the dramatic is much more exciting and it sells books.

But if your informant seems deluded on some level, don't recoil. The medical world does NOT regard delusions as a character flaw or personal weakness; not at all. It is a complex chemical imbalance of the brain that causes great imaginings, skewed perceptions and delusions. The upheaval in our brain's chemical imbalance is often triggered by fear, apprehension and anxiety. The skewed perception is then *greatly enhanced* by the use of alcohol and/or the inhalation of illegal herbs (weed), speed or other controlled substances (hallucinogens). After a while that person begins to believe his own delusions; this is how liars beat a polygraph. They believe so strongly in a deluded theory that for them, it isn't lying - it's absolutely real. It becomes a futile effort to persuade them otherwise. It is often the same with habituators and shadow readers. They report seeing things relative to Bigfoot that other people are incapable of seeing. There are many habituators who claim long term relationships with the Sasquatch people only to be made a laughing stock when those claims are investigated and no evidence is recovered.

Many people have witnessed UFO's on some level, I'm no exception. I watched the Phoenix triangle-shaped aircraft cruise silently move over Phoenix live in 1997; it was an impressive sight to behold; in fact for the time, it was stunning! It was a very big deal in the '90's; network television broke from regular programming to follow the strange, silent course the triangle shaped aircraft took over Phoenix. It was broadcast live over several states. The craft moved so slowly as to almost appear to be hovering...silently. At the time of course, everyone believed it was a design concept not of this world; "*it couldn't be USA engineered,*" they said, "*it was silent.*" UFO followers might be disappointed to know the air ship might be a USA covert test project and not necessarily of alien manufacture after all.

The network announcers covering the live shot from Phoenix never mentioned any relationship of the event to Bigfoot. Dozens of phone calls to nearby Luke Air Force Base recorded their denials that it was on radar. But I distinctly remember (prior to Desert Storm in August 1990) that the military also vociferously denied the B2 Bomber and the F-17 Stealth fighter that eventually participated in the Gulf War (Desert Storm).

It never occurred to me that the Phoenix spacecraft carried Bigfoot or

extraterrestrials or that it was being flown by visiting grays, little green men or reptilian beings from another world. Instead, the Phoenix spacecraft had some *vague visual similarities* to today's Lockheed-Martin's TR3b project. The Phoenix aircraft resembled a remote controlled aircraft operated much the same as today's remote controlled drones. Whatever the debate, I'm simply not ready to accept anything quite as melodramatic as Sasquatches arriving in spaceships or being beamed to earth out of the mother ship's windows. The concept imposes a misleading belief... and I think it a deluded concept.

I sometimes think foreign visitors from another planet are a "maybe thing;" either that or those flying objects are NOT the reverse engineering of alien space craft but products of USA secret government aerospace studies. I was reminded by an optical physicist friend in northern California that the nearest star is 24 trillion miles away. He wrote in part:

"...there is zero chance of visitation...not finite, not approaching zero but zero chance. There is not even a sniff of anything within light years of known science that would allow for extra-terrestrial visitation."

He was also quick to summarize Erich von Däniken as a con artist. Von Däniken of course is the Swiss author best known for his controversial claims about extraterrestrial influences on early human culture in books such as "Chariots of the Gods" published in 1968. Von Däniken is *not a scientist* by any stretch of the imagination but he is a successful author. In a parallel instance, a theoretical astrophysicist openly called von Däniken,

"a man who makes his living selling an imaginative product, a concept that popularly sells millions of books annually, a black-belt with words but not a man with any credible extra-terrestrial insight; he is not accurate."

It may be that proponents of the Bigfoot-alien connection are also selling another imaginative product. Many men experience weirdness while in the woods that they are quick to blame on the Sasquatch. I think that an unjust accusation placed unwittingly on the Sasquatch! Instead they ought to re-evaluate their own mindset and how it is stimulated and apparently controlled by their fear – whether or not they own the fear or are under the influence.

What isn't present in this book are the thousands of email descriptions of how unhinged men are during an encounter or a perceived encounter. Very few reports neglect to describe in detail the fear felt by witnesses. Perceived or imagined – to them the fear is very real. It skews perceptions. Men have reported wetting their pants, becoming immobile, being frozen, transfixed,

weak, sweating profusely or actually passing out and believing they lost time. It wasn't Bigfoot zapping them with infrasound, it was their own fear colliding with the fight or flight chemicals in the brain. It's time to own those bodily functions.

The Sasquatch is certainly no figment of the imagination; the Sasquatch is not science fiction. DNA evidence strongly suggests Sasquatch DOES exist, I've seen them. I am however, not here to convince anyone of anything; I'm writing "*The de facto Sasquatch*" to make public what my data contains. I cannot decide what cases are true or imagined; I'm writing this only to provide the various reported behaviors hoping it shines a no-nonsense light on the mystery.

There will always be those individuals who are unwilling to accept new data, new DNA and what it suggests. Change comes slowly as we will no doubt experience with the new DNA, presumptive for Sasquatch.

DNA, however unbelievably exciting to research it may be – will not tell us how the Sasquatch live, how they manage to survive, their rules for living or how their social structure is defined. But we can cull from the data repeated behaviors that have been reported and see where it takes us.

I pared down and condensed the accounts in this chapter that allow for documenting manners of conduct. The testimonies were cherry-picked and represent typical cases no matter how rudimentary the listed behavior may be. Unless a researcher actually lives with or grows up around a family of Sasquatch, we will never know how they have so successfully survived living wild in a world gone modern and in some cases, quite mad.

Many of the stories you'll read in "*The de facto Sasquatch*" will seem repetitious, but it's necessary to discuss the numbers of each reported behavior to determine its value and what we can rely on as a probability for actual Sasquatch character. The life answers are there; we just need to be aware of them.

Included are a few whole testimonies written by informants. You will notice I often edit out extraneous terrain description and witness reactions in an effort to concentrate on whatever Sasquatch behavior I was able to garner from the narrative; let's begin.

Sasquatch sticks out his tongue, touches witness...

Here is an unusual one of a kind report: A representative of the Peabody Museum at Harvard University and one of the great anthropologists of our time, the late Dr. Carlton Coon, a Harvard alumnus, filed an interesting report about a man who lived just below the border in Massachusetts. I neglected to note if that was Connecticut or Rhode Island. You might remember Coon as the American anthropologist who remarked, "*...if Africa was the cradle of mankind, it was only an indifferent kindergarten. Europe and Asia were our principle schools.*" A man way before his time, Dr. Coon's investigation of this Bigfoot case was labor intensive; his attention to detail is worth noting.

The witness's truck, a converted camper was parked along side a wooded glade just off of the highway. He and his sons stopped there for the night and went to sleep; the boys in the camper shell behind the front seat and the informant behind the steering wheel. At 11:00 p.m., the man was awakened by the vehicle rocking side to side and believing it was a violent earthquake, he stepped out of the truck and was immediately grasped on the left shoulder by 7-foot tall creature covered with light brown or yellowish hair. The Sasquatch's right hand pushed the man off the running board of the truck and onto the ground.

The witness said the Sasquatch looked down on him on the ground and then the big behemoth "*stuck his tongue out at the man.*" Yes, that's how the report read, believe it or not. The man jumped free of course and drove off - the Sasquatch in hot pursuit. Both the man and his sons were polygraphed at Dr. Coon's expense and insistence; all three passed the difficult questions. The father had never seen a Sasquatch but his sons had seen one on television.

Dr. Coon went to the site twice and noted that there were still tracks deeply depressed an inch and a half to two inches below the surface; the rest were covered with pine needles. The pressure exerted with each foot placement into the moist soil was quite noticeable. By comparison, Coon's own size 12 shoes left no discernible displacement in the mud; he stared at the ground pondering the implications; his own weight being just short of 300 pounds. It seemed like the Sasquatch deliberately fired the placement of its foot forward in a downward thrust of incredible force. The sheer weight of the creature couldn't impress into the ground that far without exerted force behind it. Coon was unable to equal it. There are any numbers of recorded cases where trackers cannot equal the force of the Sasquatch foot or the distance between imprints.

In Dr. Coon's filed report he said his informant's son reported seeing the creature's face peering into his bedroom window at some point after the roadside incident. In the same area, two women reported a blond Sasquatch

crouched down in front of a stone wall but both women refused Dr. Coon's requests for an interview.

What is there to learn from Dr. Coon's testimony? The unusual aspect of the Sasquatch's behavior cited in this case was the sticking out of the tongue and the touching (grabbing) of the vehicle's occupant; both mannerisms considered highly unusual. Coon's remarks about exerted foot-placement-force are very interesting too.

With regard to the Sasquatch sticking out his tongue, one scientist theorized that the uncivilized "ancient man" lived in small groups or packs. The males, when showing a high degree of mistrust or fear, would stand erect, chest out, exposing his genitals as a threat. The genitals in some cases were probably erect; in the wild it's a show of power and excitement. The great apes use this display and usually in a high state of aggression or alarm.

In modern society, a display of one's genitalia is frowned upon. Showing the tongue (sticking out your tongue) takes the place of showing the genitals. The meaning of the gesture is the same regardless; it is a show of aggression and to a lesser degree, intimidation. I remember it vividly from 6th grade boys.

Whatever the reason, Dr. Coon felt it was not aggression but a clumsy way of interacting with a human; I don't know if I agree with his assessment but whatever you feel about the behavior of the Sasquatch - the end result of course terrified the witness.

If the Sasquatch had any intent to harm the man, he could have - no question, but all he did was *stick out his tongue* and that in itself is an unreported behavior but intriguing nevertheless. That wasn't the only thing the witness observed. In Dr. Coon's filing he wrote, "*...the animal stank nauseously. He smelled like rotten fish.*"

Smell and rank odor is a common theme found in many verifiable accounts. Some people's sense of smell is keener than others' and some simply do not take a mental note of any smell so frightened are they by the sight of a hair-covered giant. In my personal account, I was within ten feet and smelled nothing but I should have smelled something given the condition of the Sasquatch's filthy fecal crusted buttocks, yet I didn't smell anything.

Statistically, Sasquatch odor is only reported in 30% of the cases I've tallied. But apparently it's reported more often in Internet reports than it was in year's past. It may be that the reports of odor are exaggerated, parroted or an outright bit of embellishment. A stench in the air need not mean there is a

Sasquatch around but the internet often influences the thinking of a witness. It's hard to know what's real and what isn't since the advent of the Internet and God bless the mighty Google, which none of us can live without but right or wrong, it does influence! ⁸ (Harvard anthropologist, Dr. Carleton S. Coon)

Grabbing...

Another example of the grabbing behavior by a Squatch was made public by Los Angeles law enforcement officer Ken Coon in 1979; Coon described himself as "This old detective bureau commander." On August 27, 1966, three Fontana, California teenagers rushed into the local Sheriff's Station to report an encounter with a giant ape-man. A frantic Jerri Lou Mendenhall, 16, told officers she and her friends were driving slowly along a dirt road north of town when the creature suddenly emerged from the bushes and approached their moving car. The creature reached through the driver's window and grabbed her throat. Near hysterics, Mendenhall put the pedal to the metal and took off straight to the Sheriff's substation where a group of officers laughed and ridiculed her, saying "...next, you'll be telling us the creature wore a pink bikini." She then revealed visible scratches on her neck and said they had been made when the monster's huge, hairy hand grabbed at her. (Retired Police Chief Ken Coon) While the behavior is rare in the database, Coon elected to believe the informant after examining the witness's neck.

Fat with discolored teeth...

D. Trull, the Enigma Editor of Parascope.com retold a story published in *The Times* and in the 1997 *Democrat* newspapers in Neeses, South Carolina.

"Jackie Hutto, from the small town of Neeses, South Carolina reported that he saw the creature outside his home at midday on July 15. He was inside the house when he heard the family dog barking from inside a dog pen in the back yard. When Jackie went outside to quiet the dog, when he says he saw a large creature tugging at the wire walls of the dog pen. He reported that the animal was about 8 or 8½ feet tall and was covered in black hair, except for its face, chest and knees, where brown skin was visible. The creature bared its large, discolored teeth that were shaped "*like baby blocks*," and possessed prominent male genitalia. Additionally, in contrast to the popular conception of Bigfoot as a lanky and muscular beast, this creature was described as "*really fat*." ⁹
(D. Trull)

Jumping-Leaping Sasquatch behavior...

March 29, 2012; Fremont County, Colorado –

"My son Kurt, [38], Grandson [14] and myself [69] were in the mountains going to look for elk and deer sheds. We were about three miles from the road in twelve inches plus of snow trying to walk in on an old logging road. As we went up in elevation the snow became too deep to walk in much further. Then, following the logging road, we went into the heavier timber where the snow was not as deep. As soon as we went in the timber I noticed that something disturbed the snow. There were no other tracks around so I thought a hawk or owl got a rabbit causing the flurried snow. But looking closer, it looked like there were human five toe prints in the snow. Taking a closer look around, back about 20 feet or so, I noticed more disturbed snow. In that track were perfect footprints of very large feet. The feet were brought together with snow pushed up between the toes and feet as they were brought together to jump again. This was almost unbelievable as the track impressions were 20 feet apart!! What could jump/leap that far? Going to the original track there were no more to be seen. We crossed the logging road and there was yet another set of tracks where the creature landed flat footed; spacing between its feet – jumping across the road, which was a 22 foot leap! Snow on the road was about thirty inches deep. We began following the tracks for about a mile or less. The tracks averaged 15 to 18 feet apart as the timber was getting much thicker. By now I knew it was a Bigfoot because of the size of the tracks, about a size 15 to 16. They were not bear or mountain lion tracks. I've been in the mountains all my life and know what makes certain tracks. No animal can jump that far that I know of. Anyway the tracks, distance apart, was very compelling evidence for me. I thought this was the best evidence I have ever heard of. Pictures of Big Foot can be faked, bears, mistaken for big foot or someone in a costume. You can't fake 20 foot jumps in the snow with no other tracks in between." ¹⁰ (Bill Tate, Colorado)

To further demonstrate the incredible lengths in leaping behavior, in 1992 Lucillus Virgil McWhorter wrote an article about the Sasquatch and "one leg leaping." Here is the reference to the Washington Indians and what they articulated:

"There is another tribe of Ste-ye-hah' mah; a tall slender race having but one leg. They live far to the North and are seldom seen. They are the deadly enemy of the Cascade Ste-ye-hah', who are mortally afraid of them. They too, are nocturnal and

can cover vast stretches of country in a single night. Their mode of locomotion is supposedly long leaps, since the foot impressions appear at a considerable distance apart. Some Indians contend that these enigmatical beings are possessed of two legs, the same as any other people, and the difference is in the foot alone. Both tracks (impressions) are identical, conforming to the right or the left foot exclusively." ¹¹ (Donald M. Hines)

Bigfoot hunting turkeys...

"Dear Bigfootencounters; I am a Kansas wheat producer. Several years ago I was working the harvest with the usual grain combine when something made a clatter noise. I stopped quickly and climbed out of the cab to see what it was; I was parked in a section of land sandwiched between a run off and a running creek that takes water to the house and feeds our well. After checking the equipment, I went to get back behind the wheel to carry on. It was then I spotted this dark thing making a run across the field about 40 yards in front of me. I climbed up and into the cab and watched this giant man-figure burst out of nowhere and shoot across my field, which was an uncut section of wheat. I did not believe what I was seeing! It was a reddish-brown color with hair over its body, the whole body!! I'm thinking, what the...these things are real??? It took me several minutes to collect my thoughts. *This Bigfoot quickly gathered up two turkeys before they could get airborne and headed for the trees that bordered the creek on the lower section.* I never saw anything like that in my life, I'm sober, age 57 and of sound mind. Because of the wheat and corn around here, we've always had excellent turkey hunts but nobody I ever knew had a Bigfoot to deal with. Is it possible that there was only one of them around here? It was early morning (8:15 a.m.) if you need to know and that was the last I saw of it, maybe lasted a half minute or less; as to its size, I don't have a guess. I raise my hand, this is true. Please do not use my real name or email address; my family is known here, thank you." ¹³
(Anonymous farmer in Kansas 2006)

Sasquatch clucking/gobbling...

According to its length, this next bit of correspondence should have been placed under *favorite stories*. But because it mentions turkey vocalizations I decided to place it here. The informant was a neighborhood fellow that lived next door to a member on the staff at the Medical School near Paducah, Kentucky. He became very excited when I spoke with him by phone. Here is the condensed version of his eight page account.

"We purchased a house/large cabin-type a year ago in an area that backs up to what's known as the Daniel Boone National Forest, Kentucky. The back of my place has a 16 wide x 30 foot wooden deck that cantilevers off the backside of the main house extending out and under tree foliage. It is supported by 6 x 6 wood-beam stanchions that hold up the porch; the deck is 11 feet or so off the ground. On top of that deck there is a 4 foot railing capped on top where the wife puts her plants and several assorted bird feeders. From the railing top to the ground slope is between ten to fifteen feet. The height is important to gauge the height of the Bigfoot."

"On the side of our property there is a narrow three foot wide dirt game trail that goes up into some of the most rugged terrain a man can imagine. It is characterized by rolling mountains, steep grades, deep gullies and sharp overhangs; it is hardwood old growth trees. The forest turns magnificent colors in the fall; that is why we bought the place. A few stories came along with the purchase of the house by way of the real estate agent. The previous owners told her they kept up the bird feeders and once two bear cubs got up on the deck and tore up the deck furniture pretty good, knocking over the bird bath. There are claw markings on the support beams to verify her account and some claw marks on the railing topper; a few railing slats went missing and were never found. The other tale was about two bears that came up and ate from the bird feeders at night. We've been here a year now and have seen no bears. At the long end of the decking is a staircase that goes down to the ground and meets up with a game trail that takes off into the underbrush that is otherwise too thick to walk through, but on to the story."

"I was half-sleeping, half-reading a book when I heard a gobbler calling. What a strange air there was about the place that morning. I sat up and listened. From under this porch where I had been dozing off, there came soft clucking sounds; like turkey hen clucking sounds. In case you don't know, Kentucky, especially Daniel Boone Nat'l Forest brags about having the best turkey hunts in the USA. That's true; we never have to buy Thanksgiving turkeys up here. I relaxed and laid back and then I heard a loud gobble coming from what sounded like a big ole Tom under the porch and it was answered by another Tom clucking in the trees. The gobbling continued along with intermittent clucking and I thought two things. First, they probably are lurching on spilled bird seed from the porch feeders and two, where did my wife put my scatter gun? I went in the house and took a few

minutes to pack shells in my Browning A-5 and hurried back onto the porch but it was quiet again. I laid back on the chaise, the Browning shot gun across my lap and waited thinking turkey's ain't too bright and maybe he would fly up on the porch to get after the good seeds but time passed, maybe thirty minutes with no clucking sounds and then off in the woods I hear them clucking with an occasional gobble, I figured they moved on, so my enthusiasm diminished some and I fell asleep again."

Freak of nature...

"I woke up with the sun beating down on my head, sat upright and figured I'd go into the house for a bite of lunch. I no sooner had I got to my feet when straight ahead of me off the porch comes a very loud gobble, I look; I see this crazy thing, this *freak of nature* standing on the stair case that leads up to the deck. I jumped back startled, reached for the shotgun, aimed quickly and fired, B-O-O-M!! The shot tore out a bunch of railing, a flower pot and wood went flying, the birds scattered and so did this freak. The best look I got of it was him leaping off the porch stairs and flying up that dirt path. My hunting buddy comes flying out of the house with a loud "*what the hell*" and I pointed. Harold saw what I saw as it fled up the game trail. We only saw it for a second and it was gone; I tell you it M-O-V-E-D. We go in the house and talk it over and decide to load up and go look for sign; neither of us thought much about Bigfoot but that is what we seen!! Down on the dirt path we discovered tracks of a barefooted man that were 18 inches long, showing 5 toes on the left foot and four toes on the right one. (Little toe was missing). The tracks went on for a quarter mile and then left the path and went up a steep precipice with sharp rocks that hung over the dirt path. It was the perfect place to ambush deer and thinking we could get ambushed thought better of following the tracks any further. We sat down in the shadows and watched until four that afternoon but we never saw anything but squirrels that continually chirped their warning signal that we were in there; you see, squirrels never give up; their danger chirping goes on all night!"

"One more thing, what we saw was nothing like the Monster Quest television program! This guy was enormous with hair hanging over its face like a sheep dog. We mostly saw its backside, which was covered in short body hair but little detail of anything else. It happened very fast and it was gone.

If it wasn't a Bigfoot we saw that day then you folks should know that Kentucky turkeys come haired, not feathered, are ten feet tall and partial to stealing bird seed." ¹⁴

Expressions of strength...

A journalist for the old *Pacific Northwest Magazine* wrote about a man from Lacey, Washington, who went to the Thurston County Sheriff's Department and stated that a nine-foot creature with long red hair flagged him down as he drove home from a party in the wee hours of the morning. According to the police report, the driver had hardly stopped his small foreign car before the creature walked up to the grill, lifted up the front end and heaved the vehicle into a roadside ditch.

I don't have any doubts about the capabilities of an angry Sasquatch, but this tale was hard to swallow; a small foreign car after partying *'til the wee hours*? If true, it's one of a kind recorded by law enforcement involving a Sasquatch and it begs the question, where was the breathalyzer test? What I find interesting is the time an informant will take to describe not the Bigfoot but how the informant felt during his encounter. There is almost a cathartic sense of relief to be able to tell someone how it feels to describe any experience with Bigfoot to another person who won't laugh at them or criticize.

Witnesses generally tend to spend a great deal of time describing their terror at the sight of a Sasquatch and an inability to control their fear, their general feeling of alarm and nervousness. Many informants are so shaken that they go through time with residual effects. Some informants have expressed that they hold deep scars from a traumatic encounter with a Sasquatch while hunters often retire from hunting after an incident.

My statistics show women tend to give the best physical descriptions of the Sasquatch and less about themselves than male witnesses. Women are more matter of fact and less emotional in their descriptions than men. I would think the opposite true but in looking through the data men tend to describe their fear with graphic language and wild gesturing. They express the intense need to leave or run and how they dealt with those feelings. Interestingly, most reports are filed by men and many write that the telling of their experience was therapeutic; in other words, a sense of relief and closure. Very little has changed in descriptions over the centuries. What has changed is the fear level and man's inability to own it.

In the Humboldt County Collection at the Library of Humboldt State College, Arcata, N. California is a small booklet titled, "*The Hermit of the Siskiyou's*" by

L. W. Musick. It was published in the office of *The Crescent City News*, in California in the year 1896. On pages 79-80 the following excerpt:

"I do not remember to have seen any reference to the *wildman* which haunts this part of the country, so I shall allude to him briefly. Not a great while since, Mr. Jack Dover, one of our most trustworthy citizens, while hunting saw an object standing one hundred and fifty yards from him picking berries and tender shoots from the bushes. The thing was of gigantic size – about seven feet high with a bull dog head, short ears and long hair; it was also furnished with a long beard and was free from hair on such parts of its body as is common among men. Its voice was shrill, or soprano and very human like that of a woman in great fear. Mr. Dover could not see its footprints as it was hard soil. He aimed his gun at the animal or whatever it is, several times but because it was so human in appearance, he would not shoot. The range of the curiosity is between Marble Mountain and the vicinity of Happy Camp. A number of people have seen it and all agree in their descriptions except some make it taller than others. It is apparently herbivorous and makes winter quarters in some of the caves of the Marble Mountains." (L.W. Musick)

Notice the description in Musick's report - northern California field researchers should make note of this article's mention of the Marble Mountain location. Roger Patterson's 1966 Bigfoot sketches also depict a "bulldog head." ¹⁵

Filthy Sasquatch...

One of the interesting points in this next 2011 filing speaks to the issue of Bigfoot personal hygiene or lack of it. Few cases I've looked into mention the condition of the Sasquatch's personal appearance, its cleanliness and its physical condition. Then I read the Thomas Byers Story in North Carolina. Byers referred to the creature as *Knobby*, a Rutherford County nickname name for Bigfoot.

The Shelby resident spoke with confidence when he described tufts of bushy brown hair and the thick powerful legs that supported a stocky frame as he watched Knobby come from across a field, walk over a two-lane road and disappear into the thick woodland that paralleled the road in both directions. Byers said. "It was the most amazing thing I've ever seen. It looked like it was about 300 pounds and it was somewhere close to 7-feet tall. It came out of

the field and came through the briars and bushes onto the roadway," Byers recalled. Convinced the creature was genuine he exclaimed excitedly, "*I saw its private parts,*" he said; "*it wasn't anybody in a suit or anything like that. It was definitely male.*" The witness was scarcely fifteen feet away from the Bigfoot. Even from that distance, he noticed a smell like decay, "*...it was a hard smell, a cross between road-kill and a skunk.*" The witness had been out looking for Golden Valley Church Road outside Bostic City in northeastern Rutherford County; not far from the Cleveland County line when the incident with the Sasquatch occurred.

The Cleveland-Rutherford area has a lengthy history of Bigfoot sightings dating back four decades that the locals personally remember. As a hunter in those hills all his life, Byers heard about *Knobby* up in those parts but he didn't ever dream he would see one and when he did, he told us the hairs on his forearms stood up as *Knobby* made its way across the road. The literal raising of hair on arms and on the backs of informants are commonly reported.

The indicator that personal hygiene was not important to this North Carolina Sasquatch occurred to me when Byers exclaimed, "*...the thing had a dirty butt crease!*" This isn't an issue exclusive to the eastern Sasquatch either because I also noticed the same lack of cleanliness in the female I saw in 1985 in northern California. How interesting is it that few reports mention the condition or outward appearance of the Sasquatch when they write up their reports? There are many details I noticed that others never mention.

Byers continued excitedly, "*...I could see his private parts here,*" Byers said gesturing with his hands towards his crotch; "*I could tell it was a male. Then right when it started up the incline and into the thicket, I could see the crack in his butt was very dirty, it had dung hanging off of it; he was filthy,*" Byers said in his animated way of describing the encounter. The informant and the woman with him described not only the unkempt condition but said the back of the Sasquatch was covered with scratch marks and scars. What the creature lacked in hygiene, however, it made up for in agility. Byers said the Sasquatch scaled a hill on the other side of the road in mere seconds.

It also struck me as unusual but interesting that, like my encounter, this male Byer's described made no effort to correct his pathway to avoid Byers. The Bigfoot, again as in my sighting, came within feet of Byers and his female friend paying no attention to them or making any concerted effort to avoid them. There aren't many reports like this; most Bigfoot duck for cover, hide, and watch. But reports to the contrary do exist so we cannot categorically say that the ducking for cover is a known behavior, it's only a reported behavior. The Byers case reported deviant behavior to what is generally believed to be.

The media video associated with this report was completely bogus and was made up by the media, not the informant. It served to weaken the importance of other details in the case that Byers could only have known had he seen the real thing and I think he did. The video however, was undoubtedly a man in a baggy-leg ape costume; a media reenactment poorly done and misleading.

Still, there were additional witnesses in the Byers case, the woman who was with Byers. The points they both made in cross examination independent of one another could have only been known had they actually seen a real Sasquatch.

So... my call - I'm convinced the genesis of the initial narrative was true despite the laughable baggy suit video the media played. Sometimes it pays to simply tell the truth as best you know it and deal with the ridicule and mockery that comes with it. Conversely, the alternative is to suck it up and don't call in the media; they are not known to quote accurately in most cases anyway.¹⁶



The Arizona Honey Caper

Two Beekeepers checking on a colony of bee hives located in the back fields of an Arizona citrus growing operation encountered an enormous creature tearing out the honeycomb from bee hive slats/partitions. All the hives were on stilts. Two other hives had been torn open, most of the honeycombs sucked dry and the debris scattered over a wide area of the citrus grove. Oliver and Manuel Ortega reported the incident to the citrus grower only to find out the grower thought the frequent ransacking of the beehives was due to a black bear, not common in the region but not totally unheard of either.

Ortega wouldn't accept the notion of a bear and tried to explain to the owner what it was he saw; differences in languages left both men frustrated. The beekeeper told me when he and his son approached the hives; a haired creature jumped up with what they thought was its surprise at being discovered. Ortega and his son were dressed in beekeeper gear and were not armed except for smoke pots to calm the bees.

When the report came to me, I was able to contact the Mexican laborer. He told me the Bigfoot had honey in its whiskers and bees both alive and dead and bee's wax that dribbled down the front of his beard and onto his chest; bees were everywhere and frantic. The Bigfoot swatted at the bees but was otherwise seemingly unfazed by the stinging bees; he also said the creature seemed to be eating bees right along with the honey. Arizona has its share of aggressive killer bees but these hives, according to Ortega, were the domestic strain of bees - lucky for the Bigfoot. I couldn't help but wonder if the Bigfoot knew the difference between killer bee hives and domestics. Maybe that these were in man-made hives was the clue. Killer bees usually hive in trees, bushes and under building structures. Killer bees that I know of are not farmed.

If that wasn't unusual enough, then came the fascinating description: *"It was very tall with auburn colored hair on its head and deeper red on its body" ...and ...wait for it, ..."green eyes. He looked at us with beeeeg green eyes!"*

Yes, ...Ortega was sure the eyes were green in color with blackish-red bushy eyebrows. He was also sure it was no bear. Finishing up this unusual event, Ortega said when the creature stood up, his son became frightened, fell backwards and then ran in terror back to the truck. Ortega felt obligated to protect the property and continued to stand his ground and foolishly shouted at the creature (so he said) but the Bigfoot kept licking torn bits of honeycomb off his fingers, casually eyeing Ortega (seemingly unafraid) the whole time. I didn't fully understand the words in Mexican for *"swaying back and forth"* but I

think that is what he was trying to say. Ortega said he shouted louder and began waving his arms and the smoke-can in an attempt to shoo the creature away but it apparently held its ground and finally finishing one honeycomb slat, picked up the two remaining and walked into the citrus grove, bees trailing behind. Ortega was dressed in white hooded bee keeper attire, so it is likely that the Sasquatch did not understand there was a human underneath the white garb and netted hood; that seemed to make sense.

Ortega's colorful description was tempered with excitement. I asked if the event was reported to local officials, he said quite sharply, "no." Apparently he told only the owner of the citrus grove. I imagine the reason for that was because Ortega was probably working in Arizona illegally. The son who spoke understandable English told me his father was a migrant worker in the U.S. from Puebla, Mexico with no work permit, no papers, no passport but had a great story to tell his children. (Ortega 2002)

For me, the story was reminiscent of A.A. Milne's classic, "Pooh Bear, Piglet and the Great Honey Pot Caper." Sometimes I scratch my head, raise my eyebrows and muse, "*You just can't make this stuff up; it's way too cool.*"

Green eyes: As a side note regarding green colored eyes, I know of one other account that listed green colored eyes. In April 1969, it was reported in "*The Sasquatch File*," that an Oroville, California rabbit hunter named Ed Saville and his friend, Eldon Butler reported seeing a green-eyed Bigfoot approach them when they used their *rabbit-in-distress* call. They reported the occurrence to twenty year old Jim McClarin, who was at the time, a student at Humboldt State University in Arcata, California.

Swaying behavior...

It comes as no surprise, that there are a number of stories from New Mexico. This next one was from a resident of Mescalero, who related several on-going incidents with a Sasquatch. The behavior of the Sasquatch in this report was typical of many such incidents that occur to owners of remote cabin and/or rural trailer homes.

In the remote reaches of Otero County, the hairy humanoid had been seen hanging around off and on for nearly three years. The family noticed a tall dark figure that would walk the trail below the house, at times pacing back and forth; sometimes swaying. We hear about *swaying behavior* quite a bit; it's not an unreported behavior but we don't know what it means or why they do it. A First Nation friend of mine speculated that the swaying back and forth was a silent signal that, "*hey, we be cool, don't be alarmed.*" He went on to say,

"return the signal and then go on about your business."

In this case however, the Sasquatch would follow them home at a distance, obviously scaring them nearly to death, but over time they adjusted to it and became used to the idea that the Sasquatch probably meant no harm or so they hoped. On another occasion large tracks were found in the snow under their clothes line and the clothes scattered on the ground. One particular day, the Sasquatch walked back and forth and eventually approached the house; the residents went inside to avoid a confrontation. While watching television they heard sounds coming from the dining room and upon inspection found a hairy arm reaching through an open window onto a side table that contained a bowl of fruit. Totally alarmed, they telephoned the local Conservation Office but nothing more occurred that night. The report came into me in 2004.¹⁷

Years went by and I heard nothing more about any ongoing activity until 2009. A pair of four-wheeling youngsters descending Crest Trail from Buck Mountain filed a report stating that they were chased by two light-colored *hominoid monsters* that *ran like the wind* in pursuit of them for at least a mile and for the most part stayed up with their ATV's; the creature never overtook them. The informant, also a resident of Otero County said one of them screamed a horrifying scream that made the hair on his arms stand up. The two boys apologized for a lack of description telling me that they only wanted to get away and had to watch the trail to stay ahead of them. They did notice the faces were light colored and both were haired and bearded. Interestingly, the boys took their father back to the site of the chase and tracks were found, but they were barely distinguishable.

No eyeshine...

Many stories originate out of Butte County, California. We should not be surprised that this next report comes from the much loved big game hunter and Bigfoot investigator, Peter Byrne.

The significance of Byrne's short story is the lack of eye shine that we hear so much about. Byrne, one of the great animal trackers of our time, probably knows animal eyes better than anyone. Byrne told this story at one of the Western Bigfoot Society meetings in Portland Oregon in the 1990's. He graciously recalled it for this purpose:

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L Behme of Magalia, California, told me of a curious night meeting with a Sasquatch. On April 16, 1969 at approximately midnight; we were in the car on the road between Paradise and Sterling City, California. The surrounding

area was thickly wooded and crossed by deep canyons. As we started around a long curve, our headlights lit up what seemed to be a man in a fur coat crossing the road. During one moment we had a front view when it turned toward the car. After that, it was inserted in darkness. Our impression was that it was high of more than 6-feet [1.80 m] and completely covered with short black hair, which seemed to be marked by either white spots or specks of mud. Its face was white although the details were obscured by darkness. The eyes did not shine in the night-light, as would be the case with the eyes of an animal. The head was small and finished at a peak at the top. It was heavily built with particularly heavy legs." ¹⁸ (Peter Byrne)

Rubbed its eyes, no eye reflection...

Not realizing in the 1990's the importance research would place on eye shine or the lack of it, I found this next notation in one of my early computers. As with the Byrne account, this next report indicates there was no reflective eye shine in the eyes of the Bigfoot observed late at night by Gary Rutherford.

The informant was traveling Hwy 40 over Berthoud Pass in the Arapahoe National Forest, Colorado in 1992. Driving along highway 40 between Frazer and Winter Park, he encountered a creature he knew immediately was likened to the stories out of California in the 1960's. Stunned, Rutherford slowed down and flicked his high beams at what he called, "...an unusual sight." In the lane directly in front of his vehicle was a Bigfoot that appeared to be a dark color that looked into the headlights and then shielded his eyes by turning its back on the car. It continued on up Hwy 40 in the same direction as Rutherford's vehicle. Twice the creature stopped, lingered, and then turned to look at the vehicle. Each time it went on its merry way with no concern what so ever for Rutherford or the potential danger from moving automobiles on the road. Rutherford indicated that it seemed to have no purpose and was just wandering around in the lane ahead of him. After nearly a mile was covered, the Bigfoot slid down an embankment off the side of the road and became lost in the darkness. Rutherford believed it to be male merely by its great size, but he wasn't sure. My notes indicate that the witness said something about the strange way the creature walked and that the eyes did not reflect eyeshine as would the eyes of a deer. He indicated that the light seemed to bother his eyes; honking the horn at the Bigfoot brought no reaction. (G. R.)

No eyeshine...

Theo Stein environmental writer for the *Denver Post* chronicled many Bigfoot reports in and around the State of Colorado. On January 14, 2001 Theo notes that the year 2000 was a big year for Bigfoot research, especially in Colorado. While it was a night time encounter Theo recorded, there was no eyeshine in his report.

“In August 2000, two hikers forced by a storm to camp in high wilderness north of Crested Butte emerged with quite a tale. They said they had been shadowed for two nights by at least one Bigfoot that came into their camp and approached their tent.”

Drinking from a well; no eyeshine

Septuagenarian Edith Andrews wrote in 1995, of an occasional sighting in the woods near her Michigan summer cabin. Sitting on her side porch on a clear moonlit night, Mrs. Andrews watched silently as a family of Bigfoot drank from her well, pulling the wooden bucket up hand over fist and drinking directly from the bucket as had Mrs. Andrews many times before.

In her description of the *Big Ones*, she mentioned the look to their faces was one of *an Eskimo*. High set prominent cheek bones with large semi-hooked noses with squinty eyes. The fresh water well was stationed ten yards from the cabin's porch; she had an excellent view of them as they drank and glanced often at her. No eyeshine was reported. No aggression was noted and no exchange of words was spoken to her. The witness noted that there was gibberish uttered between them, which she did not understand although the gesturing between them suggested some instructions to the youngster that was present.

When the drinking from the well was finished, the Bigfoot family quietly left the yard walking calmly through a small pasture of horses and two alpacas and their baby cria (cree-ah). The informant said the animals remained calm and unruffled as the *Big Ones* passed through their field. In those notes, Mrs. Andrews evidently said she believed the haired people came down from the region of the Bering Sea; carrying with them the look in their faces of a cross between the Inuit (Eskimos) and the Aleuts with whom she was quite familiar.

I so regret that I was such a novice in the 1980's that her remarks seemed at the time of no importance. Today however with remarkable things being done with DNA; Mrs. Andrew's comment regarding the description of the Sasquatch being Eskimo-like is (I think) extraordinary. Ancient DNA findings published in 2008 show DNA samples taken from existing Eskimo populations around the Arctic show the closest matches "...came from the Bering Sea region." Some

current residents of the southern Aleutian Islands and the Chutchi Peninsula of Siberia carry similar DNA; did the haired ones of that region copulate with the Aleut stock? At this writing we wait for Sasquatch DNA confirmation.¹⁹

The horses in Mrs. Andrew's pasture remained "unruffled" as the family of Bigfoot went through the pasture – this behavior is contrary to most other reports filed and honestly it makes me wonder if some of the reported behaviors around horses weren't grossly overstated. I have owned horses that went cockamamie nuts over the scent of a simple raccoon that scurried through a riding ring. Some horses are just more easily spooked than others; humans are the same way.

Childhood encounter recalls a gentle giant...

The next report began this way:

In 1989 my girlfriend came to my house for a sleepover. I lived rurally and up the road from my parent's trailer there was logging - a clear cutting operation where her dad worked. My mom and dad were gone someplace for the evening and we were left alone for a while. There was no TV, we ate spaghetti and went out to play and walk it off. We headed up the road and ended up climbing up on the equipment and jumping off the big machines that were left there over the weekend. We fooled around, talked about what children talk about but it was getting dark and there were no street lights in the woods; when it gets dark, it's like you can't see your hand in front of your face. As we came back into the woods from the clear cut area for some reason both of us got scared and started holding hands and shivering. My friend thought she saw something and thinking it was her dad, we began running towards him but instead ran straight into the legs of a something that was like *the monster under my bed* in my childhood nightmares.

It was brownish-black, had fur on its bony looking legs was the best I remember first thinking. I recall holding on to Mary with all I had and screaming; she screamed too. A hand came down on my shoulders and moved us aside with all the gentleness of Shrek; but I get the willies when I think of that hairy hand touching the back of my shoulder!

The monster man had been standing in the road and in the darkness of the trees and our young stupidity we ran right into him. I think he

moved us aside but maybe he stepped aside and pushed us towards home; I'm not sure how we got around him, only that we did and ran blindly back to our trailer and locked ourselves in my bedroom until my parents got home. This wasn't a young girl's story. I know now that it was a Bigfoot and they are as big as people say. One thing I haven't forgotten was that on top of our screaming, we heard him breathing, so we knew it was real. Thank you for your time,
Mrs. H. J. Washington State

Tree-sitting behavior

A gentleman from the small community of Mount Cobb, Lackawanna County, Pennsylvania described tree-sitting behavior by a small juvenile Sasquatch. Tree sitting is not a commonly reported behavior but there are other reports of a Sasquatch high up in trees, watching, observing quietly.

In this 2011 incident, the witness "Amy" wrote these pertinent words to Lon Strickler's Naturalplane website:

"Last week I saw something I cannot explain. It was Thursday November 10th around 10 a.m. when I was in my backyard raking leaves. There is a patch of woods at the back of our property. My 7-year-old son was playing nearby when he called out to me saying there was a "*monkey in the trees.*" I looked in the direction he was pointing and noticed what looked like a small hairy man sitting in a maple tree watching us. I dropped my rake and walked over toward the tree. The heavy branch was about 10-12 feet above the ground. This creature was sitting [perched] on it with its legs tucked up like a chimpanzee - but this was NOT a monkey or ape. It was proportioned like a small man a little under 3-feet in height with thick dark brown hair all over its body. It continued to sit there and quietly watch us. I turned to grab my cellphone which was in my jacket pocket so I could get a photo but it became alarmed and quickly jumped to an adjacent tree, scampered down and ran upright at a remarkable speed. I was amazed how fast it ran - it disappeared within seconds."

"My son told me later that he had a similar sighting this past summer and was sure it was not the same creature. He said the previous creature was larger as he glimpsed it walking through the woods behind our neighbor's barn. I talked to my neighbors this weekend and neither have seen anything but admit that their pets have been alarmed at night and on one

occasion last winter there was distant howling. They assumed it was a coyote or a dog. These creatures seem benign in my opinion but I am curious as to what they are. We are setting out two deer trail cams - one at the edge of our woods and the other in back of the neighbor's barn." Signed, Amy ²⁰

Curious watcher

A large number of sightings occur when groups are busy doing something that makes enough noise to draw the curious Sasquatch in to see what's going on. There are reports of the Sasquatch watching, with great interest, humans at work. They are sometimes so intent that they forget themselves and wander in close enough that they are spotted. Michael Acton of Checotah, Macintosh County, Oklahoma was out building a deer stand that would overlook a shell pit in a deeply wooded area on a section of land not far from Lake Eufaula.

"Darkness was falling and we were about to quit for the day. We carried the scrap wood and tools back to the tractor a short distance away - parked on a gravel road to my house. We were loading scrap wood when I happened to look down the road and there he was, silhouetted against the blue lake just staring at us. Bigfoot! He was probably watching us work. I could see it was covered with hair head to toe blowing lightly in the breeze but his face was too dark to see other features. My brother and I did not hang around to see more; we turned tail and ran. We had to come back later to retrieve the other equipment." ²¹ Mike Acton, June 14, 2001

Georgia residents Lori (Bossert) Chandler and Dusty Chandler related a story about the time they were having some work done on their house. On the ridge above them was a Sasquatch watching the workers intently. Apparently our hairy brothers get so wrapped up in what they are watching that they forget themselves and get a bit sloppy about staying hidden. This gave Dusty a lengthy amount of time to watch the Sasquatch watching the workers; he described the Sasquatch as "*The most magnificent creature he had ever seen - like one huge muscle.*" (The Chandlers's books "Visitor's In The Twilight" and "Shadow Lords of The Twilight" are both available on Amazon.)

Other watchers-from the trees stories came to me years ago; I no longer remember the exact year; probably early 1990's and no doubt came at a time before I got seriously interested in keeping a respectable record of the reports that came my way. Often in the early days, I didn't believe some of the

behaviors being reported; all that has changed now.

Coughing and flatulence...

When I read this next report, I couldn't believe what I was reading. Get a load of this – Lester Walking Horse reported an unusual happening on the Comanche Grasslands near the panhandle of Oklahoma near to the borders of Colorado, Kansas, New Mexico and Texas.

Paraphrasing his lengthy report, Walking Horse said he was hunting prairie chickens. Inching along, crawling on his belly he was focused on sneaking up on a clutch of hens. Then the clucking sounds stopped abruptly when someone coughed – but Walking Horse thought he was alone. He was so far out onto the grassland that it surprised him to hear a man coughing. He stayed low to the ground and very still in the tall grass, his shotgun by his side. He listened intently through a buzzing swarm of grasshoppers; sweat trickled from his hairline. The coughing continued sporadically and suddenly a shadow was cast over his head; thinking he was alone, the shadow was disconcerting. Minutes went by and then a few feet away walked a large man-like figure with hair tangled about his naked legs and feet. Walking Horse was sure the Bigfoot spotted him. He didn't move but lay frozen on the ground in the tall grass. The Bigfoot walked on by coughing loudly and passing gas, perhaps oblivious to the presence of anyone around him including the prairie hens. The report was filed by Edna, Lester's wife in 2001 but occurred ten years earlier in 1991. She also indicated that her husband said the odor that permeated the air was "*unpleasant and burned her husband's nose.*" Lester found several strands of hair but refused to part with them; the hairs they said were sacred and now braided into the beadwork he wears around his neck. Walking Horse felt the Bigfoot had spared his life. ²²

Sasquatch waving arms...

In a *Pacific Northwest magazine* article dated March 1983, there was this blurb:

"Several people traveling in the dome car of a train bound from Vancouver, British Columbia, to Calgary, Alberta, saw a 10-foot apelike creature standing 300-feet from the tracks. Later one of the witnesses said, "*It was waving its arms as if trying to fly.*" ²³

In another publication; the *City Monthly* in northern Maine published a blurb that mentioned in part, "*...the beast was up on a boulder, waving its arms in*

the air like a fledgling eagle learning to fly.”²⁴

Marvin S. wrote a brief note from Pennsylvania Dutch Country in 1995, which described a hairy man’s unexplainable behavior. It was yet another case where the Sasquatch was observed waving its arms erratically. For this case, I’m only interested in the behavior of the Sasquatch.

“...we observed the Bigfoot for one or two minutes; his arms were straight out and he was rotating them in a circular motion. Then he stopped and spreading his legs wide apart, did the circular arm waving again. We didn’t understand what the lesson was but it was a sight to see; we decided to drive on. It was not a guy in a suit.” (MES)

Bigfoot mimicry and strange sounds...

It is generally accepted in the research community that the forest people are great mimickers of animals, birds and other sounds. There are accounts of diurnal blue jays fracturing the silence of a dark night with their clicking sounds. Reality is though, that blue jays are quiet at night. There has to be another explanation for the clicking sounds in the forest at night.

I recorded an account from a family in Coplin, Maine who told me they heard a boisterous flock of geese flying south totally out of place that far north on a cold and snowy January afternoon in 1996. The geese they said ...*“left 13-inch and 8-inch flat, barefooted tracks behind each with five human-like toes.”* The witness was sure it wasn’t a flock of geese but a pair resident Sasquatch children having fun mimicking the sounds of geese overhead albeit out of season. The same witness said his St. Bernard limped home with a broken leg a month earlier and that things around the house mysteriously disappear. Strange noises were heard and something banging on the house now and again but the culprits never showed themselves.

If we rely on the reports (and I often do) – they tell us the Sasquatch in some cases are quite able to mimic eagles back and forth; the call of the osprey and other familiar birds in the woods as well as migrating flocks. The Richie County, West Virginia “Growing up with Bigfoot” (included in a future installment) also mentions how good the Bigfoot was at calling in turkeys with a perfect gobble. The Sasquatch are just as likely to scream or howl over valleys to locate others of their kind or in some instances induce fear on intruders or passersby.

Interesting mimicry...

Retired Oklahoma State Forestry Service worker Harold Yates, a one-time Honobia (ho-nubby) resident was quoted as saying in 2005: *"I don't know what it is, but something is definitely out there."* Yates heard all the local stories and those from his friends who trust he won't laugh at their accounts. He was deeply puzzled by experiences he had years earlier in 2000 while building a log cabin near Little River, a main waterway that snakes through the Honobia Valley. One day Yates was cutting planks of wood with his saw; he said the piercing sound of wood colliding with a saw blade could be heard quite a distance. It wasn't long before he heard another saw respond to his. He said that was when he heard the Bigfoot apparently trying to answer him in a deafening sound that mocked his power saw. On another occasion, in the stillness of night, Yates heard large rocks being slammed into the river below his cabin. The crashing sound continued for 40 minutes and unnerved his family. The soft-spoken Yates reflecting said, *"I don't know what could have made those sounds; the trouble is I don't know anything that can make those noises. I know a bear can't."*²⁵

More mimicry...

Iowan Roger Price listed a series of strange Bigfoot related events that occurred in his life from 1992 to October of 2011. Part of his report contained these descriptive behaviors regarding mimicry by what he perceived was a local Sasquatch:

"My wife and I were collecting firewood for the cold night ahead of us. We're deep in the woods approximately 500 yards from camp. As we sat on a fallen log my wife picked up a good sized stick and starts striking the log, just to break the silence. We heard a crack noise close by assuming that a tree fell or a branch broke, which is a common occurrence in this area. However, about 30 seconds later, we heard a tapping sound which seems to be mimicking my wife's tapping. I passed it off as a woodpecker, but as Cheri kept tapping, so would the other. Three taps, a pause, then two taps. This kept up for about ten minutes. Not thinking much of it, we decided to get back to the wood we had collected earlier. Then the tapping became almost *violent*, followed by an alarm-like whistling. I was armed with an 1860 .44 caliber black powder revolver, which I drew and started in the direction of the racket approximately 50-yards away. As I approached, I saw running at full speed a mass of black-brown hair. With my wife running back to camp to arm herself I slowly followed until the land dropped off to the river. I looked across the river from the top of the bank; I could see where something had evidently climbed out on the opposite side.

I stopped my chase at this point. However, to my right on, as well as under, an eroded part of the bank, I could see a neat pile of twigs and branches, so I went to investigate. I noticed a stack of large carp along with what looked like cleaned roots of some type. We ended up leaving that night due to unexplained noises. The creature I saw was the same creature I saw in '92 and '95. This one was bigger than the last sightings, or it had grown bigger. It had a very large body; his upper chest was very powerful looking. It had little or no neck to speak of...with swinging arms and a bitter smell like dog manure. The creature was 6 to 7 feet tall and possibly weighing about 400 pounds with strides of about 4 feet from the left foot to the right foot."

Roger ends his story with "*what I saw no doubt was Bigfoot.*" ²⁶

Mimicking humans; building stick structures... The Tommy Davis Story

One of the best examples of Sasquatch mimicking humans was uncovered in an investigation by William "Bill" Dranginis in Virginia. I cannot remember a time when Bill wasn't around the Sasquatch community; I know I've turned to him any number of times for help in understanding hairy man behavior; I've been powerfully influenced by his judgments and honest candor.

Driven by his own sighting, Dranginis is an intelligent no-nonsense straight-shooter who takes a conventional look at research in and around his home State of Virginia. Bill is the inventor of the *Eye-gotcha camera* designed to be hidden from any detection by forest dwellers, in particular, the Sasquatch. Recently Dranginis generously shared the aspects of a case where the locals were heard imitating Virginia residents, Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Davis. The Davis' letter read like this:

"A lot of "stuff" has happened here over the past 3 years so I'll try to compress it somewhat to give you an idea of what's going on and perhaps you can help me understand all of it to a greater degree, particularly the most recent things."

"2009/2010 - Small stones began appearing on the center of a trail through our property where I'd walk with my dog."

"2010/2011 - Stick structures began to appear. To me they resemble right triangles, equilateral triangles, X's, ovals & etc., & tree breaks."

"At first there were only a few structures, now there are many dozens,

of new structures with a large concentration around our house and my Mom's house. During this time, I have learned the following through personal experience."

1. They are very intelligent
2. They are very curious
3. They speak to one another
4. They are not malicious like I first thought
5. They seem to have a sense of humor, one that I would describe as that of a teen-age punk
6. One of them may be much larger than the others and is EXTREMELY strong
7. They seem to be friendly and want to have some kind of social interaction, but on their terms. They will make certain noises over and over until I turn in their direction and loudly acknowledge them, "*Hi Foot, how ya doing'? How's the Missus?*" Then they stop and are apparently content.

"At first we didn't like the idea of Bigfoot being around here, but have gotten used to the idea, and have actually become rather fond of them. 2012 - A few weeks ago, "eye shine".

"Most recently and the most bizarre was this:

My wife heard me call her name from the woods one evening when she arrived home from work. At first she thought I was returning from a walk and was offering a greeting. The problem is, I was in the house and when I emerged she was horrified to find that it was indeed not I who had called her name. I have heard of this kind of thing before but of course really know nothing about these creatures, only what I've read and seen/heard for myself. They can imitate my voice and know which one of us is Kathy?"

"When I first started corresponding with Dranginis, I referred to what was starting to happen around here as "creepy." The name calling is by far the creepiest, so if you could give me some insight as to what it means and what we might expect next, I would greatly appreciate it." (Tommy Davis, March 13, 2012) ²⁷

It sounded to me like the local Sasquatch fascinated himself with the Davis family and for whatever reason had studied them accurately and long enough to know their names and when they come and go. It's almost like a stalking

behavior but I would stop short of declaring the activity as habituation. There is no personal one on one interaction.

Along those same lines of thought, Anita Fritzenkoetter wrote of her habit of screaming out the backdoor, "DINNER" when it was ready. Her family would come a running, wash up at the outside fountain then file in for dinner. This was routine for approximately seven years. Then the day came when she had finished decorating the backyard area for her husband's 54th birthday festivities. At the precise time dinner was usually ready, a "*healthy voice*" from the forest hollered out, "DINNER." Mrs. Fritzenkoetter believed it was someone invited to the birthday party but her guests denied responsibility to include her closest neighbors from the adjoining farm.

There was another situation like the Davis and the Fritzenkoetter households where the couple bought a soccer ball from *Toys R Us* and had fun kicking it around the backyard during summer evenings. When they went into the house for the night, they left the ball on the lawn out back. Within a short while, the two juvenile Sasquatch copied the behavior of the home owners. Laughter and sounds of intense competitive playing could be heard long into the night; in fact a few times the games got very loud when the adult Bigfoot joined in. Eventually the ball went missing; apparently the Sasquatch team absconded with the ball or they kicked it out of the forest, nobody knew but it was never found. Apparently, copying and mimicking humans is a pastime some Sasquatches amuse themselves with; even when you don't suspect they're around – evidently some of them watch us intently. I've heard it said, that a hiker can pass within feet of a Sasquatch and never be aware he is there. They are apparently that well camouflaged.

Replication, copy behavior

Milt R. wrote me in 1999 that he was cutting a load of deadwood for winter's use near Ely, Minnesota when at one point, he turned off his machinery only to hear the sound of the machinery whining down again not far from where he was working. Intrigued and curious, the informant moved through the timber to see where this other crank-start chain-saw sound was located so perfect was the imitation. In his search he found a pile of broken-end twigs neatly piled on the ground roughly two-feet high with 16-inch and 12-inch tracks plainly visible around the twig pile.

In the discussing of this report with the informant, it was easy to see he was impressed with the replication capabilities of the Sasquatch, at least this one. The informant had been witness to a Bigfoot in the same area but left well

enough alone at the time. *"They don't bother me, I don't bother with them."* There are a number of cases reported where birds foreign to certain areas are heard during the night, a meadowlark at two in the morning is odd as is the nighthawk at midday. But receiving a report of machinery being mimicked; it shouldn't be surprising given the lung power of an 8 foot, 500 pound Bigfoot!

The Big'uns...

I found this next story incredibly interesting. Buffalo National River Wilderness, Arkansas - In a similar situation, two Sasquatches routinely watched from a distance the big screen television through a bay window near Panther Creek, Arkansas. The resident owners of the house, two elderly brothers knew they were out there but were too afraid of the creatures to interact. The youngest of the old folks showed the most concern and apprehension. Remarking about the enormous height of the Bigfoot, he said, *"He could whip my ass before God gets the news."* The creatures became so attached to the television that they started howling when the television went off for the night.

The problem was solved when the homeowners decided to leave the television running all night with the living room drapes open. It was just the trick to stop the howling and get some sleep.

This nightly television concert went on until the older brother died four years later and the other brother went to live with his oldest daughter. Presumably, the "Big'uns" were to blame for the extensive damage done to the homestead after the remaining brother moved out. The bay window where the television screen could be seen was shattered and the flower pots on the porch had been launched against the sides of the house and strewn around the yard. It appears to be a lesson in how NOT to spoil a Sasquatch family. They can be quite destructive when entertainment or treats are removed. ²⁸

Locating Scat (fecal deposits)...

One of our better known academics phoned me one night and in the course of that conversation told me there could be no Sasquatch. His reasoning was not because there was no body made available to science but because nobody ever found scat. Understanding that the academic probably paid little attention

to the data, I let it slide but I'm mentioning it here for anyone else who thinks there isn't sufficient scat data presumptive for Sasquatch.

Scat determinations have been made by many notables in research; Will Duncan and David Mann come to mind. Washington field operatives have photographed and collected fecal deposits. Organizations have recovered and had scat evidence processed. The bulk of those results indicated 'unknown primate' and some even returned from various laboratories as containing the human element, which was, at the time, thought to be human contamination. But surely all of these scat finds I've read about (even by the most careful men in field research) shouldn't all be chalked up to careless contamination.

There is one field man who described scat as identical to moose scat only larger pellet size. I don't know what that fellow was looking at but fecal matter from the Sasquatch is tubular and put down in a length of coil; it is generally described to be of massive size; larger than the biggest bear deposit. The diameter of one deposit was measured as just short of three inches. The circular coil was described large enough to fill the bed of a shovel. Other deposits have been located not quite that large but the diameter was the same.

Surprising deposit

In the fall of 2011, I was having a conversation with Peter Byrne about his recollections of the old Café located in the Hoopa Valley where some of the early name recognition Bigfoot pioneers used to hang out. He remembered times spent at the Oaks Café located in the 1960's on the Hoopa Indian Reservation. It was owned by two very popular souls in the area at the time, Dorothy and Ernie Alameda. But let me insert Byrne's own words written in his 'signature caps' here to tell the story as he wrote it; knowing the history of the Bluff Creek, California area (as it once was in the sixties) is important:

THE OAKS CAFE WAS LOCATED IN THE HOOPA INDIAN RESERVATION AND WAS OWNED BY ERNIE AND DOROTHY ALAMEDA, GOOD FRIENDS OF MINE FOR MANY YEARS. INDEED I HAD MANY A GOOD BREAKFAST THERE AND MANY A GOOD DINNER WITH ERNIE AND DOROTHY UPSTAIRS ABOVE THE CAFE, AND WHERE THEY LIVED. ERNIE WAS A TOUGH PORTAGEE-AMERICAN FROM OAKLAND. HE SURVIVED THE DEPRESSION BY COLLECTING DRIFTWOOD-HOOKING IT WITH BOAT HOOK OFF A WHARF IN OAKLAND AND BUNDLING IT AND SELLING IT AS FIREWOOD IN THE STREETS OF OAKLAND, DOOR

TO DOOR. ERNIE DIED MANY YEARS AGO WHILE AT A FOOTBALL GAME WITH DOROTHY IN SAN FRANCISCO. HE ACQUIRED WHAT I BELIEVE WAS A BRAIN ANEURISM AND COLLAPSED AND WENT INTO A COMA, HE LASTED ANOTHER THIRTY DAYS AND THEN PASSED AWAY.

DOROTHY WAS A YUOK NATIVE AMERICAN AND WAS ONE OF THE MOST GRACIOUS AND DELIGHTFUL WOMEN I HAVE HAD THE GOOD FORTUNE TO KNOW. AS OF 2007, WHEN I WAS DRIVING UP AND MOVING TO OREGON FROM CALIFORNIA, I VISITED HER, SHE WAS STILL LIVING AND IN REASONABLY GOOD HEALTH ON THE RESERVATION. YOUR PAL PB.”

There is always a bit of treasure in my exchanges with Byrne, what a lovely man, he is – a true honor and a privilege to know such as he. Here, in his own words, always willing to share a story is the postscript he added after the above email:

POSTSCRIPT: ERNIE WORKED WITH ME AS A VOLUNTEER ON THE FIRST BIGFOOT PROJECT WHICH, AS YOU KNOW, I RAN FOR TOM SLICK. ONE DAY DOROTHY, SEEING MY SINCERE INTEREST IN THE BIGFOOT PHENOMENON, TOLD ME A MOST INTERESTING STORY. SHE SAID THAT HER FATHER WAS IN A STREAM BED IN A CREEK GATHERING CRAWDADS IN THE TRINITY MOUNTAINS. HE WAS CROUCHED DOWN ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES WHEN HE SAW A BIGFOOT COME OUT OF THE FOREST A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY. IT SQUATTED DOWN ON A ROCK. IT LOOKED AROUND BUT THE BIGFOOT DID NOT SEE HIM. THEN IT DEFACATED IN THE WATER AND THIS DONE, STOOD UP AND WALKED BACK INTO THE FOREST. (Peter Byrne, 2010)

This was especially interesting to receive because a similar report came through the website in the mid-nineties that I confess I was hard-pressed to believe. Since I always saw the Sasquatch as people, human to some degree, I suppose subconsciously it seemed inappropriate to think they used rivers, creeks and tributaries for their bodily waste. In hindsight, it's a clever way to hide the evidence and no doubt a great reason why so little in the way of scat is ever found. Known to me all these years later, Wesley J. wrote on August 9, 1995: Gottsville, Siskiyou County, California:

“Me and my wife were fishing the Klamath River in late September 1956. She went back up into the bush to relieve herself and then

comes this dark figure from up river with another smaller figure. I thought it was a bear but then I caught on quick. It looked like they were looking for something on the water's edge because they gestured. I walked unnoticed up to the trees and told my wife to keep still. We watched for a few minutes and the smaller one began to walk away back the way they came. The big fellow walked into the river, turned toward the trees. He then sets his feet apart and bends over and did a number two job in the Klamath. He hurried off to join the first Bigfoot almost out of sight. Not quite sure what to do, we gathered the tackle & left." (Wesley J.)

There was probably a ton more information he could have described if only I'd been more judicious. Until Byrne delivered Dorothy Alameda's account, I would have continued to think the Wesley J. story untrue. It never occurred to me Bigfoot used the Klamath River like a toilet; the same water they drink? I still have to work my way through all those implications. By the way, Toké Mussis is early California's Klamath River Yurok Indian terminology, meaning *wild man of the woods*.²⁹

The story reminded me of a time when we were walleye fishing one summer at Lake of the Woods, Bob Motlong's old place there in Sioux Narrows. That was back in the days before we needed a passport to enter Canada. I was in a 12-foot metal jon-boat with an elder Indian guide who unashamedly stood up in front of me, unzipped his pants and took a leak over the port side gunwale. And then, without missing a beat he reached down and cupping his hand drank from the same water. Maybe that's only disgusting if you are a member of the 'sterile-oriented' nursing corps. I don't know but I am sometimes guilty of discounting whatever else must take place underwater in the life cycle of the fish and water fowl. Still, the sight of an 8-foot Sasquatch defecating into a pristine mountain stream is a repugnant thought to such as I and I dare think to most women.

Strange choices...

There are many indicators that the Sasquatch reasons well. It's probably true with all things in nature that some are smart and others not so bright. It is with that thought that I mention a filing made in summer of 2011 that speaks to that behavior.

The report was about ten campers and two adult guides hiking from Mt. Ball in Yoho National Park British Columbia to Mt. Assiniboine and then over to Spray Lake Reservoir in Alberta; roughly a 50-mile, ten day trip. A portion of that trip took the hikers through an area called, "Valley of the Rocks," which is an area

where no fresh water occurs; only stagnant, foul smelling pools of filthy collected rain water found in basins of rocky outcroppings.

The unusual portion of this report turned out to be one stagnant pond the hikers came upon 8-miles into the hike in very deep bush. This particular pool was 45-feet across and barely 5 feet deep – it had enormous footprints walking into it and coming out the other side. The tracks were in single file and very far apart! The tracks got the attention of the group but it seemed very odd that the Sasquatch would walk into such rank foul smelling, scum encrusted, fly infested water. Trevor, the informant said the intelligent move would have been to walk around it; there was plenty of walking space around it but the lone creature opted to walk through stagnant scum and we were left wondering why? (Trev H. Alberta, Canada)

Crying behavior...

There was a couple at Kirch Flat Campground in Central California, the year was summer 1992. This is second hand, but worth reporting for the unusual crying behavior; I didn't obtain the report until 1999. To shorten up the story and get to the behavior – the witnesses had been hiking all over the area that day. They got back to camp and were in the process of cleaning off the wooden picnic table when they thought they heard crying.

"It wasn't completely dark - looking toward the river they spotted a woman sitting near the river with her knees pulled up to her face; she was they said, "*loudly bawling her eyes out.*" They watched for a while wondering if they should intervene. Finally the witness walked over to the trail down to the water and midway she stopped. The crying woman was not dressed like you think - she wasn't dressed at all; I am not lying! Once the woman saw she was discovered, the woman jumped up on her feet and went toward the river. They told us breasts were visible. The campers described the crying woman as having bodily hair like the commercial "so easy a caveman can do it" all over her body and face. She apparently made no effort to cover herself; showed no modesty. Then, still crying loudly, she ran/walked off. The next morning the couple went to the next campsite and told their camping neighbors about it. We are those camper neighbors and the story is as told to us that day." (Will Robinsky)

The Robinsky recollection didn't hit my desk until mid-November 1999; I read it to Rene Dahinden one night for lack of anything better to talk about and his

response was literal: "...Dats about an eight on my bullshit meter, Bobbie." And then he laughed and added, "...I don't know." The story was never uploaded to Bigfootencounters because of Rene's criticism.

Small Sasquatch "crying like a baby..."

Then, in 2002 my Cincinnati Reds baseball bud, veteran cryptozoologist and the creator of "*Creature Chronicles*," Ron Schaffner forwarded me two articles from his extensive collection. One article mentioned the additional behavior of a lone young child crying. The story ran in the *Albuquerque Journal*. The Bernalillo County, New Mexico Sheriff's Department was skeptical about frequent phone calls concerning the *abominable monster*. It was covered with hair with a blank looking face reportedly roaming around South Valley "crying like a baby." According to Sheriff Dale Knable and Art Fusco, the small 5-foot tall hair-covered creature wandered through backyards, unclothed and bawling loudly; it scared the children and one woman.³⁰

More Crying

Sure as I am that the Sasquatch are some form of human, perhaps distant cousins, why was crying a behavior that was hard to accept? Another story that mentioned crying behavior occurred in remote Kezar Falls, Oxford County, Maine. This one morning a Native American fellow by the name of Curtis was gathering food in the kitchen for his animals when he heard what sounded like a child crying outside. The crying continued; concerned, Curtis finally went to the front door. Upon opening it, he saw a tall black hair covered creature standing there. Curtis declared the creature screamed a screech-like vocalization, scaring him half to death! The creature then ran off. He slammed the door because he said he was afraid of the *thing*... as he called it. The report was simply signed, D.R., with a postscript that asked if these beings were legally recognized in any state?³¹

Good question! Obviously the Park Service Department at the Department of the Interior hasn't shown any level of interest; maybe the approach should be at the State level? Or would the Parks Department withhold Federal monies from State Parks improvement projects if they went against Federal policies? The policy of the Department of the Interior (DOI) Parks Services and Forestry Division is of course, that the Sasquatch does not exist. Any effort to suggest otherwise is generally thwarted.

Longest Audio recording

Californian Ben Hedrick recorded the longest audio vocalization of a Sasquatch I've ever heard. It lasted a surprising twenty minutes of continual screaming on July 8, 2012. Then the non-stop sounds died out and only one or two screams were heard after that from a greater distance away. Parked by the side of the road, Hedrick videotape recorded from inside his camper window a remarkable length of audio that captured several different Sasquatch apparently communicating with great excitement. A canine of some kind can also be heard. The recording was taped in Clipper Mills, Butte County, California. Posted on YouTube by Bigtoetime; it received something like sixty-five thousand hits by the end of 2012...amazing audio.^{31a}

Strange use of the hands...

I thought to document the use of the hands because hand-gesturing seems to gather interest where ever I turn. Again, Ron Schaffner was a goldmine of information. He generously shared a news article with me from the *Akron Beacon* published in June of 1980. The curious Sasquatch behavior I noticed in two of the instances was the reaching out of the hands towards the witnesses; one a farmer and the other a legal secretary. It took place in Union County, Ohio; the behavior of the Sasquatch quite interesting: The 1980 sightings:

“June 17: Patrick Poling, a farmer, while cultivating a cornfield saw the creature come out of the woods. *“I figured it couldn't hurt me as long as I was on the tractor,”* he said. *“So I gassed the tractor to head it off. That is when it stopped and turned and looked at me. It turned around like this.”* Poling crouched, held his hands at his side and turned his whole body. When facing front, his palms were forward in a curious gesture almost as though in appeal for understanding. When asked about the gesture, Poling glanced in surprise at his hands. *Yeah,* he said, *the creature held hands out like this, this is how he stood.*

June 24: Mrs. Riegler, a legal secretary saw the same creature lying on the road of all places while she was on her way home from work and said *it stood up and held its hands out.* Mrs. Riegler was asked what it looked like. She stood up, bent her knees a bit and then held her hands, palms up & out in the same gesture of appeal that Poling had noticed.”

“June 26: Larry Ramey saw the same creature at the edge of the woods while Ramey was driving a farm tractor.”³²

Each witness illustrated in words, a man-like creature more than seven feet tall, with a long head of hair, broad shoulders, and a well-proportioned body. The creature they said was not exceptionally long legged or long armed but built like a very large man. Each witness said the creature moved stiffly and turned its whole body rather than just the upper portion. Donald Mathys, a neighbor of Poling, made a plaster cast of a footprint found near where Poling sighted the creature. The footprint was about 17-inches long and 7-inches wide and had only four toes showing; evidently a digit was missing.

Union County Sheriff's Deputy Mike Powers took a team into the area. The group spent the night there. Deputy Powers told *The Beacon Journal* Saturday "We found definite signs that indicate something is there. We have to look into this." Powers said hundreds of people already have driven around looking for the creature. The county's detective said he is concerned that gawkers could pose a threat. Some of them, he said, are armed; his concern was that an over-eager sightseer might shoot someone. Powers added there is no indication the creature is dangerous. But he added, he wants no one taking chances and he wants no one shot.³²

The pleading behavior of the Union County, Ohio Sasquatch is curious and the assumption that the Sasquatch was actually pleading may be a matter of opinion. There are many instances of Sasquatches seen drinking from waterways. Some describe them as being face down on their bellies with mouth in the water and others indicting the use of their hands to drink from.

Holding Hands

Prior to 2012, I had no sighting or listings from the country of Mexico, to the south of USA. It was just as well because I intended to only use sightings from North America; the USA and Canada to be specific. But during the month of May I received an email from Alejandro Alvarez-Nuñez. He described himself as a Mexican fire fighter who worked the Bosque de la Primavera fire that devastated the forest near Guadalajara, Mexico. The fire consumed thousands of hectares in the preserve. On April 26, he was working with a crew of fire-fighters when they observed two monstrous beings fleeing the fire line position where he and others were clearing hot spots. He described them as covered in dark rumpled hair about the entire body, running upright and *holding hands as they fled a falling tree*; he thought the two were hiding behind the tree prior to seeing them running. Alvarez-Nuñez did not know how Bigfoot was called in Guadalajara but described them as "Huge, strange-looking and very odd." The two Bigfoot were approximately seven feet tall, wide-eyed and looked terrified.

He did not notice “creature bulk” or call them giants. He said they looked thin, scraggly and afraid. They were barefooted running across burnt fields of smoking ashes. There were four men with him who shouted down the line to each other when the two creatures took off running and in a flash they were gone. (Alejandro Alvarez-Nuñez) The translation was as near as I could get it; Google helped. Guadalajara has an enormous deep canyon said to be larger than Arizona's great Grand Canyon. Of that area, Ivan Sanderson wrote:

"Most of its bottom is choked with forest and there are said to be "people" in there — at least my Yaqui Indian friends told me so. These are said never to come out, to be very big, and to be hairy all over!" ³³

Draws water to its mouth with cupped hand...

Then in May of 2011, a report came in describing this behavior of cupping the hands to drink near a location in Kendall County, Texas. The informant, a Hawaiian gentleman was recuperating at a retreat in Texas wanted no undue publicity for himself but gave permission for this much to be published:

"It was Monday February 22, the time was close to 5:30 pm with scarce clouds and no breeze at all; a beautiful day. I completed my daily journal and decided to venture outside. I headed out past the waterhole and discover the world. I did much walking and venturing that day, finding caves with petroglyph-like ancient drawings of what I recognized now was a drawing of Bigfoot and buffalo that stood on their hind legs chasing elks and deer. There were fossils of big and small reptiles; nobody believed me when I came back one day remarking that I stumbled upon a “bone yard” of fossils."

"After walking about twenty minutes, I decided it was best to head on back. There was a slight slope that led up to the waterhole where the foliage was much thicker than where I first started. As I reached the original site, I froze in my pants! I thought what I saw was a bear crouching down and drinking water with its paw's. Its back was facing me; it drew water from the pool and raised it to its mouth. I would guess that I was about twenty five to thirty feet away from it. I'm not familiar with wildlife in the bigger USA, but I don't think bears have hands and they usually stick their whole face in the water and use their tongue to lap water. I stood there not moving then I made an attempt to move quietly behind

a shed which had some of its chimney left.”

The Bigfoot kept drinking until the horn from our jeep sounded. It was the signal that we all should be heading to the main facility for dinner. The honk got the Bigfoot’s attention as it turned its head to the direction of the noise. It was then I had a view of the profile of its head. It had a flat faced, strong protruding forehead with eye’s set under it. Cone shaped head and its nose was wide and flat but NOT like a gorilla’s. Its lips were large; I did notice that it really looked like a human in many ways. Its hands were huge with its palm lighter than its hair which averaged about three to four inches. Its fingernails were nasty, as well as its toes that accompanied very large feet. It was then I realized my mind still couldn’t accept the fact that it was real. When I move towards the shed, it moved its head slowly (it didn’t seem surprised at all) and looked at me straight in the eye.”

“I now realize that it probably knew I was there but getting a drink of water was its priority. My emotions went from “hyper-drive” to “warp 10” in an instant. I really don’t know how long it stared at me, but my feet wouldn’t move at all. I was scared; very scared! Finally it stood up. I realized that there are two things that would happen. He’ll have me for dinner or simply kill me for the sport, or somehow we could have a decent understanding that I’ll just go away.”

“It was probably about a minute and a half. It turned and looked at me directly, observing me. (These are just my after thoughts after all these years had gone by. I’m brown skin. Not black or white). I remember hearing sounds; it sounded like wood was being used against another. Its hair was not true black but off centered with a reddish color to it. Mostly behind its head and down it’s center back. It turned its head toward the wood knocking and then looked at me for another thirty seconds. It dropped its shoulders and its gaze was very different from its first. I could feel that it was not going to harm me and everything is going to be alright. Then it turned its head back in the direction of the knocking and to walk away. It turned once more to look at me (it must have been about fifty or sixty feet away by then) and simply vanished into the thick brush.”

The story had more description in it than many accounts and it pretty much matched what I observed except the conical head; but that doesn’t mean some don’t have pointed heads although I personally doubt it; I imagine it is more likely a wad of twisted hair or similar. I wrestled with the concept that the subject in the Patterson film has a conical head. At first glance to the mere observer, she does. But if you’ve studied the film work done by analyst M.K.

Davis, we see that the Patterson subject does NOT have a conical head after all; it is a wad of hair that moves to and fro with each step she takes." ³⁴

The conical head descriptions came about immediately after the launching of the Patterson film in 1967. Prior to that event, there tends to be few statistical notations of conical shaped head reports attributed to the old data. The facts almost suggest witness pre-conditioning - stimuli created by seeing images of "Patty," the subject in the footage attributed to Roger Patterson. The power of suggestion is a mighty tool, it caused a flurry of reports describing conical heads; we see little of that today. As time went on and advancements in film technology grew, we learned much about the Patterson subject we didn't know before. The subject in the Patterson film clip does not have a conical head or a sagittal crest or a sloped forehead. Were all those early day assessments describing pointed or conical shaped heads legitimate perceptions? I think not.

Booger bear was humming...

Lake Barkley, Lyon County, Kentucky around 1990

Witness testimony involved a senior gentleman who said he was bluegill fishing earlier in the day in extremely hot weather. He found himself cleaning his catch at the edge of a nearby inlet that had three ducks quacking away at the water's edge on the opposite side of the pond-like area where the water fed in from a larger stream. Suddenly the ducks made a loud commotion and flew off.

Looking up from his stringer of bluegill, he saw a frightful sight. Edging itself into the water, walking upright into waist deep water was a Booger-bear (Bigfoot). Not making a sound, it brushed away the duck weed with the little finger side of its left hand and at the same time cupped the other hand, scooping up water to its mouth to drink. What I remember most about that incident was that the fisherman said he heard the booger-bear "humming." It was not a recognizable tune, but unmistakably *humming* to itself and asked if the informant recognized what the Booger was humming, he replied he was in too great a state of shock to know; he took his catch and left the area and didn't look back. (Yeekoten, Kentucky)

Hand signal?

A 1992-3 habituator in central California noticed hand-signals between members of the Sasquatch clan in her area. One in particular was the raising of the palm, which we might consider *a stop don't come any further*, signal., Alice M. an acknowledged long term inter-actor with the Sasquatch wasn't sure

it meant *stop* because it was too frequently used between the older members; maybe it has other meanings. What significance is there to the raised palm of the hand with fingers pointing upwards? I mention it here because it was the only reference of its kind in my data.

The desert Sasquatch...

On August 6, 1999 Battle Mountain, Nevada was a raging inferno from multiple range fires. The gist of the story was that a Sasquatch was seriously burned over 45% of its body at some point during the fire. A government employee said he observed the Bigfoot crawling on the ground. Of the 610 fire-fighters working the wildfire that summer, a few men allegedly captured the Sasquatch and then contacted a local veterinarian, a medical physician, fish and wildlife services who apparently called in the DOI and the BLM.

According to the report, the Sasquatch was tranquilized, administered to and then removed to an unknown location. All involved were admonished not to talk about the incident but I don't know who ordered that directive.

The interesting part of the Battle Mountain fire case was that the badly burned Sasquatch apparently tried to communicate with those who administered aid.³⁵ The attempt at language was ineffective and apparently there was no telepathy reported by any of the witnesses.

I wrestled with this account – but if true, it's a one-of-a-kind event. I am not here to convince or judge the merit of this incident but I don't know the originator of it and other details seemed lacking. I'm simply reporting the behavior for whatever value may be found in it.

Curious Sasquatch...

Continuing with the stories in and around Battle Mountain, Mr. Jordan Williams had an encounter with a very curious Sasquatch. It happened while driving home in the Sierra Mountains of Nevada from his mining work in Crescent Valley, Nevada; as the crow flies, not far from Battle Mountain.

Williams was alone in his SUV driving home at the end of the week, which was five hours away. Suddenly he ran out of gas in the middle of absolutely nowhere, approximately seven miles from a gas station; eventually his battery is drained and it goes dead. To make matters worse, when the battery died, the window was down and there was no way to roll up the window. Jordan

could not get law enforcement or any other emergency services to respond to his cell phone calls because he was so remote. It couldn't be a worse situation.

Williams found himself stranded on a desolate stretch of high desert highway with the temperatures plummeting down into the low teens; the car temperature registered 17 degrees outside. There are no trees in the desert only knee-high sage brush and tumbleweeds, which makes his encounter all the more interesting in that it is usually widely held that the Sasquatch needs timbered forest to exist; apparently that isn't true. There are many reports of encounters in desert conditions; the bulk of them registered in the 1970's and strangely few reports since the era of the seventies.

But I don't want to stray from Jordan's situation - there is nothing colder than the interior of a car when the temperatures get that low; the seats and the metal inside the car become so cold they burn to the touch. Williams was a southern California man and hadn't been in the area very long so he was ill-prepared with any kind of proper clothing, all he had was a t-shirt, sweater and a blanket; not adequate apparel for 17 degree temperatures. It was after eight o'clock at night; darkness found him on the phone with his wife, trying to figure out what to do, but there was no help available.

At those temperatures, hypothermia can begin to set in within 15 minutes so you can imagine the condition he was in by two o'clock in the morning when something startled him. He looked up and saw a face looking at him through the passenger window of the car. Williams made eye contact for about ten seconds with the strange face of a Bigfoot. The light from his cell phone lit up the face of the creature very well. But suffering extensively from hypothermia after six hours in 17 degree weather, Williams failed to respond coherently. His situation with the Bigfoot; window down didn't register with him accurately.

At that point Williams said he knew he was losing it; he lit up a cigarette and looked over at the window again but now the Bigfoot is gone and it occurs to Jordan that he's possibly hallucinating and imagining the Bigfoot was at his window. He phoned his wife again and told her he is seeing things and needs to get out of there.

Obviously Williams was experiencing hypothermia but didn't realize it; he was shivering but somehow coping. He then looked up and over the hood of his car he sees the Bigfoot again! This time Jordan gets out of the car, looks around but nothing is there. He even tries to flag down the few cars that pass him but nobody stopped to offer aid.

Convinced at this point that he is losing his mind, Williams returned to the car

but as he does, he notices a shadow cross behind the rear of the vehicle. After seven hours in the freezing temperatures he gathers himself enough to relax. Visibly exhausted he managed to fall fitfully asleep. He was jolted awake when the car began to shake. He sat up quickly and saw the Bigfoot looking into the car then just as fast, the thing ducks back into the darkness again. This time he heard vocalizations coming from the darkness out by the center-divide. He sensed a presence but couldn't make sense of it. Then he heard noises, this time coming from the front of the car. Williams described it as a low grumble, a quiet kind of gibberish. Williams described it like Bigfoot was whispering to someone else outside his vehicle.



Williams fought hard to stay awake but thinks he fell asleep again because the next thing he knew a Highway Patrol Officer was poking at him through the opened window with a flashlight trying to see if he was alive.

Once home, he explained the ordeal to his wife. Wishing he had tangible evidence that the Bigfoot was really there, they went out to look at the car. Williams found the pictured palm and fingertips handprints on the windows of his SUV; the palm was HUGE. He wasn't hallucinating after all; he had been visited during the night by a Sasquatch. All things considered, Williams held it together really well; nevertheless, it was a spooky encounter!³⁶

(Photo is © Jordan Williams, Nevada April 2012)

Water behavior...

In twenty-eight years the diversity in the stories that come in through the website never fail to arouse my interest. There are more sightings and encounters than I ever imagined. It took a few years before I discovered the little details inherent in the different testimonies. Much can be gleaned from subjective evidence; listed behaviors are far more important than just *the numbers of reports...details matter.*

There was an interesting account that involved use of hands to drink that came from River Forest Park in Cayuga County New York in 1996.

A retired couple sightseeing the states in an RV fifth-wheel trailer told me they were sitting with another couple in camp chairs late one summer evening having a cold beer. They were startled to see a swimmer, looking like he was dog-paddling to shore. The swimmer came up out of the water, then bending over, it turned around and put its face back in the water - presumably to drink they thought and then it pinched the water from its nose. I asked if the creature noticed them sitting there, the observer said, "*...if it did, it wasn't apparent to them.*"

It was only about 15-yards away at this point, our conversation stopped and the four of us stared at it not hardly believing our eyes! Afterwards, it began walking into the tree line using its hands to shed the water from its arms and body; bears don't do that, they shake themselves...but you can't imagine how freaky that was. We folded up our chairs and headed back to the trailer. We left the next day both of us still thinking it strange what we saw. We didn't think to look for the footprints, but I think there was some on the beach where it came out of the water. It was like a bloody Spielberg moment! ³⁷ (L.R. Traficant)

Swimming

Apparently the Sasquatch are excellent swimmers. In 2005 a zoology student described a Sasquatch diving in the Mooselookmeguntic Lake off the Bemis Valley Trail in the State of Maine over a Labor Day Weekend hiking trip. His date that weekend emailed her doubt that it was a Sasquatch because, as she said, "*I don't believe in such a thing as Bigfoot, but Jim was sure that it was a Bigfoot that took a header into the Lake.*" The couple apparently never saw it surface but found partial footprints in the soft soil at water's edge.³⁸

Shadowing behavior and rock attack...

I was impressed with the gentleman who wrote the next story because it's a great read and defines a behavior of a Sasquatch very well; I've decided to publish the entire letter as it came to me; the benefit is the visual sense the story portrays...and the event is unusual:

"I am going to tell this story only once, I had never planned on telling it to anyone ...ever, but here it goes. My name is Floyd and I am 40-years old with no reason to make up a story like this. There is nothing to gain, nothing to lose and I really am not trying to scare anyone. My encounter begins while on a fishing trip just south of Nashville, Illinois at Washington County Lake. It was July 22, 2010; I decided to go cat fishing. I loaded up the boat with all my gear I got to the ramp around 5:30 p.m. After putting the boat in water, I headed out for a cove on the northeast side of the lake where the trees shaded the water. I was anchored about 30-feet from the bank enjoying the peace and quiet."

"I caught a mess of catfish and decided to fish well into the night as the fish were biting great. Around 11 p.m., something started to stomp around in the woods; I figured it was deer or coons! I could hear the rustling around not far in the woods from where I was anchored. The thing would make moving noises about every ten minutes. I never really thought much of it and was more into catching fish than worrying about an animal in the bushes. Time passed and I heard a really loud splash that made the sound of a large rock being thrown into the water about twenty feet behind my boat."

"At first I thought someone was screwing around with me throwing things in the water. I looked at my watch; it was 1:27 a.m., now the 23rd of July 2010. After thinking it over I decided it had to be a fish because for someone to be that far back into the woods they had to walk a good distance and I would have noticed their flashlight. Plus as big as the sound of the splash was, they would have to be Superman to be able to throw a large rock that far out into the water. I continued fishing and never heard any other noises and after a bit forgot all about the splash. When the fishing died down around 3:00 a.m., I packed it up and headed for the dock."

"As I was pulling the anchor out I heard a loud noise in the dark of the sandy bank like something was startled when I stood up to pull up the anchors. I figured I spooked a deer bedded down. I was only able to run the "trolling motor" on my boat because the lake had a 10 hp limit and my motor was bigger than 10 horses.

So as I am trolling slowly back to the dock there is that noise again of whatever I spooked moving along the edge of the wood line. This went on for about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile but could not see what I'd spooked. Now I was about 100 yards from the dock. All around the dock, bait shop and bank there are street lights in the dock area and the woods begin to thin out. As I reached this area the movement in the woods stopped. Now I was curious as to what the hell animal would be following me like that. I tied off the boat and walked up to the parking lot to get the truck when I heard a grunt sound. I opened the truck door and this thing grunted again so I fired up the truck and shined my headlights towards the area where the grunt came from. To my great surprise I saw a large set of large yellow eyes in the woods looking back at me. I studied them and could see the eyes blink. The eyes were really high in the air, 8-feet or so. Not thinking anything fearful, I backed down the ramp and loaded the boat. After getting everything buttoned up and ready to head home; I got in the truck and headed up the ramp. I looked for the eyes in the same area but did not see them at that point. Leaving the lake consists of a 20 mph speed limit and a winding road for a number of miles. As I passed the check-in station close to the road I heard a loud bang like something hit the boat so I stopped and got out to see if I lost something. Everything looked fine, nothing fell out and as far as I could tell nothing ran into the boat like a deer. I climbed back into the truck, before pulling away I heard the noise again like something hitting my boat. I hit the brake lights to light up the boat a bit and looked into the rear view mirror. I saw what looked like a very large man standing next to the boat. I was about to jump out and ask what the hell he was up to when I suddenly got an eerie feeling. My head told me to keep on driving, so I hit the gas with my eyes glued to the big black figure with the yellow eyes, then it took off, running towards the truck, it was chasing me! I hit it hard letting the gravel fly. Then nearing 35 mph something hit the truck very hard making the truck shake violently. Well now, I was done messing around and said piss on the speed limit; I lost it at what speed I don't know. But it followed me! When I got to the highway I got out to check the truck and there was and still is a nice dent high on the passenger-side bed of the truck. I went home, unloaded the boat grabbed a shotgun and headed back out there. I crept along those roads until dang near dawn looking for whatever it was that hit and dented my truck but never saw the thing again. I still fish there today but not alone, not anymore."

(Floyd Scott November 4, 2010)

This guy is a machine! I mean he's out in the pitch dark of night doing some serious fishing, apparently not afraid of anything, just trying to get his limit of

catfish and get back home. He's got this 8-foot, yellow-eyed Sasquatch shuckin' and jivin' around him, throwing rocks, denting his truck, grunting, chasing and growling and the guy just goes about his business, no problem. He made notations of the strange behavior totally oblivious to the size and aggressiveness of the Sasquatch. Do you love this guy or what?

There have been other reports by witnesses who felt they were being followed, but none in my data quite as dramatic. Most men would leave but Floyd Scott elected to stay, take his time. Apparently Scott's lack of reaction infuriated the Sasquatch. It is also the first time I've read a report where the Sasquatch deliberately dented a vehicle. The report most assuredly contained strange behavior worthy of notice.

Friends of mine thought maybe the intent was more benign; maybe the Sasquatch only wanted Mr. Scott's stringer of fresh catfish. Opportunistic stealing is a commonly reported behavior - in fact it falls smack at the top of the list in their job descriptions. I cannot immediately think of anything moveable that hasn't been reported stolen by the Sasquatch. Apparently there are no statutes in the Sasquatch book of rules and really, who among us is willing to argue the point with a 900 pound Sasquatch?

Mouth noises...

Mouth noises are occasionally reported; specifically the smacking of the lips together, mouth popping, clicking noises, whistling, tongue noises, blowing, spitting, wheezing, coughing, sneezing, throat clearing and choking noises.

California resident Mike Dardanos reasoned that the sound thought to be log rapping may be in some small part attributed to a nearby Sasquatch making mouth noises or pounding on the chest noises.

Together Mike and I theorized that the size of the Sasquatch lung is so huge as to magnify sound. Dardanos illustrated one of his theories by placing his tongue in the roof of the mouth. By applying suction and then pulling the tongue off the roof of the mouth, he was able to achieve a number of tones by shaping the lips in unison with hands cupped around the lips (opened or closed) as the tones are emitted. Various popping sounds that is, baritone emissions from the giant chest/lung capacity of a Sasquatch would be much louder. Additional echo sounds can be produced by cupping the hands around the mouth.

In the deep woods, sounds can be distorted yet emanated great distances. It

was suggested that the sound could be made with two very large hands slapped together with cupped hands rather than a slapping of the two palms together as in applause. Mike successfully demonstrated the sound of two cupped hands brought together in a forceful manner and it sounded exactly like wood on wood. Dardanos figured this might be "*...an alternative way to regard some of the noises interpreted to be wood on wood communication between the Sasquatch...or not.*" Knuckle pulling and finger snapping are sounds that campers claim to have heard during the night supposedly by Bigfoot since other night creatures don't make those noises.

A proficient Sasquatch trained to run silent, run deep undoubtedly has any number of covert sounds and signals in his arsenal...especially if he's been taught that concealment meant life or death. Nobody in the research community has come up with a good reason why they stay removed from society. The hunting season must be a terrifying time of year for them to get through; I can't imagine what that must be like. Statistics tell us that fall hunting season is when most sightings occur. That might be attributed to the number of hunters out that time of year and the numbers of fisherman working the fall salmon run.

Sasquatch and Infrared

When we click the remote control apparatus that turns the television off and on or when we change the channel, the hand-held remote talks to the receiver in the television set. It does this by emitting an infrared signaling that human vision cannot see. To some extent, the field trail camera operates the same way but again, humans cannot see this signal. Cameras, for example the Sony Night Shot, also use an infrared beam. But can anything living wild see or sense infrared? The answer is yes, well sort of.

Some wild animals may not see complete images. They may just see areas of relative warmth or lack of warmth. Bees see images made up of both lights we can see (visible) and light that is redder than we can see (infrared). Their eyes do this for them. Snakes can see heat with specialized organs, that is – distinct pits generally facing forward, on either side of the snake's head. But those organs are not eyes, so we figure they sense areas of heat and know when they're getting closer to a source of living warmth like a mouse. This is just a different kind of seeing, as heat IS infrared light.³⁹

We humans cannot see infrared, yet in research the question arises; can the Sasquatch see infrared beams generated from field cameras and is that the reason trail cameras are unsuccessful? When infrared (IR) waves touch a surface, heat energy is released regardless of the surrounding air temperature.

The Sasquatch probably does not see infrared but they might sense the heat from an infrared beam if that beam were hot enough. The IR in a field camera generates very little heat. To feel infrared heat, wouldn't the Sasquatch need infrared on the order of a small heat lamp? There may be other reasons why the Sasquatch seems to avoid camera traps; one being simple street smarts.

Most humans have poor vision in the dark. There are of course, exceptions to the rule for I understand there is a blue eyed child in China who does his homework in the dark.⁴⁰ The consensus tends to be that because the Sasquatch is able to move easily at night (so we think) that they have better vision at night; but do they really? Frustrated by the inability to catch a Sasquatch on field camera traps, speculation at times runs wild of the mark. Whether they see or sense the IR beam remains another one of those much speculated considerations.

Then again, the reluctance of the Sasquatch to move around camera traps may simply mean that somehow they sense no good comes with the deployment of the metal gadgets strapped to trees in their habitat – similar in some respects to the association with the hunter's rifle. To the Sasquatch, perhaps the camera traps are foreign objects and things out-of-place in their habitat. Nevertheless, unable to reason why there is little in the way of Bigfoot photographs, men tend to take comfort in wild, if not dramatic, speculation.

I've heard it said (as regards the camera trap) that the Sasquatch has ESP (extrasensory perception) that borders on some supposed alien knowledge of camera mechanics – and they reason that way because it is believed the primitive, wild-living Sasquatch must surely understand the mechanics of the camera. Failing that, some reason they see infrared. There is no way anything living wild understands the modern day mechanical world...but *Bigfoot Research is full of wild imaginings and speculative theater*. The wildness in the Sasquatch may not sense anything about trail cameras but intense caution from the intrusion of civilized man; I lean towards that idea.

Recently, a good friend of mine actually witnessed such behavior in the Sasquatch; we were both amazed. In this instance, a trail cam was set out on a particular property facing a backyard picnic table where a closed ice chest was left out overnight. The camera portrayed a Sasquatch driven by curiosity. It got very close to the field cam and then it touched the lens; perhaps to see if it would go off and apparently it did. Still, intensely curious about the ice chest, the loitering Sasquatch couldn't resist even though he knew not only where the cameras were, but apparently had some idea about the camera. What the Sasquatch did next totally surprised us.

Curiosity about the contents of the ice chest finally caused the Sasquatch to back up into the area where the cameras were deployed. It not only backed up to the ice chest (walked backwards) but it reached out to gingerly touch the ice chest though remaining backwards to the camera; the behavior in the footage was fascinating to watch. Film shows it never opened the chest but apparently wanted to touch it for whatever reason. This of course may be an isolated event...or not, but the behavior with the camera present was interesting to watch.

Over time, I've seen photos of tongues licking camera lenses, fingers, palms of hands and various blurred hairy 'somethings' and of course some of that can be attributed to bears. Mainly because there was one photo in particular of a tongue licking the lens of a camera that was too long to be a primate tongue. It may be that non-detectable *pinhole cameras* will be the wave of the future in field observations.

Clacking sounds...

Syl McCoy was U.S. Forestry Service Chief Fire Inspector in Willow Creek back in the 1960's. A tall soft-spoken man, McCoy was a wealth of information about the early day Sasquatch. One of the stories attributed to McCoy was about a Forest Service Company truck that he provided for California veteran Bigfoot investigator Peter Guttilla to a remote place where tracks had been found and strange sounds heard at night in Humboldt County. It was at this particular site that Guttilla had what he called his "rock banging" episode. He reasoned that the Sasquatch must bang rocks together as a form of communication; a behavior not well documented previously by any of the old guard in the research community. Guttilla stated that "*the click-click, click-clack sounds went on for the better part of an hour one night starting with one area click-clack,*" and soon he was surrounded by click-clacking rocks that answered his reply click-clacks. According to Peter, it sounded like a symphony of rock-clacking that would give new meaning to the term, "rock music," true story albeit one of a kind! I often wonder if Peter doesn't secretly take perverse joy in sending gullible me these unusual stories; I am known to be his captive audience. (Peter Guttilla 1996)

Teeth Clacking...

This next file describes clacking sounds, not the striking of rocks together but the audible sound of teeth clacking together. Previously I believed the clacking of teeth as it was described to me could only be attributed to grizzlies or the warning of a black bear sow protecting her cubs; they will huff and clack teeth together when threatened.

Now of course, three decades later I stepped back and thought about the larger picture. Simon Kajne was hunting in Idaho in 1989. He was hunting with two other men, camped on a high ridge preparing dinner. Kajne said they threw on some sausage and fried up some potatoes. Hungry, they sat around the fire and began to clean their plates. A distinct tooth clacking sound was heard and like anyone familiar with bears, all three men thought, big grizzly! Alert now and tense, Kajne said they scanned around the darkened perimeter of their campsite but saw no bear yet the clacking continued intermittently. Each man reached for their rifle and removing the safety stood back to back waiting for the grizzly to come charging out of the darkened forest towards them. The teeth clacking of a grizzly bear is generally thought to be a warning! There were several moments of silence – but then the clacking noise grew louder and more distinct. Kajne told me the sound was unmistakably the powerful clashing together of upper and lower teeth. Sometimes it came from high up in the trees somewhere and other times it seemed to be coming from the ground. What unnerved them was the loudness of the clacking. It came louder than the crackling from their campfire.

Then it stopped, there were no more sounds until two hours later as the men were huddling down in a tent contemplating some measure of sleep. At that point Kajne said large rocks flew into their campsite. It was then they realized bears don't throw rocks; a familiar realization by field researchers. One of the men, by then with frayed nerves screamed, "*...knock it off, we have enough fire power here to blow you away!*" And with that the younger of the men fired off a couple of rounds into the trees, ending the incident. Nothing more happened that night or the night that followed.

Don't you find the behavior of the Sasquatch to the verbal threat issued by the hunter thought-provoking? At least the intimidation technique stopped. Did the Sasquatch understand? I only know that it wasn't the hunter's imagination at work because they found two different sets of footprints that circled their campsite. There was a set of 18 inch tracks and another set that was half that size.

In hindsight, the clacking of teeth may have been a hunger noise and the want of some of the meat the men cooked for dinner that night. Sausage and bacon smell delicious in the night air around a campsite. If not that, I don't know the reason for the teeth clacking behavior, it isn't often reported. There may be other such mouth sounds recorded in other databases; this was the only one describing teeth clacking that was in my files.

The "Whistle Man" pee'd ...

There was another odd report I pulled from a 2001 folder, where Alicia Bancroft's children were playing in the backyard of their rural mountain home not far from Phoenicia, Ulster County, New York.

Responding to a terrible stench coming through the open kitchen window, Mrs. Bancroft was met at the backdoor by her children; breathless from running across the open yard screaming "...*the whistle man is back, Mommy.*" Then, out of the mouth of the youngest - 4-year old Dillon announced, "...*and he pee'd himself, I saw him.*" Dede, the older child described a man with "*messy hair came into the yard and gave her a daisy.*" When she screamed, "*the man with the messy hair wet on himself and ran away.*" This event was one of several that occurred when the family was in the backyard; none were as interesting as what Mrs. Bancroft's children had to say. The other behavior Miss Dede described was that the man with messy hair "*danced a jig like his feet were on fire.*" That is hard to visualize, but it made me smile. Alarmed, the Bancroft family have since moved back to a smaller town north of Poughkeepsie, New York. (The Bancroft story 2001)

Whistling and whistle sounds...

Whistling is apparently a common theme among the Sasquatch. Campers returning from a week's vacation at Catherine's Landing in Hot Springs, Arkansas reported a bad odor and "whistling" from opposite areas of their RV at 3:00 a.m. The 1996 informant said the figure was large but it was too dark outside to describe detail. (Signed only as butcherboy1532)

Apparently, the Sasquatch is capable of whistling with all the flexibility anyone might imagine. I once asked an ape theorist if apes whistled? You can imagine his answer.

Whistling described

Therapist Matt Huey had an experience in 1997 that just won't go away. In August 2011, Matt wrote, "*I had an experience in De Soto County, Mississippi several years ago; it was after 11:00 p.m., at night when I heard a long, loud [sustained] whistle which caused my old Boston terrier dog to bark. When I heard it, I thought it was a person but it was much longer and sustained for a longer period of time than a person might manage. I've been searching for answers to it for years.*" Huey lives on ten acres that are densely wooded; the sustained whistle came from this area. (Matt J. Huey)

Peter Guttilla recalls whistling

One of the most generous no-nonsense Sasquatch investigators from the old days is California based Peter Guttilla. I met Peter as his Bigfoot tracking career began winding down in 1996 and at this writing we've remained friends for seventeen years despite differences of opinion regarding the Sasquatch. Of the friends I trust and count on the five fingers of my right hand, Guttilla is among that five. Peter is a friend of many like Terry Albright and Tom Muzila. Other friends have passed on now like Bobbie Ann Slate and her husband Vince Gironda, Rich Grumley of the CBRO and bad-boy Erik Beckjord who was interestingly enough, a staunch side-kick friend of Canadian author John Green. Beckjord bragged about invitations to Green's home and dinners with the Green family.

Guttilla remembered a much younger Peter Byrne in the 1970's and Syl McCoy to name but a few. He preferred to work closely with martial arts expert, Tom Muzila and lately Terry Albright. Guttilla did field work in the early years with anthropologist Dr. Connie Cameron, Sally Page Sheppard-Wolford. His annual trips into the Bluff Creek region brought him into contact with Rene Dahinden and others. There were, of course, others but at the time I started inquiring; their names began to fade from Peter's memory. Peter goes way back but the best part of Peter was and still is the trust you feel with him, his ability to allow for differences; a rare, honest, forthright friend you could always count on; I still feel a warm kinship.

Guttilla doesn't put up with the Bigfoot nonsense; he's Sicilian after all, he would just as soon leave a dead horse's head in the bed of a hoaxer than to put up with the baloney. Peter sees right through the deceivers, the self-promoters and the deception inherent in Sasquatchery. As it turned out, he was the only one of a couple of investigators with some authority on the desert Bigfoot; Ron Morehead was the other. Recently Guttilla sent me this offering that refers to the desert community of Borrego Springs, California...Peter wrote: "Here's an interesting little pluck from *"The Abominable Sandman of the Borrego"* written by Major Victor Stoyanow..."

The screaming giant of Tuolumne County

"I've often wondered just who that Frank Cox was..." Peter wrote. The mysteries of the desert are many. A dancing skeleton with a light in its ribcage cavorted through Borrego long ago, which I believe was finally found to consist of a giant tumble-weed that had picked up a phosphorescent mineral along its route. And then there was a creature that Frank Cox killed years ago near

Dead-man's Hole in the vicinity of Warner's Hot Springs. According to accounts in the *San Diego Union-Tribune*, it had a head rather small, large buck teeth like a carnivorous animal, muscular arms, enormous feet 24-inches long, weighed about 400 pounds, and was a cross between a man and some carnivorous animal, probably a bear. And then since the first of this year, there have been positive sightings of the screaming giant of Tuolumne County that terrorized residents of Pinecrest a year ago. A pilot observed a 10-foot tall man from the air and Sheriff's Deputy Albert Miller, investigated huge footprints and observed that they were *about six feet apart and not bear tracks*. (Peter Guttilla)

Whistle, whistling...

Peter and I remain in close contact; in fact I asked him if he had anything in his arsenal that related to whistles or whistling sasquatches that he might share. To my surprise he did and I will attempt to quote some of what he told me here.

"...Yes. I have heard strange whistles on a few occasions, always at night. Once from a spot on the woods not more than a hundred yards away, this was during one of my early day campouts on the Patterson sandbar. I was with Tom Muzila when we heard a deep whistle, long and drawn out; there were footfalls heard and both

Tom and I dashed after it only to find ourselves stumbling around in the dark.” At the time, the Patterson sandbar was wider than 100-yards across and strewn with rocks and pebbles; at night it was black as pitch. (100 yards = the length of a USA football field).

Patterson Site Photo © Peter Guttilla, California

Peter continued,

“There was another time we heard whistles in Oregon and another incident of whistling northwest of Happy Camp, California...of course these were many years ago. One of those times I remember because Bobbie Ann Slate was with me...egad, that had to be 1973 in an isolated area of San Bernardino County. We heard whistles, light and airy moving toward us in a remote canyon called Big Rock Creek located on the eastern slopes of the San Gabriel Mountains. I whistled back and the whistler responded. It got closer and closer and I stood my ground. I whistled again and



didn't move; the heavy footfalls came closer. The strange thing was the whistling almost sounded like a melody of some kind...not quite, but almost. I took a chance and spoke, asking the whistler to come closer, no harm in the offing. At that point the whistling stopped,

the footfalls moved away and that was it. Though the soil there was cement hard, nevertheless the next morning there were marks showing a foot roughly 18-inches long..." (Peter Guttilla 2011)

A history of whistling behavior...

There are whistle notations made in previously published accounts, this one from *Janet Bord's 1977 Bigfoot Casebook*.

A Spearfish, South Dakota mother and her three daughters saw two Sasquatches in 1977 in a cornfield eating corn, one was roughly 8-feet tall, black and the other smaller with a brownish red body and black face; the report says "they whistled" but there were no further notations in the brief blurb.

While the curious behavior of the Bigfoot was 'whistling,' the proximity of the Bigfoot to a cornfield does not go unnoticed. The history there is very long in the data of them being seen in and around unharvested crops, in particular sweet corn, alfalfa fields, peanuts, potatoes and yams. There are also reports of whole rows of onions being uprooted and the entire fruit yield of one apple or avocado tree simply gone; both the ripened and the unripe.

I noticed while reading Ronald A. Beck's story of his father, Fred Beck's 1924 account with those famous ape men on Mt. St. Helens that there is a mention of whistling in chapter one, which he (Ron Beck) titles, "*The Attack*." Beck writes in the fourth paragraph:

"We had been hearing noises in the evening for about a week. We heard a shrill, peculiar whistling each evening. We would hear it coming from one ridge and then hear an answering whistling from another ridge. We also heard a sound which I could best describe as a booming, thumping sound -- just like something was hitting itself on its chest." ⁴¹

There were several dozen old letters stacked in a basket by my desk top computer in the office. It was there I uncovered a letter written in the late 1990's from a widowed lady who signed herself only as Janneen. She wrote to say she heard whistling start up every evening about the time the eleven o'clock news came over local television channels.

"Nearby whistling," she wrote, *"was often echoed or returned from across the valley adjacent to their small house just off the*

Angeles Crest Highway in Los Angeles County's Angeles Nat'l Forest."

According to her note, it often lasted several hours and included forlorn, wailing cries, which she equated as being *"like a person in pain."* She never saw the whistlers, which came always after dark, but two of her grand-children did. One late summer night after eating outside, the grandchildren embarked on the ritual of spitting watermelon seeds. It is a contest to see who can spit seeds the farthest from a line drawn in the dirt. The contest was followed by hearty romps about the back yard with their yellow lab puppy, Striker.

"The sounds of children at play ceased," she wrote, "when the children came in the back door breathlessly exclaiming there was a furry man watching them from outside the gate. They stopped playing," she continued, "noticing him when he whistled either at them or in reply to them."

The squealing noise small children make while at play seems to be an attractant to any nearby Sasquatch. There are instances recorded where they are seen standing and watching the playful activities. But so intent on the children at play, the Sasquatch often forget themselves and are noticed when they step too far out into open spaces.

Car peeping...

A Marine by the name of Jim Campbell from South Carolina was trying to get home on leave. He was driving through the Great Smokey Mountains of South Carolina when he felt sleepy. Campbell pulled off on a mountain top observation looking point, locked the doors of his vehicle and sprawled out on the front seat and closed his eyes to sleep. He doesn't remember how long he slept but he was awakened by the feeling of being watched. Sitting up he observed a 7-8 foot Sasquatch staring at him through the front windshield. Campbell said when he sat up behind the steering wheel the Sasquatch moved off walking away like a man does. The Marine drove off but apparently never forgot the incident.⁴²

Sasquatch and the elk hunters...

Great story! The next entry is about interaction between a few elk hunters, Sasquatch and a trophy elk too heavy to muscle out of the wilderness without help. The story amazingly speaks to the issue of Sasquatch understanding, their willingness to participate in generous help with those who have shown

kindness to them. These specific behaviors are not often recorded but are heart-warming to read in this true story, which builds to a surprise-ending originating in Apache Junction, Arizona.

Titled the "*B.J. Thompson Story*," it was investigated and reported to anthropologist and avid Bigfoot researcher Dr. Wilson. G. Wheatcroft, Ph.D. He graciously gave permission for it to be published in toto here. The events described happened in March 1992 and again during elk hunting season in July, 1994.

First Bigfoot Experience

"These events happened in the Blue Mountains of the State of Washington. The nearest city was Walla Walla. Pop Sumerlin (Wes) was a friend of mine. He is now deceased. Pop was a grandson of Chief Joseph of the Nez Pierce Indian tribe, famous in the 1800's. Pop was an expert hunting guide. Once, he showed me photographs of giant footprints in the woods. They looked human to me. What I mean is that one footprint was in front of the other, like humans walk. Right away, I guessed that they were Bigfoot footprints. Pop did not overly explain things; he let you learn for yourself. At that time, although I had only known Pop for two days, he decided to take me into the Blue Mountains with him; he told me that he had never before taken a white man into the mountains for the purpose of seeing the Bigfoot."

"Here's what happened: We took a horse trailer with us, with two horses inside. When we got to the right area according to him, we then saddled the horses and went in further on horseback. Pop was very experienced. We rode on horseback for five hours. It was wilderness. We rode for maybe six miles. Then we stopped and tethered the horses. We had arrived at a flattened-out area where there was a simple sleeping lean-to. On a tree at this campsite, there were hoists for pulling a deer or elk up onto the tree for skinning purposes. We dumped our gear and got a fire going. Then we began hiking on foot for about 1½ hours. There was snow on the ground at this time of year. We started seeing Bigfoot tracks in the 3-inches of snow. The tracks were huge, 18-inches long. We also saw some thick deposits of grey-colored Bigfoot hairs stuck to the bushes along the pathway. At the end of our hike of about an hour and a half, we entered a clearing about 40-feet in diameter. Pop took 4-peanut butter and jelly sandwiches out of his bag and put them on wax paper in the middle of the clearing, as an offering. He then swept some snow off of the rocks, and we sat in the shade there to wait. We sat quietly for about 45 minutes. Then we could hear rustling sounds in the pine trees and bushes. Then suddenly, two Bigfoot came out of the trees across from us, walking 8-feet into the clearing in front of us."

One of the Bigfoot was 9-feet tall, and the other was 8-feet tall. Their fur or hair was grayish brown. They were very hairy, but surprisingly, they had human-looking faces. They had wider mouths and somewhat flatter noses than humans have. Their cheeks were clear of hair. Above their eyebrow ridges, these Bigfoot had a low hairline. Their heads were dome-shaped. The two Bigfoot just stood there for about 10 minutes, staring at us, while we were staring at them. No words were spoken. I had the feeling that they would have stayed longer, if I (a new person) had not been there. But Pop did not say this to me. Who knows? I had a feeling that they knew of our presence well before we got to the clearing. Pop felt that the Bigfoots were humans of some kind! He was, perhaps, actually more friendly towards the Bigfoots than he was towards whites! This was kind of an American Indian thing with him. He felt that the Bigfoots were American Indian blood beings."

"After about 10 minutes of standing in the middle of the clearing, the Bigfoots backed up, and then disappeared behind the trees. Then we also left. I assumed that they would come soon, to retrieve the sandwiches that we left in the clearing for them. The shorter Bigfoot seemed younger to me. Initially, when they first arrived, the shorter one made a move as if he was going to come get the sandwiches. But the bigger, seemingly older Bigfoot made a grunting noise, at which point the younger Bigfoot stopped advancing towards the sandwiches. Then, as I said, they both just stood there looking at us. Their arms are long, so that their hands were at the level of their knees. They also had long legs, and really massive shoulders. When they backed up into the trees, Pop also got up, and touched my shoulder. Then we turned and left the way we came. On the way hiking to this clearing, we had avoided stepping on the Bigfoot footprints, but on the way back we weren't so careful, because we had no plaster of Paris with us, so we couldn't make footprint-casts."

"We had hiked in *just to see the Bigfoot*, so after riding our horses back to the horse trailer, we put them into the trailer and left the area."

The Second Bigfoot Experience...

"In July of 1994, I again hooked up with Pop Summerland. He asked me to help him, because he was taking a hunting party of six men to hunt elk up in the same forests of the Blue Mountains of Washington State. He was such a good hunting guide that he guaranteed that *each* paying hunter in the party would be able to shoot an elk! He asked me to help out; I was to look after the camp, do the cooking, and so forth. We all assembled together. There were six paying hunters. Pop provided everything except the guns and ammunition as

part of his package deal. We pulled two, four-horse trailers-- for a total of 8 horses. When we arrived at the hunting area where the lean-to was located that I described before, at first, all of the hunters wanted to go off in two, 3-man parties, on horseback. The lean-to was about 15-feet long, and about 2-feet tall in the back. But by the time we had arrived there, the first day, there was no time to start hunting. So, the first night after our arrival, the men cleaned their guns and we cooked some grub. I also corralled the horses."

Elk Hunting, Day 1: "On the first day of hunting, we left at 5:30 a.m.; all eight of us on foot, because if we took the horses, it would scare the elk we were hunting. This is what Pop said. As a guide, I went with three of the hunters, and Pop went separately with the other three men. Pop had made one dozen peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. That first day, out of the six hunters, three of the men shot one elk each, that day. I tell you Pop was really good; that's why he guaranteed that each hunter would shoot an elk on the hunting trip! These three elk were not too big, but satisfactory. Out in the forest, we field-dressed them, (this involved de-gutting them, and so forth, and quartering them) and we hiked back to camp to get the horses to use them as pack horses, and loaded the meat and hides on the horses. Deep in the forest, Pop left 12 sandwiches on a log. When we returned that night, we cooked and ate some steaks from the elk. Elk meat is better than venison! The field-dressing of the elk was crude, just enough to get the game meat back to camp."

Elk Hunting, Day 2: "On the second day of hunting, the three men who had each killed an elk the day before did not go with us, because the rule was: one elk per person, as a condition of the group-hunting license. That is, one tag for one elk. On the second day, one man was sick, and he decided to stay in the camp. Therefore, four of us went hunting—two hunters and two guides, on foot, carrying guns. One of the two hunters shot an elk that day. Out in the forest, we noticed that the sandwiches were gone from the log where Pop had left them the day before, including the wax paper. Pop then left another 6 butter and jelly sandwiches on the same log. We field-dressed the elk that had been killed that day, went to get the horses, and then packed the meat back. As we were returning to our camp, we spotted some giant tracks of a huge bull elk. This was only about one-half mile from our camp."

"Let me make a note about field dressing: this involves cutting the animal into quarters, or halves in certain cases, then removing the tongue and liver and keeping the hide. All the meat is wrapped in burlap, and brought by horseback to the camp, where each of the men put their meat on ice, in various coolers we had with us. Therefore, at the end of the second day, three of the hunters left with four elk cut up into meat, preserved on ice in the coolers, because

they had killed their legal limit. One of the hunters decided to stay in the camp, so now there were three hunters and two guides.”

Elk Hunting, Day 3: “On the third day of actual hunting (the 4th day of our trip, though), we left to go hunting at dawn, at about 5 a.m., right after breakfast. The hunters who had not shot an elk wanted to bag that large bull whose big tracks we had seen the day before. The man that was sick the day before also still needed to bag an elk. Right as we left camp, at only about 150 yards from the camp, a 500 pound elk stepped out of the bushes and the man who had been sick pulled his rifle, and shot it. The two hunters then field-dressed the elk and loaded it on the horses that they retrieved from the nearby camp. They took it the short way to their truck to put on ice.”

“So now, this left only one hunter and us two guides to continue the hunt. We wanted to track and to shoot that giant bull elk! So, we continued the hunt on foot. Pop had about 20 peanut butter and jelly sandwiches with him. Every hundred yards or so, Pop would put two or three of these sandwiches on a rock, or log, while we were tracking the footprints of the big elk. We traveled about 4 miles from Camp at that time. Then I spotted the giant bull elk. It was really huge; probably 1400 pounds! The remaining hunter shot and killed it. It was so heavy that the three of us couldn’t even turn it over! We had our skinning knives with us. So we merely de-gutted it on the spot. It was too far to drag the carcass back to camp. So we decided to walk back, and the next day to get the horses, and then drag it behind the horses. But while we were talking, the hunter reconsidered. He decided he wanted to have this specimen mounted, which mount would include the head, rack of antlers, and shoulders. So after some discussion, we decided to leave the giant elk right there, and to deal with it in the morning. Pop then placed the rest of his peanut butter and jelly sandwiches right next to the giant elk. We walked back to camp. I cooked dinner for us. The hunter who had shot the big elk was so excited with his trophy that he ran back to camp by himself. On our way back to the camp, Pop and I were talking. We noticed that the peanut butter and jelly sandwiches we had left here and there, along the trail had been taken. While we were hiking, I could see some Bigfoot stalking us, but staying well hidden. I could just see parts of them lurking in the bushes. They were quite stealthy. At the camp, the two hunters were drinking and celebrating. They were very happy.”

Hunting Trip, Day 4-- Our Surprise: “On the fourth day we got up real early, maybe 4 a.m., to make breakfast. It was still dark. By the time we had made breakfast, it was just dawn. Our task was to saddle up the four horses, to return to where we left the giant bull elk, to field-dress it, and then bring the butchered meat back to camp. But when I went over to the horses, right there near where the horses were tied up, was the giant bull elk lying on its

back! Boy was I surprised! Nearby, I saw some large-sized Bigfoot tracks. I was mystified, but happy. Pop smiled when I showed him the bull elk and the tracks. Obviously the Bigfoot had retrieved the huge carcass for us during the night. We waited for the sun to come up and searched the area to see if there were any other Bigfoot tracks nearby. Further out, we did see somewhat smaller Bigfoot tracks, which we presumed had been left by companions of the larger Bigfoot. I want to point out that there were *no* drag marks. This means that (probably two) *Bigfoot had carried this giant elk carcass at least 4 miles to our camp during the night!* This was amazing to me!"

"An hour later, Pop and I woke up the hunter who had killed that big bull elk the day before. We told him that his elk was right there, near the horses, but we would have to pull it up onto the tree, with the block and tackle Pop had fixed to the tree, in order to dress and quarter the elk, and remove the meat. We did *not* tell either of the hunters that *Bigfoots had transported it*, because this was something between Pop and me. And, we had not told any of the hunters that Bigfoot even lived there. Pop said fairly strongly that we should not tell the hunters about the Bigfoot. As to the sandwiches Pop left out in the forest on logs and rocks, we had explained to the hunters that we were leaving the food for the birds and wild creatures, as well as to mark our trail. That had all been reasonable to everyone hunting, the days before."

"So the hunters dressed, and quartered the giant elk. They butchered it in such a way so that the antlers, neck, and head could be stuffed and mounted by a taxidermist. After this, they put all the meat on ice. It was a really heavy load of meat! The hunters were thrilled. Since they had each gotten an elk, as guaranteed by Pop, like the other hunters, they now left to go home. Pop and I were there for an extra night. There was a table there at the hunting camp, to eat on, near the lean-to. We set out bananas, peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, and apples on the table, as an offering gift to the Bigfoots. We had hoped to see them come and get the food at night, but we fell asleep."

Hunting Trip, Day 5-- Departure: "Early the fifth morning (actually the sixth day we were out, since we had driven the first day), all the fruit and sandwiches were gone. Obviously, the Bigfoots had come in the night and taken our offerings. Pop insisted that we scratch out the Bigfoot footprints nearby, and by the horses, so no one else would know that there were Bigfoot living in the area, in case hikers might come across Pop's hunting camp. So we dragged some branches over the Bigfoot footprints. Pop felt strongly he should protect their territorial rights. He had a lot of respect for the Bigfoot. He thought of them as a special kind of people."

"We cleaned the camp, put the horses in the horse trailers, and left the camp

in good order. This was Pop's camp. He depended on it for part of his living. He was really good at what he did. He is deceased now; and I remember him as a good man!"

"A few days later, we heard that the hunter who had shot the giant bull elk got 1000 pounds of meat from the animal, not counting the head, or the weight of the bones! This means that the Bigfoots had probably carried at least 1300 pounds of elk for us, for over 4-miles, as a return favor for us giving them the peanut butter and jelly sandwiches!"

"Back in Walla Walla, Washington, I asked Pop if he had actually left the sandwiches for the Bigfoot and not for the birds and animals as he had explained to the hunters. I hadn't directly asked him this before. Pop then told me about an experience that he once had after leaving sandwiches for the Bigfoot. Apparently when hunting alone, he killed and then field-dressed a large elk. Because of weight considerations, he was only able to take one-half of the butchered elk with him, on his own horse. The other half of the dressed elk, he left right there in the forest. It was also a rough area of forest and rocks, to ride in by horseback. Surprisingly, the next morning, he discovered that the other half of the dressed elk, which he had left in the remote forest, had been delivered to him during the night, by the Bigfoot, near to where he was sleeping! So with this prior experience in mind, he figured that on this trip, by again making an offering-of-sandwiches, he might get some help from these forest beings. Pop told me: "I knew that the Bigfoots were following us in the forest, and watching us all the time. They stay real well hidden; but I saw them. For several days this was happening. I knew it, but I didn't say anything; I definitely did not want the hunters to know. Not at all! So, I was just hoping for any help the Bigfoot could give us with getting the elk back to our camp, if in fact we needed their help. And as it happened, we did need help! And they came through for me! This is what happened, just like I have said." ⁴³ (Dr. Wilson G. Wheatcroft, Ph.D.)

Stalking and Shadowing...

The Sasquatch in the elk hunter story had benevolent intent and it made great reading. Unfortunately, that same behavior is not universal among all Sasquatch. One thing I can guarantee you... you may not be a great deal wiser in the behaviors of the Sasquatch from reading this book, but you will be a great deal older.

A man named Gale filed an interesting report with no date that was about a Sasquatch that shadowed a rancher. I suspect Mr. Gale was the rancher but he never said; he told the story as if it was someone else; he was great at

dodging direct questions. In fact we laughed about it but he never admitted the story was his own; so I write this not knowing who the rancher was.

The main character in his story was a hardened ranch-raised good ole boy who hunted, farmed, fished, camped and did hard work all his life. He wasn't afraid of anything in the wilderness that framed his mountain homestead. The fellow ran a small herd of cattle on his place and one morning he discovered a dead cow lying in the pasture. Figuring there was a killer about his place he wanted to quickly dispose of the carcass so predators and scavengers wouldn't be attracted down onto the property from the surrounding mountains. In the past, he had his share of grizzly and mountain lion problems. He fired up his tractor with intent to scoop up the carcass of the cow and take it on up the hill into a remote area a good distance away from the ranch; it was a densely wooded area with briars, brambles, tall sugar pine and wild berry fields. Upon reaching the site, the rancher suddenly got the weirdest feeling that he was being watched. (The feeling of being watched is a commonly reported feeling informants relate in their testimonies). Undeterred by his sense of uneasiness, he looked around briefly and then he continued to finish the burial process and be done with it.

At some point the rancher got off his Nor Trac to quickly relieve himself. He shut down the tractor and listened to the wind in the pines; it was an eerie sound against the quiet of the mountain; it was unusually quiet. The rancher hopped back on the tractor and that is when a golf-ball size rock came flying in and landed near him. Undisturbed, the rancher swung the tractor around and headed home. That's when another rock was thrown at him, this rock actually hitting him between the shoulder and neck. His first reaction was that somehow kids were on the property and now his jittery apprehension turned to irritation; who would be this far out into the mountains?

Looking towards the trajectory of the incoming rock, the rancher thought he saw the figure of a man in the trees. He also thought the guy was lucky he didn't get shot because the rancher had his 30.30 Winchester with him. Gale said it didn't take long before the man realized by its size that it wasn't an ordinary man and that he was red-haired in color; this he determined was no ordinary man. Its size was intimidating and the reason he was anxious to move on. The road home seemed long and snaked around down the hills and back to the ranch. The entire time Gale said the rancher was able to observe the creature shadowing him along the tree-line. Coming around a curve in the road, he was able to see the creature standing not more than thirty yards away from his moving tractor; it was simply standing there apparently waiting for him at each point and making no effort to stay concealed. When he told me that, I found it rather unsettling, especially because the rancher was alone on

that road, a great distance from the ranch.

The rancher continued on toward home stopping only to fill in and level off a rut in the road that had washed out in the trail from a recent rain. At times he was able to get a good look at the creature when it stood out in the open. It wore no covering and was covered in short black hair except its chest which was broad and bare of hair. The hair on its head was black, shiny and it cascaded down over his shoulders in twisted braids; his beard was short and gray. By its genitalia, the figure was male; its face oval and expressionless. The figure appeared to watch him with great interest. "Watching" is a commonly reported Sasquatch behavior especially around heavy road or logging equipment or children playing. But the usual report states they watch from a distance and usually semi-hidden from view. In this case, the Sasquatch showed himself in what appeared to be a deliberate move.

At one point, thinking to scare it off, the informant slowed down the tractor, steered it to face the watcher then raised and lowered the bucket; at the same time inching forward toward the creature. But the haired one was undeterred and became increasingly brazen but cautious backing up or side-stepping any advance from the tractor.

The creature raced on a head, meeting the rancher at every blind point in the trail home; Gale said the rancher kept his 30.30 close and ran his fingers down to release the safety. I would like to think the Sasquatch was probably playing some kind of *chase game* with him but the aggressive behavior was unsettling. Finally, hitting the straight-away, he gunned the tractor and that is when he no longer saw the creature stalking him. Relieved for the moment he told his wife. That night he went outside; the dog was going nuts and took off running towards the pasture. The rancher apparently knew the creature was around and within a few minutes the dog returned whimpering, nearly tripping the rancher as it cowered beneath his legs...the behavior of the rancher's dog is also commonly reported.

Approximately fifty yards away stood the creature, not moving, frozen in place staring at him and the dog. They stared at one another for some minutes and then the creature walked casually away back towards the area where it was encountered earlier in the day. The behavior the rancher described is not all that unusual as reports go. Stalking and shadowing are commonly reported occurrences and again the Sasquatch made no effort to conceal itself – many of them stay out in the open. In this case however, it almost seemed like the Sasquatch was in some way challenging the rancher. Perhaps he wanted the remains of the cow the rancher sought to bury. General research cannot categorically say that the Sasquatch duck for cover all the time - some do,

some don't. The narrative was paraphrased from a telephone call and several months' worth of email exchanges with the members of the family.⁴⁴

What we can take from this account and those like it is that the Sasquatch are intensely curious about us - at least we can say some are. If the rancher had thought to wave at the stalker or in some way acknowledge his presence, some sort of communication might have developed. The trouble is, most informants are so overwhelmed by the appearance and threatening size of the male Sasquatch (as they should be) that intimidation and fear take over; it's a natural response.

Upon reading the Gale story, Bigfoot enthusiast Lee Chen pointed out that I may have the intent of the Sasquatch wrong. Chen charged me with romanticizing the Sasquatch and suggested the intent of the hairy man may have been one of malice from the beginning. Maybe Chen has a point. It also may have been the result of the informant urinating in plain sight of the Sasquatch as the following accounts often suggest. There are narratives in the data that indicate relieving one's self in the forest is insulting to any watchful eye of the Sasquatch and perhaps there is something to that thought that research hasn't entertained. In the Snelgrove Lake, Canada account, Doug Hajicek also mentions that the Sasquatches in that story urinated on top of their urination deposits. It does lend itself to being seen as a challenge by the Squatch...perhaps it's an insult.

Urinating in the forest and Sasquatch reaction...

I have upwards of four or more reports of men out camping, fishing or doing what people do in the forest being confronted during, before or after urination. In the process of camping, men frequently relieve themselves near a tree line or on river banks. Apparently urinating is frowned upon by the Sasquatch establishment - or some reports seem to suggest. Again, ethnologist Lee Chen suggested walking toward a tree line to urinate may be a like *throwing down a gauntlet*; an open challenge to the Sasquatch...an *in-your-face* challenge. The data suggests that in most cases the Sasquatch will respond or voice his displeasure by growling, yelling, screaming, huffing or throwing things.

One such case happened at the Mottet Campgrounds in the Wenaha-Tuccannon Wilderness, Oregon. In that case, the Bigfoot voiced his displeasure by screaming.⁴⁵ Another such incident (almost identical in description) occurred at night at a campground in the Huron National Forest, Michigan. Fly-fishermen working the middle fork of Idaho's Salmon River reported through a Vance Orchard's contributor that they were greatly alarmed when a large male

escorted his family away from the river after one of them urinated into the river.⁴⁶

One of the scariest reports happened to a camper while relieving himself in the Big Timber region in Montana's Boulder River area; the nearest town was Cardwell, Jefferson County, Montana. Sixty year old Timothian J. Revis stepped into the darkened forest to relieve himself out of the sight of his fellow campers. In mid-stream, not twenty-five feet further in front of him, a Sasquatch stepped out from behind a tree and "*screamed a deep chest crushing yell!*" Revis admitted the creature was so close and so frightened him that he stood half paralyzed, unable to move, unable to breathe adequately, "*the yell was so terrifying I thought sure I was a dead man!*" Revis ran back to camp wild-eyed and with his fly still wide open. Apparently everyone on that fishing trip heard the scream and said, "*the scream was indescribably terrifying in tone, every hair on my body stood straight up, it was deafening!*"

Urinating and using bear spray...

When I got into word searching my files using the keyword 'urination,' the data showed a high number of unexpected encounters by fisherman and hunters while going off into the woods to relieve themselves. The next file involved two hikers who were climbing the Crow Mountain Trail in Park County, Montana; the year was 2007. The two stopped to rest and eat trail mix and 'water up' at the point where Mill Creek transects the trail. One of them walked over to the creek to urinate against a tree and was startled to see in the trees, a male, female and juvenile Bigfoot looking at him from several yards away. He called to his trail-mate who also saw them. The largest of the trio made low volume grumbles and gestured that the informants interpreted to mean, "*go away, don't come any further.*" Concerned by the size of the male, the hiker then backed up to the other side of Mill Creek to his backpack to retrieve a container of UDAP grizzly bear deterrent; both hikers were unarmed. The report stated the male advanced toward them with his arms waving wildly. In a quick retreat, he gave a quick burst of bear spray, which stopped the creature in his tracks. Then, believing the Sasquatch was defending his family; the two hikers left the area and warned an approaching couple of the incident. The two hikers felt they were being followed all the way back to the forest service area where they reported the incident to disbelieving officials.⁴⁷

In the course of my conversations with the hikers, they each gave a physical description of the Sasquatch male but there was nothing unusual in their remarks other than the thickness of the hair that covered the large male. What I felt was more interesting was the behavior of the US Forestry Officials who

talked down to them in their words, *"like we had gone stark raving mad."* I encouraged both of them to write the Department of the Interior to file a complaint. They did and never received a reply. Not surprisingly the hikers told me they were not asked to fill out a report form.

In a separate account, Rob Janis cited another incident. His camping experience was one that included night screaming in Butte County, California. The entrance gates to the mountain were locked and the trails marked impassable. Janis and his wife had just come down off the mountain and knew there were no downed trees or other obstructions on that route up the mountain. Nevertheless, the forestry closed the gates – apparently they knew something about the area Janis didn't.

Shadowing, stalking behavior...

The Feather River near Laporte and Quincy in Plumas County, California 1988. What's a little hiking-fishing trip without a bit of drama? Sean Fries tells it in his own words.

"I had a close encounter in June 1988 on the North-Fork of California's great Feather River in Plumas County, in a very isolated area. It takes three days to hike in and four days to hike out; there is no foot traffic in this area. My two dogs and I hiked to this spot in the North Fork of the Yuba and Feather Rivers; a place called Middle Fork. I found a spot near a tree line so I could tie my food up in a tree to keep the wildlife out of it."

"Settling in, I made camp, cooked a few trout I caught earlier. I was getting tired and decided to turn in; the fire was now just about out, smoldering a little so I didn't put any water on it, I just climbed into my tent and laid down on top of my bedroll. The dogs ran loose outside the tent, sometimes in the tent with me. They never strayed far from me. I dozed off to the sounds of crickets chirping. Then suddenly I woke up with a start, something wasn't right – it was quiet, no crickets and my dogs came running inside the tent shaking. My dogs are usually very aggressive though not mean. They would bark at anything that came around. I was scared and alarmed, so I grabbed my rifle and pistol along with a flashlight and stepped outside the tent but couldn't see anything. I had that sensation of being watched. I grabbed some more firewood and threw it on the embers left from the dinner fire. Then I clearly heard some very heavy footsteps right behind me in the trees. There was also a very strange odor almost like a cross between a skunk and something dead. This thing circled my campsite all night long. At first light I packed up and started out and this creature followed me almost the entire day. I could hear him, smell him and even saw the creature through the woods about 75 yards distance. It paralleled me as if to make sure I was leaving its territory. I never shot at it with my rifle because I don't believe in killing things for sport. I have never gone back to that place." ⁴⁸
(Sean Fries, Weaverville, California)

Shadowing a Forest Service employee...

The following incident happened in the mid 1960's between Willits and Fort Bragg, in Mendocino County, California. It struck me as unusual in that it happened to a U.S. Forestry employee at a time when they still spoke openly about such things. The story was filed on Kyle Mizokami's old website in the late 1990's.

"I was walking a couple of miles through the woods to pick up our Division of Forestry Surveyor's truck. It was twilight when this occurred. What was really frightening were the stories going around about Bigfoot at the time. The noise of the vegetation and small trees popping like twigs is scary when you know what kind of strength it takes to do that in bush so thick a tractor would stall. But the Bigfoot just followed me for a while; there was a herd of deer in a meadow and birds were singing. There wasn't a feeling of menace or foreboding during most of my walk. In fact other than the temporary fright, it was almost tranquil and soothing, because nothing seemed alarmed. I never have known a bear to move like that and I have never seen or heard anything like that before or since. I smelled no odor and no sounds were uttered. I was working for the Division of Forestry for the State of California surveying in Jackson State Forest at the time."⁴⁹
(Leonard Matsumoto as told to author/writer Kyle Mizokami, 1997)

Loitering

According to an article in *The Willits News*, in a remote area near Fort Bragg, California, Robert Hatfield reported seeing a Bigfoot standing head and shoulders above a six foot high fence. Later, Mr. Hatfield rounded the corner of his house and walked head first right into the creature. He was knocked to the ground and then scrambled in terror to the house on his hands and knees. A neighbor tried to close the door to prevent the creature from getting into the house. Hatfield reported the Bigfoot incident to officials; it ran off leaving a large muddy handprint measuring eleven inches in length on the front door where it tried to gain access.⁵⁰

Special Forces vet hears primal scream...

Willits, California resident and former anthropology student Heather Gonzales

wrote to me on November 1, 2009 regarding the following case she heard second hand. I'm not a fan of second hand accounts. For that reason, I label them as such; some contain interesting Bigfoot behavior and behavior is what we need to compile. The first reminds us of how they scream their displeasure. The second brief also talks about loitering.

"I know a hunter who was formerly special forces in Vietnam and afraid of nothing. One night at Cherry Creek something was next to his camper loitering outside. It let out a loud primal scream, like it wanted him to know he was not happy with the camper being there or him! My friend said he was so shocked and paralyzed by the sound and what could make that sound that he had his rifle in his hands lying next to him at the ready. Whatever it was, he said you could easily tell it had a huge lung capacity to make that yell." ⁵¹

Rob Janis, who manufactures a popular fishing lure, was told a story by his First Nation fishing guide. During the night, as Janis slept in his tent, they were visited by more than one Sasquatch. Peeking from his tent, the outfitter told Janis that he saw two of them hanging around the boat, touching it and the rope around the boulder where it was moored for the night. The guide told Janis that the two were gesturing, signing by hand back and forth and making deep tones. When Janis asked if his guide thought the two Sasquatch were actually talking, the guide told him he didn't know, he wasn't sure and heard no audible language – just a grunt as if in acknowledgement. Before the two Sasquatch went into the tree line, they fingered and inspected the fishing net, the rods and easily opened the guide's tackle box; no problem. Apparently great interest was shown in the fishing gear by the two Sasquatch, I wouldn't think that unusual behavior.⁵¹

The Sasquatch medicine man

This next filing proved informative; I was intrigued by what I learned. An informant named Glenn was fishing and camping not far from Lake Pinecrest in Tuolumne County NE of Sonora on Hwy 108 towards the end of 2002. Paring down his letter to the specific behavior of the Sasquatch; the informant described hearing a noise, he turned and watched an auburn colored Sasquatch busily tearing off leaves from a bush and then rubbing leaves all over his body; he didn't know what the leaves were or the name of the bush.

The informant agreed to meet me the next summer. Summer came as summers do; I met the man and we were able to locate the same plant where the Sasquatch was observed rubbing leaves on himself. We took a stem and a handful of leaves to a local nursery. They identified the plant as a *type of Yerba Santa*. A little research taught us the plant had unusual medicinal

properties. When the leaves are crushed and applied it speeds the healing of open sores, sore muscles and arthritic conditions; perhaps the Sasquatch was suffering from one of those maladies. The early Indians made a tea of Yerba Santa and rather than drink the horrible tasting brew, they inhaled its steam to cure a specific condition. That Glenn was able to observe the Sasquatch in the process of rubbing handfuls of the Yerba Santa plant on its body told me the Sasquatch is well versed in plant identification and the plant's specific healing properties. Interesting?

Medicinal Plant use...

From California to the far reaches of Canada the Sasquatch has been reported using various forms of plant life. In 1974, a salal plant picker reported seeing a brown-colored Sasquatch stripping buds off a second growth hemlock sapling in the forests near Qualicum Beach; a town in the Regional District of Nanaimo, British Columbia, Canada. I found the use of hemlock strange in that hemlock is toxic and sheep, cattle, swine, horses, and other domestic animals are poisoned by eating small amounts of the green or dried plant. It is also extremely poisonous to humans.⁵³ Possibly the witness misidentified the tree or as my perceptive editor suggested, "...attempted suicide?"

Another Sasquatch was observed pulling roots and eating them by two young men at Skutz Falls on the Cowichan River on Vancouver Island in 1975. The *Victoria Times* reported in 1975 that a Sasquatch chased three youths on Humpback Road near Goldstream also on Vancouver Island. The creature was reportedly eight-feet tall with a white spot on one leg. It was otherwise a reddish brown color. Colwood Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP) investigated the sighting.⁵⁴

A chase report was emailed to me from a beer salesman traveling north on Western Avenue, north of the trans-Canada Hwy 11 between Cochrane and Lillabelle Lake, Ontario Canada in mid-August said he was near to dozing off when this ...

"The black thing came out of nowhere and flashed across the road in the blink of an eye. I thought I was hallucinating for sure, and then I looked to my side mirror after I passed it and there it was! The damn thing was running alongside my trailer AND IT WAS ALMOST KEEPING UP with my speed of 45 mph; a southbound vehicle breezed by me blowing its horn, so I guessed it was real after all and I wasn't road blind that day."

Flashing across a highway is a commonly reported behavior. Keeping chase with a vehicle is reminiscent of Lee Majors in the television series, Six Million Dollar Man; chasing behavior is not common but it has been reported.

Sasquatch with ducks, a club & sticks...

Richard Stolz formerly of Luxton, Vancouver Island, Canada reported seeing the same Sasquatch with a white blaze on one leg carrying two ducks by the neck in one hand and a large club in the other in 1988. According to Stolz's report, the Sasquatch crossed Sooke Road and climbed up the embankment and went into the trees.⁵⁵

Throwing stick behavior

Canadian researchers focused their attention on Peawanuck early in June 2001 when Sam Nanokeesic, an employee at the medical station was struck by a 16 inch (40 cm) stick while driving his ATV on an empty road to the airport outside of town. A foul odor at one end of the stick made him curious. Inspection of the woods nearby revealed tracks that were approximately 17.5 inches (45 cm) tracks all over the place, Nanokeesic said. *"We saw where it had been standing behind trees near the road and more footprints leading away from the area in a straight line, crossing the end of the runway, heading towards the rock cliffs a few kilometres away,"* said Nanokeesic. *"It must have thrown the stick at me thinking I was too close, trying to scare me off. It worked."* "This is not friendly terrain to be walking in," said Fletcher "Red" Mack, waving away swarms of black flies. "It is obviously very large and heavy more than 485 pounds (220 kilograms), because of the depth of the prints and it appears to have a gait of six and a half feet (2.1 metres). The prints were still better than two inches deep in lichen and hard moss, after three weeks."^{55a}

In 1992, Henry Don reported a second hand story also on Vancouver Island in the Strathcona Provincial Park region of Vancouver Island, British Columbia, Canada. Mr. Don said he and his cousin were towing a boat down Muchalat Drive and Gold River Highway when they saw an eight foot tall, gray-colored Sasquatch cross the road; *"...it was carrying an enormous club in its left hand. It was no tree branch, it was a fashioned club,"* Don warned. *"He looked intent, as if he was hunting something."*⁵⁵

In September of 1967, two girls were walking on a beach on the east coast of Vancouver Island when they encountered a wet, seven-foot, reddish-brown Sasquatch. It held a stick in one hand and three or four ducks in the other. After a few seconds of staring back and forth, both the Sasquatch and the girls

fled in opposite directions.⁵⁶

There are many reports where the hairy man stops to stare, but we don't know if he is assessing the situation or if he is indeed startled by human appearance or just plain curious. It occurs to me that we are perhaps, as strange a sight to them as they are to us.

Fishing with rocks...staying warm under leaves...

As a mother, I didn't quite know what to think about the story up next. It had all the trappings of tabloid fodder, headlines and all; but it wasn't that way. It was reported to the Park District in 1953, long before anything much was known about Bigfoot; the term Bigfoot was not in use at the time. The story may be old but worth mentioning because it lists a behavior I had not heard prior - that being Bigfoot *fishing with rocks and stones. It also mentioned how the Sasquatch stays warm under piles of leaves.* The story was published in *Today in Bigfoot History* in the 1970's.

Headline: Riverside State Park, Washington, Bigfoot took my kids!

"Mary Jane Tuttle reported a horrific story to the Spokane County Park Rangers on her way out of the Riverside State Park in Washington. Tuttle told the Rangers she and her three children had arrived at the park for an afternoon picnic on Friday. Sometime after they finished their sandwiches and lemon squares, a large hairy man emerged from the woods. In one massive sweep, the hairy man scooped up her three children – ages 4, 6 and 10 – turned and ran back into the woods! Tuttle spent the next night and day frantically following the sounds of her children. Convinced they were being tortured and eaten, she was frantic but on the morning of Sunday, May 25, 1953 the three children emerged from the bushes, completely unharmed. They quite candidly reported having a very nice time with a wild man, who taught them to fish with rocks and how to stay warm under leaf piles." ⁵⁷

Mother Sasquatch to the rescue...

In 2013, David Weverka told a story on Internet Radio to Chuck Prah and Stacy Hostetler about a time when he was six years old. While camping with his parents in Central Oregon, little Weverka became lost a mile away from his

parent's campsite and it was getting dark quickly. Scared, cold and very alone, he started crying. It wasn't long before Weverka said he heard a rustling in the trees where upon a hairy woman took him by the hand and led him back to his campsite or at least close enough for them to hear Dave's mother calling for him. He recalls the Bigfoot's hand was quite rough and he remembered hair on her hand but not much more other than she even hoisted him by the arm, up and over a flowing creek. The youngster told his parents he was lost and brought back to camp by a monkey. Since the child was into "Curious George," it made sense to the parents.^{57a}

The power of the thrown rock...

I like to frame it this way: A good baseball pitcher can throw a fastball at well over 90 mph (a few can throw a baseball over 103 mph). That is enough force to cause serious injury or even death to any human at close range with or without headgear protection. Granted, throwing a ball at that velocity is a feat that only a select few and physically gifted men are capable of doing. Now imagine and apply this talent to the strength of a Sasquatch. I don't think it is unreasonable to assume that an average sized Sasquatch could easily throw a stone at higher speeds to stun a deer or a fish in a creek making it easier to retrieve. To illustrate the *power of a stone thrown by a Sasquatch* let's consider the next testimony from a Haida woman in the next narrative.

The Gogiet stones a doe to death...

A woman living somewhere near Terrace, British Columbia in 1985 is the source of this next documented behavior of a Sasquatch accurately launching a stone that took down a deer – killing it. The woman was living over on the QCI (Queen Charlotte Islands) at the time in a cabin by the Honna River. A neighbor came by one afternoon to tell her of a strange event he had just been witness too. Her gentleman friend had been fly-fishing further along the Honna River when a very tame deer (doe) came out of the woods near him to drink from the river. He stopped his fly-casting and stood quite still to admire the gracefulness of the deer. Suddenly a rock flew out from the trees, striking the deer in the head, knocking it down. This was immediately followed by a very tall hair-covered **Gogiet* that came down, threw the deer over its shoulder and dashed hurriedly back into the darkness of the woods. After that, there was no pleasure in fishing. The informant hurried away not wanting to stick around the place with a rock-chucker who was that accurate. The informant said this was the first time she had heard of the *Gogiet* being on the island. But considering the many stories we hear about what great swimmers the primitives are, it is not surprising that they hunt on the islands as well.

According to this lady, the local native people speak quite openly about them.⁵⁸

A quick mention of something another Haida woman told me in 1996 was about a hairy pre-teen **gogiet* girl who played with her daughter and taught her how to weave mats from pine needles; after the mats were sufficiently large, any sharp pointed needles were pointed downward into the mat and secured with pine sap. After the mats were washed in the creek and allowed to dry they were sprinkled with sandy creek wash to keep the sap from sticking to their body hair. Fascinating!

**Gogiet* is local QCI Haida for Sasquatch. Curious about the possibility of language among some Sasquatch in the 1990's I asked if there was verbal communication between her daughter and the young *gogiet* girl. Apparently there was only a string of two or three words which were not easily understood. The two girls worked well together mostly by hand illustrations; insistent pushing, humming and soft mouth noises.⁵⁹

Hiding under a pile of leaves...

Here is another "leaf-pile-related" story. Bob Titmus allegedly told this story to Larry Battson; Battson picks it up here:

"Titmus was deep in the backcountry of Bluff Creek by himself one afternoon; at the time he was certain there was a Sasquatch or Sasquatches very close by the evidence he was finding. He was so involved and so focused that he lost track of the time and the sun was starting to go down. The density of the forest overcame him. He recognized it was practically dark and much too late to get back to the main campsite for the night. It became clear that Titmus was going to stay put and spend the night alone in the mountains. Trying to find his way out in the darkness would be foolish if not dangerous. Nights can be quite cold in that wilderness and he really was not wearing enough clothing to just lie in the woods and try to sleep. So he began to dig a pit to sleep in. After he finished digging his bed he laid in it and started covering himself with a thick layer of leaves, branches and pine needles. After he finished the only part of him that was exposed was a small area around his face. He was quite comfortable, sufficiently warm enough and had no problem going to sleep."

"Titmus guessed the time was probably about 1:00 a.m., when he was startled awake by the sound of something moving through the forest nearby and it seemed from the sounds to be heading in his

direction. He could hear the sound of heavy footsteps crashing methodically through the forest brush, breaking limbs etcetera. At first he thought that it was a bear but it wasn't long before he realized it was too noisy for a bear. It came closer and closer... then it stopped. Titmus could hear the thing breathing, not just breathing but also sniffing the air like it was trying to pick up a scent and now he realized that it had indeed picked up his scent but could not figure out where he was. With just his face exposed Titmus was very well concealed from what he came to understand had to be a Sasquatch."

"All of a sudden it started screaming, breaking branches and throwing rocks in his direction. Titmus held very still, very quiet. The Sasquatch started moving around, pacing back and forth through the forest continuing to scream, bellow and throw vegetation and other debris. Titmus related that this behavior continued on until about an hour before daybreak. Then, as the sun began to rise and light trickled through the forest canopy, the creature went away and the forest fell silent again. He pulled himself out of his make-shift leaf bed in the ground and started to look around investigating the entire area. He walked in the direction of where the ruckus had come from and he could not believe his eyes. It looked like a bulldozer had gone through the forest. Saplings had been pulled out of the ground, larger trees pushed over, broken or snapped in two. There were branches covered with hair samples and the ground was littered with footprints. It was no bear." (Larry Battson)

Sasquatch leaves rock on hood...

In March of 1999, a man reported a strange occurrence in northern California. He was driving up Interstate 5 to visit a friend in Oregon and around 10:00 p.m., he took an exit off the highway to see if he could find a place to get some dinner. When he couldn't find a restaurant, he decided to pull onto the side of the road and make do with some snacks he had in the car. After he ate, he dozed off but was awakened by a loud thump. He got out of the vehicle to investigate and found a good-sized rock on the hood of his car. He got back behind the wheel, started up the car and turned on the headlights. In the beam of the headlights, he saw a tall creature covered in thick, dark hair. The creature watched him for a minute, turned around in the road and walked slowly off into the woods. Undoubtedly the great stone on the hood of his car was a message of some importance to the Sasquatch. Certainly a stone that size could have been launched easily through the windshield.⁶⁰

Sasquatch and dogs...

Reviewing the data in my old computers, at first it almost seemed like the Sasquatch had little tolerance for domestic dogs, their snarling, barking, heel nipping and leg biting. The information that came in to me in the late '80's ranged from slamming dogs by their hind legs up against tree trunks to quiet them down; to a Bigfoot running playfully with feral dogs and coyotes. But there was one in my files that spoke to a New Hampshire Sasquatch that actually saved a dog's life.

Sasquatch saves dog from drowning...

Ed Parsons wrote an interesting piece for the *Conway Daily Sun* (Conway, Carroll County, New Hampshire) that I've not forgotten. In fact the story had a fascinating aspect to it. Parson's friend, Peter Samuelson, at the time 72-years old had at one time been prospecting in the Ossipee Range. Samuelson had a load of stories that had their origins in the White Mountains. He had many stories and encouraged Parsons to write about them, including one about a Sasquatch sighting in mid-summer 1979. Parson's picks up the Sasquatch encounter from there:

Samuelson, his dog Kat, and his girlfriend Holly Swaffield, then of Wolfeboro, New Hampshire were out prospecting in the Ossipee Range. They drove in the Gilman Valley Road, parked at the gate and continued up the old road past the Tamworth/Ossipee town line. Then they cut into the woods on the right and headed west up Bald Mountain. Bald Mountain is taller than Mount Whittier and is located just south of it. From its open ledges, you can look directly below to Connor Pond, located center of the range.

"We bushwhacked in two miles, up to the ledges on Bald," Samuelson said. "The area contains a lot of Conway granite and we were looking for contact zones, edges where two types of rock meet.

Along these zones, it is possible to dig for pockets of beryl or topaz crystals."

As the trees opened up before them and Connor Pond became visible far below to their left, they saw a strange sight about 100 yards ahead on the ledges.

"It was a small structure, yet made of big stones, stacked on each other," he said. "The roof was flat and made of thatched hemlock bows. There was an opening, like a rustic doorway. We saw a giant man-like creature inside, about seven feet high, and

back to us. It was totally covered with tangled gray hair about three inches long.”

“In the same instant that this all became visible to them, Kat began growling intensely and the creature started to make loud noises indicating it was upset. “I can’t describe the noise,” said Samuelson. “Anyway, Holly freaked and we all felt threatened. We high-tailed it out of there immediately, in the direction we had come. Only later, part way down the mountain, did we pause and ask yourselves, ‘What did we see?’”

They both carried cameras, but in the urgency to leave never thought to take a picture. Over the next few days, they told various acquaintances of their experience. Asked how these people reacted, Samuelson said with a smile, “You know how.” A few months later, Holly excitedly called him and said she had been to the Wolfeboro Library and found a fascinating story.

Apparently during a midwinter thaw in the 1890s, a person in a cabin on the shore of Connor Pond, located in the center of the Ossipee Range, saw an amazing thing. A dog had wandered out on the thawing pond. It fell through the ice and was floundering vainly for a long time to get out. Suddenly a large hairy human-like creature came out of the woods from the direction of Bald Mountain, reached out long arms and rescued the dog, then immediately disappeared back in the woods from the direction it first appeared.

That old story added a little continuity to their experience, no matter how unbelievable. Still, it took Samuelson a year to get his courage and curiosity up enough to return alone to the site of their mysterious and alarming encounter on Bald Mountain. Holly wouldn’t go with him. As he walked out onto the ledges, he was struck again, this time because there was absolutely no sign of the structure they had seen the year before. He picked over the area thoroughly, looking for the slightest dent in the ledges where the big stones might have rested, stones that would normally take two or three people to move but there was nothing.⁶¹ (Ed Parsons) Any story of dog rescue is a *feel good story*. That this drowning dog was rescued by a Sasquatch, speaks volumes about the behavior of that particular individual. Great story, loved it.

Dog Killing...

Not all Sasquatch are as kindhearted. There are many reports that describe the Sasquatch chasing dogs that were later found with their necks broken or dead by some other means.

One story described a dog lodged between branches some 14-feet high up in a pinion pine tree. Another dog impaled atop a rural ten foot tall signpost. Glen Payne of Pettis County, Missouri heard from his cousin Martin Burford that coon hunters chased a hairy being that was killing his sheep and goats. It killed all dogs that tangled with it. As far back as October of 1947, Payne reportedly chased the creature with his "hog dogs" and saw in flashlights a giant hairy man-shaped thing running ahead of his dogs. In the end, it killed the dogs and in the process overturned his jeep.^{61a} (Tim Olson)

San Antonio, Texas researcher Rick Tullos added to this discussion recently by adding this comment, *"I know a guy who raises beagles and one of the "Hairy friends" threw his favorite beagle over a tree limb and hung the beagle by his leash. Whoever thinks that these varmints are just giant fluffy fur balls has got another think coming. These animals will kill your favorite pet or domestic critter and lay it out in such a way as to let you know that they did it and there is nothing you can do about it! They are mean, ugly and nasty... and those are their good qualities."*⁶² (Rick Tullos)

More animal killings (Dogs)

A Boonville, Warrick County, Indiana fisherman by the name of Ralph Duff reported to police that his dog was torn to shreds in an encounter with a screaming hairy beast. Mrs. Duff said she heard terrifying howls late at night and saw a towering beast much larger than a bear running away. Duff believes the monster lives in one of the caves along the Ohio River; he decided to set out a number of bear traps but apparently nothing came of it.⁶³

For many years a story circulated in research about dogs being swung by their heels into trees to quiet them during Bigfoot tracking pursuits. As stories go, these events became embellished to the degree that one could hardly believe them. If we believe all the accounts that include the dog killings or the unexplained disappearance of dogs – the list would be too long to publish!

In an effort to track down the source of the unbelievable story about dogs being bashed up against trees, I found the probable basis for the gruesome well-worn dog-killing stories in old newspaper files. This one dated October 19, 1958; it is somewhat grisly. Strangely, Bigfoot attack stories seem to be the most sought after tales and the most Googled.

The Sasquatch-dog-killing probably speaks to the frustration a Bigfoot may feel at being hunted. In this case, during the road construction and bridge

building years in Bluff Creek drainage during the 1950's and '60's. The headline in the *Humboldt Times Standard* read:

"New Bluff Creek Mystery puzzles Indians: 4 dogs found ripped to pieces..."

"An Indian who works near the Humboldt-Del Norte County line believes he may have discovered signs of a Big Foot temper fit, a Eureka man told *The Humboldt Times* yesterday. Harold C. Goodwin, 66, said Curtis Mitchell, an Indian who works for him discovered the mutilated bodies of four dogs last Sunday evening. He told me they "*looked like they'd been ripped apart,*" Goodwin said at his home just off the Elk River Road about 5-miles south of Eureka. "*The bodies were still warm.*" The Indian told Goodwin that all of the dogs had been torn apart and one of them had apparently been slammed against a tree. No footprints were found and Goodwin said the Indian "*didn't stick around*" to investigate, not after finding the dog's bodies."

"Goodwin, a superintendent for *Sharp Construction Company* has been working in the Bluff Creek area on a concrete bridge about two miles south of the county line for the past four weeks. A Humboldt County resident, Goodwin said he "*used to think the big footprints were just a joke*" but now he's convinced there is some sort of human creature wandering through the northern California wilderness. "*I think it's the straight goods.*" He added an eerie note to the speculation about the Big Foot: "*...the fellow who owned those dogs might be laying up there some place too!*"

"The construction worker said the discovery of the dead dogs changed the mind of many a skeptic working in the area. "*This,*" he said, "*is when all of us old-timers start to believe.*" Goodwin said he had sometimes been staying on the job over the weekends because it was such a long drive back to Eureka. "*I think I'll be coming home from now on though,*" he added firmly."⁶⁴

I can't be sure this newspaper article was the genesis of the dog-killing stories but the article was old enough to have fanned the flames of the rumor even if it wasn't the source.

In 2010, Mr. Dewey Haupe formerly of Hat Creek, California contacted me through the website; he was the driver-operator of an F-12 road grader during

the road construction and bridge building era through Bluff Creek. In the course of that exchange, which included a lengthy interview on what he knows about the famous Bluff Creek film, Ivan Marx, Bob Titmus and Eric Beckjord, Mr. Haupe assured me that at least two of those dogs that were killed were very expensive specialized bear-hunting dogs belonging to Ivan Marx. Apparently Haupe hunted bears on occasion with Curtis Mitchell and Ivan Marx of Burney, California and Bob Titmus who lived in Weaverville at the time and several other men in that region for black bear like Ernie Alameda of Hoopa. There was a silent bounty on bears by construction and the logging industry. Haupe said back in the 1950's the Six River Park region was "*thick with bears, big ones that caused quite a problem for the loggers, bridge construction crews and road cutters.*" Haupe said, "*I shot 'em, Titmus skinned 'em; we made a purdy good dollar a bear that away and split it, that was a lot of money in those days.*"

Later on, they were joined by another hunter who had just acquired some expensive bear dogs from Walt Disney's animal trainer, Mr. Ivan Marx. That bear hunter's name was Larry McGowan. McGowan acquired Bob Gimlin's 30.06 Bluff Creek rifle through Ivan Marx and the story behind that exchange is another book. Dewey Haupe got his job operating the road grader in 1967 with Sharp Construction by way of a solid recommendation from his bear hunting buddies, Bob Titmus and Ivan Marx. Some of Ivan Marx's trained animals sold in the five-figure range; huge money in the 1950's and 1960's.

There are many stories of dogs cowering or whimpering at the feet of their owners when the scent of the Sasquatch was present and nearly as many cases where expensive tracking dogs refuse to go on scent by sitting down and having to be dragged back to their truck kennels. Reportedly, they were ferocious dogs that chased and treed bears during a hunt or would take off after bears that venture onto the dog's territory; some of these were Ivan Marx's specialty trained dogs. The stories I've received involving dogs are many and a few end up with sad endings like this next Coos County, New Hampshire report.

The Homer Story

I loved this thought-provoking account, it boggled my mind and at the same time it creeped me out. See what you think about the "Homer story."

Margaret "Maggie" Kjeldsen contacted me in 2002 with an interesting story. Mrs. Kjeldsen supplemented her income by baking for a big city baker. This day, she was preparing orders for the coming holiday. She paused in the kitchen to feed Homer, her friendly 4-year old yellow lab mix. She routinely took his prepared meal out to the back porch and called for Homer. This day

however, she called again and again but no Homer. He was known for chasing the local rabbits so she went back into the house. Then, finished in the kitchen for the night Mrs. Kjeldsen went again out back and noting his untouched meal she called Homer in again for his evening dog food, scraps and fresh water.

This time she called several times, H-O-M-E-RRRR; but the wayward dog did not come running home as usual. She phoned her nearest neighbor who lived in a cabin three miles to the south to ask if they had seen Homer; they hadn't. Figuring Homer would come home during the night; Mrs. Kjeldsen left his evening meal on the back stoop and retired for the night.

Sunday morning dawned and both of the dog's dishes were missing. The baker-woman hopped into her vehicle and drove up the road toward the lake to the road's dead end. She hollered out the driver's window for HOMER along the way, but no Homer. Pulling up at the dead end in the road, now some 2 miles further from home, she parked, got out of the car and called for the dog some more; silence. By now Mrs. Kjeldsen concern for Homer was growing. She crossed the road and headed down the steep path's inline towards the lake where they often went together to toss a ball so he could chase it - it wasn't like the dog not to wander back home at night. He usually hung around the house occasionally chasing a rabbit but he was docile and never this far away from home without his owner.

Down at the lake, the witness continued calling "HOMER" quite loudly. She told me she became quite nervous for no apparent reason and after looking around headed back up the incline to her car all the while still calling for HOMER.

"I became increasingly apprehensive as I reached the road again, I stopped to gather myself and call one more time. But before I could get my breath, I heard a distant voice call Homer's name with all the same intonations I had in my voice. I couldn't believe my ears! Who was calling my dog? I was at this point a few miles from my nearest neighbor, chills ran up my back and my hair stood on end. Maybe I'm hearing things - so I called out again and listened. In a few minutes a distant voice called, "H-O-M-E-R!!" The caller sounded just like me except it had more basso profundo than my voice tone but had similar intonations and rolled the 'R' in Homer's name just like I did... and it scared me because it was no echo I imagined! Someone called my dog and it sounded just like me. I walked briskly over to the car and called out, "who is there?" The voice replied, "Homer," again with all the same inflections I made in calling my dog. It was the creepiest thing you can imagine. I sat in the car and waited, calling, Hello?

Hello? Is anybody there? But the caller never answered. I waited in the car nearly fifteen minutes and then left making my way down the road, randomly calling for Homer out the driver's window. That was 3 months ago - Homer never came home. I don't know what is in the woods around here, but in the days that followed I continued to put out Homer's dog dishes, dry food mixed with table scraps and water and each time I hoped he would return home. The dishes were always gone and I never found those either. Yesterday I nailed down an aluminum pie plate to the porch and put the usual dog food and scraps out minus the water. This morning the food was gone and the aluminum pie plate torn off and scattered in pieces in the back yard. Those people I've told say I have a bear around here. But do bears mimic me calling for Homer? Others think it might be a raccoon but can a raccoon speak?" ⁶⁵

Tossing a dog...

According to local Colorado law enforcement in the San Luis Valley during the last week of December 1993 and the first half of January 1994 there were seven sightings of Bigfoot recorded within a seven square mile area of northern most New Mexico and a portion of the San Luis Valley in Colorado. These encounters include a trucker spotting and reporting a large, hairy creature seen near the highway, a sighting of an extremely rare white Bigfoot, another sighting of a Sasquatch that appeared to be stalking a herd of elk and lastly, an encounter with a large two-footed creature that ran right by a ranch house and allegedly tossed a dog over a 6-foot high fence.⁶⁶

The next situation was probably the worst report that ever came my way and I quite frankly wish it hadn't. In this 1999 situation a woman asking for anonymity provided evidence that she and her oldest son discovered the family dog with a tree branch staked through its mid-section. It was skewered so high up off the ground that the son required a ladder to get the pit bull's body down for burial. They lived so remote that the only logic they came up with was that it was the work of an angry Bigfoot. What else does that?

Whoever did the heinous deed, the perpetrator actually impaled the dog on a dead branch. I saw the photo, the dog was at least twelve feet off the ground and again as many feet high as she was tall. This is not the behavior of a passive Sasquatch; the mental image made me shiver. Why skewer a dog that high up in a tree if not to leave a sign with some degree of drama along with it? If it was a Sasquatch, I'm not sure why it went to so much trouble unless it

was a show of strength and purpose or perhaps just plain anger. I don't have permission to publish the woman's name, state or photo; it is suffice to say it happened in the Midwest and you wouldn't want to see the photo anyway!

Jessica W. filed a report in which she said she encountered a smallish bear while hiking on Ape Island, British Columbia, Canada. "*Suddenly the bear reared up and looking behind itself ran off like it had been shot out of a canon.*" At the same time she noticed what had to be a 8-9-foot Sasquatch watching her; she estimated his weight @ 800 lbs. Frightened over her wildlife encounter, Jessica stopped two trail walkers passing by and asked to walk back with them. The two men figured the Sasquatch was what scared off the little bear. They hurriedly left the area and reported the encounter. (Rob Janis)

In 2007 there was another case reported of a dark colored humanoid in the Enchanted Forest near Tofino on the northwestern side of Vancouver Island in British Columbia. The informant noted that "*...when it was upright, it looked human but when it crouched down, it resembles a big black dog.*"

A gruesome find... (Dead cat)

A Beaufort County, South Carolina woman reported her cat was killed one morning. It was found hanging from the clothes line with the line twisted tightly around its neck - twice! The investigator said the plastic coated line was strung between the main house and the garage approximately six feet off the ground over a grass lined yard where quilting fabrics were hung out to dry. "*There is no way that cat got up there by itself.*" The family said there were occasions when they saw a hairy man crossing the property but thought he was a vagrant living off somewhere in a cave. (Rob Janis, 1995)

Wild man calls cabin owner...

Wayne County, Pennsylvania:

"We thought we should tell someone about the unusual occurrences at our cabin property in the Poconos north of Hawley. We inherited the property from my husband's parents when they passed within weeks of each other. They had told us about a wild man my father-in-law called "Pocono Buck," but we hardly believed any of it until we took possession of the cabin and stayed there for ourselves in 2006. "Pops" described Buck like a hair-covered wild person but broader through the chest and shoulders; his arms had no hair, and he told us hair went mostly down the Buck's backside. That is all we knew; Buck did not show himself to us, but we hoped."

"There has been whistling in the night. I should say that we are the only cabin on this side of the mountain; so we didn't know what was whistling unless it was Buck. My father-in-law apparently fed Buck for years but we didn't know what he left out for the creature. What do you feed a wild man? We tried a lot of different vegetables and fruit but he never took any of it. Then in the summer of 2007, we were sitting on the porch one evening watching the sky, stars and so forth. The crickets were chirping and the frogs were croaking; a really beautiful night. Just as we were about to turn in, we got up and heading toward the screen-door there was a very loud baritone voice that called, "AAAAbraham." We were shocked. In the darkness, we never saw what called for Abraham but we think it was Buck. By the way, Abraham was my father-in-law's name. Spooky, I know!! He had been dead a year by that time but must have missed my husband's father as we did, of course. It is now 2008 and we are here again in the Poconos with a bit of success we found your advice to feed apples and corn worked. He does take them and he does take pears. Where we put out the apples, bites were taken out but not eaten whole and Buck consistently left two twigs in the shape of an "X" and one time a "T." The bites are large mouth size, not raccoon size. We don't know the meaning but the last time he only took one ear of corn and left nothing in the way of stick sign. For several days nothing was taken and then we left Buck some summer squash. He showed up and took all four of them. He does not show himself to us and he does not call for Abraham anymore; he only did that once and we both heard it, you couldn't mistake it. His whistles always come around 2:00 a.m. in the morning. We will keep you posted."

(Mitzi, Pennsylvania 2008) In 2010 I received an update on this situation in the Poconos; the Sasquatch, "Buck," has not been seen since 2009.

The Tim Peeler encounter...

Many of us will not forget Casar, North Carolina resident Tim Peeler's 2010 encounter with a Sasquatch standing over his chained up dog. Peeler is the fellow who "rough-talked" and poked at the hairy beast with his walking stick. The walking stick of course was to become known as a "get-stick." Mr. Peeler rough-talked the Sasquatch, poked at it while urging it up the trail shouting, "Get, get, go on, get now, go on." Peeler was insistent in his effort to get the ten-foot giant to leave his terrified dogs alone.^{66a}

In retrospect during a hard-to-get interview in late August 2011, Tim Peeler said he didn't like to talk about that day anymore. But he noted, the mercantile stores in Casar churn out "ol Knobby" t-shirts by the dozens and "get-sticks" like the one Tim Peeler used to ward off the ten-foot behemoth that messed with his dog.

I do not have any firsthand accounts where a witness actually saw a Bigfoot eating dogs – but the interest in Peeler’s chained up dog was certainly a unique Bigfoot behavior in that it came brazenly right up to the Peeler homestead in broad daylight and checked out his dogs. Casar is in Cleveland County, North Carolina; it was those authorities Peeler notified saying, “...it looked like a giant ape with a man's face and I was afraid to kill it.” Sasquatch sightings are widespread throughout that region; some of them documented by law enforcement including Mr. Peeler’s account.

Peeler’s Bigfoot may have been sizing up his dog as an easy meal ticket; it reminded me of a similar story that was written up after a shaggy-haired Bigfoot was seen carrying a dog away under its arm in Louisiana, Pike County, Missouri. Little notice is given Missouri, but that State has a very long history of hair-covered giants, some of them brazen and unafraid of the local citizenry. It is said that the eastern Bigfoot in particular the Missouri Momo, is less intimidated by humans and often makes no effort to conceal itself. The description of the Momo is generally the same as those seen in the Pacific Northwest.

Mr. Peeler’s use of the “get-stick” to shoo and poke at the Bigfoot to get him to move away from the dog in daylight hours was noteworthy behavior and not at all the behavior we’ve come to expect of the Bigfoot.

It has been long held by research that the *hair-giants* generally move about after dark and sleep part of the daylight hours; this is no longer the case. It occurred to me some years ago that the Sasquatch probably rest or sleep when they feel the need, night or day. Reports of the Sasquatch being active during the daylight hours are many but there are just as many case testimonials of them moving about in the dark of night.

It is also held that they bed down at night; some making nests to sleep in while others have been observed sleeping on the hard ground with no bedding, around logging piles of stripped timber and another old report of one sleeping out in the open on a sandbar, which is most unbelievable but not if you understand the location was nearly 4 to 5-miles into deep forest where people never go. A favorite sleeping place is under or nearby stacks of logs awaiting removal by logging machinery; I’m not sure why that would be the case, but I heard that first from Dahinden and in various places since his untimely death.

Dogs, disemboweled animals

Ft. Bragg, Mendocino County, California: The witness heard a crashing sound coming towards his tent one night, close enough that he became seriously alarmed. The man's two dogs were in hot pursuit of something huge running through the woods, snapping and crashing its way through the underbrush. The fellow wrote,

"I suspected that whatever was moving that quickly and violently through the woods was trying to elude the dogs. I think this whole event lasted about 30 seconds and then the crashing stopped. It was then the next scariest thing happened. The dogs barked a few more times and then made that sound dogs make when they are hurt or injured. After that...I did not hear a single thing except the loud white noise that fear made inside my head. I never saw my dogs again. The last strange thing I would share with you during the last twenty-two years of my life and that is, 12-miles east of Fort Bragg, California in the woods is the frequent discovery of disemboweled animals simply that, disemboweled; the rest of the animal intact. It's strange, but we've discovered several." ⁶⁷ (J.S. Mendocino, California)

Sasquatch stays out in the open...

Mendocino County California has a very long history of casual sightings of Sasquatch people. Tye Mayer's sighting in June of 1998 on Masonite Road is another incident where the Sasquatch did not duck for cover. If we read deeper into the data, many sightings occur where they do not run for cover – but instead hang around momentarily out in the open observing us. It is an unusual behavior when we stop to think they prefer being concealed.

Mr. Mayer wrote:

This happened near a wooded area not far from Ukiah, California. Ukiah is located in Mendocino County north of Santa Rosa between Willits and Healdsburg along US Highway 101 on the banks of the Russian River near Clear Lake and the Pacific Ocean. The creature was hair covered and somewhere around 8-feet tall; its color was brownish grey. It didn't seem at all threatening but he did smell similar to that of a goat. It made no vocal noises and didn't seem afraid. The Bigfoot stayed within 30-feet of us, just staring in our direction. It or he stayed until it apparently lost interest in me and then it walked

back into the trees. It made changing my tire memorable." ⁶⁸
(Tye Mayer 1999)

Sasquatch killing, fighting dogs...

Browsing through the late Ramona Clark Hibner's data, I see she had a Florida witness who stated she saw a Bigfoot fighting with dogs; May 1977. Most of these brief reports give the impression that Bigfoot is intolerant of dogs. There was a single case file of a 7-foot Sasquatch that killed a bulldog - allegedly with one blow; it was cited in John Green's 1978 book, "*Sasquatch, the Apes among Us.*" It occurred in Colfax Washington in October of 1891; another very old report but worth mentioning.

In 1926 the McCurtain County, *Oklahoma Sunday Gazette* of July 9, 1978 page 16 recorded a statement by two hunters who saw a *man-like beast* kill their dog near the Mountain Fork River.

Then in 1947 several Pine Ridge, Christian County, Missouri hunters reported a Bigfoot killed some of their stock; sheep and goats. When they hunted the beast, it killed their dogs and overthrew the hunter's jeep. But again, these are very old reports and nothing like that is currently being registered, at least not in my data. Still, the history of the Sasquatch and its association with dogs is reportedly both good and bad.

Dogs: Three "*whatever was in the woods,*" stories...

First story: Dogs and it whistles like meadow lark...

A typist for the county, Mrs. Morgan, was walking her two dogs up a trail head in Stephens State Forest, Lucas County, Iowa. Her two Dobermans began barking in earnest at a dark part of the white pine forest. Concerned that a cougar was prowling about, Mrs. Morgan turned to head the dogs back down the trail in fear that the dogs would tangle with a big cat. Then Mrs. Morgan explained that something strange occurred. She said whatever was in the woods whistled a whistle that sounded like a "meadow lark bird" only louder and it went on for several seconds then stopped. The dogs "*went crazy and pulled hard on the leash, it was difficult to keep control of them; they kept looking toward a very dark part of the trees.*" Then she described a return whistle also sounding like a meadow lark coming from the opposite side of the path. This is when she began to panic, the dogs stopped barking and cowed around her legs; whining. Mrs. Morgan turned and ran back down the pathway to the parking area. The event left her "*drained and in fear*" of whatever was in the woods that caused her dogs to act like that, insisting those whistles were too deep to be a meadow lark and her Dobermans had never barked at

meadow larks before. (The Maggie Mae Morgan Story)

Sasquatch frustration with hound dogs on scent...

Second "Whatever was in the woods" story:

In a letter from long time Bigfoot enthusiast Fred Bradshaw dated Tue, 6 Mar 2001 was another story regarding incidents with dogs.

"I interviewed two bear hunters in the fall of 1987 that used several hound dogs that would easily track and tree bear and yes, Bobbie these dogs actually would track a Sasquatch this one time in the Capital Forest. Allan Smith of Melone, Grays Harbor, Washington was hunting with a second hunter; they live a mile apart from each other there in Melone. This one trip Smith told me about, he had kenneled five hounds in the back of his truck for a bear hunt. Let loose, the dogs lost no time catching scent and ran off after it. In a few minutes (if you know hound hunting) the hounds "sounded" just like they did on any bear hunt when they got its scent or treed the animal. The dogs were in the woods about 100 yards from Smith's truck sounding as if they'd treed this bear! But quickly Smith and the second hunter heard the hounds cry out like something hurt them - they yelped horribly. The men became alarmed when two dogs came back and jumped into his truck; one was hurt."

"All went quiet as Allan and the other hunter (I forget his name, Bill, I think it was) walked into woods headed toward where they last heard the dogs on scent, yelping and howling. (Hounds howl-like instead of bark) Approaching the scene cautiously, they found one dog dead and another dog so badly messed up that he had to put it down. Searching with rifles cocked now, they came upon a very large barefoot track shaped similarly to a man's only larger; there was a trail of these tracks on the ground; the air smelled foul. Smith found hair of something he couldn't identify; it was black to brown in color. Back at the truck, caring for the hounds and grieving for the lost ones, they decided to return the next day to continue tracking whatever killed his hound dogs."

"The next morning Smith buried his dogs and found more of these large human-like prints. This time he had only one dog with him and it pulled at its leash headed forward at whatever did the damage but Smith kept him on leash. He found more large footprints that were measured bigger than any man he knew; the shoeless tracks were all around the area of the

woods where the dead dogs were found the day before but whatever made the tracks wandered off into deeper woods where forest litter ended the search for the killer. "
(The late Fred Bradshaw AKA "tracker3")

More Dogs

Third and last "Whatever was in the woods" story...

George Wise was hunting up Pete's Creek Trail on a decrepit logging road near Donkey Creek in fall of 1986. That would be the Wynoochee River area in Grays Harbor County, Washington. Mr. Wise had two very expensive dogs that were seasoned bear trackers with him that day. The dogs, nose to the ground, trailed off down the old logging road as fast as they could run and still gather scent. Wise followed and could hear them barking quite a ways off. Soon only one of his dogs returned and wouldn't leave his side. Wise took off to look for the other canine; he located him a quarter mile down the road; he was dead. Wise was shocked and in disbelief, it happened so fast. He wasn't prepared for anything like this. Approximately two hundred feet further on down the same road he saw two people walking and looking back over their shoulder at him. Wise hurried along trying to catch up with the couple in an effort to find out if or why they killed his dog. Wise got about eighty feet from the couple and as they turned slightly, he realized these were not ordinary people but strange looking "things" with dark hair all over their bodies. They were not clothed. Wise stopped and stood there watching the "things" walk on (upright like him, not bear like at all) and off the road into the woods. From the woods, he heard whistling.⁶⁹ (George Wise)

Thoughts about Sasquatch Eyes...

I recently had to have my reading glasses upgraded to a thicker coke bottle type lens and in the course of that exam my optometrist looked deeply into the iris of my eyes with his pinch-nosed glasses and hand held spot light. After studying the mechanics of my yes he remarked, "*so that's what a Sasquatch looks like*"...we both laughed. After thirty minutes of lecturing me about how my eyes have suffered the ravages of time from years of close computer work he handed me a newspaper article he'd been saving for that visit. The tattered 2005 article was about an encounter with a Sasquatch on highway 199 in Del Norte County, northern California; its headline read, "Trucker sees Bigfoot."

42-year old Travis Cover from Brookings, Oregon told an *Oregon Curry Coast Pilot* reporter that he was driving in his truck around 5:00 a.m. in the morning. It was still dark outside when he reached down for his lunch. When Cover

looked back up, there before his eyes stood "a big hairy monster standing next to a yellow road sign....it raised its arm to block the beam from my headlights. I've never seen anything like it."

My optometrist kept the article because he thought it would interest me and it did. He believed the behavior of the Sasquatch protecting his eyes was nothing short of a human behavior. He further suggested that the eyes of the Sasquatch were probably much like ours with all the same strengths and weaknesses when it comes to the glare of bright headlights. Much has been speculated in Bigfoot research about eye glow, the color and glare of their eyes. Little has been discussed about eye sensitivity to light but I know I shield my eyes from bright lights.⁷⁰

As humans, we can appreciate the reaction of the Bigfoot. It was a departure from the optometrists' previously held thought that the Sasquatch may have specialized predator vision. If these giants are human and have a degree of specialized vision, that is, some uncomplicated deviation from our human eye that makes moving around and hunting at night easier than what we are equipped to do - then perhaps like all things living wild, it's more about *adaptation* than it is any specialization of the eye's anatomy. Familiarization and adaptations makes us different yet the same in many respects.

Shielding its eyes, its breasts showed...

In 1993 a resident of Miller County, Missouri in the region of Lake of the Ozarks, not far from Osage Beach reported:

"I got a fairly good look at the creature as it crossed the road in front of me. When I hit my high beams it stopped like a deer frozen in headlights. It threw its left arm up in front of its face as to shield its eyes from the bright light. That is when I noticed the breasts and hairy armpit; it was a female. It was covered with long reddish/brown hair that looked matted, like a wet shaggy dog is the only way I can describe it. Her face had the visage of a woman of the age - say 35ish. I can only guess the height but it didn't seem that tall, maybe 5-6 feet tall. I noticed not only the non-hairy breasts but the arm that was up shielding its eyes had no hair on the underarm or palm; I could see its skin that was light in color, not dark like a chimpanzee. I guessed that it was a female because of its breasts and line-backer butt. I wasn't the only one to see it. Other cars were pulling over and slowing down to look at her. This one car put down his driver's side window and yelled at it, then pulling up alongside me, said something like, "get a load of that, will ya?" That guy didn't know what he was looking at. To avoid ridicule, I only told relatives." ⁷¹ (A. Lovgren)

George Goode of Pocahontas County, West Virginia also mentioned seeing a Sasquatch shield its eyes when he wrote me in 2003. *"I quickly got another charged light and you could see that it was humanoid with dark brown to black hair on its arms and body. It raised its arm to shield its eyes and then in just a flash it ran over a football length field and out of sight. This thing was enormous. When it ran off it used both limbs to run."*⁷¹ (George Goode) The entire length of Mr. Goode's letter is listed in the "Favorite Stories" chapter; his remarks will intrigue.

In October of 2011 Jon Nichols in Vancouver, Washington graciously passed along an original copy of Roger Patterson's 1966 book, *"Do Abominable Snowmen of America Really Exist?"* I noticed on pages 167-9 Patterson investigated a local Yakima report that included shielding of the eyes and the behavior of peering into the driver's side window at the occupant. While we might think these unimportant behaviors – they are indicative of human behavior, curiosity and the Sasquatch's often reported ability to run easily alongside vehicles in transit. Again we see another mention of human sensitivity to bright lights at night. Here is what Patterson filed:

"When I returned from my latest pre-expedition, much to my surprise I received a phone call which related an amazing story of a high school boy here in my home town who had come face to face with a gigantic creature west of Yakima. I checked his story thoroughly by interviewing the boy and his father and mother and it seemed to me an outstanding straightforward account. Ken Pettijohn was returning home late at night September 19, 1966. As he rounded a bend in the road his light shone on what he thought was a huge man covered with silvery white hair standing in the middle of the road. There was a drizzling rain falling and when Ken saw this creature, he slammed on his brakes and stopped about three feet short of the figure. The creature held up his arm up over his eyes to shield them from the bright lights. In the meantime, Ken's car engine stopped because of the suddenness with which he applied his brakes. The creature then walked around the back of the car and then around to the window where Ken was sitting desperately trying to start his engine. The creature stooped down and peered in at Ken. The sensation Ken felt was one of horror and he was greatly relieved when the engine started and he could get away from there. He could see the creature's silhouette as the lightning lit up the sky when he looked in his rearview mirror as he drove away. His description of the giant coincided completely with those of previous sightings, even though he did not know of this book or other sightings. I feel that in Ken Pettijohn's stepping forward and telling his bold story, it may help bring out the other stories of incidents by people who have had similar experiences."⁷³

To end the reports about shielding of the eyes, long time enthusiast Cliff Kopas briefly mentioned facial shielding in his article *Sasquatch, Fact or Myth?* published in the 1963 *British Columbia Digest* in 1963. "*The Bella Coola Indians had a dance called the "Boqs dance" which portrayed the Sasquatch shielding his face from the squirting of the seawater from the clams.*" The terms, *Boq* and *Snanaik* are the descriptive words used by the Bella Coola and a number of other Pacific Northwest Indians in coastal northern British Columbia, Canada, Washington, Oregon and California. In some areas the term *Boq* is used interchangeably with the term *Sasquatch*.

From native descriptions, the Boq resembles man more than the Salish Sasquatch; the Boq is said to have somewhat of a neck; the feet, hands and the region around the eyes seem (according to various accounts) distinctly human. (Wayne Suttles)

The 'bush man' walks upright like the Indian but with a slight lean forward to the upper torso. It has a huge barrel chest and massive shoulders from which its arms seem to simply dangle from the sockets. The Natives associate the hair on the torso in the same manner as the grizzly bear's hair and in places, as thick; other bushmen are so sparsely haired as to not tell the difference between them and civilized man. A few First Nation people believe the Boq is a spirit animal, but wolves, wapiti, eagles, killer whales, the bison and the buffalo are spirit animals too. Do we think them any less real?

Speaking of Boqs, several sightings were featured on BCTV's 6 o'clock news November 13, 2002. The television anchor stated that there had been several sightings of Sasquatch-like beings by people traveling on the highway between Port Alberni and Tofino, and also near Long Beach on Vancouver Island. A large dark haired creature with yellowish-orange eyes, walking on two legs was seen by two Vancouver Island men. Two brothers named Ito visiting from Japan were hitching a ride on a freight train into Port Alberni when they spotted a large creature below the Rogers Creek trestle. (Ken Kristian)

In a separate report two Nuxalt anglers, while fishing about 30 yards offshore said they saw two boqs either playing or after something that was on the rocky shoreline in the same general area of Long Beach. Neither man wanted to give their names but the report came in separately and before the BCTV evening news made it public. The men described the boqs as large shouldered, shiny black in color and covered with thick hair but not as long as the bears of that region on the mainland side and said, "*you know, they looked like all boqs look, covered with a length of hair.*" They said one of the creatures was keeping an eye on them while the other scrambled about the rocks after

something they couldn't make out. Both creatures were wet in appearance and made no effort to leave but stayed out in the open going about whatever Boqs do. After watching the activity for some minutes, the informants reportedly left the area "*out of respect for the boqs*" but were too astonished to do anymore fishing and returned home. A grand-daughter, Alissa, emailed me about the incident, saying that her "Pops" was quite surprised to have seen the creatures.⁷⁴

We are beginning a time in research where more reports are coming in about the Sasquatch staying out in the open, giving informants more observable time to note various behaviors.

Fred Bradshaw

I've written a lot about Fred Bradshaw; he was one of the really colorful characters involved in research in the early days. He lived one mile south of Elma, Grays Harbor County, Washington just off Highway 12 south in the heart of Bigfoot country. Once he discovered the Internet, he unloaded a life's worth of encounters with the Sasquatch and led many a novice to their first sighting. His stories of his brushes with the Sasquatch people both amazed and baffled those of us who listened to him. Fred was very active in the field in Washington. He easily located all manner of Sasquatch tracks in and around where he lived that ranged from 14 inches in length by 6 inches at the ball of the foot, and 4 inches at the heel. The stride was measured at 43-inches. There were additional tracks in the range of 17-inches in length that had a stride length of 52-inches and more.

Bradshaw told stories of the Sasquatch rocking his small trailer side to side and hearing them vocalize at night; the rocking back and forth of trailers, all manner of vehicles and truck toppers is often a reported behavior. Bradshaw never lost the enthusiasm for locating the big folks and seemed genuinely interested in relating their behaviors to anyone within ear shot. I remember an email from his sister and I believe she said he died of a massive heart attack out in the field while hunting; it was what he loved to do.

Gesturing, arguing?

Outdoorsman-hunter Peter Ray Williams reported that he was traveling northbound on Colorado 96 passed Wetmore in route to Florence when he blew a right rear tire. He pulled over to change the tire just a few yards short of the right (east) turn to CR-389 it was about 7:50 p.m., in the evening.

Williams stated that as he was putting on the spare and dumping the blown tire in the bed of the truck something caught his attention up the road to his right. *"I looked up and was shocked to see two bigfoot looking creatures crossing the road from east to west in about 3-4 steps and disappear into an open field in setting sun on the other side."* He swears he heard them talking in a frantic kind of nattering, *"I looked up because I thought what I was hearing was men arguing, just that quick, they were there walking across the road, I heard these sounds, maybe talking angrily, then they were gone."* Williams figures they were either fleeing the fire line off to north, northeast or were confused or displaced. He described them as black, one taller than the other and the bigger one wasn't looking where it was going, but looking at the other bigfoot with arms straight down at his sides and the other one was gesturing, not wildly, just gesturing with its hands about something.

"Maybe," he speculated, "they were arguing, but they carried on like people do on their merry way, it was really wild seeing my first Bigfoot sighting. I don't know if they were male or female, as fast as my eyes adjusted to seeing them, they were gone, man they moved, but they weren't running! We saw a couple of deer cross road 96 earlier. There was a wildfire burning off in the distance, somewhere towards the east."

William's step-daughter, Leslie Ann Marshall was also witness to the event, but she was inside the cab of the truck, caring for a baby. In a telephone interview, Mrs. Marshall said she thought they both were better than 8-feet in height and thought they must both be males. She didn't hear any sounds from them, she wasn't outside the truck, but she did hear Pete yelling at her to look at the bigfeet crossing the road. *"I already saw them by the time Dad started yelling at me," she said, "I saw them coming but thought I was seeing things, yeah, this is like not a real happening, who would believe this? They were both big males, I mean like two BIG dudes."* ⁷⁵

Fire fighters report Sioux Lookout tracks after fire...

"It was mid-July, 1996 and it was a hot day. It had rained for a few days earlier so that the forest fire was cool enough to respond to action against it. The fire number was Sioux Lookout Fire #70. In the forest about one mile north of the kilometer 74 signs on the Vermillion River Road north of Sioux Lookout, Ontario, Canada. Sioux Lookout is a town about 400 km northwest of Thunder Bay, Ontario and it is visible on most world maps. The sighting was on the north side of a large lake called LAC SEUL. The logging road turns off the Highway 27 miles NW of Sioux Lookout and then the road goes straight north. There are signs every kilometer showing the distance. Kilometer 74 is

about 2 kilometers before the Root River, which should also show up on a detailed map of the area. [*Obviously posted before Google Maps era*] Several of my co-workers and I were patrolling for smudges and looking for smoke and any other burning material that needed to be extinguished when we came across huge footprints in the middle of nowhere. We were all fire fighters, which is our summer job. They came across one foot print in some mud that was HUGE. They took a few pictures of it and even had a tape measure to determine its length.” (Aaron McGill November 26, 1996)

There wasn't much in the way of detail in the Aaron McGill footprint find and nothing as it relates to Sasquatch behavior other than tracks were found in the aftermath of what must have been a devastating forest fire. But in 1996, when McGill sent in the notice, research was hungry for any case that mentioned Bigfoot and forest fires and so I mention it here for the many questions that come in each fire season.

There is a more interesting story that begins with an interest in another Forestry Fire Lookout tower, this time in the Estacada region of Clackamas County, Oregon. The lengthy story was beautifully written by Vanessa Voorhis and published in the *Estacada News* October 1, 2008 - so it is a fairly recent report. In her words:

“While hiking along the snowy banks of the Clackamas River late one January afternoon in 1969, Millie Kiggins of Estacada, her husband and their friend Art Schneider found something that would thrust the Kigginses and the quiet wilderness surrounding Estacada into an international spotlight.”

“We went to look at a Forest Service cabin up above Squaw Lake on the way to Cold Springs about 20 miles from Estacada,” Kiggins said. “They were going to sell them, and we wanted to look at them. We started out late, and we were in about three feet of snow. There was a gate, and we couldn't get through. So we started to walk, and it looked like somebody had already gotten through, because there were tracks in the snow.”

“They noticed the large size of the tracks and their depth and they were 18 inches deep”, she said. “Whatever had made them was heavy, because ours were a couple inches deep. It had to have been walking on two feet...and its stride was 67 inches. The path of the tracks was in a straight line, too straight to be man-made footprints, she said. The hikers followed the imprints for about a quarter mile before they realized it was getting late and decided to turn back.”

Before leaving, Kiggins documented their discovery with a

photograph and contacted the U.S. Forest Service. *"They said it was a snowshoe rabbit. I have no idea what it was, but if it was a rabbit, it would have to be a big one to make footprints that large. I told him if it was a snowshoe rabbit they had better look out, because it's big enough to eat them,"* she said."

"Back at home on their farm on the outskirts of Estacada, the Kigginses began to experience a series of Bigfoot-like phenomena. *"He was around here for a year,"* she said. *"We found footprints all over the farm. Once, they led to a five-foot fence and continued on the other side uninterrupted as if he stepped right over it. Sometimes we would smell him. Smelled like a bad nursing home. We heard loud screams and grunts all at once lasting 10 or 15 seconds. It could be heard miles away. The hair on the back of your neck would stand up. It spooked the cattle."*

"A U.S. Forest Service employee, not wishing to be identified, said she has never taken a single Bigfoot report in the 12 years she has worked at the desk of the Clackamas River Ranger District office in Estacada. *"We don't have a book or a piece of paper that states sightings at all,"* she said. She refused comment further for fear she would *"get in trouble again."* ⁷⁶

True perhaps, but a strange remark by the forestry official; deny, deny.

Sasquatch and RV's...

This next report is second hand and relates a situation where a vehicle was violently rocked back and forth; this time it wasn't a travel trailer. The behavior is interesting and quite familiar to those of us who follow these submissions to the data. In each case, the mischievous Sasquatch was easily run-off by the men in the RV with no apparent drama in the aftermath.

Are they looking for attention or trying to scare off the campers? Some feel they're just having a bit of ill-behaved fun. I've heard them called *tricksters*, but I don't think I'd find it too amusing if I was parked in an RV alone at night.

"A few years ago I was visiting friends in Campbell River on Vancouver Island. A friend of mine, Ted Storey used to live there; he took me fishing on a lake in the mountains. He told me about a fishing trip in that area and what happened to him. It seems they returned to their RV after fishing and had a few beers. It was dark when someone or some 'thing' tried to push their RV over. One of the men hurried outside of the RV and saw a large thing-like a person run-off leaving a bad smell. They did not want to report it because the authorities would

say it was their imagination. I heard later footprints were cast."
(Orville Parker March 2012)

Sasquatch and trucks...

Along those lines, Patrick T. wrote in late August 2011 that he had a strange incident while fishing the Pecos River, near Loving, Eddy County, New Mexico.

"One night while sleeping in my pickup truck I was awakened by the truck being shaken, rocked back and forth; I had to work up the nerve to rise up and look out but I didn't see anything. Later, in the course of another fishing trip to the Pecos River, I heard a loud splash in the river where I was fishing (something thrown into the Pecos) and then all went quiet. I keep a revolver close now."

It would seem the stories, complete with the same Sasquatch behavior, are told over and over throughout Sasquatch history. Rock throwing, vehicle and camper rocking are consistently reported manner of conduct by an errant Sasquatch.

Aerospace engineer Dr. Jim Karl of Santa Monica, California reminded me in summer of 2011 of a story Fred Bradshaw told him about seeing a Sasquatch cross the road in front of his truck; it looked into the truck's front window and according to Bradshaw it had a smile on its face. It may have been misinterpreted by Bradshaw; it could have simply been *a show of teeth – aggression*.

These are the little known details about Sasquatch life that would be interesting if we had more information about their culture and their rules for living. Dr. Karl wrote, "...he [*Bradshaw*] was one of the most friendly, generous men I met along the way. Bradshaw had genuine love for his friends, a peach of a guy in my book.

On June 16, 2001 Bradshaw sent me a message. It read, *"...about 8:30 p.m., while out with George Karras's group in one of my research areas near Ft. Lewis Army Base (Pierce County, Washington) I saw a white sasquatch and brought it to the attention of the others in the group. What I saw was from mid-chest up to the head and you're right they stand out like a lighthouse this animal was so white it didn't look real; - black face, about seven feet tall from what I could see; it was a mind blowing day!"*

On Saturday, June 30 that same year, Fred wrote that he was smiled at again. It was a wide smile showing teeth – this time near the backside of the Ft. Lewis Army Base in civilian territory. But the creature was not white, this time Bradshaw was smiled at by a big dark colored Sasquatch – so dark that the only details visible happened to be his white teeth. Many of Bradshaw's stories including vocalizations were directed at him; it was almost like they recognized him and

didn't care who he brought along with him; crazy & unusual behavior.

Stone throwing

The Greenwell report from the Six Rivers Project noted three incidents of throwing various objects - logs on two occasions and rocks on another. Noting that bears and other wild life do not throw things, the late ISC Secretariat Richard Greenwell said in his time that he interpreted the behavior a mark of "primate intimidation." Throwing objects is not new but an old reliable behavior that has happened to many a field person. Intent by the Sasquatch can only be speculated on but it's obvious the intent was not to harm. If harm was the objective - they certainly have the power to inflict any manner of injury and destruction. It is said they hunt effectively with stones to bring down prey. I imagine the Sasquatch and other primitive men were proficient at stone throwing.

Playing from a hidden spot

One such incident involved the family of Wes and Natalie (Pee Wee) Sumerlin when they camped out for several days at a favorite spot called, Timothy Meadows also in the State of Washington. It was while enjoying such an outing that the youngsters of the family were playing in the open field with a soccer ball. The soccer ball suddenly careened off the designated field area and into the brush at the edge of the clearing. Straight away, the ball became airborne out of the darkness of the timber lined field and back onto the playing field. This happened once more, according to former game warden Mr. Bill Laughery. Recalling the incident, Laughery said there were no humans in the bush at the time. Adult or juveniles - the behavior was a playful one and the Sumerlin family enjoyed the hairy man's participation.⁷⁷

Belly crawling...

Stories that mention being watched from hidden spots often involved the Bigfoot watching children play. There was a report and perhaps it was by David Holly, at the time associated with the Texoma (Texas) Bigfoot Research team who wrote that he had observed the Sasquatch crawling towards him on its stomach; belly crawling. Holly found it rather unsettling to have a creature that size crawling towards him in high grass; it was huge and he only saw it momentarily as he turned to a fellow researcher to answer his question. The remark was posted publicly January 13, 2002 on the old red and black network54.com forum. Evidently Holly observed a Sasquatch belly crawling once before and also using embankments to "squat" behind while observing him. There were reports on that same forum by individuals who witnessed the Sasquatch hunkered down then crawling around on hands and knees in an

effort to observe human interactions without being discovered.⁷⁸

Carol B. watched a reddish black Bigfoot crawl toward her home from a second story bedroom window in the fall of 2011. It occurred in broad daylight and was described as crawling like a horned toad lizard. "Its hair was matted and dirty." Its focus was on two pet goats romping in the yard with her children. When the witness's husband went out into the yard, the Bigfoot fled. (CAB) Crawling is a behavior not often reported.

Screamer watches children at play...

Dana Richardson, a residence of Fairfield Center, Maine shared this 2005 sighting.

"My family gathered to celebrate a birthday; eight of my nieces and nephews ages from 6 to 9 were in the back yard playing. When suddenly all of the children started screaming and they all came running into the porch area. I could tell by the screaming that something terrified them. I ran out onto the porch to see what was going on. My oldest nephew, age of 9 told me that a big black man was watching them from the edge of the woods. I could tell that he was telling the truth because his voice was shaking and all of my nieces were crying."

"My two brothers and I ran outside to see who was watching them. I noticed that my parents dog Buffy, a chow and golden retriever mix was watching something. Her tail was down and all her hair was standing up. I ran to the woods where she was watching and called her to follow; she wouldn't come with me. I could hear something moving very fast away from me through the brush about 100-yards from me. My two brothers and I split up and searched the area but did not find anyone. I did find where it ran through the brush but that's all."

"The following weekend, my oldest brother and two daughters were at my parents for a visit. I showed up about two in the afternoon and walked into the house. About five minutes both of my nieces ran into the house screaming. They both stated that they saw a big man watching them from the edge of the woods. I grabbed a gun and had my oldest niece show me where he was standing. I asked my niece to describe what he was wearing. She said he was all black and very tall. I searched the area for about two hours and didn't find anything or see anyone."

"Then another time, August it was, I spent the night at my parents again. A loud vocalization woke me. Then it vocalized again; I've never heard anything like it before. I was able to record its vocalization. I played it to several people and was not able to identify what made it. Somewhere, I have the recording. That fall, two of my friends were in the same section of woods hunting rabbits. David and Tex were separated by about 100 yards. The hunt ended suddenly when David saw something that really scared him. Later that day, Tex called to tell me that David saw Bigfoot and he refuses to go in the woods again. I don't know what to make of it. I didn't know that there were any reports of any sightings in Maine nor the northeast. In fact I am very skeptical about its existence. The woods in this area are very thick and have a large amount of rabbits, turkeys and deer. Coyotes and some moose are occasionally seen." (D. Richardson)

In the 1980's, it was rare, very rare to receive a report that mentioned strange screaming, howls and such – I don't recall ever hearing someone say a Sasquatch growled. There was only the more famous Puyallup extended moaning-like howl that seems lost to any notice these days. Currently however, screams, howling and growling of all things seem to be trending like the road runner reports. In fact looking at the data, all manner of vocalizations are trending right up there as the most commonly reported occurrence.

In the 1990's the most reported Sasquatch feature was the conical head; the "pointy" head, "the dunce cap look." Those reports suddenly stopped when Mississippi film analyst M.K. Davis produced a continuum of stabilized slow-motion frames from the film attributed to Roger Patterson, which showed the supposed conical head moving to and fro with each step the creature took. As it turned out, what was previously thought to be a cone shaped skull was a moveable top-knot of hair that moved back and forth with each step the subject in the film took as she advanced up the creek bed. There never was a conical head. Funny how that film influenced physical descriptions BEFORE Davis stabilized the film.⁷⁹

Bigfoot steals deer kill from hunter...

A gunsmith named Ed Sizemore from Yadin County, North Carolina sent in his memory of a childhood event that involved something that was capable of easily stepping over a 5-strand barbed wire fence like it was nothing. During childhood summers, Sizemore and another friend he name Patrick spent time building and playing in a fort they built up in the loft of an old hay barn where they could see in most directions the landscape including a farm pond and rolling cow pastures that were fenced with 5-strand barbed wire to keep cattle

from straying into the woods. His letter picks it up here:

"While in this barn loft playing one day, we looked across the pasture towards the pond, we saw a very hairy beast on all fours drinking water from our farm pond. This amazed us, as there were no cattle or horses in the pasture the whole time. At first we just thought it was somebody's cow in need of water, the summer was very hot. My friend went to get a pair of binoculars to see what it was; before he could leave the thing stood up on its hind legs and walked back towards the woods. In route, the hairy beast stepped over a 5-strand barbed wire fence. It was tall, dark brown almost black creature. I would say about 8-foot tall after it stood up. It stepped over a five-strand barbed wire fence like it was nothing. I didn't go looking for tracks; I was scared stiff after we heard the screeching sound that sounded almost like fingernails on a chalkboard. We never told anybody about this – not until recently when I heard about a hunter tracking in the same area. He claimed that he shot a deer, but before he could find it he heard in his words "*the damnedest scariest screeching he had ever heard in his entire life.*" When he got to the kill site something had dragged his deer off and he wasn't about to go look for it. I've told my wife about it and a friend by the name of Durant Haire. I don't know the deer hunter's name. I hang out in a gun shop when I'm not working. (I'm also a gunsmith) he was relating the deer-kill story to a man there, and I was listening in..."⁸⁰

When I started the rock throwing project it was to search the database for only those reports that spoke to the issues regarding known Sasquatch behavior patterns, specifically the art of throwing things; rocks, pinecones, boulders, machinery and other equipment. The data showed that the Sasquatch for whatever reason will throw just about anything available. There tends to be an alternative *attention-getter* that various Bigfoot will use and that is the banging on houses, cabins and campers or window peeping.

Getting back to this rock-throwing behavior; it can have many meanings. Rock throwing can be done in an effort to gain attention, ward off, defend or frighten someone away. It may also carry a message that the rock-thrower intends to *do in* the trespasser and no matter if the unconscious trespasser knows he is trespassing. Boulder pushing and boulder heaving. Rock and dirt slides will no doubt convince the most strong-willed individual that he's not wanted in a given area; if that doesn't work a robust scream that rattles your chest is often employed.

There is no real way to know the intent behind the rock-throwing behavior; we can only record the behavior and benefit from the statistics. There are cases in the database of the Sasquatch using rocks to down a bird or to nail a rabbit on the run. One other instance was filed where the informant saw a Sasquatch launch a rock side-arm that downed a small Texas deer; it was described similar to the throwing of a discus. Less lethal of course is the pine cone but few are the pine cone throwing reports. It may be that the rock throwing areas are stocked with piles of stones where there are no stones naturally. Mounds of stones have been found in odd locations; piles of pine needles, pine cones and stones are curiously found.

Minor aggression; pine cones thrown...

Bigfoot enthusiast John Mionczynski had a rather frightening encounter during an outing in the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming in 1972. He was at a basecamp for a government sponsored big horn sheep study. All alone that night, he was awakened by what appeared to be a large hand pressing on the top of his six-foot high tent. Thinking it was perhaps a bear, he quickly realized it had stubby fingers and a distinctive thumb; a primate hand not a bear! During a radio interview, Mionczynski told his audience that he could hear breathing at a rate of six breaths a minute and then the unthinkable happened. The Sasquatch proceeded to collapse the tent around him and then it ran off into the dog-hair pines and the protective darkness of the trees. Mionczynski kept watch during the night by his campfire while the creature moved around intermittently throwing pine cones at him for long hours into the night.

Mionczynski worked around the clock studying Sasquatch, spending summers assessing possible habitat and food sources, setting camera traps and trying to snare DNA. He collected plaster casts of big footprints from across the West; the largest was 18-inches long and 8-inches across. Except for the size, it looked human. By anyone's standard, that's an incredibly large size foot; not at all ape like - nor is the behavior.

A wildlife biologist specializing in Big Horn Sheep and grizzly bear studies, Mionczynski once, while working for Wyoming Game and Fish, took hair and skin samples to an agency's lab for analysis. An irate superior threatened to have him fired if Mionczynski's name was ever publicly associated with *this Bigfoot thing*. What an interesting position for the fish and game officer to maintain. Nevertheless, Mionczynski worked quietly after that and kept any interest in the existence of the Sasquatch to himself.⁸¹ The behavior Mionczynski reported is the only one of its kind that I've heard and it speaks to

minor aggression or perhaps irritation with his presence. (John Mionczynski)

Old Stories remembered...

Bill Wells in Sacramento, California posted this to a discussion list. In his 1971 book, "*The European Discovery of America*," Samuel Eliot Morison wrote in few words about "*The 550-AD Voyage of St. Brendan*" into the Atlantic Ocean. In quoting St. Brendan's journal Morison wrote:

"At a rocky, fire-scarred island with neither trees nor grass, a horrid sub-human, hairy creature rushed down to the shore and hurled at our ship a red hot mass of lava or slag, which fell hissing into the sea. "Let's get out of here," said Brendan. They made sail and plied their oars just in time to escape a crowd of similar monsters who threw more hot stuff at them."

It was later speculated that the island may have been Tenerife according to Brendan's map and chart depictions of the pre-Columbian era. But the story left me wondering what manner of beast hurls red hot chunks of slag or lava rock and why were they hot, volcanic or? (Bill Wells, Sacto, California)

There is a long history of Sasquatches throwing various objects. For instance, as far back in our history there as 1840, we have the journal writings of the Reverend Elkanah Walker, he described the *devils* having a strong intolerable smell, whistling in the night and he also recorded they threw stones at the people's lodgings; not all encounters with the *devils* were as peaceful.

According to Wenatchee Valley College historian John Brown, Rev. Elkanah Walker listed some interesting behaviors known rather early in the history of the North American Sasquatch. Included was Walker's letter to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions from Ft. Colville, Washington. Part of that text is interesting to historians:

"... I suppose you will beat with me [sic] if I trouble you with a little of their [*the Spokane Indians*] superstition, which recently came to my knowledge. They believe in the existence of a race of giants which inhabit a certain mountain off to the west of us. This mountain is covered with perpetual snow. They inhabit its top. They may be classed with Goldsmith's nocturnal class, as they cannot see in the daytime. They hunt and do all their work in the night. They are men stealers. They come to the people's lodgings in the night when the people are asleep and put them

under their skins and take them to their place of abode without their even waking. When they awake in the morning they are wholly lost, not knowing in what direction their home is. The account the Indians give of these giants will in some measure correspond with the Bible account of such a race of beings. They say their track is about a foot and a half long. They will carry two or three beams upon their back at once."

"They frequently come in the night, steal their salmon from the nets and eat them raw. If the people are away they always know when they are coming very near by their strong smell, which most intolerable. It is not uncommon for them to come in the night and give three whistles. Then the stones will begin to hit the houses. The people are troubled with their nocturnal visits." ⁸²

Isn't it interesting what the Reverend Walker said about the race of giants not being able to see well in the daylight hours? There were a number of behavior traits common to the Sasquatch that research apparently overlooked or summarily ignored, I don't know which...but it was interesting to me to read the commonality between what Walker observed twenty years prior to the Civil War and what we continue to see reported relevant to these strange people today.

Ivan Sanderson recorded an incident of rocks being hurled at Alexander Caulfield Anderson, a well-known explorer and an executive of the Hudson's Bay Company, who was doing a survey of the newly opened territory and seeking a feasible trade route for his company. Anderson reported "hairy humanoids hurled rocks down upon him and his surveying party from more than one slope" in 1864; some 24 years after the Walker notation.⁸³

Most acts of aggression appear in old reports such as those abbreviated and published in the "*Bigfoot Casebook*" by Janet and Colin Bord. Fewer acts of aggression are being reported today. Modern man for all its bravado, will generally cut and run in unabashed fear from a Sasquatch. It is wise not to test the will of the Sasquatch, the data suggests they are (at best) unpredictable. Witness perception, of course, is largely responsible for how the report is filed. Aggression may not have been the intent of the Sasquatch in this next incident; it may have been a playful accident.

Many will remember the much written about Christine van Acker case. It occurred in Monroe, Michigan in 1965 and made several local newspapers. Seventeen year old Christine Van Acker and her mother were driving on a dark country road on August 11, 1965 when a giant, hairy man who appeared to be at least seven feet tall and completely covered with black hair, stepped out in front of their car. The girl hit the brakes, causing the car to stall. As she frantically tried to restart the

engine, the creature reached into the car with a long, hairy arm and hit her in the eye, giving her a bruised and blackened eye. The girl and her mother managed to escape and went to the local police where they told their horrifying story. The next day, newspapers carried a photo of Christine Van Acker's black eye and a harrowing tale of her account.⁸⁴ If the behavior was accurately assessed; it's hard to figure what motivated the Sasquatch to behave in that manner; but can we say they are unpredictable? Yes, by anyone's portrayal.

Hostile intent?

I found the conduct of the Sasquatch in this Rip Lyttle report interesting. Two teenagers in Bridgeville, California (I'm guessing the year was 1994) claimed they were investigating a cave that was partially hidden under a waterfall. Suddenly they were bombarded by dozens of rocks that came flying in landing just feet from them. They thought it was some human doing it; they ended up hunting the culprit but were unsuccessful. It was long time investigator Rip Lyttle who broke the story back in the day by showing up at the waterfall two hours after the incident. Rip found several rocks situated at the top of the falls probably waiting to be hurled some 60-70 feet below. In a nearby cave situated in a rock formation was a bed of leaves that Rip said he measured at eight feet long by three feet wide. Exploring the surrounding area, Lyttle figured the Sasquatch was trying to scare the boys away from his cave; he determined they were unhurt. Several tracks were found in the area along with a doe with a broken neck; twin fawns were seen close by. Nature is sometimes brutal.⁸⁵ (Rip Lyttle)

These are all well-established stories that began my research, familiar to almost anyone who bones up on this stuff, but what of the newer rock throwing stories? The most expressive story that involved stone throwing was the Snelgrove Lake case. With the help of Whitewolf Production producer, Doug Hajicek, the terrifying Snelgrove Lake accounts are listed in the index.

Randy Brisson add his pages here:

The laughing Sasquatch...

Two brothers, Jeff & Jason McKenna while out deer hunting near the Mad River in Trinity County, California began feeling strangely uncomfortable. The informant, a body builder from the east coast was aware of Sasquatch stories. He and his brother, formerly with Boston law enforcement never actually saw the culprit on this hunting trip but the event included behavior typical of the hairy man. Jason wrote:

"...I began to feel uneasy, a large rock, probably weighing in the neighborhood of 30 pounds was hurled by something

the creek in front of me making a huge crashing sound. The creek bed was only about 15 yards from me; then complete silence. At first we thought the rock fell from the sky but Jeff said he thought it was hurled from the trees. It could have been a bear, but I never heard of one throwing boulders! I listened, but all I could hear was the ripple of the creek and wind in the pines. It was unnerving so we broke camp and took off to hunt elsewhere. As we left the area, I swear we could hear laughter. We saw no other hunters the whole trip, I'm not hearing things because Jeff heard the damn thing laughing the same time I did. To be sure, we stopped, turned around and listened intently. It sounded like a man laughing." (McKenna, 1990's)

Rocks whistled through the trees

Then in Wabash County, Indiana in 1979 there was this notation in the data that Wildlife educator, Larry Battson sent by email to me a lot of years ago:

"As they listened they could hear it moving from the camp and down through the woods to the edge of the river. Then they could hear the sound of rocks being thrown from the river towards them; the rocks whistled through the tree branches and landed very close to their tent. Both men clambered from the tent and stood in the center of the camp, back to back. Then they heard the sound of whatever it was heading back to their camp. It began circling the camp just far away enough they could not get a good look at it until it moved close towards them. They were not prepared for what they saw. It was at least 8 feet tall, black in color and walked with a speed they could not believe." ⁸⁶ (Larry Battson 2005)

Rock throwing, vocalizations; baby crying...

The most recent sighting that included vocalizations, rock throwing, baby crying, crashing around and a tree falling came from multiple witnesses enjoying a Fourth of July holiday in Morgan County, Ohio. The behavior of the Bigfoot was described by the witnesses as their "Ohio Grassman Encounter." Here is their report as it was filed in 2012.

"My Husband and I just spent July 3rd through the 7th camping in southeastern Ohio at private lake, which we prefer not to name. On the night of July 4th around 11:30 p.m., we were on the private lake, which borders the

west side of a stretch of power lines. One of our friends in a kayak smelled a strong musk- skunk odor from the west side of the lake. The wind was blowing to the east. At the same time we heard crashing branches like something running through the woods over on the east side of camp on the other side of the power lines.”

“She brought the kayak back to shore and then her boyfriend went out to the deepest end of the lake. All the sudden a huge rock about the size of a full grown German shepherd flew across the road, which runs all the way around the lake, over the bank, over the grass line and into the lake! This was approximately 20 yards from the kayak. Then our friends antagonized it by throwing another one just as big. It landed a lot closer, within 10 yards of his kayak. The three of us on the bank were approximately 100 yards from the creature, and our friend in the kayak was about 30 yards. We all saw the creature. He was peeking out from behind a tree. He rocked his body back and forth from one side of the tree to the other. Then he moved to the water line and back. At that point my husband set off three bottle rockets thinking it would scare the Bigfoot off. He then loaded his 12 gauge shot gun; he didn't want to harm or make it mad, just didn't want it to get any closer.”

“The creature stood only 4½ to 5 feet tall with no neck. He looked very thin in the chest, broad shoulders and glowing dark yellow eyes in the flashlight; he was light brown. We had our really bright Mag-lite with new batteries pointing right at him. We thought we heard sounds from another Bigfoot to the south of us possibly calling the smaller creature with a WHOOOP sound! Then we lost sight of the Bigfoot. “The whole time we were there, before, after and during our stay at the lake we heard a baby crying, a woman screaming and even heavy breathing at different times. My Husband also heard strange whistles, whooping sounds and even a tree fell over in the woods on the other side of the lake, we all heard that. We were all so excited from our encounter that we stayed up until daylight. In years past, at this same camp, we’ve heard things and smelled things, but never had the encounter we had this year. WHAT A RUSH!! My Husband believes they use the power lines as a trail. We truly believe there was more than one Bigfoot around our camp this year. It’s changed the way we think about going into the woods for the rest of our lives.”

(Sally and Neil de la Fuentes July 12, 2012 7:00 PM)

Rocks pelt a camper’s tent

Betsy Ann Marshall-Downes told a story she remembered as a young bride when she went along with her new husband and brother on a deer hunting trip. Betty recounted the story for me, saying that she stayed behind in camp after the men left and slept in. Emerging from her tent mid-morning after “*something woke her up,*” she was alone deep in the woods. For company she hung up a radio on a branch and played music loudly as she cooked breakfast

all the while feeling odd, like something was watching her; she continued with her day. Finally her feelings of uneasiness sent her to the tent to load the rifle her brother left behind and it was then the first rock hit the tent. Terrified, she huddled down on the floor of the tent for a very long time wondering what it was or if it was her imagination.

She nervously listened to the sounds around her tent for hours and finally mustered the courage and finally cried out to whoever was out there for them to "*knock it off, I have a gun.*" To her surprised the rocks stopped but she did not come out of the tent until she heard her husband's voice after a day's hunt. They didn't believe her until they saw the rocks that littered the ground around their tent; there were rocks in the frying pan and good size rocks in the fire pit. There were pages more to that story that added color, but for this purpose, the behavior of rock-throwing is logged.
(The Marshall-Downes Story 1996)

Bigfoot enthusiast Jenice Blevins reported her family being harassed by a Sasquatch on the Merced River near Bagby, in Mariposa County, California. It threw rocks at the family camper in the middle of the night, which angered her father to the degree that he got up, went outside and angrily fired his gun skyward into the night air. The rock throwing stopped.

A similar incident happened to the John Kramer family camping in a small travel trailer at South Fourche Campground, Perry County near Hollis, Arkansas the summer of 2001.

"It was midweek and we were the only RV around that night. We saw nobody during the day. That evening my son and I harmonized country songs for several hours. My wife videotaped the best of it for our parents who couldn't be with us that trip. It was close to midnight by the time we put stuff away and turned in. I was just about asleep when rocks started hitting the camper. At first I thought it was hail. I had no gun, no means of protection so we stuck it out. The pebbles and larger stones continued intermittently until well after two o'clock." The next day they found a set of 15-inch barefoot tracks around their fire pit.
(John Tinsley Kramer story 2001)

Rock throwing and screams in the distance...

A Sasquatch was dubbed by the informant as "Mr. Peepers," because he watched the young couple getting it on in their favorite necking spot off Lake Aldwell, Washington State. On Wednesday the 4th of July 2001, the Sasquatch

made himself known by the tossing of pebbles at the couple. Thinking it was the girl's brother "messing with us" the couple returned fire with larger rocks and saw a dark figure descriptive of an adult Sasquatch depart the scene. Later they heard screams in the distance. They reported the incident to the authorities in Port Angeles who appeared disinterested. (L.M. July 20, 2001)

Anger or entertainment?

Berry Creek in Butte County, California: In summer 2001, a county surveyor emailed my old website, *California Sightings List*, to report watching a Bigfoot heaving creek rocks over his head and into the creek with enormous force. The stones quickly became larger boulders, and finally the Bigfoot went over and lifted a dead tree out of the shallow water where it apparently fell and hurled it into a deeper part of a pond that was adjacent to the running creek. After a few more rocks were thrown the Bigfoot apparently became bored with the exercise, walked off into the heavy timber and disappeared from the surveyor's sight. Nervous, the surveyor asked for a transfer; I never heard from him again. Stories that reflect rock throwing are almost as many in my data as road-runner crossings and those sightings.

Washing their food...

An intriguing behavior was mentioned in a 112-year old report out of the Campbell River area off Vancouver Island in BC where the informant Michael King was recorded saying he saw a Sasquatch at the edge of the river methodically washing roots in the water and placing them in neat piles. I have a special interest in reports like this; they tend not to be influenced by any pre-conditioning of the mind or by the media images, the Internet or Google searches. As I began to search this subject, I found that there were many reports of hairy folks eating unwashed food and even road kill.

What does the washing of vegetables suggest to us? It suggests prudence and wisdom in the proper care and preserving of food items. Or it might be the preference for clean raw vegetables? Could be, but there are instances in the data where the Sasquatch has been seen eating roots, shoots right out of the ground with no food preparation whatsoever. Conversely, one logged report was from Keno Hill in the Yukon Territories, Canada⁸⁷ where the informants saw a Sasquatch sitting on the ground picking the bones of a dead elk. That was their perception; but it might have been that the Sasquatch was picking at the grubs and maggots under the carcass. It might be that cleanliness, as it pertains to food is a taught behavior present in only some tribal groupings. Hungrier, perhaps others eat what is available, dead, dirty, rotten or not.

There are sources who have told me they've seen Sasquatches running off with their deer and elk kills – the suggestion being that the meat is either taken back to others who are waiting or it's eaten raw in transit; few reports tell us what is done with the fresh kills. I do not have a case where we are able to learn how meat is consumed. Before the Internet really started humming, discussion groups tossed the idea back and forth that the Sasquatch only ate the liver from fresh kills but there was little evidence to support it then or now.

Use of fire...?

It has been speculated that if the primitive Sasquatch actually did kidnap Indian maidens and children in the past; those women indeed knew how to use fire. Held against their will, Indian women must have used fire for warmth or to cook in the presence of their captors. We don't know about the hairy man's ability to withstand the cold, but there are limits to how much those kidnapped Native American women could handle cold temperatures and inclement weather. Kidnapped women, children and young boys require the warmth of a fire.

There is evidence that Indian women also used tobacco; to smoke it required fire. They smoked salmon and venison – also requiring fire. One can easily deduce that fire in some form is probably used in limited form and probably in very remote reaches and in underground caves, lava tubes and tunnels. I had to rethink previous notions that the Sasquatch were so wild that they were, like bears and cougars, and possibly afraid of fire. I'm sure now, that they've mastered the use of it; at least on some level. I don't know how they could survive a Yukon winter without it and if they once upon a time bartered with the Indians, then yes, they know about fire.

I was not surprised to read about modern-day fire usage as recorded by Dr. Ed Fusch and his work among the Colville Indians. In September of 1985 he interviewed a Nespelem, Okanogan County, Washington woman who gave great insight into the behavior of the *Skanicum*; the tribal name for Sasquatch. Among the many details she cited for Dr. Fusch were the following:

1. Skanicum was very vengeful – to harm one of them meant the Indians would no longer be safe. Even in the face of Skanicum kidnapping an Indian maiden they could only follow.
2. Skanicum's primary diet consisted of roots. Primarily roots

of the Thule or cat-tail plant, which they gathered, dried and store. This is evidence of food caching.

3. Skanicum built fire using flint stone and often thought nothing of stealing hides from the Nespelem, which they used for bedding and to cover entrances to the caves.⁸⁸

Dr. Fusch also cited by name the *still-living descendants* of Skanicum-Indian women. Why those offspring have not had their DNA evaluated is beyond me; many of them are in advanced age and should have their DNA sequenced.

I probably learned more about behavior from Dr. Fusch's little self-published book, "The Stick Indians of the Colvilles, the Interaction of Large Bipedal Hominids with American Indians" than any book previously published. Use of fire is also mention in the chapter on Native American and First Nation's sightings.

Lewis and Clark Expedition...

To illustrate how the Sasquatch was perceived in times gone by – here is an excerpt from the *Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition*:

August 20, 1805, Meriwether Lewis:

"In order to get to his relations the first seven days we should be obliged to climb over steep and rocky mountains where we could find no game to kill nor anything to eat but roots such as a fierce and war like nation lived on whom he called the broken moccasins or moccasins with holes, and said inhabited those mountains and lived like the bear of other countries among the rocks and fed on roots or the flesh of such horses as they could take or steal from those who passed through their country."

The above mention entry was clarified in a secondary journal of the explorer William Clark of the same date. The phrase "*moccasins with holes*" was meant to be understood as "*people who wear no moccasins*" They lived in caves and were closer in kin to bears than people. They were considered war-like as they stayed to themselves and defended their rocky crags with fierce determination. The neighboring tribes feared them to the utmost and called them "*the old ones or spirit beings of the mountains.*" In another reference they described the hairy ones as "*men who lived like the bear.*"

The Indians of the 1800's were never quoted calling them *animals* or *ape-like*. The ape description came about with the influx of the European settlers; references to apes and ape-like descriptions are a white man's portrayal. The North American Indian would have no way to know anything about apes or

what they looked like. To my knowledge, there is no fossil record of apes in North America.

NO RED EYES: Another interesting notation in my files is that I can find no credible published text where the early North American Aborigines ever described a Sasquatch as having red eyes, an odor or supernatural power. Descriptions of red eyes, or eyes that projected red was a H-U-G-E trend during the 1970's and then that particular description trailed off dramatically and is rarely reported today.

The popular image of the Sasquatch as raw meat eaters is one that has up until now been backed by only secondary evidence. There are instances where use of fire has been recorded. But that doesn't mean all clans use fire; more likely some do, others don't. It may only mean they are smarter in where they build fires to eliminate detection.

Along the lines of fire usage; it is interesting to note that the same was said of the Neanderthal people – that is, that they ate their meat raw. Even if the Sasquatch is found to be totally removed from the Neanderthal genome, we can still make primitive man comparisons on how the two were able to *live wild with some success and survive winter conditions*. New research shows:

"Neanderthals cooked and ate plants and vegetables, a new study of Neanderthal remains revealed. Research studies in the U.S. found grains of cooked plant matter in the teeth of Neanderthal remains." ⁸⁹

If the primitive Neanderthals cooked, I see no reason to think the Sasquatch couldn't use fire for warmth and cook meat too. Again, I stress some do, some don't because we have the 46 year old Glen Thomas report of a Bigfoot family observed eating squirrels out from under a rock pile while they were still warm and in hibernation. A male, female and young Sasquatch were observed searching a boulder pile, sniffing around under rocks and eventually locating seven hibernation rodents. The report read that the adults ate three rodents apiece (raw, still warm) and gave the youngster only one. Oregon field investigator James A. "Jim" Hewkin investigated the Glen Thomas story on site with Jack Sullivan and Rip Lyttle; Joe Beelart wrote about it in his Bigfoot Journal.^{89a} All told, it was a fascinating story.

Because we haven't uncovered evidence of continual fire use doesn't mean they don't use it. Some believe that field researchers are not working high enough altitude wise. A new thought is that the Sasquatch might be holed up in the rocky crags of the highest elevations and that is where field men should focus the hunt for remnant fire debris – if there is any to be found.

There are other theories that the Sasquatch live underground in some months of the year and they do use fire; it would explain how they eked out life in winter months in such as the Alaska, Yukon, the Northwest Territories and the Arctic tundra where winter tracks have been found. But then there are those in research who insist the Sasquatch travel south in winter from such places despite the fact that we have winter tracks discovered year after year in ice and snow.

The earliest evidence of controlled fire was dated at around 300,000 years BC. Excavations dating from approximately 790,000 years ago suggest that *H. erectus* not only controlled fire but could ignite fires – if *Homo erectus* and the Neanderthals mastered fire⁹⁰ why not Sasquatch? Fire was probably first acquired by a lightning caused blaze, then used as torch-light in dark caves and eventually to the warmth of cave fires, for lighting and cooking.⁹¹ Those individuals who think fire is beyond the mental acuity of the Sasquatch apparently cling to the old, "*Sasquatch is a relic ape premise.*" But if the preliminary DNA, presumptive for Sasquatch holds up and I'm confident that it will,⁹² then whatever early survival skills the ancients had certainly holds true for the Sasquatch. For me, it makes great sense they use fire.

Humans build campfires for cooking, for the light it provides and to keep predators away. Animals only approach a fire within certain perimeters. Fire was used by the early settlers to warm rocks to sleep on under a layer of dirt to keep from freezing. Fire is only used by those who can control the fear of building it and the emotions that correspond with working with live burning flames.

The smokeless Dakota fire...

In my associations with Henry Moon, one of my guides into the Six Rivers Wilderness areas, I learned amazing things. Moon's Lakota teachings showed me the manner of building a "Dakota fire hole." It is a system of two side-by-side holes dug in the ground in such a way to start a fire beneath the earth, beneath ground levels that creates a no-billowing-smoke fire. It is a smokeless fire; passers-by won't see spiraling smoke. It is an excellent way to build a fire if the need is to remain undetected. Moon's ancient Lakota people use the Dakota way of building a fire, why not Sasquatch?

There is another reason for building the Dakota fire; it is an absolute must in high wind areas to keep from setting the forest on fire. It is also the best way to cook in a cave to warm the area without choking on smoke in an enclosed area. If the Dakota fire is built correctly, there is no smoke. Each night on my

trip with Moon, he would dig two post-hole size recesses, side by side in the ground. In the *bottom* of the right hole, he made a short gopher hole that tunneled into the left hole that would cause the left fire to draw its air from. The right hole is kept open and undisturbed as a draft-ventilator for the fire built in the left hole. The holes were about 14-inches deep side by side. Since the fire is below ground, it doesn't spark or make gray or black smoke - if it does, check the size of the air intake on the bottom - adjusting the connecting tunnel to either draw less air or more air to reach the desired effect. It takes a little practice but it works. In the 1990's of course, there were no YouTube instructional videos, but today video lessons on how to build the smokeless fire are listed on YouTube under "*building a smokeless fire and Dakota fire.*"

When I heard that the Dakota fire was used in caves that kept the occupants of the cave warm yet not choking on the smoke, I asked Moon if he thought the Sasquatch people used fire. He glanced up with a look on his face that made me feel really stupid and answered, "*Of course they use fire, who do you think taught my people?*"

"Why don't we ever locate tell-tale signs of their fires?" I asked. Moon responded, "*...because their fires are below ground, when finished with the fire, they refill the fire hole back up with dirt, cover the remnants of the Dakota holes with leaf litter and nobody knows the fire was ever there.*" What he said make sense, but still wrestling with the idea, I asked, "*what about cave fires?*"

Then Moon told me, "*You'll never find a fire pit in a cave; the white man doesn't scout deep enough into the cave. The hairy man lives deep, very deep in lava tubes and very deep caves that drip with water.*"

I still thought maybe a well-lit cave might reveal black soot on the ceiling of an occupied cave. But a fire built below ground, supposedly built the Dakota way to be smokeless, may not leave soot. "*The Sasquatch never leaves things laying around; that is white man's sign, not the red man!*" (Henry Moon 1997)

It's a really slick trick once you learn how to build a smoke-free fire. I never quite got the hang of it. Once in four tries I got it smokeless and that was with Moon's assistance. Neat trick if you figure it out; I think the secret is in the hole that draws air to the left fire. If the Sasquatch resorts to building something like the Dakota fire, they've no doubt mastered the art.

I have no case records to draw from that suggest Sasquatches cook their food except those documented by Dr. Ed Fusch in his work with the Spokane Indians. Yet there are many of us in research who have taken notice of the

accounts where Native American and First Nation Canadian women have been reported captured and held for indeterminate amounts of time. Surely those Native women knew how to use fire; the record is pretty clear on that issue. Captive women knew how to preserve meat by smoking it, which required fire or long periods of warm sunshine for drying it. See J.W. Burns account in the *Sightings on Indian Reservation* chapter.

None of these kidnapping capers by a Sasquatch mention whether or not the captive women used fire while in captivity, yet I strongly suspect they did do a fair amount of cooking. Staying warm and warding off predators would be the primary reason for fire use. It makes sense they did.

Who is more expert than Indian women at smoking salmon and venison for preservation and storage in winter months? Native Americans and First Nations people were proficient at herbal poultices, mustard-plaster and the brewing of herbal concoctions in tea form. Each required boiling water which requires fire. The making of *Bannock bread cached and stored for the leaner winter months also required fire.

Looking back in ancient times - who taught who to use fire? The concept of fire use by Sasquatch is a hotly debated topic on discussion lists even today; it's hard to think of it when the idea of Bigfoot as an ape clouds any other source of information.

*[*Bannock or Bannock bread traditionally was a large, round or loaf-like bread that required baking. It was usually made from whole or ground barley, acorn, wheat or oat often combined with elk or moose lard and laced with local berries that varied according to region. Earliest records show it was baked over heated stones in open fires and cached for winter use.]*

Running with Coyotes

Apache County, Arizona was the 2001 setting for a report from a land-surveyor who was working in the north of that county when he heard close-by, a pack of coyotes yapping their heads off.

The yapping came from under an overhang where he set his transit up to measure a specific area. Breaking for lunch, the surveyor wandered over to the area where the yapping was the loudest and was startled to see a tall reddish-black haired Bigfoot tearing apart a Jack rabbit, tossing parts of it out to a pack of hungry coyotes. He described the creature as having a thick brow-ridge but a body like a man, stout, well built; he was covered in hair which had cockleburs, pine gum and pine needles in it. The Bigfoot realized he was being

observed when the surveyor dropped his metal lunch bucket. The creature looked at him, turned and walked off with the coyotes giving chase. That story ranked right up there with the other strange happenings.

Four years prior to the Apache County filing, a Bigfoot-coyote report was posted on one of the discussion lists. A man with the screen name, "Hoganomics" posted a sighting that occurred south of Seguin, Texas not far from Meadow Lake. Guadalupe County is not particularly noted for Bigfoot reports, but this one was interesting in that this "Hoganomics" person said the creature was east bound across Loch Lane heading into the morning sun towards the Meadow Lake region. The Bigfoot, he said, was accompanied by no less than six coyotes; two leading the way and the rest tagging along behind the Bigfoot. A silhouette against the blinding sun, the informant was unable to give descriptive details of the Bigfoot other than it was big and the coyotes seemed to be adult size. (He clarified that they sounded like coyotes but some of them could have been dogs trailing after the Bigfoot). The witness believed that the Sasquatch will catch, kill deer and leave the carcass behind for the coyotes to keep them from nosily trailing behind him.

A more recent report that included coyotes came from Thomas Matuski in California. Here is portion of that case file:

I had a strange encounter in Southern California back in 1991. I had never heard of a Bigfoot story from that area; me and my two friends decided to keep it to ourselves. I was looking at your site and saw that there were two other encounters in the area where ours took place. It would have been in the area of Barton Flats, off Hwy 26 near Big Bear Mountain in San Bernardino County. I want to be clear - we didn't see the creature. We heard two legs walking in front of our tent from about 200 feet or 6 or 7 yards away, along with more than a dozen coyotes. This thing sounded like it had a long stride to it and was very heavy in weight. My business partner, myself and one employee lay paralyzed from the fear of not having anyone to help us and no means of defending ourselves. I had never heard of a Bigfoot traveling with coyotes before, until I met a man from the Puyallup, Washington area that said he had seen one in his area growing up that traveled with coyotes. This took me back a bit, as I had not told him of our story and had only known him for a short time. With coyotes sniffing at our tent and a large creature in front of the camp site, you can imagine our state of mind."

(Thomas Matuski, June 20, 2011)

Chehalis Sounds Identified as Coyotes

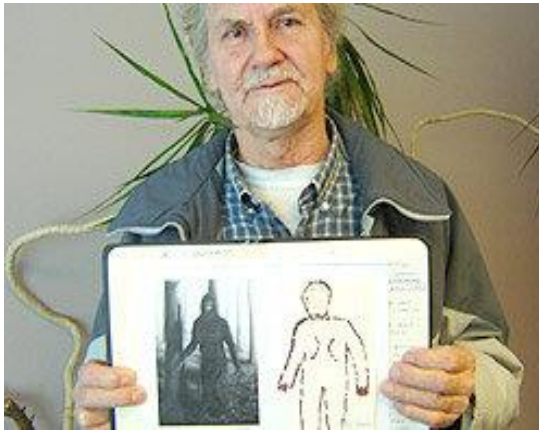
The next entry is important because many a scream or lengthy howl attributed to the Sasquatch may have roots in the vocalization from energized and excited coyote packs. The other suspect is the timber wolf. Alone in the dark at night, unarmed and frightened to death, the sounds we hear are often misinterpreted. Fear plays heavily in how we perceive noises and how our brain decodes auditory messages. The last notation concerning coyotes and the noisy vocalizations attributed to the Sasquatch people came from Gerry Matthews and Thomas Steenburg on April 5, 2006.

“Steenburg and Matthews were out on the Chehalis Harrison River flats area early one morning doing follow-up investigative work on possible Sasquatch activity in the immediate area. At 9:30 a.m. while exploring along the edge of the bush-line, both men were astounded to hear the familiar cries called the “Chehalis Sounds” emanating from a pair of coyotes.

“Nobody was more surprised and disappointed by what we witnessed on the flats yesterday than Gerry and me. I have lived with coyotes around all my life and during that time I never heard one utter a sound like what we saw and heard April 5th, 2006, 09:30 a.m.”

“It appears to be a rarely heard sound which the animals use to locate each other over distances. When the second coyote appeared the one making the sounds changed back to the more familiar yip type call I have heard a thousand times before. We both watch as the two animals ran along the edge of the flats around the trailer park and headed toward the main road which was about half a mile to the west of our position. The sounds which Gerry and I heard were what our witnesses recorded and the same sounds which have had folks in the campground nervous of walking outside at night. The same sounds which are so similar to other alleged Sasquatch recordings made over the last 30 years from the Klamath River in Northern California to southwest B.C. Now this does not mean that Sasquatch are not around in this area of course. Coyotes are not an explanation to the many sighting reports and footprint findings in this heart of Sasquatch country since the coming of the white man and they may not account for the entire strange animal cries heard around here over the years. It just gave us an answer to the particular sounds which have come to be known as the 'Chehalis recordings', which at the same time has put the similar recordings over the last 30 years into question.

But research is research and when the evidence points to an answer other than the Sasquatch, we must just accept the facts and carry on with the quest." (Thomas Steenburg 2006)



Brazen confrontation: Adult

Swan River Winnipeg man Archie Motkaluk waited fifty-one years to talk about his 1960, face to face encounter with a Sasquatch. Archie went to visit his parent's farm near Renwer, Manitoba (south east of Swan River). While he was here, Motkaluk took a team of horses pulling a sleigh to chop some wood that was three miles into the bush in back of his parent's farm. Pulling from his stored, handwritten notes and sketches, Motkaluk said the female stood a mere eight feet away from him in the deep bush where he had been chopping deadfall for firewood. With horse and sled tied to a nearby bush, axe in hand, Mr. Motkaluk busied himself chopping wood when suddenly across a clearing he saw what he described was a "man" coming towards him. Eventually he realized it was a Sasquatch and a female who brazenly confronted Motkaluk ...in a manner that left him paralyzed with fear and frozen in place until his fear subsided and he was then able to take a few steps backwards. The behavior of the brazen female is quite unusual but not unheard of in the data. Confrontations are usually recorded as males, not females; her manner of conduct most unusual. The tendency is for them to walk off into thick brush and be gone on their way; eventually this one did.⁹³ Manitoba has a long history of Sasquatch sightings documented as far back as the 1700's but none of the witnesses were actually confronted within eight feet by a female Sasquatch.

Oldest publications referring to the Sasquatch...

Referring to the creature in Lake of the Woods, Manitoba, Canada:
The *London Times* January 4, 1784...

"There is lately arrived in France from America, a wildman, who was caught in the woods 200 miles back from Lake of the Woods by a party of Indians. They had seen him several times but he was so swift of foot that they could by no means get up with him. He is near seven feet high, covered with hair but has little appearance of understanding and is remarkably sullen and subdued. When he was taken, half a bear was found lying by him whom he had just killed."

The article is interesting in that not much has changed in physical description in the nearly 230 years that have passed. What is different is that the Sasquatch was apparently easily subdued; that in itself is a dramatic notion to contemplate in today's research. We don't seem to be able to photograph them well much less capture one of them. There are endless discussions on the subject of camera avoidance and blurred photographs, some of which boggle the mind. The best descriptions are from the recollections of men who have shot and killed them from a distance; those surpass even the best photographic offerings. The odd part is that while photographing them seems to elude the best woodsman, finding and photographing their spoor and footprints works quite well.

Other area sightings of the Sasquatch occurred near Easterville in 1968 and 1970, one of them reported by the local school's principal. More recently, the residents of the remote community of Norway House were thrilled about a two-minute, 49-second piece of videotape shot by ferry operator Bobby Clarke in April of 2005. Vancouver author Christopher L. Murphy thought Clarke's Norway House a highly credible sighting, albeit distant. Murphy remarked that there were thirty-five other sightings listed in Manitoba. The most recent sighting occurred in March of 2007 near Peguis, Manitoba.⁹⁴

Brazen confrontation behavior: Children

Dr. Henner Fahrenbach shared a report he investigated that occurred in Grays Harbor County, Washington. The interesting behavior in his report was a sort of chase/following/shadowing behavior of two young boys. Kirk and Kelly arrived back in their hometown of Satsop late at night after having attended a baseball game. They were walking home along East Satsop Road in the vicinity of Stevens Road when they heard a noise behind them in the dark. At first they thought the dark figure was a road sign but they took off running anyway and the road sign followed them, keeping up with them but not over-taking the boys. The two scared youngsters hurtled the first split-rail fence that lined the yard of the only house before their own. They breathlessly pounded on the door screaming for help; a woman answered and recognized the boys as neighbors and let them in. The boys excitedly told the woman that something was after them; the woman exclaimed, "*Oh there are no such thing as monsters,*" as she stepped out onto her porch. Dr. Fahrenbach said in his email that the Sasquatch had by that time stepped over the split-rail fence and was standing in the woman's yard. She exclaimed, "*OH GOD, THERE IS!*" and bolted back into the house and slammed the door.

Apparently the Sasquatch followed the boys down the road and into the woman's yard with intent of some kind or another. In fact it came within

twelve feet of the front door. Looking out the window of the front door, they said the Sasquatch stayed in the yard, briefly looked around and then stepped back over the fence and walked across the road. Another neighbor, Wayne Moore subsequently found footprints that measured 17 inches long, 8 inches wide at the ball and 4 inches at the heel. He tracked the footprints down river where it apparently entered the water.⁹⁵ It's hard to know what the Bigfoot had in mind for those two boys but its behavior was worrisome and certainly brazen even after they went into the house.

Exacting revenge...

The family of 54-year old Colette Brooshaun summered in the family Lake Pepin cottage; Old Frontenac District near Red Wing, Minnesota...1990.

One warm afternoon she set a portable radio on the porch railing and then stretched out on a cot in the shady part of a sunny porch to doze and listen to music. She was awakened by something gently massaging her foot. Sitting up she described being startled seeing a large 8-foot tall red haired *Cee-ha-tonka pulling/massaging on her ankles and leg. Unable to fight off the creature, Brooshaun said she kicked and screamed for help. The men came rushing out of the cabin causing the creature to "*bellow a horrific sound that vibrated in our chests.*" The woman's husband, Jacques fired a 12-gauge shotgun in the face of the monster and it fell backwards; his shot hit it upwards through the upper neck, under the chin nearly decapitating the creature. The original email was extremely graphic and disturbing. The report indicated that the men hurriedly buried the monster alongside a wooden bridge and stacked a cord of wood over the grave. The incident was over. The following summer, upon returning to the cottage the Brooshaun's discovered the woodpile strewn about the property and the grave dug up. The support beams to the wooden back porch were on the ground and the wood-shingled canopy was severely drooping over the remaining stanchion that supported the porch roofing. The screen door was torn off and thrown twenty feet from the porch. A family friend, Nor Le Ferrette who was along on that trip said there were 19 inch footprints around the yard. He felt they were being watched and felt deeply uncomfortable; he suggested the family leave. They have not been back. Le Ferrette hired a construction crew to repair the cabin. After two days on the job the carpenters quit and told Le Ferrette to hire someone else. This time Le Ferrette hired a roofer/carpenter from Hastings, Minnesota to finish the job and put them up in the cabin over a holiday weekend so they wouldn't have to travel to and from Hastings. Le Ferrette stayed with the workers and kept his shotgun within reach until the job was completed – the men were paid and on their way. Le Ferrette closed up the cabin for the season, included

closing up the main breaker box with a key lock and putting antifreeze in the drain pipes. Finished, he drove to St. Paul for the Christmas holiday. Ten days later, the fire department phoned to inform the family that the cabin had burned to the ground. The only thing left standing was the wooden bridge where Bigfoot had been laid to rest under a cord of firewood earlier that year.

It should probably be noted here that if the above story was a case of exacting revenge for a wrongful death on Bigfoot kinfolk, the Bigfoot was certainly fully capable and had unusual knowledge. Little was understood about that fire because the cabin was built five and a quarter miles off the beaten path behind locked road/property gates. There were no neighbors or river access. With the house shut down for the winter months, it was impossible to determine how arson could have occurred. The Bigfoot must have known how to set fires or he carried fire to the cabin from somewhere else; it was a puzzling story. (Leslie Each)

The term, *Cee-ha-tonka translates '*the big man*' in Red Wing, Minnesota where there are four Dakota Sioux communities; one of them in Prairie Island located near Red Wing, MN. There are also seven Anishinaabe Reservations plus Chippewa and Ojibwe people in that region.

According to Jim Anderson of the *Republican Eagle* in Red Wing, there is a modern day account of a Native American by the name of Running Wolf who was sitting in his living room at 9:30 p.m., when his dogs began barking. Looking through the window, Running Wolf saw a big shadow/man-like shape. He thought someone was messing with his car. When he went out to check, he found two 18-inch human-like footprints in his drive way. One became obscured in harder soil but the other had five distinct toes, the footprints belonged to the Sasquatch-like *Cee-ha-tonka*; "*the man with big feet.*"

Cee-ha-tonka rites of passage...

There is a Sioux legend about the *Cee-ha-tonka* that dates back to the Franciscan priests in the 1600's, which says they have a test to pass going into adulthood, they must jump in front of a hairless man on the trail and wildly wave their hands in front of the human's face. If the hairless human runs off frightened, the *Cee-ha-tonka* then becomes a man. If not, he must try again until they succeed – it is the male *Cee-ha-tonka*'s rite of passage. According to the legend, when the *Cee-ha-tonka* giants become men, they leave their mother and father and strike out on their own to find a woman and start a family; sometimes they steal Indian maidens and carry them to distant places in the mountains, sometimes they steal children to raise as their own. (Leslie

Each)

Apparently there are no rules pertaining to kidnapping in the social structure of the Sasquatch. What's theirs is theirs; what is ours is also theirs. Some of them have learned however, that the hairless man will quickly stop unacceptable behavior with a rifle; it's clear a large percentage of them understand the hunter's rifle. The Sasquatch does not regard boundaries, borders or ownerships unless it's their own. I think it wrong to romanticize the Sasquatch; they are a walking mass of power if you're not armed – I am not in favor of shooting them, but I will defend me and mine and I do understand those who do likewise.

Live like wild dogs...

A woman from another Sioux community, Leslie Each said these *"people of hair live like wild dogs in the mountain escarpments and are fiercely protective of their family and the areas surrounding their dwellings. Often the juveniles will shadow humans or sometimes give chase. It is a game the people of hair play with humans – it gives them pleasure to chase and scare off the white man."* (Leslie Each personal correspondence)

I told Leslie that their scare tactics work quite well; it's a very effective game. To which Leslie added, *"...even the grizzly is smart enough to run from them."*

Breaking and entering...

Here is a story that describes a behavior totally unanticipated and a home owner's worst nightmare. This story is the only account of its kind that speaks to daring behavior by a Sasquatch who broke in and helped himself to the family's moose meat dinner. I imagine hunger drives them to do such things in settings like this one, so far north in what must be polar bear country. Here is that account:

"The story was told to me by my brother-in-law who is Métis. The Métis are Canadian Aboriginals descended from mixed European and First Nations parentage. My brother-in-law's mother, Isabelle is roughly 75 years old; nobody knows her age for sure because she was born deep in the bush in Northern Saskatchewan, Canada not far from the Northwest Territory line. Isabelle cannot read or write and is not worldly; she was 12-years old before she even saw an automobile. She does however have one of the best stories about Bigfoot I have ever heard told before. She says one night when she was a little girl, her very large family settled into their tiny shack. She described a huge hairy man who suddenly threw open the door to their

shack and came inside. Immediately, the entire family ran into the corner of the room and huddled under blankets scared to death. They sat there like that while the Sasquatch helped himself to the moose meat, eating all of it and then he left. She said that to this day, she can still hear its teeth gnashing away as it ate the meat, a horrifying sound. You have to understand that she still has no idea what a Bigfoot is to this day. To her, it's just a scary incident of her childhood. The next day, her father went to the nearest RCMP post [Royal Canadian Mounted Police] and brought back the "redcoats" as she calls them. They checked out all around the cabin, found footprints and told them that they should move and not come back because they figured that whatever it was it would come back. They moved that day and never lived in the deep bush again." ⁹⁶ (The Fick Story)

Bigfoot breaks into house accosts home owner

The "Boone County Yowler" - Constance, Kentucky

In 1995, I received an old newspaper item. *The Kentucky Post* published a 1980 piece headlined "Night time Yowlers Reported in Boone County."

"The Jones family encountered a 4-foot tall, flat-faced, broad shouldered creature covered with black hair, thought to most probably be a young male. It shook their door and caused much alarm. It was accosted by the man of the house and each time it ran away making its escape by jumping into the nearby Ohio River. Police investigations revealed nothing other than the area had a long history of Bigfoot sightings." ⁹⁷

There appears to be a history of infrequent breaking and entering homes, cabins and an occasional tent. If not out of curiosity, the intent perceived by the witness is deliberate; perhaps motivated by extreme hunger. The behavior of jiggling door-knobs, screen doors and unzipping the tents of campers is not a new behavior. Over time, other authors have recorded such behavior.

Attempted break-in...

There was an old *Seattle Times* article written by Don Hannula that Warren Thompson of the *Bay Area Group* sent to me in 2001. It was dated November 15, 1975. It concerns the breaking into a home on the Lummi Nation Indian Reserve in Whatcom County, Washington State.

The story has been featured prominently on television documentaries and in newspaper accounts where in the ancient Lummi language, *Ts'emekwes* is the

tribal name for a Sasquatch-like life form. Modern members of the Lummi Nation use Boq, Bukwis and Bigfoot as the term for hairy life forms. I fully intended to place the report in the Native American section of this book but

instead elected to place it here because of the attempted "breaking and entering" behavior outlined in the narrative.

"On the night of October 23, 1975, Lummi Police Sgt. Ken Cooper was called to the residence of 78-year-old Emma Smith. She reported a Bigfoot attempting to break into her home; terrified, she had fled. Sgt. Cooper found the plastic on a storm door torn and the door's wooden frame splintered. In addition Sgt. Cooper found boards torn from a nearby smokehouse but he could not find the creature, nor any sign of a person. He returned to the residence around 2:30am shining the spotlight from his patrol car into the woods. He found a group of seven people already there with their own spotlights set directly on a huge seven-and-a-half foot (2.3m) tall "hair creature"— a bigfoot. Cooper aimed his 12-gauge shotgun at the creature but concerned that it could be a human in a costume, he yelled, *"If there's somebody just fooling around you better knock it off because we have weapons."* The creature just crouched down. [*Crouching down is a frequently reported behavior*]. As Sgt. Ken Cooper stepped forward, the creature lowered himself even further until only his head was showing above the brush. For 20 minutes, Sgt. Cooper and the other people stared down the crouching "hairy creature" until they heard noises in the brush to their right and then they believed there were more of the big creatures lurking just out of flashlight range. At that point, Cooper decided it was time to leave the scene; he ushered everyone away."

"The next morning around dawn Cooper returned to the area and found bare footprints in the frost-covered ground. He measured the footprints. They were 18-inches (45 cm) long and 7-inches (17 cm) wide. Over the coming weeks, the Lummi Tribal Police received over 100 reports of sightings of Bigfoot creatures. Sgt. Cooper saw the Bigfoot two more times shortly after his first initial encounter.

This particular Sasquatch clan had the potential for being dangerous. They were blamed for the deaths of three dogs and a ghastly neck wound on a horse that required 16 stitches. "There are no people on the road at night now," Cooper told reporters and most of those people did not believe the first

reports. When they saw the Sasquatch's footprints or heard it scream then they changed their minds.

Sgt. Cooper said so many people were foolishly out chasing the Sasquatch with guns and such that the Lummi Tribal Council voted to outlaw shooting the creature. We get reports every other day." ⁹⁸ (Sgt. Ken Cooper, Lummi Nation, Washington State)

Unfriendly behavior...

In Pennsylvania, May 1988 at approximately 11 p.m. while preparing to do some "lantern fishing" at a place called Sleepy Hollow where the bridge goes across the Loyalhanna Creek, a man saw a large, strange, foul-smelling creature that he said would make an extra large gorilla "*look like a small chimpanzee.*" The witness said he was about to light his lantern when he "*heard a scuffling racket on the hillside in the woods about 25-feet away.*" In the beam of his "three-cell spotlight" the creature appeared to have red-brown hair and large fiery eyes that glowed orange like the eyes of a bear. Convinced the creature was approaching him in an unfriendly manner, the man ran to his car and left, but not before seeing the creature in the headlights. The witness was a hunter-tracker with 50-years live trap experience. He said it definitely wasn't a bear or a gorilla. Ligonier is located in Westmoreland County southwest of Johnstown between Greensburg and Laughlin Town along US Highway 30 near Laurel Mountain State Park in Pennsylvania.⁹⁹ (E. L. MacElwretyh, Greensburg, Pennsylvania)

Sad and nonaggressive...

The intrigue of a description sometimes says more about the informant than it does the Sasquatch. Charles Justin Hall of Jackson County, West Virginia wrote me in March of 2000. Hall wrote that he was hunting and in his tree stand 30-feet off the ground when he caught a glimpse of Bigfoot.

"I was becoming bored when something began rustling leaves. What I saw was three deer followed by a large humanoid around 7-feet tall, hair covered except for the face. It had a sunken nose, reddish brown eyes color with yellowish teeth, stocky build. Why do I know these details? I put my Golden Eagle Scope up on my gun at a distance of about 100-yards and frankly was about to squeeze the trigger when I got a very good look at this thing. What stopped me from shooting it was the creature looked sad and nonaggressive. Ordinarily that wouldn't stop me, but I was scared like hell. It wasn't until I yelled as loud as I could to take off your mask or I'm going to shoot that I realized what it was; but the creature just looked at me and growled. I watched him through my rifle's scope the whole time...nearly paralyzed with fear. At the same time, the Bigfoot turned and bolted. It ran extremely fast for its size." ¹⁰⁰

In January 2012, The Rt Rev'd Aaron Melhorn read Hall's account and wrote the following:

Bigfootencounters:

Re: Charles Justin Hall's story: I went to the Roane Jackson Tech School in '81 & '82 - the school is in Frozen Camp. I can attest to the fact that there is something out there because I heard screams while at the school that I've never heard before. I have spent time in the West Virginia woods. I cannot identify the screams. (E. A. Melhorn, Ripley West Virginia)

Sasquatch Cripple-foot frolicking...

Mike Lowery, a writer for Yahoo reported an amazing account describing how he and a companion traced and examined Sasquatch tracks made by two adult Bigfoot and one juvenile found near La Queva Creek, Glorieta, New Mexico. The juvenile tracks were reported to be 10 x 4 and were splayed reminiscent of the splayed baby Sasquatch snow tracks found in British Columbia by Randy and Ray Brisson in 2009. Lowery said one adult track measured 17 x 6, 3-inches deep in the mud. The other adult track was only 14 x 5 with the right foot imprint showing "*severe heel trauma and was curved inward, sickle-like.*" The shape of that track presented itself consistently over the range of the tracks they examined.

Three interesting points are clear in this report. One being the 17-inch track, its size and the fact that it sunk three inches deep is suggestive of its mammoth size. Second, the cripple foot described is stark reminder of the 1,089 cripple Bossburg, Washington, tracks of 1969, which was covered in Don Hunter and Rene Dahinden's "Sasquatch."¹⁰¹

Finally the determination that the three distinctly different sets of tracks suggested "playing and frolicking" made this report unique and a previously unreported family behavior – at least in my files. Here is a portion of that reference published in June 2011:

"Five distinct areas of grouping were found, two behind large trees, one behind an earthen embankment, and one in a brushy ravine. The individual leaving the largest prints was consistently separated from the other apparent adult and juvenile in these groupings by about twenty feet and consistently in a forward position, uphill from the other two. In two distinct, open areas evidence of "playing" or "frolicking" was evidenced by the confused nature and large number of

prints left by the apparent juvenile member of the group. In these areas slipping and sliding is apparent in the distortion of the prints. In these groupings the smaller apparent adult was positioned in a stationary position facing the large grouping of "frolic" prints left by the apparent juvenile. The larger apparent adult left prints facing away from the other two individual approximately twenty to thirty feet away and uphill from this group."

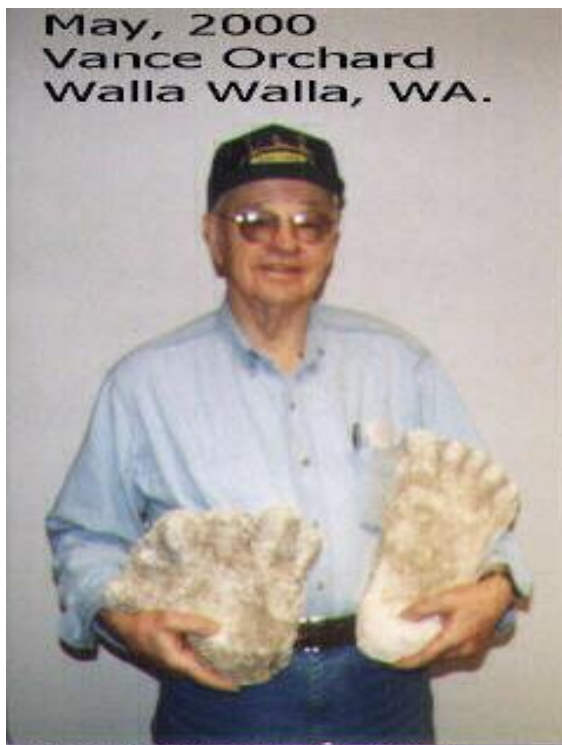
"No conclusions can be drawn from the evidence in the form of footprint trails through the woods of the Sangre De Cristo Mountains in Northern New Mexico other than something heavy with huge human-like bare feet left prints over a large area in the vicinity of La Queva Creek in Glorieta, New Mexico. No evidence seems to exist in the logs of the New Mexico State Police even though numerous residents of the area related that two State Police cars were parked by the side of the La Queva Creek Road for several hours on, or about the afternoon of June 10th in the same area as the author and his companion found the series of footprints described here." ¹⁰² (Michael Lowery)

Facial Expressions of another cripple noted...

I think of all the people attracted to this subject that have come and gone I miss Vance Orchard the most, his research had a profound effect on me in many ways; he was a magnificent human being. The octogenarian had an amazing knack for tracking down some of the best stories in and around the Blue Mountains of Washington State and he shared them freely.

This next story happened closer to Dixie, Washington down Highway 12, some ten miles east of Walla Walla. For some reason I didn't record the month or the day but the year Vance sent me his copy and published this story was 2001. Vance wrote the story himself after the interview; his narrative began like this:

"A most unique interview was done the other day when my friend and former game warden Bill Laughery and I met up with the man who had a long, long look at a Sasquatch; up close. The distance separating man and beast was close enough that features and expressions on the Bigfoot's face were plain for the observer. Laughery heard of the man's encounter and convinced him he should tell his story. Convincing the man to meet us on the Black-snake Ridge Road recently was not easy but he finally consented. "But no



Sasquatch Hand and Foot Casts from the same creature 18 miles NE of Walla Walla by Roger Thornton January 29, 1992. The hand is 12 inches wide X 10 inches long and the footprint was 6 inches wide X 14.5 inches long.

name please" the man insisted, recounting some of the ridicule he had received when a story of his encounter leaked to his "buddies."

"So, we've gone along with that and he suggested the nickname of "Jack the Logger." What Jack had to say about the Bigfoot he met on the mountain road with a truckload of logs makes for one of the better Bigfoot stories I've recorded."

"His trip that afternoon off the mountain, heading towards Dixie, was to prove the highlight for Jack of some 45 years of trucking logs. Jack probably knows more about Black Snake and Biscuit Ridges than most people. He said he makes two or three trips per day when he's hauling logs and this accounts for many days when he has to put on chains at the top, and take them off when he drove below the snowline."

"Jack first spotted the Bigfoot when it was seen on an open slope some three fourths of a mile away, but he didn't realize what the moving object was. Jack says he estimated about where on the road he would likely cross its path. *"All that time, I'm wondering what kind of animal it was,"* he said. *"It never entered my mind that it was going to be a Bigfoot."* As his rig came into the curve at the end of a long grade in the road, the two met, with only about 40-45 yards separating them!

"As I got there and saw him," Jack said, *"I stopped my truck and shut off the motor. He was standing there in a heavy, tufted grassy area, just standing and looking at me. We both eyeballed each other real good. I was close enough I could see his facial expressions ... he didn't look like an ape in the face, more like man features but hairy in the face. I would say he had a nose but not much else. The skin was black and his hair color was like this (and he pulls a smoky-blue ski hat out of his truck cab). "He was about this color and had gray hairs showing like an old dog will get around his nose. Anyway, while he was standing there, the expression on his face changed three or four times. That led me to believe that man may not be the only animal that has*

reasoning. This old boy was thinking and every time he'd go to a different train of thought, his expression would change."

Bill asked if Jack could see its eyes.

"I wasn't really interested in that," Jack said.

"I was looking at the width of his shoulders and his height, wondering what the hell was going to happen!"

"How wide was the Bigfoot?"

"He was a good yard or more through the shoulders and I've had people tell me how a Bigfoot is about eight foot tall ... well, this dude was taller than eight feet and closer to nine feet tall. When you're that close it's no problem to figure out how big it was. And, he never made any effort to run from me. He never acted like he was scared ... I sure know he wasn't scared of ME ... not a bit! Then he turned and walked along this way (Jack demonstrated a limping gait) like something was wrong with one leg, like he had an old injury or someone had shot him. Then he stopped and turned and looked at me for another full minute before he left, didn't run ... he just walked over to the edge of the brush that dropped off steeply into the Dry Creek north fork. There was no getting around it, this wasn't any man-made object or a man dressed up, there isn't a man in this county big enough to wear that suit!"

Jack said this sighting was his first Bigfoot encounter although several years ago he saw something that he thought was a bear standing up... and always thought it was a Bigfoot but could find no sign.

"But this time, it's different... absolutely no doubt about it. I would pull \$50 out of my own pocket though, if one of you guys could have been there with me."

Jack told us more about his initial reluctance to come forth with a report of what he'd encountered nearly two years ago.

"I didn't know whether to say anything to anyone about this ... you know? If I'd gone downtown and told the guys I saw a Bigfoot they'd laugh me clear out of the place. I told my wife about it and she kind of had her doubts about it for awhile, but she knew I wasn't going to come in with some kind of cock-and-bull story to take a ridiculing over."

"But, I don't really care what people think ... I just didn't talk about it, except with someone who has seen a Bigfoot or is a serious believer. They can believe what they want, but I'm the one who knows what I saw ... they can say there is no such thing but they don't have anything to back that up and I do. This thing was the closest to a real human than anything I've seen on television or real life ... his body is proportioned more to a human than anything I've ever seen. He's not like an ape. This dude walked like a man and somehow acts like a man. He walked like he was crippled in the right leg or

foot. I'll tell you this much, too: I've never seen anything like it, before or since. He's a one-of-a-kind for me!"

So, the interview ended that sunny day on Blacksnake Ridge in the Blue Mountains of Washington State. Jack climbed into the cab of his log truck and headed into the timber country for his second trip of the day. As he stepped into the cab, I heard him shout back to us: *"Keep your eyes open, kids! At least there are two of you ... you can back up each other's stories."*¹⁰³ (The late Vance Orchard 2001)

Chasing cars & a motorbike...

Al Hodgson told this story regarding a chasing behavior in the mountains north of Bluff Creek, Humboldt County, California on videotape and later through email.

While on a hunting trip, a Willow Creek resident was sitting up on an old log landing, high up on a mountain top where she could get a full view of the winding switch-back road coming up to where they were camped. She was sitting in her lawn chair watching down the road. Around the bend coming up the road towards her was her son on his motorbike and it was running full out. Running behind his motorbike was a juvenile Bigfoot giving chase until he got close to the woman and then it apparently veered off into the bush. She believed it to be a juvenile Bigfoot.

The woman didn't say how close the Bigfoot got to the motorbike but it was close enough to her that she could see the features on the creature's face. When her son reached camp, she asked him if he wasn't afraid of the Bigfoot chasing him up the hill and the kid didn't even know the Bigfoot was behind him. Later they found Bigfoot tracks. Al Hodgson said he suspected that the Sasquatch was a juvenile and was just having some fun. This behavior is consistent with sasquatches chasing kids on bicycles, not really trying to catch them, but just having good-natured fun.¹⁰⁴ (Al Hodgson 1999)

At one time, it seemed like I've spent a life time burning up the desert roads between Southern California and Dallas, Texas. I've never been one to drive the desert highway at posted speeds. I figure the desert is the desert and the best way to get through the monotonous drive is to get across it as fast as my car will go; not always healthy but it's the way I made the crossings.

In the course of those trips I met a Highway Patrolman who, for whatever reason, always seemed to be lurking in the desert of Arizona no matter the

time of day I drove through or in what car. I could always count on him saying, "*Oh geez, not you again,*" and I would echo the same line back at him. We laughed but I always got a ticket for speeding; it doesn't speak well for talking my way out of delicate situations or maybe it was because I called him *Phantom of the Highway* that irritated him – so much for my crime record.

In the course of one of those desert trips and in 109 degree temperature that day, the highway patrolman told me about an incident he overheard in 1992. One of his co-workers stopped a frantic woman in a white cowgirl hat driving erratically on a Moped; this was near Flagstaff, Arizona. He hit the lights and pulled her over and found the woman near hysterics. She told him she was running away from an apparition that had the likeness of a hairy man; she claimed the beast chased her and twice pushed the back end of her Moped sideways before veering off the road and into the trees. Noting how disturbed she was, he sat with her for an indeterminate length of time and finally agreed to follow her home staying behind her until she pulled into her garage. In the course of that exchange with the woman, she told him the creature towered over her moped and that he glided along effortlessly and yes, she passed a breathalyzer test.

The fascinating part of that story to me was how fast the Sasquatch was running. I am told that Mopeds and some motor scooters generally run wide open at 30mph or less; apparently the speed is factory-set on the Mopeds. If the hairy man she talked about was keeping up with her, he must have been doing roughly 30mph and that is the only reference I've heard as to how fast the Sasquatch might be able to run. Deer have been clocked running full out at 40 miles per hour; able to jump 9-foot fences, and swim 13 miles in a given hour. The great apes on average run full out at speeds of 20-24mph on all fours but I dislike making comparisons to the great apes since the physical anatomy is different between humans and non-human primates.

Bowlegged Bigfoot chases truck...

This 2007 story involved a woman named Evelyn and her 15-year old daughter. They happened to be driving home after picking up pizza for dinner. Both women were *shocked out of their minds* when a Bigfoot covered with black hair ran across the road between Hardy and Ravenden in Sharp County, Arkansas. The creature squatted down and when the vehicle got close to the creature, it made eye contact in the car with the ladies. The creature then jumped up and either gave chase or ran alongside her truck.

"I was concerned it would jump in my truck bed, but it didn't - instead it turned, swerved off and left the road. It

was not an adult but a short Bigfoot and it was bowlegged." ¹⁰⁵

Arkansas isn't the only state to report a bow-legged Sasquatch. Eleven years earlier, a "light-colored" Sasquatch was seen crossing the Nehalem Highway, Route 202 in Clatsop County, Oregon in 1996. I tucked the report away and literally forgot about it because I didn't believe it all those years ago. Amazing how one's thinking changes over time. I have vague recollections of another bow-legged Bigfoot report from Ohio but was unable to locate the source.

County Road 60 in the Bankhead National Forest was the sighting of another bow-legged juvenile Sasquatch reported in 1996 by a maintenance man named Orville from Haleyville, Alabama. *"That feller just come out like a bar was on its tail then commences to run across the road and hurls himself over the railing and into the creek; that was that."*

Bigfoot chasing logging truck...

Prince George, B.C., Canadian Bigfoot investigator, the late Leo Selzer had a chase story that occurred only twelve miles from where Leo lived.

"Back about 15 years ago a logging truck driver was coming out of the bush with a full load of fresh-cut logs. The road was fine gravel and a bit rough so he was driving slowly; about 25-30mph something caught the driver's attention in his side-door mirror. He couldn't believe what he was looking at so he stuck his head out the open window and clearly saw a seven foot-plus tall Sasquatch running alongside his truck close to the driver's door. When their eyes met, the Sasquatch veered off the road and into the bush." (Leo Selzer, March 4, 2012)

Leo Selzer passed away suddenly on May 23, 2012; research lost a dedicated Bigfoot devotee that day; his untimely death shocked us all. Leo freely shared with everyone his personal experience tracking the Sasquatch of Prince George, British Columbia. We spent many an hour brainstorming Bigfoot behavior; I'll miss Leo and those conversations.

Chases snowmobile...

Snowmobile riders in 2001 reported Bigfoot tracks in the snow after they doubled back to the safety of *The Lodge* in Pitkin County, Colorado. The Bigfoot tracks eerily followed the snowmobile treads and then swerved off into

the big timber where snow was too deep to follow, the trail unknown. The length of the snow mobile measured 72-inches long and the distance between the barefooted tracks in the snow were just short of that measurement. The fresh tracks measured the length of a four-cup thermos bottle, which was what they used to measure it.

None of the trail riders saw what made the tracks but all of them noted that the track-maker was heavy enough to hard-pack the inside of the track imprint. All of the tracks were barefooted with 5 toes, "*...the maker of the tracks was not wearing shoes, boots or snow shoes, whatever it was, it had TOES!*"

Normally a line of Sasquatch tracks is reported to be in a straight line, not off-set left-right, left-right like our footprints would be. In this case however, the report states that the pathway or trail of the Bigfoot had off-set imprints. I thought that was atypical because there are few other reports, especially in snow of "off-set" Sasquatch tracks. It may be important in the future to remember this report for the value of the "off-set, left-right" track imprint with stride lengths just under the length of a 72" snowmobile. Much notice has been given to the frequently photographed straight line of tracks, which never made much sense to me considering the biomechanics of human mobility; and I do believe the Sasquatch is human.

Chases quad-runner

The same sort of situation occurred in Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming in 2005. Peter Williams gained a report from his brother-in-law whose wrangler/ranch foreman was out riding-repairing barbed-wire fencing on a quad-runner. Doubling back over a rise he saw a dun-colored Bigfoot chasing



after him and it was quickly gaining on him. Without a rifle the wrangler had no choice but to ride off in the opposite direction as fast as he could. according to Williams, the Bigfoot chased after the Kawasaki quad runner all the way to the river at a dead run approx. two miles) before it changed direction, fleeing into the woods on the western slope. In a follow-up, Williams said the ranch foreman no longer goes out mending fences without his rifle. (Peter Williams 2005)

I didn't have a photo of a dun colored Sasquatch of course, - as unusual as this color sounds, but I did have access to a file photo from the Bureau of Land Management of a dun-colored stallion; strange coloring for a Sasquatch; if indeed the witness was correct in his assessment.

Sasquatches, it seems, play games with our vehicles and again, we are apparently, at times a source of amusement and entertainment for them. I have moments when I wonder if this 'chase behavior' isn't more a ritual, perhaps a *rite of passage* for Sasquatches coming of age.

12-foot tall Bigfoot gives chase...

Forty-year veteran Bigfoot investigator Peter Guttilla sent me a yellowed article published in the *Post-Register*, Idaho Falls, Idaho. It reported a most unusual encounter with Bigfoot by two men from Jackson Hole, Teton County, Wyoming in 1980. Robert Goodrich and Glen Towner excitedly reported to representatives of the Jackson Hole Police Department in Jackson, Wyoming that they were chased off Snow King Mountain by a Bigfoot-like creature that was (according to the witness report) a full twelve feet tall with long dark hair and "*arms that hung to the ground.*"

The report said the two men were trying to visit a friend at his lean-to on the mountain when the encounter took place. There was concern for their friend because he had not been seen for 1½ weeks. They decided to check on him around three o'clock in the morning but when the pair of would-be rescuers got within a few yards of their friend's lean-to they met up with the 12-foot Bigfoot instead. The report stated that the creature breathed heavily and made a moaning kind of growl. They described the creature as having a "face as big as a stop sign" and said the twelve foot beast "*was hunchbacked.*"

The two men turned and ran and the Bigfoot followed in hot pursuit. The last time they saw the creature it was standing under the street light near the Ramada Snow King Inn in Jackson. Police determined neither man had been drinking. The report made no mention of the fate of the man in the lean-to. ^{105a}
(Ron Schaffner 2000 and Peter Guttilla, March 21, 2010)

Other chases: There are several more listings in the data describing a Sasquatch chasing after various things including people, cars and recreational vehicles for unknown reasons. It almost seems like the Sasquatch gets some sort of perverse pleasure out of chasing and bluff-charging or whatever behavior scares the wits out of us. In brief:

Arm Waving...

In 2009 two men hunting bull frogs were reportedly chased off a sandbar by a Sasquatch at the mouth of the Endless Brook that runs from Lake St. Catherine, Vermont. There were other witnesses to the incident watching from the shore who described the creature as "*enormous and wildly waving its arms in a circular motion... yelling like Tarzan of the Jungle.*" Hearing of the incident, the owner of a rural café went to the site and poured two castings of a left and right footprint that measured 16-inches from toe to heel. (P.R.W.) According to the café owner, the area is rich with giant bull frogs the locals enjoy eating marinated in garlic and lemon juice. It was supposed that the "big people" also enjoy eating frog legs.

Readers may be surprised to learn there is a very long history of Sasquatch sightings in Vermont. In his book "*The First Vermonters*," former University of Vermont anthropologist William Haviland remembered that the Abenaki Indians recounted stories of a *forest wanderer*; a giant humanoid creature that occasionally left footprints behind. The accounts parallel Algonquin tales of the windigo, said to be a hair-covered cannibal giant. The windigo legend of hulking, hairy man-beasts can be found throughout the New England States among all Algonquian-speaking people. According to one early-day Native American description of the windigo, it is a giant thing, swift ... and covered with hair; it has eyes like "*two pools of wild fury.*" They say his smell is like rotting meat. This description is similar to reports today except not all Bigfoot carry an odor.

Slapping his sides, a Sasquatch chases a coyote...

A description was sent to me recounting a coyote being chased out of an elm tree woodland area. He never spoke to anyone about his 1980's incident until 1996. While counting trees killed by Dutch elm disease, the former inspector for the Ag Department reportedly observed "*a Bigfoot slapping his sides as he galloped after a coyote.*" The inspector said the hair on his head was wild looking, was dark brown, curly and that there was an unmistakable stench in the air that caused his nose to run. "*If it was not a Bigfoot, if my eyes deceive me, then it was a tall wild man loose in the woods of a USA National Forest Reserve wearing a bear's skin coat on a day when the temperature outside was 96 degrees. Of the coyote, I am sure; it was not a fox, a wolf or a domestic canine.*"

(Charles A.R. 2002)

Chasing two Rottweilers...

One more version like that account was of a light-brown 8 to 10-foot tall Sasquatch chasing a family's two yelping Rottweilers across the Quinault River in Washington State – in 1993. The event, casually told to me in 1998 by the late

ISC Secretariat J. Richard Greenwell, named the three observers Rich interviewed who argued over the height estimate which ranged from 8-feet to 10-feet tall. He said the men were so ensconced in arguing over the height of the Sasquatch that only one of the three noticed other details such as its color or whether it was male or female. Rich grumbled in character, "...*the damn thing could have been deep purple or green with stripes and they didn't notice!*" (Richard Greenwell)

Chasing a rabbit...

A West Virginia fish hatchery management worker described watching a bellowing Bigfoot "*hauling butt*" after something running in deep grass that he couldn't make out but thought it might have been a rabbit. Apparently, the Bigfoot was chasing whatever it was with flying leaps out into the field, each time falling down but regaining itself to continue the pursuit which lasted maybe 2 minutes before the worker went back in the building. The Bigfoot was black haired, built well but thin-looking and about 6-feet tall. ¹⁰⁶ (D. M 1996)

Jackson and Tulane Porter knew of several sightings; this one also involving a rabbit. A fellow told them there was a family of hairy giants seen crossing Stud Mill Road, north of Lower Sabao Lake in northern Maine. What made that behavior memorable was the hair giant was carrying a horseshoe hare by the ears that was alive, kicking and squealing.¹⁰⁷

Eating rabbit...

East Coast Bigfoot author Bill Brann posted an interesting article published in the *Capital Journal* in Salem, Oregon, which said in part that Utah Wildlife Division Officials were investigating a sighting by multiple witnesses. Eight north Ogden residents reported seeing a ten foot tall creature covered with a mantle of white hair while they were hiking a ridge at the head of the Weber Drainage between Pass Lake and Cuberant Basin. Witness Jay Barker told the Utah Conservation the group looked down and observed the creature standing at the edge of a small alpine lake. It walked off after a youngster in the group knocked a bunch of rocks loose. The hikers found a dead rabbit near where the creature was seen; it appeared to be skinned and partially eaten. ¹⁰⁸

For all the confusion, disbelief and opinions floating around, there are still great reports of encounters with the Sasquatch that echo the same description west coast through mid-America to the eastern seaboard...it appears there are no differences in descriptions; no subspecies. If we accept that the Sasquatch is a fully modern human with a few genetic differences that cause the physical differences then I think a sub-species can be eliminated.

Hudson Falls, New York archaeologist Dr. William "Bill" Brann, founder and

director of Northern Sasquatch Research Society¹⁰⁹ is an investigator, researcher and co-author of the 1992 book, *Monsters of the Northwoods* along with Paul Bartholomew, Robert Bartholomew and Bruce Hallenbeck. The book is one of two books that speak solely to the issue of Bigfoot in eastern USA. Brann filed a report with Bigfootencounters March 17, 2000 regarding the creature alleged to have crossed a road in front of a fire engine in Chemung County, New York. This eastern Sasquatch was described much like the western archetype except this one in Brann's report was much thinner – a portion of Dr. Brann's report read this way:

"The man who put it out over the web was also the driver of the car that almost hit the creature. He is 29-year-old Joe Sabin. He and his brother encountered what they described as being a 7-foot 350 lb Bigfoot. It was 9:00 p.m., the creature moved from the left of the road directly in front of a fire truck. It was stooped at the shoulders, with arms swinging at its side, dark in color. The entire sighting took exactly 3 or 4 seconds. The approximate speed of the fire truck was 60 mph so they nearly collided with the Sasquatch. At this point, he states, *"I felt that I'd seen something I shouldn't have."* He and his brother said almost simultaneously, *"It's a Bigfoot! It didn't look anything like the one in the Patterson film. It was much leaner, resembling a basketball player in a fur suit. I first thought it came out of the corn field by the side of the road,"* he said. The next day he went back and found broken branches where it came up out of the swamp, which also borders this particular stretch of highway. *"I feel"* he continued, *"that the siren on the fire truck probably spooked it."*¹¹⁰ (Wm. Brann)

For easterners hungry for listings on the right coast and the contiguous states, the book with the greatest number of listings would be Rick Berry's 1993 five-star rated, *"Bigfoot on the East Coast."* There is a staggering amount of information in these two books with descriptions galore – I waited ten years to obtain my copy of Rick Berry's book and with the help of Roger Knights located a single copy; I cannot believe what I paid for that book; I dare say neither could Knights! Bigfoot enthusiasts new to research make a common mistake in that they rely on Internet website reading when the best information is hidden deep in some of the books written BEFORE the internet ever came to fruition. That's truly where the good stories are listed.

Chasing salmon up the Nisqually River...

Also from Washington State in 2001, a Nisqually gentleman, Charlie One-eye

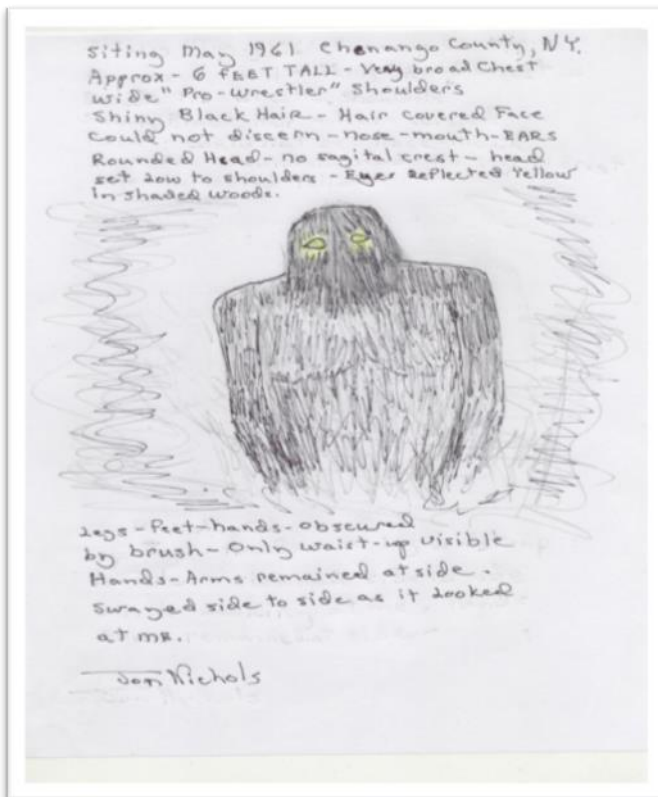
(nicknamed that way after he lost his right eye in a dart game with drunks) described a tribe of Sasquatch chasing salmon up the Nisqually River;

*"...they fish with their hands and take only what they can eat in a day. You see them if you don't look away, they are quick! It is not a good sign to see one Steta'l by himself; it is a good sign to see a family of the Steta'l; they are the hidden ones who guard the river salmon."*¹¹¹ (Charlie One-eye, 2001)

Hair covering Bigfoot's face...

In this example below, the Sasquatch is described with hair covering its face; this is a common description. There are cases that describe hair draped over the forehead and hair draped over or hanging in the face reported in Texas, Missouri and Tennessee and also in the Pacific Northwest. Here is another example, this one out of New York:

Chenango County south of Bainbridge, New York...



"My Bigfoot sighting occurred on our dairy farm in Chenango County, South of Bainbridge, New York in May 1961; I was 14 years old. The sighting was around 1 pm in the afternoon in our farm hillside woodlot which was made up of primarily Oak, Maple, Cherry, and Beech trees. At the time, I was active in boy scouts, and having my own camp site was a priority. I located my campsite next to a small spring. Now to a 14 year old boy, this meant all the comforts of home in a camp site; plenty of wood for campfires, plenty of water and plenty of protection

against the elements in this section of woods. I was making my way to the camp-site, when I heard a rustling noise at the spring. I thought it might be a deer coming in for a drink, so I moved as quietly as I could in the underbrush. Instead of a deer, about fifty to hundred feet from me, up rose this coal black form, looking directly at me. At first I couldn't figure out what I was looking at. My brain just couldn't sort it out. It wasn't a bear. In the shade of the trees, its eye reflected a brilliant yellow, and its coat was shiny black.... Very broad shoulders, no neck to speak of and its head was rounded like a human's. What bothered me was I could not discern a face. It seemed covered in hair. The eyes seemed to be peeking out of hair that fell over its face. Its arms were at its side, and I could not see below its torso, as brush covered its lower half, so I could not see its hands, or feet. It had a very broad trunk; its estimated height was around 6 feet. It just stood there swaying side to side looking at me, as if to say, "What I am looking at?" just as I was. It never made any sound. ¹¹² (Jon Nichols)

Sasquatch runs alongside vehicle

Oregon City veteran Sasquatch investigator Cliff Olson was able to recall for this effort a story about a Sasquatch giving chase. He wrote:

"...it might have been from Ray Crowe's "Track Record," but the story goes that this older gal was driving south of La Pine, Oregon on Hwy 97 headed for Chiloquin when this Sasquatch ran up alongside her vehicle on the shoulder side of the road and was able to somewhat bend over while running and looked into the window at her. The creature scared the bejeezus out of her. She sped the car up and the Sasquatch veered off; seems that there were other cars on the road at the time too."

(Cliff Olson, Oregon City, Oregon)

The *Track Record* was a monthly newsletter Ray Crowe published in Hillsboro, Oregon often referring to the newsletter as the TR. *Track Record* Issue #1 was published in July 1991 and the final issue #144 was published in December of 2004. Joe Beelart told me The *Track Record* was sold April 30, 2008. Crowe always reminded people to put on their "skepticals" when they read his newsletter. I took his warning to heart and put aside many a case simply because at the time I didn't believe them. When I asked Ray about some of the questionable reports he published, Ray told me, "...great entertainment, Bobbie." I knew in that moment that Ray had never seen a Sasquatch – "entertainment," for me, was the last adjective I would have used to describe a Bigfoot sighting.

To Ray's credit, he worked tirelessly with wife Theata (famous for her yeti spaghetti) until her passing to keep bigfoot research solvent in years when

interest was low. Ray was the muscle behind many of the west coast conferences in summertime, every year beginning with *Bigfoot Daze*, an outdoor gathering for Bigfooters generally held in Carson Washington for five consecutive years, then in Hillsboro, Oregon for another 3 years (*IBS), and finally four years' worth of conference meetings in Sweet Home, Oregon where Vice President Patty Reinhold took over reserving the park. All of Ray's events were successful including once-a-month dinner meetings that included speakers and lively discussions at "Dad's" in Portland and then "Home Plate." Regulars included Trapper Steve, Woody Woodruff, Dr.'s Ruth McFarland and Lloyd Sipes, Joe Beelart, Henry Franzoni, Dr. W. Henner Fahrenbach, Rainy Knight, Cliff Olson, Peter Byrne, John Cordell, Todd Neiss, Sally Newberry, Patty and Bob Reinhold, Dar Addington, Datus Perry, Fred Bradshaw, Bill Harper, Rob Butler, Dave Mann plus others whose names I've probably forgotten; so many are gone now. The first meeting was in July 1991, Guest speaker was Datus Perry. The first outdoor conference in Carson Washington was in September 19, 1992. Rip Lytle talked about Gilgamesh and Beowulf. The meeting included a trip over to the Ape Cave site; Mt. St. Helens, Washington, August 1991.

The overwhelming opinion in the decades of the 1980's and 1990's was that the Sasquatch was just an ape and shooting them was permissible. Canadian newspaperman John Green in Harrison Hot Springs, British Columbia was the cause of that heavy influence – but he was wrong. Those that were in Green's camp were also wrong. Why? Because the Sasquatch could not be an ape and still be able to produce viable offspring with Native American women. Humans can only reproduce a viable offspring with other humans. There is no hybrid human/ape cross. The Sasquatch must be human to a major extent for the early stories of live births between the Sasquatch and Indian maidens to be true. I puzzled over the majority of the Ph.D's interacting with this research and others who swore Bigfoot was real and that they were apes that evolved to walk upright. No ape has evolved to walk upright. No ape/human cross exists. The genetic makeup of each would need dramatic changes for that to occur. So I puzzled over the insistence of anthropologists and anatomy professors who (conference after conference) postulated that hypothesis.

Humans cannot reproduce anything with an animal; apes in particular. Green of course, went about demeaning Government teacher John W. Burns and his work for suggesting there was any truth to the Chehalis stories of captive Indian women giving birth. Again, Green was wrong. According to the work of Dr. Ed Fusch, Ph.D., (beyond the work of J.W. Burns) there are still living descendants of Sasquatch and Indian couplings alive on the Colville Indian Reservation today. It wouldn't surprise me to find Sasquatch DNA on other reservations, in particular the Chehalis Reserves.

But I digress. Back to the Oregon Sasquatch types, I was recently reminded that "Cape Apes" is a 200-year old Oregon coastline idiom for a sasquatch-like life form who, it was said, frequented the beaches of Coos Bay, Oregon at low tide to harvest rich beds of oysters, clams, mussels and other shellfish during certain times of the year, both at dawn and sunset. The term *Cape apes* was early white man slang.

The Mishikhwutmetunne/Coquille, Umpqua and Siuslaw Indians watched from the dunes and learned from the haired ones where the largest clam fields were located. Other tribes often joined in the seasonal dig. The hair-covered giants were seen digging without a care and then observed crushing shellfish between the palms of their hands, picking out the shells then eating the meat. Some *cape apes* would break open the shells with their teeth, but most opened shellfish with a quick slice from their thumbnail.¹¹³

I have these brief chase listings: A white Sasquatch ran after a departing Volkswagen Bug following it up a dirt road in Texas at roughly 30mph; that was Arizona Bigfoot enthusiast Randall Chapman's father; a story he told on discussion lists back in late 1996. Ken Joholske cited an incident where an off-white Sasquatch that chased a group of kids off a bike path not far from Jamestown, New York. Joholske reported that during his own frightening encounter, "*...there was no smell associated with his sighting and no vocalization only heavy breathing and what sounded like a low guttural growl and some form of what sounded to me to be lip smacking.*"¹¹⁴ As time goes on, I've come to realize that low tones that sound like growling as well as heavy breathing and this lip smacking behavior is apparently a common notation by witnesses. Bears also smack their lips and make mouth popping, tooth-clacking noises. In apparent contrast to the Sasquatch however, bears will eventually wander into camp or make themselves known. Sasquatches prefer to stay covert. I don't know which I'd rather meet up with -- maybe take a chance on the Sasquatch since bears are so unpredictably vicious, especially sows with cubs.

Attacking cars...

In an article published in *The Minneapolis Star-Tribune* in 2002, long time researcher Mike Quast, a resident of Moorhead, Minnesota is quoted as saying,

"I think one of the main reasons why science doesn't take this animal seriously is because we have labeled it a monster, and nobody is supposed to believe in monsters," he said. "If it had just been thought of as a new species of wildlife, there would have been scientists out there looking for it."

Mike told a great story, it was one of the first he would chronicle. It was about a car being attacked by a Sasquatch. Captivated by the behavior of the Sasquatch, I made note of the reported conduct in an old computer; then in 2010, I found the reference again to this unusual behavior.

Ever the investigator, Quast tracked down a mechanic who told his brother-in-law that he and his brother and his brother's girlfriend were driving around in a wooded area near Vergas, Minnesota. Suddenly a hair-covered creature leapt out at them as they went by. When they turned the car around to get another look at it, it attacked their car. They later found a large dent in the trunk lid; the description was typical; weight approximately 300 pounds, standing 7 or 8 feet tall.¹¹⁵

I wondered how anyone would explain a dent that size to their insurance adjustor. "*An angry Sasquatch chased my vehicle and with his fist, dented the trunk of my car.*" Right! What insurance adjustor in their right mind would believe that story?

Chasing and attacking...

A swarm of devil creatures chase man: The *Harry Colp Story* as told by his daughter Virginia is fairly well known and being attacked by hairy giants is worrisome. Here is just the pertinent excerpt:

"Looking over the top of this tree from where I stood, I could see out on Frederick Sound, Cape of the Straight Light, the point of Vanderput Spit (Point Vanderput); and turning a little to the left, I could see Sukhoi Island (Kodiak) from the mouth of Wrangell Narrows. Satisfied with that, I turned half round to get a back sight on some mountain peaks, and lying below me on the other side of the ridge from the ledge was the half-moon lake the Indian had told me about.

"Right there, fellows, I got the scare of my life. I hope to God I never see or go through the likes of it again. Swarming up the ridge toward me from the lake were the most hideous creatures. I couldn't call them anything but devils, as they were neither men nor monkeys-yet looked like both. They were entirely sexless, their bodies covered with long coarse hair, except where the scabs and running sores had replaced it. Each one seemed to be reaching out for me and striving to be the first to get me. The air was full of their cries and the stench from their sores and bodies made me faint. "I forgot my broken gun and tried to use it on the first ones, and then I threw it at them and turned and ran. God, how I did run! I could feel their hot breath on my back. Their long claw-like fingers scraped my back. The smell from

their steaming, stinking bodies was making me sick; while the noises they made, yelling, screaming and breathing, drove me mad. Reason left me. How I reached the canoe or how I hung on to that piece of quartz is a mystery to me. "When I came to, it was night; and I was lying in the bottom of my canoe, drifting between Thomas Bay and Sukhoi Island, cold, hungry and crazy for a drink of water. But only to satisfy the latter urge, I started for Wrangell and here I am. You no doubt think I am either crazy or lying. All I can say is there is the quartz. Never let me hear the name of Thomas Bay again and for God's sake help me get away tomorrow on that boat!" So passed Charlie from our lives. We put his story down as a fantasy caused by loneliness and morbid thought." ¹¹⁶ (Harry D. Colp via his daughter, Virginia)

The Colp story is more an account of Sasquatch 'attack' rather than a chase story. For me the realism of it came when I read his words: "...*stench from their sores and bodies made me faint;*" that brought it home! It would take a special kind of field man to soldier through an ordeal like Harry Colp endured. Of interest Thomas Bay, Alaska gained the name *Devil's Country* when in 1900 people claimed to have seen *devil creatures* in the area. The locals refer to it as the *Kushtaka*, a shape-shifting creature of Tlingit legend that can take the form of either man or otter.

There have been older reports of lives lost in untamed regions of Alaska. I remember I was sent an old September 1930's issue of *Sports Afield Magazine*, which ran a blurb about a hairy giant the Nelchina Aborigines called *Gilyuk*. In the article it said the cannibal giant killed one of the Indians and it left a sapling tree twisted to shreds as a sign of what he had done.

Thirteen years later John McQuire, known as *The Flying Dutchman*, was in deWilde's camp some eighteen miles down the Yukon from Ruby, Alaska when he was attacked by a Sasquatch. McQuire fought back but later died of internal injuries. Bob Betts acquired the story first and then sent it to John Green. Many of these are very old stories, but what it tells those of us in general research is that the stories continue with no regard for time or calendar.

In 1920 Albert Petka died after fighting with an Alaskan Bushman that openly attacked him on the boat where he was living near Nulato, Yukon-Koyukuk Borough, Alaska. Petka's dogs drove the bushman off but Petka died later from his injuries.¹¹⁷

One of the Tanana elders reported 19-inch tracks crossing Berry Picking Trail in Northwest Nulato, Alaska in 1996. Stride length was reportedly five foot lengths between the impressions in deep snow. Snow melt may account for

some discrepancies in track length measurements. Attempts to get a bush pilot to follow the tracks failed but the informant was sure it was the sign of the dreaded *Bushman* or one of the *Black Giants*.

In 1996, George Yellowhand was fishing the Yukon with his brother when two male Bushmen began throwing rocks from the banks. Startled if not completely astonished, the two brothers watched the two black, hair-covered giants wade into the river up to their waists, gathering rocks as they waded towards the brothers sitting in their john boat. The rocks gained in accuracy and the men finally realized their situation and left the area. Yellowhand wrote that before they noticed the two Bushmen, they heard loud whistling but didn't know what it was, probably some strange birds but when the whistling stopped, the rocks begin flying. They have not been back since; Yellowhand had no wish to talk about it further, so upsetting was the subject.

It seems most of the brutal attacks occurred in years passed. We don't hear much about deliberate attacks anymore. Are these attacks happening and just being covered up? Perhaps written off or blamed on bears?

The Fred Beck attack story in 1924, I believe was in retaliation for the shooting a Sasquatch family member earlier in the day. Be mindful of what you might be in for if you shoot one. *The Anchorage Daily News* reported a teacher and his wife at English Bay stated a hunter from Portlock failed to return home. In 1949, 63 years ago, giant manlike tracks 18-inches long were found closing in on a moose kill; tracks were found indicating signs of a struggle. The 18-inch manlike tracks headed up into the higher mountains. Residents were afraid to talk about the incident there in English Bay and eventually the village was abandoned; so great was their fear.¹¹⁸

The journalist for *Sports Afield Magazine* reported *Gilyuk the cannibal giant* killed one of the Indians in Nelchina Plateau, Alaska in 1930. According to Rene Dahinden, the article said the sign Gilyuk left behind were sapling trees twisted to shreds; one end twisted left, the other end twisted right. One could postulate that the thick trees twisted into shreds may simply be a show of strength; or it could be a warning to come meaning "*notice what I can do to this tree limb, I am able to do to you too.*" A horrifying thought!

Notice also that the mention of tree twists is not a product of this new internet generation; apparently it goes back to the 1930's and maybe further. Little is understood about the branch-twisting or the snapping off of the tops of trees. Some of them might be way markers or perhaps a release of frustrations or a message meaning, "*see what I can do?*" Blaming the broken top of a tree on weather conditions doesn't always work, especially when only one or two trees

among many trees were tipped, the others untouched. Some of the First Nation people call the broken top trees, "*a sign of the black giants.*"

To the Dena'ina people of the Chickaloon region, *gilyuk* was not a legendary creature. Their father's grandfathers told them he was a reality and they spoke of the Gilyuk people with all the same realities as the bear and wolf. *Gilyuk*, they said, was a shaggy haired giant who wore a little hat and ate men, women and children – so goes their folklore. And according to the Athabascans, "*Gilyuk doesn't molest white men...*" ¹¹⁹

The journalist for the *Sports Afield* article was Russell Annabel; he stated it this way:

"The Gilyuks are a remote tribe of native people of Siberian ancestry who claim that there are animals inhabiting the frozen forests of Siberia that have human feelings and travel in family units." ¹²⁰

However, in 2005 Ken Howell of Quemado, New Mexico wrote,

"Russell Annabel, a neighbor when I lived in Alaska was a facile, skillful writer of pure fiction. His adventures were creations of a fertile imagination fed by others' experiences."

I like to think of one's imagination as his intelligence having a bit of fun. At any rate, perhaps Mr. Howell was a skeptic when it comes to stories of the haired primitives – because I find it hard to understand how Russell Annabel could fabricate a truth as regards tree twists in the 1930's; eighty years later we are still finding twisted tree limbs and tree trunks! Was Annabel a liar? I think not.

The Alaskan Dena'ina, also the Tanaina are people whose traditions are not unique to them alone; many First Nation and Native Americans have similar stories of kidnappings, killings, and wars that broke out between them and the haired ancients. They are not difficult to believe – so I am hard-pressed to think the Gilyuk stories untrue. The Right Honorable Sir *Winston* Churchill, Great Britain's Prime Minister in the early 1940's said of Arthurian legends "*They are all true, and if they are not, they ought to be.*" From time to time I think that applicable to what we hear about the Sasquatch...or not, as you will.

Sasquatch and bears

Rene also reminded me that Roger Patterson had an interesting story about a group of Indians that came upon a small box canyon in British Columbia. The Indians were horrified to see a huge hairy giant going at it full battle with a great brown bear in what Roger later wrote was an *ear-shattering battle*. On page 118 of Patterson's 1966 "*Abominable Snowman*" book, he is quoted as saying, "*it was a long hard fight, but the giant finally strangled the bear to death.*" For someone who hadn't seen a Bigfoot in 1966; Patterson was able to sketch a fair likeness of both on page 119 and 120.¹²¹

It was hard for me to imagine how the Bigfoot escaped the lethal swipe of the great brown bear's four-inch long talons and that the skirmish lasted as long as it did is amazing considering the strength of each of the participants. Of interest, author of *Bear Tales for the Ages*, Larry Kaniut cited a story where a brown bear and bull-moose fought to the death; it lasted 8 hours and the moose won.²¹⁰

I recall the *chase behavior* being reported back in the day by Dahinden that occurred south of Golden in British Columbia in 1967; Rene exclaimed, "*...they said the damn thing chased some loggers out of the bush and sent them running for their lives.*"

There is little doubt that the Sasquatch is capable of catching that which it chases. Why they chase at all makes me think it's a bit of fun for them; some kind of perverse thrill they get watching us flee in terror. How entertaining can we be? Others have suggested that the high numbers of chase incidents reported might indicate that chasing humans in cars, in the field or on bikes is a "*rite of passage*" of some sort since the chaser is usually a male. Whatever reason is behind an all-out chase, it has the same terrifying effect on the person being chased.

Heavy Breathing

Hearing heavy breathing is a common thread among witnesses before a sighting occurs. Andy Robson also heard heavy breathing and foot-falls before he sighted the Sasquatch in October of 2010 in Linn County, Sweet Home, Oregon...Andy later found footprints. His grandfather also had a sighting in Bella Coola while camping with a friend. Both sightings were brief.

The Duke Whitmore family was awakened by heavy breathing and foot falls outside their tent while camping in the White Mountains of New Hampshire; in the Wildwood Campground/picnic area. They were approximately nine miles from the town of Woodstock. They went back to sleep thinking it was just another camper walking by. The next morning, Mr. Whitmore's son, Teddy

discovered 18-inch bare footprints that circled their tent. This behavior is often reported; it tends to be a non-threatening/curious kind of Sasquatch behavior.

Sasquatch coughing, pounding on the trunk of a car

Wildlife educator Larry Battson related a story in 2007 that he acquired while working in Parke County, Fallen Rock Indiana. Battson's informants described a Sasquatch with a raspy cough. Fleeing for the safety of their vehicle, they observed an 8-foot tall, brownish black creature standing upright. The nervous young man behind the wheel flooded the car, by constantly pushing on the accelerator causing it not to start. By this time the creature was behind the vehicle as the car finally turned over, backfiring at the same time. Startled, the

Sasquatch pounded the trunk with one huge blow with both fists. The car sped away fish-tailing and spraying gravel on the Sasquatch. They drove straight to the Sheriff's Office where law enforcement did not believe their story and accused them of beating the trunk of the car with a sledge-hammer. Now there is a behavior we don't hear about very often.¹²² (L. Battson)

Rock throwing with aggression

In 2007, a Mr. C. Hamilton recorded this stone-rock throwing-chase report that occurred near Cable Air Field, Upland, San Bernardino County, in Southern California.

I was leaving Cable Air Field late on a Monday night when my Ranch Wagon crapped out down around Foothill, in Upland. I was supposed to be joining a group from my Law Office over at the *Sage Hen Cafe*, so I started hoofing it and finally stopped in at the Upper Crust to use the telephone and to leave a message for my friends. Leaving the Upper Crust and walking west on the north side of Foothill, I walked up into the scrub to take a leak - and that is when I saw him. He had to be about 9-feet tall with 3-feet across the shoulders - and it was definitely a male. I think I startled him from what appeared to be the construction of a crude lean-to, or ply-board shack or something when he - that's when he saw me. He let go with a horrible scream. I froze at first, and then I turned tail and started trying to get back down to Foothill. The creature threw a huge stone - big as a bowling ball - and started coming after me. I made it out to Foothill about 15 yards ahead of him and tore back towards the *Upper Crust* - never once looking back. I was so damn scared I tripped over a curb in

the parking lot of the *Upper Crust* and hit my head pretty bad. I think I was out for a while - and lucky that thing did not keep chasing after me. When old man Miller left the restaurant for the night he found me conked out. I talked with a fella from the *Daily Report* the next day down at Alphie's Coffee Shop, but he never did anything with the information. ¹²³ (C. Hamilton)

Singing, screaming, wailing...

There must be several hundred reports of deep guttural screams and soulful wailing reports, almost too many to begin to list them all. Few reports mention

seeing the individual in the process of doing the scream yet the screaming and the wailing described is usually *nothing like it heard before*. Some describe the screaming as the "*deep chest rattling type or the kind that will easily put the fear of God in a grown man.*"

Screams are generally described as deeply guttural, reverberating, and in some reports, trailing off into a prolonged wail or howl. Many witnesses to the screaming of a Sasquatch write to say that if the scream occurs in close proximity; it is beyond deafening. It is so earsplitting that it causes unbelievable surge of adrenaline and complete terror.

I picked this one - a gentleman's report named "Bob" from Monroe-Shelton Line, Connecticut because he described the intensity of the 2002 screaming quite well.

"I would walk outside late at night to enjoy the peace and quiet. Many nights I would hear a strange screaming sound far off in the distance. It was so far away I could just barely hear it. One night just after dark I walked out the front door and suddenly there was that same scream but this time it was very close and very loud. I backed up through the door and locked it! I was left with the impression that it wanted to be left alone so I did; I never really saw anything because it was too dark. To this day I regret not getting at least a look, I also don't think a locked door would have been a problem at all, from the way the scream sounded and the last thing I would have wanted is to have it upset with me, it sounded huge and bad tempered!! But the sound I will never forget, I have not heard it since." ¹²⁴

Cody Richards definition of a deep guttural, long lasting scream he and his brother heard in the Kings Canyon, Jackson County, Colorado the summer of 2002 was so chest rattling he was sure it would "*level the entire mountain.*"

"The electrical shock that went through my body was paralyzing, it was THAT close and THAT loud. I grabbed my jewels Dude and hung on frozen!! Now in the telling of it, I can only imagine the size that thing must have been. No bear, no cougar screams last that long, that deep or that loud. My brother and I haven't been camping since."

But Elizabeth Wazniak-Clarke remains traumatized to this day some 6-years after she was screamed at by an unseen force. The screaming session she described happened while she was walking home, taking the usual shortcut through the woods after the school bus let her off at the main cattle gates to their Wisconsin farm.

"It was ghastly, deep and it hurt my chest. It lasted nearly as long as it took me to run home; I am still unable to get near the woods to my parents place without my husband. The nightmares from the experience have been brutal, my parents have seen the Bigfoot before but I never want to see it, ever! My parents have also heard them singing but the singing was soft and in the distance coming from higher up in the mountains; there are no campgrounds up there either."

Anthropologist, Dr. Connie Cameron also mentioned reading reports that mentioned Sasquatch's singing. I smile when I think of Connie; she published the *Bigfoot Co-Op Newsletter* and contributed to this research for twenty-five long years with some outstanding reports that included a wide range of reported behaviors. Everyone looked forward to reading Connie's newsletters; she published originally in 1980 and continued without interruption until 2005 when she retired. Connie, as we called her, was one of the most knowledgeable women in research and one of the sweetest, most unpretentious people I've had the pleasure of corresponding with during her time with the *Bigfoot CO-OP newsletter*. She is still around in semi-retirement from the Bigfoot world and is deserving of the title of "First Lady of Sasquatchery," a title that would probably make her laugh. But I'll say from experience – producing a newsletter for 25-years is no easy task.

The idea for *The Bigfoot Co-Op Newsletter* was originally the joint brain child of Connie and longtime field researcher and friend Peter Guttilla. It was a hand-typed newsletter much of it before computers, devoted wholly to what's new in the world of Bigfoot, yeti, the Almasty. Contributors were many of the notables of the day. She had regular contributors like Dmitri Bayanov, Roger Knights, the late Lou Farish, Ray Crowe, Vance Orchard, Randy Stradley, Bill Dranginis,

and Jon Erik Beckjord. *The Bigfoot Co-Op Newsletter* was well received and I don't know anyone who didn't look forward to receiving it.

The quarterly *Bigfoot Co-Op newsletter* was pulled together with the help of Connie's organizer-friends, Peter "Sly Fox" Guttilla, Tom "Green Beret" Muzila, Rich "Lock-n-Load" Grumley, Dennis "Hot Wheels" Ruminer and later George "Old Spice" Turner who, according to Guttilla, carried the torch for Connie for years. The group met for regular meetings at Connie's house in Whittier, California where occasional attendees included Bay area researcher Warren Thompson, Pat Macey and Doug Trapp and various other Bigfoot devotees whose names have faded from memory. Tip 'o the hat to Dr. Connie Cameron; well done. I value the things I learned from her.¹²⁵

New Hampshire screamer...

Nicholas Flood saw a brief glimpse of a Bigfoot and heard noises off and on coming from a window that was occasionally pounded on; the window was six feet off the ground. The area is in Moultonboro, New Hampshire not far from Lake Winnepesaukee. Additionally, his family heard on-going screaming and commented that the screams sounded like a woman being mutilated. Together they reasoned it was a Fischer cat (a weasel-like creature known to scream like a woman in distress; mountain lions also scream when in heat...even those screams can be a bit disconcerting). Flood described the screams as "terrible" and occurred 40-50 times coming from a nearby swampy field on the edge of miles of wilderness. There was nothing in the area but this farm house and an abandoned farm house next to it. Family members heard the screams and at the time Flood did not know screams and screaming were associated with Sasquatch behavior but he said nobody should have been in those fields in the pitch dark in the middle of the night except a Sasquatch.¹²⁶

More Screaming...

T.J. Camp was honest to state his complete fear at hearing the roaring scream from what could only be regarded as something huge! His abbreviated account went like this:

"While on a bicycling touring trip from Portland, Oregon south to Santa Barbara California the summer of 1980, I heard a sasquatch. We arrived at Fort Ross Historical Park just north of Jenner, California in Sonoma County mid July. It was marked as a campsite on our map but had no campsites. We camped under some Monterey pines next to a picnic bench; ate dinner & went to bed at around 9:00 p.m. Around

1:00 a.m., came a scream no farther away than 20-feet to the left of the tent; it was a blood curdling scream with various sounds in succession that lasted at least 9 full seconds. It frightened me to my bone marrow. I froze in fear knowing that whatever made the sound was huge. It was so close I could hear the tremor in its throat. Since I'm a musician I realize how much force it takes to make a sound that loud. I've also been camping all my life, & have heard various animals but this was different. I started to reach for a flashlight and my girlfriend's hand grabbed my wrist with a vice-like pressure so I didn't move. We remained frozen listening to every little noise for an hour. I remained on guard with my hands hovering around the tent pole to use as a weapon, thinking that at any moment it would stick its fanged head into our tent. At around 2:30am I heard another scream down by the fort in the lower parking area." ¹²⁷

Chilling Scream, woman-like...

And there was this account of a terrorizing scream reported by a police officer in Sumter County, South Carolina:

About 20 years ago, I was deer hunting in Lee Swamp, near the Sumter County Airport with my cousin Steve. This whole county is rich in lore of giant manlike creatures that roam the swamp and forests at night. The forest here connects with the same swamp my father had his Bigfoot encounter in years earlier. Steve and I were hunting from ground blinds near a small irrigation pond when we began to hear *an inhuman wailing* coming from the deeper swamps, across the pond from us. I have hunted swamps all my life and heard wildcats and other big predator cats scream both night and day, but *I have never before or since heard a sound like this one. It was a chilling scream, almost woman-like*, but not the same as a big cat makes. It was a much higher pitch; it was broad daylight. I was armed with a Winchester 30.06 bolt action and Steve had a 12 gauge with slugs. We took up our positions across a trail from each other, with him watching one side of the pond, and I the other, we could see each other. The sounds gradually got closer and closer. Not a word was exchanged. I looked at Steve, he looked at me and we both forgot about hunting that day. In fact, I have not hunted that particular swamp since. Whatever we heard, *it was not human*, nor was it any type of animal that I am familiar with. In retrospect, after having watched numerous nature shows throughout my life, I would say that I recall the sound as being similar to the sounds made by Howler monkeys. There have been no recent stories circulating here and I haven't hunted these areas now in years.¹²⁸

Outraged Screamer

I began corresponding Bigfoot stuff with Keith Foster back in mid-1990. For a brief time, Keith was associated with the BFRO and the only person at the time in research covering Kansas and Colorado and neighboring states. An avid bow hunter, Keith chronicled many stories. Among them was this one:

Veteran bow hunter Terry Coon of Nampa, Idaho wrote an article titled *It Had to Be Big*, which details an experience he had while bow-hunting elk in Oregon in 1991. Coon described how he began bugling on his elk bugle in hopes of luring a bull elk, but the answering call was not an elk but rather "the loudest and longest scream that I have ever heard." The screaming thing kept screaming then began to loudly approach Mr. Coon and his wife with a steady walking sound. Coon wrote "*The scream that erupted would make the hair on your entire body stand straight out. Whatever it was, - was clearly outraged by my bugle.*" He also wrote, "*...in all my years in the mountains, I have never heard such a sound.*" The couple hastily departed the area in fear after the outraged screamer loudly circled around them just off trail in the underbrush to within 50 or 60 yards.¹²⁹

(Keith Foster, January 17, 2003)

Foster was deeply interested in the search for Bigfoot in the early days of the Internet. One of the most interesting men in research, he also filed this account with the discussion lists in the 1990's:

Chris Mortenson of Avon, Utah had an experience while hunting elk near the Utah-Idaho border. Mortenson describes a long series of incredibly loud animal sounds he heard, "*...a very loud, low-pitched sound that I had never heard before - like a cross between a shout and a growl*" with each blast of noise "*lasting maybe one or two seconds.*" He could hear the animal as it approached him, screaming and popping brush and limbs. Mortenson wrote in an article titled, *Keeping an Open Mind* "*The most eerie thing about the noise was the sheer volume! What I heard that October day was not an elk, moose, cougar, bear, wolf, coyote or anything else I have ever heard in the wild.*"¹³⁰

The term *Boji* originated in South Central Colorado, Saguache County, near

Crestone: 1900 - 1920s. At the turn of the century, miners at the newly opened Independence Mine, seven miles south of Crestone, reported finding giant man-like tracks near the mine entrance. A lifelong resident of the Crestone area, a local hunter and tracker who still lives in the area, said that his grandfather told him of personally seeing a giant hairy man-beast in the late 1920's. Many locals saw the creature during that time period and they had given the elusive creature the name of "Boji". (Keith Foster)

The Winema Screamer...

My partner and I were fly-fishing trout at Crooked Creek in the Wood River Range, Oregon; it is all wetlands, reeds and willows. The BLM (Bureau of Land Management) seemed to be everywhere; we didn't know why. One fellow stopped by, we guessed to see what we were catching and to chat then they moved on. We ate lunch there, stretched out near the Jeep to snooze but were awakened by a noise. It was still, no bird noises, nothing. Neither of us saw anything, but I personally didn't look. After sorting through some flies, we set out fishing. All of a sudden this horrific scream interrupted the quiet. My partner thought it a big bobcat. Not really concerned at that point, I waded out into the creek and made a couple of casts. I noticed a black patch we took for lava rocks on the opposite bank upstream, it was noticeable because black flies swarmed thick over it. We continued to fish. As we were packing up to leave around 5:30-6:00 p.m. the scream came again from the area of the black lava rocks. Looking that way I said to John, "*the black rocks are gone.*" Further away, we saw it, a dark figure walking toward the willows. There was no doubt the screamer was a Bigfoot, no bobcat because of the insane lung power behind the scream. It was deafening! We figured he had been watching us fish, lying down in the reeds, maybe all day, it is hard to know. We cannot help with a description other than it was dark; it was only a flash sighting. We saw it only from its backside then it was gone. Now we wonder why the early morning BLM were in that area; if so, the fellow who stopped to talk never said a word. We got in the Jeep and left. (Bryce and John, Oregon)

We do not know the reason for the screaming behavior or why some scream a deafening scream while others simply whistle but I think it is a multi-purposed ploy they use for many reasons. We don't even know if the screamer is male or female. But the behavior is often reported so it must have some significance to the Sasquatch. It could be fear on their part or an intimidation tactic. Jami Morgan suggested that primitive hairy men have simply learned that screaming scares the bejeezus out of most civilized men; that may be true. I haven't heard that kind of vocalization first hand but I'm assured that it would

get my undivided attention!

Perhaps the screaming is done to rid an area where campers are intruding. I don't know the reason, but the behavior is widely reported and often associated with rock and stone throwing. Statistically, screaming, screams, yells and howling rank right up there with the road-sighting reports in high numbers. I have no record of anyone actually seeing Bigfoot in the process of screaming, but not all database sites are searchable; so one in a thousand may exist. Next to road-crossings – screams rank right up there in the high number count along with steps heard and throwing things.

Scream unhinges hardened hunters

"In August 1981 on the West side of Sleepy Cat Peak in North-western Colorado, three experienced bow hunters experience a situation that none of them could explain. After this encounter, none of them have ever returned to the area again. Two of the hunters were Police officers. One fellow was a Lieutenant and the other a Sergeant. The third man was an associate that had been in the Army National Guard for many years. His last unit assignment was Military Combat Police. All three were experienced in the use of fire arms and self-defense."

"One evening two of the hunters decided to go down into a low valley from their base camp. One hunter remained in camp. The two hunters split up with one going even lower and the other leveling out around a small valley. Nothing was moving, elk, deer, birds or squirrels; it was dead quiet. As darkness fell the lowest man became uneasy, much like when an imminent ambush is suspected. It was enough that as the evening fell, he decided to hurriedly head back toward camp. Uphill and at over 9000 feet altitude he walked briskly, not knowing the whereabouts of the other hunter. As he climbed up the side of the slope, he could faintly see a campfire glow in the distance through the thick timber. Stopping for a moment, he turned to look downhill for his hunting companion. He could not see anyone in the dark over-shadowed canopy. He was still very concerned for his safety. He continued to climb until he reached camp."

"Back at camp, there was a sense of urgency and concern for the other hunter."

"Shaken and out of breath, no words were exchanged between

the two men for several minutes. No reason was ever given for this silence that both of them observed. Finally, he asked the third hunter in camp if he had seen the other man; he had not. ...seconds passed. Turning and facing back down the slope they finally see the third hunter coming up the hill at a double time pace. "Did you come from down there," he asked the other hunter? "Yes, I just got here," the third hunter replied, "I did not like it down there ...something is not right with that area." The three veteran hunters stood looking down the slope in what now is almost complete darkness. Again they both conclude that there is something wrong down there but neither man arrived at a conclusion. They remain standing, looking, listening... there was nothing making any noise; it was eerily quiet."

"Both experienced men retired for the night. No alcohol was consumed; the early retirement was in order as storm clouds lit up in the west. The fire remained stoked and the night fell silent. The sergeant is in his own tent and the other two are in another tent perched on top of a small hill overlooking a large sloping side of Sleepy Cat Mountain. The area was covered with large formations of rock and patches of thick, black, tall timber; the hour was 9:00 p.m."

"As law enforcement professionals and a former military police officer, side arms were kept close by. The night passed quietly until around 1:30 a.m. when they are rattled down to the very core with the most terrifying scream and growl with a long chest-rattling snarl ending; the pitch was a low whooo. The hammers roll back on their side arms. Heart rates accelerated and there was a profound sense of fear among them. Whispering in low tones..."What was that"??? But none of them knew...they agree that none of them had ever heard anything like that ever before in all of their collective years in the field. They remain on alert, prepared to defend their lives in the event the screamer showed itself. The woods went silent again. There is nothing more and no sounds near or far."

"Whatever it was upset two of them to the point of insomnia. Sleep did not come as the persistent need was to remain on guard. After several hours the two men in the double tent decide to sleep in the cab of their truck for the remainder of the night. It is a good choice because a storm with lightning, thunder and rain erupted and it went on until daybreak and then it stopped. Camp was broken down and the truck was loaded. They made for the way out of this area and never returned. Whatever it was, that made this uneasy feeling and exploded in such a loud and violent outburst they figured was not anything known from the forests of this earth. This was

unexplained and beyond their comprehension. For the former military police guardsman, this was to be the second encounter that would go unexplained. His second was much more complex and absolutely no explanation was offered even though 6 other people witnessed the same thing. The one thing that none of them could figure was the terrifying sound of the vocalization. Whatever it was, it had incredible strength and agility in total darkness. It was loud and came from only a few feet of their tents. What beast could do such a thing in the dark? After that terror-filled night, none of these men continued to hunt. *"It was the most profound sense of terror I have ever experienced,"* the informant wrote."

The letter was colorfully written by Missy Jessie Rice and dated December 2011, kinfolk to the Sgt. in the story. Missy Rice said one thing about the event – their freezer has gone without venison for two hunting seasons.

Frightening sound; trailer rocking...

The total effect of an encounter to include a nasty bout of screaming can profoundly affect even the hardest of woodsmen. In 2009, I received the following account through the website by an Adams County, Idaho man who endured the rocking of his 26-foot Nomad travel trailer, parked with all the stabilizer-jacks down and in place. These are his words:

"2009 was the third year that I have been able to spend the whole hunting season in the mountains, I retired in October 2007. I pulled my camp trailer up the end of September and set it up for 36 days of camping, hunting, and setting around the campfire enjoying the outdoors. I spend a lot of time camping and hunting by myself (everyone else is still working) and riding my ATV on the few old logging roads that are still open to 4 wheelers. At 12:24am on the seventh night something woke me up and I sat up in bed. A minute or so later the rear end of my camp trailer started rocking back and forth. All the stabilizer jacks were down and the trailer was solid, so whatever was pushing on the trailer was very strong. The fully loaded trailer weighed in at more than 5,500 pounds and whatever was moving it was not making any noise while rocking it. My first thought was a bear, a really big bear. I grabbed my shotgun and put a shell in and sat and waited for a few seconds. The trailer continued to rock back and forth so I grabbed the air horn that was sitting on the table and gave it several blasts. That did not stop it so I got the keys to my truck and pushed the panic button setting the horn blaring. This stopped whatever it was and all was quiet for five minutes. I sat

there with the shotgun in my hands listening for any sound. There was no sound, just total quiet.”

“I had convinced myself that it was just a bear when this awful sound came from the ridge behind the trailer. It started off like a whistle turning into a horse whinny and then going into a very loud howl and finishing off with a growl. All of these sounds were run together with no pause in between them. It lasted maybe 10-15 seconds and then all went quiet. Damnedest sound I ever heard, scared the hell out of me. I got dressed and sat there in the dark the rest of the night, shotgun in hand. I have never had anything affect me like that before. After it was completely daylight I went out to look at the back side of the trailer and to see if there were any tracks on the ground. There were not any dents in the trailer or any tracks on the ground. There should have been tracks because the ground was kind of soft and out of habit I had raked all the pine needles and forest duff away from the trailer leaving just dirt and grass. This happened on October 5th, 2009 at 12:24 a.m. Need to mention here that a (240 lb) friend drove into my camp while I was still outside checking for tracks and looking for any damage to my trailer. He wanted to know what I was doing so I told him the events of the past 8 hours. I also went back inside and had him push on the trailer to see if he could rock it back and forth. The best he could do was to give it a jolt by throwing a shoulder into it. He could not make it rock in the smooth motion that had occurred the night before. This particular event is what finally gave me the incentive to file a report.”¹³¹

The often reported screams in the night, especially late at night could be an expression of the Sasquatch’s own fear or a warning to other primitives traveling nearby. Whatever provokes the big ones to bellow like they do; the behavior has a profound effect on anyone within earshot.

Whale Pass, Alaska horrifying screaming..

A trophy hunter working a favorite ridge for Sitka black-tail deer several miles from the Whale Pass area in Alaska had camped for the night. He was asleep in his tent in a small clearing when blood curdling screaming erupted nearby. The hunter assured me that whatever it was that produced the bloody scream he heard that night made him tremble uncontrollably for hours: “...it was a terrifying ordeal during a night that was darker than an asphalt highway.” He

had nowhere to go in the dark and was miles back to his old Land Rover. The option to run to the safety of the Rover simply wasn't there; he had to stick it out. He told me the hours between 2:00 a.m. and daybreak was an eternity; "...my watch never moved more slowly!" Towards the end of the Sasquatch's screaming encounter, the hunter could hardly hold himself together.

"Bobbie, I tell you the screaming was like someone was knifing a woman – military might understand – it was like hearing your best buddy being disemboweled by the enemy troops; indescribable shrieking and close by! I never did see the perpetrator and I didn't look for sign; I was worn down to nothing by the time first light came and just wanted it to end. That was 20-years ago; it still seems like yesterday - I'm retired now and living in River Oaks in the Houston area; there is no reason to know who I am, no name please."

Sasquatch runs off anglers by screaming...

Joel White had an interesting experience in El Dorado County, California in 1984 that would rather rattle the heartiest of men. He wrote:

"My brother, a friend and I were fishing at Doris Lake near dusk. Doris Lake is roughly a mile and a half hike from the resort area of Mono Hot Springs Resort. Nothing unusual was happening and then out of nowhere, we heard a scream come from across the lake and up in the mountains. There were no people or animals that we could see anywhere except the three of us. We were in the proverbial wilderness. My brother and I looked at each other and unable to readily discern what we were hearing we continued to do some fishing. I did say to him, "if I hear that again I am out of here." Well, a minute later, the same horrendous scream interrupted the quiet. The three of us immediately reeled in and began the incline up the canyon wall and back to the resort ...without stopping. I was breathing like a freight train."

"I have listened to various internet recordings of alleged Bigfoot, and I am struck by how similar these recordings are to the scream that we heard. I did not see anything, so I can't be sure, but I am fairly certain what I heard was not a human, bear or mountain lion; the screams were elongated (sustained). So....what could it be? Note: my brother and sister worked for several years at Mono Hot Springs. My sister's best friend worked there as well and had a horse. While riding in the backcountry, she claims to have seen Bigfoot walking through a meadow below a bluff she was riding atop. The area was a mountain lake surrounded by deep forest and mountains." ^{131a} (Joel W.)

Crows circle heralding the Sasquatch's approach...

Describing a scene where two stands of trees converged is called a "bottle-neck," according to bow-hunter Daniel George. He wrote,

"I was convinced it was a deer making its way up the creek. I had plenty of time to spin around drop to one knee, hook my release and then get ready to draw my bow. Whatever it was stopped at the top of the "bottle neck," ...then quiet. I'm fixed and ready to draw my bow when suddenly a flock of crows burst overhead; evidently seeing below them what I couldn't! All I knew was whatever I heard walking, they could see and the crows made a terrible racket. They swirled around for about a minute squawking and then whatever it was suddenly took off running back down the bottle neck. This is when I became alarmed because it was not a graceful sound like a deer or any other kind of foot-falls; it sounded like a Mac truck crashing through the woods snapping very large limbs in its path."

Continuing on with Daniel's frightening story,

"I knew instantly that this is something I hadn't dealt with before. The whole time the flock of crows followed it overhead all the way to the bottom of the bottle neck where the 3 hills came together, then it stopped again. The crows stopped circling. About another minute went by and the thing never moved. The crows stayed calm and weren't being very loud when all of a sudden they exploded; - they fluttered up squawking bloody murder at the exact same time this Sasquatch cried out in a soul-shattering scream that reverberated off the 3 hills! My heart fell into my stomach and then it yelled loudly a second time confirming what I had just heard was indeed real, ha-like I didn't already know!! The thing was less than 30-yards from me and its yell was so loud, the booming reverberation shook my clothes. Then after this thing yelled the second time I heard over my left shoulder to the southwest another one answer the first one's scream/call but a good distance away and then over my right shoulder a third Bigfoot yelled towards the southeast; the morning sounded like Jurassic Park!! That was it, man I got out of there so freakin' fast I have no idea which direction I took. Finally feeling some degree of safety, I realized I had pissed down my leg." ¹³²

The amazing part of the Dan George story to me was the powerful echo-locating type of screaming to other Sasquatch in the vicinity that tends to be reported the most. This *echo-locating-scream behavior* has been described in other references but not to the same degree. It may be a warning statement. George's remarks about crows circling overhead reminded me of a story I heard where the informant described a flock of *gnats swarming around the buttocks of a Sasquatch* that stood watching small children playing; apparently *watching and screaming* is a Sasquatch pastime. There are other reports of gnats swarming. One surprised couple reported seeing "a thick black swarm of gnats or something" over the head of a Sasquatch seen striding off the side of the Alaskan Hwy where biting flies are the soup of the day in some parts: 1994.

Ripping bark, eating grubs; watching children play...

Inspired by Merle Haggard and Johnny Cash, New Braunfels, Texas born country singer Kris Allen is also actively interested in Sasquatch behavior; he has had at least 8 different sightings; extraordinary on the face of it.

His first Bigfoot sighting was in West Virginia; he described the color as champagne with Caucasian skin. The Bigfoot stationed itself in a huge sycamore tree just minding its own business evidently watching children playing in the backyard home of Allen's grandmother. There were, according to Allen, a whole bunch of people in the yard who watched the creature for an hour at dusk until it got too dark to see it anymore; the next day it was gone. The family St. Bernard wouldn't go out in the yard; but other things happened like rocks being thrown etc. Intimidation tactics appear to be an art form with the Sasquatch.

Allen's next encounter was of a *"dead-leaf color brown, its skin was dark, quite the opposite of the first sighting."* Constantly referring to the Sasquatch people as "apes," he described a clear moonlit night collecting lightning bugs with his wife and son when he heard what sounded like a deer racking its antlers against a tree; the sound came from across a meadow. From behind a rock they watched the area where the sound came from and to their amazement out comes *"a ten-foot-tall ape"* along with *"..a shorter one that was 8-foot-tall, give or take a foot or two."*

The interesting part of Allen's appraisal was that he was able to observe the Bigfoot in the process of ripping bark off the trees and eating whatever was underneath; probably grubs, termites and other insects. I've seen photos of trees with freshly ripped bark torn away but didn't relate it to Sasquatch behavior until I heard Allen describe the activity in detail.

Singer Kris Allen went on to describe a third Sasquatch then stepped out of the woods and the first two he observed stepped back into the darkness and out of sight. The third was even taller; he described it as 12 feet tall. This one had greater arm reach and this one began to remove bark further up the trees than the first two individuals were capable of reaching. Finally realizing the potential for danger in a situation where his wife and child were present, Allen escorted his family back to the camper but the Sasquatch didn't bother them. All told, it was quite the story!! ¹³³

Canadian Randy Brisson and Joe Beelart in West Linn, Oregon have, in the past, sent me photos of such trees in a debarked state; so I knew there was a

potential for such behavior although I have not seen anything like it locally. It is easily misidentified with the work of porcupines and the rack damage done by deer. Porcupine damage will show teeth imprints and its bark damage is usually generalized in one area much higher up in a tree than racked animals or where a Sasquatch could reach. Conversely, the Sasquatch strips or tears the bark downward from a high reachable point toward the ground sometimes leaving the trees severely damaged.

Glaring, staring, swaying...

Author of the book, "*Ghost Grizzlies*," David Petersen was a regular contributor to many outdoor magazines and has authored other books on outdoor topics on hunting. One article interestingly titled, "Bigbutt" ran in *Bugle Magazine*, November/December 2002 (Volume 19 Issue 6) issue.

Petersen detailed how he met up with a Sasquatch on an old road-cut at dusk while bow-hunting in a forest in southern Colorado. Walking quietly around a bend in the road-cut, Petersen was startled to see an odd upright creature coming down the road toward him at a range of only 20-yards. Petersen described the creature as over 5-feet tall, perhaps 200 pounds, short legs compared to a man, longer arms than a man, thick through the torso, upright posture and walking on two legs. Petersen was struck by the creatures apparent large buttocks as it eventually turned and stepped off the trail. It was too dark to see facial details beyond his observation that the creature had a flat face. The two strangers stopped and stared at one another for a while on the road-cut before the creature eventually stepped toward the edge of the road, where it swayed back and forth for a time as if trying to get a better sense of the bow hunter's intent. Eventually the creature walked off into the darkened forest and Petersen went on his way. ¹³⁴

Pre-teens see tree with a Santa Claus face...

Clark County, Nevada – Two pre-teens, Tommy and Raff S. ages 9 and 11 spent a weekend with their parents at the Mt. Charleston Lodge, Las Vegas Nevada wilderness area. Saturday afternoon they were fooling around in the woods between Old Park Road and Aspen Circle. According to the boys, it's dense and dark in a few places; they had been warned about cougars in the area, which "freaked" the boys they said. Hungry and worn out they headed back to the lodge and as they did, they saw what they thought was a huge tree shaped like a giant man. The older boy said, "*The tree moved*" and they became "weirded out." Still thinking it was a strange tree, they got closer and the tree moved its limbs and at the same time they saw the tree had hair growing on it. Young Tommy looked up and saw the tree had a face that

looked like Santa Claus looking down at him, Tommy said he screamed and the tree backed up and moved away walking like a man. They ran all the way back to their parents but the email said their story wasn't taken seriously. The email was generated from a school district computer in 2008. There was never a reply to my questions for a better description.

The behavior in the Nevada story was the apparent ability the Sasquatch has at blending into whatever setting, either that or the boys needed eye-glasses. The Sasquatch are seemingly quite capable of standing in one position for hours without moving looking like part of the landscape.

It doesn't mean there are big ones hiding behind every tree or boulder. If we think hard enough about that scenario, we can work ourselves into the creepy belief that we're being watched and that seems to psyche most people out. One's own imagination generates terror in the over-active mind and only the strong manage to keep a tight rein on run-away thoughts. I've seen hardened men cut and run from thinking too hard about things totally manufactured in their imagination.

A different opinion, swaying...

Midnight Owl, a tribal member of the Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma, also known as Mr Stewart Taylor contacted me through Bigfootencounters dot com website on May 22, 2011. Taylor declared he sought nothing but to show folks, *"...these subjects are not the wild creature some would have you believe they are. Sure there may be a rogue or two around just like in our society."*

Attached to Taylor's email was a lengthy MSWord processed declaration of an event he had with Cherokee woman, Arla Williams on April 16, 2011. Taylor identified her as a woman who had a close trusting relationship with a whole clan of Bigfoot near Lake Eufaula, Oklahoma. Mr Taylor's complete letter and the sound track is uploaded on Bigfootencounters website in toto. For this purpose I've chosen to cite only his description of the Sasquatch behavior.

"Just then about 30 feet away from me to the east, a huge 8-9 foot hairy figure stepped between two large trees into a cleared area fully illuminated by the moon light. It then began to sway, staring at me. It was the typical shape and build of the common Bigfoot sketches and drawings. "I can see it; it is swaying from side to side!" I exclaimed to my guide. "Sway with it" Arla replied, which I immediately did. At that point I began to sway and another smaller Bigfoot figure rose up from the brush about 15 feet directly in front of me! Then another one off to its right about the same size with a smaller figure

sitting at its feet I assumed was a toddler. They both intently stared at me; occasionally looking back at what I assume was their parent standing between the trees."

Taylor described the sighting with Arla, "at night, after dark." He indicated he was not allowed to take a camera but he did have a pocket recorder that detailed the conversations between Taylor and Arla. Of interest to me was the fact that the witness never described glowing red eyes or any feeling of impending danger. He was not frightened, weakened or any other symptom previously mentioned by sightings that occur at night. He was not screamed at, attacked nor did he feel threatened or in danger or any of the other indicators generally associated with a Bigfoot encounter. Apparently, the whole tribe of hairy men welcomed his presence. The only behavior he listed was the swaying back and forth, which is a common display – behavior.

Slavomir Rawicz mentioned in his 1942 book, "*The Long Walk*," how he and 5 other men observed the creatures blocking their passageway on the trail. He wrote that they *stamped and swayed* when moving about; a description which evokes the locomotion patterns of both man and animals. Stomping and swaying are characteristics of hostile feral persons and occasionally reticent behavior of learning disabled people who are scared. Horses stomp and sway. In other animals stamping the foot can be an alarm signal that something is regarded as dangerous. Prairie dogs do this; deer stomp an alarm, then bolt and run. All manner of swaying side to side and stomping have been reported.

Swaying with aggressive intent...

Debra Fantalh described her 2002 chance encounter in Taney County, Missouri with a smallish Sasquatch swaying back and forth this way:

"...it was less than thrilling; the youngster was about 5-feet tall, stocky in build, barely had hair on his extremities and just stood in one place looking at me swaying back and forth on one foot then the other. The hair on his head was pulled back and braided; the length of it falling down his back. We stared at each other in a non-threatening way for several long minutes during that time he swayed. His eyes darted nervously observing every move I made. There must have been others around I didn't notice. I spoke softly to him but he said not a word. It was at that point he picked up a LARGE size stone and threw it with such great force that when it hit my shoulder, I fell backwards hitting my head on something hard. I'm not sure what happened next, but when I came to my senses, he was gone. I had blood on my shirt and I was bleeding from my head. Les took me to the emergency clinic for 3 stitches; I

told them I fell but said nothing about the incident. They would not have believed it anyway." (D.F. Taney County, Missouri)

Bigfoot grabbed me...

Whatever you think about the behaviors variously ascribed to the Sasquatch being totally charitable and non-violent, on April 19, 2001 there was this account that occurred in rural southeastern Oklahoma; signed only "Wes" at the bottom but the header read "Westin."

"We were watching the season premiere of "24," about a Federal Marshal named Jack Bauer; it came on late at night; I forget now, but after midnight. It was a series that you could not get



The de facto Sasquatch

up and run to the kitchen unless it was commercial time. But all through that program we could hear the raccoons working the lids off our metal trashcans outside; it happened a lot. I determined that I would get my pistol and go out and nail a few coons after the program."

"Woody," our dog sat on alert facing the wall. Once or twice he would get up and sniff the wall and then back up and stare at the wall some more. The clinking of the trash cans continued and was loud enough to be heard above the TV. At my wife's urging, I finally got up, loaded my pistol and snuck out the back door. It was quite dark outside."

"It took a few minutes for my eyes to adjust. There was a creepy eerie feel to the night air that put me on high alert and that is when I saw a figure bending head and shoulders into one of the bigger trash cans; the lids were off all of four cans. It wasn't raccoons; then *fight or flight* kicked in. I think I said, *who would be digging in my trashcans so late at night?* Thoughts went through my head as I watched. My eyes continued to adjust to the dim light and now I could hear the dog barking inside the house and clawing at the backdoor to get out. I decided to raise my arm and fire a warning shot to scare off the man going through my trash cans."

"So I did and this is where it gets weird. As I fired off the shot, someone powerful grabbed my hand and arm from behind and

held it so tight that I could not move and I swear to you the strength it took to hold my arm and hand was unimaginable; I was literally hanging by my upper arm. I went weak from fright at first but then I began to fight; I fought like hell.”

“I forgot about the figure in the trash can and angling around I looked upwards at the thing holding my arm up in the air. IT WAS A BIGFOOT PLAIN AS THE NOSE ON MY FACE. It had bright yellowish orange eyes looking down at me! I know I screamed weakly, in hindsight probably a high pitched girly scream but I don’t mind saying it was terrifying to be that close and be held by such a freak of nature. The pistol dropped to the ground, my ego was bruised but I wasn’t hurt, just scared. I crumpled to the ground to regain my composure then went inside to tell my wife and calm the dog. Woody wouldn’t get near me, in fact Woody growled at me. My wife believed me because of the stink on me, true story!” (Westin April 19, 2001)

In the continuing correspondence with the informant Westin, he told me that eventually a neighborhood watch was formed where everybody in a ten mile radius had their neighbor’s phone numbers. Other neighbors in his rural community took up arms when one of our neighbors showed them her back door. The door was locked with a push-in type lock on the knob from the inside of the house. The outside knob was completely sheared off and tossed several hundred feet from the porch. The door was ajar and the screen door ripped or torn out of its framework. Nothing in the house was missing but the woman’s little terrier. It was never found. Her cat was found drowned in the toilet. The toilet seat was in the hallway.

This report came in hours after the death of Rene Dahinden and of course it didn’t get my undivided attention. In the process of a heavy email load that month, the report was misplaced and now eleven years later, I can no longer reach the informant. In honesty, I struggled with the veracity of Westin’s report but perhaps he will make contact once again and I can learn more. I don’t doubt the Sasquatch is capable of that kind of aggression; but grabbing the arm of a shooter from behind is hard to visualize. The informant said it happened in Le Flore County, Oklahoma.

When a person has seen something that isn’t supposed to exist, it’s hard to know what to think and such was Westin’s story. Trying to imagine what Bigfoot behavior is typical and what isn’t is near to impossible. The ridicule, the discrediting we all go through because we told our story and gave an opinion is part of the ugly side of this research. Sometimes saying what we

know isn't worth the risk of the discrediting, the disrespect and ridicule that comes with it. We've lost many a great contributor because of the senseless attacks by those who think their opinion more appealing than the next guy.

Unprovoked physical assault

"My wife and I have lived at one time in McIntosh County, Oklahoma. For nearly 33 years we routinely walk an old dirt path every morning through a densely wooded area. Sometimes even an evening walk and have seen all manner of wildlife; but did not know hairy men were in these parts. The idea of Bigfoot was something my wife knows; she is Creek/Checotah. A morning came when the wife wasn't up to par and didn't want to go out and walk; I put on my jacket and went off without her. Finally I felt I had enough, was feeling fatigued and turned around to head back to the house. There in the morning mist and clearly blocking the narrow path, stood a hair covered man-shaped figure...okay now I believe in Bigfoot. I'm retired Marine but never felt terror like I did at that moment; no weapon, nowhere to turn, no options, I froze and stared. No exaggeration, this thing was 8-feet tall maybe 4-feet wide across the shoulders, it commenced walking towards me. Thinking back, it was more like marching towards me because it hiked its knees upwards with each step and stamped down its foot. I became irrational, I couldn't think of a way out or around the thing. Then his huge-ness picked up momentum, comin' straight at me. Honestly at that moment I talked to God. Seriously, it was a "*come to Jesus moment*." I felt a kind of warmth on my cold right thigh; I am not ashamed to admit I involuntarily pissed my pants at seeing it coming at me Bobbie, and then I stumbled backwards a step or two and nearly fell but needed to see where to run, not that I thought I could out-run it. By then he was almost on top of me, dust behind him was flyin' and I thought "*fuck, I'm a dead man*." I don't know why I did this but in that split-second I dropped to the ground and curled up in a tight fetal position like you would if a bear was on top of you. Each step the bigfoot took made the ground move; he kept coming and stepped over me with a huge amount of force into the ground narrowly missing my face, it was THAT close@!#@! At the same time he must have grabbed hold of the back of my windbreaker because he jerked me off the ground and now I'm flying through the air!! No exaggeration here; I flew a good twenty feet, landed at the base of a tree in forest litter. I curled up again afraid to move & this creature let out a "*primal scream*" that was so horrifying that it made my whole body quiver. What the hell did I do to cause the wrath of this wild thing? I don't know but this *attack was not provoked* and if they ever watched us as you suggest, then the wife & I must have been familiar to him. This was however, the first time I went alone for a walk. No 52-year old man ran home faster than I did that day. Now look, I don't want to argue the point, but this was no bluff charge, this dude was seriously taking care of business! Reliving that day for you made me sweat profusely; my pits are wet! His color was reddish brown. I do not wish to be known or talk about it again and I don't want organizations or the media coming here like I read about." (Phil B. September 21, 2011)

Physical attack by Sasquatch

One of Bigfoot research's best collector of old bigfoot-related articles is Scott McClean of Pacific Palisades, California.¹³⁵ Scott has been exceedingly generous with members of this field with the articles in his extensive collection. I mention this particular old account because the history of Bigfoot attacking civilized man – though unprovoked – has always been there.

In this newspaper article a Sasquatch attacks a man and his daughter - literally in a physical way. We sometimes forget the Sasquatch is after all, a wild living being with no specific rules for living that we know about. Using caution around them is smart! Published in *The Hillsdale Standard*, Hillsdale, Michigan on Tuesday January 26, 1869, it reads:

"The City of Gallipolis, Ohio is excited over a wild man who is reported to haunt the woods near that city. He goes naked, is covered with hair; is gigantic in height and "his eyes stare from the sockets." He attacked a horse carriage containing a man and daughter a few days ago. He is said to have bounded at the father, catching him in a vice grip and hurling him upon the earth; falling upon him and endeavoring to bite and scratch him like a wild animal. The struggle was long and fearful, rolling and wallowing in the deep mud, half suffocated, sometimes beneath his adversary, whose burning and maniac eyes glared into his own with murderous and savage intensity. Just as he was about to become exhausted from exertions, the daughter, taking courage at the imminent danger of her father, snatched up a rock and hurling it at the head of her father's would-be-murderer, was fortunate enough to put an end to the struggle by striking him somewhere about the ear. The creature was not stunned, but feeling unequal to further exertions, slowly got up and retired into a neighboring group of trees that skirted the road."

Some may rationalized that this article is 144 years old, but the prior report from McIntosh County, Oklahoma was very recent, 2011. Apparently we just never know what the attitude and demeanor of a Sasquatch will be. It is for this reason, that I am often hard-pressed to believe stories from habituators and other long-term inter-actors. In light of the many statements from witnesses that include aggression or perceived aggression in the data; it is hard to accept that the Sasquatch is totally a benevolent being.

Washing food

At first I thought this next behavior had to be unusual, but rethinking the idea I've concluded that we simply have a shortage of reports for this little-known behavior; it is the only one of two I was able to find listed in my records but

there may be others. This first account is quite old and was penned originally by Ivan Sanderson but worth mentioning for the recording of the behavior.

"Mike King, a well-known timber-cruiser was working in an isolated region near the Campbell River on Vancouver Island, British Columbia. He was left to work alone because his First Nation employee refused to accompany him in fear of the *horrific monkey men* that they knew to inhabit the woods. It was late afternoon when King spotted the reddish brown creature bending over a water hole. The interesting behavior noted in this account most certainly had to be that the Sasquatch was observed washing some roots and vegetables and placing them in two orderly piles beside him there on the creek bank. The creature then left, loping off like a human being. King said: "*His arms were peculiarly long and used freely in climbing and bush-running.*" The footprints observed by King were distinctly human, except for the "phenomenally long and spreading toes" ¹³⁶

Sasquatch ran like a deer....

Canadian Alex Solunac reported a sighting that occurred in December of 1904. The *Victoria Daily Colonist* reported that four men from Qualicum were hunting near Horn Lake when they came across a creature they described as a wild man covered with long matted hair all over its body. "*The creature ran like a deer through the seemingly impenetrable tangle of undergrowth and pursuit was utterly impossible.*" ¹³⁷

Strategic stone placement

Much of what you will read in *The de facto Sasquatch* about rock throwing and like behaviors came from the assisted research of Roger Knights in Seattle, Washington; I gratefully acknowledge his generosity and willingness to share a shipload of information.

It is a fascinating concept to think that the primitive Sasquatch found rock-throwing the means by which they could, in some small way, communicate with the civilized world. We puzzle over the reasons why they lob things at us when we know they're quite capable of knocking us absolutely into next year if they wanted too; yet they don't.

Reports of Sasquatches and rocks are many. This next story includes flat stones but not used in an aggressive state of mind, but rather a Squatch having a bit of fun with flagstones; perhaps a bit of juvenile graffiti.

A Native American Pala man named Gibbs, a fork lift operator at a rock and

stone masonry yard in Southern California reported something odd he blamed on the local Bigfoot. He locked up and left the high-fenced yard at 6:00 p.m. on a Tuesday and arriving at work the next morning he found something strange. Large flagstone stepping stones had been displaced from their 4-foot high stack and placed down the middle of the main aisle of the yard. It led up to the section of various stones marked "walkway projects."

"Now I admit I thought this story probably unrelated to Bigfoot and most likely the work of high-school pranksters until I tried to lift one of the 3x5 foot flag stones; surprisingly, they were thick and quite heavy. The art of collecting and strategically placing 34 flat stepping stones took some doing."

The story Gibbs told me really came home to roost when he said the stepping stones were placed fifty-inches apart...exactly. The Pala band of Mission Indians from which Gibbs is a descendent, are known in southern California for their certified organic citrus and avocado orchards; their production is one of the largest of its kind. Gibbs believed the Bigfoot come down from the mountain attracted to the citrus and avocado orchards. Maybe they were just having some fun for themselves in the block and brick masonry yard; hop scotch on flag stones was suggested. It is also interesting to note that there are reports from nearby growers of trees stripped of their fruit, so the pattern of behavior is there.

There are instances where rocks don't seem to be deliberately thrown at passers-by but seem to be lobbed precisely to land in and around hikers. It's hard to say if it's to get attention or if it is a low-dose level of aggression used to rid people from an area where they are not wanted. Certainly there are written bow-hunter testimonials where Sasquatches have been seen taking down deer with rocks aimed precisely to kill; apparently they're quite accurate.

There is another account where a Sasquatch in eastern Ontario side-armed a projectile believed to be a rock, at a fleeing snow shoe rabbit and nailed it on its third leap and a story I was told recently where 'something' lobbed or pushed a 400 lb boulder down the mountainside at a terrified trail walker who didn't take kindly to the message. Small avalanches and rock slides have been attributed to Sasquatch shenanigans and road closures the result. Speaking of road closures, some of us are quite mystified by a few of the closures that lead into Bluff Creek at certain times of the year. Forestry people will tell you that the reason is for

There is no doubt in my mind that the proficiency they have in rock placement is a learned skill; a behavior perhaps taught to male Sasquatches undoubtedly becoming a means by which they take down hoofed animals, game birds in

flight and one very brave ole gold prospector in Thompson's Flat, Oregon.

The Kentucky Donks...

In stark contrast to some of the revenge displays by a Sasquatch this next story showed a compassionate side or at least this one did. A backwoods, Kentucky widow woman's grown children wrote to tell me about this next encounter.

Apparently they had always had "Donks" come around. They were familiar individuals that frequently hung around; one they named Big Donk and Mama Donk and several smaller Donks over the years. There was never any problem with them, but they never fed them, gave them treats or interacted with them other than to acknowledge their presence.

This day the daughter left her infant baby with her widowed mother to babysit while mom went to the store for diapers. The infant was in a four-wheel baby carriage set near the clothes line while grandma hung the baby's washing out to dry. The phone rang and grandma ducked inside the house to answer it. While on the phone a neighborhood dog entered the backyard and jumped onto the baby carriage tipping it over spilling the tiny infant out onto the grass; it began to cry loudly, flail and kick, causing the wild dog to lunge at it. Finished on the phone, the grandma came back out onto the scene and saw the female Sasquatch they called Mama Donk, righting the carriage and placing the infant out of the snarling dog's teeth back into the baby's carriage. The male Donk chased off the dog and taking Mama Donks hand retreated back into the woods. Grandma told the returning daughter that the Donks had saved the infant from being eaten by the vicious neighborhood dog. (The Bessie Dodson Story 1988)

There were other behaviors in the Dodson letters. One was the interest in the laundry on the clothes line by Mama Ba-donka-donk. The other was the Donk children's delight in running through the lawn sprinklers; I guess just like any child would. Curious about the use of the term "Donk," I was told it was a slur expression for a woman with a large derrière; large buttocks. Google lists it this way: A "Ba-donka-donk is an Ebonics expression for an extremely curvaceous female behind." I learn something every day.

According to Betty Sanders Garner's research, the early Chehalis Indians of Harrison Lake, B.C., area believed the creatures called 'sasquatch' in their language, were descendants of two bands of giants who were almost exterminated in a raging battle many years ago. Those that remained alive from that battle are said to inhabit the remote mountain caves at the top of

Morris Mountain. Witnesses relate stories of Sasquatch kidnapping Indian maidens, stealing fish from housewives larders, hurling rocks at prospectors and killing deer with clubs. (Betty Sanders Garner)

The salt shaker caper...

Taking things; stealing...

"We didn't make reservations but thought if we pulled our rig in early, someone would be pulling out, we were wrong. The River Bend Resort Campground was full that week in August 2007. (Sonoma County, California) We backed out and went up River Road to what looked like a dirt pull-out for 18-wheelers and stopped for the night. It was hot, so we set up outside underneath the RV awning, cooked dinner in a Weber kettle and sat around mapping the next part of the trip. The night was clear; the moon was out, a real nice evening. Jan was laid out in her chaise nearly asleep, I got up and went inside and flaked out on the divan facing the screen door. At one thirty I heard my wife calling out for me. I sat up expecting her to come through the door but she didn't. Finally I got up and went over and stood at the screen, Jan gestured toward the trees. Our awning was facing the trees approx. 40-feet away and there stood a dark figure with moonlight shining up his back. He made no movement, just stood still for the longest time. I quietly told my wife to come inside, she did. We turned off the door light, me watching through the screen door and my wife looking out the sink window. The creature stood there motionless for the longest time; then just when I was ready to close up the outer door, he moves towards the Weber kettle. I left a small piece of kielbasa on the grill; it was char-burnt. He seemed to be sizing up the sausage. I looked up at Jan and she says, "*He wants the sausage.*" Our watch continued for most of three minutes; he was very cautious; taking a step and standing motionless for periods at a time. He touched the chair I had been sitting in and the awning...always going back around the kettle. The creature was big but not as hulking as I had imagined from other reports. He timidly touched the fork that dangled from the side of the kettle then picked up the salt shaker from the side table and went into the darkness of the trees. Less than a minute later he returned again with a stick and used it to flip the burnt sausage off the grill onto the ground; he picked up the sausage and went back into the woods. We waited a while to see if he returned the salt shaker but he didn't ever show himself again.

We stayed up 'til three that morning amazed at the whole thing."
(B.J.T. February 2, 2008)

Leo Selzer reported this stealing behavior:

"This happened to me when I was hunting alone, if my memory serves me right. I think it would have been around 1979 or 1980. I was hunting and I drove up to a clearing that was probably 20 acres in size. As I ate a sandwich I had a feeling that something was around; like I was being watched. I was starting on the second half of my sandwich when I saw some movement in the bush on the other side of the clearing. Thinking it might be a moose; I put my sandwich on the rim of the pickup box, took my rifle and headed off to circle the clearing. I was gone close to an hour. When I returned I noticed that my sandwich was gone and where it had been there was a huge cone from a fir tree. Somebody or something had walked out of the bush some 50 yards from my truck, walked past my truck and back into the bush." ¹³⁸

As many in research suggest, the stories of stealing are many. Here is another interesting email from Pacific County, Washington State that speaks again to brazen behavior.

"We have a secondhand story for you. My family and I spend two weeks a year out in a little place called Raymond where we salmon fish with my mother, she's a widow in her 60's, an avid fisherwoman, been fishing the Willapa River since her parents taught her and their parents taught them. My 6-year old daughter had a small plastic statue of an ape she got out of a gumball machine up river and she showed it to my mother. Somehow the little statue reminded mother of Bigfoot and of a story she was involved with when very young, maybe 8 or 9. It went like this...she was fishing with my grandfather somewhere on the Willapa River during the salmon run. They each had a large fish, enough for the family's dinner and started back up the path toward home. My mother was skipping along when she saw a large black man step out onto the path between her and my grandfather. She stopped and called out for her paw. He turned to see what she wanted and what he saw astounded him. There was a large black Bigfoot standing there with a half-carcass of a deer under his arm (still bleeding she said) and with him was a kid, you know, a younger model of the bigger Bigfoot. My grandfather spoke softly to my mother telling her to give the little one her salmon. Mother refused, she'd worked hard for that salmon. The smaller one then approach my mother closer and she started backing away and away from the safety of grandpa. Seeing the persistence, grandfather untied his catch and tossed one to the little Bigfoot; amazingly he caught the thing and then the two Bigfeet [sic] scaled a vertical wall with the deer and salmon and at the top looked back and went out of sight. My grandfather took my mother's hand and all he said was "*there will be one less salmon steak for dinner tonight.*" She remembers asking what they wanted it for, the reply was

as best she remembered, "*they were hungry and we had more than enough.*" Mother never saw another one, but the encounter stayed with her for more than 50 years. I fish with mother a little differently now, but her story is a family treasure."

(Stephen Fournier 2003)

I think the Fournier story not only speaks to the art of pillaging but of the brazen defiance of the two Sasquatch. I've mentioned before, what's theirs is theirs and what is ours is also theirs – or so it seems. The behavior of the Sasquatch is rather unsettling; what might have happened if he hadn't tossed the salmon to them? Alarmed by the presence of the hairy man, not every fisherman would think to do that.

There are other reminders of deer being torn in half, while that wasn't detailed in the Fournier story, they did say the adult carried a bleeding half of a deer under its arm. Clearly the pair were hunting and seeing an opportunity presenting itself with fresh salmon seized the moment. The hairy beggars were totally on point for this caper... evidently their culture has no laws or boundaries for a little daytime trail robbery. If I collected my groceries in the same way, I'd have a police record a mile long.

Stealing grain and fruit...

Bonnie Woodburn of Collowhee, North Carolina reported a theft of sorts by a family of Bigfoot. The sighting occurred in the Ouachita Mountains in Arkansas on September 27, 2011. Woodburn and her husband had a farm by a stream bordering the ascent to the Ouachita Mountains. Early one evening her friend went outside to attend to her horses. As she neared the stream, she came face to face with a male Bigfoot. Entranced rather than frightened, they gazed intently at one another. The woman said Bigfoot's eyes seemed startled but not menacing. The Bigfoot turned away, crossed the stream and disappeared into the woods.

A week later at approximately the same time of day, she went to check on her horses' grain which had been diminishing faster than normal. When she looked toward the stream, she saw a Bigfoot family – a male, female and a youngster – carrying off some of the grain as well as fruit from her trees. She noted that her horses weren't at all spooked by Bigfoot moving through the pasture. I thought the behavior of the horses in the presence of the creatures was highly unusual but possible if they were used to having them around.

When the BF family saw Mrs. Woodburn approaching them, they picked up gravel and threw it strategically around her rather than at her. There had been

sightings of Bigfoot families taking refuge in abandoned barns and cabins in the wooded areas near water. Wild boar remains were reported inside one of the huts. Mrs. Woodburn said she firmly believes that these nonthreatening creatures exist and deserve privacy and our respect.¹³⁹

Rock thrown, lineman quits job...

David Benear had an interesting conversation with a neighbor friend while the fellow was cleaning fish near his front porch. Benear's friend told him that a guy that he worked with quit his full time job yesterday because of what happened to him on the job. With a few edits to short up the incident, here is Benear's story including the hairy man's behavior:

"This guy works for the electric company here in Little Rock and has for twelve years. He was on a call Tuesday night about some power lines that were "on the fritz" west of town, just before you get to the Saline County line, near Paron, Arkansas. He arrived around 9:00 p.m. and was in the process of loading up a bucket when a large rock landed near his truck that was parked off the side of the road. Within a minute or so, another rock (larger than the first) hit and rolled almost to his feet. He didn't know what to think, but as he was headed toward his truck - out of the tree line stepped a Sasquatch, just staring at him from about 150 feet. He shined his light in the area from where he thought the rocks came from and he heard rustling in the trees just before the creature stepped out. He immediately hurried to his truck and took off. This was about all the info he gave other than he was terrified and in his fright told his supervisor that he quit because he could not handle going out on night calls anymore. This guy also said to Sam "You'd be surprised how many of these bigfoots are seen around here that you never hear about." (D. Benear 2005)

Sasquatch brandishing a club...

Kip Derringer was scanning old Dayton newspaper articles in *The Columbia Chronicle*, for February 1, 1902, and ran across a Bigfoot story while looking for something else. Here it is:

IDAHO HAS A BOOGIE MAN

Eight Feet High, Carries a Club and Yells Like a Comanche

Salt Lake, Utah January 27, 1902 - According to a Pocatello, Idaho correspondent at the *Deseret News*, the residents of the little town of Chesterfield, located in an isolated portion of Bannock County, Idaho are greatly excited over the appearance

in that vicinity of an eight-foot, hair-covered human monster.

He was first seen on January 14, when he appeared among a party of young people who were skating on the Pointneuf River, near John Gooch's Ranch. The creature showed fight and flourishing a large club and uttering a series of yells, started to attack the skaters who managed to reach their wagons and got away in safety.

Measurements of the tracks showed the creature's feet to be 22 inches long and seven inches broad, with the imprint of only four toes. Stockmen report having seen similar tracks along the range west of the river. The people in the neighborhood, feeling unsafe while the creature is at large, have sent 20 men on its trail to effect its capture. (*The Columbia Chronicle*, Ohio)

Big hairy things brandishing clubs is a behavior recorded as far back as the 1860's Civil War era when the *New York Tribune* published a story about "a hairy thing" carrying not only a club but a rabbit; bloodhounds refused to track the hairy thing.¹⁴⁰ The old stories of Sasquatches with clubs seems lost to research now; we don't hear but a few reports of that kind anymore.

A 1900 sighting occurred at Huntsville, a small town half way between Waitsburg and Dayton, Washington State. A lone fir tree still stands alongside the highway where the house of the family stood for many years. In that report, a girl went out the back door to tend the family garden when she saw the Bigfoot at the garden gate (brandishing a club) not over 100 feet distant. She turned and bolted back indoors; the Bigfoot likewise scampering off into the nearby foothills of the Blue Mountains. ¹⁴¹ (Vance Orchard)

Barn door torn off its hinges, grain barrels tossed...

Tina Barone was only 13 in 1981 when she and her sister Roxanne went into the dark barn to do their evening chores. The two girls were scared to go into the barn because they had heard strange noises many times before coming out of the barn but Tina said she would go in first. "*...as I reached for the light switch, I felt fur; I thought it as one of the goats or something, so I touched it again. It was tall and black and furry and it stood upright like a man...it had a deep growl. I just can't put what it looked like into any kind of form.*" Tina told the younger Roxanne to run back to the house then turned and began walking slowly from the barn but "*it started walking out behind me; I started running.*"

The girl's older cousin David Barone grabbed his 16-gauge shotgun to scare the creature away. "*It stood there and looked at me; it didn't know what to*

do either," said Barone. *"It was unbelievably B-I-G! It was about 6 or 7 foot tall. I didn't shoot to kill; I shot in the air to scare it away and then it ran into the woods making funny noises. It stood up on two feet, had real long arms between a bear and an ape - that's what I think. I've never seen a bigfoot, so I have no idea if it was one of those."* Mrs. Barone stated their first encounter with the creature came earlier that year when her neighbors' barn door was ripped off at the hinges. *"I've had fences torn down and grain barrels dumped over and eaten before,"* Mrs. Barone said. The family dog often barked at unseen intruders in the trees and their farm animals are occasionally spooked by an unknown predator. There is nothing spookier than a dog on point staring into the darkness, not barking, not moving – only watching intently, ears pricked forward, ever alert to a scent they cannot quite identify. The report was filed with the St. Clair County, Michigan Sheriff's Department November 22, 1981 and carried by the Detroit News Sunday Edition and catalogued by investigator Ron Schaffner, *Creature Chronicles*.¹⁴²

Sasquatch flags down logging truck...

Logging roads are a significant feature of forest landscapes of British Columbia and Alberta, Canada. I was told by Jim Cheng that there were well over 80,000 kilometers of such roads in British Columbia alone that provide access to forests for timber harvesting.

In my conversations with Cheng, formerly a resident of Blaine, Washington now living in San Diego, he told me a story about a B.C. log hauler. The fellow told Cheng that a Sasquatch blocked the narrow road when he was negotiating a hair-pin turn-around with a full load on board. In fact Cheng (a truck driver himself) said the man was behind the wheel of a 2007 Kenworth T800 - 500hp Caterpillar engine and had to bring his load to a full stop in order not to hit the giant who stood directly in front of his radiator. What was so unusual was the height the driver described. He said it was taller than the cab of this truck so this particular Sasquatch (a male) not only was over nine or ten feet tall but he waved his arms like he was trying to fly. The driver sat stunned waiting for whatever was to come next. He told Cheng that two very small copies of the big guy (twins) came out of the forest, walked to the big fellow. He picked up both of them (the little ones) and went off into the forest in the other side of the road. Cheng wasn't sure he believed the fellow until the man next to him set down his beer and declared he was the driver in the truck behind him and the story was true. (James R. Cheng 2007)

The Cheng log-hauler story reminds me of the story that occurred in the early 1960's where Canadian John Bringsli spoke with two men from the Doukhobor

settlement who were logging up Kokanee Glacier Road near Nelson, B.C., both of these men witnessed a Sasquatch dumping logs off a logging truck. Neither man would give their name.¹⁴³

Logging camp thief...

I vividly remember being told a story back in the late 90's by Dr. Henner Fahrenbach that took place in Marion County, Oregon. At the time I believe the story was already twenty years old and the young girl telling the story was now an adult. The account itself isn't terribly remarkable, but the behavior of the Sasquatch stayed with me all these years. It was about a young girl who had been taken by her father to his work place, which was a logging camp near Detroit Lake. During the night she was awakened by a noise and opened the door to the cabin to find this female creature standing in front of an open cooler with a 20-pound piece of meat tucked neatly under her arm. After exchanging lengthy glances the young girl screamed, arousing the men at which point the slick opportunistic Sasquatch left with the meat. The witness described the Sasquatch as six and half feet tall; it left 14" tracks. (W.H. Fahrenbach) Regarding the behavior Dr. Fahrenbach wrote:

"Although the cooler contained a variety of vegetables and fruits, the sasquatch selected and kept the meat only. The door to the cooler had been opened in normal fashion by the handle rather than torn off bear-fashion. The relaxed response of the sasquatch to the girl brings up the question of whether a sasquatch recognizes a human female as such and responds in a different fashion to her, perhaps as a function of the sex alone or different body language conveyed by women or children, for that matter. I explored this possibility by way of John Green's records. We segregated the sightings into male and female human observers, singles, couples, and groups and indexed them against the length of their encounters. The time difference between male and female encounters with a Sasquatch did not differ. On the other hand, it may not mean very much, because Green mentioned that his database did not record who first broke off the encounter, the Sasquatch or the witness. Hence, if there is a systematic difference in the readiness with which human observers, male or female, break off the meeting, then it would tell us nothing about Sasquatch behavior, only about that of the observers." (W. Henner Fahrenbach 1997)

There are any number of 'stealing stuff' stories told by surprised witnesses of hen house break-ins, eggs & chickens being stolen. Often the Sasquatch will snap the neck of the chicken to keep them from squawking. Derek Jacobsen remembered his father talking about seeing a large dark Sasquatch in the barn that lobbed a pitchfork at one of the barn owls nesting in the loft.

Debbie Grayson wrote in 1995 to say they often saw Bigfoot people carrying off an armload of apples from the orchard next to theirs. Mike Dardanos recorded a produce grower in the San Joaquin Valley of California saying several rows of onions were uprooted and missing from his acreage.

Over time, there have been reports of calves missing and one report from Georgia of a Sasquatch burglar who routinely ran off with pigs. Stranger stories filter in; stealing behaviors are common; so common that I wonder about the many that go unreported.

Use of bow & arrow; no language...

Writer Ioganes Johnson wrote an interesting piece in which he cites an old man with recollections of the early days (1800's) when "*Indians were seen over 8-feet tall,*" yes he said, "Indians." In fact the teller said he traded with one of the giants. Notice two things in this account; the giant shot a deer with an arrow; lending interest to the behavioral use of weapons other than what the Sasquatch can throw and the fact that the giant Indian never spoke.

If what I suspect is true, perhaps the inability to speak is inherited. It could be a physical disability; refusal, perhaps mute or living so remote that they never learned to do anything but wail, howl and scream. Certainly there are accounts of both in the data with regional reports so widely varied that it's hard to say what the reasons are for some reports of language that indicate some Sasquatch are mute for lack of a better word. My statistics reveal there are more accounts that say the Sasquatch made no sound or "didn't speak," than there are accounts where language is identified and understood.

Bartering...

In 1946, I was sitting on the porch of my hotel after supper, leafing through some old magazines, when I walked a character that looked much like some pictures of Buffalo Bill I've seen, only much older. He seemed to be around a hundred years old; his shoulder-length hair was snow-white. He wore an Indian-made fringed buckskin jacket. Having nothing better to do, I listened in on the conversation, which soon brought out the fact that the oldster had been

the first white settler in the area and still lived in a cabin some distance from the village. The talk soon got around to the Sasquatch giants and I became interested when the old boy blandly asserted that the stories were true and that he had seen many Indians over eight feet tall when he first moved up the lake some sixty years ago - roughly 1886.

"They were peaceful then," he said.

"There was one big fellow in particular who used to come and trade with me. He never said anything, just gave me the creeps the way he would suddenly appear out of the bush with a deer on his shoulder.

"The deer were always killed with an arrow. He would put the deer down on the grass before my cabin and would just stand there looking at me. I would go to my cabin and come out with a bag of salt, which is what he wanted."

"Once I offered him a smoked salmon & trout but he only shook his head and grunted and slapped his belly to show he had all the fish he wanted. I saw this big guy kill a cougar with a club he broke off a tree..."

"How did that happen?" I asked.

The oldster continued, "I was out in my canoe fishing just in front of my cabin when a cougar (this area was full of them then) attacked my dogs and they ran yelping to a little wharf I had built with the cougar hot after them. The dogs kept right on going and hit the water, which was the best thing they could have done. The cougar was perched on the wharf spitting and snarling at the dogs when this big Sasquatch came out of the bush with a club and killed the cougar like it was a pussycat. It almost wrecked my wharf too because his first swipe missed and broke the planks on the wharf. The second time he didn't miss."

"What had become of these big Indians?" I asked.

"Why they just went up North when the loggers came in," the old fellow explained.

"How far north?"

"If I know them they went far enough so they won't be bothered too much," the old boy said. ¹⁴⁴ (Ioganes Johnson)

Rock hurling

We have in our history, the story of Alexander Caulfield Anderson, a well-known explorer and an executive of the Hudson's Bay Company, who was

doing a 'survey' of the newly opened territory and in the process sought a feasible trade route for his company. It is an old story to those of you who have been around in research awhile. Anderson reported hairy humanoids hurling rocks down upon him and his surveying party from more than one slope in 1864. (Ivan Sanderson) So this rock-throwing business is nothing new if we take time to consider this 146 year old entry.

There was reportedly a Sixes Wildman in and around Coos County, Oregon who from the early 1800's into 1900 was written up as a hairy, mean, rock-throwing monster that harassed miners and gold prospectors near Myrtle Point and Thompson Flat. The creature was also termed the "Thompson Flat Monster." Many accounts are filed in the historical society and published in the Lane County Leader in Cottage Grove Oregon; one dated April 7, 1904 called the creature, "the Sixes Wildman."

Out run, out jump...

In Cottage Grove, Oregon, the *Lane County Leader News* described the creature as "a reality, something after the fashion of a gorilla and unlike anything else either in appearance or action. It can outrun and out jump anything else that has ever been known and not only that, but the seven foot tall creature could throw rocks with wonderful force and great accuracy. It had broad hands and feet and his body was covered by copious amounts of hair. In short, he looks like the very devil." Over time, it appears the State of Oregon in particular is not without its stories of Sasquatch aggression; a close second is the State of Alaska or so it seems.

What we can take from these older reports is that this rock-throwing phenomenon is nothing new to this field of research; it's old hat and a ritual Sasquatches evidently find as a useful means to create havoc and induce fear in surveyors, loggers, miners, hikers & backpackers, and why not? The strategy works well for the Sasquatch and frankly it wouldn't surprise me if they didn't sadistically enjoy the reactions they get from us. I think we are to them – great entertainment.

Boulder throwing

Most sightings having to do with rock throwing are uneventful, but one year an angler enjoying fishing the spring run-off, related a situation he had while fishing a low area of the Klamath River, not far from a nearby forest service road. Lester Wheatcroft (73 years old at the time) was fly-fishing and busy casting when a large stone came "*flying out of nowhere*," landing eight to ten feet in front of him, close enough that he heard the incoming sound. He said it

displaced an enormous amount of water. Disturbed, Wheatcroft eased down the river to the spot and could see that the size of the stone was more a borderline sized boulder; he could hardly lift the thing. He thought it might be teenagers and looked all around and saw nothing but noticed a putrid smell in the air. Wheatcroft said after some thought as to what could lob something that large into the river, he decided to leave the area. If the intent was to scare off the fisherman, the behavior of the Sasquatch wins again. (Ernestine W. 1987)

In August 2001, yet another fishing tale came to me from Bill Meszaros; he shared this account of rock throwing along the Salmon River in Idaho:

"A couple of good friends were bringing out...um...illegal plants from the rough and mountainous terrain along the Salmon River in Idaho. It was about two in the morning; we were paddling out by moonlight. Suddenly there were splashes ahead of us and to the left. We looked towards shore for the source of these splashes and saw a large manlike figure shadowing our canoe on the bank, hurling what we thought were large boulders." They paddled on. (Wm. Meszaros, 2001)

A Wandering behavior

While vacationing at The Broadmoor in Colorado Springs in 2003, a golfer of some minor fame and his wife told me two winters before there were 16-inch footprints found in the snow on the front nine of the east course. The snow tracks ran in circles several times around the first tee and then wandered off down the fairway and out of sight. The golfer remarked that it looked like a flat-footed man was having some fun in the snow. "...a man with feet that big in what must have been freezing weather?" I asked. The golfer looked puzzled and replied only, "I guess."

Hurling rocks

Other behaviors by sasquatches have been observed in addition to rock throwing and stealing. Keith Foster wrote in, *The Musings of a Bow Hunter* available on the Bow website since 2003:

"Two motorcycle riders reported seeing a Sasquatch above a timberline while riding east of Silverton, Colorado. They were speeding along and evidently got between it and the cover of the forest below. They reported it evidently felt threatened because it started screaming at them and hurling large rocks

down on them. One of them reported he was almost hit with the first throw; they left of course."

Again the Sasquatch wins the day with the ole rock throwing tactic; it would seem they've got us figured out, haven't they?

Quite a few other bow and black powder hunters have heard those loud odd screams that are unmistakably out of place and abnormal for Colorado, but we just can't say for sure it is a Sasquatch making the noises we heard. Foster went on to pen this:

"There are only a few cases where something killed a hunter and left tracks at the scene that might have been Sasquatch tracks. I have not investigated a report that included a Sasquatch attack; the merit of such aggression is up for grabs. Most encounters where a Sasquatch has been aggressive were misidentified false charges similar to the way a gorilla bluff-charges. It amounts to an overt charge forward towards the informant, a sudden stop and that's it."

"A Sasquatch could easily catch a man, but apparently they don't want to come into physical contact with us for the most part. Bluff charging is a scare tactic that generally works well to scare off the human intruder; rock throwing is very common. If large rocks start plopping down around you in the wilds, you might want to investigate the source or do the wise thing and leave. If something starts throwing huge rocks at me from some hidden location there some day, I will not run away from it but rather take off running toward it to see just what the hell it is. If it kills me, I hope a crime scene investigation is done thoroughly. For now though, I have quit collecting Sasquatch evidence and just wait for it to come to me while I am out there fishing a timberline lake or bow hunting some herd bull or timberline buck." ¹⁴⁵

Female feeding a youngster...

In the age of Internet e-mail, I was surprised to receive this report by forwarded ground mail postmarked July 2005 Wrangell, AK 99929. The letter has been spell-corrected but wording and sentence structure remains as original as possible. It was written by hand and readability was difficult, perhaps done by a senior citizen who didn't see well. Still, the letter contains interesting observations.

Bushwoman feeds infant...

From E. Petermann's 1947 narrative, "On his Grandfather's Knee"

"In 1918, a German gold prospector of a stature half-starved made his way (a day's walk) back to Wrangell from a northern most mining camp; he was looking for food and provisions. Lacking in strength from dietary neglect and penniless except for a pinch of garnered gold, in route to the settlement he sat down to pick new sprouts of fireweed plant to eat which was mixed in a scraggly field of berries. He ate what his stomach could tolerate and fell asleep curled up in a bed of grass in the warm afternoon sun."

The story goes on...

"The prospector claimed persons talking nearby awakened him. Glee-filled to have company and needing direction to the settlement; he worked his way twixt high berry brambles of thorn to see who was there and meet his company. His eyes beheld a bushwoman! The hairy woman was sitting on the ground feeding a small one berries hand to mouth; the little one was sitting inside the circle of her huge legs. "...the bulk of my being was in great astonishment and fright for my safety in the presence of the giantess." Later he exclaimed, *"...now in control of my faculties, I take leave of my civil upbringing to declare she is the ugliest woman ever a lonely man set eyes upon."*

"His journal indicated the bushwoman talk to the smaller one in words sounding of the same kind to the Tongass Tlingit Indian, which he knew was the Native tongue. She was of brown colored hair about her face and body, unclothed bosom in nakedness of great size, a length of darker hair on the back of her head and neck and fed the infant berries left-handed."

The note is blurred, ending with, *"...heard the bushman on the Stikine River...* (a blurred or stained space) *...capsized his dugout last spring."*

"No one knows what became of the bushwoman, but his youngest son found the prospector's bones in his camp four years hence. There was no disturbance or clamor in camp and no tins of food. It was determined father died of delirium from starvation and cold; a length of cord was found tied such to hold up his trousers around his wasting figure. Tools and bedding in his tent were untouched." ¹⁴⁶ (A. Petermann, Wrangell, AK)

Skipping behavior...

A donut baker named Sweeney (leaving for work at 3:00 a.m.) reported a large Bigfoot traversing a meadow below his property in Michigan; the behavior he listed was interesting. The Bigfoot was with a youngster trailing behind him, "*skipping along like any kid might.*"

An Apache truck driver running his bottling route in Las Animas County, Colorado in the early morning hours reported a Bigfoot-looking figure with dense red hair on its body cross over Hwy 12 about 3 miles short of the Trinidad I-25 junction. "*I swear to you the thing was auburn colored and it was skipping!*"

Joshuah Bearman interviewed Diane Vaughan back in 2002 and recorded a sighting in close proximity to Los Angeles County, California. Vaughan began a 1989 hiking trek at the top of Lake Avenue in Altadena, California. She apparently encountered a "hairy one," whom she observed *skipping down the mountain*. According to Vaughan, Bigfoot was last seen prancing around within Vaughan's eyeshot. Using Vaughan's detailed description Bearman followed her exact route through some very rough terrain all the way through a clearing with the stream, a wash, an overhanging tree and the ridge with the brambles. Eventually they made it to the exact spot where Diane Vaughan saw her specimen.¹⁴⁶

The recorded behavior in the Vaughan account was "skipping and prancing." Evidently a skipping Sasquatch is not an unusual visual. Dwight G. and his two daughters were out for a short hike near their parked camper truck Warner Valley, St. George, Utah. They encountered large tracks in the road. The road was mostly dry powdery red-rock silt making the tracks "plain to see." The informant stated that either the maker of the track was somehow crippled leaving scuff marks ever so often or it was "*skipping in an intermittent manner.*"¹⁴⁷

Dreadlocks, skipping, Mummers' Dance

A van load of spring break college girls reported a "very strange looking something" described as "*seriously tall with body hair and dreadlocks*" going down Park Road "literally skipping" in Tishomingo State Park in Mississippi. Carol G. reported in 2010, it "*freaked them out – it was no costume.*" Jennifer C. described the 'skipping' as more like a New Orleans Mummer's dance; described like that, the other girls agreed and then laughed.

I've also heard of *skipping behavior* in St. Charles County, Missouri in the 1970's, evidently during a flurry of media reports articles about the "Missouri

Momo;" the news item stated the "*creature skipped merrily down the road.*"

Trash cans thrown around...

In July of 1997 in the Trinity Alps north of Weaverville, California a group of campers from Nevada filed a report indicating they both heard and observed two Bigfoot rummaging around the campground trash can in the middle of the night. The next morning trash receptacles were thrown about and garbage strewn all over the place much the same as a bear might do. The difference evidently was 16x6-inch and 10x5-inch footprints that were not made by bears; no claw markings. The larger track example displayed five distinctly splayed, human-like toes. Both sets of tracks were found in the mud trailing off into the timber behind Ripstein Campground, which is a forest service/BLM maintained campsite area. The story was related by retired law enforcement Captain Tom Akren, Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department who said after interviewing the two couples that they refused to report it to BLM or Forestry agents because they feared for the welfare of the Bigfoot. Instead the witnesses cleaned up the mess and left behind the food they had left-over.¹⁴⁸

Weed whacker up a tree...

Captain Akren was unashamedly keen on gathering information on the Bigfoot from everyone he met. His enthusiasm was contagious. He made it his business to chase down reports and stories; he did it with great interest often with his wife Marie at his side.

In his time Akren met up with a couple who owned recreational property in Plumas County, California. As I write this, I am no longer sure of the year but 1996 sounds about right. In the course of that friendship they told him of their problem with black bears that often came around the place. In the process of looking for food, the bears destroyed metal trash cans set out for pickup. One week however Akren's source told him he found his two trash cans set on top the hood of his Camaro, no scratches; just neatly placed there! That was an odd occurrence in itself but the following summer the same source found deck chairs placed more than 100 feet from the main house and the umbrella table two blocks away. The informant put notices for a block meeting in all his neighborhood mail boxes in an effort to take the problem to his neighbors. Sure enough other odd-ball things were happening. For instance, a weed-whacker was found 16-feet up a pine tree with the electric cord trailing down swinging in the breeze. Akren saw photos of the incident and said he was "*blown away.*" Of course the weed-whacker could have been thrown up the tree but the few cabins there all housed adults, no wayward teenagers or

younger juveniles. Who or what does that? Another neighbor hesitated but finally conceded that she thought she actually saw the creature but was afraid to say. Akren interviewed the woman who was unable to describe anything more than a large dark man, taller than usual walking through her backyard in the middle of the night. During my conversation with the woman, Joan, she told me she looked down on the figure from a second story window and guessed that his height was level with her second story balcony.
(Capt. Tom Akren, Ret)

Beer bottle thrown...

In another instance, a couple necking in their parked car by a secluded pond were surprised when out of the darkness something or someone hurled a beer bottle at their vehicle. They were ten miles off the beaten path when this occurred in the pitch black of night and had pulled off on an old frontage road that led to a logging road. The informant told one of Akren's officer's, "*...bears don't throw beer bottles, do they?*" Many were the stories Capt. Akren collected, his doting wife Marie died in February 2010; Captain Akren followed her two months later; I miss having his stories and his enthusiasm. Akren's last days were in Post Falls, Idaho. It was there he gave me one last story, this time it was just a scream but beyond that it demonstrates how the Sasquatch is reported to crash and make crunching noises as they parallel people walking logging roads and hiking trails. Here is that last report.

Bonnors Ferry nestled along the banks of the beautifully scenic Kootenai River in North Idaho, fall duck hunting season, 1987. Credible businessman recalls an incident that happened in route to his favorite duck-hunting pond with a cousin and two others.

"That morning my cousin Steve and I were heading south towards the duck blind at our usual duck hunting pond-site near Bonner's Ferry, Idaho. Bonner's Ferry is located in the panhandle of Idaho near the Canadian Border. There were four of us, two already waiting at the pond. My cousin and I left the parked car alongside the logging road and began walking towards the pond. It was approximately 6:15 a.m. In the stillness of the morning as we walked along the logging road towards the duck blind, we heard trees snapping about 50 yards away from us, some kind of movement in the timber. I didn't think much about it at the time, being anxious to get to the duck blind and all I thought it was elk or deer perhaps. Thinking back, that didn't make sense. As the morning progressed, I began running short of shells and decided to walk back to the truck to get another box of shells, which were left there. I was younger, and a poor shot back then. I left the group and backtracked from the pond to the logging road where the truck was parked. It was 9:30 a.m. Walking back along the road, my

shotgun dangling through my arm, I heard that same breaking of branches moving to the side of me going in the same direction, branches breaking and obvious movement in the thick timber and undergrowth. I stopped, it stopped. This time I thought it might be a bear but most likely elk. But what was happening didn't fit the known behavior of either animal I thought. Nearing the car, I stopped again, looked in the direction of the noise and hearing branches breaking again I raised my shotgun. Hell, I didn't know what I was going to do and I was out of shells. As suddenly as I raised my shotgun I heard this terrible scream! It sounded like a woman screaming, but deep throated, guttural pitched sound about 50 yards away. It's difficult to describe something you've never heard before and I've never heard anything like it! It was a loud long screaming tone that echoed through the trees. I cannot describe the terror I felt. I ran to the truck and locked myself inside completely shaken. It was some time before I recovered. I know elk, deer and bear sounds very well. It didn't fit. Back at the pond, they heard it too. I wish someone would send me a recording of Bigfoot, so that I might do a comparison. While the years have passed, it is a sound I will never forget. My home is in Hayden Lake, Idaho. I prefer my name be withheld except to researchers or to someone with sound recordings of Bigfoot. Being computer illiterate, I am not online. The sounds can be mailed to my Grandfather in Post Falls." ¹⁴⁹

The Idaho Daily Bee reported a set of Sasquatch-like tracks found by Bonnie Thompson on June 21, 2012 in Bonner County, Idaho. The finder of the tracks was fishing with friends in the Trestle Creek Drainage when she located the large footprint. It was photographed, cast in plaster and measured 15 ½ inches long by 8 inches at the toes and 4 ½ inches wide at the heel. Interestingly, one of the casts had three prominent bulbous protrusions that resembled toes and another side protrusion toward the heel of the foot. Miss Thompson said the tracks resembled those cast by the late Grover S. Krantz formerly with the University of Washington at Pullman. She said the professor at Idaho State University, Jeff Meldrum dismissed her track as an over-lapping elk. But do elk leave a bipedal tightrope trail of 15 ½ inch tracks? ^{149a}

Calf thrown

In Giles County, Tennessee a shocked farmer watched as a Bigfoot killed one of his calves by swinging it by its hind legs and then throwing it to the ground.¹⁵⁰

Throwing Dogs

I remember reading a lengthy report out of the unincorporated town of Calverton, Maryland. A NASA engineer told the Prince George County Police Department that while he was driving to work early one morning at the

Goddard Space-Flight Center, he saw a huge brown hair-covered Bigfoot lumbering along I-95 in the early morning fog. What was unusual about his observation was that a domestic dog was chasing it from behind. Apparently annoyed, the Bigfoot reached down, picked up the dog and threw it from the road and then disappeared into the woodland trees. This happened near the Powder Road Mill Overpass and I-95 in March of 1977.^{150a}

Tractor up-ended

This was an interesting report to contemplate. The wife of a corn farmer in Iowa wrote Bigfootencounters to say that something very strange occurred on their farm property. She described a day when her husband finished dragging a 17-acre field section with his 1989 - 45hp John Deere 2155, busting up dirt clods. That evening he pulled the tractor up to the barn with the intent to service it the next day. Early the next morning, the farmer came excitedly back into the house and told his wife something had up-ended the tractor; literally turned the heavy machinery over laying it on its side. There were 17-inch humanoid footprints all around the tractor leading through one of the freshly plowed fields and into the woods behind the south section. The tracks appeared to wander aimlessly in circles around the field. They wrote asking if a Bigfoot could have possibly done this? What would you tell them?"¹⁵¹

Hideous creatures pelt couple with gravel

A couple from Forks, Washington went for a sunset stroll early one evening after a large family dinner in the year 1950 and returned to tell the family they were pelted with gravel from a dirt road area in the Olympics. They described their terror as *"two huge, hideous creatures walked out onto the road way in front of them and began heaving hands full of small pebble-like gravel in their direction."* Stunned, neither one of them remembers how they got back to their vehicle; a 1948 Plymouth woody station wagon parked about 75 yards up the road. They related the terror they felt being chased by these strange beings. The word 'hideous' was used often in the retelling of this story. Mike and I interviewed both of them separately and independent of each other they said they didn't believe in Bigfoot prior to this event. (Mike Dardanos 1996)

Sasquatch chews up Styrofoam toolbox...

Pictured right is Washington State resident Karl A. Breheim who was prospecting for gold in the Rogue River area just north of Grants Pass, Oregon in the Siskiyou National



Forest when he encountered a Sasquatch. Breheim told the *Spokesman-Review* that the creature "took a chomp out of his plastic-foam toolbox." Believing the chewed up pieces of his Styrofoam toolbox would yield genetic proof needed to declare Bigfoot an endangered species, Breheim sent the evidence to QuestGen Forensic geneticist Dr. Joy Halverson DVM, MPVM President and senior scientist at the University of California at Davis, School of Veterinary Medicine. Halverson detected a possible divergent line of DNA heavily obscured by mineralization.

Breheim and Nancy Dean Paulson worked the site during the daylight hours, but drove into Grants Pass during night hours. When they returned the next morning, they found close to 50 small trees snapped like kitchen matches. "*It seemed to me like a mini tornado had touched down on the trees. Every single one had been snapped off,*" Paulson said. "*That's what I noticed; then we saw the bites out of the toolbox and we got out of there.*" Breheim said the bites looked like a giant man had munched a white-bread sandwich. Pieces of the chewed-up box were spit out 20-feet across the forest floor. They stayed on the ground for months beneath the piling up of mulch until Breheim retrieved them the next spring. There were other signs. Apparently Breheim found sticks broken into similar lengths and piled 9-feet high, which he photographed. He found long, steaming dung samples as big around as a ship's rope - approximately 2 & 3/8 to 3-inches in diameter. And he found marmots, carefully plucked clean of their fur, placed at the doorstep of his camper. Breheim found suspicious shapes in the woods, which Breheim filmed with an infrared camera.

"...Bureau of Land Management employees might have made the stick mounds," said Abbie Jossie hypothetically, she was field manager for BLM's Grants Pass Resource Area. The BLM has been piling up sticks in the Pickett Snake area of the Rogue River drainage to reduce fire danger. But piling up sticks to reduce fire makes no sense because a 9-foot pile of sticks most assuredly equals a bon-fire! It was interesting to note that the area had been contracted for logging and any notice that Bigfoot was in the area might be the reason the BLM totally disregarded any references to a Bigfoot in the area. That region however, has a long history of Sasquatch sightings.¹⁵²

New Sasquatch family arrives in Bluff Creek...

In October 1958, California road building contractor Ray Wallace found human-like droppings the size of those a 1200-pound horse might leave. Interestingly, a similar pile of droppings were found and filmed by Rene Dahinden on Blue Creek Mountain Road and on the sandbar at Bluff Creek in 1967. Wilbur

“Shorty” Wallace, Ray's brother, found an unopened full, 55 gallon oil drum carried to the edge of the road and thrown down the hill. He also found a 20-foot length of 18" metal culvert carried some distance away and a 700 pound tire & wheel for a carry-all, which had been rolled for a quarter mile and hurled into a ravine.¹⁵³ Sounds like the Bluff Creek seven were very angry about the new road (Hwy 96) being cut through their territory? No doubt.

In July 1963, Dave Blake found big footprints all around where a barrel of diesel fuel was thrown off the side of the road in the road construction region of Bluff Creek, California. In August of that same year, Bigfoot tracks approximately 15-inches long are found at Bluff Creek logging operations, with boxes of spikes thrown around and stick of dynamite bitten into.¹⁵⁴ The anger, frustration and displeasure of the Sasquatches in that region did not go unnoticed. What was a pristine, tranquil region had been up-ended by the noise and diesel smoke generated by large machinery required for cutting roads in that region – the Sasquatch undoubtedly were alarmed by the intrusion.

Nearly twenty years of this kind of behavior was recorded in and around Bluff Creek from the late 1940's to 1967. Then suddenly after 1967 it all stopped. For nearly 45 years, there was no mention of Bigfoot activity in the region of Bluff Creek drainage. No sign of the former familiar tracks ever surfaced again. What happened to the makers of those 7 tracks? After putting up with all that goes with cutting a new road through their territory, would the resident Sasquatch just up and leave? I don't think so; because their tracks never showed up elsewhere. What happened to the famous seven sasquatches of Bluff Creek fame? Whatever the cause, life does rejuvenate itself. Recently, brand new tracks were found in the drainage of Bluff Creek between the Notice Creek Bridge and the Bluff Creek Bridge. Not all the tracks were measured because there were "*hundreds all over the place.*" It was like a new tribe of Sasquatch had moved in and had themselves a Pow Wow. The substrate was

hard packed making exact measurements difficult. Ken Iddins and M.K. Davis located a clear track set quite deep in the sandy loam of Bluff Creek that measured 14x6 on June 10, 2012. The tracks were found one quarter mile up-stream from the Patterson site; it was one of dozens of different size, newly discovered Sasquatch tracks under fourteen inches in size.

Along on that June trip was Don Monroe, seen in the first photograph waiting for the plaster to harden in one of the tracks that they poured that week. It was a baby track measuring 6 inches long. It is encouraging testimony that brand new life continues on with new tracks and a new resident family of Sasquatches living in the Bluff Creek drainage; it was thrilling to learn about this turn-of-events and new life being reborn in northern California.

Then, as Davis and Iddins hiked further up the road, it became apparent that



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ed by juvenile Sasquatches racing alongside Bluff Creek Road, just out of sight. Coming around a turn in the road, Davis figured they surprised the juveniles who then ducked under this yearling Douglas fir tree. Davis snapped the photo below showing the partial hand sticking out from the tree's skirt.

It was also determined on that same trip that not only had the gates to Bluff



Creek been closed and locked by the U.S. Forestry in the fall of 2011 but that the Forestry is showing a new determination to keep cars and bikers out of the region – there isn't much they can do to keep hikers out...but it's one whale of a hike from there into Bluff Creek!!

The Forestry built four foot tall berms across Bluff Creek Road and brought in heavy machinery to chisel plow massive ditches across the road to prevent motor scooter access. The reason given by Forestry is of course, the false notion that vehicles spread Port Orford Cedar Root Rot Disease; but so do bears. The Cedar fungus has been around for thousands of years; why close and lock gates at this late date, dig ditches and build berms – isn't the horse is already out of the barn?

One forestry official told Davis that "...you could all be killed," a woman's remains had been uncovered in the area. Sounds like something else is going on and only the U.S. Forestry knows what that is. I could find no press coverage of a woman being killed in Bluff Creek even by bears. The following photos were generously provided by M.K. Davis, showing a 4 foot berm blocking vehicle access up Bluff Creek Road. Further on up the road where the trio hiked, they found a machine-carved channel cutting across the road essentially blocking motor bike access into the Bluff Creek drainage.

Felled trees and ditch chisel-plowed straight through Bluff Creek Road 2012

I doubt that the prevention methods employed by the Forestry will keep out visitors to the famous Bluff Creek region but only the hardest souls will make the entire trip; it's a long ways in on foot.

It was heart-warming to learn that there were new tracks being cast including a newborn generation of Sasquatches in the area. It was a long time coming.

Sasquatch unhitches chained dog...

Marian H.'s red husky was routinely chained at night to keep her from running off and to protect the front door. In 2009, the widow woman wrote to ask if I thought a Bigfoot was able to work a chain that was attached to the dog's collar with a slide snap hook. The short of that exchange was that something was coming in the night and unhooking the snap hook that held the husky confined to the porch area and yard. Several mornings a week, she found the dog running loose and knew the dog couldn't not get that way without human



help. Two months went by and the woman wrote again telling me that the ground anchor for the dog's chain was cemented in the ground; it had been

pulled up and taken down to the lake some 50-yards from her cabin; the dog was found loose and asleep on the porch. I sent Jim Fischer over to see what he might find out; he wrote to say there was sign all over the place and one clear track down by the creek that measured 15½ inches in length, which he later cast.

Fischer said the woman was unarmed and frightened and invited him to stay the weekend. Fischer camped out in his tent but said the sudden appearance of his truck may have put off the Bigfoot because it never showed while he was there. Odd things continued to occur on the place. For instance, Mrs. H. described finding a pile of Bard owl feathers near the lake as if it was killed and plucked on the spot. Finally the problem was solved when Mrs. H. brought in a retired police dog; its warning bark kept the hairy visitor at bay. (North Hamlin Lake region, Michigan, 2009)

Rocking vans and campers, kicking tires...

There remains an old story out of Trinity County, California, Mike Gordon, while sleeping in his Dodge van at Gray Falls Campground woke up at around midnight because a Bigfoot was kicking his tires and rocking his van violently. Mike said he could see the Bigfoot's hairy, bearded chin, chest and hand through the van's windows. The Bigfoot, approximately 8-feet tall, continued to harass the van off and on until finally Mike blew the car's horn, and then it stopped. The source of that story, the late Fred Bradshaw, also told another story about the behavior of "trailer rocking" in Pierce County, Washington State near Ft. Lewis Army Base. Bradshaw was in the travel trailer himself when his hunting trailer was rocked violently; he said, "...it wasn't funny."

Bigfoot showers camper with pebbles...

In 2010, Bigfoot enthusiast and family friend Peter Williams complained constantly that I had neglected to upload his encounter. He was so irritated with me that finally, he wagered me \$100.00 that I wouldn't publish his story. He often took his teenage son camping at Patrick Creek Campground which is 8 miles east of Gasquet, California on old U.S. 199. It's in the Smith River National Recreation area; the attraction for them was the barrier free hiking trail that he thought the best for teaching his young son the art of hiking.

For years I listened to him grumble about nothing ever happening to them while on their hiking-campouts; not a stone thrown and not a scream heard. Finally one year, very late in the season, he took his wife along; she's a beauty contest winner from the Midwest; the young son was not with them. The first

afternoon and night there was just the two of them sitting around the campfire talking. The second night he tinkered inside with the radio and she busied herself around the campsite, cooking, washing up, stowing away the garbage and a little after 11:00 p.m., they retired inside their cab-over camper. Within 30 minutes rocks started raining down on the camper. Pete switched on the porch-door light and stepped outside; he could see nothing; heard nothing – no rocks fell on him. Giving up, he retired again and went inside. No sooner than he closed the door and turned out the light than the rocks came flying in again; whatever it was pushed on the camper but did not rock it. This went on until finally irritated he went outside and fired a round from a handgun. All went quiet and it stayed that way. Pete believes the Sasquatch was interested in his wife and the pebbles were in hopes of seeing her come outside; but she never did. So Pete, there is your story, you owe me \$100 bucks, Buddy.

More camper rocking...

Sandy Glencross and other women were camping near Benton, New Hampshire in a Ford truck with a camper shell on the bed of her truck. The behavior of the Sasquatch she cited appears to be common among Sasquatch narratives; it's the rocking or pushing of cars, campers, RV's and camper shells. She wrote in part,

"...in less than probably 5 minutes that camper started rocking back and forth as if whatever was doing it wanted it to tip over; it rocked and rocked. I had my rifle in my hands but was too scared to get out of bed; we were frozen in fear. We thought, "bear?" I said "not." Whatever was rocking the camper was pushing from the top; a bear would have taken their camp food. But this was no bear, no moose - nothing other than a Bigfoot with the height and strength to rock my camper truck the way it did; we could hear it walking outside through the screen window near the top of the camper." Then it stopped and everything went silent. There were no scratch marks on the camper the next day."
"...the only things touched were our nerves, we were terrified." ¹⁵⁵

Sasquatch rocks truck violently...

Ted Brock wrote:

After driving all day and into the night, trying to get home for Thanksgiving one year, I pulled over to doze for a while somewhere off Interstate 10 in New Mexico. It was a rest stop area and when I drove in there was only one other car in there and I think they drove off as I fell asleep.

I slept in the cab compartment of my 2-door Chevy Colorado. Let me explain Bobbie, it's a 2-dr truck with stainless steel nerf bars, which are like narrow running boards underneath each door and a 3.5 suspension lift kit, okay? So when a 700 pound 8-foot Bigfoot jumped up on the truck, you get the picture of how the truck leaned. So it is pitch dark, dash clock says it is 2:30 a.m. and I am awakened by this bruiser rockin' the boat. Now you see it was an intense way to be awakened. There isn't much left to tell; the Bigfoot jumped on the rail-board and rocked the truck back and forth with his weight alone. It felt violent and it got my chicken skin working, you know out of a sound sleep you wake up fighting? Looking out the driver's side window, all I saw was his midsection, which was not very hairy, not like his arms and legs. Then as fast as he started, he quit. That was it. I don't know where he went or why it happened but I started up the truck and got out of there. There were no other cars parked anywhere around, so it wasn't another person. (Ted Brock, December 2, 2007)

Trash bin and dumpster divers oh my...

Cindy Herold, a nurse and a friend of mine who lives in Butte County, California related an interesting story in 2010. Her story concerned a fellow who worked at the Mule Creek State Prison at Elk Creek. His name is Steve McCall and he lived with his wife in the nearby City of Paradise in the northwest foothills of California's Central Valley, in the Sierra Range.

The McCall's were deeply religious and lived a very simple life in a remote area of the town. When Cindy met Steve, he told her he was deeply troubled and felt the Devil was trying to get him - the subject became centered on Bigfoot. Steve said, "*...there is something outside at night where I live that knocks on my mobile home walls.*" Thus began Cindy's on-going interest in Steve's observations.

One incident Cindy learned about occurred when Steve and his wife left the windows open on hot summer nights making it easy for them to hear the foot traffic running around outside. It started around midnight and continued until sun-up. Steve told Cindy, "*...I could hear deer running followed by something heavy on two legs run in one direction then another came from another direction; it's wild out there at night. I've heard stray dogs sound like they were getting killed in the brush, it is a horrible sound.*"

After months listening to the night sounds, a night came when one of the big fellows came up on Steve's porch. Finally Steve braved it and getting up the courage yanked open the curtains! What he saw had a very large set of black

colored hands as it pushed off the window pane. At first he said he thought it was a black man; in a momentary flash he considered calling the police but then coming out of his shock he realized the hands were far too big to be anything but a Bigfoot.

Time passed and Steve finally got in touch with Cindy and told her about another incident with the Bigfoot. His second encounter came one night when he was locking up his chickens in the coup. Walking back to the house he heard something crashing through the brush and instinctively he swirled around aiming his thousand candle power flashlight toward the racket just in time to see a reddish brown Bigfoot standing in the brush. He could see the top half and part of a thigh; then just as quickly, the creature was gone. Steve also told Cindy that there was a large neighborhood trash bin receptacle where people were sometimes surprised by the Bigfoot; a peanut butter jar had been unscrewed and licked clean; the trash always looked like it had been gone through.

Incidents like this happened often to the McCall couple in the woods that surrounded their trailer. One year the visits stopped and the night sounds were heard no longer. It wasn't long before he heard a rumor that one of his distant neighbors shot a large bear trying to break into his mother's house. The mother said "*it was no bear.*"

Steve believed the bear his neighbor shot to death was really the itinerant Bigfoot that frequented his trailer and the rest of the neighborhood at night. The body was never found according to the neighbor. (The Cindy Herold Story 2010)

To the avid researcher, it seemed a familiar story. There are many narratives that define a given Sasquatch as a *slick opportunist*. It isn't hard to believe they find trash bins and rural garbage dumps a likely food source. They likely got a clue from watching bears pillaging trash cans. I heard from Cindy again in May of 2011 and she had lost track of Steve and his wife. But stories from Butte County, California are many.

The bag man story...

One distinctly different case proved amusing. The informants wrote to report an encounter with a Sasquatch that occurred (as the crow flies) a short distance from the Concow Reservoir in Butte County, California. The very tall reddish-brown colored Sasquatch crossed over Concow Road in the early morning hours in the summer of 2003. Nothing unusual about that report except for one thing; I spoke twice with the couple and both said independent

of one another: "...the Sasquatch had a plastic bag on its head, the handles draping down over each shoulder." After a good laugh, I put that one in my *Who's going to believe this' file*; I mean really! How would I ever be able to verify a report like that one? Some reports you just have to take at face value and enjoy.

Bigfoot wearing yellow hard-hat...

There are numerous reports of Bigfoot wearing various hats and now plastic bags. One report I took from a retired logger by the name of Swain. This fellow also lived in Butte County, California. What he reported was surely a novelty.

Swain wrote that he was startled to see a dark colored Sasquatch crossing the road wearing one of the yellow hard-hats commonly used by Cal-Trans highway workmen; talk about funny, the mental image that conveys is hilarious; hairy, naked as a jay-bird with a yellow hard-hat on its head.

The same Sasquatch reportedly crossed the dirt road in two steps and appeared shorter in height than most reports out of northern California but had incredible bulk for such a short Sasquatch. Swain remarked it was probably a juvenile but he was built "*unbelievably well*." The informant went on to say the Sasquatch evidently was not concerned with the heavy machinery working the roads that day causing me to laugh even harder at the prospects of this Sasquatch feeling protected by the hard hat. Is the story true? I don't know but it lightens the load; makes me smile and I suppose a Sasquatch can be eccentric and playful too.

Bigfoot wearing clothes...

The late Jon Erik Beckjord, Sasquatchery's bad boy often had great insight; he rarely gave up on the weird, the supernatural and the unusual aspects of Bigfoot research. A 2008 story in the *Yakima Herald-Republic* quoted a gentleman with the SRP (Sasquatch Research Project), Eric Beckjord who said that a recent computer enhancement of the famous 1967 Bigfoot film footage revealed a metal cylinder on the creature's right arm. Beckjord quickly drew the conclusion that Bigfoot was a product from outer space. "*An ape doesn't have a cylinder on his arm unless it's an experimental creature,*" Beckjord said.¹⁵⁶ You would need to have known Beckjord to understand how absurd a few of his conclusions really were. Often delusional, Erik imagined babies clinging to the chest of the creature in the film clip attributed to Roger Patterson. My great annoyance with him was not so much his fringe ideas but in his frightfully over-bearing way, he shoved his ideas on others with great

insistence. My clashes with him were far scarier than any chance meeting with a Bigfoot; in fact I was unashamedly afraid of Erik, often with good reason.

Erik Beckjord often quoted Dr. Vaughn M. Bryant of Texas A & M University; his specialty is paleo nutrition, the study of coprolites and fossilized fecal matter. Dr. Bryant, according to Erik, reported an event concerning a woman who said she saw a Bigfoot wearing dirty jeans; seriously. As big as the Sasquatch can get, that must have presented a very funny image.

There is another account investigated by Marine biologist, Dr. Peter Rubec in Florida who interviewed a family that claimed a hair covered youngster played with their children. If I remember the story correctly, they clothed the hairy male child in a pair of overalls mainly for coverage because it played with the small daughters of that family.

Mike Dardanos tells a story about a Native couple in Washington State who occasionally would see a Bigfoot watching children at recess playing near a tree line; Mike suggested the big male was 'henpecked' because the primitive wore a frilly apron in the style of a loin-cloth. The make shift apron was not tied in back but twisted and was probably a stolen table cloth off a clothes-line somewhere. Nothing made Mike laugh harder than to tell his *henpecked Bigfoot story*. Mike swore the sight was too funny not to have some truth to it. Could it be the primitive understood his nakedness was objectionable around playground age children?

Big Scott Mullis repeated a story to Dardanos that took place in Maine on the Meduxnekeag River probably sometime in the 1960's. The strange behavior reported occurred when a Maliseet woman was hanging up wash on a line strung between two trees and left to dry overnight. When she went to fetch her dry clothing off the line the next morning, she found the clothes had been removed from the line and draped on two adjoining conifers. How was she sure it was the hairy man? The clothes were draped on the tree way above her reach. *Gugwes* is a northern Maine Algonquin Indian term for Sasquatch; also *koakwe* and *kookwe*.

Sasquatch in a skirt...

Rhonda Whetstone wrote that *the Marshfield Terror* was living in the forests that surround Auburndale, Wisconsin in October of 2010. She reported that the creature occasionally appeared out in the open and strangely, it was wearing only a shirt that was "*more abbreviated than a Scottish kilt*" and he was neither a hoax nor a hallucination. That must have been a sight.

Calling him "*Wild as a hawk*," Whetstone said he hung out in the woods near George Zollinger's place and described him as "unkempt looking." Those who observed him said *he had the speed of a deer and was seen putting one hand on a fence post, vaulting a five-wire fence as easily as a college athlete; his speed defied pursuit* according to one story Whetstone wrote about. The local berry-pickers gave his area of the thicket a wide berth and thought him to be a throwback to early primeval wild men.¹⁵⁷

The watcher, the opportunist...

In summer of 1992 I acquired a report from a woman named Cassie. We met while browsing at the *Port Book & News Store* in Port Angeles, Washington. In the aisle for Bigfoot books; she engaged me in conversation, telling me of her surprise at seeing the haired ones for herself. We stood in the aisle and talked about primitive wild men as excitedly as any two women might for more than an hour! She told me she was in the backyard one fall morning when out of nowhere, a Bigfoot shot out from around the far side of her home and grabbed a blanket airing on a clothes line. As it ran off, it wrapped the blanket around its shoulders. "*You wouldn't believe how fast he ran!!*" She believed it was the same Sasquatch who watched with curiosity her two boys jumping on the backyard trampoline from his vantage point 25-yards away in the trees. Her children were small so she and her husband had the yard fenced to be safe and never saw the Sasquatch or the blanket again. "*In my heart I knew the fence wouldn't keep this thing out of the yard but at least my boys would be unable to follow him into the woods. The thought that the Sasquatch might carry my boys off thankfully had not occurred to me, not at that time. We had a "stay safe" conversation with the two boys but you never know how much they assimilate at such a young age. I frequently wonder what that Sasquatch did with Kevin's blue blankie.*" (Cass D. July 1992)

Sasquatch with footwear...

In 1996, I took a report from a Native American woman from her home in Shields Valley, Montana where she had a brief visual (at a distance) of what looked like a Sasquatch with deer hide wrapped around each of its feet, bound tightly with strips of what she thought must have been deer hide. I thought that very unusual. That was her only sighting and she was quite sure of what she saw. In Montana, there is no shortage of stories in almost every Native American family history; most are trailside or roadside sightings. The woman had a distant relative who told her about another incident. The relatives claimed that they saw a creature watching them put out salmon in the smoke-house. It seems, in some cases, the hair people don't miss much, they are

very observant; many are the reports that are about Sasquatches seen studying our outdoor activity; usually from a distant vantage point. Whoever this woman was in the smoke-house tale, she included a relative who saw a nine-ten foot Sasquatch while wild boar (tusker) hunting in Saskatchewan, Canada. I recall reading the boar hunt report to Rene Dahinden at some point and of course he didn't believe the story. Whatever year that was, Rene had just finished a visit with Rick Noll, an interview I think it was. It's hard to know how to assimilate all that comes with informant perceptions during an encounter. Visuals can startle people to the degree that the facts are twisted and often misinterpreted. Canadians tend to report taller Sasquatch.

Wrapped in hides...

I failed to check back with an informant who wrote in the early 1990's from Teton County, Idaho. The informant, a retired policeman signing himself with the screen name 'Tinish,' related seeing a Bigfoot carrying a bundled young one cradled in its arms. He believed it might have been an infant wrapped in some kind of hide. This was another report that somehow got passed me – so many did. I do remember posting it in one of the underground mIRC hunter-type chat rooms one night but nobody was willing to give it much credence; still...who knows? If Bigfoot is human, then humans do what humans do!

Speaking of odd apparel, the late Datus Perry, eccentric though he was, is recorded as saying in 1979 that he saw a Sasquatch in the Central Sierra-Nevada Range on the California side near Grant Lake. From a distance Perry said it looked like it was wearing something like a musk ox hide on its back.¹⁵⁸

In 1985 old Datus Perry had a face to face run-in with a female Sasquatch. In Perry's own words, "*She followed me over half a mile to my shelter and stayed behind a tree while I repaired my shelter. Then she came down closer to my shelter and seemed to be indicating she was...uh, ...available. She was back a couple more times leaving tracks and droppings.*" It's hard to imagine what lewd and lascivious gesturing the female Sasquatch might have done to give Perry that impression, but those were his very words. I was amused when I read that report – and laughingly said, I thought Perry's Sasquatch didn't know civilized man had *soliciting laws*. When I first read about Datus, I didn't believe all of the stories attributed to him; this one was by far the most amusing. And isn't it interesting that in the case of Albert Ostman's kidnapping, he also felt he was captured to be a mate for his captor's daughter. More *interspecies soliciting* between primitives and civilized man. I used to think that female sightings were quite rare, so I blew off the stories like these two.

Datus Perry was a peculiar character who told many stories, some true, some would make you wonder...nobody knew if he was telling the truth or telling a big whopper.

Three 2 by 4's short of a load...

I call myself a serious researcher but more often than not, I amuse myself by finding the humor in it all. Reports have not been without a funny side and maybe that's what keeps me sane.

The yellow hard-hat story reminded me of a second hand story with no name attached other than it was from "honkytonkgirl9" on the Alt-Bigfoot site. A restaurant waitress revealed her neighbor had an encounter with a Sasquatch on Hwy 299 westbound toward Willow Creek, California one night quite late. What was odd about that? The Sasquatch was carrying three standard-length two by fours under its right arm seemingly with little effort; she said he was as typically described. A building contractor would have a difficult time believing a Sasquatch carried off construction lumber. Most likely some poor carpenter in need of keeping his job probably got blamed for that heist.

And speaking of heists; Mrs. R.F. wrote that she believed one of the Bigfoot that hung around her property made off with an Easter basket she and her husband left on the front porch for their 4-year old son to find Easter Sunday morning in 2004. The woman wrote that it was a 24-inch basket wrapped in blue cellophane with assorted chocolates and a white fuzzy bunny inside of it. The mother said angrily, "*...that basket didn't just get up and walk away; it was taken by someone during the night.*" Apparently the rural mountain property in Kootenai County, Idaho had a history of Bigfoot sightings.¹⁵⁹

Sasquatch and rabbits...

I uncovered three similar reports of male hair-covered bipeds carrying rabbits, the first account told to me by the late Rene Dahinden about a dead rabbit described as dangling by the hind-legs as the Bigfoot walked through a small clearing near Jeune Landing, Port Alice, Vancouver Island, BC.¹⁶⁰

In the other report the rabbit was apparently still alive, kicking and squealing in the hands of a Bigfoot who was carrying it by the scruff of the neck. The incident evidently occurred near Ft. Totten, Benson County, North Dakota. Interesting enough Ft. Totten is very close to a place known as Devils Lake.¹⁶⁰

The last rabbit case file was from a New Mexico resident. Traveling down Bitter Creek Road, near the little town of Red River a woman wrote in great fear of

being ridiculed, that she observed a Sasquatch with shaggy gray hair crossing the road in front of her place. She previously wrote to me through the website about finding 16-inch tracks several months earlier around her hacienda's garden. The dead rabbit was strategically placed in the walkway up to her front porch; its neck snapped and nearly twisted off. The woman wanted to know if I thought the maker of the 16-inch flat-footed tracks might have left the dead rabbit; if so, what did it mean? What would you have told the woman?

Grey-white Sasquatch throws pine boughs...

Summarizing the following account related to me by two men fishing the Powell River in British Columbia: Two anglers were sitting on a rock-strewn area of the Powell River busily sorting through a tackle box. The sun was out; the morning was peaceful except for the chatter of birds. His brother finally got up and waded on out into the shallows and began fly casting. Macintosh tied the chosen fly onto his line and got up. Just then he said he heard a very loud crackling sound echo throughout the woods behind him. *"I turned to look in that direction, but inside the trees was very dark, pitch black in places and I didn't see anything but the sound was unmistakably out of place and I'm thinking – grizzly, maybe."* Checking to see where his brother was, he began casting. *"((Crack!)) ...it happened again only this time the sound of the cracking was like the report of a bull whip causing me to whirl around and look in that direction again. It wasn't a continual noise, just a loud crack like a large breaking branch, then the echo and silence again."* The informant's half-brother made his way back toward Macintosh exclaiming, *"..did you hear that, a griz ...do you think? But we have the .44."*

The two men prepared to open up the tackle box again and sifting through the drawers located the firearm. They quickly loaded the .44 and set it atop of the tackle box, all the while keeping watch. According to their story, the silence continued for about ten more minutes then two quick snaps, very loud snapping sounds were heard and the thoughts of a tranquil day fishing the river ebbed away. Both men assured me there was no doubt there was a dangerous grizzly about the place they wanted to fish.

By that time, the two men were spooked; they moved back toward the firearm, they stopped and suddenly at the edge of the tree line, the two men saw what they described was a *"ghostly hair-covered apparition"* moving out of the darkness of the trees and onto the beach of the Powell River.

Listening to their story on the phone, Lou's voice became shaky as he retold the event. He described a very tall Sasquatch-looking giant emerging out of

the tree line with a load of tree branches and pine boughs in his arms. They knew in an instant what the apparition-like figure was. The Bigfoot was enormous in height, definitely male with *"gonads the size of grapefruits."*

The creature was thick of leg, a powerful chest and the size of the giant alone caused them alarm. *"Bobbie, he projected a powerful image standing there!! I've never seen any man that big or ever dreamed of a man that big, he was very intimidating; it was the same feeling you might have if a giant Mac-truck was barreling down on you, with no chance of escape. I never want to see anything like that again."*

The creature took a few more steps towards the anglers and began throwing the pine branches (boughs) at the two with great accuracy - next came a few sticks and twigs. Lou exclaimed that the creature was a head and chest taller than he was, much taller than they had ever heard of the Sasquatch being before. Clarence grabbed his firearm and releasing the safety discharged his weapon in the direction of the advancing Sasquatch but he was admittedly, *"so frightened for his life"* that he was sure the shot was off to the right because he heard it strike a tree trunk. Stunned by the noise of the gun, the Sasquatch looked startled and dropped the remaining pine boughs! The creature turned and walked back into the darkness of the woods. The two brothers were so disturbed by the event that they left behind two folding chairs in their haste to get away and back to their main camp where their guide and other men were bivouacked. (C. & L. M., 2001)

I think these few examples give us an insight into the Sasquatch's ability to throw things with savage determination and do it seemingly with some semblance of aggression and precision. There was some measure of conversation afterwards about what would have happened if the first shot had hit the monster and also, the size of the tree branches thrown were more like whole limbs ripped off pine trees. There are other behaviors to consider for example...

Bluff charging...

Back in the mid 1990's, when I was interacting with former Los Angeles Deputy Sheriff Capt. Tom Akren and his wife, Marie; he had an interesting story. The narrative was about a silver miner who made camp in Glengowan in the Matzatzal Mountains in Maricopa and Gila County, Arizona. His story is a lengthy one and dated back seventy-eighty years or more when mining silver was a successful venture in and around the Tonto National Forest. The behavior I noted for this purpose stemmed from an incident that occurred on the trail going up and out of a steep canyon ravine in route to the Globe Stage

Coach Line to Phoenix, which came through only once a month. The miner packed up his team of 9 mules with ore and was single-filing his mule team up and out of this steep canyon on a very narrow trail. Suddenly a Sasquatch jumped in front of his mule team coming face to face with the startled miner. The Sasquatch Akren reported, stood his ground on the trail waving his arms and wouldn't move. In the first story I heard him tell, the male Sasquatch waved his arms violently in what appeared to be a bluff charge stamping his foot forward several times on the ground and wouldn't let the mules go any further. (Tom Akren)

There must have been a reason for this peculiar behavior, but whatever it was escaped me unless it was for the amusement of the Sasquatch or the protection of others, perhaps young Sasquatches ahead on the trail unseen by the miner. To see a Sasquatch child is rare; we see their tracks in the snow but according to the data, we never see the little ones. This bluff charging is echoed in other stories told by hikers who talk about Bigfoot-like beings jumping out on a trail blocking their only route.

Senior bigfooter, author Will Jevning and I were reminiscing about some of the antics by the late Rene Dahinden late one night; I've never laughed so hard in my life! Will goes way back, knew Rene long before some of the current claims. Some of the older crowd in research will remember Will's Bigfoot newsletters – "*Notes from the field.*"

Anyway, in the course of that exchange, Jevning related a story that involved a bit of *bluff charging* behavior by a Sasquatch. I asked him for permission to tell it again and he graciously agreed. Here it is, in Will's own words:

"Hugh Brown's encounter was I think, one of the more interesting ones I have investigated. The man I met on the logging road, one Kevin Gerde had known Hugh for a number of years and said he was a very honest man. Kevin told Hugh that he should go to a location in northern Oregon not far from the Bridge of the Gods at Wyeth. This is just across the Columbia River from Stevenson, Washington. Kevin told Hugh he had seen "steam vents" and that Hugh should go check them out. What Kevin had mistaken for volcanic steam vents were just rotting debris from a covered up logging landing. When it got cold and wet the heat vaporized the water that seeped into the debris pile underground emitting steam from surface openings. One day Hugh and a friend of his Jeff Strough went there. They walked after driving as far as they could to the spot and saw where a small amount of steam came out of a small opening in the ground. They stood there for a few moments, and were about to leave when they heard a "roar" from down slope

from the edge of the ridge where they stood. They kept hearing this "roar" periodically and it sounded as if whatever was making it was coming up the hill in their direction; it kept getting closer and louder. When it sounded like it was just below them, they caught a glimpse of it and at first thought it was a bear; it then went into the brush. Jeff took off for the car, not wanting to be there if a bear decided to come after them. Hugh stayed a few moments longer hoping to catch a glimpse of the animal again, saying he didn't think it looked quite like a bear."

"A few seconds later, a deer burst out of the brush and ran right at Hugh, it stopped close enough he could have touched it; he said it acted very scared. The deer suddenly took off running out of sight, and then this huge creature came out near where the deer appeared and when it saw Hugh it ran right at him! Hugh said he must have been in shock, because he froze there. The creature ran toward Hugh being down slope from him, stopping just 15 or 20 feet in front of and slightly below Hugh. It stood there staring at Hugh and Hugh back at it. Then after what Hugh estimated later to be around 20-seconds or so, it turned to its right and casually walked off into the forest and out of sight."

"Hugh then ran for the car and told Jeff what had happened while they got out of the area. Hugh said he thought he was a dead man, he knew it was coming to get him; he thought perhaps it was competing with him over the deer. Who knows? Maybe it was, but the mock charge was very interesting behavior to me. Sasquatch behavior is one of my favorite parts of all this." (Will Jevning 2012)

Trail Blocking or is this herding?

I hesitate to call this next story bluff-charging – to me it is more like herding or for lack of a better word, trail blocking behavior; but I'll relate the story and you'll judge it. It's a great story and true as told to Oregon's senior investigator Cliff Olson by the Estacada Police Chief's son Robin as he sat in the dining room doing homework. Young Les told his dad, and Bob, what had happened to him and his friends up the Clackamas River. This all came down some years before the 1967 Patterson film clip was made public. It was a time when the Mt Hood National Forest was logging big time causing a great deal of Bigfoot activity due to the noise of the machinery and the disturbance.

Les K. was Public Work's foreman for Estacada, Oregon. This particular Saturday he planned to take his kid fishing on the North Fork of the Clackamas River above Estacada; they loaded up and headed out. He didn't want to hike up stream to his favorite fishing area so he chose to drive up Ladee Road and

hike a trail to the canyon breaks and then down slope to the North Fork and spend the day fishing.

They drove to where they could take a trail to the breaks and headed toward the canyon, they parked about a third of a mile from the lip of the canyon and then down slope another half mile or so to the stream. They hiked through the heavy timber almost to the breaks where they saw the timber thinning. They knew there were almost there.

Suddenly a very large male Sasquatch stepped out onto the trail just in front of them and just stood there glaring at them. The appearance of the creature and its huge size sent the kids into hysterics; they had been in the lead on the trail and just that quick they were behind their Dad, screaming and hollering and tugging on his clothes scarred to death. The creature just stood there as Les struggled with himself and his kids to gain some composure and head them back up the trail.

As they were about to head back up the trail to the car the creature started walking toward them adding to their need to vacate the area. The children wouldn't head out by themselves; instead they just clustered near their Dad slowing their progress on the trail. The Sasquatch advanced on them to the point that Les in his fright and concern using the only tool he had - a 7 ft. fly pole - shaking the tip of the rod in the creature's chest as he walked backwards up the trail. He continued this until the creature stopped, which was just a few feet from their pickup truck. The creature stood there as they clambered into the truck and left.

Les drove straight home dropped off this kids then drove to the Police Chief's home to tell him what he had just experienced. Bob W. could tell Les was really rattled and had him sit down. Les was not a drinking man; a complete tea totaler but when Bob W. offered Les a drink to settle his nerves, he took a big one. (Cliff Olson, Oregon)

Incredibly, this is a true story and in the process of relating the story to me, Cliff figured the big hairy guy was probably a guard for his family or others that were somewhere on the canyon slope picking berries, gathering roots or perhaps fishing. He did not want them in his area and meant them no harm if they left ...that was obvious. I'd call his behavior in ushering them back to the vehicle, unusual, thanks Cliff for relating this great story. This was a behavior I had not heard before.

Peeping Toms

There have been many notations in the database that described a Sasquatch

looking through windows not only of remote cabins but in rural residential areas. One such incident was described by a woman living on a reservation; large footprints were found all around the soft soil under a bedroom window indicating something shoe-less and very large watched the family inside at some point the previous night. The reservation police along with forestry tracked the creature into the nearby woods but the Sasquatch was never found. One of the elders asked that I not identify them or the individual. A Montana resident wrote in 1997 to report that he observed a Sasquatch watching the family through a living room window. He phoned his neighbor who ran out the door and fired twice into the air to scare it off. The next night however, the persistent Sasquatch was back peeping through windows. (J. Melon)

Orange haired Peeping Tom in the Catskills...

Brian from Delaware County, New York had an unusual sighting:

"One night after nine o'clock, my sister and I sat at the kitchen table eating sandwiches for dinner while my parents had cocktails in the front living room. The kitchen was at the rear of the house and the kitchen windows faced a drop-off in the property elevation, which ran down to a clear running stream. As I was eating my dinner, I was gazing out the window. It was a dark, overcast and moonless October night and looking out the window, which was twelve feet from where I was sitting, there, illuminated from the light spilling out of the kitchen, was a huge, ape-like face staring back at me. It had a broad, wide face, with no discernible neck and shoulders that spread out *beyond the four foot wide window*. HUGE. The brow of the creature was heavy and I do not recall any expression on the creature's face. It was clearly a Bigfoot, but what was different from any description that I heard before about a Bigfoot was that the hair of this creature was more orange-like, not brown or black."

"My father and I took flashlights and went outside to look for it, but the ground was hard due to a cold autumn that year. What we did realize was that the creature would have to be over nine feet tall for its face to be visible through the window at the kitchen, since the basement level was exposed at that part of the house, as the farmhouse was built into a hill. Two weeks later we read a local newspaper article in which a farmer said he spotted a big hairy creature breaking into his henhouse stealing chickens. The color of the creature's hair? Orange!" ¹⁶¹ (Brian)

The Humpah man...

Children playing on a wooden porch near rural Estes Park, Colorado told their mother the "Humpah man" came to play again. Thinking it was an imaginary friend the mother paid little attention and enjoyed hearing the children squeal every time the electric model train blew its whistle and puffed smoke from its stack. Apparently this was an attraction a visiting Sasquatch enjoyed as well. Running into the house, the 6-year old told his mother the "Humpah man" was laughing and excitedly said, "Humpah - Humpah" every time the train whistled; then he would laugh. Paying better attention and upon hearing a deep man's laughter, the mother stepped out onto the porch and saw a reddish brown Sasquatch astride the corner of the porch casually watching her children play with the electric train. He wasn't very tall, but he was big and her screams sent the Sasquatch running towards the woods. The men in the family gathered up their rifles, and set off into the woods to confront the stranger. But he was nowhere to be found. The following spring, the children reported seeing the *Humpah man* again peeking through their bedroom window. Now an adult, the report was written by the young lad in the story along with his 55-year old mother. Now living in New Mexico, the story is still talked about in his family all these years later. (Private Correspondence anonymous)

Dr. Connie Cameron recalled reading about laughter and the Sasquatch but couldn't remember the origins of that story. Stephen and Lucius Foley reported hearing laughter in the middle of the night when he and his two cousins camped near a fire-look out in the State of Washington in summer of 1984. Lenny M. mentioned hearing laughter while hiking the back country in Mt. Rainier National Park, Washington State. He stated there was nobody around for miles yet he and his girlfriend heard laughter that continued sporadically from 2:00 to 3:30 a.m. Saturday night August 21, 2010. They could see no campfires or other people. The next morning they stopped to talk with a Park Volunteer about what they heard; the man had no answers and said nobody was up there in that meadow but them. The informant was adamant that he heard laughter coming from the forest. (Lenny M)

Whistling in the Blues...

Long time friend and Bigfoot investigator from Cincinnati, Ron Schaffner provided me with a *Cleveland Plain Dealer* newspaper article; in it there was written an account that mentions whistling where former game warden Bill Laughery met up with the late Wes Sumerlin in the Blue Mountains of Washington not far from Walla Walla. There they encounter two hair covered Sasquatches. The bigger of the two hairy ones jumped the trail, 15 feet in one leap ahead of them; the other wandered off down the canyon. Laughery and

Sumerlin could clearly hear whistles, grunting and crashing in the bushes.¹⁶²

Singing/chanting up Notice Creek

The reports of singing and that sort of behavior reminds me that during one of a dozen treks into the Bluff Creek region of Northern California an incident was reported up Notice Creek in May of 2009 by Don Monroe, M.K. Davis and Bryan Davis. The three men stopped deep into the bush country to camp out one night. In the quiet of the night Davis related that they could hear a singing kind of chanting wafting in the distant air; the tune and words unrecognizable, but clearly audible. This occurred 13 miles up Notice Creek, California (above Bluff Creek) completely off-trail where nobody could possibly be. In every sense of the word, that region is pristine wilderness. I'd like to think the locals were enjoying some kind of social gathering, but who really knows? ¹⁶⁴

Singing and Banging on a cabin...

In 2011, a woman of Southern Paiute heritage wrote to tell me she lived alone in a cabin located on the Russian River in California and believes she saw a Sasquatch up in a Redwood tree on her property. It was a fairly young one, either sleeping up there in the tree or hiding its face from her. She told me she sang to them and believes they come around to hear her singing. One night the woman said she stoked the fire and turned in for the night. Along about 2:00 a.m. she heard and felt two distinctly, *"...loud and hard bangs from a fist just below my window, which is located on the second story of the cabin. I felt the fear run through my body like a shockwave and lay frozen in my bed wondering what could have made this whole cabin shake so hard. Then I wondered about Bigfoot and fell asleep after the fear subsided."*

Sonoma County, California does have a history of earthquakes and it might have been a sudden jolt she felt but it happened a second time. Continuing on she wrote,

"...My medicine woman said it was the Bigfoot and they liked my singing and I didn't even tell her about the singing, she just knew, so weird. The second 'banging incident' occurred exactly like the first one right down to the fear and finally falling asleep." ¹⁶³

Not all earthquakes are rolling types; many are sudden jolts. Perhaps the Sasquatch can move a house with that much force...I wouldn't want to meet up with one who could.

Young Bigfoot with a dog, watching...

In a separate account, a young northern Minnesota mother wrote that two young Sasquatch children frequently watched her three children from outside the chain-link fencing they put up to keep the coyotes and wolves away from the children. The interesting part of that 1998 report was that the two young Sasquatch children were accompanied by a "mixed breed looking dog" each time the mother observed them and the canine appeared tame and protective of the little hairy ones; it was always with them. She never saw any adult Sasquatch, but reported the two young hairy ones were dark brown and neither was over 4 feet tall. Their hair was "*parted in the middle and hung straggly.*" Faces were bare of hair but their bodies had a light covering of dark brown hair that was very short in length. They walked upright, sometimes clung to the chain-link when peering through. Once or twice they tried to climb over, but they never did that she saw.

Sasquatch stride length

There was an intriguing story written up in April of 1987 about three itinerant loggers who were all at a picnic area off Highway 89 between Truckee and Sierraville, California. The three men, Claude Dudley, Tom Ruffing and Lee Janet reported to Sierra County Sheriff Sgt. Joe Mosley that they were brewing coffee when they began hearing screeching noises around dusk.

They described an upright walking animal between 9 and 10 feet tall coming toward them. When the creature saw the three men, it turned away and ran toward Prosser Lake knocking over a small tree that was in its path. According to Gary Horn, a California Fish and Game Department Warden who conducted the initial investigation, the animal moved with a five-foot stride crossing highway 89 in only two steps. The Warden said according to one of the witnesses, "*One guy told me...two strides was enough for me, I packed up my grub and got the hell out of there.*" The loggers drove directly to Sierraville where they reported the incident.¹⁶⁵ (Peter Guttilla)

Of interest, I've driven Hwy 89 - it is a two lane highway northbound and southbound lanes with asphalt paved aprons on both sides. It is heavily wooded pines on the highway. Leaping that highway in two strides is an amazing feat and seeing that happen would get anyone's attention!

Sasquatch Hiding...

There exists a campground named Broken Mirror Campground; named so because of a log throwing incident that broke off the driver's side rear-view mirror; the incident was approximately early 1990's. The van was parked in

the northern most part of Arizona's high Mogollon Rim Country, Coconino County. The presumption of course is that a Sasquatch tossed the log that broke the mirror; what other rim country creature throws things? Not bears.

I found an old reference to this same camping area that occurred during Easter week of 1996 where three witnesses approaching this remote campground saw a large dark figure move behind a tree; its color did not match the color of the tree according to the witnesses. The linemen who told me the story said they were familiar with the elk in the region but never saw one stand upright and hide behind the trunk of a tree like this dark image was seen doing. The figure stayed behind the tree which was later measured at a guesstimate of 36-inches in diameter. The witnesses commented that once behind the tree, the figure didn't show on either side except in the region of the shoulders. The informant's girlfriend Shauna also observed the figure's head as it went behind the tree and reported seeing no eye shine but thought the figure was a human shape, roughly 7-feet tall and they felt it was a Sasquatch hiding behind the tree. They watched the tree for better than ten minutes. Then suddenly the woman coaxed the other two linemen into making a dash for their truck. They didn't look back but went back the next day to measure the tree; they found 15 x 6.5-inch, 5-toe footprints. Evidently the creature knew well how to hide or at least in this case thought he wasn't being observed. I remember trying to contact Lyle Vann in regards to this report, he was the only person I knew at the time who was investigating Arizona reports but we never did connect or if we did, I sure don't remember.¹⁶⁶

The story of the *hiding Sasquatch* was followed by another that originated nearby in late 1996 when an employee of the Coconino County Sheriff's Department told a security officer visiting Ft. Tuthill County Park in Flagstaff that he saw a light colored figure leaping *hunched-back* across Arizona's I-17 not far from the 337 exit. It was dusk when he pulled his truck off the road and watched the figure *run in leaping motions*, into the sun and hide itself behind a set of old growth Ponderosa Pines. He sat off the highway and watched those trees for several minutes but unable to see much more, the informant drove off convinced that he had witnessed a Sasquatch.

The Owens – Herriott Story

When I reread the rather famous account Daryl Owen and Scott Herriott told oh so many years ago about their encounter with a Sasquatch, I imagined the Sasquatch they saw was doing a bit of this same hiding behavior, trying to stay away from the twosome. I couldn't figure out who was more afraid, the Sasquatch trying to hide from the approach by these two guys or Daryl and

Scott at seeing it. The story was far funnier to hear Scott tell it; reading it does it an injustice. But it was a fun read in the '90's; drawing from part of their story is the following...

On October 12, 1992, Bigfoot hunters of the day, Daryl Owen and Scott Herriott ventured into the woods, near the mouth of the Klamath River armed only with their video cameras...their goal: to capture an image of Bigfoot. The incident occurred in Del Norte, California near Requa. It wasn't long before they got lucky, of course in hindsight, calling their encounter 'lucky' may be a matter of opinion from their point of view.

Once deep in the bush, and when they actually got close enough to realize what they were looking at, they found the Sasquatch positioned low in the bushes, lying prone on the ground, hiding as the fearless duo blundered into its hiding place. The photos that emerged from that day had the outline of the body and the eyes that so terrified Owen that all he could say was the f-word repeatedly and many times since!

Forgive me, I don't know why after all this time, I found this funny, but here is a small part of the tape recorded dialog that transpired between Daryl and Herriott; Daryl holding the camcorder:

"...all right I'm recording right now..."

"...you can see that little thing; it looks like maybe...an eye!!!!..."

"...fuck! It's a PAIR of eyes; he's looking right at me..."

<their two voices rising in tempo to high octave soprano>

"...yeah?" Herriott responds... "Holy Shit!"

"...that's a fucking Sasquatch, man!!" <voices are wild>

"I got it on fucking tape!" <Owen's voice screaming in a high-pitched tone>

"I can't fucking believe it!" <Voice even higher and trembling with terror>

"...he's looking right back at us..." <high squealing voice>

That outlines the scene, you get the picture.

Nobody left a scene faster with camera-in-hand than Daryl Owen did that day in complete terror. I phoned Scott in Los Angeles one night in 1996 to hear the story from him personally. His roommate answered the phone and when I asked for Scott, his reply in serious alarm was, "*Oh no, not again, I have to hear this story again? Oh no, spare me, not again!!*" He went on to explain how many times he had to listen to Herriott retell his encounter. Then, with intermittent laughter and frustrated resignation he handed the phone over to Sasquatchery's handsome, funny man Scott Herriott. It was a great story for its time! I don't think there's been one like it since; probably never will be. There was nothing funny about their terror; Daryl of course never returned to

the Bigfoot arena again. Their encounter made television A & E's "Ancient Mysteries: Bigfoot," a television series that aired in 1994 and the Learning Channel's "The Quest: Bigfoot."

Disguised as a tree stump...

We were camping in Northern California, on the coast, spending time in Arcata and Crescent City. We went inland to camp, but not sure exactly where we were. I only moved to California from Brooklyn about a year ago, so big trees and salmon filled rivers are new to me. The incident occurred the first week of October 2003. In the late afternoon the 3 of us ate and were scrambling for some firewood. It was late in the season and the area had been picked clean. We fanned out, and I started away from the creek heading into the deep woods. I looked around and saw large trees and a few big stumps. Suddenly, one of the stumps seemed to disappear. I was about 25-yards from it and could swear that a large redwood stump moved! I went in the direction of it and saw a man walking away into the deeper woods. I saw him for about 10 seconds. I yelled out, but all I got was a "whistle." I could tell he was big because another stump he walked by was later measured about 6-feet tall; he was at least a foot taller than that stump. It was evening, but the light was not gone completely. I thought he seemed to be wearing bulky, dark clothing. I didn't get a clear view of anything except his silhouette. I whistled and got a reply of a similar whistle but if it was him he had already moved a couple of yards further away. Only in the morning did one of my friends mention Bigfoot. We followed what we assumed to be his path but there was no sign of a campsite anywhere near there or any human activity at all. The woods just got deeper. Who knows? It was cool though; was the stump Bigfoot? R.G.

Carrying things...

I listened to Arla Williams on one of the Blogtalkradio programs in 2011 where the discussion centered on Sasquatches seen eating acorns. If you're not familiar with acorns, they are quite tough-skinned. I am unable to bite into them; I lack the jaw power but the early Native Americans using grinding stones, ground the acorns into powder for making flat bread with other wild seeds incorporated into the acorn flour mixture.

The conversation on the radio eventually turned to how the Sasquatch managed to store dropped acorns from beneath Oak trees. Arla, a Native American Cherokee woman, told her radio audience that the Sasquatch weaved baskets to carry large loads of food stuffs to be cached for winter use. Asked how she knew about the baskets and how she knew the Sasquatch used

them, Arla replied she had seen them for herself. Arla befriends the Sasquatch in Oklahoma; claims to be a long term witness with an unusual trusting relationship with the Sasquatch people.

Arla's testimony reminded me of a Native American/Hispanic woman in west Texas, Edna S., who told me that while visiting her daughter in Rio Arriba County, New Mexico she saw a small Sasquatch basket that seemed to be made from fibrous strips of cactus plants. Edna went on to say when allowed to dry, the strips of woven fiber formed a vessel quite large and sturdy enough to pack any number of food stuffs for storage and supposedly the cactus prevented mold and kept away insects. But my question was, in summer when temperatures soar over 100 degrees many months of the year, -where were they storing these food items so it wouldn't spoil or be eaten by squirrels. Her answer: "*...underground where cool temperatures are maintained year round.*" In many instances, a theme tends to develop that suggests the regions where Sasquatches are often seen are areas with underground cavern-like tunnels; usually of lava rock formed by volcanic pyroclastic flows centuries in the making. Such is the region around volcanic eruptions like Mt. St. Helens in Washington State and California's Mt. Shasta & Mt. Lassen areas.

Caching and storing food for winter

Along those same lines, I located two reports from hunters independent of one another. The reports were filed by a bow hunter and a black power deer hunter who reportedly found food stuffs cached above timberline buried deep under moss where snows are perpetual, a small cache of dried meat and nuts were found above the north end of a lake, in British Columbia, Canada. The cache was discovered by the hunter's retriever digging nervously into the ground.

The largest cache was found high in Gunnison County, Colorado in 1992. Besides elk meat, a rudimentary sort of Bannock bread was observed, which traditionally I'm told, is a large, round or rectangular loaf-like substance that required baking also suggestive of Sasquatch fire use. Bannock was usually made from crushed acorns, wild berries and seeds, barley, wheat or oats and other wild ingredients that vary according to region, which is held together by any available lard; in this case, it was believed to be rendered elk lard.

In that same stash of food, hunter Mel Whitlock found an unidentifiable root vegetable on the order of a leek, corn still on the cob with shucks still on and the cache was cleverly lined with unshelled walnuts. The temperature in the cache was in the neighborhood of near freezing and none of the food stuffs were molding; some were shriveled. Whitlock said there was no ventilation

into the cache and it measured approximately 5' x 6.5' and was 18" to 24" down underground covered in mosses that were supported by sticks and whole unshelled walnuts. There was no evidence bears or raccoons having disturbed the cache. Whitlock mused over the find and was intrigued by the lining of the cache, as big as it was, with walnuts which had been methodically pressed into the ground, lining almost every inch of it neatly and painstakingly. In the process the food stuffs were held up and away from any drainage that might occur on the floor of the cache. I agreed that took some mental acuity. Cooking items such as Bannock may be unseemly to those who haven't considered the human element of the Sasquatch. But it's not out of line if the Sasquatch interacted with the Aboriginal Indians; there are records that indicated they not only warred against the early Native Americans but traded with them in age-old times that were.

Bannock bread was and may still be, in some instances, used to store for the winter months. It is baked together (without eggs) with bear or elk lard and often wrapped in the leaves of skunk cabbage during storage. Loaves have been reported found alongside cached rabbit, wapiti and elk parts that had been dried. Bannock is often nasty smelling, nevertheless sustenance when winters are unusually harsh...it's all about survival whether it tastes good or not. The bow hunter reported dried root vegetables were layered among leaves and underneath those layers on the very bottom was a layer of tiny apples, not dried but whole. I wondered how many times hunters had walked over these cached fortresses without knowing it?

Bigfoot leaves a gift of a silk flower...

One of the strangest moments in researcher Paul Graves' life occurred when he was alone in the William O. Douglas Wilderness in the Cascades Mountains of Washington State. After merrily playing his flute one evening, Graves went to sleep in his one-man tent about 1:00 a.m. When he woke up the next morning and unzipped his tent, "*Right there, right outside by my tent was this big old white-looking flower - one of those silk fake ones.*" Had the Sasquatch left it as a gift for Paul in gratitude for the evening flute concert? How did it get there so deep in the wilderness? ¹⁶⁷

Sasquatch gift giving

Fred and Nancy de la Rosa wrote me in 2003 from their ranch home that was carved out deep forests near the California-Oregon border. As I understood it, they had been living alone on the property almost 35 years. They raised their family there and lived along side a family of wild forest people with no

problems and with minimum interaction. In the course of the correspondence that year one facet of their report stayed with me. It was an incident that occurred where they found a neatly placed row of hen's eggs lined up in a row, about 3 feet from the front door on the porch one morning. The de la Rosa's had no chickens and no known neighbors close by. Who left the neatly aligned row of 7 eggs? When you consider eggs major sustenance that was quite a gift they left, the gesture was huge.

Along those same lines, a beautiful Canadian woman from Mount Currie, British Columbia (and my friend Marie Abraham) made a comment about Sasquatch gift-giving that struck a chord; I sought permission to quote her and she generously gave it. In September of 2011, she was recorded as saying about the Sasquatch people:

"They understand gifts, some older ladies used to go fishing along Lillooet Lake, they would leave an extra fish on the log near the edge of the forest in the evenings, in the morning the fish would be gone. My sister saw a sasquatch along Duffy Lake Road a few years ago. When we go by there, sometimes, we leave apples, cucumbers, and plums for them. My cousin use to tie bannock in a plastic bag up a tree for the sasquatches, it would be gone in the morning.....Gifts to the sasquatches. This is one way to thank them; they don't expect to be thanked like everybody else. ...They don't expect a medal, a flag, handshakes and pictures taken like other heroes get." (Marie Abraham)

Pinecone seeds in exchange for Chanterelles...

In another bit of correspondence, I found some frequently reported behavior. Following, watching, forgetting themselves and the taking of gifted mushrooms and return gifting of pine nuts:

"My brother and I were sent out to gather Chanterelles; they are mushrooms that grow at the base of Oak and Douglas fir trees in an area where we live. (N. California). We are Yurok and at \$29-\$30.00 a pound, it helps the family income. I know the forest, I know where they grow. This day was bloody hot, over 100 degrees, so there wasn't much enthusiasm when my father told me to get to the mushroom picking. I went down to the creek, waded across and coming up on the other side followed the game trail about a mile up an incline where the north side has a secret growing area for Chanterelles. The hills are full of such secrets; I won't tell where."

"My little brother age 9 was making a lot of noise with a small boom box and rap music and thinking it over that was probably what brought in the Bigfoot. There were two of them watching us pick Chanterelles. Both were small, I think children and they came right out into the open and watched; they were not very hairy types, one bigger than the other but both under 6-feet; maybe my father's size and he is 5 feet, 8-inches tall. We did not acknowledge them but continued on, the picking was great. We moved through the area quickly and within an hour had nearly a pound and a half. The Bigfoot followed, sometimes directly out in the open and other times from behind trees. They made no noise, just watched; we smelled no stink and they did nothing to draw attention to themselves. Since we had more than enough, I left a handful on top of a fallen tree and we left. They followed all the way to the creek crossing then we didn't see them anymore. The next day we returned to finish picking the adjoining area on the incline, the Chanterelles were gone and in their place were 3 pinecones, dried & wide open with nuts almost visible." (Martin)

For readers who don't know, pine cones require heat and dry warmth to open up enough to make their seeds accessible. Thai cuisine often uses pine nuts in their cooking; I know an Italian restaurant that serves a spinach salad with pine nuts; they are delicious and nutritious.

The Oklahoma watcher...

The Chanterelle mushroom pickers in the previous story were watched but not interrupted. In Texas, North Dallas Urologist Dr. Nathan Graves filed his 1993 sighting with me in late October, 2012 also about "watchers." There are many stories about human activity being observed from great distances by dark watchers.

"I had a sighting in the Arbuckle Mountains near Dougherty, Murray County, Oklahoma. We looked up 400 yards away where there was a 14 foot cedar tree. A large black 9 foot creature (3-4 foot wide) stepped out from behind the tree, stared at us and then stepped back behind the green cedar tree. The creature was dark black. The other person with us said he thought the watcher was big as a truck? Two weeks later I went and looked at the tree and surrounding terrain. Beneath the tree was mainly solid rock. This area of the Arbuckle's has a lot of underground caves. I am a surgeon in the Dallas area with 20/15 vision!" ¹⁶⁸ (Dr. Nathan Graves, urologist)

Giftng, language and arguing Sasquatches...

I've always enjoyed my exchanges with Leo Selzer. He lives a long ten hour, thirty-six minutes north of the USA/Canadian border in an amazingly beautiful untouched wilderness region. The town of Prince George is roughly 489.7 miles north up the Cariboo Highway in British Columbia from Vancouver. During a conversation about Sasquatch unusual behavior Leo generously shared what some in research refer to as *giftng* or *swap-outs* between the primitive Sasquatch and trusting humans. Here is the pertinent part of my exchange

with Leo:

"The incident with the apple being traded for the stick and rock happened about 70–80 miles drive into the bush from down town Prince George City. The trading of a sandwich for the fir cone happened about 30 kilometers (18.6 miles) from town. What strikes me is that in two different locations, that far apart and about a year apart in time, I experienced two incidents of trading rather than the opportunistic taking of things."

"I suspect that when circumstances are in certain ways, the Sasquatch are apt to think more along the line of trading what they want, with something that they consider to have value. The rock was very colorful, cleaned and appeared to be hand rubbed to look nicer. The stick was rubbed nice and clean. The cone from the fir tree had to come from a distance away as there were no fir trees anywhere nearby. If it was a youngster or teenager who took the sandwich, perhaps he/she had been carrying the cone for a while as a possession of interest. I wondered if the intention to trade rather than just take; it might be an attempt toward friendship?"

"In September 2007 a Sasquatch left me a huge mushroom in what I believe to be a friendship offering. He/she had likely become used to my vehicle and me being in the area over the years and decided to make a positive move towards communication. I have heard of similar stories that other people supposedly experienced but I have no way of knowing if they are true or not."

"I just remembered a story that I was told first hand by the witness while I was investigating an occurrence on his property in August 2007. The gentleman's name is Collin Stone. He lives east of Prince George, about 18-kilometers. There is a lovely pond 250 yards from his house. Toward the pond and 100-yards from the house is his work shop. He was in the work shop and his dogs were with him. One evening shortly after dark, he had what he believed was a group of Sasquatches on his property. On the far side of the pond he heard what sounded like

people talking in some kind of Indian language. Then it erupted into yelling, screaming and fighting. The noise was so loud and scary enough that his dogs ran back to the house and hid under the porch. He immediately followed the dogs to the house and got his rifle, his shotgun and a handgun; he loaded them and went back to the workshop. The dogs would not go with him. He said the ruckus lasted off and on for a good five minutes or more. The next morning he went to investigate and found a lot of brush and debris had been tossed around. The grass was knee high and sparse and the ground was very hard. No clear tracks were found. I couldn't arrange coordinating times with him, to get out there for over a month. When Mike and I did get there, a tall thin poplar tree the size of my arm was broken off and angled out into the pond. The driveway runs right beside the pond so if it was that way when he came home he would have noticed. All through-out the summer he bought fluorescent green tennis balls for his dogs to play with. If he forgot to pick them up in the evening, they were gone by morning. He kept buying them and they kept disappearing. Then in early August, the week before Mike and I arrived, Collins' lady friend came to stay for the week end. He has 40 acres of land. Behind the house is an old logging trail that is grown over to the point of being just a wide game trail that runs way back into the hills; it is used by deer and bears and sometimes moose. Collin and his lady friend went for an afternoon walk along the trail. About 300 yards from the house, right along the side of the trail, was all the missing tennis balls. There was a dozen or more of them lined up in a perfectly straight line 1-2 inches apart. He decided to leave them there. The Sasquatch was obviously enjoying them and he had just bought a bucket full of tennis balls for his dogs." ¹⁶⁹ (Leo Selzer)

Children playing with Sasquatch children...

"In a straight line through the bush, the Collin's place is only about 5 kilometers from a place where a man, his wife and two daughters live in a small house, back off the highway and close to the bush; this is also in Prince George, British Columbia, Canada. I interviewed the lady and her girls one afternoon and they explained how the girls had been playing back in the bush with a naked hair covered youngster. Sometimes the big hair covered mother would stand back and watch them play. The girls were 5 and 6 years old at the time."

"The following summer they only saw the hairy youngster a couple of times. When the girls convinced their mother that the youngster was real she told the girls the next time the youngster shows up they should run to the house and tell her. Shortly afterward the

girls came to the house to tell their mother and she followed them out into the bush. When she saw the youngster and the huge mother she forbid the girls to go into the bush without her or the dad with them. When I spoke with the girls they felt it wasn't fair not be able to play with their friend any more. Their friend never said anything, just played and smiled a lot. When I asked the girls what their friend looked like they said, just looked like any other kid, just all covered with brown hair. They think the youngster was a girl, and she had quite long arms with big hands and dark skin under the hair. They did not feel afraid because the youngster came to them when they went to the end of the trail. The mother never came very close; she just stayed back and watched them attentively, playing and doing what children do." ¹⁷⁰ (Leo Selzer)

Selzer, the investigator in the case questioned the children extensively in regard to verbal interaction with the young Sasquatch. But apparently the hairy child never spoke; it squealed happily, laughed and followed instructions with apparent understanding. The children's mother had no idea about the interaction between her children and the hairy child and did not know how long they had been playing together – it could have been going on for months.

Sasquatch adoptive parenting? Guttural sounds...

In July of 2001, my friend Ken Kristian, a resident of beautiful Stuart Island, British Columbia sent along a news article with testimony from a Vancouver dentist by the name of Dr. Arthur Gosten; he told the most amazing story I think I had ever heard or read!

The doctor went camping in the Rockies with his family and was awakened by the frantic cries of his 12-year-old daughter who told him a "wild boy" was stealing their food. To Dr. Gosten's complete astonishment, he recalled for me, the following:

"...I looked where she was pointing and saw this half-naked boy slinking off into the trees with an armful of canned goods." Shouting after the boy, Dr. Gosten gave chase and caught up with him at the edge of a clearing. "I couldn't believe my eyes! The boy was standing next to an enormous hairy man-like creature at least 8-feet tall; the giant took some of the boy's load then they ambled off together into the woods both of them walking with the same hunched over walk."

Since the Gosten sighting, at least 33 people have reported seeing the naked

wild boy and his hairy companion. Witnesses include clergymen, forest rangers and even members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP). The report went on to mention the unlikely duo had been heard exchanging guttural sounds as if talking to each other and they said the youngster had all the earmarks of a feral-human.

A few investigators of the day (in Vancouver) believed the wild boy sightings may be connected to the 1989 crash of a private airplane carrying a family of French tourists visiting the region. According to the report filed with the RCMP, the pilot and the passengers were all killed including a young mother listed on the manifest as Madeleine Dusoire; her tiny infant son Marcel was missing - his remains were never found. If any part of the story the dentist told are true - it is a remarkable account of an infant being rescued and raised by a Sasquatch family. At this writing the child would be an adult and undoubtedly given to the Sasquatch way of life.¹⁷¹

The ramifications of a human newborn being raised as a wild Sasquatch are interesting to contemplate. It reminds me of the instances Dr. Ed Fusch wrote about and the possible interbreeding between the captive Colville Indian women and local Sasquatch husbands.

The French adoptee however is the reverse. Now as an adult human male living the only life he knows with the primitive ones, would he take a Sasquatch wife? We would be foolish not to think that highly probable. Would the children of that union be haired? Many questions arise. Apparently when Dr. Gosten saw the feral boy, he was still under the tutelage and watchful eye of a large male Sasquatch. Stories like this one are indeed rare but fascinating to read; this account I found astonishing! Here is the news article published in Vancouver Sun, regarding the wild-child story:

May 19, 2000 - VANCOUVER, Canada - Excited researchers are combing the wilds of British Columbia in response to recent sightings of Bigfoot accompanied by a blond-haired boy!

More than two-dozen people claim to have seen the human youngster dressed in animal skins and loping along beside the towering man beast. Investigators speculate that the mystery boy may be the missing survivor of a plane crash that occurred in the area 11 years ago, raised from childhood by Bigfoot.

"This is the most tantalizing development in Bigfoot research to take place in decades," said Dr. Rob Worrier, Ph.D., a zoologist involved in the hunt for the elusive forest creature. "It suggests

that Bigfoot is not some shambling monster as he is often depicted, but a gentle and intelligent being capable of nurturing behavior and compassion."

Dentist Dr. Arthur Gosten who was camping in the Rockies with his family first spotted the boy, described by eyewitnesses as lean and wiry with long, matted hair, in late March.

The Vancouver man was awakened in the early morning by the frantic cries of his 12 year-old daughter. When he emerged from his tent, he saw her pointing into the woods.

She said that a 'wild boy' was stealing our food, Dr. Gosten recalls. *"I looked where she was pointing and saw this half naked boy slinking off into the trees with an armful of canned goods."* Shouting after the child, Dr. Gosten gave chase and caught up with him at the edge of a clearing. *"I couldn't believe my eyes. The boy was standing next to an enormous, hairy, man like creature at least 8 feet tall,"* Dr. Gosten said. *"The thing took some of the boys load, then they ambled off together into the woods, both of them walking with the same hunched over, ape like stride."* Since that sighting, at least 33 people have reported seeing the wild boy and his hairy companion. Witnesses have included clergymen, forest rangers and even members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

In many cases, the mismatched duo has been heard exchanging guttural sounds as if talking. *"This youngster has all the earmarks of a feral child. A child that has had no human contact and has been raised by an animal,"* said the Seattle based Dr. Worrier. *"The fact that his gait is similar to the Bigfoot and that they can communicate is evidence that the creature is his surrogate parent."* Researchers believe that the wild boy sightings may be connected to the 1989 crash of a private plane carrying a party of French tourists visiting the region. The crash left the pilot and four passengers dead including young mother Madeleine Dusoire. Madeleine's baby Marcel was missing and the remains of the 1-year-old infant were never found.¹⁷¹

Author's note: This has to be the most remarkable account I've ever read!

Chatter like a tape-recorder running in reverse...

The behavior listed was the "*stooping over a salmon-run pond scooping up salmon.*" The other interesting aspect of the interview was when the informant said the sound the Sasquatch made was like a tape-recorder in reverse. We've heard linguist Scott Nelson talk about how fast the Sasquatch seemingly speak; so it makes sense that what we hear might sound like a reversed tape recording.

January 21, 2006: Ken Kristian mentioned a report by Brad Hay, who became a true believer during a prospecting trip a few summers ago. In a rugged area known as Spindle Creek, in the Lower Mainland, he had a close encounter with a large, hairy creature that made sounds "*like something played through a tape recorder in reverse.*"

In an interview, Mr. Hay said he and a friend were hiking along a creek, in an area without roads northeast of Vancouver, B.C. when they saw the animal stooped over a pool, apparently scooping salmon fry out of the water to eat. "*I thought it was a raggedy old bear at first. But when it stood up I thought, holy crap. Then it started making this sound and chills just ran through me. It freaked the hell out of us.*" Mr. Hay said he and his friend ran one way and the creature, which they believe was a Sasquatch, ran the opposite way. Asked whether he could have seen a bear standing on its hind legs, he insisted: "*Oh no. This was no bear, it had hands.*"

He described the animal as being very muscular and between six and seven feet (about two meters) in height. It ran upright on its hind legs in a "quick jaunt" and gave off a smell that nearly choked them. (A strong, pungent smell is so closely associated with Sasquatch sightings that in some places the creatures are called skunk apes; specifically Florida). Mr. Hay is certain he saw a Sasquatch. "*I really don't care what people think,*" he added. "*I saw what I saw and I can tell you, I'll never go back in there without a gun.*"

Kristian said that while many reports are suspect, Mr. Hay's account has the ring of truth to it. "*This is pretty exciting. He's a guy that knows the bush and he's not going to see a black bear and mistake it for a Sasquatch.*" ¹⁷²

Other stories by Ken Kristian out of the Sunshine Coast of British Columbia Canada are listed at the end of this behavior chapter. All of them interesting.

Watching...

Wildlife educator Larry Battson told another story, this time about morel mushroom pickers along Big Walnut Creek in Putnam County, Indiana. The case account Larry told me about involved a husband and wife who noticed a field of morels all of them already picked. Scouting around for a different area of unpicked mushrooms, the husband wandered off. The wife located a mushroom that had not been picked and as she bent over to recover it, she heard heavy, forceful breathing. Looking up from her picking she found a large brown/black Sasquatch watching her; half of him sticking out from behind a tree; the sight sent her screaming back to their vehicle in horror.¹⁷³

(Larry Battson)

More watching...

Oklahoma researcher Matt Knapp had some interesting observations and offered the following behaviors attributed to the Sasquatch...

"A lot seems to happen in and around Native American communities. I've heard some pretty strange stuff from Dan Ricke that he has passed along. There was one instance where there was an evening soccer game at the local school or some similar type sporting event, but I think it was soccer. Apparently a Squatch, or a few Squatches had come up to the tree line about 50 yards away from the where the children were having this game. Their total attention was on the children, watching them and didn't seem to care they were right there in front of a large group of people. I think there was something close to like 30 witnesses or so to that event. I've also heard accounts of them at Pow-Wows coming right up into the crowd of people or up around the large fires where everyone was at. Of course the Pow-Wows would end abruptly at that point."

"Luke Gross down in Texas had a sighting at his mother's house where a Sasquatch came right up to the glass front door and just stood there staring at him."

"One of the strangest stories I've ever heard came from this Native American woman in south-central Oklahoma who claimed that when she was a young girl, a Sasquatch followed her right on inside her house. The men in the room jumped up and began yelling at it, trying to get it backed out of the house and it apparently showed its teeth and let out what they referred to as a laugh and then it turned and walked out."¹⁷⁴

(Matt Knapp)

Destroying trace evidence

Wildlife educator Larry Battson amassed many reports where the behavior was either an exchange of stares or watching from afar. One other report occurred in the backyard of a man in Morton, also Putnam County, Indiana in August of 2007. In that same report, the informant told Battson that while sassafras hunting he found what appeared to be a nest that contained matted hair. He went to get his brother to show him the find, but when they got back to where the nesting area was, it was completely destroyed and the clump of hair gone; apparently Battson's informant was watched the whole time. I don't think field people should readily assume they're being watched, but in a field of potential food, where it's obviously already picked over, the opportunity is there. ¹⁷⁵

(Larry Battson)

The behavior of destroying their own trace evidence is something I didn't have in my data. I do recall ten years ago there was a rumor floating around that the Sasquatch would sometimes obliterate their telltale footprints. Someone in the course of time mentioned seeing a Sasquatch dragging a branch behind itself in an effort to destroy its tracks – but I was unable to confirm that story. Some Sasquatch may hide trace evidence but I do not believe that can be said for all of them as a universal trait.

Speaking of stories difficult to verify but kept alive by the perpetuation that is inherent in the Internet world, there was this one:

When I entered the Bigfoot search scene in the 1980's, there was a story circulating about a hunter who was rescued by a Sasquatch. It was one of the first stories I ever heard in the '80's; at the time I didn't believe it; the story is told in a variety of ways. I don't know where the story originated and I cannot remember now who first told it to me but it is still talked about in Bigfoot circles more than 30 years later, at least that I remember. It was one of those hard-to-believe stories grossly embellished by some accounts I've heard.

As it was told to me, the story centered on a couple of deer hunters deep in the wilderness; one of them fell and fractured his femur; a compound fracture rendering him unable to walk. Unable to carry him out by himself his hunting companion went for help. The hunter's pain was excruciating. His agonizing cries were allegedly heard by a Sasquatch (it was said) who heroically scooped the injured hunter up and carried him to a safe place where he was later found. It was a wild story to hear back in those days and it continues to make the rounds. Was it true? I mention it here to confirm nobody I know about

ever found any source for the story, no article and no citation anywhere. There may have been some truth to it but I think not; however I've been wrong before.

Evidence of physical rage and aggression...

In 1997, marine biologist invertebrate expert Dr. Henner Fahrenbach lived at the time in Beaverton, Oregon; he shared an interesting story. The story was told to him by a fellow Bigfoot tracker/enthusiast from the Eugene area who had been tracking a rather large Sasquatch up through an old logging road.

In 2011 with my memory fading of the 14-year old incident, I asked Dr. Fahrenbach what he remembered of the incident. Recalling the conversation Henner said:

"That fellow was sort of a loner from Eugene. He had a tendency to follow and encroach on the Sasquatch in that very unappealing forest down there - no old growth, lots of patchy clear cuts, abandoned lumber roads, probably no traffic all year other than for hunting season. As I remember his story, it sounded to me like the Sasquatch tried to do a 'scare display' to get Bruce to leave the area and acted like a male gorilla in the process, stomping and ripping up the vegetation." ¹⁷⁶

It was a story hard to forget and I thought the behavior described was unusual in that the informant's presence in the woods either so offended or upset the Sasquatch that he literally laid waste to an area of timber and vegetation nearly 12-foot square. It was hard to imagine the sounds that calamity must have created. The distressed wildman uprooted vines, shrubs, trees by the roots, threw dirt clods and generally decimated a huge area by turning a green growth swathe into a moonscape. It's hard to know whether the scene was an act of intimidation by the Bigfoot, anger, frustration or simply an attempt to get the tracker to leave the area – there are other such reports in my files.

After inspecting the upheaval, the informant Bruce decided it was best to leave. Upon investigating the area at some later point, Dr. Fahrenbach reported,

"I found a good sasquatch track (with my own eyes) as we were driving along overgrown dirt tracks, with nice toe prints under the overhanging, uphill side of the road cut and then a continuation through dusty ferns. We camped out one night. Bruce had his smallish bigfoot dog along. It certainly gives one a creepy feeling when the dog suddenly runs a few steps,

stops and stares silently into the dark forest, when he usually barked like crazy at all other animals!" (W.H. Fahrenbach)

Decimated vegetation...

Moesha Carra, while fishing for salmon, came upon a similar area although this time the destruction described, wasn't fresh. The vegetation had withered and turned brown, but the area was about the same size as the area Fahrenbach described in the mountains around Eugene, Oregon. In this instance, the area faced the river where he and others frequently fished during the October sockeye salmon run near Kamloops, British Columbia. The destruction extended on the trees some 4-feet above Dr. Carra's reach and the remaining trees were stripped of their lower branches and tossed over the tops of towering trees that surrounded the path of destruction. Tree tops were broken over and left hanging. Other small saplings had been pulled from the ground and thrown into the surrounding forest – not only thrown through the columns of trees but up and over the tops of trees where many were still hung up and withered. Apparently the disturbed Sasquatch cut a swathe wide enough to allow sunlight into an otherwise dark and foreboding bit of the forest; the behavior is intriguing.

Dr. Carra further told a story told to him by an elder of the Tk'umluups Indian Band in 1989 there in Kamloops, B.C. Two of the First Nation women were cleaning salmon on the banks of the Adams River late one afternoon when the *hairy man* appeared out of the trees and walked brazenly up to the two frightened women. The younger woman ran off screaming and the other extended her hands with a cleaned sockeye to the giant. After a lengthy bit of staring at the woman, she again gestured for him to take the fish. Finally, the salivating giant took it from her and continued to stare at her standing firm a few feet from him; she could hear the fully bearded giant breathing, so close was he to her. The unnamed woman illustrated the length of the wildman's beard with her hands saying it was twisted into a single braid, the length of it touching him mid-chest; an unusual characteristic previously not in my data that conjured up a mental image of Rip van Winkle. At that point in Dr. Carra's narrative the younger first woman returned with three of the tribe's men who fired rifles into the air. Only then did the great giant return to the trees with the fish he had been given. The story-teller thought he probably wanted more fish but of course, she stood firm and resisted. I don't know what the hairy man's intent was but she was very brave to stand there with him glaring at her. Dr. Carra wasn't so generous; he thought the creature wanted her AND the fish...as many of these stories go – we'll never know.

Dr. Carra must have had some sort of herpetology knowledge. In a subsequent email he related one other sighting in the same region that involved a young Sasquatch male that was seen in transit crossing the great Thompson River in the vicinity of Kamloops, British Columbia. As it forged the Thompson it held above its

head a fist full of newly hatched snakes. Carra's remarks were interesting in that the Sasquatch seemed oblivious to the bites he was enduring from the wriggling, obviously annoyed hatchlings. The description does paint a rather interesting picture; I was left transfixed by the visual it created. In 1995, all those years ago, I was hard-pressed to believe his stories. Today, it all seems plausible. Dr. Carra described the individual in the snake tale as "*an eight-footer, black-haired male, fully bearded Sasquatch with hair so long and fine that it trailed behind him as it forged against the windy Thompson River.*"¹⁷⁷

In my data, there is frequent mention of bearded male Sasquatches and a few females as well. Strangely, the female in the Patterson film appears to also be bearded. But in 2003, I received this counter response from an out-of-touch John Green:

"The 4000 reports in my computer files contain no indication that male sasquatch are bearded or that sasquatch are normally in family groups." (John Green Wednesday, May 21, 2003 9:06 AM)

Digressing for a moment here; I am left to believe that Green is often out of touch or forgetful because I can think of several reports of family units being observed; not the least of which was Todd Neiss' encounter of a male, female and juvenile Sasquatch observed and reported in the "Military Chapter" of this book. The second instance would be the bearded face of the subject "Patty," in the short film clip Roger Patterson filmed.

As recent as September 2012 a Bigfoot family was reportedly observed in Ontario, Canada in an article titled, "*Wunnumin Lake's Mysterious Bigfoot Family.*" Apparently stories of the Wunnumin Lake Sasquatch family are "*as old as the hills,*" according to counselor Gordon McKoop.¹⁷⁸

And finally, for as long as I can remember, John Green has been a member-curator-advisor of the BFRO yet he doesn't seem to know about the cited reports. Todd Strong filed what they like to label a class A report from multiple witnesses in Bear Lake County, Idaho who observed a bigfoot family. The report was unusual in that it included this statement: "*They had dome shaped heads and no fur on their faces.*"¹⁷⁹

I thought it a most unusual statement inasmuch as the data tends to show male Sasquatches with facial hair, even the females. As with the subject in the film attributed to Roger Patterson, film analysis has shown that the female subject had a *human shaped skull/head*, not a domed head. What had previously been perceived as a dome shaped head or cone shape was in reality, a stack of piled hair that moves to and fro with every step the

Patterson female subject took on the Bluff Creek sandbar in 1967. There are one or two descriptions of "dome or cone-shaped" heads in the data; but I'm inclined to think it isn't the skull but a piled amount of hair. And too, not all primitive Sasquatch are reported to have Ozzy Osborne style hair; that is – parted in the middle hanging straight, stringy or straggly. All manner of hair styles are listed in the data; some even have been reported with hair hanging down over their faces in the manner of a sheep dog. There are even reports of braided and twisted dreadlock type hair, bangs and adornments in hair.

Angry display

The late Vance Orchard accumulated data in Walla Walla County, Washington for the most part but also fielded reports from other areas. His report in April of 1999 came from Marion County, West Virginia; the report involved several 4-wheeling funsters riding their ATV's in the Rivesville Hollow. Following what they described as a horrible stench, the men saw a dark figure crouched or squatted down behind a tree. Trying to get a better look, the hairy man stood up and left. Checking the area, they found footprints five feet apart. The brother and wife of the original informant also observed what they thought at first was a bear; they turned off their ATV's to watch. The Sasquatch in turn, stopped to watch them, the glances back and forth continued until the Sasquatch walked on. It was clear by the description that it was not a bear. Tracks were also found but no measurements were given in Vance's report. The encounters continued in that hollow, basically in the same location. Watching it through binoculars, it was described as "*...nothing they had ever seen before.*" Two days later, Vance's informants were out picking mushrooms when they heard a brief rapping sound and then screaming that became louder and louder followed by thrashing/crashing around in the woods that apparently went on causing some amount of destruction in the surrounding forest. The rather dramatic ear-piercing noise could be heard over the engines of the ATV's. The area was a popular place for mushroom picking, which may have been the reason for the angry upheaval. This report was uploaded on Jeff Rense sightings report initially by Vance Orchard, Ron Schaffner for the BFRO, Bigfootencounters dot com and several other websites of that day; some of them no longer functional.

The discussions of that day centered mostly on the aggressive behavior of the Sasquatch which was not aimed at the people on the ATV's but in general, the aggression was taken out on forest vegetation. Whatever the reason for the behavior the Sasquatch displayed that day, it is noteworthy that the display was apparently not aimed at the people on the 4-wheelers.¹⁸⁰

Raging Sasquatch rips up trees; destroys vegetation...

The behavior of the Sasquatch ripping up vegetation probably has more than one explanation. It may be that there were no rocks available; the alternative behavior would be *tearing up jack...* as the saying goes. I have only this last account where a witness actually had visual contact with the perpetrator in the process of decimating an area of vegetation.

My friend and longtime subscriber to the Bigfoot Newsletter, Jerry Padilla of the *Taos News* interviewed Arturo "Homie" Martinez of Costilla, New Mexico in 2006. Martinez's testimony was similar to those of Doctors Henner Fahrenbach and Moesha Carra. Padilla wrote that Martinez was out scouting elk in the highest peaks of the Sangre de Cristo Range in southeastern Colorado as hunting season neared. It's beautiful country; the high peaks are pristine naturally untouched forest and the aspen trees at the time were a deep yellow. New England has nothing on the fall colors I've seen in the Sangre de Cristo Range. It is breath-taking watching yellow leaves blow away from the aspen trees from the comfort of a camp chair; it is dynamite!

Homie Martinez, scouting the high range with a friend, was driving on a section of a roughly carved-out road when they discovered the tops of many aspen trees broken off. *"The aspen,"* he said, *"ranged in size from 4-inches to 8-inches in diameter were cleanly broken off about 15-feet up the trunks of the trees; there were no tracks of any kind."* Continuing on, the informant told Padilla, *"There were two big aspens completely uprooted and thrown away from where they had been growing. If bears had broken them, there would be clawed markings."* The broken tops of trees were lying in the road as if something or someone wanted to say, *"Nobody is welcome here,"* or perhaps *"don't come here."* Then rounding a curve, Martinez blew a tire and things began to get scary. *"We could hear elk bugling up in the higher country we decided to walk back down since it as late afternoon,"* Martinez said. *"We needed to get a spare tire and come back to change the tire. We were taking our time checking out more broken trees; there was easily over 100 broken trees snapped off in the same way. That is when I heard the scariest noise I have ever heard in my life. It started at first sounding like an elk bugling then it turned into a scary roar so loud it kept echoing through the canyon. The elk up high stopped bugling. It kept making that noise at us; it reminded me of the noise the devil made in "The Exorcist." Whatever made that sound started breaking trees and throwing them in our direction. Then...I saw a HUGE creature moving through the edge of an aspen grove about 30 yards from me. It walked upright hunched over, maybe was six feet tall bent over but standing straight up was seven or eight feet tall with very dark hair all over. It was not a bear. Bears don't walk like humans. I am convinced I saw what many call a Sasquatch."*

Padilla picks up the story again, - "The two men fled down the mountain and Martinez said every time the creature roared the noise continued reverberating through the entire area. *"I felt like at any moment something was going to grab me from behind all the way out of there."* They arrived on foot in Costilla well after dark, decided no matter how scared they felt, it was necessary to return to the canyon, change the blown tire and bring Martinez's vehicle back."

They did return, changed the tire and decided to spend the night because it was after 2:00 a.m., Martinez continued, *"We decided to stay until daylight and try to find out what it really was we had experienced. It was deathly quiet the whole time, nothing moving, no elk bugling, not a sound. At sunrise we checked around and found more aspens broken in the same way. Nothing else happened to us."*

One familiar notation I hear often from such informants like Martinez is the wish to be believed and to understand they know the difference between a Sasquatch and a bear. So many times I've heard witnesses tell me that when they told officials such as the police, sheriff or forestry - they were rebuffed and sometimes even ridiculed and laughed at. Where Martinez and his friend got the stones to return in the pitch black of night, up that darkened road, armed only with flashlights - I'll never know especially returning to an area where the Sasquatch was clearly not happy about something! Perhaps it was just their presence that ticked off the rage that caused the physical destruction of that area. It was a great story and I was glad Padilla published it. Colorado has a long history of sightings, especially in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains not only of hair men but of Little People.¹⁸¹ (Homie Martinez)

Horse killed by Bigfoot

Russ Spence put me onto a story Tom Hernandez told him that happened in Wyoming. We don't hear much from hunters, hikers and riders up in that part of the county very often, so I was delighted to have his story come my way in December 2011. The report spoke to the issue of aggressiveness with horses. Trimming the account down to just the behavior of the Sasquatch, Hernandez wrote:

"I was 13 at the time we saw it at my grandfather's place near Boulderflats area in Fremont County, Wyoming, near Lander. The creature jumped up on the road next to us. I was on a horse that stood 16-hands and I was a little over 6-foot and I had to look up at this guy."

[A horse that is 16 hands high (16hh) is approximately 5 foot 3 inches at the withers. With head raised, the horse is actually taller. A hand is 4 inches. 16hh x 4= 64-inches. A rider seated in a saddle who is over 6-feet tall having to "look up" at the Sasquatch would probably put the Sasquatch in the 8-9-foot or much taller range.]

"He was only about 4 or 5 feet from me; I got a pretty good look at him. He ran the same direction we were running, not sure if it was chasing us but I didn't feel a real sense of the Bigfoot trying to harm us, scared me of course, but if it wanted to it could have grabbed either one of us right from the start."

"Anyway that night something killed and carried a two-year old horse that we were working with and carried it up to the house, only three of the horses legs drug the ground, left it by the water trough and took off. The dogs tracked it to the mountains and the police/sheriff's office got plaster cast of the tracks and that was that. It made the papers and Salt Lake City news; some of my students even found the newspaper story on the internet. I am a believer, but not as sure as I once was." ¹⁸²

Bigfoot attacks horse and rider...

Diane Stocking filed a 1974 report of an incident that occurred in Douglasville, Georgia. It involved a young 18-year old woman who had been riding cross-country endurance training sessions for a local rancher since she was age 14. This particular day the rider was training a 16½ hands high black Arabian stallion. Stallions, regardless of the breed are notorious for being strong willed, high-spirited, easily spooked and often difficult to handle. The young woman must have been a very accomplished rider to have had the skills and 'know-how' to handle a young stallion on an endurance ride.

On this day, she was twenty miles into the woods on a dirt road when she crossed a bridge that snaked into an 'S' curve road. Instantly the rider heard something then a loud shrill scream. "Something" jumped out at her and the stallion from the side panicking both rider and stallion. Whatever it was, it was massive and human-looking and had hair over its body. It jumped out grabbing the back-end of the horse and rear of the saddle. A flash struggle ensued between the horse and the perceived Bigfoot. The rider testified she threw herself around the stallion's neck for lack of a saddle horn and hung on as the panicked horse took off in a wild run. It was not known if the ranch owner believed the woman's story, but the scratched saddle told the story. What a horrifying encounter; I don't have another similar behavior in the records quite like this one...but the conduct of the Sasquatch was not all that

unusual. If it wasn't outright aggression, perhaps a bit of fun gone wrong? ¹⁸³
(Diane Stocking)

Terrified horse and riders...

No stranger to Bigfoot stories, long-time friend Sheryl Jenkins often rides the mountain range near her home on horseback, it's a great way to clear the mind, get your face into the wind and enjoy the mountain air and all it has to

offer. Luckily, Sheryl had daily access to the same Mill Creek Watershed in the Blue Mountains of Washington State we've all read about; Paul Freeman and Wes Sumerlin frequently talked about their experiences in the Blues with Bigfoot. It's no surprise then that Paul Freeman's famous Bigfoot footage, "*Oh there he goes...*" was filmed in the Blues as were some of his tracks, both real and some faked were observed. There's no shortage of sightings from that region. Master tracker, Joel Hardin (who Rene Dahinden often bragged on, claiming he could "*track a mouse across a concrete floor*") wrote a twenty page dissertation on his time in the Blue Mountains of Washington State. It is also worth noting here that Hardin was flown in by the U.S. Forestry Service to track footprints that had been reportedly found by Paul Freeman. His account is recorded in a lengthy twenty page chapter in Joel's 2009 book, "*Tracker*" available through Joel in Clearwater, Idaho. The late Vance Orchard penned many an article about Bigfoot and horses in his newspaper column for '*The Times*' in near-by Walla Walla, Washington and he wrote two books covering stories of Bigfoot and the Blue Mountains.¹⁸⁴ Brian Smith is another long time enthusiast who found tracks up in the Blues; the list is long.

Sheryl Jenkins is a seasoned horse woman who has seen Bigfoot often in the Blues but neither her horses nor mine ever reacted with the same wild terror other horsemen have. Yet all horses I've owned give off well-defined signals or physical signs when they catch scent of mountain lions, bear, coyotes and wolves etc. With an olfactory nose the length equines have, they don't miss much, especially seasoned trail savvy horses. A horse will throw its head around, loudly snort the air with flared nostrils, buck wildly, jerk its head back, and dance around nervously. Some grumble with an audible snort upon detecting something unusual in the air. Some will stand and fight and others will take off running in a panicked state. Occasionally they will simply lower their head and buck violently. Once you come to know the horse, his behavior and what it means, you pretty well figure out the exact stimuli the horse is experiencing.

There have been interesting conversations with equine veterinarians on the subject of scent reactions. One vet related that horses, like wolves and bears, react to the chemical gases in the air emitted from dead animals much more

than they react to scent. A horse must be trained to carry anything dead, so violently opposed are they to the secreted gases from anything dead; each dead decaying animal carcass has its own unique stench. Packing dead bodies out of the mountains will generally take a special kind of horse. Mountain horses quickly learn scents at a young age by watching its mother and other horses. The equine ear is amazing. I remember a trail ride on the Grand Mesa over on Colorado's western slope. When my mount stopped abruptly and pricked her ears forward and stared head high and fixed without moving. The brush was dense manzanita and scrub oak – not knowing what she sensed, I urged her forward but she stayed fixed and motionless, ears pricked forward. The air was quiet, I heard nothing for several moments and then, maybe 3-4 minutes after she alerted me, I heard the rattle of a western diamondback coiled off to the left of the dirt trail. If I had been paying attention, I would have noticed the signs in the trail dirt that was heavy with snake sign. The incident was brief and uneventful but it spoke volumes to the highly specialized senses all animals with long noses and directional ears have.

Given the circumstances the subject "Patty" was under at the time Patterson's horse began bucking, Patty may have been giving off sudden fear pheromones the horses were able to key in on, inhale and react too. Then again there may have been other bodily gases that caused Patterson and Gimlin's horses to react the way they claim they did, if any of that story is true.

In Sheryl Jenkin's Bigfoot sightings in the Blues, the Bigfoot did not run from her, they stayed, watched and stalked her and the farrier friend riding along with her. This was the case in Arizona when a male Sasquatch stood his ground and watched a group of single file horsemen ride the opposite canyon wall; I was among them that year. Horses are great sentries during a forest ride. That day my horse was bucked by the horse in front of me and more than anything I feared the horse would panic and take me over the sheer drop off that was on my right. It was a harrowing experience, such that I really didn't get much of a look at the Sasquatch everyone was yelling about other than it was huge. Here is a condensed version of Sheryl's Jenkin's report as she wrote it.

"The day we were followed by a Sasquatch, Sept 19, 1987 I was riding Star; my shoer (*in equestrian lingo a shoer is also known as a horse-shoer, a blacksmith or a farrier*) was on a horse of his own and a friend of his was on my horse, Tiger. We were going along the main Mill Creek Watershed Trail checking for elk hunting possibilities. We were riding easily along at a walk pausing here and there to scan for elk in the canyon. I should mention my shoer had more mountain experience than me as he spent several years herding cattle in the mountains. We rode past the electric gate; the only place in the trail that meets the road for a few feet from the cabin, - all the way to the

Table Rock Road. We rode past the electric gate (to keep cattle in place) and then up the hill along a curving trail, out into an open meadow, down the other side going thru brush & trees in many places but on the Watershed Trail. No problems riding out."

"When we decided to turn around and come back my shoer noticed some hair on a low tiny tree or bush. We had just ridden past here and there was no hair there when we went by less than an hour before. My shoer friend stopped to inspect it, we both dismounted. Suddenly the three of us heard something move, a loud unmistakable noise below us in the trees/brush. The three of us, along with our horses jumped at the noise; this behavior is unusual for my horses. We decided it best to mount up and ride out of there, this just wasn't normal and the horses were uncharacteristically nervous. I remounted as did my shoer. I was worried about mounting as Star was nervous and starting to act up, moving instead of standing still for mounting, wanting to leave. The horses were not happy with whatever was behind us, following as we walked the horses out which was roughly a mile. I have to mention that all 3 of us were nervous turning to scared; the fear increased as we walked."

"We were definitely being followed; zero doubt! We could tell that whatever followed us was getting closer due to the branches/brush noises becoming closer and the horses became increasingly agitated, uneasy in their behavior. By now I was on Star who was used to bear/cougar/deer/elk and other forest animals and she had no problems with them. Whatever was following us that afternoon, this horse had problems with as did the other 2 horses - by now Star wanted no part of this animal."

"All 3 horses were increasingly stressed wanting to break into a run; in fact we even felt the need to start running!! Star had the best reaction, but we kept all of them under control, forcing them to keep a walking pace despite their jitters. My 2 were used to walking this trail on a loose rein at a walk with zero problems. That said, we still had a problem keeping them at the walk, they fought us all the way for well over a mile. Ever alert, the horses ears swiveled backwards towards the rear part of the trail listening. They were wild eyed, nostrils flared, just straining to take off in a dead run and this terrified behavior they displayed definitely increased as the Sasquatch gained on us!"

"Just before we reached the electric gate the horses were at the peak of agitation wanting to bolt into a run but we fought hard holding them to a walk; tensions ran high. At this point we could SMELL whatever was behind us, no doubt the horses caught the scent on wind much sooner than we did; it was obvious by their behavior. We could hear noise in the underbrush ever so often, but the smell by now was an overpowering sickly sweet stench, intolerable and nauseating. Never before had I seen such a display of wild eyed fear from my horses. The fact Star was so bothered scared me all the more; the all-consuming stench didn't help my nervousness. The creature was definitely gaining on us; we decided to go thru the electric gate at this point, and then ride the road around to the cabin. Shoer had trouble getting off his agitated horse and also in remounting her. In our minds, we did not want this creature with the foul stench following us back to the cabin noting at this point it had been either close by or behind us for nearly a mile or more. There are no words to adequately express how

scared we all were." 185

Sasquatch and the horse stable

This appears to be another story where a solitary Sasquatch found food and when it was withheld from him, it destroyed the place. We have several case reports where people have consistently fed Sasquatch families only to have the homestead torn to shreds when the owners move or die.

In another instance, a Sasquatch family watched television through a big bay window and when it was shut off at night they howled continuously. To solve the problem and get some sleep, the cabin owners had to leave the television running all night long. The Sasquatch appear to be short tempered when the things they grow accustomed to are taken away. Apparently that happened in this next story.

"We maintain a working ranch in western Tennessee. In the stable we have two refrigerators and in one of them my hands keep a 50 pound sack of fresh cut carrots to use as treats for the mares after a training workout. One or two, three at the most cut up into bite size pieces with an occasional apple in season. In going over my expenditures one evening I noted how often these larger bags of carrots were being ordered and called in the hands that had access to the carrots to quiz them about the use of so many bags of carrots. They noticed it but couldn't account for it. It was felt that someone was coming into the stables during the night and helping themselves to the carrots but the hands didn't know who would do that. I suggested we fashion a strap similar to a luggage strap and place it around the refrigerators to keep the contents from being stolen and so we thought the problem of the disappearing carrots was solved; not so. On the second morning the hands found the straps removed, the refrigerator door open and the entire sack of carrots gone missing again. I had to go out of town on business and while I was gone, my two hands decided to keep watch in the stables. What they told me they saw defies anything I've ever heard. The side door to the stable was opened around three in the morning interrupting the all night gin rummy game my hands were involved in. They looked up from the stall and down towards the end of the promenade was a ghastly looking red-haired monster gingerly making its way to the refrigerators where it made short work of the belt around the refrigerator and when he opened it he found there were no carrots. Apparently this angered the monster because it began systematically destroying the surroundings as was evident when I returned home. The side room where

the refrigerators were was a shambles, cupboards were down and a wash sink was pulled from the wall. Insurance adjustors came and said it was the work of vandals. To answer your questions, the door into the stables has a normal knob that requires turning it to enter; the belt around the refrigerator was torn apart by pressure we figured. The refrigerator opens up like any refrigerator and the monster knew how to operate all of them in order to gain access. This was not this monster's first rodeo. I figure he'd been in the stables many times before." It did no good to lock the outside door; I figure it would only be torn off its hinges. The hands used a dolly and unplugging the refrigerators place both outside the door with the doors wide open. I fully expected the fridge doors to be torn off the hinges, but so far, that has not happened." (J. Broland 1996)

Mt. Shasta legend

California's majestic 14,200 foot tall Mt. Shasta has quite a record of strange sightings and a history of mummified 10-foot tall giants discovered in a cave that sloped downward for eleven miles under Mt. Shasta's prestigious peak. Shasta is second tallest to Mt. Whitney at 14,505 in elevation, located in the Inyo National Forest, east of California's Sequoia. Shasta's neighboring Mt. Lassen is approximately ten thousand feet plus. All of them with long histories of giants and hairy man sightings.

According to legend, J.C. Brown, a British gold prospector located a series of tunnels under Mt. Shasta in 1904. He was hired by the Lord Cowdray Mining Company to prospect the potential for Shasta's gold and in the process discovered the entrance to the lava tubing that made up the 11-miles to the underground graveyard. Thirty years later and curious about the 10-foot tall mummies, Brown told John Root about the giants and together they gathered a team of 80-people who met at a pre-planned staging area in Stockton, California; it scheduled before the trip was to begin. Oddly, Brown and Root never showed. A search party on Shasta was formed but no trace of either man was ever found; the men are still missing more than 100 years later.¹⁸⁶

There are many stories and legends of California's Mt. Shasta that include tunneled cities that snake through the giant mountain's fourteen thousand feet. Some of the stories include extraterrestrial over-tones but a few are from conventional flesh and blood thinkers like me that include tribes of hairy wild men who lived in the lava tubes under Mt. Shasta and nearby Mt. Lassen.

Stories of the hair giants at war with various local tribes are many. Way back when, I vaguely recall a story that supposedly took place on Mt. Shasta. A group of prospectors-turned-miners were so harassed by a group of rock-

throwing hairy men that they decided to load the cave's entrance with dynamite. Allegedly it closed the entrance alright and ended the nuisance of the nightly rock-throwing but the explosion killed a miner when, in the explosion, one of the iron ore buckets sailed through the air, decapitating the man – I guess you can't fix stupid. An idiot story like that must have a grain of truth to it. As I've often said, you can't begin to make this stuff up.

Bigfoot and Little People; Mt. Shasta...

Timothy Green Beckley in his narrative, "*Underground Dwellers and Ancient Gods*" mentions incredible stories that occurred on Mt. Shasta, California and the unusual residents who supposedly dwell on and inside the mountain. For example, Beckley wrote, "...there are some awfully large beings that have been sighted on the slopes of Mount Shasta. My friend, Blue Ocean," Beckley continued, "...who is a Native American, says that as a child growing up there, he and his friends and family heard the sounds of Bigfoot and often there were reports of a little race of beings who would throw stones at the natives. [Little People] There is even said to be an entrance to a major underground city there; the Native Americans consider the area to be sacred ground." ¹⁸⁷

The late Rich Grumley told a few stories that involved horses. Initially Rich wrote to ask the next time I drove north if I would shop for a bed pillow in a larger size for him; he was pretty much house-bound by that time. Rich was Sasquatch size himself at 6'6" weighing 240 pounds. By the time I finally drop by Rich's place in Stockton, California in late October 1999, he showed the residual effects of a stroke; he spoke easily but his writing was almost illegible. Still, his ground mail got through and that is great testimony to the dogged determination of the U.S. Postal Service to deliver the mail with barely legible addresses.

Rich, in his overpowering appearance, was quite clear in his memories of an acquaintance of his that ran a "trail horses for rent stable" high in the California Sierras. I no longer remember the location Rich gave me; it was at this writing, almost 15 years ago. He described a few nights when the corralled horses were disturbed by something – enough that they were found well-lathered and quite panicky, snorting and still wild-eyed early the next morning.

Two of the mares had plated manes; not braided as human's braid hair, but in this case, twisted in a circular motion into dreadlock looking loops that were brought together in a messy loop of twisted hair. Nothing further was learned from the stable owner; he was just as baffled as the next man. It only happened once and the man was sure it was a mountain lion except for the woven sections in the manes of the two mares and that part he was unable to

explain. Rich of course, had his own ideas concluding it was a Bigfoot entertaining itself and thought the two woven loops on either side of the neck were hand-holds for the juvenile Sasquatch to hang onto during a brisk midnight ride.

Rich told the story to a Sheriff friend who lived near Clearlake, California. The Sheriff reasoned the situation a bit differently. He thought the mares may have been restrained in some manner so that the young Sasquatch could suckle the milk which is rich in nutrients and fat content. Not sure what to make of the idea, that was a new one on me. But time passed and sure enough, eventually other stories of plaited manes began to surface.



Photo © Jeri Erickson-Flatland 2011

Here is the kicker – both instances only happened to brood mares, lactating mares. I don't know what the reasons are for plaiting horse manes but the behavior has been observed on range stock, domestic riding stock and wild mustangs. Apparently the plaiting occurs on what I call *fresh mares* and only once with a stock wagon-pulling draft horse. **Add page of braid pics**

I checked back on the old draft horse story spending months tracking down contact information for the Kentucky rancher. Sure enough, the draft horse was a lactating mare. The owner indicated to me that it was a single incident and perhaps draft horses were too hard to handle bulk wise. Her draft horse was 18hh (72-inches at the withers) and weighed nearly 2,300 pounds. Not an easy horse to control if a Sasquatch holding it still by the braided loops while its youngster suckled was the listed behavior. The rancher also mentioned in the course of conversation that the draft horse was in no way stressed from the incident; a baffling remark. At any rate, the Kentucky horsewoman is

becoming quite the Sasquatch enthusiast; we've become fast friends.

Mustangs are smaller horses, generally only 12 to 14hh and presumably easier to control by a large Sasquatch. The idea being that the braided loops on the left and right side of the horse's neck are placed there in an effort to control the horse and in some cases hold the horse's neck down on the ground while young Sasquatch suckle under the hindquarters. Sounds fantastic, doesn't it?

If this behavior is a common occurrence, it leaves me to wonder why horse's milk and not cow's milk? Why do we prefer cow's milk to horse milk? Historically, over 700 years ago, Mongolian warriors made a dried-out concentrated paste from horse milk. When the Mongols were on the march, they added it to water and drank it. Horses produce less milk than cows.

In southeastern Russia, people use fermented horse milk to make a slightly alcoholic drink called *kumiss*; where there is a shortage of vodka, there was always kumiss. Individuals who cannot tolerate milk produced by their own kind often exercise great creativity in using the milk of domesticated ungulates, cattle, sheep, goats, yaks, water buffalo, horses, reindeer and camels. If there is an intolerance to Sasquatch breast milk, it is then not so surprising to hear these stories of mares being milked or suckled; it's an interesting concept and entirely plausible; but is it true?

Several cases from Montana were chronicled by Don Monroe along with photos of similar braiding techniques. Few cases are reported and I think that may be because no association with the Sasquatch is apparent for the horse owner when they discover the braiding.

One case Monroe investigated occurred on a ranch that handled 138 stock horses. Of that number, 40 were found to have plaited or braided manes at one time or another. Woven into some of the strands were longer horse hairs from the coarser stands taken off or pulled from the tail; perhaps to strengthen the loop?

In one of these cases the mane hairs were originally 14-inch length long but became 24-inches long with the addition of the longer tail hairs. The extended loops were of equal size on either side of the neck and so tightly woven together so erratically that it was impossible to undo. Removing the braiding required cutting with scissors and all of these incidents occurred at night during full moon phases. That would make sense because you can't braid in the dark very well. With something like 13 full moon phases a year, the braiding seemingly becomes a moon-phase ritual.

In 2004 when Don Monroe was living in Spencer, Idaho a horse rancher friend knocked at his door during a horrible blizzard, his name was Ron; he was just back from a trip to Mongolia. Don invited him in for a hot drink and the two hit it off; story-swapping began. The well-traveled Monroe showed his visitor Dmitri Bayanov's book, *"On the Trail of the Russian Snowman"* and the photos of the Russian horses with plaited manes and asked, *"Have you ever seen anything like this happening in your horse stock, Ron?"* Monroe asked his guest. **Add Monroe's plaited mane photos** Ron replied that he had seen this phenomena occur with this own horses a few times but neither he nor his wife could understand the meaning or how it happened. That night the stockman and Monroe brain-stormed the reason for the braids but no reasonable explanation was determined.

It has been speculated that the looped braiding coupled with the strength of an adult Sasquatch made for easy restraint, a source of entertainment. I cannot imagine any horse of mine standing still for such foolishness - unless the horse was accustomed to having the Sasquatch around.

On a horse's mane where there is a looped braid on either side of the neck, it could be the young Sasquatch rider either hangs onto the loop, steers the horse with the braided loops or the adult leads the horse by the loops. There are reports of trail riders being watched or shadowed by a Bigfoot. The simpler explanation is probably that they've watched us ride and maybe they enjoy a horse-back ride. The children that is, because I cannot imagine a full grown Sasquatch astride a common mare or gelding. Perhaps a Clydesdale, but I have no such reports from the breeders of Budweiser-size equine. Whatever the reason for the plaiting, it is part of the growing mystery that surrounds Sasquatch behavior.

Thick Sasquatch tracks...

Before I forget entirely about Rich Grumley - in his repertoire he proudly showed me a pair of Sasquatch plaster of paris track-castings that he cast in 1972. Not so amazing in itself but these casts measured out at 18-inches by 9-inches...HUGE! From the casts themselves, it was apparent that the hairy man sunk up to 3.5-inches into the substrate. We speculated what the creature must have weighed. Both left and right tracks clearly showed 5 digits with an enormous big toe. Rich recalled that the stride was a full six feet in length and went on for more miles than Rich was willing to hike.

As if the imagined massiveness of such a life form with feet that length wasn't enough to contemplate, the kicker was that his tracks were not found in deeply forested terrain, but in the open desert sand, 90 miles from Lancaster,

California. My discussion with Rich was in 1999, October to be exact. I mention this because in 2010, some eleven years later, Peter Guttilla scanned and sent me a copy of the *Antelope Valley Ledger Gazette* dated April 11, 1973. As if to further authenticate Grumley's track-find in the desert, the tracks were mentioned in the article. We don't usually see tracks set that deep or as wide as 9-inches.¹⁸⁸

Rich recalled a story involving a shooting of a Bigfoot somewhere near the South Carolina border with Georgia. He said a farmer gunned the creature down because it was literally tearing the legs off his sheep. The corpse of the reddish brown Bigfoot was taller than the bed of the farmer's truck. With the help of a backhoe, the body was buried under a pile of rocks on the outskirts of town. I regret I did not get a source for that story from Rich. He was full of great stories, was talkative, amiable, good-humored and had a ton of people he called friends. I enjoyed my time with Rich; even in poor health he was positive and had an infectious laugh I can still hear when I think long and hard.

More desert tracks...

During a trip to North America, Evan Samuels, a wildlife photographer from the UK was walking the desert in Borrego Springs, California seeking to photograph a trail of Mojave (Mow-haw-vee) Sidewinder (Rattlesnake) tracks. He was in the company of a local herpetologist. Instead of finding sidewinder imprints, the men told me they found barefooted tracks that came off an incline to the west near Hellhole Palms and traveled north through the roughest part of the cactus infested desert, trailing off in the distance toward Coachella, California, an area known for its date growers; a delicious desert fruit the Sasquatch might enjoy. The find occurred in September of 2007 and the temperature that day was in excess of 110 degrees; the desert floor was scorching hot. For me, the credibility of his claim was cinched when he described the left foot. *"It was crescent-shaped and only the outside of that foot was impressed into the sand along with the two smaller digits. The other foot appeared normal but no arch, appeared to be flat as a pancake."*

The data shows that cripple tracks are often seen and cast but rarely in my data in a desert setting; very unusual. I asked if he happened to photograph the tracks and he said, "no." Odd for a photographer, I thought. The men didn't measure either and he wouldn't venture a guess only to say they were *"broad and flat."* Samuels stated that once he figured out what must have made the tracks, he felt *"uncomfortable"* and wanted to get as far away from the desert as he could and as fast as he could due to the heat, the snakes, cactus and now Bigfoot tracks, he called it a *"hellish day."* Many people

underestimate the desert in summer.

Throwing people?

Not since Lake Worth, Texas resident Charlie Buchanan's claim that he was picked up out of the flatbed of his truck and thrown to the ground by a Sasquatch in November of 1969 have I heard another "throwing people" report quite like his.¹⁸⁹ However, in October of 2011, veteran Bigfoot researcher Al Hakanson sent me an email stating he was contacted a Native American woman who saw a man being thrown nearly 25-feet by an angry Bigfoot in Montana. Hakanson said the informant refused to talk about it in much detail, saying only that it was the absolute truth and that he could take it or leave it.

The graceful way it ran; a beautiful lope...

Julie Davis, a former instructor at the University of Colorado Law School in Boulder came forward and filed a report describing an 8-foot tall chestnut-colored Sasquatch she observed up close less than 12-feet away. Besides the general description, Davis described the expression on its face and what she described as, *"...the graceful way it ran off, it was a beautiful lope. I could see the muscles move under the hair."* Davis was a volunteer with the Great Bear Foundation in Montana for five years and knows well what a bear looks like; *"...this was no bear, I don't care if anybody else believes me or not - there is nothing more persuasive than staring something straight in the face."*¹⁹⁰

No upper body hair...

An unusual behavior was mentioned in Mike S.'s 1998 case that happened in California's Shasta National Forest at the dead end of Castle Lake Road. Not only was the behavior interesting but the description was one of a kind, at least in my data. The informant said the Sasquatch was only haired heavily from the waist down, and a little on the arms describing the hair on the lower body like a pair of flowing brown leather chaps; little hair to none on the upper body. It had a full length beard and a long head of hair. The informant said the 8-foot tall Bigfoot strolled out onto the road and instead of ducking for cover like we assume most of them do, this one stayed out on the road and walked several hundred yards with people on the road yelling "hey, hey, hey" at it as it strolled on by "like a deaf zombie." Very strange behavior and apparently it was witnessed by many people who were parked on the dead end road. I spoke to several of the witnesses who told pretty much the same story as the informant. Some said they didn't think it was a Bigfoot and others labeled it as such immediately. This is a case where many saw it but not one of them

photographed it...very strange. ¹⁹¹

Swaying back and forth...

The sight of a Sasquatch swaying back and forth is not an uncommon behavior but reports in my data are few - no more than 4 and all of them describe the same rocking side to side. Such behavior was described by a retired couple out using their metal detectors. Separated from her husband on an old wagon trail by a few feet, the woman encountered a curious male Sasquatch who stepped out of the trees and starting swaying back and forth. She called to her husband who took his time responding. In the meanwhile, the strange behavior continued along with a bit of glaring. The informant wrote:

"I went back and picked up the metal detectors and started to move rapidly toward my wife to protect her. The why and how hadn't occurred to me yet. When I got to Mary's side, I could see the wild man's frightened eyes, by God, the face was like any ordinary man's unshaven face but the rest of him was larger around than most men his size. He saw the metal detectors and kept looking down at them, like shifting his eyes from us to the metal detectors and then he took one step backwards into the shaded area and he was less visible. His hair was thick, long black and looked well groomed, you know, it was long tresses and one side was pulled back, tucked behind his ear revealing his strange looking face."

"The hair was straight but the beard he had was curly. His face was young I would say, and his features distinct but distorted. He continued to sway back and forth nervously but I'm sure the metal detectors looked like weapons, because he looked quite worried and then this wild man turned and took one giant step towards the trees and was gone; he made no noise. I am sorry to say we never saw him again but at the time he departed, we were relieved! ¹⁹²

Sasquatch wears a silver belt?

A highly unusual Sasquatch mannerism was report by Annette B. in Jefferson County, New York. She wrote...

"My husband and I were coming back from Margaretville, New York about thirty miles from Perch Lake; this was in 2002. My husband was driving and I was looking out the window. We passed this clearing on the river's bank and there is where we both saw a very LARGE FIGURE. My

husband and I saw it clearly but he blew it off telling me it was a large man in a fur coat!? The surprising part was there was something around its waist that had a silver look to it, and a knife. It was like a silver chain of some kind around the waist with a knife attached on its side. It stood about 8-9 feet tall and was covered in hair from head to toes." ¹⁹³

Kidnappings, rape...

I would think it reasonable to believe that abduction, kidnapping & rape are not behaviors the Sasquatch people indulge in very often but I could be very wrong! If attempted rape, kidnapping and such are universal traits, the data does not reflect that. It is quite possible that the Sasquatch does not accept these acts as evil or unlawful in their primitive and limited social structure. The Sasquatch is after all, and by our standards, a wild living, primitive-looking human being.

According to the testimony Ostman gave to Rene Dahinden regarding the "talking down" the kidnapper received from his Sasquatch family; what the big kidnapper did was perceived as a really stupid move by his female partner. Rene interviewed Ostman a dozen times; Ostman's testimony never deviated.

We judge the frightful kidnapping behavior because our social structure regards kidnapping and abduction as an unlawful act; an acting out by mentally unstable persons and serial killers. Are there such laws among the Sasquatch? What does the *Bigfoot book of rules* say about kidnapping? Do they even have social standards? The truth is, we don't know anything about the way they think or if they have a moral code.

The Native Americans and First Nation Canadians used to freely speak about such things. Today, we don't hear much about kidnapping; does it still happen? I think kidnapping most probably is alive and well and I think the process is covered up from the top by the Department of the Interior and those branches and agencies of government service that are extensions of the DOI.

What is generally leaked about campers that go missing is that they wandered off and are generally never seen again. In cases where foul play is suspected, the bear is purported to be the culprit. How do we in general research reconcile the many cases of trail-worn hikers and savvy campers that are never seen again even in areas where there are no bears?

Newspaper accounts usually write it off as they fell, became disoriented or

some other logical explanation other than they might have met up with a rogue Sasquatch. All societies have rebellious members, some dangerous for sure but the Sasquatch, oblivious to our social standards, may not be aware that the act of kidnapping of women off reservations, hikers and small children at play is forbidden by civilized man.

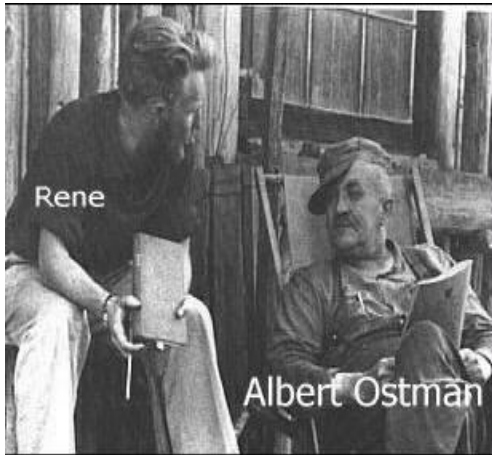
In May 1909, a local resident of a First Nation Community was chased by a Sasquatch into his home where the beast pushed against the exterior walls of the wooden house in an effort to abduct the local; it was a close call. Women are not the only potential abductees as we learned from the "Story of Albert Ostman" and Peter Byrne's "Muchalat Harry" stories. These were cases where adult human males are captured. One could gather from those remote abductions that remote living primitives understand little about civilized man and our rules for living; that probably should be expected.

Certainly the Albert Ostman account presented a case for the total acceptance of an adult male human being brought into the Sasquatch family group or so it seemed. Ostman felt the reason for his abduction was that he was a potential mate for the daughter of the hairy hostage taker. How reasonable is it to think a grown male Sasquatch would bring another grown adult male into his family circle; the notion is curious and the behavior odd at least by my standards. If not repulsed by the idea of intercourse with a hair-covered bride surely Ostman's performance would be hindered by the stress of a captive situation. The idea also occurs to me that the Sasquatch apparently thought Ostman one of his own species; a man of his own kind otherwise why did the dominant Sasquatch bring Ostman back to camp as a potential husband for his daughter? In this situation we have a well-investigated event where there was no discussion of paralytic infrasound or telepathic messaging occurring between the Sasquatch family and Albert Ostman; they spoke in a chatter.

For those who do not know the Ostman story, Albert Ostman lived in Chilliwack, British Columbia; he claimed to have been kidnapped and held for six days by a family of Sasquatch near Toba Inlet on the Strait of Georgia on the mainland opposite of Vancouver Island. He escaped unharmed when the hairy captor became violently ill having chewed and swallowed Ostman's can of tobacco.

Rene Dahinden sent me this photo in 1998 and told me he interviewed Ostman no less than twelve times and that Ostman's story never varied, "*Albert never wavered.*" Dahinden found the Ostman case a *real head scratcher* but Rene said the story was the same each time he spoke with him. Ostman lived at the time of Rene's interviews in Chilliwack, British Columbia, Canada. In those days Rene said he thought it too impossible a story to simply make up, to

fabricate. Still, Rene was baffled by Ostman's claim.



Albert Ostman, however, a capable male in his own right used brain-power to make his escape, which doesn't speak well for the Sasquatch being very street smart ...in a manner of speaking. If there is a moral compass in the Sasquatch culture, I don't see it demonstrated in the Ostman kidnap story or the case of Peter Byrne's "Muchalat Harry," a similar kidnapping drama.

One of the Indians of the Nootka Tribe, who lived at Nootka on Vancouver Island in 1928, claims to have been carried off by a Sasquatch and held captive for some time. The story, told to Peter Byrne by Father Anthony Terhaar of Mt. Angel Abbey in Oregon, is a curious one.

"Father Anthony, a much-loved missionary priest who traveled the west coast of Vancouver Island for many years, was living at Nootka at the time of the story and he knew Muchalat Harry very well. Muchalat Harry was a trapper and something of a rarity among his fellow tribesmen. He was, according to Father Anthony, a tough, fearless man, of excellent physique."

"In the course of his trapping; he was wont to spend long weeks in the forest alone, something that the average Indian did not do in those days. The Indians of the coast were apparently a rather timid people and they seemed to regard the deep forest as the home and territory of the Bigfoot. When they went into the deep inland forest for any reason, they never went alone. Muchalat Harry was different from other Indians. He went in the forest alone and feared nothing."

"Late one autumn Muchalat Harry set off for the woods, with his traps and camping gear. His plan was to set out a trap line and stay in the woods for several months. He headed for his favorite hunting area, the Conuma River, at the head of Tlupana Inlet. From Nootka he paddled his own canoe to the mouth of the Conuma. There he cached the canoe and headed upstream on foot. Approximately twelve miles upstream he made his base camp and, after building himself a lean-to, started to put out his trap line."

"One night, while wrapped in his blankets and clad only in his underwear, he was suddenly picked up by a huge male Bigfoot and carried off into the hills. He was not carried very far, probably a distance of about two or three miles, at the most. When daylight came he was able to see that he was in a sort of camp, under a high rock shelf and surrounded by some twenty Bigfoot; they were of all sexes and sizes. For

some time, they stood around him and stared at him. The males were in the front of the curious group, the females behind and young ones to the rear. Muchalat Harry was frightened at first and his fear grew to terror when he noticed, he said, the large number of bones lying around the campsite. When he saw these he was convinced that the Bigfeet were going to eat him."

"The Bigfeet did not harm him in any way. Occasionally one came forward and touched him, as if feeling him, and when they discovered that his "skin" was loose — it was in fact his woolen underwear — several came forward and pulled at it gently."

"While they looked at him and examined him, Muchalat Harry sat with his back to the rock wall and did not move. He was cold and hungry, but his thoughts were only on escape. Sometime in the late afternoon, curiosity on the part of the Bigfeet seemed to slacken and with most of the Bigfeet out of camp, probably food-gathering he thought, there came the opportunity that he needed. He leapt to his feet and ran for his life, never looking back. He ran downhill, toward where he guessed the river to be and sure enough, he soon came to his campsite. In what must have been blind panic he bypassed his camp and ran for twelve miles to where his canoe was cached at the mouth of the Conuma."

"Father Anthony describes the story of Muchalat Harry's arrival at Nootka as follows. It was probably three in the morning. He and his brother Benedictines were asleep and the village was quiet. Suddenly there was a series of wild cries from the waters of the inlet. Lights were lit and he and others hurried down to the water's edge. There, near-frozen and exhausted in his canoe, lay Muchalat Harry. He was barefoot and clad only in his wet and torn underwear and he had paddled his canoe through the winter night 45 miles from the mouth of the Conuma River."

"Father Anthony and his companions carried the almost lifeless form up from the water's edge. It took three weeks to nurse Muchalat Harry back to sanity and good health. Father Anthony, who took him into his own care, did the nursing and he told Peter Byrne that during the course of these three weeks, Muchalat Harry's hair turned to pure white."

"Byrne spent time at the site, thoroughly investigated the region but after forty or more years only the forest remained the same as it was in Muchalat Harry's time. It's an excellent story and obviously captured my interest, especially for the mention of Sasquatch behavior and of their surroundings." ¹⁹⁴ (Peter Byrne)

Women captives are not usually as lucky as Muchalat Harry or Albert Ostman were. Women kidnapping cases are listed in the *Indian Reservations Sightings & Legends Chapter*. Let's take a look at these issues and some of the cases to consider. Here is a story I fielded in the early days and practically forgot about it until I began this book.

Author Angus Hall in his book, "*Monsters and Mythic Beasts*" cited a Miss Helen Westring who was viciously raped by a ferocious Sasquatch in the forest near Bemidji, Beltrami County, Minnesota. In his book however, author Hall called the creature a *snowman*.^{194a} Apparently rape does happen – that may have been the impetus for this next capture of a young woman gathering berries.

The Sasquatch and the hat-pin...

Abduction foiled:

I stopped to have breakfast one cold winter morning at the Blackberry Patch Restaurant in Burney, California. As small restaurants go, I could hear a conversation going on at the next table. As we exited the restaurant, I introduced myself and asked if I could hear the story again.

They were more than willing to accommodate. The couple was from out of state, Collingsworth was his name, the woman I presumed was his wife but I was careless and didn't get her name...which may have more to do with how good-looking he was than any carelessness I may have had in forgetting to make a note of her name. The man made Brad Pitt look like chopped liver!

The abducted woman they called "Granny Evarts" was described to me as a fair-faced blonde woman in her youth who picked wild berries every spring and jarred them up to sell later at local fairs & flea markets during summer months; a way of supplementing the family income. Her jams & jellies were famous in her home town, Collingsworth said.

The sequence of events Granny Evarts related to her family was of picking a wash-pail full of wild berries in the very early morning hours when suddenly she was surprised from behind by a very large hair-covered man with huge shoulders; his height even more surprising. She told the Collingsworth family that the hairy man picked her up and carried her off, scattering her berries about the road. She was carried "*under his smelly right arm pit like a sack of potatoes.*" She said he smelled "foul" and breathed loudly as he walked with her kicking & screaming down a country dirt road, up and over a barbed-wire fence and through the alfalfa field that backed up directly behind their small one bedroom farmhouse. Shortening this story up a bit - the ladies of that day wore sun bonnets that were secured on the tops of their head with long hat pins and that 5-inch needle-sharp weapon was the means by which the little lady escaped. Dangling upside down, she removed the hat pin and stabbed the hair man in his buttocks. Granny Evarts told her family she was "*dropped unceremoniously on the ground*" according to the story, and the "*Bigfoot moved away swiftly screaming like a squeezed puppy.*"

The Collingsworth family generally regarded this as "*another one of Granny's tales,*" and so the family paid little attention to the story, but it piqued my interest and I never forgot it. Granny Evarts was a lucky woman and I think it probably really happened especially after I came to recognize some of the behaviors attributed to the male Sasquatch. This case sent me running to the Goodwill store to find one of those old-fashioned wagon-train type hat pins. I found one with a pearl end, which is stuck proudly in the front of my Buffalo hat...just in case! Who knows, if not for a Sasquatch with romance on his mind maybe for a mountain lion's backside – a woman never knows! ¹⁹⁵

Everything went quiet, then a scream...

File by David Bray and recorded on Henry Franzoni's old IVBC discussion list:

"My son and I heard a howl or scream in the deep woods of the Colville National Forest in N.W. Washington on 8/24/96 @ 1:00 a.m. The sound was more like the recording found by the Western Bigfoot Society. Actually, it was exactly like that one. It sent shivers down your back. We were a measured 6 miles North of State Road #20 on Rocky Creek Rd. The sound came from approximately .5 to 1 mile northwest of our campsite. *We noticed for the past couple of hours prior to this that the forest was absolutely quiet. No noise at all.* The name of the county was Pend O'reille County (pronounced "pond o'ray") and the closest town was Ione (pronounced "eye-own") about 10 miles by road or 5 miles by air. (David Bray)

Four men went missing in Montana....

Seeley Lake, Glacier Creek area, Montana October 1959 ...Roy W. Rye, a university educated experienced bear hunter from Billings, Montana was out hunting grizzly in the early afternoon. Upon seeing large tracks in the snow he noticed a creature resting its head and arms on a fallen tree, 5-6 feet above the snow. It had a large flat head, wide shoulders, stubby ears, short neck and was brownish gray-haired.

Realizing it had been discovered; the creature looked up and "*screamed, rocked from side to side and slobbered.*" According to a published report in Montana Sports Outdoors, four men disappeared in this same area within a two year period. Not a trace of them was found; exception, -a broken rifle was found. The disappearance of this man could be attributed to a grizzly, but

generally a grizzly will return to a kill or will drag off body pieces where clothing, shoes, hats etc are generally found scattered. This wasn't the case with this disappearance; no clothing or personal items were found, only his rifle. This report was published in *Montana Sports Outdoors* in December of 1960 and again in *Saga Magazine* in January of 1961. ¹⁹⁶

The abduction & rape of a railroad lineman...

This next file, I thought, was a highly unusual story but Lewis repeated exactly as he heard it.

In 2007, San Francisco resident John Lewis related a truly bizarre, if not hard-to-believe Bigfoot kidnapping-rape story his grandfather handed down to his mother. Given the time range that the Lewis story occurred, I wasn't all that surprised because the California-Oregon border had a long history of attacks and aggressive behavior patterns noticed by miners, prospectors, loggers, surveyors and railroad workers; in fact there was even a gruesome story of a Sasquatch killing a prospector while he was working at his sluice box; allegedly from a Bigfoot bashing the man's head in with a large boulder.

The story that comes to mind for this purpose was one of kidnapping and rape upon a railroad lineman by a female Sasquatch; a most unusual occurrence as these stories go, it's a wild tale. It read like this:

"My Grandpa was working for Southern Pacific Railroad building railroad-track in the northern California-Oregon border during the 1900's... I do not know the exact year; during this work project, he was dispatched to work on a line camp in the woods. They had a base camp that the work crew worked from and each week the work crew would split into two man teams that would work an area clearing logs and ground, then at the end of one week they would go back to the base camp to check in and replenish their supplies and then set out after the weekend for another week in the woods. During this time, one of the two man teams came back to base camp with only one man; they were told that the other man had disappeared and was missing. The group at the base camp apparently gave a brief search to no avail. The following week the crews went out in two man crews and continued the work on the railroad line clearing. Some weeks later, the group of railroad workers came upon the missing man; he was naked and hysterical/crazed and apparently died soon after he was found. He told of being abducted by a female ape that kept him in a large open pit. During the time he was in the pit the man told of being forced to have sexual contact with the ape many times and said that the ape kept him in the hole or pit by licking his hands and feet raw, so he was not able to escape from the pit. Apparently my grandfather saw this mans hands and feet relating that the man's hands were indeed completely raw." (John Lewis)

Child Abduction thwarted

The only recorded reference I've read regarding the attempted kidnapping of a young child dates way back to Flintville, Tennessee in April of 1976; at this writing some 37 years ago at this writing. The story itself read something like this:

A most frightening incident occurred in Flintville on April 26, 1976. Mrs. Jennie Roberson nearly lost her 4-year old son, Gary to the hands of a Bigfoot. Little Gary was playing outside in the evening hours when his mother heard her little boy cry out. The alert mother rushed outside and saw a huge figure coming around the corner of the house. It was seven or eight feet tall and seemed to be covered with hair. It reached out its long, hairy arm toward little Gary and came within inches of him before Mrs. Roberson could grab him up and pull him to safety. Mr. Robertson ran to the door when he realized what had happened and was just in time to see the backside of a big black shaped figure disappearing into the woods. It was a VERY close call for that youngster. Six heavily armed men tracked the Bigfoot and got close enough to repeatedly fire at it. The Bigfoot screamed violently and threw rocks at the posse before disappearing into the thickness of the woods. The next day 16-inch tracks were found, alongside hair, blood and mucus. The evidence was analyzed but early-day lab technicians were unable to identify the material. ^{196a}

Gargles and whistles...

Harold Nelson will always remember those few minutes. *"I was frozen with terror,"* he said still shaken by the experience. *"I was face to face with a yeti, a snowman or whatever you want to call those things!"* Later, Nelson described the creature:

"It had an apelike face but it was definitely not a gorilla," he explained. *"The head was slightly pointed, sloping down like the sketches of cavemen. The whole body was covered with a reddish-brown hair. There were a few spots of white hair along the edge of the enormous shoulders. It stood erect, like a man, and must have weighed 600 or 800 pounds. He was big, real big."* The elderly grocer was fear-filled. *"My mind just short-circuited. I couldn't think,"* he stated. *"My flashlight was shining on the beast and I remember very distinctly that the eyes, like those of a wild animal. It made a funny noise sort of like a gargle and whistle at the same time. The thing reached toward me. That's when I screamed."* Fortunately, Nelson's terrified scream frightened the hairy intruder. *"He stepped back, looked puzzled and then frowned,"* Nelson said. *"I raced back to my bed and got a .22 caliber pistol from beneath my pillow. I expected the beast*

to come tearing into the camper. It moved forward, peered curiously into the doorway, then turned and shuffled off into the darkness." ¹⁹⁸ (Warren Smith 1969)

Strange story...

In 1944, Sgt. Charles Reed reported a woman stopped him on the road to Pembroke and claimed she was trying to find her way back to the Lumbee Indian Reserve in North Carolina. She was somewhat inarticulate in her speech but was able to tell Sgt. Reed that she had been taken by a hair-covered hoo-doo man** and had been living in his cave with a woman also covered in dark colored hair. The sergeant reported that the woman *..."smelled to high Heaven but appeared in good health, although gaunt-looking."* After saying her ordeal lasted about 6 months or more she refused to comment further. Reed delivered her to the address she gave him and he never saw the woman again. The stench in his vehicle took several days to dissipate.¹⁹⁹

**Hoo doo = voo doo-witchcraft

The kidnapping of Cherie Darvell

Humboldt County, California 1976 – Regarding the Cherie Darvell aka Cherie Nelson story – on May 26, 1976, the *Baltimore Sun* article on page A-3:

"A young woman, Cherie Darvell was reported abducted in rugged mountains by a hairy creature showed up screaming outside a rural resort, but Sheriff's Department officials say they don't believe her story."

According to *The St. Petersburg Times* and *The Milwaukee Journal* also ran similar stories indicating that Darvell, who was Bigfoot enthusiast Ron Olson's girlfriend, walked out of the woods unharmed and in one account said that *"...she was relatively unmussed."*

The inimitable veteran Bigfoot investigator, Peter Guttilla remembered the incident this way:

"...Sheri, a lovely little tart with too much eye shadow and Dolly Parton hair claimed to have been abducted by Bigfoot someplace near Willow Creek. Of course it was a hoax. I personally spoke with the Sheriff up there (he was really pissed off about it) who said she was employed by the Olson brothers who were making a Bigfoot movie at the time. The last I heard the county was trying to get reimbursed for the expense of searching for Sheri..."

Eureka, California - A Del Norte County Superior Court judge who obviously doesn't believe Bigfoot exists has ruled that Humboldt County must pay the \$11,613 cost of a 1976 search for an alleged Bigfoot "kidnap victim" by the name of Cherie Darvell. ²⁰⁰

Miss Darvell was at the time, the girlfriend of Ron Olson, son of Frank Olson of the ANE film distributing company owned by Russell Neihart, Bishop of the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City, Utah. Russell Neihart's best friend, Jerry Romney originally claimed to be the "man-in-the-suit" in the Roger Patterson film. Romney is of course, a cousin of Mit Romney, a Republican candidate for President of the USA in 2012.

According to ANE executive Clyde Reinke, he personally signed the payroll checks for Roger Patterson from July to October 1, 1967 for the express purpose of making a film to be circulated by ANE, film distributors.

Judge Frank Peterson commented in making the ruling that the search for Bigfoot is "*at least an exercise in futility*" and said he had "*hiked the hills and mountains of Northern California for almost 50-years and the biggest footprint I ever saw was my brother Bob's.*"

"Humboldt County officials sued Shasta County for the costs of the May 22 to 24 aerial and ground search for Cherie Darvell, 25, of Redding. She reportedly had been abducted by a Bigfoot in the Bluff Creek area of Humboldt County. Bigfoot is a legendary hairy, smelly humanoid monster reported seen in Northern California and the Pacific Northwest. Humboldt County Counsel Raymond Schneider argued before Peterson that state law required Shasta County reimburse to Humboldt County because the case involved search and rescue for a Shasta County resident."

"Shasta County Counsel Robert Rehberg countered that Miss Darvell's disappearance was at best a real kidnapping and even the Humboldt County officers' reports indicated they were skeptical about the abduction reports. The girl disappeared while she was with a group searching for Bigfoot. She later walked into the nearby Bluff Creek Resort, according to officers' report, "*she was remarkably unmussed.*" ²⁰⁰

Later her friends, Ed Bush of Adin, California and Terry Gaston of Redding, released a movie through ANE film distributors purporting to show a Bigfoot carrying Miss Darvell up a distant mountain slope. Reinke later claimed that the Bigfoot suit for that movie was kept in Russell Neihart's office in Salt Lake City. Later, Judge Peterson ruled that a county is entitled to reimbursement by

another county only for the SAR (search and rescue) operations for lost persons or persons "in danger of their lives," and not for investigations of crimes. The judge ruled that the term "In danger of their lives" applies to natural causes, such as floods, heavy snows or other calamities not caused by other human beings.

Rehberg said he was "pleased" with the judge's decision. But he said he sympathized with the dilemmas faced by Humboldt County officials, ranging from whether to begin the search for Miss Darvell to trying to determine who should pay the costs of the search. Rehberg said that if Humboldt County authorities had been willing to stipulate that Bigfoot is a Shasta County resident, negotiations over the costs might have been possible.

Other than the questionable kidnapping of Cherie Darvell in 1976, nothing in recent time has been added to my data that was even close to that story, but there may be instances like this in other manuscripts.

The kidnapping that didn't happen...

Salmon River, Idaho County, Idaho during the 1940's...

"When I was growing up in Idaho during the 1940's, my father had a ranch in the Salmon River Region. We did not live there, but we went up to the ranch every week flying into the Salmon River Airport in dad's airplane. He had a man named Hiram with a horse and a German Shepard who cared for the ranch and livestock. While business was being taken care of by the men, I was very bored. I would explore the ranch area all day. I found a place on the ranch where a spring ran through. The trees were tall and there was a lot of brush. It was my little haven, a secret place. One day while there, I heard a noise in the brush and was scared when I saw a huge creature venture out toward me. At first I was frightened, thinking it is was a bear. As the creature came closer, I felt it was trying to calm and reassure me that I was not in any danger."

"The creature acted like a female with a motherly attitude. I felt comfortable with her. We sat on a log and she held my hand placing her gentle hand on my knee. I talked to her and she responded with low deep tones and nods of understanding. After about thirty minutes or so, another creature appeared and seemed angry. My new friend stood up and sneered at the other one and put him in his place. He must have been a male; I assumed he was her mate. He would always be there after that, but would stay back and sort of brood. I went back to my haven every time we visited the ranch and always met both of

them there. One time the female brought a young creature there for me to meet. It must have been her offspring.”

“My parents sold the ranch in the 1950’s and I have never been back. I never did have a chance to say goodbye to my friends, which I would like to have done. I told my mother about my friends, but she did not believe a word of my story. She marveled at my imagination and suggested I stop making up stories like that. I never mentioned the subject again. My friends stood about seven to eight feet tall and the younger one about five feet. The male seemed a bit taller than the female. They had long stringy looking hair over their whole bodies. Their color was a dirty off white with darker hair on the more exposed areas. They both had flat faces with dark squinty eyes. When the male acted irate, his eyes burned black and larger. He actually would strut around trying to show that he was tough and in charge but the female always kept him under control and made him act more gently toward me. I had never heard of Bigfoot as a child, but now I know who my friends were. They will always be a part of my childhood and remembered clearly. They were not the imagination of a child, because I talked and visited with them on a regular basis. I’m sure their offspring may still be in the primitive areas of Idaho, living as nature intended.”²⁰¹ (Connie Bergh-Muller, Fort Kent, Maine)

Stories of Violence...

We should not be surprised that all hairy men are not passive. You might wonder why don’t we hear about the more aggressive, violent reports? In my opinion, I think the government agencies don’t want it known. After all, it would be counterproductive to the National Park systems to have it known that the Sasquatch are frequently violent, killers and sometimes kidnappers of human men, women and children.

Nearly forgotten by historians, Jedediah Smith was among the first white men to travel overland from the frontier of the great Salt Lake in Utah by way of the Colorado River, the Mojave Desert and on into California’s Coastal Range. He was one of the first to explore the Sierra Nevada Range and the treacherous Great Basin. His company traveled up the California coast to Oregon and the path he cut became the main route through South Pass. South of the Oregon border in Humboldt County, California, there is a Redwood Wilderness area named after Jedediah Smith. He camped along many rivers and associated with the local Indians. Smith arrived in Chetco in south Oregon in 1828. The early gold-mining settlers arrived next and with them came the

next story of a predatory Sasquatch.

The Chetco Indian Devil murders 4...

Marauding behavior...initially...

Location of the story was about 60 miles North of Willow Creek, California and from there, approximately 6 miles north of the Cal-Oregon border. There is some confusion about the word 'county' in this story. As best I can determine, Chetco refers to Oregon's Chetco River and the 1890 location would have been most likely there, nearer Brookings, Oregon which is in Curry County, Oregon. There is no Chetco County now, whether or not there was pre-civil war era, I was unable to determine, but Brookings is approximately six miles north of the California-Oregon Border; all of it is thickly forested wilderness. Here is the tale of the *Indian Devil* as told by Marion Place in 1974; thirty-nine years ago.

"The mining operation was a small one, employing a dozen men whose families lived in tents and lean-to-shelters alongside the river. For several weeks nothing unusual happened. Occasionally garbage cans were overturned at night by marauding bears. Sometimes the beasts were so troublesome that an armed guard stood by while the loggers felled the big trees. At the campsite mothers watched their young children closely and forbade older boys and girls to play hide-and-seek in the forest. Even when they swam in the shallow river, an adult kept a sharp lookout for bears."

"Then one morning enormous human-shaped footprints were discovered along the riverbanks. The loggers laughingly accused one another of having feet as big as chopping blocks. Everyone, from the oldest to the youngest in camp, measured his footprints against those of the unknown visitor. Since no one's feet were that large, one question was bandied about repeatedly: "*if those weren't a bear's tracks, whose were they?*"

"Someone heard there was a "wild" man living way up river. He was an irritable old devil who threatened to shoot anyone who approached his cabin. No matter how bad the weather was he never wore a hat or boots. He was always bareheaded and barefooted. If barefooted, then the tracks must be his!"

"With the mystery of the tracks happily solved, the people promptly forgot them. But several nights later the sound of eerie whistling and angry shrieks wakened them. In every tent men bounded out of bed and grabbed their guns, assuming there was a wounded bear nearby. No one lit a lamp for fear of attracting the beast and frightened children were warned not to cry. The spine-chilling noises went on and on. Sometimes they seemed close by, other times from the direction of the road or the river. But finally

the sounds faded into the distance and quiet returned to the dark campsite.”

“At daybreak the men gathered to talk. They debated whether it was a bear or mountain lion. To satisfy themselves and ease their families' worries, a half dozen men searched about for bear or mountain lion tracks. They found no mountain lion spoor and no fresh bear tracks. However, at the edge of the clearing beyond the first stand of trees and dense under-growth they came upon more of the giant-sized human footprints. The men were astonished and debated whether it was the old recluse. They agreed they had to catch the demented man before he killed someone. As quietly as possible, the members of the search party backtracked along the line of footprints. The tracks led them out to the road several hundred yards above the camp and up the road to the main logging site. They found where the wild man had emerged from the forest into the open area and had prowled around tree stumps, piles of bushes and the machinery used in loading the logs onto wagons.”

“Then the men had a nasty shock. Massive unwieldy tree limbs, far too heavy for one man to handle, had been pulled out of the tangled waste piles and either tossed aside like match sticks or used to beat violently on the machinery. The searchers followed the tracks back down the road into the forest. For the first time they noticed shrubs torn to pieces and saplings uprooted and whacked to shreds. This explained the thudding and snapping sounds heard during the night. The footprints circled the camp again and then went down the well-beaten path to the river turning back to the road, went down it a half mile and turned off into the forest. The men pressed on as far as they dared. However, when the tracks plunged down into a steep ravine, they stopped. The gloomy depths provided too many hiding places for a demented killer.”

“The Chetco Indians believed there were man-animals in the woods, the logger informed his friends. He had heard the story from a white man whom the Indians trusted enough to take into their confidence. They claimed that for generations they had shared their hunting grounds with fierce-looking haired creatures that walked upright like men. The strange beings were not human, not animal, neither friendly nor hostile. They were simply there, like every other man or wild creature, so the Indians learned to leave them alone.”

“But very late on the third night the frightening sounds were once again heard faintly from far off in the woods. People jerked upright in bed. The whistling and screaming grew louder and closer, men pulled on their trousers and boots in every tent and readied their rifles. Obviously the night howler was coming closer and closer. When he seemed only fifty feet away, one man took desperate action. Hastily fashioning a torch of oily rags and kindling, he set fire to it. Torch in one hand and rifle in the other, he raced into the woods. Meantime the man's wife called for help.

Within minutes several men stumbled toward her in the darkness. They groaned when they learned that their comrade had foolishly gone into the woods alone. None hesitated to follow, but minutes passed while one dashed off to fetch a lantern and others supplied themselves with extra cartridges. Finally the party headed into the forest in the direction from which the awful sounds were heard. They had covered only a short distance when the whistling and shrieking stopped. The men halted and listened. There was a long silence, then an outburst of bestial yowling followed by the man's human screams. Thinking their friend was being attacked; the men fought through the undergrowth, the man with the lantern in the lead. Moments later their comrade appeared and collapsed in their arms. At first he was too terrified to speak. His companions fired their guns to drive off the howler and then waited patiently for the poor man to gasp out the details. He said that by torchlight he had followed the line of giant-sized footprints and suddenly came upon a huge creature covered with hair."

"A bear? "

"No, an ape! A monstrous ape, seven or eight feet tall, two axe-handles wide across the shoulders, (one axe handle measures 25-inches in length = 50-inch wide shoulders or approximately four feet across the shoulders) with beady yellow eyes and bared teeth. The torchlight must have blinded it because it stood stock-still, one hand shading its eyes. Then it let out a tremendous roar. The man hurled his torch into its face, but instead of shooting at it, the frightened man ran screaming toward camp. While his companions did not doubt his word, they asked anxiously if he was sure the beast was an ape?"

"Yes, he was positive."

"It really looked like an ape?"

"Yes! an ape."

"Did it have fangs?"

"You bet!"

"Claws?"

"The man said sarcastically that he hadn't stayed around long enough to study the brute. But after thinking it over, he said it had hands like a man, only twice as large and covered with hair right down to the fingernails."

"After that they all decided to return to camp. After much discussion the loggers agreed to take turns standing guard day and night until the ape was captured or shot. Two men would patrol the campsite on two-hour watches while the rest worked or slept. Since women present knew how to handle a gun, their assistance during the daylight hours was welcomed. The older boys and girls offered to gather firewood so that large fires could be kept blazing all night. Nothing unusual happened during the day or the early night hours. But the two whose turn came about two in the morning asked the men they were to relieve to standby. They wanted to slip into the woods and really search for the ape."

"Reluctantly the one patrol agreed to stand by while their relief party set out on their ape hunt. The hunters carried a small lantern because without some light they could not follow any tracks. But they were careful to keep the light at ground level. Their rifles were loaded, and the safety catches thumbed back. Not long after, they came upon bits of charred cloth amidst a welter of huge footprints. This must be where their friend had thrown his torch at the monster. Yes, there were his boot marks. After examining the area closely they found where the ape had turned deeper into the forest, instead of backtracking to the road. They followed warily step by step, over and around ferns, shrubs, outcroppings and rocks and massive tree trunks."

"What happened next could only be guessed. Apparently the apelike creature loomed before them. One man started shooting while the other put down the lantern and commenced shooting too. The patrol on guard at the campsite heard the volley of shots. They pounded each other happily. The hunters had killed the beast! But then they listened in mounting horror to frantic cries for help, which were drowned out by horrendous shrieks and roaring. The awful noises continued for some moments and then faded out. The silence was even more frightening to the guards."

"They shouted for help and soon were surrounded by armed loggers and their wives. After a hasty explanation, all the men plunged into the woods, leaving the women to build up the fires and protect the children. The searchers shouted, swung lanterns and fired their guns so that their friends would know help was on the way. After advancing some distance they stopped briefly and called to the men. When neither responded, they fired shots. No answering shots were heard. Once more the party advanced. Before long they came upon a gruesome sight. Their friends were dead."

"Judging from bloodstains, their bodies had been slammed against tree trunks and torn to pieces. A trail of blood-smeared footprints led off into the forest. The beast obviously had been wounded but no man present was willing to track it through the dark forest. Some did volunteer to gather up the remains of their unfortunate comrades while others returned to camp for blankets, and to break the sad news. Within twenty-four hours the campsite was deserted. The logging operation was moved to another location. A professional hunter with trained hounds was hired to assist hunters in tracking down the savage beast. It was never captured nor its voice ever heard again. The most people could hope for was that it had crawled into a well-hidden lair and died." ²⁰² (Marion Templeton Place)

Dead or not and apparently without provocation, this particular Sasquatch easily killed four men! The point should be made that not all Sasquatch are

passive sweet individuals. The data clearly indicates the Sasquatch will kill; some kidnap and the rest are content to simply scare the heck out of us by their sheer size; their bluff tactics and by their chest rattling screaming.

Trapper torn apart...

The first purported killing I registered came from the State of Maine near the year 1800. The diary indicated it happened near the Mt. Katahdin area, what is now Piscataquis County, north-northwest nearby communities of Millinocket and Moosehead Lake. The source of the report came from a book titled, "*Camping Out*." Published in 1873, the booklet was authored by C. A. Stevens. An original copy is owned by Chris and Amy Julian who have graciously shared the information. There were at least six stories of encounters with large man-like creatures, which the Indians called *Pomoola* or *Injun Devil*.

The book mentions the death of a beaver trapper. His body had been found ripped apart; it was thought to be a mountain lion. The point that got Amy and Chris Julian's attention was the fact that the body had been beaten against a tree trunk; what mountain lion does that? What mountain lion dismembers people? Julian went on to say,

"I have heard mention that the book was fiction. I am not sure I agree considering the detail and the year it was written. I have checked many facts and to me these are factual accounts, -it's a diary."

True, why would anyone make up something like that in a personal diary?

Murder, brute strength, twisted body up a tree...

Cecelia L. shared a diary entry her great-grandmother wrote about her second husband Duffy Schuler. Cecelia's great-grandfather did not survive the smallpox epidemic in Boston, Massachusetts; he and several other family members were among the thousands upon thousands who died between 1901 and 1903. As was his habit, he went out to finish plowing a field but this time he did not return home. A party was gathered on Sunday April 30, 1905 to search for him. His twisted body was found up a tree and one leg was still in its blood-soaked pant leg nearly thirty feet away. The 1,000 pound plow-horse was found with a broken neck and a crushed lower jaw. And where did this horrible encounter take place? Devils Nest, Herrick Township, Nebraska on the south-side of the Lake Lewis and Clark and the South Dakota line.

Sightings of haired individuals are often located in regions with names

associated with devils and spirits such as Thomas Bay Devils, Wood Devil Mountain, Devil Creek, Devil's Lair, Dead man's gulch, Spook Hollow or other devil and demon references like the *Mountain Devils* of Mt. St. Helens.

The early Piscataway Indians of early Waterford, Virginia tattooed themselves with images of devils - Captain John Smith wrote in his journal that the Piscataway worshiped the "*Okee Devil*" and attempted to fashion themselves as near to the image as possible tattooing themselves on the chest and arms with *monstrous looking devils*.²⁰³

Miner with his head bashed in...

At some point in the 1990's, I didn't note the exact year, Stan Sweet, at the time, a teacher in Oregon wrote to ask if there were any recent reports around a place called Thompson Flat on the Sixes River near Oregon's south coast. This is a very remote spot, between Powers, Myrtle Point and Sixes, north of Port Orford, Oregon. According to local legend, the place was a mining town in the 1800's and early 1900's; the inhabitants had been terrorized by a *wild man*, a humanoid looking beast covered in black hair.

"Slowly the town's people began leaving the remote site, not wanting to deal with the strange, hair creatures that dwell there. Until quite recently, an old prospector lived there. I had a chance to speak with him once and he described seeing a creature fitting the Bigfoot description on a number of occasions." (Stan Sweet)

According to Stan Sweet, there is additional information stored at the Coos Bay Historical Society. A couple of documents containing information on the Bigfoot that terrorized the Thompson Flat area; it read in part:

"After all the miners had been run off by the wild man, one brave miner decided to stay. Sometime later they found him at his sluice box with his head bashed in by a bloody rock, which was lay nearby."

At the time, the old miner was the only living soul in the area. The devil creature had killed a fifth member of the pioneers trying to manage a living near the California-Oregon border.²⁰⁴

They wore no clothes and built no shelters...

In his 1969 book, "*Stone Age in the Great Basin*" author Emory Strong quotes the journals of Captain Thomas Jefferson Farnham (1804-1848). To understand at least 'some' of what Farnham wrote in his diary, it helps to

know he was an explorer and author of the American West in the first half of the 19th Century. His travels included interaction with missionary Jason Lee; later, Captain Farnham led a wagon train over the great Oregon Trail. On a good day, Captain Farnham and the Oregon Dragoons traveled the huge distance of twelve miles along the Oregon Trail and arrived at Fort Vancouver on the Columbia River with only five people of the nineteen souls that began the journey with Farnham in command. I imagine that many were lost in winter but we don't know the reason he lost so many. Farnham died at the young age of 44 years old; he was very young to have accomplished so much.

Here is the pertinent excerpt from Strong's book where he wrote about the inhabitants of the Great Basin, a region that includes western Utah desert, the barren wastelands of Nevada and the deserts of far eastern California:

"Almost without exception the explorers considered the inhabitants of the desert to be repulsive, decadent, miserable creatures scarcely deserving to be classed as human beings. They wore no clothing of any description and built no shelters. They eat roots, lizards and snails; they provide nothing for future wants. And when the lizard and snail and wild roots are buried in the snows of winter, they are said to retire to the vicinity of timber, dig holes in the form of ovens in the steep sides of the sand hills and having heated them to a certain degree, deposit themselves in them and sleep and fast until the weather permits them to go abroad again for food. Persons who have visited their haunts after several winters have found the ground around these family ovens strewn with the unburied bodies of the dead and others crawling around them who have various degrees of strength from a bare sufficiency [sic] to gasp in death, to those that crawl upon their hands and feet eating grass like cattle. It is said that they have no weapons of defense except the club and that in the use of that they are very unskilled. Those poor creatures are hunted in the spring when weak and helpless and when taken are fattened, carried to Santa Fe and sold as slaves." (Quoted in Steward 1938)

Fortunately few others were as imaginative as Farnham, although his last sentence is not imaginary. There are enough descriptions of the Desert Culture by early travelers to permit the selection as a reasonable account." ²⁰⁵

Taken against her will...

There was a report concerning a girl who was taken against her will from the neighborhood play area. The informant's brother constructed a tire-swing set for the neighborhood children to play on. It was made of tire chains and old

used tires, but the children loved the idea and played from sun up to sun down on the swings. The young and very responsible First Nation girl was at the time of her disappearance at the play area and in charge of a nephew who was 3-years old. They found the little nephew sitting in the saw dust playing with a toy truck but never found Terese and while the hunt for her continued around Heron Bay, Ontario - no one knows if she ran off or what happened to her; my informant told me it was the hairy man and that members of his tribe simply did not speak openly about the details; if they did, it brought bad things on them. (Rob Janis)

Viable children born...

A Matachewan First Nation acquaintance in Ontario, Canada said she had some thoughts on the issues relevant to this subject. She was of the opinion that there were many viable children born to early-day Indian women and a Sasquatch, probably more than anyone knows. She accumulated two second-hand reports from women who knew former captives by a male Bigfoot. One in particular stated that the Sasquatch was mostly monogamous and considerate husbands who generally took only one wife. The captive brides were kept in concealed ground dwellings and watched by other women of the clan. Sleeping arrangements in these so-called facilities were on animal skins on the ground and in a communal setting with other Sasquatch family members; there was no privacy and little light, the fires were kept to a minimum and mostly used for light and kept going day and night. Sex was often and regarded as nothing any different than a cough or a sneeze; they did it when the urge hit them. Each of the family units kept to their designated skins and if an unknowing bride ventured into an area not hers, shouts and wild gesturing erupted. Apparently there is no set sleeping time; sleep would come (day or night) when they were tired and the captive bride would learn to sleep with children playing and crying and other disturbances in the secreted place of their dwelling.

The Matachewan woman was not of the opinion that abductions were routine but there were enough cases to suggest that it does occur especially in remote settlements. Of interest, it took me five years to get this much information out of the Matachewan woman; discussions of this type and on this level simply do not happen over coffee! She was hesitant to speak about any of it; stories of this nature simply are not her way or the way of her people. (The Hazel John Story)

Viable births from mixed unions?

The question is often asked if there are viable births from unions of women and the Sasquatch. I don't know why that wouldn't be possible especially if

Sasquatch DNA turns out to be human to some large extent. If the Sasquatch is eventually classified as a human cousin somewhere in the genus Homo, then the Sasquatch can most certainly produce viable offspring with human kind.

Dr. Dana Krempels, professor of evolution and biodiversity; genetic, botany and zoology at the University of Miami answers questions online about genetic drift, mutations, natural selection and misconceptions about evolution talked about by those of us not well-versed in these subjects.

The question was put to her regarding Neanderthal chromosome count:

"Do we know how many chromosomes the Neanderthals had?"

Dr. Krempels response:

"We do not have preserved tissues from Neanderthals to know for sure what their chromosome number was. But because they are the same species as we are (Homo sapiens), it is very likely their chromosome number was the same as ours. Many biologists believe that Neanderthals (Homo sapiens neanderthalensis) may have interbred with early "modern" humans (Homo sapiens sapiens), and only if they had the same chromosome number could they have produced fertile, viable offspring." ²⁰⁶

I mention this here because my mail suggests the average bigfooter believes the Neanderthal were some squatty bulging eye-browed ape that we humans branched off of, but they were a cousin species.

The point I'm trying to make here is that in order for the Sasquatch people to have coupled with modern humans their chromosomes must be the same count as ours, which is 46 chromosomes. Apes on the other hand have 48 chromosomes. Humans cannot reproduce with apes. Humans can only reproduce viable, fertile young with **our own kind**; medically speaking, that's locked in. The argument that horses of differing chromosome counts can successfully interbred is weak as applied here because horses are not primates; the Sasquatch is a human primate.

It has been published that Neanderthals produced viable, fertile offspring with early modern humans, this is true. DNA has shown traces of Neanderthal in our human genome...so it is thought that the Neanderthals must have had the same chromosome count as humans, which is 46 chromosomes. We shouldn't be surprised if the DNA presumptive for the Sasquatch also shows 46 chromosomes.

Human hybrid/apeman speculation?

In the 1920s the Soviet biologist Ilya Ivanovich Ivanov carried out a series of experiments in an effort to create a human/nonhuman-ape hybrid. Ivanov worked with human sperm and chimpanzee females, but none of his attempts created a pregnancy contrary to much speculation that it did. ²⁰⁷

In 1929 Ivanov organized a set of experiments involving nonhuman-ape sperm and human volunteers, but was delayed by the death of his last orangutan. The next year he fell under political criticism from the Soviet government and was sentenced to exile in the Kazakh SSR; he worked there at the Kazakh Veterinary-Zoo-technical Institute and died of a stroke in 1931.

The humanzee also known as the Chuman or Manpanzee is a hypothetical chimpanzee/human hybrid with emphasis on the word "hypothetical;" for a time the idea was suppositional. Chimpanzees and humans are closely related, leading to contested speculation that a hybrid is possible; it is not. ²⁰⁸

To summarize... If the unions written about between Sasquatch & early Indian women produced viable, fertile children – how interesting that would prove to be? Humans and non-human primates of course, cannot reproduce. Non-human primates are monkeys and apes; they have 48 chromosomes. No viable, fertile births come from such unions as humans and apes.

It is important for members of research to remember that when stories circulated that there were live births created successfully between the Sasquatch and Indian women; it more or less shot down the contention by Dr.'s John Bindernagel, Frank Poirier, W. Henner Fahrenbach, Grover S. Krantz, John Green and Jeff Meldrum that the Sasquatch was an ape. The mix between humans and ape unions cannot produce a pregnancy much less a viable birth. The pomposity of John Green of course, records him saying for more than fifty years that the Sasquatch is nothing but a dumb ape and he would shoot it if he had the chance; suggesting Bigfoot could be legally shot with no ramifications. Krantz echoed that sentiment and was even photographed hunting the Sasquatch with a rifle. They were quite wrong. The ape theorists have essentially set research back forty-five years!

Other theories

In an email to me in the 1990's, Canadian Dr. Joan Tall Tree was convinced that just as easily as the indigenous First Nation and Native Americans interbred with the influx of Europeans, so have the ancient peoples of those

same tribes traded, bartered and interbred with the early Sasquatch people. The opportunity was there and many tribes recorded that activity in their oral history. The Indians have always said the Sasquatch was simply "*people of another tribe.*" Such things are for those who have ears to hear.

Tall Tree went on to cite the Algonquian tribes of Canada and how they co-mingled with the Europeans during the French period; she felt current writers tend to minimize the intermixture. As early as 1693, a member of the La Salle expedition married the daughter of the Chief of the Kaskaskia Nation. Tall Tree felt that few French families in that part of Canada are free from Indian blood.

The spread of activities of the Hudson's Bay Company gave rise in the Canadian Northwest to a population of mixed blood of considerable historic importance – it was the offspring of Indian mothers and Scotsmen, the French and English fathers and that is in DNA mixtures today. Some of the other fur company employees took for their wives, the descendants that still flourish in Montreal and other urban centers. The tribes that have furnished the most varying blood mixtures are in fact today's Cree, Chippewa, Sioux and the Ottawa on down through the Great Lakes and into Green Bay where traces of Menominee blood is found. It is rare to find a full blooded Indian anywhere and those who make such claims found they were wrong after mass participation in DNA studies. If so many interbred with the Indians, could it not be that the genome of the Sasquatch was also dispersed among those descendants?

The kidnapping by Sasquatch males almost has to be a learned behavior. I would think, no wild man grows up thinking he'll take a wife outside his own tribe or clan; yet we have records of such things happening between the Indian and Sasquatch and their descendants. It might be that traces of Sasquatch DNA could be found among rural Canadians whose ancestry originates in the outback settlements and far-flung isolated Inuit villages.

That might sound way out there, but man requires companionship over the long haul of life. Long term isolation has made many a man crazy. I recall the earliest viewpoint recorded that pioneers were told by the Indians that the Sasquatch were *people of another tribe* who had chosen to live differently. If that is how the Sasquatch was perceived in those days, I imagine more woodsman/Sasquatch relationships took place that we allow. It sounds like the lonely frontiersmen desperately craved companionship.

We shouldn't be surprised if the Sasquatch people also have all manner of inherited DNA in *region-specific* areas. It makes for a thought provoking concept that in some small isolated settlements, traces of Sasquatch ancestry might be found in surprising numbers. If not, what about the failures of

inbreeding in a closed society? Undoubtedly they have interbred among themselves causing all manner of physical deformities and mental difficulties.

Once Sasquatch DNA is accepted and samples are added to the GenBank; hopefully we will learn how wide spread the hairy man's DNA really is. I've read in the work of Dr. Ed Fusch as far back as 1992 that some of the residents on the Colville Reservation in Washington have Sasquatch in their lineage; some are still living.²⁰⁹

At the same time, I recall a thought from Leann McCoy in Oregon relevant to the question of inbreeding. I quote her as saying,

"I will say one thing and that is that I do know there is for whatever reason a fair rate of what seems to me "retardation" in Sasquatch....or some born extra simple. They must be watched by another at all times... at least many clans seem to have one that seems to be some sort of mental problem or "simple" or they don't have the abilities of the others. I saw one female young one being carried by its father and she acted retarded and was pointing her arm and finger up in the air and I felt so sorry for her and her family. Another time a young adult male walked right at me that seemed "off"... the others stopped him. So there are exceptions/issues." (Leann McCoy)

Her thoughts raise the question of the problems inherent with inbreeding between relatives in a closed society such as the Sasquatch. Those characteristics have shown up in splayed toes, extra digits (fingers and toes) and perhaps in the mental development such as McCoy points out.

Honeymooners: wife abducted, never found...

There was a shocking *believe it or not* story that came from the well-known author of six popular bear-attack books up in Anchorage, Alaska, teacher, wildlife author Larry Kaniut. It was a second hand story about honey-mooning couple from Nome, Alaska whose bush-plane ended up grounded by dangerous weather deep in the Alaskan wilderness on an unnamed lake. In the course of making camp for the night, it was thought that the young bride wandered off to gather firewood and was abducted by what the witness perceived was a large Sasquatch. Apparently the young bride called out; the groom gave chase but couldn't catch up. He returned to the tied-up Cessna 180 to quickly retrieve his rifle and continue the hunt, but the trail was lost – probably due to the foul weather that grounded them initially. Kaniut was unable to verify that story for research, but it bares notice since Alaska law enforcement in Nome was allegedly involved in the search for the abducted woman; no sign of her was

ever found. ²¹⁰

Sportsman goes missing

The *Bella Coola Courier* carried a story concerning the unexpected disappearance of a retired British Army sportsman known to the locals as Colonel Robert F. Lindsell. The article dated Saturday April 11, 1914 stated that Col. Lindsell was an ardent fisherman and sportsman familiar with the wilds of Bella Coola. Lindsell left for a day's fishing as he usually did near his residence and was never seen again. Constable Broughton searched but found no trace of the Colonel and finally engaged the Indian trackers to hunt with canoes. Lindsell was traced to the river's edge where his fishing gear was found. It was assumed that he fell into the river and drowned; an odd and most unlikely thing to have happened for a veteran woodsman of Lindsell's caliber. His cache of fish and his lunch were missing. ²¹¹

Another Bella Coola account, though second-hand was gleaned from my box of Post-it notes. I wrote the notes down during a conversation with the late Rene Dahinden, dated November 1998. It was in regard to Dahinden's talks with



bear-hunter guide Clayton Mack. Mack, a proud First Nation Nuxalt apparently told Dahinden that a woman went missing from his village in Bella Coola when he was a young man. The First Nation woman went to gather berries; her basket was found but nothing else. The woman's adult son went looking for her after the local search failed; Rene told me the son was never seen again either. I regret not recording that conversation for I neglected to cite the date of those disappearances or Rene's source but the story.

Little known kidnapping...

A tale of kidnapping not often written about was recorded by David Brewster in "Our Last Monster," *Seattle Magazine*, August 1970 on pages 29-33. It should be a classic because it's far more interesting than the dramatic stories of Albert Ostman or Muchalat Harry sagas. Borrowing from Brewster's work:

"Probably the most detailed Sasquatch adventure on record is that of Albert Ostman, a recluse who went gold-prospecting 100 miles north of Vancouver in 1925. One night, while lying in his sleeping bag, he was picked up by a Sasquatch and transported to the creature's lair in a box canyon."

"Much of Ostman's story details his Crusoe-like concern with mustering up a good cup of coffee in the mornings, but he also paused to admire the "very practical and warm" blanket which the Sasquatch had made of cedar bark and moss, and to play some games with the two shy children. The old lady, he recalls, wore bangs and needed a brassiere. The story ends when Ostman cut short his courtship with the daughter of the family (reasoning that she would hate city life, as he does) and tricked the old man into swallowing an overdose of snuff. Then he flew the coop as the father, squealing like a pig, downed a pot of coffee, grounds and all."

"A similar story comes from Warren Scott, a 37-year-old Seattle man who works as a building superintendent. It was June of 1961, and Scott, who grew up in a tough neighborhood in New York City and spent several years bumming around after his release from the Army. He was camping alone, 30 miles northeast of Vancouver. Late at night, a Sasquatch kidnapped him and carried him 70 miles. During the journey, Scott was almost suffocated by the creature's vice-like grip and uremic odor. Eventually, he was carried through a long tunnel and dumped in a cave."

"Most of Scott's ordeal was spent in this hot, fire-lit enclosure. The mother took care of him, bringing him food (greens and inedible chunks of raw meat); the old man was seldom around. "I was treated like a pet," Scott recalls. He endured some good natured whacking on the rump; he was watched intently when passing wastes, and he engaged in some rock-rolling with the kids. The noise and the smell were terrific. At night, father, mother and son Sasquatch would hold each other tightly, rock for ten minutes, and then drop off to sleep on bough beds. One day, Scott wandered out of the momentarily unguarded cave and was terrified to see 50 or 60 Sasquatch wandering about in the canyon. *"The female who fed me came up to me, grabbed me and held me to her bosom until I was calm. Then she put me down."* Soon thereafter, Scott's protector took him, together with her son, on a tour of the other caves, one of which proved to be a very busy nursery. A few days later, Scott located the densely curtained tunnel opening and made his escape."²¹²

There was a plethora of Sasquatch behaviors listed in David Brewster's narrative. Not only was another kidnapping listed that was little known in research, but the behavior of making a blanket of moss and cedar bark proved interesting. Brewster goes on to describe the Sasquatch's vice-like grip, the foods brought to the captive man and sleeping arrangements. It is the second

time I've read testimony regarding how the Sasquatch hold close a human who is out of control until they become calm. It was hard for me to imagine becoming calm being held in a vice-grip against the chest of a Sasquatch but I guess it happens. Interesting too was the description of the horrific noise and smell of the cave. I imagined the awful odor of a Port-a-potty on a hot day and found the remarks about *smell* the most believable part of Warren Scott's story. But Scott (or anyone) being treated like a captive pet was a new one on me and a thought I hadn't considered. All in all, there was a great deal of clues to Bigfoot behavior and other conducts in the article. Continuing on, David Brewster wrote – "I was pleased to discover a collection of robust stories collected by a Fairbanks, Alaska contractor named Fred Clarke. For 12 years, Clarke, who is 50 and the father of four, has been collecting Sasquatch tales, mostly en route between Alaska and California. "*You can pick up hundreds of these stories on such a drive,*" says Clarke, who seems to find thriving oral traditions at every remote town. For instance, when he rushed off to check out the Grays Harbor County story, an old woman at a service station told him that the "*...local Sasquatch had been breaking pigs' backs for years.*" Another woman topped that story with one about the day her husband; while he was out cutting wooden shakes, he was slammed into the mud by a Sasquatch. It's fair to say that one never knows the mind-set of the Sasquatch on any given day. It's wise not to test them because brute force and survival skills are all they seem to know. They cannot read your intent.

Clarke's stories about the Sasquatch portray them as a sort of gypsy as well they might be, but I think once they find a safe place to live and raise their family they stick to that one region. One Indian name for the hair covered giant, according to Clarke, was "*Wanderer — one who loves to take long walks.*" When they visit one another, the main activity of the men is combing each other's long hair, which falls to the shoulders and is colored black, brown, shades of red, camel or off-white. ²¹²

Sasquatch observed eating live squirrels...

I can't remember when I wasn't fascinated by written field reports. Early in the 1990's I was sent one of the old *ISC Journals* that the late Rich Greenwell published, great journals they were!! Many old timers out west will remember Wildlife biologist for the Oregon Department of Fish and Game field man, James A. "Jim" Hewkin. In one of those issues of the *ISC Journal*, Hewkin documented a few of his field trips and I uploaded them on the website probably in 1996. (ISC = International Society of Cryptozoology)

Concerned with whatever happened to Hewkin, I asked Joe Beelart if he heard how Jim was doing; apparently Hewkin is enjoying retirement from field work

and still living in Oregon. Those of us who were around back in the day will remember Hewkin's field work with Jack Sullivan and on occasion Rip Lyttle. Dahinden spoke highly of both men and that's saying something; Dahinden's penchant for belittling men he didn't like was well known.

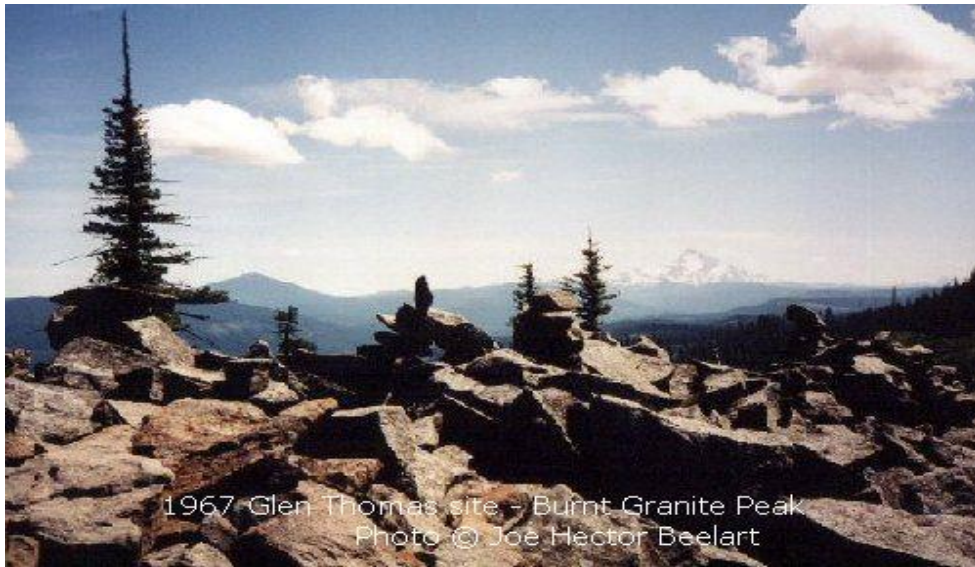
A veteran 20-year Sasquatch field-man, Hewkin had a story or two to tell. Hewkin uncovered evidence that the Sasquatch rummaged around like bears; tearing up logs and stumps looking for grubs and rolling over stones and rocks. Hewkin went on to say it was quite difficult to decipher whether such evidence was bear or Sasquatch activity because they don't leave much sign.

"If there are claw marks, it was probably the work of a bear; but if there were no discernible sign, then it was probably a Sasquatch that rip bark off trees etc." (Jim Hewkin) ²¹³

Sniffing behavior...

One of Jim Hewkin's interesting stories:

Hewkin showed a photograph of a rock-quarry-like pit shot high in the Cascade Mountains of Washington State. A logger by the name of Glenn Thomas told Hewkin that he observed two Sasquatch squatting around a giant rock slide of big boulders in a field dotted with old growth pines. He watched as the male picked up boulders and one by one sniffed and smelled them and moved on. The sniffing behavior continued until the larger of the two Sasquatch found the right smell. At that point the creatures started digging through the stones until they found what they were looking for...a pocket full of hibernating ground squirrels. The witness told Hewkin that the creatures did not see him until they came up out of the giant hole they dug to sniff out the squirrels. He said the Sasquatch were very agile. There were three of them, a male, a female and an infant. He went on to say that they ate those squirrels right there on the spot, ...raw. ²¹⁴ (Jim Hewkin) Photo below is courtesy and © Joe Beelart and shows the area of the Glenn Thomas sighting where the 3 Sasquatch ate the hibernating squirrels.



1967 Glen Thomas site - Burnt Granite Peak
Photo © Joe Hector Beelart

Keith Foster story...

Foster is an avid bow hunter and one of our early investigators covering Bigfoot events in Colorado and Kansas contributed this story to my files back in May of 2001. It concerned the Taos Indian history of killing cannibal giants with bow and arrow. Traditionally described by the Taos Indian Nation from the Four-Corner's area of Arizona, New Mexico, Utah and Colorado as giant men with hair covering the whole body with big hands, feet, huge muscled arms, big head and big mouth; they were much feared.

"The Native American Taos people believed that these beings were a dangerous type of humans who lived wild in the forests and would sometimes come and kill members of their people and take them to high mountain caves and eat them – all according to Taos Indian history. Traditionally Native American and First Nation history was recorded by elders of a tribe and then handed down generation by generation through centuries of spoken teachings - they did not write their experiences."

"One story in my files told of finding caves where the giant hair men lived. In these cave-like dwellings the Taos warriors found bones scattered around of the ill-fated victims. The bones may have been animal bones but to the fear-filled Indian, they believed them to be the bones of ancestors eaten by the dreaded *men of the mountains*. From that terror-filled experience, the ancient Taos tried to kill a family of the cannibal giants by setting fire to sizeable stack-piles of brush crammed into the cave entrance. As smoke filled the caves, the Taos would take aim, shooting at the cannibal giants with their bow and arrow as the creatures, great in size, emerged from the burning barricade choking and coughing. Attempts of this sort were not always successful. Often choking haired ones exited the cave wounded or on fire - so the narrative went. These events were supposed to have occurred about 800 years ago."

"A similar bit of folklore was told to me by members of other tribes; all with similar altercations with the hair people. History reflects great wars among Indian Nations and as well, between Indian and giants, especially when women were kidnapped and held in caves as wives. The proper name for the much feared giants in the Taos language was Tsawane'itEmux and alternatively by the kidnapped women, Stsomu'lamux and TsekEtinu's. The English interpretation of these names is unknown." (Keith Foster).

Old Story: Wounded Bigfoot

Vermont hunters circa 1879 described a Bigfoot-like being as a 5-foot tall creature. It resembled a man in physical appearance but was covered all over with bright red hair and had a long straggly beard with wild looking eyes. The Vermont hunter mistook the wildman for a bear and fired on the creature believing strongly that he wounded it. The thing responded with fierce cries of pain and rage and then it turned on the hunting party driving them away in terror! The party lost their guns and ammunition and dared not return for fear of encountering the strange being again. ²¹⁵ (Ron Schaffner)

Ape suit hoaxer shot to death...

People in research kept saying that one day, with all the photo hoaxing going on in the woods, someone would get hurt. But kids kept foolishly parading around in an ape suit even during hunting season. I uncovered this news item in August of 2004 and published it in the Bigfoot_Newsletter_Online that year. This newspaper article was posted in the news groups section by a reader from Detroit, Michigan. Headline:

"Hunters Kill Bigfoot - Then Learn it's a guy in a Gorilla Suit!"

Clarion, Pennsylvania – Hunters Fred and Gerald Dormer whooped it up after shooting a huge, hairy monster they thought was a Bigfoot. But the good old boys' joy turned to despair when they discovered they'd gunned down a man who'd dressed in a gorilla suit to pull off an elaborate Bigfoot hoax!

A medical examiner said Patrick Cergen, 32, of Clarion died of a single shot to the chest from a .30-30 rifle. Cops have charged the Doemers (second cousins) who live near Philadelphia, with hunting deer out of season. They are investigating to determine whether homicide charges will be filed against Gerald Doemer, who fired the fatal shot. *"Obviously, there was negligence on someone's part, and a man is dead because of it,"* said one law enforcement officer. *"But we can't say where the fault lies until all parties have been heard from."*

The hunters told investigators they'd been prowling the woods west of here most the day on May 6 without catching sight of a deer before spotting what they thought was Bigfoot through the trees about 40 yards in front of them.

"What we saw looked like a gorilla, but this is Pennsylvania, not Africa so we figured it had to be Bigfoot," said Gerald, a 42-year-old auto mechanic. *"When it turned like it was coming toward us, we panicked. I had a clear shot and Fred yelled, 'Shoot the damn thing!' ...so I shot. It let out a scream that sounded more human than animal and went down hard and suddenly, these two guys with video cameras came running out of the woods, screaming, 'Oh, no! Oh, no! You killed him!'"* "Efforts to revive Cergen proved futile and he was later pronounced dead at a hospital. The witnesses, whom police have

refused to identify, told investigators they were shooting scenes of Cergen in the gorilla suit in hopes of selling them to a TV station as shots of the elusive Bigfoot. *"They said they thought it would be the most realistic Bigfoot hoax ever,"* an officer said. "In this case, I guess the getup was a little too realistic." ²¹⁶

A very tragic ending for everyone! Then in August of 2012 the Montana *Blaze Newspaper* published another tragic story this time a man in a Ghillie suit posing as a Bigfoot was struck and killed by cars on a freeway. The article read:

KALISPELL, Montana — A man dressed in a military-style "ghillie" suit and apparently trying to provoke reports of a Bigfoot sighting in northwest Montana was struck by two cars and killed, authorities said.

The man was standing in the right-hand lane of U.S. Highway 93 south of Kalispell on Sunday night when he was hit by the first car, according to the Montana Highway Patrol. A second car hit the man as he lay in the roadway, authorities said. It is reported the man was well into the right lane in the way of the oncoming traffic.

Flathead County officials identified the man as Randy Lee Tenley, 44, of Kalispell. Trooper Jim Schneider said motives were ascertained during interviews with friends, and alcohol may have been a factor but investigators were awaiting tests.

"He was trying to make people think he was Sasquatch so people would call in a Sasquatch sighting," Schneider told the *Daily Inter Lake* on Monday. "You can't make it up. I haven't seen or heard of anything like this before. Obviously, his suit made it difficult for people to see him."

Ghillie suits are a type of full-body clothing made to resemble heavy foliage and used to camouflage military snipers. Schneider described the suit as a commercial, pre-made version. "He probably would not have been very easy to see at all," Schneider told KECI-TV. ²¹⁷

Shots fired in the air...

Merced County, California – High Sierra Mountain Range; Highway 41 near Bass Lake, Fish Camp @ approximately 12:30 p.m. up in the High Sierras out of Yosemite with pines, rocks and various trees; there were bunches of berry bushes around. *"The thing I saw was probably over 6 feet tall; it had grayish hair, big eyes and was something I did not enjoy seeing."*

"I was deer hunting during midweek; there was no one in the area except my dog and me. I sat down to eat my lunch and after I finished eating I headed back with my dog to my pickup truck and continued hunting. Just as I approached the truck my dog became alert and started running around my truck. I tried to get the dog under control but was unable to get her attention. That is when she jumped in the back of my pickup and ran to the front of the bed of my pickup. I looked in the direction she was barking furiously and saw this creature on a rock about 50-yards from us. I thought it was a bear at first; but then I put my rifle up to look at it through my scope. The creature turned its head and looked directly at me. I saw that it had gray hair, its eyes were larger than a bears and it did not have a snout like a bear. My dog barked continuously; after that I fired 2 shots of a 7mm magnum into the air. I opened the door of my pick-up, the dog jumped inside and we left. My comments are that I know what I saw and what I saw was no animal that I have ever seen before and I know what I saw was no bear. Thanks for taking my story. Correspondence was signed "Hotrodder53"

INSERT FULL PAGE JOE COLOSSA MERCED TRACK FIND HERE

Multiple shots fired at freezer thief...

According to an article sent to Bigfootencounters from Oregon cartoonist Rob Butler in the *Flemingsburg Times Democrat* Kentucky newspaper, dated October 15, 1980 something definitely broke into J. L. Tumey's back porch there in Fairview, Fleming County, Kentucky. According to the report, Tumey was watching a baseball game on television at 8:15 p.m. when he heard a noise on the back porch of his trailer home.

"At first I just thought that a dog got into the porch but then it knocked something over," said Tumey. "That's when I grabbed my pistol and ran out the front door and ran around to the back of the house. I saw what looked like a big man running towards the woods; I emptied my pistol at it as it ran." Tumey ran back inside to reload - then when he approached the old stable behind his trailer, the creature ran out and started towards the woods. Tumey fired two more rounds but said he didn't think he hit it. "It was very dark outside, couldn't tell exactly what it was but he said it stood up like a man and it was a big dark shadow running and making a thumping noise as it ran. When Tumey told Mrs. Tumey what happened, she called Sheriff G. W. White. He and his deputies arrived along with a crowd of people who heard about it on police scanners. According to Mrs. Tumey, half of Ewing and Fairview showed up with guns drawn to hunt the creature,"...it's a wonder

somebody didn't get hurt," she exclaimed. No clues were found that night but the next day John Burke and Estill Helphenstine found some unusual tracks. They also found tracks where something had slid down a bank and some more going up the side of another bank. They followed the prints along a gully deep into the woods and that is when they found some clear tracks in the wet sand.

The tracks were described as being about 14-inches long and 6-inches wide; the tracks were barefoot tracks. When the Tumey's straightened up their back porch they found another clue, some long white hairs left on the doorknob and on the freezer; some didn't know what they were, others said "Bigfoot." The sum total of missing items from the Tumey freezer were two loaves of bread, a frozen chicken and a package of hotdogs. Tumey was sure no animal he knew could have opened that freezer. ²¹⁸

There was a similar sighting in Mason County the week prior. Charles Fulton opened his door and looked out on what he described was a large white, hairy creature holding one of his chickens. Fulton fired two shots but the creature ran off into the night. Then in Vinton County, Ohio a similar sighting where a hunter apparently saw a creature in the woods and fired a number of rounds at it also. (Cartoonist Rob Butler, Milwaukie, Oregon)

The Missouri Shooting...

I remember reading about *shots fired* published in the Janet and Colin Bord's *Bigfoot Casebook* in an area the Bord's listed as "Nigger Wool Swamps" supposedly in southeastern Missouri; allegedly near Bloomfield. Unfortunately I was never able to locate any such place; nevertheless the Bord's report listed a man who shot at a gorilla-like animal that had been killing cows and horses at some point during the 1940's. The Bord's citation was John A. Keel's book, "*Strange Creatures from Time and Space*" on pg 111.

Missouri locals refer to their Sasquatch-like being as Momo, which never made as much sense as perhaps Miss-Mo coined by Rob Janis. Previously published accounts suggest Pike County and St. Charles Counties have the bulk of the Momo sightings. Missouri law enforcement recorded cases in Washington and Franklin Counties. They are some of the best detailed accounts of a *shots fired* I have in the data and it came to me from my good friend, retired Washington County, Missouri Sheriff Pete Floros.

Pete reported that shortly after 2:00 a.m. on a Thursday morning he and members of the Sullivan Police Department and the Franklin County Sheriff's Department responded to a call in the Hamilton Hollow area, just south of

Meramec State Park in north-eastern Missouri. More than a dozen officers spent two hours searching and combing through the woods for a wounded beast that informant Arbie Boyer of Route 4, in Sullivan said he shot.

Boyer told Officer Floros and other law officials that he pumped 9 rounds at point blank range from a .22 caliber long rifle and from a semi-automatic pistol into the chest of a seven foot tall hairy animal which he said was within 20-feet of the front door of his home. He showed the officers where the first shots were fired and they found the empty shell casings on the ground that were taken as evidence. He said the creature walked upright with its head almost meeting its shoulders; not much in the way of a visible neck and hairy arms that hung by its sides. Boyer described it as brown in color and appeared to be covered with matted hair. After the shots were fired, the animal turned and slowly walked away. Boyer said at that time he ran back inside the cabin/house and returned in time to get off one shot from a 45/70 caliber rifle, which he said hit the beast in the area of its right shoulder.

Floros said the responding officers were unable to find sufficient tracks in the dark of that cold winter morning and gave up the search shortly after 4:00 a.m. The informant (Boyer) was able to draw a rough sketch of the beast for law enforcement and what he described fit the description known in this area of the country as *Momo, the Missouri Monster*.²¹⁹

Then in April, 2011, Pete Floros wrote to me about another Missouri incident that also occurred while he was with the same Washington County Sheriff's Department. It occurred in close proximity to the previous account, but no shots were recorded as being fired - here is that report:

Floros: "We received a call to our office from a Baptist Minister's widow. She was an elderly lady who lived alone in a very remote area of the county. The 980 square miles of our county is riddled with caves. When I arrived at her residence, she told me she was hanging clothes out to dry behind her home. At the time, her little yappy dog was on a leash/run and kept barking towards the thick wood-line, which was about 100 yards away. Her eyesight and hearing were quite keen considering her age. She told me she observed a "big" man, in dark coveralls, ambling from the woods, towards her. She kept shouting, "*who are you - what do you want?*"

"The woman said the dog was cowering now and whimpering. The "*man in the dark overalls*" stopped about fifty feet away, she guessed. He looked at her and swayed one way and then the other. It was then she gave me a description of the "man."

The description: *"He appeared to be very tall and his head appeared to meet his shoulders, with no discernible neck. The coveralls instead, now appeared to be stringy hair that covered his body and not overalls. His arms were almost to his knees and he stood stooped forward."* She said there was a strong stench and she felt the breeze coming in her direction, exclaiming, *"It was the Devil-Satan, in a man's form!"*

Officer Floros said, *"The description she gave was almost identical to the prior report we took that week. I never filed this report, especially over our police band radios."*

Over time, the woman continued to advise Floros but when he asked her to return to the woods with him, where she observed the "man" entering the woods, *"Oh no" she exclaimed, "but I will point it out for you."* The woman genuinely expressed fear. Floros however, walked towards the wood line, watching over his shoulder for her direction. Coming within a few short yards of the entry point, he could clearly see tree limbs broken, taller than he was able to reach; broken in the apparent direction of travel the "man" went. Sheriff Floros followed the trail to a rocky mesa bluff, above where he knew there to be a number of caves. There he lost the trail among the rocks. ²²⁰

British Columbia Sasquatch shot and killed...

John Kirk, head of the British Columbia Scientific Cryptozoology Club, (BCSCC) reported a Sasquatch shot and killed near the Gardner Canal, which is a side-inlet of the larger Douglas Channel in Kitlope, British Columbia, Canada. There was, unfortunately, no follow-up or details to that report available to me.

In another account about 15 minutes outside of Kitimat, a coastal city in northwestern British Columbia in the Regional District of Kitimat-Stikine is Kitimat Village. It is a native community of barely 600 people.

In December of 1998, a gentleman by the name of Wm. "Bill" Oliver reported that on the night of September 18, 1998, Brent Robinson and three others were sitting by the local soccer field talking and passing the time away. The teenagers were alerted to a loud crunching sound in nearby gravel and when they looked up they saw a huge black shadowy figure that appeared to be much larger than Brent's brother, who is 6'2". When Oliver asked how much larger the boy replied *"like the size of the street lamp posts,"* which I later found out to be about 8 or 9 feet tall. Even more startling was the speed at which the creature moved; although it appeared to be running with a limp, it ran approximately 150 meters (roughly a bit more than 160 yards) in an

amazing show of speed. Its arms were straight out in front of its chest and stayed in that position for the period it was seen.

The witnesses were shocked to see the creature appear around the bend in the street and they clearly observed the figure in the dim light of the village store as it entered the cross street at the end of the soccer field. The father of the boy told Oliver the local children were not prone to fabricating stories. They were so visibly shaken by the experience and that they refused to go out again that night. I asked if the children sat out late at night often and the father assured me there was no need to worry as Kitimat Village was very safe and they did not have the same problems that other cities had.

Accordingly, the father and son were both found very sincere; just wondering what on earth it was they had seen. Mr. Oliver, continuing his questioning, asked if there had been any Sasquatch reports in the area and the father said he knew of a story of a man who had shot one. He passed on the phone number of someone who knew the story better. Following up directly, Oliver called and spoke to an elderly man named Ken, who first asked why he wanted to know. Feeling lucky, it was this gentleman's grandfather who was reported to have shot the Boq, (pronounced, Bok).

The first thing Ken told me was it irritated him how the story had changed over the years since it happened. In particular, it disturbed him that people said his grandfather shot a Boq or Bukwis and that maybe this was an opportunity to tell it like it happened. Here is that story.

"In the spring of 1918, William Hall was out hunting for the family's needs with his good friend. In this case he was bear hunting 8 miles west of Kemano, which is southeast of Kitimat, in a small area known locally as Miskook (in native language), a tiny inlet off the Kemano River."

"William Hall and his friend were joined by an elder whose job was to wait in the canoe and watch the supplies. As William and his friend made their way through the terrain they came upon a split in the valley, it was here where they separated their ways. As the custom went, a wooden stake was pounded into the ground. Upon return, the first hunter would remove it and lay it on the path to let the other know he had safely arrived and to meet him down at the river's edge."

"William, being the first back, did so and started his way back to the waiting elder. It was here on a small trail he came upon a group of four Sasquatch, or as known to the Kitimat Indians, the Boqwis... (Pronounced Bokwush or Buckwish). In absolute terror William started to run, but apparently blacked out. When he came to, he found himself on a large rock. The four Boqwis were below,

reaching out and attempting to grab the startled hunter.”

“In his own native tongue he spoke to them and said that he was not there to harm them but only hunting for food for his family. It was at this time that the aggressors seemed to back off, as if they understood the language of the Kitimat. He made his way off the rocky boulder and began heading back to the river's edge where his partner had been waiting in the canoe. Along the way the creatures continued to follow him to the river and now the waiting elder also said, in his language, that they were not out to harm them. Again, seeming to understand, the Boqwis left.”

“Upon getting into the canoe William Hall slipped into a coma that lasted 4 days. It was on the fifth day he awoke. It is well reported that accompanying the Bigfoot is a foul odor that fills the air whenever the creature is near. William had the same rancid odor permeating his body until the day of his death, 8 years later. So bad was the smell that he built a hut for himself to sleep in, so as not to offend his family. Since the day he came out of the coma, Ken said "*my grandfather could foresee the future*". He displayed other traits of a psychic nature as well.”

“One night around the fire, William gathered the elders and chief to experience his newly acquired ability to foretell the future. He picked a salmonberry branch that was bare of any leaf or fruit, as it was now the fall, and walked passed the chief who was seated. He displayed the branch and proceeded to walk around the circle of hot coals and fire. After the first time around he again stopped in front of the chief, this time displaying a freshly grown leaf, a second time around he displayed a large bud that upon the third encompass of the fire yielded a full rose. On the final two times around the fire the elders he displayed an immature salmonberry and finally a large ripe berry that he placed in the chief's mouth”

The ALCAN (Alaska-Canada Highway Project) foretold?

“Perhaps the most stunning display of William's strange power came when he warned his Native people of a *snake like creature* with bugs on it that would destroy their land. Twenty or so years later the ALCAN Project began. The "*snake-like creature*" William envisioned was believed to have been the winding black highway project and the "bugs" the many trucks and other vehicles that ride the road. It is not unusual for full-blooded Native Americans or First Nation Canadians to have such gifted visions. The story goes that his grandson also said William Hall picked the day of his death. Undoubtedly a reference to the Biblical directive in

The William Hall story had so many facets to it that I couldn't help but find it one of the most fascinating accounts to cross my desk.

The Deep South

In late 2009 I was contacted by a hog-hunter in the deep south who claimed he found several sets of footprints that he would later learn might be bigfoot related; they were he said *human-looking*. The witness said he tracked the bare footprints into an old growth swamp area where it was not unusual to see very large gators. The large footprints went into the water but did not come out. Concerned and not knowing anything about these things, the informant contacted Fish and Wildlife Commission.

After several connections to various phone extensions it was arranged that he would meet up with them at a road marker nearby the swampy mangrove. The informant said he sat patiently in his truck for the late arriving agents when up behind his vehicle came two vans with official State license tags on them. (I was asked not to print the specific State) Eager to get on with it, the informant said he jumped out of the car and faced two vans with two men in each who emerged from the vans with high-powered rifles, which totally shocked and alarmed my informant. I was visibly shaken, stammered and for a few moments lost control of my words; their fire-power was overkill. One of the men, the driver of the first van, bailed out of his vehicle hollering, "*Lead the way, where are the tracks?*" The informant for a few moments thought they were there to track serial killers or escaped convicts. The informant was badly shaken by the need for rifles – and this man was a veteran hog hunter familiar with rifles but managed to ask in a weakened voice, "*why the rifles?*" After introductions and handshakes, the reply came, "*We're here to eliminate the problem.*" But what was the problem they foresaw? He had only described and reported large bare 5 toe footprints.

The informant told me he stood facing the four men feeling very unsettled and with a deep sense of uneasiness he knew something wasn't right and began to shake. "*We stared at each other momentarily while I assessed the situation and got my head together, and then I had an overwhelming unwillingness to cooperate. "...all this fire power was the last thing I would have expected. Maybe it was the four rifles that stunned me, I knew they meant business and their intent was to blow the shit out of the creatures; I was dizzy with what to do, ya know?*" As if instinctually driven, he led them 400 yards up the dirt road and into an area in the opposite direction from where the tracks were found. "*I*

don't know why I did that," he told me in retrospect, "...my head was dizzy with what to do, I just didn't want anything with human-like feet to get shot. I led them to an area and pretended I couldn't find the tracks again.

The informant continues to this day to hunt hogs in the region where the tracks were found, but he never takes that road or that entrance again for fear of being followed. *"I'm not paranoid, but I knew these government guys meant business; they refused to answer my question which made me exceedingly nervous and it wasn't like I didn't ask them several times over what they were going to shoot. All I did was report tracks to the authorities...I never mentioned there was a problem and they show up with four rifles!!"* (Peter, confidential correspondence, 2009)

A similar story occurred in 2010 in Wisconsin. Two families camping with their children told me that they were approached by two fellows who came into their stream-side camp smartly turned out in dark ranger type hats and carrying high-powered rifles and one guy had a side arm.

"They asked us if we had reported a problem; we said, no. What problem? Then we asked why, because there was nobody on this creek-side camp except us for miles – we had walked it twice in both directions with our kids and a dog. We saw no other campers anywhere, no animal sign, nothing. But they wouldn't say what the problem was about."

The informant went on to say the one official nosed around their campsite mostly looking at the ground and then walked 20-feet or so to the creek also apparently looking for something, maybe tracks; they were very closed mouthed. The other official engaged in small talk about "animal awareness" and said that we should watch the children closely. Of course his teenagers were all standing around and heard this and there was some wish to leave at that point. Then he asked permission to look around and even stopped to use binoculars a couple of times. Unnerved the informant said the officials then left, tipping their hats saying, *"Keep the children close to camp; there are some wild, powerful and unpredictable animals in here."* The family members looked at one another and thought, *"What the hell does that mean? They must mean bears."* This was not their first family camping trip into Wisconsin's Chequamegon-Nicolet National Forest; the two families had been camping there through two generations and never saw so much as a black bear, only a few deer, eagles, squirrels and raccoons. The bush is quite dense though; anything could live in there and not be seen.

The informant owns a summer bait concessionaire and asked for anonymity. He ended the interview by saying he doubted the agents were talking about

bears or timber wolves because they would have said so. Then after a pause in the conversation about the agents, he asked me if I thought they were talking about a possible Sasquatch sighting. I didn't have any in my data but other websites did show a few; so it's possible. (2010)

The Shag-man is here Daddy...

The old *Colville Comet* ran a story about a Mr. James of Stevens County, Washington State. James was cutting dead fall lumber along old Joe Creek Road in preparation for winter. His 4-year old son Teddy was playing in the grass about ten feet in back of him, his wife prepared sandwiches near the tail-gate of their pickup truck. Each busy with their chores, the father says he heard his son calling, "*somebody's coming Daddy.*" Glancing up the road Mr. James saw nothing coming and continued setting the wood-splitting maul followed by the usual rhythmic swinging of the sledgehammer.

Seconds later young Teddy repeated the alarm, "*...the shag-mans are here Daddy.*" Still swinging his axe, the father thought the boy was being playful and failed to answer his son. Slowing down to wipe his forehead, Mr. Jamison said he turned to check on the boy, he found him moving towards two large men covered in dark black hair about 20-feet away. Startled, he jumped up and reaching for his shotgun, quickly fired off a round over their heads. Securing his family in the cab of the truck, Mr. Jamison left the axe, maul and cut wood and drove off leaving the curious shag-men scrambling off into the densely forested hills. Two weeks later Jamison returned with two other armed friends to retrieve his ax and the wood. They did not see the creatures. ²²²

More shots fired...

St. Bernard Parish, Louisiana:

"My younger brother and I were coming back from hunting and not realizing how late it was - darkness caught us on our way out the swamps traveling by pirogue (*A pirogue is a long narrow canoe made from a single tree trunk*) we crossed the levy by the swamp and then into the 40 Arpent Canal. (a canal in the New Orleans metropolitan area and land down river) We were paddling our way home when suddenly I heard a noise; behind us something got out of the water crossed the canal and was following us making noise as it stepped on branches and palmettos. We didn't know what it was at first, maybe a hog or something we thought but it soon caught up with us walking the bank as we paddled along in the moonlight."

"We could clearly see this was no animal of any kind that I've ever seen and it

was slightly hunched over. It kept following us along the bank and as it watched us it made it most eerie noise I've ever heard! It scared us both half to death! My brother picked up his rifle and shot at it several times; the creature took off running into the swamps hollering and screaming unlike anything I have ever heard; we were too scared to return to look for prints; we made for home as fast as we could. This happened in a location between Violet and Poydras, Louisiana and is the God's truth; if my brother was alive today he'd tell you the same exact story. I have no doubt about their existence here or anywhere else for that matter." ²²³

Wouldn't pull the trigger...

I think one of my all-time favorite "don't shoot" stories came to me through Canadian John Kirk, a cryptozoologist whose special interest is in lake monsters. In one of John's newsletters he cited the work of Dr. Harvey Thommasen, a dentist who wrote the 1996 book, *"Grizzlies and White Guys, the Story of Clayton Mack."*

When Clayton Mack was a child, his parents wrapped him in wolf skin and dunked him in water four times so that he would grow up strong and fierce in the woods like a timber wolf. True to this Nuxalk tradition, Mack grew up to be a world-famous grizzly bear hunter and guide. Mack, now deceased, was a short, stocky, sturdy and well-built man who was in life, a hunter-outfitter and hunting guide for rich white men. During some of his great bear hunts with clients of means, Mack, a Nuxalt Bella Coola resident in British Columbia, had several encounters. I found the experience Mack had with a client from northern California of interest. Here is that excerpt:

"The third Sasquatch I saw was in South Bentinck, right up the head of the South Bentinck; it's passed Taleomey at the Assek River. It was less than twenty year ago. I had a white hunter with me, an American guy from California; maybe fifty years old. We were sitting down on a log talkin' together; he told me his bad luck. There was a dead black bear near us. We found that dead black bear the week before and it had been eaten up by a grizzly bear. That American hunter shot and missed a wolf and then later he shot and missed a griz that come to eat that dead black bear!"

"He told me, "I'm real bad luck! I missed that wolf, I missed that grizzly bear, I lost my son in the Vietnam War." That is what he told me. We were waiting for the grizzly bear that was eating that dead black bear to come back. We waited 'til it getting' dark. So I told this guy "It's getting late, let's get out of here. We'll be back before daylight in the morning." Sometimes when it gets late,

dark, and you shoot and you can't see the sights on the gun too good, you will just nick the bear. You won't kill him, just wound him. It is hard to track a wounded grizzly bear at night. So we headed back to the boat and I walked ahead of him. We came into big open flat, about quarter of a mile. It looked like there was a black bear eating in the grass. Looked like it anyways."

"I stopped, told this fellow "Black bear over there, let's go right close to him, let's walk right up to him." We were on the dry land about 150 yards from the water. "Black Bear are stupid," I told him, "you can get right close to them. See how close you can walk up to him." I started walking up to that black bear. "Just stay right behind me," I told the American guy. The black bear was about a quarter of a mile away when we first saw it. I made a big circle like toward the bear. When I got closer, not too far now, the hunter grabbed the collar of my shirt and pulled me back."

"Clayton, that's not a black bear" he said, "that's a Sasquatch." He keeps on saying, "It's a Sasquatch." I didn't say nothing. I started walking again. I said "Stay right behind me." We were only about 75 yards away. "Clayton," he said again, "that's not a black bear, that's a Sasquatch!" I knelt down on the ground, I turned toward him, "what do you know about Sasquatches?" He says, "I come from Northern California, we get them in that country in the big mountains that get snow on them. Those mountains in Northern California which have glaciers on them. Some people hunt them" he said. I said "How do they look like?"

"He said, "well you're seeing one there now, that's what they look like." I started walking again. I get pretty close now. Then that black bear stands up on both legs and he looks at me. I keep going closer. Gee, I was pretty close now. He started looking at me, making no noise or anything. I feel the barrel of a gun against my cheek. I pushed that hunter's gun away from my face. "Don't shoot him," I said."

The hunter whispered in my ear, "Look through your scope and see how he looks like." I turn the scope to 4X and close — four times closer than a naked eye. I looked through that scope, I look at his mouth. Little white thing in his mouth, looked like rice. I look at his lips kind of turning in and turning out, the top and the bottom too. I look at his face and his chest.

The shape of his face is different than a human being face. Hair was over face; eyes were like us but small, ears small too. His nose just like us, little bit flatter that's all. Head kind of looks small compared to body. Looks friendly doesn't look like he's mad or has anything against us. Didn't snort or make a sound like a grizzly bear. On the middle of his chest, looked to me like a line of no hair, hair split apart little bit in the middle. Skin is black where that hair split apart. It was a male I think. I can't, no way am I able to shoot him. I had a big gun too. Big gun, a .308; I aimed, had my finger on the trigger, pointed it right at the heart. One shot would have killed him dead, just like that. I couldn't shoot him. Like if a person stands over there, I shoot him, same thing. No way can I kill him."

"My mother told me don't ever shoot a Sasquatch. If you shoot them, you gonna lose your wife, your mother or your dad, or else your brother or sister. It will give you bad luck if you kill them. Leave them walk away. That's why I don't want to shoot one. My mother had seen them. She hears them too. A lot of Indian people saw them in the old days."

"After we see it, we just leave it. That Sasquatch went in the woods — went in the big timber. He took off fast. Looked like he used his hands when he took off first, like a hundred-yard runner, looks like it. Pulling himself up with his arms, with his hands first, looks like. He never made a sound. Just moved off into the heavy timber like a fast moving shadow."

"Next day we had a look again around where that Sasquatch was eating. We wondered to ourselves, "What was he eating?" He pulled that grass and right at the root of the grass is a little round seed. Looks like a little grain of rice. That white boy called it sweet grass. That was what he was eating. That was the last Sasquatch I actually saw, but I hear them and lots of stories about Sasquatches. I was happy that an American hunter from California saw a Sasquatch. He was happy he saw the Sasquatch too." ²²⁴

Eagle River, Alaska...

The next story is another one from longtime Sasquatch investigator Keith Foster. It is a second hand story he took note of from the Stick-Bow Conference of Traditional Bow Hunter's Forum back in the early days of a very young Internet and long before we had any serious Bigfoot investigators from

the State of Alaska that I knew about besides Rob Roy Menzies. Menzies was the earliest online enthusiast in Alaska from the early internet generation. Some of Menzies artwork is still up on the Bigfootencounters website all these years later. The artwork on the cover of this book is Rob's creative art work.

Widely shared among footers in the early days of the Internet, the stick-bow stories featured interesting facets of the curious side of the Sasquatch and how easily it is, apparently, for them to move about in the darkness of night. The informant, whose name was only known to Keith as "Ed," began his story:

"I don't belong to any group or anything like that but this actually happened to me. I've told a few trusted friends about it but never bothered to write it down. I'll try to relate it as accurately as memory allows. In 1990, while I was working as a paramedic in Anchorage, Alaska we got called out on an alarm for a man having a heart attack at the state jail in the small town of Eagle River. He was a native man in his 70's and after I got him stabilized with IV's, O2 and cardiac drugs; my partner and I began to transport him to the Native Hospital in Anchorage. In route to the hospital, I had time to talk to this gentleman who was an Aleut from the Native village of Port Graham, a remote village on the lower end of Cook Inlet. As usual with me, the topic eventually drifted to hunting and fishing and I casually mentioned to him that I and two other hunting buddies where once *weathered in* at the upper lagoon of Dogfish Bay only a few miles from his home in Port Graham."

"The lagoon was about as beautiful and wild a place as I ever seen in my 35 years in Alaska. When I said that I had spent some time in Dog Fish, this old man sat up on the gurney and grabbed me by the front of my shirt. He got right up to my face and said, "Did it bother you?" Well, with that question the hair just stood up on the back of my head. I said "Yes!"

"Did you see it?" was his next question.

I said "No...did you see it?"

He said "No! But my brother saw it! It chased him!"

"This old Aleut and I were talking about the same thing but we never used the word Bigfoot or legend or anything like that. But we both knew what we were talking about."

"In August of 1973, three of us went bow-hunting for goats and blackies in what was then the remote wilderness of the Lower Cook Inlet; a storm forced us to take shelter in Dogfish Bay Lagoon. We beached our skiff and let the tide run her dry. After a dinner of boiled salmon we turned in to our tent. Back in those days, the best tent I had was a dark green canvas job with

a center pole and no windows or floor. We left the fire burning and cleaned the pots and pans so as not to attract bears during the night and turned in. The sky was clear but the wind was howling through the old growth timber that lined the shore."

"Sometime around 2:00 am, my friend Dennis woke me up by squeezing my leg. I could dimly see his face in the tent. His finger was across his lips. "Shh..." I listened. Then I heard it; a single step. A man was quietly walking outside of our tent, taking very deliberate steps. It was not a bear! Scenes from the 1972 movie "Deliverance" flashed through my mind. We woke up Joe, the third member of our party with the same leg grab and finger to the lips. The walking, or rather sneaking continued until it half circled our tent and then all was quiet, except for the wind. We had our bows and the 30.06 leaning against a tree outside of the tent so somehow we talked Joe into belly crawling out the tent to get the rifle. We were scared shitless, I tell you."

"The next day and night the storm continued to blow. We saw several black bears on the salmon stream at the head of the lagoon during the evening hunt but had no chance for a shot. We didn't talk about what had happened last night. Too embarrassed I guess, to be scared by a black bear that sounded like a man. We got back to camp early, built a big fire, sat around it, and ate dinner until around midnight."

"Then in August, there was still some light in the sky until about 10 or 11:00 p.m. at night. I recall that we all were embarrassed about being afraid about the coming night. We had a flashlight and the rifle in the tent between us, locked and loaded. I finally dozed off but woke right up when Dennis squeezed my leg. The illuminated hands of my watch showed it was 2:30 a.m. Joe was already sitting up and had the rifle in hand. I heard the first heavy step, not more than about 10 feet from the back of the tent. Slowly; then another heavy step and then another. Whatever this was, it sounded like it was walking on two feet like man! It made the same semi-circle around the tent as it did the night before. When we finally got enough courage to crawl out of the tent and turn the flashlight on, we saw nothing. No tracks, nothing. The third night we decided if it bothered us again, we would come out of the tent shooting. We were actually scared, all of us, seasoned hunters too. It never came back the third night and the following day we had a break in the weather and got the heck out of there."

"I happened to be reading a relic *Alaskan Sportsman Magazine* published in 1935. In the Letters to the Editor section, a woman wrote that she recently found a letter written by some distant relative of hers who was a schoolteacher at the cannery in Portlock Bay, Alaska, which is a rugged fjord adjacent to Dog Fish Bay."

"The year was 1905. Quoting from the Editor's letter she said that the cannery employed a small group of Aleuts from a small village in Portlock Bay during salmon season. Their camp was about a mile from the cannery buildings. One day all the Aleuts moved out of the village and paddled their *bidarka* back to Port Graham." (*A bidarka is a one or two-hole kayak used by the Aleut and various Alaskan Eskimo groups.*)

"The letter said that the Aleuts claimed that a *hairy man* was bothering and frightening them to the point where they simply had to leave. I have since done some research into the subject and found written histories of natives from Seldovia to Port Graham being intensely frightened by something walking on two legs. They even have a native name for it but it doesn't translate into English very well."

"These accounts mostly take place during the first half of the 1900's and are native related. But not all - I talked to one white guy who in 1968 got the bejebbers scared out of him while coming down an alder choked gully while on a goat hunt in Portlock, Alaska. Most of these accounts precede the Bigfoot hype that began to appear in the 60's and 70's in the Northwest. Well anyway, that's my story... and I'm sticking to it!" ²²⁵ (Keith Foster)

A shot and buried story...

I remember reading an (IBS) International Bigfoot Society report where Peter Byrne sent Ray Crowe an old map copy of the Klakas Inlet in southern Alaska, not far from Metlakatla. The undated map had some interesting comments scribbled on it about an ape-looking creature being shot and buried at the mouth of a stream possibly on the north side; located on the Prince of Wales Island side of the inlet - about one mile north of the intersection with the 55 degree latitude line. That's all it said, but it was another, shot and killed story. (Peter Byrne - Ray Crowe IBS files, January 1995)

Shot to death

Warren Smith's research at *Saga Magazine* mentioned my old home town

newspaper, *The San Diego Union*, once the old *Union-Tribune* stating it ran an article about what the California desert locals refer to as *the desert sand-man*. Apparently the sand-man was shot to death by hunter Frank Cox at Dead-man's Hole, near Warner Hot Springs in San Diego County's back country. The beast was described as "...a cross between a man and a bear." The head was rather small, with protruding teeth and powerful jaws. According to the article, the muscular creature had feet that measured a whopping twenty-four inches in length and the body weighed an estimated five-hundred pounds. ²²⁶

And then there was this report (same county) where the informant could not shoot!! Harold Lancaster, a one-time treasure hunter was prospecting in the Borrego Sink, east of the desert settlement of Borrego Springs, San Diego County, California in July 1968, when he saw a *sandman*.

"I was camped up on a mesa one morning when I saw a man walking in the desert. The figure came closer. I thought it was another prospector. Then I picked up my binoculars and saw the strangest sight in my life. It was a giant ape man. I had heard about the screaming giant ape-men they had up in Tuolumne County, California that frightened people for a number of years. Another person and I went up there to look for the thing. I decided it was a hoax and never expected to actually see one again, but here it came walking across the desert dunes. As the *sandman* drew closer, Lancaster became worried. That thing was B-I-G. I was no match for it. I had a .22 pistol on my hip but it would have been like shooting at a gorilla with a pea shooter. I was afraid the beast might get too close. So, I fired a couple of rounds into the air. The *sandman* jumped a good three feet off the ground when the sound of the shots reached him. He turned his head, looked toward me and then took off running in the other direction!"

Ask why Lancaster didn't shoot the alleged *sandman*? "I was afraid," he admitted. "They should be protected. They're a form of a human, a primitive species. It would be murder to kill one. They should be studied." ²²⁶

Bigfoot and a coyote...

At nearby Lake Henshaw, Santa Ysabel, also in San Diego, California two bass fishermen reported seeing two Bigfoot-like creatures come to the water's edge to drink. The two dark figures then departed back up towards the highway where they crossed the road and disappeared into the trees lining the roadside. The fisherman remarked that the pair was followed at a distance by

a scrappy looking gray-brown coyote down to the water's edge; it also drank and followed the two Bigfoot-like figures as they left the lake area.

The report said this happened around noon time, in broad daylight; there were two other fishing boats on the lake at the time. There is a heavily brushed mountain/hill opposite the lake there where the fisherman figured the two took refuge. Lake Henshaw is otherwise fairly open all the way around and without heavy timber. Santa Ysabel is an unincorporated community in San Diego County. It is home to Santa Ysabel Asistencia, a very old Spanish Mission. The town is located near the San Diego River just north of the Cleveland National Forest at the junction of Highway 78 and Highway 79. (S.J. 1983)

Bigfoot hit by a car...

In late October of 2011, Bigfoot investigator Tyler Bounds originally from the Washington area reported that he hit a Bigfoot while driving near High Knob, Virginia around 2:00 a.m. in the morning. While filming an episode of "Finding Bigfoot" for television's *Animal Planet*, Bounds said, "The afternoon of October 22, I had to go to an area 90 minutes away from our base and set up a bait station. Due to a lack of communication, I had to return to the area later that evening and set up some more bait stations. This kept me out in a remote mountain area until 1:25 a.m. (I noted the exact time I left so the show's field coordinator would know how long it would take to go to and from the site, for scheduling purposes.) After a few miles, I left the secondary road and turned onto a two-lane highway, still shrouded in fog. It was now 1:50 a.m. I was driving a rental Dodge Grand Caravan, I looked down for a moment to set the cruise control and get myself up to 55 mph. I was momentarily stymied by the amount of glowing buttons on the steering wheel (remember, I had been hiking all day long, both in the daytime and at night, and had spent a great deal of time sitting on my butt, so I was fairly exhausted). Now, this is where things happened, very quickly."

"As I looked up from the steering wheel back to the road, I noticed a large (as taller than the van), upright, all black figure stationary near the centerline (or just to the right of the road's centerline). I say "noticed" a figure, but, in reality, as I looked up, I was right on top of it. The van shuddered, the drivers' side mirror was forcefully folded into the vehicle, and I felt and heard the object hit the side of the van behind me, like a slapping sound. I stopped the car, after some choice cursing and a lot of "what the f@#k?!?" and tried to look in the side mirror to see behind me, but the mirror had been cranked towards the van. I looked around, but the brake lights in the fog just obscured everything that may have been in the road. I then drove forward about 40 feet and turned the van around, returning to the site of the accident. Only a

handful of seconds had elapsed, maybe 10 to 12 seconds in all. There was nothing in the road, and no sign of anything having been in the road- blood, hair, guts, etc. I drove a bit further, turned around again, and again returned to the site. Parking the van on the shoulder, I immediately grabbed a FLIR that I just happened to have on standby mode, and I thermed the area for 40-45 minutes, while yelling out to whatever, or whoever I had hit. At that point, I was still thinking that I may have hit a person. Nothing answered and there were no heat signatures anywhere." ²²⁷

(Tyler Wm. Bounds)

Sasquatch hit by a car

Indiana: In March of 2007, I was sent a news item by Scott Corrales that proved interesting because it was yet another listing about Sasquatch being hit by a car, this time near Indianapolis, Indiana. Corrales wrote about a witness off work and driving home along highway 200 North. In the vehicle in front of his car was a co-worker. When he saw the car in front of him swerve, he expected to see a deer dart out onto the road, but that was not the case. Instead the reporting witness saw a black-haired upright walking creature all hunched over. Reacting quickly to the sudden appearance of this dark image, he tried to avoid hitting it but believed that he clipped the creature with the back of the vehicle. Corrales wrote that his witness stopped the car, and then saw something stand up right behind his Ford Explorer. The man in the other car acknowledged he saw it too. They evidently heard it howling as it tried to get up on its two legs again but they told Corrales that he kept falling over. Apparently the creature had been hit and hurt. Eventually it crawled off on all fours and disappeared into the woods. In hindsight, this is a really sad story and probably one of the only one I've read that details a car accident with a Sasquatch with the injury described. But given the numerous reports that describe the penchant they have for wandering out into traffic seemingly oblivious to the danger of moving vehicles, I found it worth mentioning. ²²⁸

(Scott Corrales)

Injured, distressed Sasquatch

Six months after I read Scott's report, I was not the least surprised to have a similar report sent to me from Choco Meyers who was traveling east from Spokane Washington to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho on US-90 on a very dark night around 3:00 a.m. About a half mile past the N. Pleasant View Road off ramp, he described a dark figure of a man suddenly looming out into the headlights of his vehicle. "*This thing, all at once threw up his hands and arms apparently to shield his eyes from my high beam lights.*" Meyers said he clicked off the 'highs' and hit the brakes. His car fish-tailed but skidded to a stop about ten

feet short of this "thing," which he described as a "*hair-covered giant*" but like a human being, a man in all physical respects including his penis. His facial features were distorted, I would say, exaggerated. Meyers described the Bigfoot as "*frightened looking*" and that one side of his body was matted in what appeared to be blood. Meyers put his car in reverse and backed up away from the giant and watched it struggle to get across I-90, dragging its foot. Once on the other side of the road, Meyers said it let out a blood curdling scream that gave him goose bumps. "*I wanted to help the thing but what could I do?*" Meyers did not know the extent of its injuries or what had caused the creature to limp off bent over but, he said, "*It was obviously in some kind of distress.*" ²²⁹

There are way too many listings in the data to mention all the road-vehicle-bigfoot encounters reported, road crossing sightings seem to be where most sightings and encounters take place. It is suffice to say that there are well over 1,501 in my data alone. Most of the road-runner accounts occurring after dark although there are a number of reports of them crossing highways and country roads during the day. Nothing as sad the two I've just mentioned. The only baby tracks I have side by side with adult tracks were also found on roads in British Columbia, northern California and Ohio. Locating Bigfoot tracks on roads and backyards in snow is a new winter project for many enthusiasts.

Bigfoot beat on his Camaro...

A young grocery clerk in Weaverville; Trinity County took me to a point at which he came upon a light-colored Sasquatch during the winter of 1994. It was not far from the Big Bar Ranger Station where he and his girl-friend used to park and neck after work. Engaged in some heavy petting, they were interrupted by the rocking motion of his Chevy Camaro. They looked around, thinking it was one of their friends or other kids *screwing around with them*, but the windows were pretty fogged up; there was little visibility. Determined to confront the intruder, the young fellow bounced out of the Camaro screaming "*knock it off,*" in a most assertive tone only to find himself face to face in the pitch dark with a hulking figure he described as a bit taller than he was. Stunned, the kid backed up into the open car door unable to move. He said the Bigfoot with his left fist *wailed on the roof of his Camaro*, beating it at least three times but barely denting it. "*I heard it breathing, man I'm tellin' ya it was alive, scary shit, I heard it breathe!*" He called to his girl-friend inside the car, in what she later described as 3 octaves higher than his usual voice, telling her to *lay on the horn!!* Upon hearing the sound of the horn, the Sasquatch side-stepped backing away from the car and stared at the kid. "*I couldn't see his eyes or facial features, but it was clear he was facing me and*

looking at me, even as dark as it was, he was only lit up by the car door light." The terrified kid said he got in the car, locked the doors, started the engine and did a quick U-turn on Big Bar Dump Road. Amazingly, he said the Sasquatch followed them, up the road where it turns onto Corral Bottom Road keeping pace with the car for several hundred feet before trailing off where they could no longer see it.

I spoke with the two informants at JC Café in Junction City for more than two hours. Their account never wavered and they still showed great fear in recalling the event. The female witness never actually saw the creature but she heard its raspy breathing. It was evidently too dark to get much of a description other than what he could see of the creature illuminated by the Camaro's door light. He knew right away what he was looking at but in the shock of the moment, he was able to distinguish little.

Responding to my question, "*Did you see a reflection from its eyes in the car light?*" ...he replied there was no color or light emitted from its eyes. There was no smell from the creature and he could not tell if it was male or female only that it was *this humongous dark towering image* that he could hear breathing quite heavily and with angry intensity. He said it kept pace with his Camaro to "*about 20 mph,*" then it trailed off but he wasn't sure of his speed. His girlfriend, amazed by it all only saw a blurred image through foggy windows. A happy ending to this story though, the young amorous couple are now married and expecting twins. ²³⁰

Bigfoot in middle of the road

Erin Horn described a Sasquatch sighting that occurred in Del Norte County, California near Gasquet. It was about noon time on January 15, 2012, on Knopkie Creek Road while traveling south on Hwy 199. It looked like it was bringing whatever it was in its hands, up to its face, either to eat it or smell it.

"I could make out its stance; legs apart, upright, elbows straight out and up and the head was leaning down facing its hands looking at whatever was in its hands. It was reddish brown in color, longish hair that I could see on the legs and arms but I couldn't tell if it had hair all over the whole body. It had a large shoulder width, it was very tall, its body mass was thick but like I said before not like a bear more like a thick human form." (Erin Sweeney-Horn) ²³¹

Dead Sasquatch parts found...

1970's veteran researcher Mike Dardanos originally from Los Banos, California told me about a story he was given in 1968 that occurred in Calaveras County, California around 1948. This story involved teenagers who were fooling around shooting off their Daisy rifles and Red Rider BB guns near Lake Camanche in Wallace, California. The six of them were led by a former commercial fisherman named Dixon. He was an uncle of one of the boys who took them out to teach them proper rifle etiquette.

During a break for lunch, the 68-year-old Dixon caught wind of a foul smell. At first he thought his thermos had gone rank on him, but smelling again more closely, the coffee was fine. By then the boys smelled the odor in the air and thought it might be a dead animal. Curious as growing boys are, after lunch they took off investigating the smell. Towards the center of the lake on the north side they found a rotting corpse but only some parts of it. What was left of it lay sprawled on the bank with the right half of the pelvis gone.

Toning down Dardanos' graphic remarks a little, he said, maggots had decimated most of the remaining corpse and the cloud of black flies were thick over a large foot which laid partially rotted and a puffy color white in the water. The left leg and left buttocks were covered in black hair about one to four inches long but nothing else was around the area to be found of the rest of the body. They figured what was left of the male genitalia was probably pulled off and eaten by coyotes. None of them had heard of the abominable snowman, they thought it was probably a local vagrant who lived in the hills. Dardanos, after hearing the tale of a hair-covered torso, went ahead and made note of a "*possible dead Sasquatch found near Lake Camanche,*" located west of Campo Seco but south of Camanche Village in Central California.²³² (Michael Dardanos, 1986)

Sasquatch runs over a hunter...

Oregon's veteran Bigfooter Clifford Olson spent 39 years with Portland General Electric Co; 17 yrs. at a hydro-plant on the Clackamas River living 14 of those years on site. After that Cliff was a System Operator or Load Dispatcher in Portland, Oregon. He contributed a number of stories to this section and his stories mention gun fire as well. The behavior of the Sasquatch is most unusual. Here are his reports:

"This fellow was near Grants Pass, Oregon supposedly "road hunting" during deer season – that is when you drive down various roads hoping a deer will show itself to be shot, not the most honorable or productive way to hunt but men do it. Anyway he was sneaking down this gravel

road when he heard some rifle fire off to his right. Being an opportunist he stopped to see if somebody had some animals up and running. Quickly he pulled his rig to the side of the road and grabbing his gun, he stepped out of the rig."

"He inadvertently parked by a thick patch of re-prod (young replanted trees that were too tall to see over). He had to hurry and get to where the patch ended, maybe sixty feet away where he was able to see in the direction of the gun fire. As he reached the end of the thick re-pod he heard something making a running noise; it was coming towards him at a rapid pace nearing the edge of the re-pod area. Just that quick the hunter was enveloped in a Sasquatch's big hairy chest! He was jostled and shoved around and then unceremoniously dropped right in the roadside ditch! BAM!! Apparently the two met (hunter and runner) right at the corner of the re-pod area. The hairy runner being of a much bigger physical stature bodily picked up the hunter and at that point (hardly breaking stride) kept right on running chucking the hunter off the road and into the ditch, rifle and all."

"Rolling around into a set-up position, the hunter had time to see the Sasquatch running down the road past his rig and off and into the brush and timber; the Goliath was gone just that quick! What he remembered most was a not too strong animal smell. I figure the Sasquatch was probably leaving the area as quickly as possible after being shot at; the hunter didn't really have time to see any wounds on the Sasquatch after his surprise run-in with the thing." ²³³ (Cliff Olson)

In his next narrative, Cliff talks about a Sasquatch fleeing gun fire near John Day, Oregon, all of Cliff's stories describe some manner or another of Bigfoot behavior:

"A group of four or five deer hunters started their walking drive up slope somewhere on the John Day Drainage possibly near Long Creek in Grant County, Oregon. They parked and began the hunt strung out across this slope, proceeding slowly uphill when they hear gun fire erupt above them, they pause hoping the shooter will drive them something to shoot at, most all hunters will let anybody play "Dog" for them!"

They stood there waiting for something to happen. It wasn't long before they heard heavy running footfalls coming down the hill right towards them. With a quick look around they made ready to shoot if something legal came into range. To their total amazement, they saw an upright running figure hauling ass out of the thicker timber and

running right towards them; in fact it ran right through their ranks and continued running down slope and out of sight. It was tall and not too heavy, a dark gray Sasquatch that had apparently been running from the shooter! It ran right through the assembled hunters scaring the hell out of them; nobody opened fire. All of the hunters just stood there looking, watching and wondering what the hell had they just seen?

It was a story to tell over and over, as hunters and fishermen often do.”²³⁴
(Cliff Olson, Oregon)

Great stories and surely an unexpected experience; Cliff’s final story is about young anglers walking a trail home and seeing what is perceived as a dead Sasquatch:

“In British Columbia (I heard about this 10 years ago) some teenage kids were off fishing and I don't recall if it was pond, lake or stream. The kids had been at it for a while with some fish caught; they were heading home on a trail they didn't travel much. The trail ran along the water's edge for about 50 or 60 yards and this is where the kids smelt the dead odor. Glancing around they saw a stretched out human-like figure laying on its back off the trail in the brush towards the water. Looking as close as their noses would let them, (the stench was overwhelming) they came to the conclusion that what they are looking at was the corpse of a huge Sasquatch all stretched out; it had been there for some while. At the same time they noticed the dead body, something else beyond the dead creature and in the trees began to make growling sounds, -loudly; it shook the brush violently! Fearing immediately that it might be another big Sasquatch or a bear they ran on down the trail towards home as fast as they could go. Nobody ever found that same spot again.”²³⁵ (Cliff Olson, Oregon 2011)

Sasquatch eating grass with dirty fingernails...

Sometimes small children catch behavior traits nobody else notices. One of those stories was sent my way in 2004. Amber Hildebrandt, a resident of Franklin County, Missouri wrote mostly about her own sighting but what stuck in my head is the behavior her young son related. In the interest of just describing only the behavior her son talked about, here is his testimony as told by Amber:

“...my son recalls a sighting that I do not. One day when he and I were excitedly talking about seeing Bigfoot, as we like to do because we both experienced it, he mentioned that he could see the Bigfoot's hand and he even told me it had long fingernails that were very dirty.”

"I thought it strange that he remembered such good details and so I asked him more questions about what he saw. Then, he said he could see him dig in the snow like he was looking for something. Snow? That didn't make any sense, so I asked my son to tell me what happened from the beginning. This is what he said and still says each time I ask him to tell me."

"You were in the kitchen doing dishes and I was playing with my toys in the living room. You said, "Clayton come here!" but I didn't want to because I was playing, so I kept playing. Then you said, "Clayton, hurry up! Come here!" and I ran over to you and you picked me up so I could see out the kitchen window, you pointed to a white hairy man in the trees and asked, "What is that?!"

I said, "I don't know."

I then asked Clayton to tell me what he saw the Bigfoot doing.

Clayton replied, "He was digging in the snow with his hands like he was looking for something. Then, he would pick up grass and eat it."

"It was probably about 10 feet tall but he was bent down so I don't know for sure."

"Then I asked Clayton what happened next. He said, "I said I wanted to get down; I was really scared and wanted to be back in the living room playing with my toys, but I was still really scared by it."

"I asked Clayton what I did after that and he said I just kept doing dishes." ²³⁶ (Amber Hildebrandt)

In the course of Mrs. Hildebrandt's report about the white Bigfoot, she likened its hair to that of a freshly groomed, white Maltese dog...long and silky; a most unusual description. That must have been a sight; a Maltese is stark white.

Male Sasquatch genitalia described...

Celeste P. was explaining differences between leaves and pine needles to her two young nephews near the Adirondack region of Pigeon Lake Wilderness in New York State in 2009. While gathering fall leaves to press for a school art project Celeste said she felt they were *"being watched, it was a weird feeling."* Turning around to scan the landscape, she saw nothing at first and then one of the boys said, *"Who is that over there?"* Turning again Celeste observed a *"dark gray colored Sasquatch peeking from behind a tree watching them, it displayed large male genitalia."* She said it stepped out from behind the tree when they could see it clearly and that it had *"a massive build that was kind of draped in long hair."* They saw it from approximately thirty yards away as it moved from behind one tree to the next inching its way closer to the three of them; she ushered the boys back to highway 28 where the car was parked. The behavior she described was that it was grinning, if not grinning then displaying its teeth. ²³⁷ (C. P., Herkimer County, New York)

In private conversations with Celeste, she indicated that the described large genitalia was unmistakably a *"solid erection"* the Sasquatch had the entire time she observed it. *"It was that way when I first saw him; his penis bobbed up and down when he moved towards us – I feared for myself and the children in my care; oh horrors! I get chilled thinking about it now."* The display of teeth is intriguing; we've all heard about it in various cases. But it is hard to know if that is a smile or a non-human primate display of aggression. I was not allowed to interview the boys; they were very young elementary school ages.

There are many reports from the Adirondacks; none quite as graphic as the Pigeon Lake sighting – but other random sightings, vocalizations and one 2000 report from the Lake George/Buck Mountain region where the Sasquatch actually chased away a man and his wife. (Warren County, New York)
The witnesses in his own words...

"The creature observed us from about 100 feet away and broke large branches and made a loud screaming sound at least seven times. There must have been two bigfoot calling to each other. They screamed very very loudly, with chatters, squeals and what sounded like a woman's laughter mixed with crying. THE HAIR ON THE BACK OF MY NECK stood straight up! It was unlike any other sound I have ever heard. I was gripped with extreme fear." ²³⁸
(Hinckley Waitt, Taggart House in western Massachusetts-2002)

I've received many emails from hikers in the Warren County region of New York. Some indicated they heard frightening screams, wailings and crashing sounds; a few reported having distant sightings of dark figures of enormous

size. One man indicated he had been chased down the hiking trail by an unbelievable ugly monster covered in hair that towered way over his head. The most recent report came from a man in New Jersey who hiked the same area. Here is his 2012 account:

"I went on a 3 day hiking trip in the Black Mountains east of Lake George, New York on September 20th 2012. I was with a friend, his daughter and my son. We were hiking to the Lapland lean-to and slept there overnight. In the morning we left the Lapland lean-to and started off on the hiking trail heading south towards Millman Pond. About a 1/2 hour into the hike we came to an area where there was a stream that crossed the hiking trail. The ground was soft and kind of muddy in this area. It was here where we found this very large footprint that was on the trail path. It appears to be a right foot print based on where the big toe was, it measured about 8 inches wide by 16 inches long as a scale my shoe in the photo at 12 inches long. Looking over the area, there were other footprints but they were off the trail in the woods and there wasn't much definition to them."

(Bruce Benda, West Milford, New Jersey 2012)



Track
photographed
Benda in the Black Mountains east of Lake George, New York

find
by Bruce

Physical altercation between two males...

Okanogan County, Washington State: This account doesn't involve the shooting of a Sasquatch but is unusual in that it describes violence between to male Sasquatches, specifically "fighting" among themselves.

The informant was a man by the name of George Brusseau who claimed his grandfather Elliott told him about an encounter with two sasquatch due west of Nighthawk, Washington off what is now Log Camp Road, (or near there) ...this was during the WW2, 1944. Apparently this happened when the hair-giants would come down across the border from Canada in late summer; Brusseau wrote:

"Grandfather Elliott was on leave from his ship the South Pacific, hunting with some old buddies for fresh meat, which was rationed during war time. They hoped for a deer but would settle for a rabbit or a couple of wood hens whichever came first when they happened on a terrible ruckus. They saw two big hairy men, each with their hands clasped together in tight grip, club fashion, using them as weapons on one another. They would swing both arms with clasped hands with full force knocking the other down until both were on the ground trying to get to their feet. They were making groaning sounds, not screaming, just sounds of intense effort being launched at the other giant with each swing. The object of the disagreement appeared to be a deer carcass where at one point the bigger Sasquatch approximately seven foot tall or better picked it up and swung the dead deer full force into the side of the face of the other hairy one who was probably six and a half feet tall, felling him to the ground. He didn't move, he lay there his chest heaving; the scene was heavy with clouds of dust from the scuffle. The other Bigfoot stared down at him for a few minutes, as if waiting for the fallen creature to get up. Then as the downed individual tried to get to his feet, the winner took the deer and grabbing it by its rack & ear, headed off into the trees. The dust settled and the other one got to his feet and trailed after the other one. It was all over in a few minutes."

Grandfather said there were other stories from the area, but none so violent or as terrifying to watch as this one. Brusseau said his grandfather also remembered hearing about *prehistoric giants* that would come down from the north and dive in for bass around Palmer Lake, especially when the bass were spawning. The *prehistoric giants were thick as thieves* and came in large numbers, family units and some were solitary members that were usually males. They looked like a cross between *prehistoric monsters and modern man*. That is all I remember of his sightings. ²³⁹ (Geo. Brusseau)

Mary Green's book, "*50 years with Bigfoot*," (a must read) contained references to '*fighting among the Bigfoot*' on page 200 where Fox fights with the *Mo Cho Rook*, "*the cruelest bigfoot of all.*"

The Hill Rags; slap fighting...

There was one other entry in my data concerning Sasquatch males fighting that came to me in the late 1980's when I wasn't keeping very good notes. I've honestly had many regrettable periods of inattention to this subject, especially in the early days. In those days I neglected to see the value in keeping copious notes.

The witness said his parents had a trailer-cabin home in Big Laurel, Harlan County, Kentucky; a heavily forested region. For years they summered there, porch-sitting, gardening; she painted landscapes and he did leather tooling as I recall. The witness wrote about the "*Hill-Rags*" describing the terminology as a derogatory term used to describe powerfully built hair covered wild-persons. They came in the night right up next to the cabin's backyard. The witness described the scene:

"...my parents were awakened late at night; from the bedroom window they watched two "Hill-Rags" fighting each other over a hambone left out for coyotes. The fight was fairly violent, each emitting guttural warning sounds as the slap was being aimed at the other, have you ever seen slap fighting? That is what this was only ten times as power packed as any slap fight I've seen. We've seen a mongrel dog tagging along with the Hill Rags, we think it was their bitch because it had full teets, there's pups someplace."

The Mystery of tracks in the snow...

46-year old Scotsman Paul McPhate moved to Ontario Canada thirty years ago. In 2001, he encountered a Sasquatch while driving along the Trans-Canada Highway from Calgary to Salmon Arm, British Columbia. Half way home, a Bigfoot walked out of the bush and stood in front of him. He told it this way:

It was around 10:30 at night and it just stood there with my headlights shining on it and then it walked across the road and down the other side towards the river. The Bigfoot was around 7-feet tall and weighed around 350-400lbs. I drove on to within 25-feet of the creature and watched it for a couple of minutes; the view was clear. I have spent many days in the bush and I know what I saw was a real Sasquatch.

At the time I lived in Salmon Arm, BC but worked in Calgary. I would leave Calgary every Friday night and return on Sunday afternoons; this continued for two years. On the evening I saw the Sasquatch, it was snowing heavily and the road was empty of traffic; I saw no tire tracks in the road in front of me. Heading west, there were mountains on my north side right down to the road and on my south side; there

was a valley approximately 1.5km wide and a river.

Driving along, I saw someone come out of the bush on my right side (north) around 100 yards ahead and my speed was around 50 klm an hour with the snow on the ground, it was actually very bright outside. My first thought was, what is anyone doing out here? That thought soon changed and I realized it was a Sasquatch. As I got closer the creature just stood on the edge of the road looking at me, it was not frightened of me and it actually seemed to be checking me out. It obviously was comfortable with cars.

To my surprise, it had very human-like facial features and it had hair all over its body that was 6 to 10-inches in length and was brown like a bear. As I drove closer to it maybe 25-feet away, I stopped to look and got a little frightened because it was on an uphill grade and I worried that I would get stuck. I actually got out of my car and stood by the door; the creature moved to within 10-feet of me. I put my hand out toward it and it actually did the same thing. It just looked at me quite sad really and slowly walked across the road and down into the valley. I got back in my car and drove to where he had been; opened the driver's door and looked at his footprints. The prints were around 16-18-inches long; the creature was male. After that I drove on; stopped at my mother's house and told her what I had seen. Now I know the creature exists, what are we doing to protect them? (Paul McPhate)

The McPhate report is one of many that suggest the foot of the Sasquatch might not freeze in the same way the hairless human foot does. A picture begins to form that suggests the Sasquatch pays little attention to weather; especially snowy conditions. It begs the question, why don't their bare toes freeze? Are the feet so padded or calloused that they don't feel the pain of a frozen foot? If you think it a foolish question, try walking barefoot in snow and see how far you get! It becomes very unpleasant after only a few steps.

The Sasquatch circulatory system...

None of the snow reports in my data suggests freezing weather, snow and ice have much of an impact on the hairy ones. It is easy to say that wild animals like polar bears, timber wolves, coyotes and arctic foxes do not suffer frozen feet – but is that a proper comparison? The Sasquatch does not have canine characteristics; why would their feet be like the arctic animals?

Curious about the Sasquatch circulatory system and why they are apparently well adapted to long treks in the ice and snow; I decided to look at the feet of other wildlife to see what could be learned from them and how it might relate

to such an adaptation by the Sasquatch.

We can observe from the three instances in 2007 that Sasquatch families teach their infant toddlers to walk very early. Careful study of the photographs taken in Ohio, British Columbia and California of tiny five and six inch barefoot tracks, we've learned that even the tiniest of feet are taught to walk in snowy conditions. Drawing from the data in my possession, let's look at a few instances.

In the Octavio Ramos case where he described the Sasquatch face being "like an old warrior, both stern and angry" the hairy man was observed out and about in a mixture of snow and ice oblivious to any trauma that he might incur with his bare feet in subzero conditions.

In Quay County, New Mexico the informant, a railroad engineer observed a half-dozen hair covered beings assembled together walking along the railroad tracks towards the town of Tucumcari. They wore no clothing and were shoeless in blinding blizzard conditions.

A report was filed in 1996 on Henry Franzoni's old IVBC discussion list about a 1960's sighting in Sulphur Canyon, off the Caribou Basin in south Soda Springs, Idaho. The informant was on a late deer hunt with companions on snowmobiles; heavy snow was falling at the time. The informant shot a deer and was dragging it back to the snowmobile when across the canyon he could make out a figure coming down slope toward him about a quarter-mile distant. The informant thought his friend was coming to help with the deer, so he stopped and went to meet him. In the heavy falling snow, neither got a good look of the other until they got within 35-yards of one another but his friend turned out to be a Sasquatch. Both were surprised to see the other. Again we have another story about a Sasquatch out and about in conditions of heavy snow falling...barefooted and unclothed. ²⁴⁰ (Dr. Jeff Meldrum)

February 2009 in British Columbia; Randy and son Ray Brisson discovered and photographed baby tracks in varying levels of slushy snow alongside adult Sasquatch tracks. The baby tracks measured 5-inches in length and showed splayed toes and a foot flat as a pancake. Splayed toes are the result of an inherited defect. The 14-inch adult footprint, also clearly observed in snow show that it walked in a straight line (a tightrope effect). The adult imprints showed splayed toes as well. The baby tracks wandered all over the trail, from side to side and down the middle; the larger tracks were always close by. ²⁴¹

March 13, 2009: Tiny shoeless baby tracks were found and photographed alongside adult Sasquatch tracks in an inch or so of melting snow on an incline

up Indian Creek Road in Siskiyou County, California by aerospace engineer, Dr. Jim Karl of Santa Monica, California. The tiny footprints could be seen alongside larger tracks and then not seen. This might indicate that the parent picked up the toddler carried it a while and then set the baby down to walk on its own for several more steps. If it weren't for winter hiking, we might never know about this behavior. ²⁴²

Again in March of 2009 baby tracks were photographed near Clendening Lake in Harrison County, Ohio by a father and son out looking for deer sheds (antlers). Bruce, Arron and Brent Bellman were not equipped to measure but using a three inch Bic cigarette lighter the tracks appeared to be 4 or 5-inches in length and fat (wide). Ohio's Clendening Lake is known for its great fishing and its solitude. The lake is accessible by State Route 800 to State Route 799. The Bellman track showed clearly defined toes and all five of them were impressed into a sheet of ice by the weight of the toddler. ²⁴³

February 22, 2009 Clackamas County, Oregon...yet another quad-runner (Alfred) out having a bit of fun time in the snow came across tracks in several inches of snow at the end of two logging roads off Memaloose Road not far from Estacada, Oregon. Two of the tracks measured 6-inches across but the 15-16 inch length was difficult to determine because the tracks had been frozen, thawed and snowed over again. Still, 5-toes were minimally apparent in the tracks that were spread out 5-feet apart from each other. ²⁴⁴ (Diane Stocking, Oregon)

In 2011 snowmobilers stumbled upon Sasquatch-like tracks (barefooted) trailing off in deep snow in the Superior National Forest, near Gunflint Trail, Grand Marais, Cook County, Minnesota.

On Sunday April 3, 2011, a long trail of 17x7-inch tracks found by a quad-runner rider in deep snow occurred in Grande Cache, Alberta, Canada. Then again in winter 2012, Dr. Jim Karl returned to his favorite research area in the Klamath National Forest, Siskiyou County, California. He has great luck finding tracks in snow in that region in one specific area. He found another set of adult tracks and alongside the adult tracks he could see tiny four or five inch baby tracks. This is Karl's third year finding baby tracks within the same region. Unfortunately, he arrived after a lengthy bit of snow melting had occurred which obliterated the detail of the tracks. Nevertheless what remained in the snow told the same story, which demonstrates the propensity the Sasquatch apparently has in getting their little toddlers out and about in snow from a very early age. Of course the snow melt ruined any attempt at guessing whether or not the same track maker is delivering babies year after year or if there is more than one female in that area's tribe.

James and Colleen Beardsley were out walking their two yellow labs when they happened upon tracks in fresh fallen light snow not far from Pigeon Creek campgrounds in the Black River State Forest, Wisconsin. Beardsley said the tracks were hours old; a trail of (approximated) 17-inch, 15-inch and a set of 7-inch tracks in February of 2011. They were non-believing in Bigfoot people prior to the find.

Another family (not wishing to be identified) found two sets of flat-footed tracks, apparently juvenile Sasquatch in fresh snow in Charlotte, Vermont on January 12, 2012. One measured eleven inches, the other was approximately 13 inches in length and both trailed off together for as far as they could see. Interestingly, the smaller track measured wider than the larger footprints at 6-inches.

Large tracks were reported found in snow near Paden, Tishomingo County, Mississippi in 8-inches of snow in January 2011 but I was unable to get a response to my questions about track size or any other details. There are many more such examples of adult, juvenile and toddler tracks in snow but the point to consider is why their feet are seemingly impervious to painful freezing ice and snow? I was reminded by one of the informants that had he not been outdoors in the snow, he would never have guessed his region had a family of Bigfoot. Most informants are utterly surprised when they find seemingly endless bare footprints in the snow; "surprise" may be understated.

The Arctic Fox

The case of the Arctic fox is an interesting study. It spends its life on ice in subzero climate, yet its feet and skinny legs do not freeze and frankly those legs don't have much fur on them. The analogy between canine and Bigfoot may be a wrong comparison, but it's interesting nonetheless. In January 2012, Gavin Allen had this thought:

"Arteries carry warm blood directly from the heart and feed the thinner veins in the extremities. When the paws of the Arctic fox come into contact with cold ground the blood in the veins begin to cool. However, instead of that cooled blood then returning to the heart thus lowering the overall body temperature, the close proximity of the arteries heats up the blood, preventing the dog from becoming cold. This type of circulatory system is not unusual in the animal kingdom and it has been found in penguins' beaks and dolphins' fins. But the circulation system found in dogs is most similar to that of the polar fox, which walks on ice to hunt for prey, Polar foxes live in some of

the harshest climates in the northern hemisphere and can keep their feet from freezing even at minus 35C.

The Japanese research team, led by Dr. Hiroyoshi Ninomiya, used electron microscopes to map the internal structure of the paws of *domestic* dogs. Anatomist Dr. Sarah Williams from the Royal Veterinary College told the BBC the findings could have implications for the evolution of dogs. This discovery may suggest that the ancestors of the domestic dog lived in cold climates in order to bring about such an adaptation. ²⁴⁵

I am not a fan of animal and homin comparisons but there are few logical explanations for what seems apparent...and that is whatever the Sasquatch turn out to be, they are capable of moving about undeterred by freezing weather conditions without the ill-effect of frozen feet and digits.

Certainly this is not an ape adaptation. The great ape would not survive six or seven months in the Arctic darkness or in those temperatures. They live in tropical rain forests and fair weather conditions year round. Apes require tropical fruit and green vegetation year round; the great apes require trees with broad flat leaves as opposed to coniferous or needled pine trees; another reason for disregarding the ape hypothesis.



I've heard ape theorists claim that the Japanese snow monkeys survive quite well in snowy conditions. First of all, snow monkeys are macaques; not great apes, but monkeys, and they survive a winter sitting in naturally fed hot springs. The Japanese have taken it upon themselves to feed them; they do not forage for themselves in winter months and most likely left on their own would starve sitting in hot springs throughout a harsh Japanese winter. What does the snow monkey have to do with the survival of the Sasquatch? Absolutely nothing.

Another curiosity about Sasquatch tracks in snow is the lack of scuff marks. Humans kick up snow as the foot pushes off and propels forward. It is almost as if the Sasquatch sets its foot straight downward into the snow and in the process pulls up his foot out of the snow in the same manner.

I have not seen a straight line of imprints attributable to the Sasquatch that

showed scuff marks or kicked up snow fore or aft of each imprint. It makes me wonder about the gait and how it is they can walk setting down bare footprints in a straight line and do that without kicking up snow? It's very curious indeed.

In the photo on the left we can see an example. The photographer's trail on the left and the Sasquatch's imprint is on the right. The spread between each of the larger tracks amounted to 52-inches and originated in the Pike's Peak region of Colorado. Melting and refreezing had occurred but the photographer was sure the tracks were consistent with other 5-toed flat Sasquatch tracks. The informant's tracks paralleling the Sasquatch tracks show how he kicked up snow as he walked and the Sasquatch did not.

I've been thinking about that since a West Virginia man by the name of Nathan Jeffies mentioned it in 2001. Here is that email:

Morgantown, Summers County, West Virginia
Near Blue Stone Lake, nearest city: Hinton Rt. 20 February 2001

"The terrain was very brushy; I was walking down a mountain around 4:47 p.m. when I came across this creature in a creek bed. I would estimate the creature to have been about 7-feet tall and weighing close to 500 lbs. The arms were very long and with the movement. There wasn't any hair on its face; the skin was a very dark brown. The eyes were small black and round. *It walked upright with an almost comical gait and had a slight slouch.* There was no aggression in its behavior. Its face was ape like but didn't protrude at the mouth. In summary, what I saw was a large humanoid walking odd-like but in a human way. When the creature saw me it slowly and calmly walked away. I was about 30 yards from the creature when we saw each other." (Mr. Nathan Jeffies)

Few are the reports that mention the odd characteristics of the Sasquatch gait but it is one I took notice of during my own encounter. One notation in particular was the Netarts Bay, Oregon case that Peter Byrne graciously assisted with and the other was from a trucker in Val D'or, Ontario, Canada. The Netarts Bay incident is recorded in the chapter of 'favorite stories.' These are the only reports I personally have where the observer noticed something unusual or any peculiarity within the Sasquatch gait.

9 reports from Terrace, British Columbia

The following nine reports all mention familiar Sasquatch behavior and manner of conduct; this time from some of the region's most isolated and inaccessible

stations. The investigator wrote in 2001:

"In my narrative I will only cover my own area. For obvious reasons the names of witnesses and some locations cannot be given. Also the sightings will be given in the order that they were received in the late 1960's by a veterinarian named Dr. Proctor who opened a clinic on the 4600 block on Lakelse Ave., just east of the Bank of Montreal. In the front window of the clinic there was a pair of large plaster cast footprints. When he was asked for a reason why he had the Sasquatch prints on display the reply was that he was very interested in this creature. The veterinarian thought the sight of the big footprints may bring in more information and it did. Here are only few of those reports."

Sighting # 1

"In 1974 a friend and I applied for two expired gold placer leases on Lorne Creek, 30 miles east of Terrace, British Columbia, on the railroad side of the river. The boat used to cross the river was tied up at Jim's place on the highway side of the river. Since there were grizzly bear in the area we carried rifles. Shooting the breeze one evening, we asked Jim what kind of wildlife was in the area. Of course there was moose, but recently he had seen something different."

"While doing some work there he spotted a moving patch of brown a short distance away. Curious as to what it may be, he sneaked closer. It appeared to be a brown-colored bear that had its back towards him and was standing up on its hind legs eating Saskatoon berries. It was using its front paws like hands. The last cover was 50 feet from this creature and this was as close as he could get. From this point he saw that the paws were hands and this was not a bear, but some kind of hair covered human like creature a little over 6 feet tall. Also it had a very strong odor that reminded him of a camel smell when he once worked in a circus. After about 10 minutes the creature sensed that something was near it and turned sideways and spotted Jim who then saw it was a female as it had breasts. The creature then just trotted off."

"Then, Jim's wife spoke up. The previous summer about the same time of the year she was home alone. Suddenly the two tied up watchdogs raised an awful commotion, more so than if a bear was around. Stepping outside she saw through the trees about 100 yards away skirting the yard a large black bear walking on its hind legs. She knew a bear didn't walk on its hind legs. This couple was told of Dr. Proctor's interest and if they would be willing to grant him an interview if he came out. They agreed and he was notified. Later on down the street I asked him how he made out. His reply was that it certainly appeared that a Sasquatch is what they saw."

Sighting # 2

"This story occurred in 1974 – at that time the new highway bridges into Terrace had reached a point in construction where it was safe for the public to inspect them after working hours. Taking advantage, Dick and a friend decided to cross to Ferry Island from the Terrace side and explore it. On the riverbank they found fresh large footprints. They went back and picked up some plaster of paris and a camera. After the casts were made a thorough search was made for the creature but it was not seen. They kept their track find a secret until they were sure it was no longer around. It is quite possible the creature was the one that was seen at Lorne Creek."

Sighting # 3

"This took place near the end of January at one of our local landfills. At about 2:00 a.m. a worker returned to the landfill to pick up a set of keys that had been left in a piece of equipment. As he was walking past the area where the last dumping was, he saw a figure crouching amongst the garbage. He called out with a "*hello there, what are you doing in the dump at this time of the night.*" The figure stood up and the worker who was about 100 feet away was amazed at its huge height and size. It stood at over 10 feet tall. The creature turned and looked at the worker, then just walked out and into the bush at the rear of the landfill, looking back several times to see if it was being followed. When it was a safe distance away the worker went to the spot where it was first seen. The footprints were 5 feet apart, further than the worker could spread his legs. Also it walked through 2 feet of snow as easily

as a human could walk through ankle deep snow. It was learned later that 2 days after this sighting, a similar sighting perhaps of the same creature was made at Usk about 12 miles east of Terrace, B.C.”

Sighting # 4

“The next event Dr. Proctor chronicled took place around 1950. Two logging brothers set up a bush sawmill on the Babine Lake Road just out of the town of Smithers. The staff and workers built cabins to be near the mill. One Sunday having nothing else to do, the younger brother decided to do a little exploring in the woods. Coming across a game trail, he decided to follow it. On the trail were giant footprints that looked like those made by a large grizzly bear, but they had no claw marks on the toes. The steps/stride was five feet apart and still four feet apart even when going up a steep hill. The logger was 6 foot, 2 inches tall and could barely match the stride by stretching his legs to the limit. Even when going up the hill his steps were only half as long. While following the tracks he noticed the trail was littered by a lot of fresh-stripped twigs. Looking up he saw all the alder trees up to 20 feet on both sides of the trail had all of their upper branches stripped bare. The taller 20-foot trees had 4-inch trunks near the ground. It was evident that this creature was big and strong enough to bend over these trees to get at the tender tips leaves and buds on the top branches. The twigs that broke off were spit out like humans do with fruit or berry pits. When the logger tried to bend these trees he could hardly move them.”

“Sasquatch researchers have long speculated what the Sasquatch ate, and especially during the wintertime in the woods. So far two things were mentioned, Saskatoon berries and alder buds and shoots.”

Sighting # 5

“1980: Two men were driving to Kitimat one summer morning. Coming down the airport hill they could see a ground fog over the William Creek Flats. This was a two-mile straight stretch of highway that was built over a swampy area that was part of the north end of Lakelse Lake. The grade or fill here varied between 5 to 6 feet high. As the car came around a slight

bend at the bottom of the hill they could see arms waving in the fog ahead of them. Thinking that someone had gone off the road they prepared to stop. Since it was foggy the driver had to get over the white line and right on the shoulder. When the vehicle was still several car lengths away from the figure, the passenger (who told me this story) saw the creature was not human. It was a very tall hair covered human like creature that was standing in the water at the foot of the grade and was facing the highway. When the car came to a stop they were alongside the creature. The creature's head was level with the occupants in the car and about 5 feet away from the passenger. After a brief moment the creature's eyes and mouth opened wide in terror. The head was thrown back and its arms crossed over the front of its head as to be warding off a blow from a club. It then turned around and dashed into the swamp, going at times through waist deep holes of water until lost in the fog and leaving two stunned men in the car."

"While mulling over this story I measured the eye level height off the road in a similar type of car and it was 4 feet. Since the grade shoulder would have a slope, it would have been about 5 feet above the water. The creature was standing in water halfway to its knees. Adding up each foot of height on my fingers took all ten of them. This was followed up by another visit where two questions were asked. The first was if the creature's face was relatively free of hair as we see on the television shows of the chimps and apes. The reply was that the face was covered with hair much the same as a full beard would be on a man. The next question was, "*did you see the dished face of a chimp or ape or was it more human like?*" The answer was that he saw a human face. It definitely was not the face of a chimp or ape."

"What apparently happened here was the Sasquatch was feeding on the brush on the road grade as it was standing in the water. The movement of the arms through the fog was the creature reaching out and pulling the bushes towards him. Like most wild creatures, it did not pay much attention to the traffic as they went by at highway speed. However, if you slow down much or stop, then they are gone. You can imagine the creatures surprise when this large object suddenly stopped in front of it."

Sighting # 6

"This sighting was from a lady now living in Terrace, B.C. in 1985, she was living in the Queen Charlotte Islands in a cabin by the Honna River. One afternoon an acquaintance stopped by to tell her of a strange event he had just witnessed. He had been fly-fishing further along the river when a very tame deer came out of the woods near him to drink from the river. He stopped his casting to admire the deer. Suddenly a rock flew out from the trees, striking the deer and knocking it down. This was immediately followed by a very tall hair covered human like creature who threw the deer over its shoulder and dashed back into the woods. Of course this took the pleasure out of further fishing and he didn't want to stick around with the rock-chucking ape in the vicinity. This is the first that I heard of the Sasquatch being on the Islands. According to this lady, the local native people speak quite openly about them. Now if anyone is curious whether this deer was roasted, just read on."

Sighting # 7

"This took place in 1967. Fred arrived in Canada in 1960 along with a flood of German immigrants. In 1967 he was in the Houston area of British Columbia where he joined an outdoor club. In the fall Fred went hunting because it was the man thing to do. This is an urge that harkens back to a dim and distant past where humans had to hunt in order to survive. A favorite place to hunt was on a prospector trail that ran up a mountain in the direction of Kemano in the Bower Lake area. This weekend Fred was only accompanied by a medium sized dog as he was after a young moose that he could drag back down the trail himself. Halfway up the mountain he ran into a fresh fall of snow a foot deep. Suddenly he was hit with a very strong pungent odor similar to a large decaying carcass. He was up here the weekend before and there was nothing like that here. When he tried to go on, the dog laid down on its belly blocking his way. When he tried to go around the dog, it crawled forward continuing to block his way. Fred then climbed up on top of a rock that was beside the trail but he could see nothing ahead. However, he decided to heed the dog's warning and headed back down the mountain much to the dog's relief."

"In sighting #7 Fred had moved to Terrace, B.C., in 1974. During that summer he visited another German immigrant family with 8 children who were living in an acreage community of Rosswood about 30 miles north of Terrace. There was a houseful of guests that day and the hosts had a strange story to tell. The previous winter had a very heavy snowfall. In March the snow was still 4 feet deep but hard enough to walk on. The snow had melted away from around the smaller jack pine trees to leaving them sitting in holes in the snow. During the Easter school holidays the children saw two hair-covered human-like creatures about 100 yards behind the house. One was an adult and the other a youngster about half as tall. It was presumed that the larger one was the mother but it kept its back to the whole family who were watching from the back of the house. These two figures were going from one small Jack pine to another, picking and eating the needle tips of the branches. Here we have another item on their menu."

"A local moose hunter once mentioned that he could easily have shot a Sasquatch. However, it looked so like a human that he didn't dare. Although it would have been a real boon to science, he was concerned that he could be charged with manslaughter if it would be classed as a human by these scientists. This question was put to the homicide department of the local Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP). The reply was that they couldn't answer this question and referred me to the Crown Prosecutor. His statement was the same as the police, so the next visit was to the Game Warden. According to him the Sasquatch was not a game animal, so this had nothing to do with his department. If one was shot and declared a sub-human, then it would be up to the RCMP and the court to deal with it."

Sighting # 8

"In the summer of 1988 Dan and his wife visited a friend on Old Lakelse Lake Road past Jack pine Flats. After a while Dan had to stretch his legs and decided to look at his friend's garden, which was a little distance behind the house. Midway on the way back on his left was a dense grove of low leaf trees. Suddenly there was movement there and Dan thought he saw what looked like a very large rear end of a moose taking off.

Dan, an avid hunter couldn't believe that a moose could be that high. At that moment the owner let out his two small house dogs. Dan hadn't smelled anything but apparently the dogs did. They ran yapping into the dense grove of trees. A few seconds later they came yapping back with high-pitched yelps right up to the house and scratched madly at the door to get back into the house."

"The owner came out and asked Dan what made the dogs act so strangely. Dan said he didn't know but he would have a look around. He couldn't find any moose tracks in the grove of trees. There were a number of large faint impressions in the moss that were still rebounding out. Dan was familiar with the stories of the Sasquatch and suspected that this is what he saw. However, since there was no firm evidence to back him up, he decided to keep quiet rather than face teasing or ridicule. However, this event shows that although the Sasquatch will usually avoid humans, they can occasionally still stumble into their yards. In this area a story of bear and moose in your yard is believable but a Sasquatch still isn't. It should also be noted in this report and the other information included, the strange reaction of the dogs. These dogs will not hesitate to go after a full-grown grizzly, but yet run and hide from a Sasquatch. Do they instinctively know something that we don't?"

Sighting # 9

"This took place in 1991 during late July or early August. Dan and his wife were returning to B.C. from a visit to Ontario. Midnight found them near the Ontario-Manitoba border close to Westhawk Lake. Suddenly ahead of them in the car headlights they saw a large hair covered human like creature running hard across the highway. Dan remembers that the hair on the top of the creature's head was standing upright like a comb or brush. His wife noticed that steam was rising from its shoulder. It was obvious that the creature was in a panic situation and was running from something. Later they heard that others had seen it and it made the news on the local radio stations and the newspapers. From the above report is proof that the Sasquatch is not confined to the Rockies but can be anywhere, even on the prairies. My

thanks goes out to a kind gentleman from my area for his report and the good folks who came forward with their stories.”²⁴⁶

Sasquatch chewing alder bark...

One Sunday having nothing else to do, the younger brother decided to do a little exploring in the woods. Coming across a new game trail, he decided to follow it. On the trail were giant footprints that looked like those made by a large grizzly bear, but they had no claw marks on their ends. Also the step imprints were 5 feet apart and still 4 feet apart even when going up a steep hill; amazing length of stride when you think about it. The logger was 6 foot, 2 inches tall and could not match the stride by stretching his legs to the limit. Even when going up the hill his steps were only half as long.

Here is the unusual aspect of this narrative...while following the tracks he noticed the trail was littered by a bunch of freshly-stripped twigs. Looking up he saw all the alder trees up to 20 feet on both sides of the trail had all of their upper branches stripped bare. The taller 20-foot trees had 4-inch trunks near the ground. It was very evident that this creature was big and strong enough to bend over the trees to get at the tender tips, leaves and buds on the very top branches. *The twigs that broke off were chewed and spit out like humans do with fruit or berry stones.* When the logger tried to bend these trees he could hardly move them. Apparently the Sasquatch in this instance was chewing the nutrients from the alder bark and spitting out the residue. They have been observed eating Saskatoon berries, alder buds & shoots.²⁴⁶

Footprints found near backpacks

Siskiyou County, California September 2002:

“My wife and I wanted to combine a visit to our son attending Sonoma State University, with a trip further north to take in the big trees. We did, in fact Orick, (home of the world's tallest tree) and made our way through a beautiful area, passing through such places as Weitchpec, Orleans, Somes Bar, Forks of Salmon, and finally, Cecilville. We hiked S/E to a spot somewhere between Packer's Peak to the north, and Mt. Hilton to the south. We stopped by a creek, possibly the South Fork of the Salmon River, to take lunch. Afterwards, we left our backpacks to explore this lovely meadow area. After a while, we decided to return to our gear and set off for the two hour return trip to the car. Upon returning to our gear and backpacks,

our son found some huge, human-like footprints in the wet soil by the creek. We were certain they weren't there while we ate lunch. What sort of prankster, or worse, giant, would leave such prints? I measured them using the strap from my binoculars. Later we determined them to be about 15 inches in length, and near 6 inches in breadth. They numbered 12 tracks altogether."

"We heard nothing unusual and determined that the maker of these tracks came from the far side of the creek, regarded our things, then returned whence it came, as there were no tracks leading away from the area. The far side of the creek was quite strewn with gravel and stones, and there appeared to be an area where something had exited the water, leaving some wetness upon the stones. We lost no time returning to the car. I researched the web, and came upon your site. I found that "bigfoot" is wont to make certain noises, and often emit a foul stench, but *we noticed neither stench nor noise.* ²⁴⁷

(Mr. & Mrs. R.N. and son L. N. Friday, January 10, 2003)

Pilfering rucksacks...

A French Canadian woman from Rue Chemin Beaud, Sainte-Julienne Quebec by the name of Claudine Archambault wrote in 1997 about a child Sasquatch. Miss Archambault recalled when she was much younger participating on a Girl Guide explorer team. While returning from chemin d'accès distant, the two girls watched a young Sasquatch pilfer their rucksacks. Archambault threw a rock at the "*ugly monster and it ran off.*" It was reddish brown, covered with long hair on its back, and about four feet tall. Its markings in the ground, were 8 inches by 5 inches and flat. ²⁴⁸

Skinny Sasquatch nearly road-kill...

An Idaho family recently had a run-in with a Bigfoot that almost turned into a run-over, as in road kill. Linda Boydson claims she and her son came within inches of running over an unusually-thin Sasquatch while driving near Multnomah Falls, Oregon. Boydson says she was zooming around a corner on the freeway late one night and saw a "very, very skinny, 9-foot tall, hairy man just standing there in the slow lane. She barely missed hitting the creature. Despite being super-thin, Boydson said its muscles were extraordinarily well-toned, like an athlete. ²⁴⁹

More skinny and hiding behavior...

Kyle Mizokami picked up a story about wood-devils and published it on his website from the alt.bigfoot newsgroup in December 1996. He tried contacting the original poster for permission to put it on his website, but never heard from that person again. Kyle's informant wrote:

"Many years ago I lived up in Coos County in New Hampshire. Some of the old men would talk about things called *wood devils* that live in the woods. There apparently were a lot more of these creatures back in the 1930's than there are now. The wood devils were tall and very skinny. They were gray colored and very hairy. I guess that people saw them mostly when they didn't expect too; they stay in the deep woods and they can run very fast." (Mizokami)

Wood Devil Hiding behavior: When a person walked through the woods he would nearly walk into one before he spotted it. They hide by standing upright and still against a tree. As a person approaches it, the creature would stand against the opposite side of the tree. As the person passes it will move so that the tree is always between the person and the tree. If it cannot hide it will still stay perfectly still until it knows the person sees it and then it would make awful screams. They have a semi human shape, but their faces don't look human. Coos County, New Hampshire. ²⁵⁰ (Kyle Mizokami)

The old California Bigfoot Organization Remembering Rich Grumley...

The C.B.F.O. (California Bigfoot Organization) was the creation of Louis R. "Rich" Grumley, (1935 - 2001) formerly a resident of Palmdale, seen in the faded old photo with Peter Guttilla in the 1970's. *Photo is © Peter Guttilla*



Most organizations in the early days involved with Sasquatch research were ad hoc affairs; this organization existed beyond a name on a letter head. The organization Rich founded was structured in every detail, its meetings were formal and its operations were conducted with all but military discipline. It began simply enough, in 1969 when he and Floyd Smith got a few people together and began going to the Kennedy Meadows area in the mountains east of China Lake, in California

spending weekends in the bush; regular meetings were also held in Palmdale. For a while they concentrated on Kennedy Meadows in Tulare County, California because a man had told them that he saw something reddish-brown and about seven feet tall run off on two legs while he was working on a truck there one afternoon. They would stay awake all night and then spent most of the day moving around in the area talking to people. Thousands of man hours were spent without results. In the meantime the organization became increasingly elaborate. There were committees for such things as communications, research and development and capture and confinement as well as for more mundane functions like publicity and ways and means. They had their own radio codes and a full set of operating rules and regulations. News coverage attracted additional members who arrived with more information.

Among the new members they talked with was a youth who claimed to have shot a Sasquatch four times with a 30-30 behind the Little Rock Dam just south of Palmdale in 1971. Four young people told of watching such a hair-covered creature for a long time by moonlight as it moved aimlessly around in a campground where they were staying at Lake Isabella in February 1972.

Many are the reports that indicate Bigfoot tracks have been found giving the impression of an aimless wanderer. Rich told a story about a fellow named Nockley who watched a Bigfoot roll around in a fast running creek with only about ten inches of water in it, splashing water on itself like any kid might. The Bigfoot washed its feet, it's face and all body parts like anyone else might; it also sat still in the rushing water and let the water wash over him. It was a great story for the times. The story was unbelievable for the dominant ape theorists who were (at that time) leading research down what would be a 45 year goose chase looking for upright walking apes whose feet were supposed to sport a mid-tarsal break. Then in March 1973, things started happening.

In October of 1999, during a visit to Rich's place off Hwy 99 in Stockton he showed me a copy of the Lancaster Ledger-Gazette news article, which told the following story, a great story he investigated back when the C.B.F.O was an active organization

Kim McDonald was returning home on East 115th Street around two o'clock in the morning from baby-sitting at her sister's house. She heard one of her dogs whining; she got out of the car and went looking for it. Here is part of the story as it was written in Rich's tattered newspaper article:

"The girl walked behind the trailer expecting to find the dog, calling "Shad" and thinking the cries were coming from a

grassy area 100 feet away near a telephone pole she hurried over to the pole. It was a night when the moon was so bright her step dad could read his wrist-watch clearly. She fully expected the dog to leap out with the customary friendliness, but not that night. Suddenly from the rustling grass, a huge dark figure rose up as if awakened from sleep; it stood straight up like a man. She described it as being near seven feet tall, it was as high as the trailer in which she lived, which was eight feet in height. The girl said that the huge hairy monster stood straight up and was completely covered with hair except for the face and it went away walking on two legs but not at a high rate of speed. Her stepfather agreed she saw something and added that she had no fear of the dark or coming home alone. She has lived there all her life and is not afraid of the fields and is not the scary type. The stepfather got his rifle and patrolled the area for a quarter mile radius until day break without finding the hairy thing or his dog, which ran off and did not come home until later that morning."

C.B.R.O. members later questioned the girl in detail and recorded the interview. She told them the creature was far wider than Rich Grumley who stood six foot six and weighed 253 pounds at the time. The witness stated the creature never stood entirely straight but was about two feet taller than she was. She was not afraid at first when it started to get up but it seemed to "*keep getting taller forever.*" When it turned and loped off, she ran and pounded on the trailer door; forgetting that she had a key. Searching the area, Grumley told me he found tracks that were far wider than a man's foot in an old reservoir near 110th Street. Grumley said there were spaces between the first and last toes that were widely splayed looking more like a fan than toes.

Rich remembered another sighting his organization got wind of that same year. Footprints were found in the nearby desert of Palmdale that left a whopping five and sometimes six foot stride, "*...that's a stretch further than I can do at my height,*" Grumley added, "*I'm not kidding you, the stride was enormous!*" That creature was described as hairy and about 8 feet tall with a heavy build but smallish head for its size!

Another CBFO investigator, Ron Bailey, actually saw a dark figure standing near a telephone pole in the same vicinity. It was heavily built, hairy and once it sneezed like a person but there was no other sound except a thumping as it walked away. Rich noted that almost all of their reports mentioned, "*Walking away*" and not once mentioned "*it ran.*" He laughed and said, "*...for a Sasquatch...that's confidence.*"

Bailey's sighting included his remark that the toes were splayed as well; perhaps indicating its great weight and it may have been the same fellow Kim McDonald saw. ²⁵¹ (Peter Guttilla)

One of the stories Grumley recited for me during my visit with him in 1999, he recounted an investigation that occurred west of China Lake, California in the Sequoias. There was a *mountain of a man* according to Rich who lived up there in a place called Kennedy Meadows; his name was Dink Getty. A wrangler of sorts, Getty ran a pack train of mules and horses, usually full of supplies up and over a trail and then down into the Lee Vining-Bishop area on the eastern slope of the Sierras. Getty told the towering Grumley that one night he heard a terrible commotion in the corral. The frenzied horses whinnied, kicked and stampeded about, raising a huge commotion. Getty went on down there to check out the tumult in the corral, thinking a cougar or black bear was prowling about the surrounding 8 foot fence, which was constructed of used telephone poles. Shocked and in disbelief, Getty told Grumley that he found six of his pack team dead in the corral yard; none of them apparently eaten or moved. The perpetrator was never found.

In the same Kennedy Meadows area, another man reported hearing his dogs during the night hours, loudly barking, yelping and thumping against the side of his mountain home, trying to get into the safety of the house. Suddenly everything became quiet. The man decided to get up and go out to investigate and found all the dogs dead, theorizing they had been swung by the hind legs and slammed up against the side of the house until they stopped barking by someone or thing unknown. There are no grizzlies known to be living in the Sierras. ²⁵²

In 1980-1981, Rich Grumley was working as a security guard on a high-tension tower project somewhere in California; the exact location I don't remember. Rich met a man, a cat skinner operating a bulldozer. The man was leveling off the pads where each of these high tension towers was to be placed. Grumley, noting the man had on his pickup truck, 25-30 travel decals from places he had been hunting. Grumley introduced himself. During the conversation Rich mentioned bigfoot and to his surprise, the fellow related a story that took place in the mid to late 1970's while he was doing a little poaching with the Forestry Official's permission in a locked and gated area near Bishop, California.

The man told Grumley he had been given a key so he could go in any time he wanted. This particular time the gate was locked (as it always was); he let himself in with his 4-wheel drive pickup to the area known as Four Points. The informant then took the long drive over a hill and there to his surprise was the

Department of the Interior (DOI) vehicles and Bureau of Land Management (BLM) men all in their "Smokey the Bear" outfits, all of them heavily armed with guns. It appeared authorities were searching a campground, the hills, mountains, roads for something. They grabbed the informant AKA hunter; took his deer rifle away from him and questioned him for seven hours as to why and what he was doing there on private property.

The local forestry officials identified him as a trusted friend and he was let go but told to "*never come back.*" He had determined during his interrogation that the reason the BLM and DOI were there in force was that a haired Bigfoot creature had gone on a rampage through there the day before and had torn up the campground; had turned over a "large" trash container of the type you find behind large department stores – dumpsters! Those steel containers no man could begin to move; in the process the creature had killed several people; the scene was "gruesome." True story!

Over the years the story was passed through several people, in fact, "quite a few" Bigfoot researchers, but "no one" was able to come up with one single "clue" or written reports concerning any such attack. I questioned Rich at length about the incident during my visit with him and he was of the mind that the informant was credible; knew things he shouldn't otherwise know, convincing Rich of the veracity of the story. Grumley told me he thought the story was undoubtedly written up as a bear attack, but he found no such record of that either.

Regarding the above story and as luck would have it, in early 1991, a young student also interested in the Bigfoot mystery, called the C.B.F.O.'s hotline and told Grumley that he had heard a story several years ago that stuck with him. The man was doing some Bigfoot research in the town of Bishop, California (Inyo County), area in 1989-90 when he chanced on a meeting with a former policeman who was with the Bishop Police Department. The student related the Bigfoot rampage story to the police officer. The officer said the story was the talk of the law enforcement agencies in that area at the time, but they were under very tight orders not to say anything about the incident and/or the related deaths. ²⁵³ (Richard Grumley)

Grumley was in poor health when I met with him in route to Bluff Creek that year but it was obvious he had various encounters not only with Sasquatches but with various government officials over some of his well-known trespassing capers. "Trespassers will be shot," signs didn't seem to register with Grumley. By 2000, his letters were barely legible, a giant of a man, 6' 6", Rich passed away in a care facility in Stockton, California in 2001. At age 65, Rich was a colorful character, had seen much and done much. His recollections were at

times right on and other times he seemed distant and confused due to his stroke and the weakness it left on one side of his body.

The additional names Rich wrote down for me were helpful in creating this collection of stories he wanted remembered. He also related the term Olayome (Oh-lay-oh-me). It is a term used to denote hair-covered "people of another tribe" by the ancient Pomo Native Americans near Clear Lake, California.

The term Olayome originated from an era in the mid 1850's, pre-Civil War era when the Pomo Indians in California were shot at will, virtually slaughtered for no good reason by encroaching white men except that man was afraid of the "savages." History tends to repeat itself in that today the Sasquatch is shot at will and considered a savage monster; there are no laws against killing them. In fact, the Sasquatch are being shot and killed at an alarming rate and generally because hunters are afraid of them, their height, massiveness and general monstrous appearance. Why? Do we learn nothing from our past? Must the senseless slaughter of the primitives continue?

The public attitude of that era (the mid-1800's) was summarized in this editorial from the *Yreka Herald* in northern California.

"Now that general hostilities against the Indians have commenced we hope that the government will render such aid as will enable the citizens of the north to carry on a war of extermination until the last redskin of these tribes has been killed. Extermination is no longer a question of time - the time has arrived, the work has commenced and let the first man that says treaty or peace be regarded as a traitor."

In 1851, California would pass a law financially compensating groups for expenses incurred on Indian hunting trips. I was shocked at the ignorance of California officials of that day. The colonists were terrified of the Indians, calling them savages, barbarians.

Today, modern man is still terrified of the Sasquatch. Do we learn nothing from the past? I am reminded that there exists a parallel ignorance among hunters today, this very hour, who thoughtlessly shoot and kill the Sasquatch. Those killers are never held responsible. Where are the laws protecting the Sasquatch? Why can't we get government recognition?

And finally, one last story that originated with another member of Grumley's CBFO team – Los Angeles County Sheriff Ken Coon. Coon was still living in Palmdale but his police associates were all working in the Los Angeles area. Coon was busy winding things up in 1973 for his retirement from the L.A.

Sheriff's Department; he was making a permanent move to Colville, WA. Consequently Coon did not hear about most of the Bigfoot-related incidents until several days after they happened. He did however, continue to interview witnesses and spent time looking for footprints and doing other field work. And so it was in July of 1971 Sheriff Ken Coon learned of a hiker report, who stated "*an upright walking bear*" had been seen in the California Mountains near Newhall, the northern part of Los Angeles County; Coon, Grumley and other CBFO members investigated.

A new phase of southern California sightings begin in the early 1970's, not the least of which was a two-mile stretch of 17-inch tracks with nearly 7-foot stride found up a hillside in the general vicinity of Nine-Mile Canyon, west of China Lake, California. In thirty years, this is the first time I have heard someone say, especially someone with 20 years in law enforcement like Coon who had recorded an astounding stride measurement of 7 feet = 84-inches. Maybe others in research have recorded a case with that unlikely stride length, but I haven't.

The San Diego, California 1971 "Zoobies..."

It was in 1971 when Sheriff's Officer Ken Coon investigated "*the Zoobies*" of Alpine, California, located in the back country mountains of San Diego County. The *Zoobies* were he said a Sasquatch family that annoyed and probably frightened a resident medical doctor; a psychiatrist by the name of Baddour and his family to the degree that the doctor brought a gun to protect his family from the big hairy guys.

The day came when Dr. Baddour was stopped by a two-man Sheriff's Patrol unit on Interstate 8. Baddour was traveling eastbound, which would've been from the San Diego area to his home in back country hills of Alpine, in the mountains east of the city of San Diego, California.

On the front seat of his car, he had a loaded .44 magnum revolver with a 6-inch barrel. That's the same type of gun that Clint Eastwood made famous in his crime thriller, *Dirty Harry* in 1971; it's the "go ahead, make my day" movie. It was the largest caliber hand gun you could buy at the time. Of course this piqued the interest of the officers more than a little bit including San Diego County Sheriff's Department Sgt. Doug Huse; he was called over to cover during this particular stop. The officers who made the stop secured the revolver and asked the doctor, who'd easily identified himself why he was carrying the weapon. Baddour said it was because of the *Zoobies*, and so from there on all conversations throughout the Sheriff's Department referred to

whatever Dr. Baddour saw as a *Zoobie*; not Bigfoot or Sasquatch. That wasn't exactly what the doctor actually called the creatures but that is what the Sgt. Huse heard and that's how the name was coined. The doctor described the *Zoobies* as a large, upright, walking hairy creature. Dr. Baddour convinced the Sheriff's Department, including the patrol sergeants, that in truth he'd had three separate encounters with these *Zoobies in Alpine*.

One sighting was made by the doctor's entire family within the confines of his front yard and at that time the family saw three *Zoobies*. What Dr. Baddour described was what he assumed were the father, mother and child with the largest of the *Zoobies* being well over seven feet tall. The tallest was very hairy and much larger-framed than ordinary man! What he described as the mother was about only five feet tall, and the smaller one was about three feet tall. The doctor convinced a number of people in law enforcement that he'd in fact seen something quite unusual. What happened then was that the Sheriff's Department got involved in an investigation of the sightings. At that time, the Baddour family themselves consisted of the doctor, his wife, a daughter and a son. The daughter was 17 and the son was younger, maybe 13 or 14; this of course was in 1971; all that has changed now and Dr. Baddour is no longer alive.

The Baddour home was not in a forested area; far from it. The elevation's no more than 2500 feet. The road goes east and up, and in about another 20 miles Interstate 8 climbs to 5000 feet at Pine Valley and 6000 at the summit of Mt Laguna. From the Baddour home, there is the Sweetwater River for about ten miles. The Sweetwater River isn't much of a flowing river. It runs about three-quarters of a mile south of Dr. Baddour's place; it's mostly a dry sandbar except during the rainy season; in fact Robin Janis and I found 5 toed tracks in that water route in 1986. The region is dependent on rainfall, but the river hasn't run continuously anytime in recent years I've been familiar with the area. There's little snowfall but it does happen once or twice a season. The terrain itself is quite steep behind Dr. Baddour's property. Going down into the Sweetwater River bottom itself are fruit trees around his home and from there it is all very tall brush, manzanita, weeds, very high chaparral and canyon live oak trees. Some of it is impassable; following deer trails down to the dry river bottom is the only way to get around.

The Baddour family bought the property from a German fellow who admonished Dr. Baddour to continue using the yellow bug lights that were inside and outside the house. The assumption was because of bugs but Alpine doesn't have a great many bugs, none that warranted so many yellow bug lights. The good doctor questioned the German about the yellow lights but the German seller was very evasive, - evasive also about a lot of details regarding

the house and property.

I personally suspected that the German family may have been feeding them and the bug lights were less alarming for the creatures than the usual outside flood lights that are popular in residential areas. The property did have some acreage, I don't recall the size but it was larger than a city lot anyway; about three or four acres, I believe. The property had fruit trees in the front and back yards. I don't remember what kind of fruit trees they were, but peach, pear, avocado, citrus, apple and all manner of nut trees are popularly grown trees in this part of San Diego's back country. The house and trees were surrounded by a residential fence of six or seven feet.

One of Baddour's complaints was that his fruit trees were being picked off the trees at the tops, but not from the bottom reaches. The trees were upward of 10 maybe 14 feet high. Anyway, the fruit was disappearing from the tops of his trees and his fence was constantly knocked down. As well, the family had hanging wind chimes at one of the doors made of brass or some kind of strong metal which frequently rang in the blowing wind and at one point the wind chime suddenly turned up flattened. Baddour couldn't explain it and we couldn't duplicate it. It was smashed. The Baddour family made it a habit to never go out after dark, but one night they were outside with the son to call in their dog. In the dark the boy thought he saw the dog near a corner of the house and called out to it. Well, the dog came but it was running back, from a different corner of the house. What they thought was the dog turned out to be the small Zoobie. Apparently it had been lying down and it got up and walked the opposite way, joining the other two, the larger male and female; together the three of them walked off into the high chaparral. Baddour did make a plaster cast of a footprint and I know the Alpine Sheriff's Department had photographs of it on file at one time.

When Sgt Huse was asked about the track size, he responded:

"I'm 6-foot-3 and I wear a size 12 shoe, and I'd have to say this one was larger than my shoe and much wider than my foot. I'd say it was about 13 or 14 inches in length, and I've been racking my brain trying to remember if it had 4 toes or 5 toes, but I just can't recall."

According to researcher Ken Coon's interview; he visited the Alpine area in 1971. He recalls Dr. Baddour's "Zoobies" left V-shaped, 4-toed footprints, 16 inches long and 8 inches wide with the widest measurement across the toes. The foot narrowed down to 5 inches at the heel. However I personally saw the photo of the track in the files of the Sheriff's Department in the 1980's and they were extraordinarily wide at the heel, flat-footed five-toed tracks; not V-shaped and not four toes as previously reported. The heel was wider

than I had seen then or since. "Baddour 1971" was scrawled across the top of that photo in narrow marks-a-lot pen; there was also a photo of the .44 Dirty Hairy revolver that Dr. Baddour kept to protect his family from the family of three Zoobies. The track photo pretty much supported all the contentions made by Dr. Baddour.²⁵⁴

Trends and Trending

The 1970's had a flurry of track reports listed as V-shaped and four toes but nothing like that has been cast since that time. I imagine it was another trend of copy-cat reports that got out of hand. There are hundreds upon hundreds of poured casts in various collections; the largest of which is probably at Idaho State University but none of those have a sharp V-shaped heel with four toes as described in the 1970's. Some have even told me those V-shaped footprints in the 1970's were hoaxed; those (if real) were a product of the seventies and not since have those been photographed or cast.

Speaking of trends; another trending copy-cat description of that era was the "glowing red eyes" reported mostly out of Florida also by Bigfoot researchers out of the seventies, mostly by a few stubborn alien theorists. Those reports have dwindled down to a few and generally only recited by members of the occult Bigfoot theory or protagonists of the alien-bigfoot theorem. These so-called trends also ran their course with the dome-shape head description – the Bigfoot conical head was based primarily on the copy-cat idea that the subject in the film clip attributed to Roger Patterson had a conical shaped skull; some even called it a sagittal crest. Modern film analysis like M.K. Davis has been involved with for ten years shows that the creature in the Patterson film clip has or had a flat skull and what was thought to be a cone shaped skull was in fact a wad of hair piled upon the subject's head, which moved to and fro with each lumbering step the subject took on the Bluff Creek sandbar. The trending didn't stop there; the idea of a sloped forehead also came and went as most trends do.

The trail tape caper...

Mimicking/copy-cat behavior

For readers who do not know what trail tape is, briefly it's a directional aide; a way-marker. It comes in a roll of various lengths; is fluorescent orange, yellow, green or brilliant pink "easy to tear," pliable plastic tape used to mark a thing or pathway. By tying lengths of trail tape around bushes, saplings, logs or trees, it keeps land surveyors and hunters and hikers from becoming lost. Visualize inch-wide electrical tape; it's stretchy non-adhesive plastic tape; it also comes in sticky tape. Coeur D'Alene, Shoshone County Idaho:

"This story begins when my son and I went bow hunting elk in September 2011 on the upper end of the Coeur D' Alene River in Shoshone County of northern Idaho (unit 4). We camped adjacent to Independence Creek at Trail Head 22. I hunted east of our camp off of F.S. 3099 (Forest Service Road), as the crow flies no more than three quarters of a mile."

"When I left the road the initial climb was very steep across open ground which led into a wooded area. At this point I picked up a game trail followed it as best I could placing florescent "trail tape" as I went (my trail tape is pink with glow in the dark striping). I located an elk wallow that was being used often; I concentrated hunting in that area."

"Usually I hunted from 1-18th of September and my son bow-hunted through the end of the early bow season on 30th September. Neither of us got an elk during this time so we planned to hunt again late in the bow season 10-16th of December."

"I was apprehensive about hunting this late into the season at an elevation above 4000 feet. We decided to take two vehicles for this reason. We departed on 9 Dec and 25 miles out from our hunting area came to the portion of the paved road where the county ceased plowing the fallen snow. We forged on and did manage to make it to a point about a half mile from where I was parked on Forest Service Road 3099. We climbed on up to where we would eventually be hunting."

"That night we slept in the back of my son's suburban and got up before dawn, strapped on our snow shoes and started up the road with bows in hand. The going was considerably tough on my snow shoes. We climbed up to the point where we picked up the florescent trail tape previously laid down in the woods and slowly made our way. With heavy snow on the ground following the trail tape was a must. A few times we lost the trail, but managed to eventually find it again with the help of the trail tape."

"On one such occasion we managed to find the trail tape, but here is where I was left wondering how in the hell *my trail tape managed to end up 12 feet high in a tree, tied onto a limb extending out from the tree 6 feet* with a diameter of no more than 2 inches. I'm 5 feet 5 inches tall and all I could do was stand there and look up at it. At the time there was 2 feet of snow on the ground (no tracks present), so it was really 14 feet from the ground."

"I later told a friend of mine who is a Bigfoot investigator. He related to me a story about a man hunting in Oregon on horseback who was also putting out trail tape, only to find the trail tape tied to his horse's

mane the next morning. We could not explain how my trail tape managed to be tied at that height, all I know is the only way it could have been done by anyone else, is if they carried an extension ladder up the mountain and I can assure you, based on how steep it is; that did not happen." (Drue M. June 7, 2012)

For me, the interesting Sasquatch behavior in Drue's story tends to be how the Sasquatch apparently mimicked the tying of the trail tape to the trees at Sasquatch eye level. We often hear about them mimicking us in other ways or acting out what they see us do.

Another interesting mimicking/copy-cat behavior cited that I thought must have come from a really *smarty pants Bigfoot* trying to duplicate what he saw done by Carroll County, Georgia's long term inter-actor Lori Bossert. Lori said it was their habit to place marking sticks on the left and right (vertical) sides of footprints they found; later they would take the sticks in the house for measuring. Apparently the Bossert's did this routinely because it came as no surprise to the Bossert family when they found tracks again, this time with marking sticks already placed on either side of the footprint just as they had done. I suppose the Bigfoot watched, learned and thought they were being helpful to the Bosserts by placing sticks around their own tracks in advance. Great story! (Molly Hart Leberherz)

The Outhouse copycat

Kevin Straun told me of a similar copy-cat (mimicking) story he heard from mountain folk living rural with no indoor plumbing except piped-in kitchen well water. Apparently several times a day the woman in the story trekked out to their outhouse located twenty-five yards in back of their Tennessee home. It was described to me as a typical one-seat outhouse with a slim door that had a crescent moon carved into its door with a wood latch that kept it closed. Sometimes they even went out to the outhouse during night hours; the path to and from was well worn. One summer night a juvenile Sasquatch had himself some fun. The informant told Kevin that the youngster would turn the wedged wooden lock on the outside of the door, enter the outhouse, close the door and then emerge again and leave as fast as they went in. Almost immediately the juvenile returned again and repeated what he had seen the occupants do probably on many occasions. The juvenile Bigfoot did this routine so often, that a secondary path was worn in the weeds from the direction of the trees that lined the Natchez Trace Forest, Henderson County, Tennessee. There was no indication that the juvenile was using the wooden facility but just having some fun doing what they saw done by humans. Apparently this conduct was observed for a year or two and then it stopped and never happened again after

2003. Straun figured he moved on or found himself a mate. (Kevin Straun)

Scratching his back...

Most stories come through Bigfootencounters website and word of mouth; I've had the good fortune to meet a number of really great people this way. One of those was a Federal Officer who reported a behavior that occurred near the Coeur D'Alene River in Shoshone County, Idaho. His story cites an incident where a fisherman (his brother) watched a Sasquatch on his back on the river's sandbar, wiggling and squirming around as if scratching its back in the gritty gravel in shallow waters. The informant said it looked like it was itching and thought ticks, but wasn't sure just what was up with the creature.

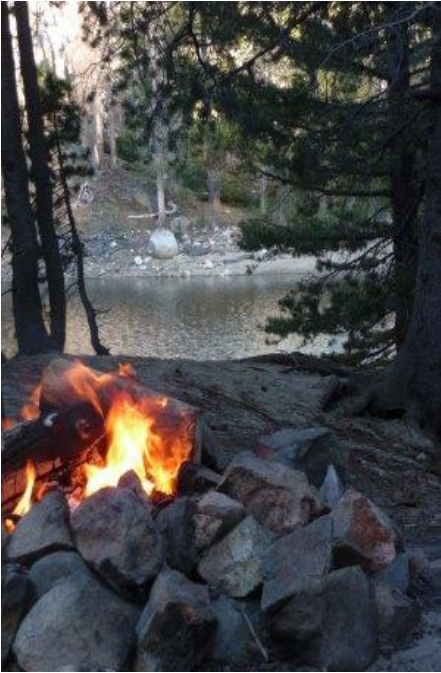
Sixteen years earlier in the same general region of August 1996, this sighting: A Kootenai County Highway Patrolman reported driving northbound on Highway 95 in the hours just before dawn headed for a business meeting in Bonner's Ferry, a town about 80 miles north of Coeur d'Alene. The patrolman was possibly only five to ten miles north of Hayden, Idaho. He just happened to look in the rearview mirror of his cruiser and saw this large "*unidentified hairy man-like looking thing walking across the roadway*" just a step or two behind his vehicle. The officer turned his car around and went back where the creature crossed the highway but the Sasquatch had disappeared into thick timber. ²⁵⁵

The Phantom of Fordyce Lake...

Fordyce Lake, Nevada County, California – this is a great story and probably should have been listed in favorite stories. Maybe you'll enjoy it as much as I did.

"My wife and I often primitive camp up and down Fordyce Lake at least we did for ten years or so. We have no children, so we come & go often whenever we feel like it; the fishing is usually good too. The area has spiking pine trees, dense wooded areas dispersed between flat boulders. It is an area that is uninhabited, inhospitable and mostly for high clearance vehicles, ATV's and like that, which we use. We usually carry our gear and get fairly remote somewhere along the north side of the lake."

"About the sighting you wanted me to write out-- there was only us but camped a distance from us were some off-roaders that we had no contact with



but we could hear them playing guitars and singing during the day. It was spring day, crisp air, snow left in patches here and there, blue jays squawking and like that. I fished, caught a good size brown, cleaned it out and took it back to the frying pan where my wife Susan was preparing dinner. Susan asked me if I had been back in camp earlier and I said, "No," that I had been fishing the whole day. She had fallen asleep on an old Army cot and woke up thinking I was in camp, but I wasn't. She asked, "Are you sure?" I told her I saw deer earlier and maybe the deer wandered through our campsite, but it wasn't me. She was sure someone was in camp. We thought nothing more about it and finished the trout dinner. Is there anything better than a skillet fried fish in

the woods (?) or frying bacon on a crisp cold morning under a pine tree!"

"I cleaned up and she gathered wood, the singing got a little loud in the next camp over and we wondered how late that would go on from the distant campers? We played several hands of gin-rummy under the light of a Coleman lantern and turned in before midnight and went right off to sleep. In the night, I vaguely remember hearing off-road vehicles start up and some screaming going on; but I went right back to sleep. My wife woke me up around three o'clock telling me she heard an ATV roared up the road, which was located about a quarter to half a mile from us. She thought one of the campers was in our camp, she heard rustling but I didn't, so I lay down and drifted off again.

The next thing I knew, I heard her rolling the barrel of our pistol, feeling in the dark to see if it was loaded. I sat up and asked "...*what the hell, be careful with that thing.*" Then she whispered, "*something is out there,*" my first thought was that she was about to shoot the neighborhood campers or me! But then I heard the iron frying pan hit the ground and that got my attention.

Susan and I thought the ATV guys were probably drunk or lifting our stuff and I'm thinking my box of flies and my expensive rod is out there leaning up against a tree. The fire was nearly dead, there was not much light left from the embers. I felt around and told Susan not to shoot me as I unzipped the tent flap but it wasn't light enough that I could see. We listened and could hear someone breathing, otherwise it was quiet. I stood up and said something like

"I know you're there, get out of here before I open fire." But there was no reply and nothing was moving. I located approximately where the breathing was coming from and heard some rustling like he was scratching himself and I called out again. *"Move on Buddy, I don't want no trouble with you."*

"Still I couldn't see a damn thing but we could hear him and I wondered how he was finding his way with no lantern; maybe he was just drunk, we didn't know what was happening. I waited a few minutes and then Susan grabbed my ankle and scared the daylights out of me. She handed me the pistol and reminded me the safety was on. I took the safety off and thought, damn this guy is nucking futs to keep standing out there; I could hear his breathing, it was heavy, rhythmic breathing. I knew where he was exactly but could make nothing out. So I aimed in the opposite direction and fired into the air; I could hear the round whiz through the branches of the trees. Silence, nothing but eerie stillness. Maybe I'm imagining he's there."

"Again, yanking at my ankle, my wife says *"...he's still over there, I hear him"* and I go, *"yeah, like I didn't know, I hear him"* - so I fire again straight up in the air and now I hear someone off in the distance scream loudly - *"is everybody okay over there?"* The voice came from the other campsite. I figure the ATV'ers didn't all leave and screamed back, *"we have a man over here screwing with my head, is it one of your people?"* The camper holler, "No, I'm alone." Then I heard him say again, *"Need any help over there?"*

"Just then Susan finally found the flashlight and flicked it on; handing it to me, I flashed the area where we heard the guy breathing and all I see are tree trunks, ground litter and nothing else at first. I keep the light on the area while Susan lit up the Coleman. Then, holding my light steady I think I see this tree trunk move, no kidding the damn thing moved!! I'm thinking okay, *"what the hell is going on."* By the way, I'm sober as a judge."

"I check to see I have only 4 rounds left and tell Susan to get the box of cartridges from the tackle box, but she won't get out of the tent. I'm beginning to shiver in my skivvies; the night air was very cold. My flashlight started to dim a little so I thought I would ease on over to this tree that moved to see better. I took only two steps toward the thing and the light catches the upper part of what should be the branches and here is this head and shoulders - I about crapped on the spot. I jerked and fired again, but I didn't mean too. Then I see the bullet hit the tree next to it, now I'm down to three shots. *"Who are you?"* I shouted at it like a damn fool."

"I'm telling you its outline in the dark had to be nine, ten feet tall, I'm serious! Then it dawns on me it's kind of hairy on its upper body. I stand there

shivering, half-mad, half-crazy with fear trying to figure this out and talk calmly to my wife at the same time. Whatever this thing was, I only had three rounds left in the pistol. So you know, hero that I am, I backed up to the tent still keeping the flashlight aimed at the hair covered tree; I hand the pistol to Susan and tell her to reload. About that time, the man in the other campsite hollers again if everything is okay over here. I yelled back, "*no, do you have an extra flashlight?*" So he yells back he's coming over and to watch for his light in the trees and "*don't shoot me!*" he hollered. Susan loads and hands me the pistol again while we wait for the other camper to make it over. Meanwhile this thing in the trees is still standing there, we can hear the thing breath - I don't know what it is, but it's BIG!! It can't be but fifty feet away from where I was standing."

"Finally this fellow makes it over to us and together we shine lights on this thing that turns out to be a creature that was as big as a tree, I mean you could mistake it for a tree. It just stands there well camouflaged in the shadows, it was frozen in place. Then I hear the neighbor say, "*I think it's a bigfoot, it must be a bigfoot look how big it is, I think he was sneaking around our camp earlier tonight.*"

"Still, if that is what it was, it's very stupid, it just stood there half behind a tree so we can't make out but half of him. We can make out his hand, shoulder and left leg and that's about it. Just then Susan launches the frying pan in its direction and it lands close enough to its foot. This made it jump and then we see his whole body step out into the beam of the flashlights. Susan, always proper, muffled a weakling "Oh shit." The other camper, Sid Jones yells, "*don't shoot, that's what it is, dang if that ain't a Bigfoot.*" So we watched this thing turn and walk off into the darkness; we were transfixed. It had VERY wide shoulders, and its height effectively ruled out any thought that it was any California bear in this region. Before this night, I thought bigfoot was a joke people played on one another."

"It was after five in the morning. We invited the other camper to stay and breakfast with us. It was then we learned that the Bigfoot scared his sons off; they left in the night on their ATV's; that is what Susan thought she heard when she woke up initially."

"That is the story of *the phantom of Fordyce Lake*. All three of us saw the thing, it's all true. The most impressive aspect of the encounter was its size. I advise fisherman at Fordyce Lake to couple up and not to go in there alone and unarmed. If that was a Bigfoot we saw, he's nothing to fool with. That's our story." (Susan and Lowell P. May 2012)

The Bizarre

A very strange article was published in December of 2011. Headline:

"Bigfoot Attack prompts man to build a flame thrower"

During a 2011 camping trip in northern California, Bigfoot hunter and survival expert Jim LeBus claimed he was attacked in the darkness of this tent by an eight-foot monster. LeBus said the creature held him down and as he wrestled with it, he realized it was a Bigfoot. The article said:

"I'll let you draw your own conclusions on the encounter, but know that whatever happened, it must have been bad, because Jim was so thirsty for vengeance that he created a flame thrower in case he ever met the beast again. Well, it's sort of a flame thrower. It's more like a paint-ball gun modified to spew flaming globs of paint. But the important part is that it spits fire!"

Jim was featured on the premiere episode of the History Channel's television program, *"Invention USA,"* a series that tests the prototypes created by inventors all over the country. Did they like it? Not exactly, you see, it has a pretty major flaw: ...there was a three second delay on his flame thrower. One of the show's hosts put it best: "A three second delay?" "Do you know how much ground a Sasquatch covers in 3 seconds?!"²⁵⁶

If you think that story bizarre, I had an email in 2002 from a Missouri woman who was quite frank and matter-of-fact in telling me that she had an amorous Bigfoot approach her in her vegetable garden one summer unashamedly sporting his amorous intent. She said she used the power sprayer-nozzle on the garden hose on him and he quickly left covering his prized possession. I've known human men who didn't get the message that quick! Her husband built her a motorized scare crow brandishing an axe and since then, the amorous Bigfoot hasn't been seen. If that story was true, it's one of a kind. You just can't make some of this stuff up – it's so way out there I just enjoy it and move on...and really, life does have its freaky moments!

A show of physical strength...

Mr. and Mrs. Colin F. had a bizarre occurrence to report. They occupy a cabin every summer for an extended amount of time in Upstate New York. They

preferred not to say where. This particular summer they did as they routinely did, pulled into the gated property, closed the gate and

drove the additional mile and three-quarters up a rutted dirt road to the cabin. It was an old log cabin situated in a dense grove of trees overlooking a field of wild alfalfa that attracted elk and deer on a daily basis. Each time they drove in, the wildlife scattered. Finally this day, they were unpacked and enjoying a light supper on the screen porch. Returning to his automobile to retrieve his reading glasses from the glove box, Mr. F. was shocked to see his car a measured fifty-two feet from where he parked it. The drag marks indicated "something" pushed his vehicle fifty-two feet from where he parked it alongside the cabin. Centered in-between the drag marks of the tires were imprints of a bare foot that measured 19.5 inches long and almost 8.5 inches wide across the ball of the foot. Each imprint had 5 toes showing in a straight line across the top of the foot. The right foot was flat-footed and the left foot was arched. There was no sign of the perpetrator. The rest of the summer was uneventful until late August of that year while watering hollyhocks, Mrs. F. told her husband she felt like she was being watched.²⁵⁷

I have only this one report of a vehicle being pushed or moved by hand; many reports of vehicles being rocked or hit with stones but this one was a first. Not all reports indicate much of a tolerance for trucks and other vehicles; but if not that, perhaps the annoyance is where the vehicles were parked. It's hard to know what ticked off this Upstate New York Sasquatch but he appeared to be annoyed by how the car was parked.

Signs of intelligence

Breaking and entering – general thievery

What is interesting to me about listing behaviors is the way the Ph.D's have summarily ignored the testimony of reliable people who came forward prior to the internet.

One of the first reports to come by me was from a long-time friend in Oregon, cartoonist Rob Butler; the report occurred in the 1980's. I discovered the *Flemingsburg Times-Democrat* reporter, Dean Muse was on the story. The story was big news back in the day – it gave discussion lists plenty to talk about and talk they did. We were a news-starved bunch!

J. L. Tumey in Fleming County, Kentucky had quite a story to tell. Tumey was positive that he saw a Sasquatch break into his back porch, Friday night October 10, 1980. Tumey was relaxing watching the baseball game on television around 8:15 p.m. that night when he heard what sounded like

something being knocked over and then moving about the back porch of his home. Alarmed, Tumey grabbed his pistol and ran out the front door and around to the back of the house. That is when he engaged the big Sasquatch.

As it ran swiftly towards the woods, Tumey claimed he emptied his pistol at it. Then he ran into the house to reload. Back outside again, Tumey approached his stables. Suddenly and without warning, out rushed the Sasquatch once again. Tumey believes he got off two more rounds but doesn't think in his excitement that he hit the thing, at least that time. *"It was very dark, so I really couldn't tell exactly if I hit it but it was running upright like a man; it was big but it was so dark about all I could see was his dark figure that made a thumping sound as it ran."*

About that time, Mrs. Tumey arrived home and heard the story from her husband. She phoned Sheriff G.W. White. The deputies arrived along with a crowd of people who were listening on their police scanners. According to Mrs. Tumey, half of the town's people showed up with rifles to help hunt the creature. Mrs. Tumey exclaimed, *"...it's a wonder somebody didn't get hurt."*

An examination of the back-porch showed packaged frozen meat scattered around the freezer. The deputies also found packages of frozen food scattered in the backyard where the creature ran, dropping a few. Sheriff White found a package nearer to the stable on the ground, so there was no question what the Sasquatch was after. Apparently two loaves of bread, a frozen chicken and packages of hotdogs were unaccounted for and missing from the freezer.

Not much could be discerned in the dark but the next day tracks were found. Johnny Burke and Estill Helphenstine found very unusual footprints where it slid down a steep bank and more tracks where the creature climbed up the opposite embankment.

The trackers followed the imprints along a gully deep into the dense part of the woods. They came upon clearer tracks in sand that were fourteen inches long by six inches wide. Examining further, the tracks were not made by a boot or a shoe but showed a barefooted five toe imprint. But that wasn't all they found. The creature left white hairs around the door-knob to the closed-in back porch. Sheriff White sent the hairs off for analysis but of course, in 1980, hairs were simply labeled from "something unknown or unknown primate." Today, all that has changed; DNA can easily be extracted from hairs thought to be Sasquatch. (Rob Butler, Milwaukee, Oregon May 1999)

Not only did the article portray the Sasquatch as a thief in the Kentucky case, but it also portrayed a very astute Sasquatch apparently capable of watching that family long enough to know how to enter the porch area and to recognize

there was food in the freezer. They watch us for a reason. I was surprised that the family was seemingly unaware of Sasquatches in the area and even more surprised that the Sasquatch watched long enough to discern what was in the freezer was edible. The Sasquatch risked a great deal in that caper and probably took a bullet or two for his effort.

Man shoots chicken thief...

Fleming County, Kentucky wasn't the only region to have such a frightening encounter. There was a similar sighting in Mason County, October 4, 1980. Mr. Charles Fulton opened his front door and observed a huge white hairy creature holding one of his squawking chickens. Mr. Fulton said he blindly got off two rounds, but like the Tumey incident, the Sasquatch ran off into the night. ²⁵⁸

Speaking of amazing stories, this next was equally unusual. It's an old story that also made the newspapers of the day but mentioned here again for the uniqueness of the wild man's behavior.

General Sasquatch thievery

The story caught the eye of the *Lafayette Louisiana Advertiser* in 1889; it happened in Jones County, Georgia. The behavior of the Sasquatch is remarkable in this story and suggests extreme intelligence; at least for some of them.

J.K. Beal, a farmer in his time was going about his rounds on his large plantation. He noticed in a field bordering the Pocasin Swamp that the newest railings of his fence line had been removed. The older railings that were defective or decayed by time were not stolen. The thievery continued for a length of time and then his hogs began to go missing a few at a time, particularly the piglets. He called for the hogs but they did not respond. In the same field where the railings were pulled up, the growing crop of corn began to diminish by the bushel load. At the same time tracks began to appear leading into the mysterious depths of the Pocasin Swamp.

The tracks were huge and thought to be those of a bear. The crop loss was such that the farmer was determined to track the thief down. Accordingly, a party was organized and the tell-tale trail of tracks followed; they became more and more distinct. The trail was long and continued through the dark swamps but at last they reached a large area rising almost like a hill from the murkiness of the swamp. There, high and dry the trackers were more than surprised to discover a huge pen as large as a house. Upon examination, it was found that the pen had been built with the stolen fence rails taken from

the farmer's corn fields and his young piglets were fat and sassy - apparently well fed on the corn the farmer grew himself. In every direction were the tracks of a gigantic bear. Inside the pig pen were the remnants of the missing corn obviously fed to the pudgy piglets. It was then the trackers sat down to sort out how a bear could have done all this structure building and knew to fatten the piglets before winter.

At the time however, it was not a common practice to fatten hogs for market on expensive corn; especially not prize winning roasting-corn grown for market not for pig slop. The stolen shoats were recovered and taken to Albany in Dougherty County, Georgia where the butchers and his customers raved about the deliciousness of the pork raised on corn. The flavor of the meat could not be duplicated. As for the thief; Mr. H. Savage while hunting killed a mammoth "bear" in Pocasin Swamp that tipped the scales at 481 pounds. It makes modern man wonder how a bear could so skillfully build such a pig pen or have the brains to steal proper railings for the pen. The so-called "bear" also had the intelligence to know what to feed the shoats to fatten them sufficiently for tender juicy meat. The article was graciously supplied to me by Bigfoot article archivist Scott McClean many years ago. ²⁵⁹

A mother and child wander out into the open...

Kevin Jones is a deer hunter. The 31-year-old Salem, Oregon resident cleans aquariums for a living, but whenever he has the chance he heads for the woods. Like most hunters, there is a particular place that draws him back again and again. He has been hunting in the foothills near Grants Pass, Oregon for close to ten years. In 1993 Jones saw images he cannot forget.

It was a picturesque autumn day when Jones decided that any deer nearby were now likely bedded down. He walked into a small clear-cut and found a stump to rest on while his hunting partner caught up. He had been waiting a few minutes when out of the corner of his eye he saw something moving in the old growth bordering the cut; he thought it was his hunting companion.

As he turned his head to look, out walked a seven foot female Bigfoot, followed by a much younger version. Jones watched the pair undetected for five or ten seconds. The younger one, he noticed, seemed to be playing. The adult paused and looked directly at him; she was now about a hundred feet away. Jones was holding a rifle but was too completely awestruck to consider using it. "*It was like, whoa . . . they really do exist!*" he said. Upon seeing him, the female turned to the small one and seemed to beckon it forward. Not

running but a little more hurried, they crossed the cut and disappeared into woods on the other side.

"I'm open-minded, and I'd heard about this kind of thing but never really given it much thought," he said. "After I'd seen one, it kind of shattered my whole idea of reality. I had it in my mind how things were, but everything isn't always as it appears to be."

He told his hunting buddy and he told his wife, but he told no one else for nearly a year. He began researching the phenomenon and came across Peter Byrne's Bigfoot Research Project and the old (800) BIGFOOT number. *"I called Byrne just to get more information, but ended up kind of spilling my guts. Sometimes you just have to tell someone," he said.*

Jones was brought up religiously and taught not to believe in evolution. Since his encounter, he has become a self-educated student of anthropology. He said what he saw was very human-like. It had big, pendulous, hair-covered breasts, and indeed hair everywhere except around its eyes, and a small spot above its breastbone. He estimated it weighed between 450 and 525 pounds.

"I still find myself in disbelief," he said. "I sometimes feel blessed and sometimes cursed. It has caused problems in my life. I spend more time in the woods now, and probably less time with my family than I should." Jones can't stop wanting to see it again; now when he goes into the woods, he never goes without a video camera. Sightings such as this, clearly and consistently described, are the clues Peter Byrne's Bigfoot Research Project thrived on.

Byrne has no doubt such a creature exists. *"Look, I could be anywhere in the world," Byrne said. "If I didn't believe there was something out there, I wouldn't be here. There is too much evidence, too many sane people who have seen something - and who have seen the same thing for this just to be myth or hallucination."*

The Bigfoot Research Project (BRP), once headed by veteran Bigfoot hunter, author Peter Byrne in the 1990's no longer exists. It was at the time, funded largely through Boston's Academy for Applied Science, and described itself as *"a benign, scientific investigation designed to prove the existence of a large, bipedal, hair-covered hominid believed to be living in the forested mountain ranges of the Pacific Northwest."* ²⁶⁰

Seeing and observing a female Sasquatch is very rare. Seeing a female alone with a youngster is as rare as purple hair. Very few men get to experience what Kevin Jones did that day – and going through my files, I can find no other report like it.

Sasquatch steals deer, rips legs...

Sometimes there comes a story that just fascinates. Don Thomas of Mena, Arkansas and I have been corresponding back and forth regarding Sasquatch behavior for many years. The town of Mena is in Polk County, west of the Ouachita National Forest. The mystery of Don's chance encounter with a thieving Sasquatch captivates the imagination. It is also testimony to how strong and quick they are.

"One time about ten years ago I was deer hunting down by the Lake of the Ozarks by Climax Springs, Arkansas on a friend's land. I have hunted there many times. The land has a 3/4-mile right of way just to drive in. I had been taking my son hunting with me for several years and it was his third year for me to let him hunt by himself on a separate stand. He was about 200 yards from me. As the day progressed, I kept having a strange feeling and it made the hair stand up on the back of my neck for about ten minutes, but I couldn't detect anything unusual. Then suddenly I heard a report from my son's rifle. So I climbed down to go help him dress the deer. When I got there he was still in his stand and pale as a ghost. I asked him what happened he said he saw a huge buck right below him by the stand and shot it. He said it walked about ten feet more and went down."

"Then my son heard something odd; he looked all around and then he saw something by the body of his deer and immediately looked the other way because he was scared. He said he was hoping if he didn't look at it, the thing wouldn't see him. He never really saw what it was for sure because of the small cedar trees. He said that the height of its head came just above the trees and the trees were approximately 8 feet high, give or take. My son said when he looked back again at the deer, it was gone."

"Well I figured he just had buck fever because it was the first big buck he ever shot while by himself. So we walked over to where the deer fell, or where it should have been but was now missing. It looked like it left about a gallon of blood on the ground; the puddle was huge. There was also a trail of blood. We followed it thinking the deer was just wounded real bad and would find it before long. By the time the blood trail stopped I know I must have seen about a gallon or two of blood spilled along the trail. There was no way a deer could go that far with that much blood loss."

"Finally after about an hour of tracking this thing and trying to find the deer we found one of the legs that looked like it had been literally torn off the body of the deer. Then about half-hour later found part of another leg. But never did find the deer. I have probably killed 35 to 40 deer in my life time with a rifle, a bow, or black powder and had never seen anything like that before. It had to be something big enough to pick up and carry a deer off because *it left no drag marks* on the ground; strange. I am positive about what I saw and heard that day." ²⁶¹ (Don Thomas)

Sasquatch sleeps in hunter's tent...

The hunter's letter read this way:

"With three weeks approaching the 2004 deer hunting season, I scouted out an area that had a view of two well-worked game trails. I set up my red-leg camo tent/blind early in the season so that the wildlife would be used to it come the bow hunting season's opening day. I secured the anchor stakes in the ground, broke limbs and pulled up ferns placing them around the skirt and zipped her shut. I went home to await the season, stow my gear and clean my rifle."

"Then four weeks to the day later I made my way around the perimeter of these two game trails as stealthily as I could. There was something unpleasant in the air that day; an obnoxious odor and a stillness I never noticed before.



I've hunted this acreage for 8 years and never smelled this odor before. The entire area is thick woods that open onto a meadow-like opening maybe 50 yards by 70 yards. It wasn't quite skunk smell and it wasn't quite rotting carcass smell; I cannot quite put my finger on what it was, maybe gases?"

"Within an hour, I arrived at my blind, this is where the stench was really unpleasant; it nearly made my eyes water. Approaching the front of the tent in preparation to unzip and climb in I found the zipper torn open and the stench inside nearly intolerable. Something had been sleeping inside AND RECENTLY because I found hairs stuck to the floor fabric and the floor of the tent infested with actively jumping fleas."

"After a futile day's hunt, I took a handful of hairs to a neighbor hunter friend of mine who is a chemist; he lives near Folsom, California. At the time, his son was attending veterinary school. The hairs were not black bear as I had anticipated and to both our surprise, they told us they "didn't know what the hairs were from;" they were unable to identify the hairs."

"You tell me what is powerful enough to rip open a small camouflaged tent made of sturdy waterproof fabric if not a bear? I figured whatever it was apparently slept inside. I thought bear, they smell pretty bad most times and because they aren't smart enough to figure out a tent zipper that would account for the torn door. But the hairs were not bear hairs!! By the way, the odor lingered in the tent the entire hunting season of 2004 but with soapy water, it washed out of my hunting gear; that's it. My cabin is nearer to Pollock Pines, California; that would be in El Dorado County, California." ²⁶²
(Dr. S., M.D.)

Bigfoot old and in poor condition

Franklin County, Arkansas: I took note of this next case because it mentioned the poor condition of the Sasquatch and no particular behavior noted other than the usual road-crossing, which has been noted several times before in this chapter. We don't often hear about the physical condition in even the most detailed report aside from their strength and overwhelming size in width and height.

The sighting occurred on Mill Creek Road, between Combs and Summit Arkansas. The witness was a 94-year old male who lived in the Ozark Mountains since birth. He had been an avid hunter, trapper, tracker and fisherman since early childhood. He was driving home on Mill Creek Road and as his vehicle topped a small ridge that tapered into the valley, he saw what he first thought was some very large person in dark clothes stepping onto the road from the downslope. At the time his vehicle was about 200 yards from the figure. As he drove in closer he watched attentively; the figure paused briefly and stared at the vehicle. It was then that the witness clearly saw it was not a person but a large, humanoid figure covered in hair. The creature bolted at high speed across the road at an angle and continued up the mountain to the west and out of sight in the timber.

The witness described the creature as taller than himself, and covered with dark gray colored hair, except on its forehead. He stated that hair on the forehead was a very much lighter gray, and nearly white. He said that although it was tall and "barrel-chested", it appeared to be very old, and in very poor condition. He said the Sasquatch's lower body and extremities in fact looked "skinny". When specifically asked if he had seen breasts or other evidence of its sex, the witness considered the question very carefully for a long time. He then said he had not seen breasts on the animal, nor had he seen other visible evidence of its sex. (Tal Branco, Bryant, Arkansas)

Orange Bigfoot in the Catskills...

The window peeker

"My parents purchased an old farmhouse that was built in 1880 in a town called South Kortright, Delaware County New York. The house sat on seven acres of a beautiful valley in the middle of the Catskill Mountains. The farmhouse was in disrepair when they purchased it, but over the years they fixed it up into a very comfortable weekend and summer retreat from the urban bustle of the New York City area, where we lived. The trip took three and one-half to four hours every Friday night, but my sister and I didn't mind it at all. One night, after we arrived at approximately nine at night, my sister and I sat at the kitchen table eating sandwiches for dinner while my parents had cocktails in the front living room."

"The kitchen was at the rear of the house and the windows faced a drop-off in the property which ran down to a clear running stream. As I was eating my dinner, I gazed out the window. It was a dark, overcast and moonless October night. I turned my head from facing my sister and looked out the window, which was twelve feet from where I was sitting, and there, illuminated from the light spilling out of the well-lit kitchen, was a huge, ape-like face staring back at me."

"The creature had a broad, wide face, with no discernible neck and its shoulders spread out beyond the four foot wide window. The brow of the creature was heavy and I do not recall any expression on the creature's face. It was clearly and most obviously a Bigfoot, but what was different from any description that I had heard before about a Bigfoot was that the hair of this creature was more orange-like, not brown or black. At this point I yelled and motioned to the window; my sister turned and saw the creature. We both yelled for my parents, but when they got there, the creature was gone. My father and I took flashlights and went outside to look for it, but the ground was too hard to see tracks. We realize, however, that the creature would have to be over nine feet tall for its face to be visible through the window at the level of the kitchen. I don't think my parents ever believed my sister and me, especially since the color of the beast was orange-ish. Two weeks later we read in the local newspaper a story about a farmer who said he spotted a big hairy creature breaking into his henhouse and stealing chickens; the color of the creature's hair? Orange!" ²⁶³ (Brian)

Woman touches red-eyed Bigfoot's "fur..."

Tina and her sister Roxanne Barone had a very unusual story to tell. They went into the barn one day to get some work done; daily chores. Roxanne had become afraid of the barn because she described hearing voices/noises in there. Trying to reassure her that day, Tina said she would go in first.

*"I said I would go in first, so I reached for the light and I felt fur!
At first I thought it was a goat or something so I took off my gloves
and touched it again. It didn't feel like anything I knew; it was tall
and red bloodshot eyes and big, black fur standing on two legs and
when I touched it I heard it growl."*

Tina told her sister to run back to the house quick, it scared her so bad. *"I just can't put together how it looked like into any kind of form,"* Tina said.

*"It never tried to harm us and it was unbelievably big. It was
some kind of animal but I can't describe what. It was roughly
seven feet tall – and then it walked off into the woods."*

Mrs. Barone said their first encounter with the animal came in September, 1981 when her neighbors' barn door was ripped off at the hinges. *"I've had fences torn down and grain barrels dumped over and eaten,"* she said.

The Barone's had their dogs race off into the dark, barking at an unseen intruder and their farm animals have been spooked by some unknown predator many times over. Mrs. Barone was frustrated by the unwillingness of many people, including the local St. Clair County Sheriff Department to take her story seriously. Mrs. Barone did file a report of the incident with the sheriff's department but the report contains no mention of her daughter actually seeing the creature." The St. Clair Sheriff's Department made no mention of it walking and said the witness probably felt a raccoon. According to Mrs. Barone, *"If it was a raccoon, it was 7 feet tall."* The story was covered by the *Detroit News*, St. Clair County, Michigan November 22, 1981.²⁶⁴

The cool thing about the Barone story is that the resident Sasquatch had every opportunity to harm or worse kidnap one or both of the girls. In this case, the Squatch opted to voice his displeasure or perhaps his fear by growling and by walking off into the woods. Not all male Squatches are interested in kidnapping – the trick is to know ahead of time which hairy guy has what on his mind and who can do that?

Sasquatch interest in barns, barn lofts, horses, horse's manes, goats, sheep and feeders and grain bins is well known. They have been observed in all those settings. Not all barnyard animals are fearful with the scent of the Sasquatch in the air. Some graze on peacefully and never mind the Sasquatch. Animal

behavior varies.

Mud covered Sasquatches reported...

The *Reader's Digest* ran an article in 1976 about the Sasquatch in Illinois, often referred to as the "*Big Muddy Monster*." 1973, Murphysboro, Jackson County on the banks of the Big Muddy River there were several sightings filed with authorities that described a hair and mud covered monster.

On June 25 of that year, a couple sitting in their car heard weird shrieks coming from the woods nearby; then a huge figure – eight feet tall – covered with light brown hair and what appeared to be mud or slime, came out of the woods lumbering toward their vehicle. The couple drove off and reported the encounter to the police. Several other sightings were to follow. Two teenagers who also had a close encounter with the hair-covered creature said, "*It smelled of foul river slime.*" Workers at a nearby fairground saw the strange beast staring at some tethered ponies. Murphysboro Police Chief Toby Berger ordered a search, but all that was found was a trail of crushed grass, broken trees, and gobs of black river slime. Tony Stevens, editor of *The Southern Illinoisan*, said: "*This is no hoax. This is hunting country and anyone who goes around in an animal costume is going to get his butt shot off.*" ²⁶⁵

Bigfoot and snow-cats...

One of my favorite stories occurred on the snowy slopes of Utah early 2001. The report originated from a snow-cat operator (slope groomer) who had been grooming the slopes of a ski-resort a few hours before dawn. He was sideways on the slope using the tiller; his headlights into the timber line ahead. All of a sudden the trees moved. He stopped, cleared his eyes and looked again. What he observed was at least a half dozen dark colored figures in the headlights that he said, "*really got his attention.*" He watched them scurry between the trees in what he called...

"...excitedly darting back and forth between the trees; I counted 5 big ones for sure and a smallish one. The big ones would squat down behind the trees, jump up and run to another tree; they were darting all around. They look just like a bunch of big monkeys having a good time; I knew right away what they were, it was the first time I saw any though, quite amazing. I was running about an hour behind but I'm pretty sure they watched the whole time I was working on that run. They never did come out onto the run; they stayed to the trees the whole time."

As the snow-cat operator came off the slopes he stopped to speak with one of the operators inspecting chair equipment.

"I guess he told management because I was told in no uncertain terms to *"keep a lid on it."* They didn't want to scare the skiers off the slopes. But for certain that same weekend snowmobilers came into the office and reported a sighting to the ski patrol. Then mid-week, I heard one of the ski patrol guys say a group of four cross-country skiers reported seeing two of the Bigfoot. The ski-patrol went up to scope it out. Two ski runs were closed and signs went up warning the skiers of the likelihood of avalanche; ha! Avalanche! Can you believe that one? It's like, they couldn't say because it was going to snow so they said "avalanche" on a sissy slope."

Bigfoot and the snow cat operator

There was another report that came from one of the High Sierra ski resorts in California during the '90's where a snow-cat operator found strange human-shaped bare footprints in powder crisscrossing the slopes. He said there was better than five feet distance between each imprint. Curious, the driver of a big snow grooming machine, which he described as a Gilbert RTS with a trailer, climbed out of the cab to inspect the track-way thinking a big mountain lion since bears should be hibernating. The tracks were about 8-inches deep in fresh fallen powder snow. Using a flashlight, he enthusiastically examined the inside of one of the footprints that surprisingly was not shod.

"Bare feet, human-like, 5 toes in a row, no kidding, so fresh that I could see where the bottom of the foot not only packed the snow under the foot but it looked melted as if the foot was quite warm/hot. The bottom of the impression looked packed like the outside of a Popsicle. Alongside my size 11 boot, it was roughly four inches longer and the palm of my hand wider."

I was struck by the groomer's remarks, especially where he said the *"foot was quite warm"* to have melted the bottom of the imprint. The man had been grooming ski-areas for six years and never before encountered human-like footprints like he did that night. It was an old report that included a photo, but I have misplaced that photograph in the many years since.

In New Mexico, riders of a ski-lift at Angel Fire reported deep tracks beneath their chair lift that looked out of place and quite large; curiously the tracks

were single file not off-set. There was no other detail in that report.

Hand signals, rough housing and apple picking...

Scott White, an American researcher living in France, recorded testimony from an Oregon observer who was home mostly at night. The woman, "Barb" noticed details seldom discussed in Bigfoot circles, specifically she would see them picking apples from the trees in the orchard, see them crossing her property and often watch young ones "rough house." She went on to say, "*Normally there would only be one or two, but they have seen as many as five at one given time.*" This is interesting and also supports the theory that they live in bands or family groups. She told Scott they would often communicate amongst themselves by using simple hand signals combined with grunts, hoots and other noises as well as facial expressions. It almost seems like the Sasquatch learn at an early age to communicate silently. That would certainly make sense if their lives are geared around living covertly.

Scott White's witness, Barb also described the Sasquatch as "*being more like large hairy people than apes or monsters,*" but she mentioned that there were some features to the face that were slightly reminiscent of apes. This has been recorded in my data also, that while having totally human anatomy, something about the facial expressions were ape-like but not in all cases.

The woman did not notice any articulated language. Their bodies were hairy except for the hands and bottoms of the feet - and the color range was from light brown to black. After conquering her fear of them and their size, she was not afraid to sit out at night in the yard with the porch lights out, watching them do their thing. The full report is very interesting and can be found on the Internet. ²⁶⁶ (Scott White, France)

Sasquatch and Apples

Much has been written about baiting and/or feeding a variety of apples to the Sasquatch. Chelan County, Washington State:

A woman at her summer place in Cashmere, Washington wrote to say she had mysterious apples placed on her front stoop in late summer-autumn 2010. Curious, she awakened early one morning to find what she could only describe must have been a Bigfoot sitting on the ground in her back yard scratching the back of her 8 year old poodle mix. "*You'd think they were friends,*" she wrote. "*I think the apples were brought up here from Wenatchee.*" (Wenatchee, Washington is known for its apple orchards). ²⁶⁷

Idaho: "As a young lad, my grandfather helped tend the apple orchards that were fed water off the Salmon River in the *River of No Return Wilderness* in Idaho. We returned to that area in 1986; the old growth apple trees were snagged, twisted and sadly abandoned when we got there. But we found three or four dozen rosy-eye apple trees that surrounded the shack grandfather lived out of in the summer months of early 1900's; but it had fallen down probably due to heavy snow load. The timbers were used to stoke a hunter's fire or so we imagined."

"We found enormous piles of bear scat everywhere on the ground and trees with claw marks and other sign of bear activity; the trees no longer fed the pioneers but were annual sustenance for the deer, grizzly and the black bear. We pitched camp far enough from the roar of the river and walked the grounds of the abandoned apple orchard my grandfather used to tend for the German immigrant that farmed there in the 1800's. Some of the trees still produced fat juicy apples more delicious on this trip than they were according to my father but time and lack of care showed all around the old abandoned place and its orchard. We heard the bears huffing around our tent at night but we kept two fires going between the three tents and I suppose the interest of the bears had to be the sugary-sweet apples and not us. That night we fried a catch of fish in the juices of sliced apples together in same iron skillet; it was delicious!"

"This night I'm telling you about was the last of our trip. Clifton got up early that morning and stoked the fire burning dried apple wood; it burns very fast. He was startled by a figure on the other side of the campfire that made him call out just loud enough in his fright to summon me. I peeked out of the tent flap and there I could see a crouched figure of a very large man watching Clifton tend the fire; our visitor was crouched down by the side of a tree making no attempt to hide. Dawn was hardly cracking but I could see his body by the flickering of the fire light. It had not seen me but looked intently at Clifton as he backed up and reached for the only protection we had for unruly bears which was a Marlin rifle. He cocked the rifle and asked if I could see what he was seeing not twenty feet from the fire. I could see it plainly and that is when the figure stood up and bumped its head against a branch of the apple tree he was squatting under. It was devoid of clothing, had hair over its body and the hair on its head hung all snarled down over its shoulders; WHAT A RUSH. I asked Clifton "*what was that*" and he called out, "*who are you?*" to the visitor. There was no answer; it just stood there watching between me and Clifton; we asked again, "*What do you want?*"

"And then I heard a faint, "*What's going on out there,*" coming from the tent of my brother and his wife. I called back, "*John, we have company.*" I could hear John's tent unzipping but couldn't see him emerge, their tent was behind ours.

Clifton again called out to the big figure that I tell you now was a good 8 feet tall and nearly half that wide by the shoulders and of staggering bulk through his upper body. It was hairy but not all over. It or he had patches of balding spots where there was no hair. My brother shouted, "*Clifton, it's a Bigfoot by God, don't shoot it.*" Still, the creature stood there. I'm not sure if it was afraid or deaf or what was wrong with it. Then my bother shouted, "Yo, hey," at the thing and it sort of flinched, we thought it was a deaf mute."

"In between exchanges of my husband and brother it was dead quiet; there was not a breath of air, only the crackling of the fire. We stared for an indeterminate length of time, us at it and it at us. It was like a stand-off but it was probably only seconds long. Clifton broke the silence and reasoned that if he fired into the air, it might scare him off. This whole time the Bigfoot (if that is what it was) never moved much except to stand up but he stared intently. I could see him blink, see him breathe but he didn't move; his face was unusually broad, full beard, bushy-like with small dark eyes."

"The blueness of morning now had him outlined really well and I would see under the hair, his skin was light, his hands and fingers enormous. And then as if in an intimidation display the creature started chomping his teeth with an audible clicking noise. Clifton fired! The shot went wild and into the air echoing up the valley. The crack of the rifle jolted the Bigfoot and sent it running down a line of trees in the old orchard. We hurriedly broke camp that morning and headed back to the Salmon River without breakfast. That is our River of No Return Wilderness story for your record keeping. We ask that you not identify us; my husband is a professional in Chicago and a story like this wouldn't do well." (August 2009)

September 2012: Checking out abandoned orchards in Washington State, David King noted apple trees had apples picked at the level of 8 feet and above at one of his locations, while lower branches remained full of fruit. His opinion? Bigfoot leaves fruit on lower branches for deer, bear etc.

In April of 2012, news outlets ran a story about Frank Siecienski of Hubbardon, Vermont and his assessment that a Sasquatch was eating in his apple orchard. "*In one section of my apple trees, the apples were completely devoured. One whole section!* I pointed it out to my wife and she said, "*The deer must have been hungry.*" But Siecienski thought no, deer couldn't have eaten that many apples in one night. Curious, Siecienski set up a trail camera trying to catch the Sasquatch on film. He did that two years ago in 2010, he got something on film. He went on to explain, "*I found out from researchers that this is a female Sasquatch with its young underneath it. It's protecting its young.*"

Mr. Siecienski had one fairly good picture of the Sasquatch bending over picking up apples. On the following page, Alaska artist, Rob Roy Menzies took an interest and sketched what he believed might have been the whole picture that Siecienski got with his trip-camera. It would appear that grazing apple orchards at night is a Sasquatch family affair; where ever there are apple trees, there is bound to be Sasquatches." ²⁶⁸ (Frank Siecienski)

[place Menzies portrayal of the photos here](#)

Even the Amish complain...

A story was overheard during the Nappanee Apple Festival days in Elkhart County, Indiana. It seems one of the Amish customers complained to a local Nappanee merchant that he "*had a terrible problem with deer, bears and the Edomites stripping his apple orchard just before harvest each year.*"

Edomites? Was the Amish farmer referring to the story of Esau²⁶⁹ in his religious text, the scripture that refers to Esau who was born the hairy twin brother to Jacob in Biblical times? Was that a direct reference to "problems" with Sasquatch stripping their apple trees? I contacted the informant of that story, a resident of Kosciusko County, Indiana but he had overheard the story on the street there in Nappanee and knew nothing more; he didn't think the Amish had telephones. He ended the conversation by mentioning how funny it is that people suddenly clam up when the mention of Bigfoot is casually presented...that's so true.

Meteor watchers encounter Bigfoot...

Sam Uptegrove reported that at about 2 a.m. on Aug. 12, 2002, a father and son from Springfield, Missouri were standing in the rural darkness next to their parked car on a gravel road at the Greene and Christian County line. They had made this nocturnal journey in hopes of watching the celestial fireworks of the annual Perseid meteor shower; instead they encountered a Bigfoot who was watching them watching the meteor shower show.²⁷⁰

Forestry employee talks...

U.S. Forestry employee Dave Roden had several different encounters. He wrote the following:

"Although I tell the stories occasionally, working in these somewhat remote locations, Bigfoot opportunities seemed to crop up every time I turned my head."

Incident #1) "We were surveying a timber access road about

5-miles up the Bluff Creek Road, at that time a dirt road ran alongside (above) the creek for a ways. From there we hiked into the area to be timbered and surveyed out to the main road to avoid advance bidder inquiries. Hiking in one morning in July 1974 we noticed how quiet it was. Usually there are birds and other animal sounds."

"I had a German Shepard and my friend had his Husky with him, both dogs stayed right under our feet and weren't running and playing as they normally did. We sat down by a deer trail to rest. Between my friend and me, we noticed a footprint in the dust of the trail. We followed the tracks to the area where we had been working the day before. We followed the tracks for about 200 feet and at that point they broke over the top of the ridge into some fairly thick undergrowth. While standing there trying to decide if we should follow the tracks any further, we heard a blood curdling scream, which answered our question for us. The tracks were measured at 16½ inches long and the stride was measured at just over 6 feet heel to toe. We took pictures of the tracks and included a wad of hair we found hanging on a sharp limb about 6 feet off the ground, and mailed them to our office in Denver, Colorado. We were afraid to go back out there but our office told us we could carry guns if we wanted. We decided against that but did manage to go back out and collect the samples we eventually mailed to the office."

Incident #2) "I was living in Sequoia National Park staying in one of the Park Service Cabins in November 1970. I was alone in the cabin as the fire season was pretty much over. While lying on my cot one night, I see the silhouette a large head and shoulders pass my window and wondered who was outside. It dawned on me that the window was 6 feet above the ground. I didn't sleep much the rest of the night."

Incident #3) Also in Sequoia National Forest...

"Our contractor sent his backhoe operator and a laborer up to the *borrow pit* to bring the backhoe down to the project sight. The *borrow pit* is a location away from the road where additional soil may be excavated for the roadwork we were doing. In short time the truck they we in came running down the road. These two men walked up to my boss and asked if there had been any sightings of Bigfoot in the area. It seemed that when they arrived at the pit they noticed large footprints all around the heavy equipment. They followed the prints over to a steep bluff and there standing at the top of the bluff they saw a large, hairy creature obviously upset that they were there. They said the creature was hitting the ground and screaming to the point they decided they had better

leave.”

“I also was privy to a sighting just outside of Hayfork, California. While with a survey crew working at Peanut, (a tiny unincorporated community in Trinity County, California, located on Highway 3, south of Hayfork but north of Highway 36), I was staying in the real nice Forest Service barracks-facility in Hayfork, I had to make a trip that day so did not go out to the field. I was in the mess hall making a late breakfast when 3 forest service types came in. One was obviously distressed. Seemed the other two were trying to calm him down. I guess (as they told the story) this person was marking trees for removal by a timber contractor and had a funny feeling all morning that something was following him. He finally doubled back along his own trail to see. He said as he walked up to a large tree a giant creature covered with hair stepped right in front of him. Said he was face to face with the Bigfoot. Well, I guess this guy ran off the hill at a pretty good clip and it took a while to stop him. He said he would never go back out there and if my recollection is correct, they brought in a helicopter to take him down the hill. This happened in February or March 1973...and that's the Hayfork story. That pretty much sums things up. Not my imagination just the way things happen. Take these stories for what they are worth.”²⁷¹
(Dave Roden, U.S. Forestry) Monday December 31, 2001

Wandering off behavior

Washington State Bigfoot field investigator, Rand Trusty took a report in 1989 that involved four men camping in Cowlitz County, Washington. A Bigfoot walked out of the creek bed right by their camp. Not knowing what else to do, one of the men quickly climbed a tree, one man picked up and grabbed onto a large piece of beaver chew, another ran – the last one of the four picked up a fist sized rock and threw it at the surprised Sasquatch, hitting it center chest. With no particular alarm, the creature turned and walked off into the brush – a commonly reported behavior.

The fellow with the piece of beaver chew was shocked frozen in position. He had the branch-stick held up, ready to hit whatever came at him. At that point, a rock about the size of a basketball came flying out of the bush and hit the beaver-chew so hard it almost broke this guy's wrist. In the words of the informant, "*It was as fast as a Nolan Ryan fastball.*" This is not the behavior of a passive Bigfoot...it was aggression pure and simple.

Trusty interviewed three of the four men. The fourth refused comment, but was obviously very frightened about what happened. Interestingly, the encounter with the four campers happened less than four hundred yards from

where Rand Trusty had his first sighting in 1984. ²⁷² (Rand Trusty)

In 1999, I took a report of tracks found deeply impressed in river mud along the Kiseralik River in remote Kwethluk, which is in the Bethel Census area of Alaska.²⁷³ Tracks are found in any number of places in North America; some showing 5 toes, but others with missing digits. Traversing mountain terrain barefooted is surely hazardous; I'm surprised we don't see more defective foot tracks than we do.

Sasquatch with three toes reported...



Most of the time the reports I receive of tracks usually cite five toes. I've included this report from Kelso Lake, Bonner County, Idaho because it deviates from the norm; this right foot had only three toes and according to the witness the two smaller digits were missing. It makes sense that anything barefooted trying to negotiate the forest floor, slippery and sharp rocky terrain

and huge areas of deadfall are going to lose digits or in some fashion incur foot trauma.

The late Tom Akren, so heavily involved in this field at one time, was once a highly visible advocate for the existence of Bigfoot. The other police officers he worked with knew it – ...as a consequence Captain Akren had many a door opened to him. It was Akren who brought this three toe discovery to my attention; the smaller toes looked shaved off, perhaps from an accident.

"A North Idaho sawmill builder said he and his son found a giant footprint of a Sasquatch the end of May 1997 while bear hunting in the northern hills of the Idaho panhandle, high in the timber country. "We walked into a clear-cut and my 13 year old son stopped, looked down and said "Dad, is this a Bigfoot track?" When your boy says something like that, you got to go and take a look."

Sure enough there it was, a 14" x 7" depression in the mud on a slope a few feet above a logging road. It was shaped like a giant human foot but it had only 3 toes. *"All I could do was sit there in awe, it was something! It was shocking."* The witness returned with a friend who videotaped him making the plaster mold of the footprint. As shown in the photograph, the track was cast; photographs of the cast were made public on Idaho television and have been published in several newspapers in Idaho. The witness is convinced the

footprint was authentic as he had heard stories from an uncle 30 years earlier who had told him of footprints in the snow near Mount Rainier.²⁷⁴

Sasquatch with bunions and misshapen toes...

Randy Stradley sent in this story in 2006; the location was Oregon House, Yuba County, California. Not only did this case mention bunions and misshapen toes; it cites an incident where lightning struck. It apparently terrorized the Sasquatch causing it to scream and run towards the lake, slipping and falling down - lots of information here, it's a great read:

"This happened in September of 1981, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, north-central California. My family was camping at a man-made reservoir/recreation area called Collins Lake, which is about 30 miles west of Grass Valley and Nevada City as the crow flies. At the south end of the lake there was an undeveloped camping area with nothing but outhouses as amenities, and only a few other campers were staying out there that weekend."

"That night around 9:00 we got hit by a summer lightning storm, a little rain, but lots of thunder and the lightning seemed to be hitting pretty close by. Most of the campers around us were still sitting by their fires. Suddenly we all saw and heard a huge bolt of lightning hit across the lake from us and right then, a huge, horrible scream filled the night. It sounded only vaguely human in tone, but it definitely seemed to be a scream of terror in response to the lightning."

"The entire campground fell silent, and as you might expect, various people wandered over to ask if we had heard the scream. I would guess there were 20 people total in the area and everyone heard it and was terrified by it."

"My dad decided that we'd get up as soon as the sun was up the following morning and hike over to the other side of the lake to investigate. So at around 6:30 the next morning, we all got up and started toward the east side of the lake. It was about a mile total, maybe a little farther, to leave the campsite and cross the dam between the lake and the reservoir before we found the tree that had apparently been struck by the lightning bolt."

"The tree was at the very edge of the tree line, about 30 feet from the water. Right in the same area we found two sets of tracks coming out of the trees and leading down to the water's edge. They looked like stereotypical Bigfoot tracks, though one

set was much smaller than the other. The smaller tracks were about the size of my dad's size 12 shoes. The larger ones were much larger – longer by about six inches and wider. The bigger set of tracks seemed to be almost deformed, with huge bunions and somewhat misshapen toes. The tracks were pristine, captured perfectly in the damp sand.”

“Down by the water's edge, it appeared that one of the creatures had slipped and fallen into the shallow water. The right foot print here dug into the sand about 8 inches and left a long slip mark, maybe three feet long or more. And next to these tracks there was also a big right hand print evident in the sand, where we assume the creature caught itself as it fell.”

“My entire family, mom and dad, my two older brothers and me witnessed this, but we had no way of documenting what we'd found. We were actually homeless at the time, not just recreational camping, so we had very little money, no real resources to speak of, no camera ... no way to run out and buy any plaster of Paris to make a cast. We just walked around the tracks and marveled at them for about a half-hour before we decided to hike back to the truck and move on. My brother Chad (second oldest of the siblings), who was at the time an Army Ranger stationed at Ft. Campbell, Kentucky told our other brother that he saw a Bigfoot cross the road in front of his truck somewhere the Smoky Mountains very late at night.” ²⁷⁵ (Shawna Gore)

Bigfoot hiding tracks?

At some point I recall discussions about the possibility of Sasquatch hiding their tracks; do they or don't they? I don't think we can make any kind of blanket statement that includes all living Sasquatch making a life choice to hide their tracks. There are simply too many footprint collections that indicate otherwise. One report will surface once in a while, trend briefly and then it sort of fades away. Occasionally, newbies will jump on the suggestion that Bigfoot hides his tracks, but that isn't what the data shows. In thirty years I received only one such report out of thousands. The report came from Todd C. Homer who had at one time, interviewed a Bannock Native American from Ft. Hall, Bannock County, Idaho.

People of Indian extract often have theories of their own about the Sasquatch and how they see them. Some are accurate, some are folklore. Their views are not always the popular viewpoint. In the interview the Bannock gentleman told Homer he had seen Bigfoot on three separate occasions on the Eel River,

Trinity Forks and the Snake River. The interesting part of his story about Bigfoot hiding their tracks, he said,

"I saw one in the afternoon, on a dirt path below me in a small canyon. The Bigfoot was dragging a sage bush to erase his tracks and conceal his footprints. They will also step on stones when they can in order to avoid making tracks."

I don't argue that this is untrue but not all Sasquatches engage in this behavior. There are too many of them who do leave tracks for this to be a universal behavior. It's difficult to imagine that as deep as most Bigfoot tracks are impressed into soil or snow, that dragging a piece of sage brush would obliterate tracks; this may be a visual misinterpretation. The witness also theorized that they "*bury their dead in water, weighted down in rivers and ponds with heavy stones;*" ...interesting theory.²⁷⁷ (T. C. Homer)

Missing digits...



A quad rider, Alfred wrote to say that he was riding around in snow at the end of Memaloose Road in Clackamas County, Oregon in 2009 when he found tracks in the snow that had a five foot stride. Diane Stocking investigated the tracks but it was difficult to make a length determination because the tracks had been lightly snowed over and appeared to have the digits between the big toe and the little toe missing in the left track.²⁷⁶

Sasquatch with large girth...

In 1983, Courtney Krumm of Kitwancool, British Columbia reported a seven-foot Sasquatch watching her and her two brothers near the family smoke house. It was trying to hide itself behind a giant cottonwood tree but she said there was no way to hide its girth. Her grandmother told her "it's a Bigfoot," like it was no big deal so that was the way she viewed it as she grew up and finally reported the sighting.²⁷⁸

Another report came in November 17, 2001 concerning a truck driver on a precarious road in the mountains of Coeur D'Alene, Kootenai County, Idaho. He was driving along and decided to take a break, park his vehicle and then he got out to stretch his legs. He walked over the road's embankment, turned

around to look down the road and there he saw a Bigfoot hurriedly making its way towards him. The creature came fairly close, then turned and went over the embankment and into the densely forested trees. Frightened, the informant left but told me he continues to tell the story to anyone who will listen; I'll bet he does.²⁷⁹

Craig Woolheater filed a roadside sighting he had while traveling by car from New Orleans to Dallas, Texas. No behavior was mentioned in his report. His sighting occurred in Rapides Parish, Alexandria, Louisiana in 1994.²⁸⁰

The Dana Jacallen Story...

One of the more creepy stories I've read appeared in a number of Alaskan newspapers not only creepy the story sketched a picture of Sasquatch behavior that was totally caring. Nevertheless, the message was clear! The story surrounds a refrigeration mechanic named Dana Jacallen of Kodiak, Alaska who related a situation that occurred in and around Wrangell and the Etolin Islands in Alaska. Dana Jacallen had several different encounters with what the Alaskan Natives call *hairy man* and in each he was impressed by their behavior that they wanted to be left alone! His fascination with the creature goes back to a cold morning in 1979 on the remote Island of Etolin, which sits west of Wrangell Island – it is beyond scary, dark, thick wilderness. He and his hunting partner had hopes of harvesting a fat deer they knew inhabited an alpine meadow at the rear of the Fjord. In Jacallen's words:

"We arrived by boat in the inlet just before dark in the late fall. My partner did not trust the anchorage or the weather so he opted to stay on the boat while I climbed up to where we knew the deer would be spending the night. I found a bench and folded myself up into a large piece of Visqueen (plastic tarp) in my sleeping bag on a small outcropping about 8 feet off a well-worn trail. The other hunter was to meet me at this spot before dawn in the morning and we knew we would bag some deer easily in the nearby meadow just after it got light enough to shoot. We had seen deer here several times before but never took advantage. Just before I went to sleep, I remembered seeing the mast light on the boat in the inlet and imagining the boom hung with our limit of deer. I awakened before dawn; it was around one o'clock my sleeping bag was jerked out from under me instantly like a magician does with the table cloth and the glass trick. I awoke the moment it happened, curled into a fetal position freezing my fanny. I laid there for a few seconds trying to figure out what happened. I figured something had either happened to the boat or my pal had somehow spotted a trove of fat deer. I sat up and pulled on my boots and looked for my partner to explain what was going on. I was still not fully awake but for fear of scaring the deer, I refrained from calling to

my friend. It had snowed almost an inch since I went to sleep and peering over the ledge I could see people tracks in the snow leading up the hill toward the meadow. I grabbed my rifle and slogged down the trail, peering at the ground in the dark and wondering how and why my somewhat elderly companion had chosen that unusual method of rousing me from the sack."

"I was stepping in the footprints in the snow - they were dark and easy to see and I was starting to think my partner had not been the one to zip my sleeping bag out from under me. Then realization struck me and I was gripped with fear. The tracks I was so carefully stepping in were not exactly human. They were the imprints of bare feet but almost twice the size of my own size ten boots. I could hear nothing except the snowflakes falling gently to the ground; every hair on my body was erect sensing the air for the obvious logical solution. This is a very carefully planned prank and all I need is to lose my control and end up hurting someone. I double-checked the safety on the rifle and determined that this joke was going to be on them. Cool as a cucumber, I walked another few steps up the hill where I would be able to see the crest."

"There was a large hemlock tree there and I decided to climb up to it and wait out the pranksters who were trying to scare me out of my wits. Checking the sky I notice that within a few minutes the clouds would reveal the full moon thereby providing me with enough light to see what was going on. I took a few more steps marveling at the perfection that these guys had achieved with the footprints. Suddenly, I knew it was no joke. I felt an unmistakable sense of warning as clearly as if someone had spoken. It wasn't logic, it wasn't fear. I stopped and looked up - and fifteen feet away, one hand on his hip, the other gripping a branch of the hemlock that was just above my head was the biggest, hairiest guy on two legs I ever want to see. Without thinking I started to thumb the safety of my rifle. He turned his head to stare at me straight in the eyes. His teeth were showing but it was not a snarl or a grin. I want to say it was a knowing smile. I knew I could place a kill shot but I also knew it would be wrong, even criminal. He was saying to me with all the power of the spirit, *"Leave me alone."* One instant he was there and the next he turned and fled silently into the woods. He was like a mist in the forest wanting to be left alone."

Jacallen said he recalled little as he ran and stumbled down the hill to the beach hollering all the way. His partner, who was waiting on the beach, insisted he made the trip down in half the usual time. After daylight, the two retraced Jacallen's steps up the hillside. The footprints he followed earlier measured 17 inches long and five or six inches wide. The impressions left in

the mossy ground convinced them the creature weighed 600 to 800 pounds. When they measured from the ground to the hemlock branch, the creature had grasped onto, they found the distance was 9.5 feet. The hairy man was 7.5 to 8 feet tall. The hairy man was equally as large but more lean. He had long silky hair. On his arm the hair was a good 6 inches long. He walked erect and he made no sound. His movement was graceful. *"I couldn't see his face too well but it seemed like his skin was leathery, his eyes were dark and intelligent."*

A short time after the encounter Jacallen said the *Wrangell Sentinel* carried a photograph taken from the air of the tracks of a two-legged creature in the deep snows of the mountain. Jacallen was raised on a homestead in the Talkeetna Mountains and has spent his share of time in the Alaskan bush. *"I've spent enough time in the woods to know the difference between when something is scaring me and I'm scaring myself. There is no question in my mind about what I saw."*

This is the part where the *Sasquatch behavior* gets interesting. Twice more during the five years he trapped for a living he became convinced the creatures were nearby and letting him know he was not welcome. A year and a half after the first incident, Jacallen set up 40 to 50 traps in a new area rich with mink sign only to come back the next day to find the traps had all been sprung. Thinking his adversary was maybe a crafty wolf; Jacallen moved some and reset the others. When he returned again the next spring, there was a stick left in one of the sprung traps, clearly not something expected of a wolf. He reset them again. Returning the third day, all his traps were gone! As he walked along the trail pondering the mystery, he found himself following in what he thought were his own tracks. But the stride was one and a half Jacallen's usual stride and they left a deep impression in the moss. It was then he realized he was being given another warning not to be in the area.

"As I launched the skiff, I heard a rattling down in the water's edge. I looked and the traps were piled by the skiff," Jacallen said. He knew the area well and knew there were no other people in the area. In spite of the signs, the area would provide a good many furs. "I pulled out of the creek and I didn't disturb any other places in that area," he said. Sometime later, in another remote spot on the island, Jacallen was in the process of putting together a cedar shake shed as a place to store his gear. He had felled a hefty cedar and was hand splitting shakes from it when his dog began acting strangely. "Henry wasn't afraid of anything, not even a wolf. Most dogs are terrified of even the smell of a wolf," he said. This time the usually unruffled dog started to whine and crawled on his belly to the skiff. He climbed into the skiff without permission; something he had been trained never to do and hunkered down under a seat. Jacallen at first dragged Henry out but the dog continued to act terrified; that

really made Jacallen think. He took a rifle and walked in a 100 foot circle. Then I stopped and I knew I wasn't alone in the woods; I got in the skiff and left." Motoring back later, he found the huge cedar tree he had been working on had been carried to the bank and dumped into the cove. Startled and without going ashore, he turned the skiff around and left. "*I didn't want to give any indication that I would go against their will.*" ²⁸¹ What an amazing story, chocked full of Sasquatch-type conduct; lots of silent messaging going on there that Jacallen didn't always catch.

Circling a tent in the dark of night...

In June of 1986 Richard Saunders, Jerry and Paul Elliott were in their tents in an area known to the locals as Sam's Old Bottom in Vernon Parish, Louisiana – as the crow flies, not far from Leesville. They were awakened to heavy footfalls walking or circling around outside their tent and described seeing an approximate 6 foot tall Bigfoot in their campsite. "*At no time did the creature make any moves toward us or to cause us any harm,*" they told me. The creature looked at them for a few brief seconds then turned and went off into the woods. What the men remembered most about the encounter was the smell; they saw little in the way of description because it was dark. At the time, I sent the report to Ken Marvel, who was a member of the TBRC, June 29, 2001 but I never heard back or what came of his investigation.²⁸²

The Mike Wooley Story

Keachi, De Soto County, Louisiana: Mike Wooley's encounter with several Bigfoot was recorded at the TBRC Bigfoot Conference in Tyler Texas in October 2010. Wooley, an avid deer hunter, said that he saw a number of Bigfoot in the woods, which made him exceedingly uncomfortable. He didn't know what they were in the beginning – in fact he kept silent for more than twenty years because of the ridicule that comes to most people who discuss Bigfoot openly.

During the deer season of 1981, Wooley went down an old logging road that went through a deer preserve and dead-ended; it was there that he set up his deer stand and here is where his story gets really interesting.

While Wooley was sitting high up in the deer stand, a doe came out of the dense brush and laid down at the foot of Wooley's deer stand actually touching the ladder that went up to the deer-stand high up in the tree. The little doe was panting, foaming at the mouth. Wooley described her appearance as having been run hard or chased through the timber by what he thought was a big buck, a bear or something.

Just then Wooley saw out of his peripheral vision about twenty yards to his right a "big-black-tall-gorilla-looking thing" duck behind a large tree; the witness thought it was looking right at him. At first Wooley thought it was someone in a suit playing a joke on him, so he yells at this thing, chewing it out, telling it that "*this ain't no joke, get out of here or I'll take your head off.*" But he got no reaction; apparently this Sasquatch didn't understand English nor did he appear to understand the tone of Wooley's threatening voice. The dark Bigfoot continued to look him up and down, more or less checking Wooley out for what seemed like a lengthy fifteen minutes. Wooley did his best to reason what this thing was and how it was able to come out of the thicket like it did as dense as the thicket was. Wooley described the Sasquatch as "*evil-eyed, an overall sinister look about it.*" It was not a look of welcome!

At that point, he lifted his rifle up and took a hard look through the rifle's scope at the face of the creature and knew instantly, "*hey, this is really something, this is the real deal and right here, I've got a problem.*" Wooley described (as so many witnesses in my data have) that when he raised his rifle, the Sasquatch growled at him! "*It was a really horrible growl – the creature's expression showed intense anger.*" Wooley described the creature as "*antsy, agitated – he got froggy on me and when he growled, and I got nervous, real nervous.*"

About that time a real shrill whistle came from about a hundred yards off in the woods. "The creature heard the whistle, turned his head and looked in the direction toward the whistler and then replied to the whistle in the same manner as the other and in the same tone. The Sasquatch looked back at Wooley and grinned (or showed his teeth) but when he did, the informant climbed down that ten foot deer stand and took off running! Wooley described the creature giving chase, "*flanking him in the woods about twenty yards off to the left.*" In his retreat back to his vehicle, the informant's said his legs felt like lead and he felt he wasn't going to make it back to his truck but he ran for all he was worth. When he got to his truck, he turned, aimed and fired a shot thinking it would buy him some time in order to get the door unlocked and get inside. The shot almost hit the Sasquatch in the head; the bullet hit a tree three feet in front of the Bigfoot's head, which he described as "*seven feet tall, 450-500 pounds, great shape, muscular build.*"

He got in the truck, started the engine and took off driving. Looking in his rear view mirror, (plain as day) here came the second Sasquatch running behind his truck. Wooley figured *the manner of the whistle was a signal* between the two that somehow meant the Bigfoot had themselves a situation and Wooley was it!! At that point, the informant realized the two Bigfoot had both been

trailing him all the way back to his vehicle; interesting behavior!

The informant went into a kind of depression after that encounter and never hunted that place again. He moved to another hunting area six or seven miles away and there he had a half-dozen sightings or more. From the height of his deer stand he observed the Sasquatch under trees, on their bellies covertly watching their quarry, patiently waiting on roosting turkeys. Then, in an instant, the Bigfoot would explode on them, successfully hunting turkeys that way. Wooley had a great deal of experience with the Sasquatch. He observed families with small babies and some adults that were up to eight feet tall. He feels that when hunting in the woods, he was trespassing in their home turf so to speak. He felt there are all manner of Bigfoot personalities, "*some harmless, some thugs.*" You never know what you're going to get and coincidentally, that is exactly what the data tends to show.

Wooley concluded his interview by saying, "*...if you encounter a Bigfoot leave quietly, don't point your weapon at them because they are awesome and can rip a person in two just as a tiger can rip your face off in one swat.*" ²⁸³

Sasquatch peering into a car...

Woody A. is a Native Alaskan. By tradition he feeds his family by hunting and fishing; he started hunting at the tender age of 5. When he's not in the woods hunting, Woody carves sacred masks for tribal ceremonies and for tourists. Only the hunting puts food on the table. The family diet consists mostly of salmon and deer meat; with winter closing in soon, Woody took his sister and went over in the forests of Prince of Wales Island hunting. They were on the island a full week when it happened. The two were going to camp on a high mountain ridge but the weather increasingly got nasty. It rained so hard they couldn't keep a fire going. They decided to drive down to Eagles Nest Campground, but it was closed for the winter. The campground is situated near Control Creek and Balls Lake, within the Tongass National Forest, which covers nearly 17 million acres in southeast Alaska and is the largest forest in the national forest system. It was a hard rain that continued mercilessly, so they pulled into the campground, tilted the seats back in the car and decided to sleep there, inside the car, for the night.

Woody tried to settle in for the night but increasingly felt that something wasn't right; he couldn't shake the feeling that they were being watched. As a hunter Woody was on high alert mode; the night he said was just too quiet; but finally the rain stopped. Suddenly he opened his eyes and couldn't believe what he saw. Fear, he said, grabbed him in the chest. The Sasquatch was

peering in the car window at him; seeing something that big and that powerful and its enormous shoulders could have reached through the window easily if it had wanted too, but it didn't. Anderson said he felt a fight or flight kind of fear race through his body. *"I am out in the woods so often that I knew instantly what I was seeing, you know? It is a life-changing experience. I sat up and hollered. It was a Bigfoot plain as day; it turned and walked back in to the tree line and was out of sight."* ²⁸⁴

There must be something about parked vehicles and campers that work on the curious side of the Sasquatch. The behavior of peering into vehicles, trailers and RV's ranks right up there in high numbers of reports probably second or third to road crossings and sightings from a distance.

Bigfoot advances on three hunters...

At the same time as the Woody Anderson story reached me, another sighting was reported on Kuiu Island not far from Prince of Wales Island in Alaska. An email came in from three men who had hunted two miles inland off Seclusion Harbor on Kuiu Island. The email was hard to figure out and it would be nearly four weeks later that I was able to reach the men by telephone. If I understood correctly, they had bagged a huge buck and were heading down this draw to field dress it and carry it out in sections; the daylight was growing dim. As they cleared away the foliage to get to the deer, they were confronted by a *"humongous Bigfoot,"* which brazenly sprang out in front of the three men blocking the last few yards to the kill. They said they didn't smell him or even anticipate an encounter of this magnitude. It so terrified the men that one of them told me he could not get his voice to work. *"I was unable to speak or articulate a full sentence; my mouth was dry, all I could muster was a long stare at this thing!"* The Bigfoot apparently made no noise other than the witnesses all said they could hear it breathing rather rapidly; its nostrils flaring with each breath, the sound of its breath was hollow and deep. Morris, the oldest of the three men raised his rifle and fired into the air. The informant said the report of the rifle so shocked the Bigfoot that it jumped backwards and fell down but righted itself immediately. Then in a flash it came forward lunging at them again, stumbling forward from a few yards away. Afraid, there was a bit of momentary chaos as they yelled back and forth at each other wondering what they should do. The men feared for their lives as the Bigfoot advanced toward the men. One of them fired but the Bigfoot showed little reaction. At the same time, hunter number two fired directly at the creature and it fell down but got up again making deep guttural groaning sounds, "...its mouth open and it was drooling blood, he said. They thought then that it was mortally wounded. The Bigfoot advanced again towards them with arms waving over its head; two men fired almost simultaneously striking the Bigfoot

in the upper body. The creature went down and with it, the peril they felt of being killed. They measured it at nearly 10 feet tall, and guessed its weight at close to 1000 pounds of pure muscle, "mostly shoulders," with reddish brown hair and a face that was so distorted that it didn't seem real to them. *"It was ghostly – the eyes were the same size as ours, tiny for the size of its big face, the hooked nose too big for the face and ruddy pocked-marked skin that was the same color as mine,"* said one of the hunters. *"His beard was long and strawberry colored with gray streaking."*

In the chaos, their only thought was the very real threat of being killed. Scared silly, the three hunters retrieved the buck and lit out of there as fast as they could. I asked each of them separately what they thought the behavior of the Bigfoot was all about. The consensus was that its behavior was most assuredly a challenge for who would win that big buck; one of them said, *"he wanted it pretty bad, but our winter would be pretty bleak without that meat."* The behavior is interesting in that I don't have another confrontation exactly like this one where the Sasquatch actually charges three men, - but it resembles the Mike Wooley case where he ran and the Sasquatch pursued him even as the vehicle left the area. I was assured that each of the three men believed they were going to die that day, *"...it was him or us."* Once again, this is not the behavior of a just-curious, passive Bigfoot.

In many hunting excursions to the woods behind Seclusion Harbor, this was the first time they encountered a Sasquatch. It is hard to decipher what the motivation might have been for the described behavior...why didn't the Sasquatch simply gather up the deer and be off with it? I can't help but wonder why he chose to block access to the deer kill when he was outnumbered three to one. Seclusion Harbor is remote; perhaps the Bigfoot was unfamiliar with hunters, rifles and the end results of challenging hunters. The sad thing is these are behaviors we may never understand. (E.C. 2003)

Bigfoot Watches Snowmobilers in Gifford Pinchot National Forest

This happened some twelve years ago, roughly 1995; the witness wasn't a researcher, just an ardent, dyed in the wool snowmobiler. The fellow's name was "Garcia," he lived in Beaverton, Oregon. He and some of his buddies were up in the Gifford Pinchot National Forest doing what snowmobilers do – playing chase, trying to ditch or lose your chasers. Garcia was way out in front of his pursuers, trying to lose them. He turned up a spur road into an untouched snow area, thinking his buddies would miss where he turned (although the

tracks of his machine were very telling) in the snow. Cliff Olson picks up the story:

"This spur only went about 200 yards into an old landing site with the road ending right at the timber's edge. Garcia's plan was to go up into the old unit, get out of site of the main road, make a big swing around through the old unit then when his buddies past. He planned to come down and get in behind them before they noticed. But it didn't work out that way. When he tore up into the unit and started to make his turn at the old landing, standing at the end of the road just outside the timberline was a large Bigfoot watching him. Garcia panicked and in his fright he flipped his snowmobile. He quickly righted his snowmobile and watched his observer who was just standing watching this scared human floundering around in new snow must have been a sight to see. When the Bigfoot had seen enough, it just turned and walked back into the timber, much to Garcia's relief. For his part, Garcia went back to the parking area, loaded up, went home and sold his outfit and moved back to California. After I heard about this from a neighbor of Garcia's, I told Peter Byrne and at Peter's request I tried to contact Garcia but he was long gone."

(Cliff Olson, Oregon City, Oregon – January 18, 2006)

Footprints in snow reveal Sasquatch

1993 Sawyers Bar, California – A Yreka man, Alan "Timer" Freeman reported some mighty strange footprints in the snow a few miles east of this remote Salmon River community, raising speculation that the legendary creature may be passing through or even taking up residence locally. Compared to the 1970's, Bigfoot reports were almost totally non-existent during the 1980s, although a man did find footprints in the mud south of Happy Camp, California back in the mid-1980s. At least two "experiences" were known to have happened to campers in the Marble Mountain Wilderness area during the summer of 1992, and last year there was an unsubstantiated sighting near Scott's Bar.

Freeman's grown son and two friends were fishing on the Salmon River around when they chanced upon some very large tracks in the snow near the North Fork of the Salmon River. Besides being large, they had five visible toes. Freeman went with a retired law enforcement friend to his mining claim and they located the prints, measured, and photographed them. Freeman said they were 17.5 inches long and took casual strides ranging from 36 to 41 inches in length. Freeman, a retired bridge construction man for the county, said the prints were definitely not those of a bear or mountain lion. Several trackers said that prints made in the snow will "grow" in certain conditions during snow melt and refreeze, but Freeman said if that was the case the character of the

toes would have been undefined, plus he wondered why someone would be barefoot in the first place in the middle of winter. He is the son of a logger and was a logger himself in younger years and had no previous evidence of "something being out there."

The summer before last a woman from Fort Jones, California was camping near a lake in the Marbles Mountains when she became "aware" of someone or something watching. She said there was a "terrible smell" about 30 feet away, but when she moved, the "smell" stayed about the same distance away. Her dogs normally chase all creatures including bears, hovered around her. ²⁸⁶

Suddenly Shaver Lake

Single reports of an observed event or single behavior don't carry much weight but observed events and behaviors reported multiple times (especially in a given area) carry greater weight. For example, random sightings continue to occur here and there in northern-most California but nowhere have so many sightings of differing descriptions been reported than in Shaver Lake, Fresno, California during 2012. It's almost as if several different tribes of Sasquatch actively live in that area.

Heavily timbered Shaver Lake is where "Bigfoot: The Unforgettable Encounter," was filmed in 1994. There have been stories and rumors of sightings in that region, but suddenly in 2012, I received no less than five unrelated reports during the summer months all within close proximity to Shaver Lake. There were multiple Sasquatch sightings of different descriptions plus night vocalizations, screaming and sounds like a baby crying loudly echoing in the night. This was also the summer that hiker Larry Conn - a Los Angeles-based attorney who worked at Polsinelli-Shughart went missing. The search for the resident of Pacific Palisades man was suspended in late November after no trace of the man was found other than his car.

The *Animal Planet* television crew for the series "Finding Bigfoot" set up a town hall meeting there in Shaver Lake during their season three episode also in 2012. The town hall meeting featured Renae Holland, Cliff Barackman, Bobo Faye and Matt MoneyMaker. Despite the use of some very novel strategies, three seasons have come and gone and the team has yet to find Bigfoot. Though lucrative, apparently it's counter-productive to hunt Bigfoot with a television crew. The most interesting part of the Finding Bigfoot series for me turned out to be the eyewitness testimonies. Some had rather compelling stories to tell but television time constraints apparently limit eyewitness time and I wanted to hear more.

From missing people to roadside sightings, mysterious Shaver Lake (formally called Musick Creek) is not without its stories and is apparently the new hotbed for Sasquatch activity including daytime glimpses and one account where the Bigfoot actually went into the lake and swam away according to the crew from California Edison, owners of the lake.

The region's name honors C. B. Shaver, founder of the Fresno Flume and Irrigation Company that built the dam that created the lake. Shaver Lake served as a mill pond for the huge Shaver Sawmill and was the source for a flume that ran to 42 miles to Clovis, California. The original town of Shaver was buried under the lake when the Thomas A. Edison Company purchased and enlarged the lake in 1919. The Shaver Lake Railroad traces its history back to 1891 and a story that came to me in January of 2013 through Bigfootencounters website. It involved forest timber being hauled-by-train down the mountainside and an account where the engineer found a black, hair-covered "*monstrous wild man*" dead in the train's forward cow-catcher at the end of the day's run in 1901. Apparently there is a long history of Sasquatch people reportedly living in the region of densely forested Shaver Lake and in summer of 2012, they were not afraid to show themselves.²⁸⁷

The gruesome killing at Calawah...

The story took place somewhere near the trestle bridge in Forks, Clallam County, Washington, no exact date; I obtained the story in early 2000.

"This was before television; as kids we only knew to play outside from dawn until dusk. People talked at night, families kept diaries in those days. My brother peeking into my diary was the worst thing that could happen to me; diaries were private thoughts. As children we had been told there was a *devil bear* in the woods that some say killed little children as it had our uncle Charlie. When I was old enough, my father told us he went to take a supply of food and other provisions to Uncle Charlie. He was working someplace on the Calawah River. It was summer of 1946 and the day was quite warm when he arrived at Uncle Charlie's campsite. My father said he called for Charlie but got no response. He scouted round the river but found no sign of Charlie. Thinking he may have gone off to hunt rabbit, he waited and spent the night in uncle Charlie's tent. He heard lots of whistles in the night and the call of the night hawk and owls. At daybreak father found tracks all around the water's edge that were strangely shoeless; it showed a scuffle and drag

marks. Uncle Charlie's stuff was strewn downstream about 100 yards. Father went to follow the tracks and found Uncle Charlie's body face down spread out like he had been dropped from a high place onto the river's bank. His body was front side down but his head was twisted around to where his face was upwards facing over his back, his dark brown eyes opened and glazed over. Father told us his neck was broken and twisted around backwards; it was, he told us, an grisly sight. He had no other marks on him. But he had been dead a day or more. The body was hoisted on Charlie's mule and carried out that way; the Sheriff was notified. One of the Quileute Indians overhearing the grim discovery turned to my father and the Sheriff saying, "*Devil-Devil*. A search party was eventually formed. Mother said all they found were tracks of the *devil-devil* that were alleged to be in the vicinity of 19 to 21 inches long by 9 inches wide" (M.S.G.)

In 2005, this note re: the Calawah killing:

Bigfootencounters webmaster,

"Hey the Calawah murder isn't a new story; we heard that story told over at Klahanie Campground, which is down on the south fork of the Calawah River. I think we heard it back in the 1980's, thank goodness it was our last night there, it made us real uneasy. We heard it much like you told it here except we heard the footprints were longer than what you got. Exaggeration? Could be, but bears don't whistle and bears don't twist necks. (J. Fahraday 2005)

New Jersey Bigfoot slaughters family pets...

Columnist Phillip Molnar wrote that the *New Jersey Herald* published sixteen articles from 1975 to 1978 regarding Bigfoot encounters. Typical of the 1970's however, was the trendy description of Bigfoot with projected red eye glow. In the back of my mind somewhere I rejected the notion that this could be a Sasquatch description because humans (which the Sasquatch is) were not capable of projecting red eye glow. It simply doesn't happen in human physical eye anatomy. I continued to focus on the human element and put aside the descriptions that don't fit human anatomy such as pointed heel plaster casts and those with conical heads, high-domed sloping foreheads, sagittal crests and those reports that mention claws.

Six of the Bigfoot articles in the *New Jersey Herald* written in 1977 concerned a woman named Barbara Sites of Wantage Township, Sussex County, New Jersey. The crux of the story was that Mrs. Sites found six of their family pets dead or dying from "fierce wounds." Three nights later, the Sites family members positioned themselves on their property armed with weapons and

eventually after a lengthy wait, the "*monster made his appearance.*" *At first all I saw were these two red eyes staring at me from over there,*" said Sites' husband, Richard, pointing over at their chicken coop. The Sites family said they shot more than 30 rounds at the creature before the creature escaped through an apple orchard. A few years later, the Sites home mysteriously burnt down and the family moved away. ²⁸⁸

Nobody knows where the Sites family went but the neighbors (the Checkur Family) still talk about the 1977 sightings. Last year Charles Checkur was going for a night run when he spotted a dark creature on the road. "*I thought, that's Big Red Eye,*" he said. As Charles Checkur prepared to strike the beast, he stopped just in time realizing it was just a horse. This is testimony to how distorted perceptions can be at night.

According to Lorraine Ash's research for the *Sussex County Daily Record*, of the 207 reports recorded in New Jersey, 107 were in the northern part of the state (mostly in Sussex and Morris Counties) and 72 in the southern part of the state (mostly Burlington and Ocean Counties). Twenty-eight were in other areas such as Jersey City and the New Jersey Turnpike. Over the years most reports have been associated with two regions. One is the Pine Barrens, 1.1 million acres of woods spanning seven counties in the southern part New Jersey. The second region comprises thousands of acres of state forest in Sussex County in the northwest corner of New Jersey along the Delaware River. Across the river, there are thousands more acres in Pennsylvania. Of those Ash wrote that the 8-foot, 400 pound Sasquatch reported by the Sites family off Wolfpit Road in Wantage killed the family rabbits with one swipe and threw their 70-pound dog twenty feet. (Lorraine Ash for the *Daily Record*) ²⁸⁹ This is not the behavior of a passive Sasquatch.

Yosemite rape case

The only forcible rape case I have on file came from a Yosemite-born Paiute woman's recollection recited in her 2007 article, "Paiute encounters with Bigfoot-like creatures." The California Sierra Paiute term for the hairy man is Pahi-zoho.

"My uncle had heard that a few of the Mono Lake Paiute girls were out gathering berries in Paiute Meadows, which is located in northern Yosemite National Park. When suddenly one of the girls who was on the edge of the meadow by the trees was heard screaming. The girls ran over there as one of the girls went to call the men. There was no trace of her. She vanished. The people believed that she was taken by a Grizzly bear or

some spirit had captured her. At the camp the family cried and was inconsolable, but the people had to go on. The next day the people started up the hill to trek along the Sierras when suddenly in rear was heard a screaming and yelling. It was the girl crying, upset and yelling nonsensical things. She was moving her hands wildly and pointing back to the wooded area.”

“She told the people that as she was picking berries along the meadow by the edge of the forest when a Big Foot or Pahi-zoho had come out from behind a tree and grabbed her. He was big, reddish and hairy; she screamed and screamed. He carried her off and she thought for sure he was going to eat her, but instead he took her into the bushes and forced himself on her.”

“She said he stunk so bad, that it was making her sick and it was extremely painful, that he didn’t talk but grunted all that time. She was too scared to look at him, but could see his reddish big hands and hairy legs and feet, that even his feet had hair on them. They didn’t look human. She said after a while he just went to sleep, but still had her in his grip in his arms. That his arms were very large and she just laid there scared and thinking that after that he was going to kill her. That he snorted and snored loudly all night long and suddenly almost in the morning he completely lost his grip and she made a quick dash. She ran like she had never run before for she feared for her life; finally she was safe with her family. Later on she started to show signs of pregnancy. The people stayed clear of her except her friends and family. Nine months later she had a son, a big red headed healthy baby boy who was very hairy. The people were scared at first and some of the men wanted to kill him, but the girl’s mother prevented them. Later, the people accepted him into the group for he was a good hunter; had uncanny natural abilities of sight and smell and was very strong. He married and his children came out more normal looking, but every now and then one of his descendants was born hairy; red hair. Many of his descendants are now scattered in many of the Paiute tribes in California and in Nevada.”²⁹⁰

Bestiality among the Sasquatch?

I wondered out loud earlier in this book about Sasquatch rules for living and if they actually live by any ethics or moral code? By the high numbers of email I received over the course of 28 years, I would think you’ve wondered too.

Humans who practice zoophilia are those humans who engage in sexual

activity with animals – it's sometimes referred to as bestiality. Sex with animals is illegal in most States of the Union; and so it came with some surprise that I read about an account of a Sasquatch engaging in such activity in Jan Klement's book, "The Creature, Personal experiences with Bigfoot," Allegany Press 1976. It is a story about a man and his ongoing experiences with a resident Sasquatch he called "Kong." In 2001, Dick Brown sent me the pertinent paragraph, which is in Chapter XI, Page 49; the third paragraph reads:

"As I approached the bottom of the hill, I could see the cows in the pasture on the other hillside. There was a commotion among the cows and when I put the water jug down and walked over, I could see Kong. He was mounted on a large Holstein cow and was shoving away. The cow would start to walk away and Kong would lift his legs and hang on with his hands cupped against the side of the cow until it would stop and then he would begin working his buttocks rapidly again. Again, I was stupidly embarrassed." ²⁹¹

This is the only "published" account I know about that references anal intercourse between a Sasquatch and bovines. Apparently they've learned that moose, elk and bears won't stand still for such behavior...no pun intended. Cows however, are sort of dumb. If there is much of this going on, I don't want to know about it; apparently the big ones have few to no rules for moral living; at least none that I've observed that mirror those of civilized man. The Sasquatch is a wild living being, emphasis on "wild." We shouldn't expect that they behave with the same principles that you and I might have. Wild is wild any old way you slice it.

Confrontational Sasquatch...

Most road encounters compromise of a vehicle and a Sasquatch in the middle of the road or crossing the road. The Sasquatch (in most reported cases) usually go on about his or her business. Some of them stop to look and then they will generally make a bee-line for a wooded area. In this next case, the Sasquatch stood his ground, taking somewhat of a confrontational stance a mere fifteen feet from the informant's vehicle. The story came to me from Margie Kay, publisher of the Un-X News Magazine in Independence, Missouri. She recorded the incident this way:

"The following is an account given to me by my ex- brother-in-law Phillip Timmons; now deceased. He told me this story in 1976 and again in 2006. I thought you might like it for your files. (Margie Kay)

"I was 19 years old at the time and driving back from some mine pits where I had met some friends for a swim. This was located several miles out in the country near Carrollton, Missouri in Carroll County. It was after dark by the time I headed back and I was driving on a narrow gravel road in the thick woods. I came around a bend in the road and saw an eight-foot tall bigfoot in the middle of the road in mid-stride. He stopped and turned to look right at me. I quickly stopped the car about 15 feet away from him. He did not seem to be afraid of me or the car lights; just curious. The creature had very broad large shoulders and a large head, with facial features similar to a human, but had long hair all over the rest of his body. The hair was a reddish brown color. The back of the head was taller than the front. He had large hands and fingers and the eyes shone in my car lights. I was very afraid and knew that I couldn't drive around him because there was no room. He just stood his ground, looking at me and would not move. I put the car in reverse and drove backwards for several miles as fast as possible until I could get on another road and go home in a different direction. That was the last time I went driving in the country alone." (Phillip Timmons)

There was also a 1971 report in Pike County, Missouri that involved two women looking for a picnic spot. They were eating lunch when they spotted a Sasquatch in a brush thicket. Apparently the creature stepped out of the brush and walked toward the two women. Unnerved, the women jumped up and made it to their Volkswagen and locked the doors. The Sasquatch "*gurgled, caressed the hood of their car and then in a clear demonstration of intelligence, attempted to open the car door.*" The woman driver was unable to start the engine because her keys were in her purse at the abandoned picnic site. She pressed on the horn causing the Sasquatch to jump and move back away from the car. After a few minutes of blowing the car horn, the witness claimed that the creature apparently understood that the horn was of no consequence and wouldn't hurt the creature. The two witnesses said the Sasquatch then went over to the picnic blanket, sniffed and then ate her sandwich and soon disappeared into the woods. After retrieving her keys, the witness, Joan Mills reported the encounters to the Missouri State Patrol. ²⁹²

In the same area of Louisiana, Missouri (Pike County) the *Chicago Sun Times* published a story on July 21, 1972 from Terri and Doris Harrison. They described a Sasquatch carrying a dog under its arm and reported it to Pike County Police Chief Shelby Ward.

Then in Pulaski, County Missouri, a Mr. Glen Payne of Sedalia heard that coon hunters had chased a "thing" that had been killing sheep and goats. It killed all dogs that pursued it. Payne then decided to chase it with his "*fearless hog dogs*" and saw the thing running from his dogs but the monster killed them in the process and overturned his jeep. ²⁹³ (Tim Olson)

The Glen Payne story occurred in 1947, so the history of aggressive behavior by hair-covered life forms goes back a long ways. Missouri is not without its reports of highly aggressive Bigfoot. In recent time, reports of the killing of ranch livestock as well as domestic animals seems to have subsided except by paranormal authors. The Missouri listings are long and most include notifying law enforcement.

Bigfoot Strolling along shoreline unconcerned...

Nick Pisac, while fishing in the Bute Inlet 115 miles north of Vancouver British Columbia said he looked out the galley window and saw a Bigfoot strolling along the shore line. Pisac and two of his crewmen, Luka Burmas and Peter Spika said they watched the Sasquatch for about a minute and a half. "*The creature was about ten feet tall and was a light gray. We waved, but it didn't wave back.*" Peter Spika's brother Frank, skipper of the *Tracy Lee*, said the mates became so excited I shoved the engine into forward instead of reverse. ²⁹⁴ (Rene Dahinden) Funny thing about some of Rene's stories, he questioned everything, ridiculed and scolded others but he never questioned the height of the male Sasquatches described to him. I distinctly recall questioning Rene about the ten-foot height described in the Spika story and all I got in return was a bit of silence and teeth clacking on his pipe. When Rene didn't question everything about a story, it was truly odd.

Odd gait description; Upper Yosemite

The last entry in this behavior section came from a nurse compadre in January of 2013 who lives in Central California. For ten seasons, her son was employed by the U.S. Forestry Service as part of a "specialty crew" that needs to remain unknown to protect his job. For that reason the names are being suppressed. In all those many seasons, the forestry employee often heard Sasquatch vocalizations and other unusual noises in and around Yosemite Valley but did not have an actual sighting until 2012. His mother told me her son's story...

"My son and the forestry crew he was working with at that time were camped 18 miles outside of Yosemite. I can't tell you their job specifically; it might put his position with the forestry in jeopardy. He

and a friend decided to go on a fishing trip to one of the many lakes above Yosemite Valley (north) on their days off. It was mid-September. He was about 14,000 feet up in elevation he said and about 20 miles out into the back country north of Yosemite. As he was walking to the lake, his friend trailed behind him about 50 yards. My son said he was up on a large rock when he heard something going through the timber off about twenty yards below where he was standing. He thought it might be a deer so he just stood there waiting for the deer to go by him and for his friend to catch up to him."

"After a bit he could see it wasn't a deer, it was someone that had a human shape moving through the brush. He thought, "WOW, there's another person way up here! That was very unusual because for all the years he had worked up there, he had never seen anyone up there or that far out of Yosemite Valley other than his own crew, mostly because it is so far back in there; no one from forestry ever gets that far out. Here, out of the brush, came a Sasquatch. My son's jaw dropped when he realized what he was seeing and in broad daylight. It was a Sasquatch! It was moving quickly through the brush and for some reason it came right out of the brush and walked out into the open for a few seconds and then it turned...walking back into the brush! The creature never looked at him and my son thought that the Bigfoot didn't know he was there. He was shocked. He told his friend to get up there quickly. His friend said, "*What's the matter you look like you just saw a ghost.*" My son replied with some degree of surprise, ... "I just saw a Squatch!"

"My son's friend (also a forestry employee) was so darn upset that he didn't get to see it he suggested that they go down to where it was and see if there are any prints. So they went and they did see some impressions in the rocky shale where it was walking and they took pictures." ²⁹⁵

What is especially interesting about the Yosemite sighting was the witness described the Sasquatch walking in a very weird way when it came in and out of the brush/tree line. There was a kind of a rotating of the shoulders and twisting body movement; it was a dark grey in color, but not black. He could not determine how tall it was. In compiling these behaviors, I was taken by the numbers of gray colored Sasquatches in the data...a surprising number.

The region between Yosemite Valley, Hetch Hetchy Dam and on up northward

through Pate Valley to Benson Lake has a long history of hairy man sightings of various kinds. In 1997, a group of campers at nearby Hetch Hetchy Dam were awakened out of a sound sleep by several Sasquatches screaming and throwing tree branches; it all but terrorized them. Rene Dahinden fielded a story that allegedly happened in a meadow above Yosemite where a hiker claimed he was hit in the back with a large rock thrown by a red bear. Rene (as usual) was hard pressed to believe the story. Today, of course, with all the rock-throwing incidents being recorded, it is quite believable.

Ken Kristian Sasquatch Stories

Sasquatch stories and encounters around the Pitt Lake area, British Columbia Canada. Pitt Lake is 25 to 30 miles up the Fraser River from Vancouver British Columbia. It is very rare in that it is one of the largest "freshwater" lakes in the world affected directly by Pacific Ocean tides.

An incident in the early 1960s that got Ken Kristian interested in the subject of Sasquatch; Kristian recalled the following occasions...

"A logging company owner by the name of Joe Manuck had a smaller show at a place on Pitt Lake called Frenchman's Bay (now known as Christian Cove on the maps). He went up the mountain about one mile or so to get at some big timber located in a very steep and rugged canyon. In the process of setting up his make-shift camp for his crew and cook, Joe Manuck decided to tow a wood frame and plywood cook/bunk house on three foot round skid logs up the valley with a D-8 Caterpillar. After Manuck logged the area and got most of the good wood out, he left the old cook/bunk house up there for family and friends to use as a hunting cabin"

"One weekend during the fall of about 1962, my friends Fred Gerak, Ron Gerak and Vince Manuck Jr. headed up to the area for some black-tail deer hunting. They reached the place late on a Friday afternoon and proceeded to give the old cabin a quick sweep to get rid of the mouse droppings, chop enough firewood to last a couple of days, cook some dinner and then hit the sack early for some much needed rest."

"Sometime during the middle of the night they were all rudely awakened by a massive crash of something hitting the outside of the cabin hard enough to dislodge the stove pipes and fill the entire cabin with black soot and choking smoke. At first light in the morning they inspected the cabin fully expecting to find a giant boulder, claw marks from a big bear or some other such sign on the outside walls but strangely found no such thing."

"I went up the following weekend on a hunting trip and had a good look around the cabin for myself. I found no broken branches on any of the small alders that had sprung up beside the cabin or anything else to indicate something with a rational explanation responsible for crashing into the cabin. Over the years I often pondered the thought of what could have possibly hit the cabin's walls "so high up" above the skid logs (on the bunk side where everyone was sleeping and probably snoring a bit) with the force required to knock the stove and its pipes completely out of commission. Not a one of us could figure this out until a later date when the stories of Sasquatch began to quietly circulate amongst the area's loggers."

"In the late 1960s, myself and a few other commercial fishermen and old hand loggers went to visit Oscar Greenland (now deceased), a long-time hand logger and permanent resident of Pitt Lake. Oscar seemed to enjoy our visits as we always brought a bottle of his favorite gin and some type of a treat for his faithful old dog. Sometime during the hour long bullshitting session, the subject of Sasquatch was injected into the noisy conversation."

"Oscar told us about a time some years back when he was heading up Pitt Lake towards home at first light on a beautiful summer morning. He went on to explain that the lake was a flat as glass and there wasn't a breath of wind. As they were heading from point to point he happened to glance towards the shoreline and noticed a rhythmic splashing about 300 yards away."

"Out of curiosity he decided to head his old Easthope-powered ex-gill-netter towards the beach in case someone was in trouble. As he got closer he noticed a downed alder or cottonwood tree laying in the water with what appeared to be a huge, dark colored, hairy man-ape jumping up and down on it - looking for all the world like it was simply playing and totally amused by the splashes it was making in the water. Oscar went on to explain that once the ape-like creature spotted him getting closer, it went up the tree faster than any man could have possibly gone and quickly disappeared into the bush."

"Old Oscar then asked us all if we thought there were any grizzly bears in the Pitt Lake country. While none of us had ever seen or heard of a grizzly bear down low in his general neck of the woods, we asked him why he enquired. Oscar said that one day he was up behind his cabin cutting shake blocks when his dog suddenly began to growl, bark and generally go crazy."

"Oscar said he stared in the direction the dog's gaze was fixed upon and saw what he thought was about an 8-foot tall grizzly standing on its hind legs partially hidden behind some alder trees. Oscar went on to say that he'd heard

plenty of bears grunt and cougars scream in his days in the bush, but had never heard such a tremendously loud roaring scream come out of any animal he knew; it had to be Sasquatch.”

“Then in the late 1960s, two friends that had been hired by Joe Manuck to clean some of the bigger rocks off a logging road (done to prevent the cat skinner's kidneys from taking a terrible pounding) reported to me that they had been followed by something big and black that stayed well hidden just out of sight but not earshot. Note: This particular logging road is roughly two miles from Frenchman's Bay and three miles from what used to be Oscar Greenland's homestead.”

“Equipped with large steel bars to pry the rocks loose, they would then roll the boulders to the edge of the road and into the bush. While taking breaks from their job, they would constantly hear something breaking branches not too far in the bush. When they moved, the thing in the bush moved. The more intent they became in listening (probably because they were scared) the more they began to hear clear footfalls. Once purposely peeking into the bush, one of them caught a glimpse of what he thought was an awfully tall black bear. Although nothing else eventful happened, they did mention that whatever was out there in the bush making noise followed them up to the top of the mountain and halfway back down again before becoming disinterested with the rock rolling road work or workers as the case may have been.”

“About 1973 or 1974, I was down by the Fraser River talking with some of my old hand-logger/commercial fishermen friends and the subject of Sasquatch happened to come up in the conversation. That was the first time I had ever heard that the Sasquatch might make some form of nest or bedding.

Bedding and droppings found...

Old Bob was a local shake splitter who had just returned that same day from a deer-hunting trip up in British Columbia's Hedley Country; famous for its short-lived gold rush days that ended in the 1950's when the vein was exhausted. He somewhat shyly explained to the group that he found a large animal bed located on a perfect vantage point with six-inches of fresh evergreen tree boughs laid carefully in the bottom. He went on to explain he had also found quite a few piles of huge human-type droppings that no man or animal he knew of could make. Apparently these droppings were located about 75-feet from the bed and concentrated in one general area. Old Bob also went on to seriously explain that the bed he'd found had plenty of darker colored hair in the bottom of it and stunk like hell.”

"Now if I remember right, about six people burst out laughing. At that old Bob became extremely angry and remarked he would take any one of us assholes (excuse the language) back up and into Hedley at that very minute and show us the bloody Sasquatch bed he'd found. Seeing that old Bob was seriously mad, the entire group said they were sorry and jokingly believed him. Sadly, nobody took Bob up on his offer. I wish to this day that I would have."

"During the fall of 1975 a friend of mine John Sheriff decided to do some deer hunting up in the Chehalis River Country. Although John didn't see any deer that day, he said he spotted something very strange. He asked me how far and I thought a black bear could walk on its hind legs? I told him that they look pretty clumsy up there on their hind feet and take short, jerky strides with their paws held in front of them somewhat curled in and pointing down. While summing up my answer, John looked puzzled and said while he sat and watched a likely looking area for deer; he now believed what he saw was a dark-brown Sasquatch quietly and smoothly slinking from tree to tree, as if it was using them for cover."

"In 1995, I had a report from a good friend Dan Gerak owner of the Pitt River Lodge about a fresh set of 17" Sasquatch tracks he found while hiking along a very remote creek in the upper Pitt River Country. Dan said that he and a couple of friends had hiked up a small creek a few miles in search of some good rainbow trout fishing. In a very remote and rugged area they came across four or five 17" Sasquatch tracks impressed into a dampened natural earth slide along the creek."

"Dan explained the tracks were farther apart than he could fully stretch his legs and so clear that he could see dermal ridge imprints in the bottom of the tracks. Interestingly, Dan also said that while flying in helicopters over the years, he noticed that the valley where he found those Sasquatch tracks, - is the only one that links up cleanly with the Harrison Lake country and has no boxed canyons or obstructions; a possible Sasquatch well-traveled route?"

"There have been a few reports from loggers and others over the years of Sasquatch sightings concentrated in this general area. Larry Pynn wrote a piece in the *Vancouver Sun* a few years back of a Sasquatch sighting by a local logger that worked out of the main camp at Alvin, British Columbia — I have a copy somewhere in my files. Also Barrie Alden's documentary-type film titled *Alden's Outdoors* went into detail on the Sasquatch and some form of giant salamander-type creature sightings in this area. Interestingly, Dan Gerak also had two recent sighting reports – from either guests of his lodge or people he

knows – of these black salamander-type reptiles seen crossing the road near *Pitt River Lodge*.”

“About 1994 or 1995 I had the opportunity to make a deer hunting trip (with my brother, a friend from work and his older brother) into the Yalakam River country, not too far from Lillooet. Looking at the map now, I believe we hunted off a logging road that ended at the headwaters of Leon Creek, in the Camel’s-foot Mountain Range. Although we didn't get any deer that particular trip, I did bring home a multiple Sasquatch sighting report.”

“On the evening of our first day hunting we went in towards the end of this logging road (called Upper Swamp Road on wooden markers along the way) and stopped in a logged off draw about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from the end of the road. When we got out of the truck in this valley, my friend Sil mentioned that his uncle had been coming up this same road the previous fall and spotted what he thought was a black bear digging roots about 60-feet from the far tree line. Looking at the spot he was pointing towards, I would say it was no more than 100-yards or so into the clearing from our vantage point. Seems his uncle stopped and readied his rifle to harvest the bear when it presented a clear shot. Quite suddenly the somewhat surprised animal suddenly realized it was being watched and quickly stood up on its two feet!”

“Sil went on to explain that his uncle literally got the shock of his life when a huge Sasquatch now loomed in front of him and with four or five giant steps hit the tree line and disappeared from sight into the timber. Apparently Sil's uncle was so shaken by what he had just seen that upon his return home he vowed to close family and friends that he'd never to go into this country again for as long as he lived.”

“Sil also told of meeting two very old hunters at this same location the previous fall that mentioned in a tailgate conversation of seeing a Sasquatch at this very spot the year before. In fact, they said they made this trip into the area with the hopes of seeing the creature again.”

“It might be interesting to note that when I went over to the general area where the Sasquatch was sighted I got a strange, uneasy feeling. The bush was so bloody thick and dark in there that you couldn't see thirty feet into it. I also remarked to Sil that this area gave me the creeps and it seemed it was a dead zone. Besides the breeze blowing through the tree tops, there wasn't a sign or a sound of another living creature to be seen or heard; very weird.”

“During the fall of 1998 I knew a party hunting the Jedney (B.C.) area off the Alaska Highway that had a half a moose ripped down off a meat rack that

was a measured a full fourteen feet *above the ground*. Upon very close inspection, these experienced hunters didn't see any grizzly or black bear sign around the area. Nor could they find anything else to indicate they knew who or what stole their moose. I checked out the meat rack myself as I was camped only about ½ mile away. Our lower hanging moose meat wasn't touched. We came to the conclusion that unless someone came forty miles into the deep and forbidden bush equipped with a big ladder, there was no way in hell a human could have taken the moose down — besides, the rope that held the meat up was snapped – not cut. That is some serious show of strength!”

“I had a phone call from Bob Morgan, a bear hunting guide, fishing guide, resort owner there at *Morgan's Landing*. Bob is a lifelong resident of beautiful Stuart Island area. Bob told me he was guiding a client on a black bear hunt along about May 28, 2010, in the Quantum River Valley located in Ramsay Arm, which is not too far south from Stuart Island. While hunting for bears Bob and the client both heard an enormous screaming roar; it resonated from the mountain above them and echo-bounced off all the mountains in the valley.”

“Bob explained to me that the screaming roar repeated three-times. He said to me that he spent his entire life in the woods as a logger, hunter and hunting guide and is totally familiar with every animal that lives there. As far as he was concerned no animal that he knew of could make a call with such tremendous volume. After hearing the screaming roar both Bob and the client looked at each other and said the call could have only been made by a Sasquatch. As fishing guides and resort owners Bob and his wife Jody spend a great deal of their time along the beaches of the Bute Inlet area and keep a camera with them at all times, so it's nice to know I now have a couple more sets of eyes and ears looking and listening in our area. Bob was the person that reported to me the Sasquatch sighting stories of the late Jack Mould a longtime prospector that lived at the head of Bute Inlet.”

“Bobbie, I think I told you about Jack Mould; he mysteriously vanished from the head of Bute Inlet and was never seen again. In any case, at his old cabin on the Southgate River, Jack told one of my neighbors, Bob Morgan up here about seeing a good size male Sasquatch on three separate occasions close to his cabin. The first time he saw the Sasquatch it was looking in at him through one of the cabin windows that was 10-feet above the ground. Jack Mould told Bob that the Sasquatch would have been at least 11-feet tall because its head was above the bottom of the window.”

“The second time he saw a buckskin colored Sasquatch. The big hairy man stepped out on a trail not 20-feet in front of him! How's that for a heart stopper? Jack said he talked softly to the Sasquatch and told him he meant

him no harm. Jack slowly unslung his rifle off his shoulder and laid it on the ground in front of the Sasquatch and the creature gave him a look like it was going to kill him.”

“The last time he saw the Sasquatch he had been following its tracks into an ice cave under a giant glacier. Strangely enough, Jack had previously mentioned that the Sasquatch left a very distinct track with one of its toes being very twisted ...crooked, malformed or broken and healed wrong.”

“A fisheries officer (family member of my neighbor Bob) doing fish counts on the Southgate and Orford Rivers also reported finding a sasquatch track with a crooked toe; the fisheries officer also saw the tall shape of a hair covered creature peering at him through a wall of small alders.”

“A helicopter pilot doing a geologist transport in the same area reported that while he was lifting off a high clearing he saw what he thought was a female Sasquatch holding a young one's hand. Both were said to have been buckskin in color not the standard color black that is usually reported by most witnesses. Buckskin is a light shade of brown as in tanned deerskin.”

“I know there is a report on your site of three herring fishermen seeing a very large grey colored Sasquatch on Freddy's Beach near the Orford River. Not sure of the exact location of that Sasquatch sighting but Freddy's Beach is a reasonably small area. In my opinion as a person that has hunted and seen most of British Columbia and a good chunk of Alaska, the Bute Inlet region is truly some of the wildest, rugged, pristine and most beautiful wilderness country remaining in British Columbia today. Hunters, anglers, guides and resort owners are a good source for these stories.²⁹⁶ (© Ken Kristian)

Ken Kristian also logged for future generations the 2001 testimony of Dr. Arthur Gosten, D.D.S., a Vancouver dentist who told a most remarkable story. It is a must read, listed in this chapter under "*Sasquatch Parenting*" and tells a story of a human baby raised wild by a Sasquatch family.

In 2013, I was told by two Canadian Sasquatch investigators that 21 people had gone missing in the Pitt Lake Region of British Columbia; they were fishermen and hikers who went into the region and were never seen again.

Pitt Lake is also the region where Randy, Barbara and Ray Brisson have collected massive amounts of Sasquatch evidence and uncovered very strange log structures, timber structures, (as opposed to stick structures) large timber cross-beams that were horizontally stacked lumber in tree crotches high up off the ground. They've also found huge moss-covered timber X-crosses shaped

like tee-pees that hid a mammoth boulder with no moss growing on it. There were also smaller stones that DID have moss on them. In other words, the egg shaped boulder had been moved there from elsewhere. It had all the ear-



marks of being a burial site under the hidden boulder. The Brisson family also found fern bedding in 2009 that contained wads of hair later analyzed as presumptive for Sasquatch in Dr. Melba Ketchum's field studies.

The Burial Stone

Photo © Randy Brisson, British Columbia, Canada.



Evidence of bark stripping...

Photo © Randy Brisson 2013

More evidence of bark stripping... © Randy Brisson



Brian Bland points out huge cross timbers brought in from other areas north of Golden Ears Provincial Park and the Pitt Lake area of British Columbia, Canada 2013

Photos © Randy Brisson



