

Message from the Editor:

It is with a heart full of gratitude that I write this 'editor's intro' to Bobbie Short's book 'The de facto Sasquatch'.

It is due only to the gracious generosity of her daughter, Reverend Kimberley Britton and her webmaster grandson, Chris Millet, that this book is now seeing the light of day. Their support and assistance from the beginning to the very end was essential in completing the task.

Thank you, Thom Powell, for introducing Bobbie and I those many years ago.. You began this rich odyssey for me and I am grateful.

Also, my heartfelt appreciation to Bobbie's 'team' who were critical in seeing this project to completion - Steve Summar, Sharon Day, Sybilla Irwin, Joe Beelart, M.K. Davis, Don Monroe and RobRoy Menzies.. Your encouragement, support and friendship has made this learning process an immense joy!

The artists brought to life the stories on these pages: RobRoy Menzies, Alex Evans and David Claerr. Thank you so much for your talent and dedication.

Bobbie and I were working closely on the completion of her book. There are some moments that take your breath away...her passing was such an event, for me and for so many others. Sasquatchery was greatly diminished that day.

It is a privilege to at last present the book she worked long and hard to complete. To uphold her tradition of the free flow of information, it is presented in installments, on her website without charge. Bobbie never allowed advertising on her site, though it was offered to her. She didn't want researchers to be distracted by such things. Nor did she charge for access to the massive amount of information she accumulated over the years.

*People within Sasquatchery **can** work together. We did so in order to pay tribute to a very special human and her decades of dedication to the North American Ancient Aboriginal People, a term coined by Bobbie and her dear friends, Steve Summar and Chris Murphy.*

Bobbie, your mission was accomplished.

- Molly Hart Lebherz

Editor's Advance Apology: I ask for a loose rein from the readers of this book for any foibles you may run across. I salute anyone who has written a book or plans to! There will, no doubt, be typos and other errors I have overlooked. Following this Premier Installment, additional chapters will be posted every two months or so. Over four hundred pages of 'Behaviors' will be posted next.

My main intent was to get this material out there. Essentially, I have put it together as originally written and cannot vouch for the validity of the information. Your own good sense, and what has been learned in the ensuing years since Bobbie wrote her book should help establish what is valid and what may be questionable.

I sincerely hope you enjoy Bobbie's book.

The de facto
SASQUATCH



Rob Roy E. Menzies

BOBBIE SHORT



For nearly thirty years, the author has tracked and chronicled newspaper articles, stories and investigated first hand reports of sightings and near-sightings of the elusive Sasquatch. Sparked by a close-up encounter of her own in 1985 she has been driven to find out what they are and why they behave the way they do. In this effort, she combines hands-on acquired knowledge with reports both from her 18-year old website, Bigfootencounters dot com and 9 old computers worth of reports never before published. Mixing the old with the new, she pared away the extraneous information to reveal only that pertaining to Sasquatch conduct and subsequent behavior patterns. DNA may tell us the genome of the Sasquatch, but it won't tell us how they live, their rules for life, their culture and health or how they manage to survive a winter in the Yukon, Northwest Territories or Alaska.

In "The de facto Sasquatch," the author put together a list of reported Sasquatch behaviors and the associations between Military Base Installations, Native American and First Nation Reservation sightings and hundreds of reported behaviors attributed to the Sasquatch in the United States and Canada. The author takes a hard look into every aspect of witness testimonies. The book includes shooting reports, both passive and attacks of aggression and puts to rest rumors about Mt. St. Helens Sasquatch bodies and false reports about Hollywood suit maker John Chambers and reports that he was involved in the making of an ape suit. Hundreds of never-before behavioral traits associated with the Sasquatch are reviewed in this newly released limited edition narrative.

The de facto SASQUATCH

BOBBIE SHORT



DEDICATION

The de facto Sasquatch
is dedicated to my children and grandchildren that they
might know what I knew someday...

Love and heartfelt thanks to Chris for his technical support
and believing in me...

Molly Hart Lebherz for her positive encouragement and editing...

M.K.Davis for his help with photos...

Peter Byrne and Peter Guttilla for their generous contributions...

Doug Hajicek, Chuck Prah, Randy and Ray Brisson, Lloyd Pye, Alex Evans,
Mary Lutz Esq., Jon Nichols, Wayne McKinney, Anne Carr, Larry Kaniut,
Diane Stocking, Cliff Olson, Doug Tarrant, John Morley, Dr. Henner Fahrenbach,
Shannon D. Baker,

In memory...

Vance Orchard

Rene Dahinden

Rich Grumley

Scott McClean

Archie Buckley

Charlie Edson

Richard Greenwell

Leo Selzer

Henry Moon

Fred Bradshaw

Foreword
by
Steve Summar

Bobbie Short...used to say "**the only subject more enigmatic than the Sasquatch peoples...is Sasquatchery**".

Sasquatchery is an encompassing term for folks interested in, or actively researching the global phenomena of the Sasquatch peoples.

The Bigfootencounters website, bridges the difference between **knowing and believing**:

Those of us who have experienced a face to face encounter or a clear unequivocal daylight sighting, which changes one's perspective from belief to knowledge in the clarity of the moment. We **know** the Sasquatch peoples, are real flesh and blood, bipedal, primal people.

Sasquatchery, includes those folks, who **believe** the Sasquatch peoples are real, spending time, blood, and treasure, validating their beliefs.

Bobbie Short's website www.bigfootencounters.com is a compendium of data, sighting reports, articles, academic papers, and folklore a splendid testament and legacy of data, free of cost or advertising. Bobbie's manuscript, "The de facto Sasquatch" was finished but un-edited, at the time of her passing. Her grandson, has maintained the website to date, in honor of her legacy. Bobbie's family agreed to the editing, and posting in a PDF format, of "The de facto Sasquatch", free of cost to the interested public, as an enduring tribute to her memory and legacy.

Bobbie Short, was a champion of governmental recognition and protection from hunting and harassment of the North American Ancient Aboriginal Peoples, they are deserving of our respect and peaceful co-existence...live and let live...

Bobbie Short, was a mother, a grandmother, a nursing professional, and superb researcher, she was a remarkable woman, I treasured our relationship, I think of her daily...Rest In Peace...Baby Doll. May God bless all who knew and loved her...Amen

Some folks in Sasquatchery are legends in their own minds...**Bobbie Short...was a legend in her own time.**

The *de facto* Sasquatch

The phrase "de facto" is Latin; the term is used to characterize something that must be accepted but is yet prohibited and denounced. I first heard the words "*de facto*" used in a videotaped interview John Bindernagel did with a Canadian television crew. So that the record is clear – I unashamedly hijacked John's terminology; the words he used, "*de facto Sasquatch*" struck me as fitting and despite our differences – I'm a strict conventionalist and John, an ape theorist, the term he used seemed apropos!

The North American Sasquatch is widely reported to be an upright walking humanoid that ranges from the southern forested Sierra Madre Range in Mexico north to the far-reaches of the Canadian Northwest Territories, the Yukon and beautiful, wild Alaska. Recorded cases come from the eastern seaboard of the United States west to the Pacific coastal waters and all states and provinces in-between. There are no existing reports from the State of Hawaii but the Hawaiian culture as a whole has a history of the giant man they call, Aikanaka as well as Little People whose height is 2½ feet to 3 feet tall. This book speaks to these life forms, those areas they inhabit and no other.

Statistics tell us that the foot size of the child Sasquatch ranges from infant/child-size of four to six inches to 9 inches cast by Roger Patterson in summer of 1967. The adult at an average height of 7 to 8 feet tall; with a few listed much taller. Most adult track imprints range from 14 inches to a staggering report of 22-inches. All manner of weight guessing goes on in research but no one really knows. Guesstimates center on an adult weight between 450 to 800 pounds. The Sasquatch has been described as having either a prolific amount of body hair or in many cases sparse to little bodily hair; the descriptive verbiage covering hair-length is endless. Both male and females have been described as bearded; though most witnesses do not notice facial features. Hair color varies, but the standard is black, auburn or dark brown with an occasional light or white Sasquatch being reported - two cases that I have with blue eyes and one green-eyed red haired, bearded adult from Arizona. My stats reflect the eyes being described as dark in color with whites of the eye obvious. The sclera of the human eye is white in contrast to an ape's eye where the pigmented sclera is dark brown to black. From east to west, south to north, the skin tones range from Caucasian to varying colors in African American coloring.

Little is known about how the Sasquatch are able to thrive in adverse conditions, yet they apparently do in some manner modern humans haven't figured out yet. They are for the most part; shy, illusive, reclusive and withdrawn. Anecdotal accounts suggest the Sasquatch prefer seclusion and isolation. They go out of their way to avoid contact with civilized man with very few exceptions. The volume of evidence comes from chance encounters. No credible evidence has ever been documented by the long term relationships claimed by habituators or other interactors with the Sasquatch. Domesticated Sasquatches are unheard of in research. Driven by what appears to be an insatiable curiosity about human activity; they often give themselves away and are seen in their natural settings gawking at us. The bulk of sighting reports state informants are startled to such a degree that they either don't remember details or don't stick around long enough to determine details; there are a few exceptions though.

DNA may tell give us their genetic makeup but it won't tell us anything about their social structure, their culture or what they consider acceptable behavior. The Sasquatch is generally regarded as passive and stand-offish, but there have been reports of aggression and outright hostility when challenged or threatened. Usually the hostility comes after a member of a Sasquatch family unit has been shot at or killed. They will apparently retaliate with brute force when provoked. There are reports of rage and resentment that no man would want unleashed in their presence. I've included those reports and also a number of accidental and deliberate shootings of the Sasquatch.

I've taken the time to pull from 3 decades worth of "*reported*" behaviors - there are very few "*known*" behaviors. For the most part, what I've attempted to do here is strip away extraneous verbiage in each case file, eliminating the personal feelings of fear from the informants thereby placing the focus only on the *described behavior* of the Sasquatch. I am fortunate enough to have acquired some really wonderful heart-warming stories and actual accounts that I investigated for myself on site. Some of the stories I've left fully intact so as not to destroy the integral flow of the narrative.

This work was not written to persuade or impress. It was not written for financial gain. It is not a scientific endeavor. I wrote it only to chronicle a limited bit of information specific to North America and report the behaviors relevant to the Sasquatch that I found or personally experienced myself.

If you believe the Sasquatch is an animal or "just an ape," or if you believe in an otherworldly Bigfoot, this book isn't for you. In thirty years, the only reports I've read about a Sasquatch with alien origins came from those who embrace that belief already in research. I've received no report through my website or newsletter suggesting the Sasquatch has special abilities generally reserved for deities or God Himself. This book covers the conventional theory that the Sasquatch are people who live wild in the forests of North America.

Bobbie Short 2012

Editor's Note: 'Cover Story' – Rob Roy Menzies was not aware of this story, nor was Bill Lee aware of the cover art being created by Rob. It was a match made by synchronicity.

Bill Lee, Kamchatka Peninsula Bigfoot fighting Grizzly

In this next story, a grizzly bear came to its end because there was another Sasquatch nearby. Bill Lee, the voice of radio for thirty-four years contributed a most unusual second-hand story a friend of his in Idaho related to him. The story involved an all-out fight between an attacking grizzly bear and a female Sasquatch that occurred on the Kamchatka Peninsula in the late 1980's. Lee made a point of reminding me that the location of this report was very near the Sakhalin Islands where the Soviets shot down a 747 civilian airliner - Korean KAL 007 in September of 1983; remember that one? The peninsula looms low between the Sea of Okhotsk and the Bering Sea; it is a desolate bit of real estate.

Lee's friend, Frank was on a trophy bear hunt with guides. The guides knew there were Bigfoot in the area but regularly hunted the bears in that region. One of the guides told Frank a tale about a big battle that occurred between a female Bigfoot, and a grizzly. The griz or brown bear apparently charged or somehow attacked the female Bigfoot and the male Bigfoot came to her aid.

Frank said the area of the confrontation was about an acre in size and it looked like two bulldozers had gone at it. The trackers refused to track the Bigfoot, but they did track down the grizzly; it was harvested. In the course of tracking that bear down on snowmobiles, the men wandered away from the snowmobiles. Upon returning, they found a snow machine had been thrown down an embankment – Lee said, *"it didn't get there by itself."* The hunter's guide skinned hundreds of bears in his time; he was surprised to see large teeth marks on the back of the bear hide once it was skinned. They deduced the male Bigfoot jumped the bear from behind and bit into its back in defense of the female Bigfoot. (Bill Lee 2011)

"History shows that often the loudest skeptics are those who know nothing about the subject in question. They have not studied it and will not do so, for the very reason that they do not believe in it. Nevertheless they are prepared to take the time to pronounce judgment on it."

...Ivan Sanderson, 1970



(Editor's Note: Bobbie was hesitant to include her own sighting in 'The de facto Sasquatch'. Unbeknownst to either of us, both RobRoy Menzies and I were encouraging her to do so. Rob had gone so far as to sketch her sighting based on her description of what she had seen. Rob's sketches are included here.

Many thanks to Chris Millet for dredging up from her computer files the first part of her sighting. And gratitude to the fine folks at 'Sasquatch Central' for allowing me to transcribe the interview they did with Bobbie. Combined, the two parts provide a good sighting report.)

Photo courtesy of Reverend Kimberley Britton, from family files. Bobbie, outdoors with friends:

The de facto Sasquatch isn't about me; it's about the Sasquatch so I don't want to spend a number of pages talking about me or my sighting. But people seemingly want to know what prompted me to devote nearly thirty years to the subject; I'll talk about that briefly.

It was a simple curiosity and a want to learn all I could about a strange being I saw while vacationing in northern California. In September 1985 I left my young children with their grandmother and went backpacking with friends. I've been asked many times where specifically – I always thought it was Humboldt County, because that is where my Dad, my Uncle Ralph, Uncle Ray, Chuck and a family friend Johnny Castien used to hunt deer and in summer fish for steelhead. The men in my family referred to the area as, "The Humboldt." I have fond memories as a little girl seeing the men each with a catch of fish or a trophy mule deer. I never took the time to retrace the route until 2006 and found it may have been the Klamath River in Del Norte County, California; but the location matters little.

We had packed three days in and had just crossed over the river. The trip was great fun; we had along with us a couple of Botanists from The Netherlands which made conversation rather animated but interesting. This was at a time in my life when I knew nothing about Bigfoot. I had not heard the name nor did I know of the film attributed to Roger Patterson. We made camp that night with the intent to reach our pick up point by Wednesday of that week. I woke up the next morning; the others on the trip were still in their respective tents sleeping in. I remember setting the coffee pot on the fire and headed off into the tree lined fern field to relieve myself. That's when it happened.

Statement of Bobbie's encounters transcribed from Sasquatch Central:

Note: Bobbie Short's involvement began with a personal experience, which inspired an extensive collection of materials she posted to her website, 'Bigfoot Encounters'

She has been well-known in the field for years, but rarely appeared at conferences and Bigfoot gatherings. This interview is a rare one, credit given to Billy Willard for getting her on his blogtalk radio show Sasquatch Watch Radio.

Bobbie: In 1985 I was a much younger nurse and dedicated and I had always been a backpacker since the age of six. We were up in Northern California and had packed in three days and had just crossed over the Smith River. That morning I got up and stoked the fire a little bit, and put the coffee on. I needed to empty my bladder so I went off into the bushes. There was this small plateau of hip deep ferns. Beautiful place, just gorgeous. The Sun was coming from my back, two columns of trees and the air was crisp. It was just a beautiful morning and I was enjoying the walk as much as relieving myself. I stood up out of the ferns to adjust my levi's and I saw movement in my right peripheral vision and I looked and I saw this image coming. I wasn't sure and I finished with my britches and looked again. I had never heard the word 'bigfoot' so you have to understand that I realized right quick that we were three days in and we hadn't seen anybody in two days really. It was deep in the bush and to see this woman coming at me with a prolific growth of hair, buck naked - it's hard to wrap your mind around this.

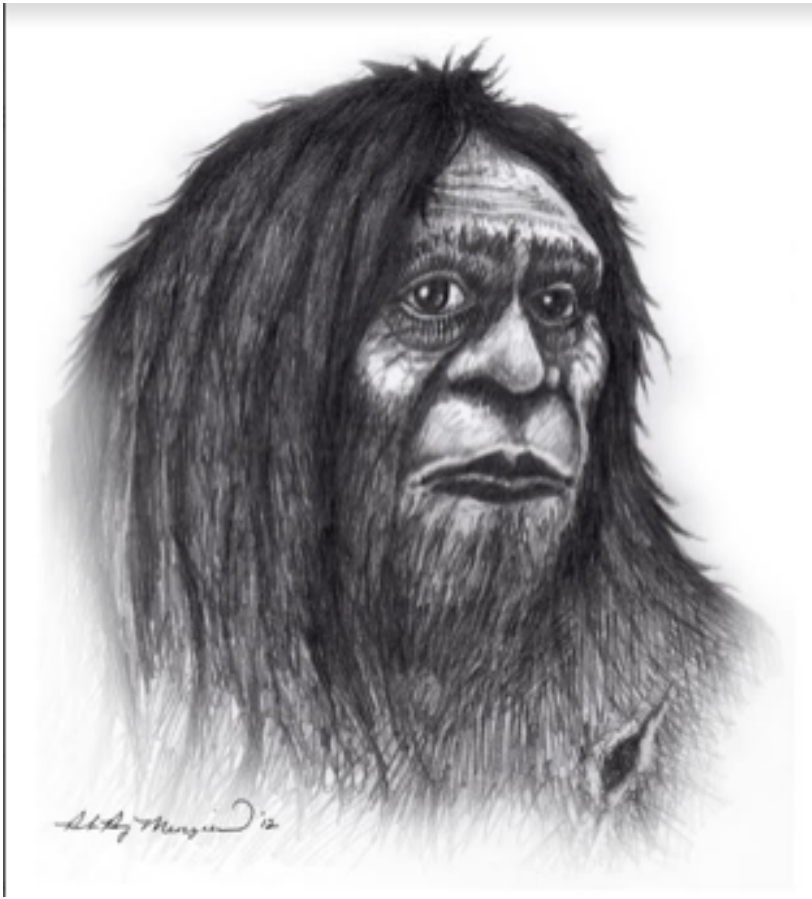
Interviewer: So it was definitely female then, you noticed that right off the bat.

B: Absolutely, she was female.

I: Did she seem aggressive or was she just kind of interested in you and what you may have been doing.

B: She wasn't the least bit interested in me. In hindsight, she was on a journey somewhere. She never broke stride. She came from my right, passed within say 10-12 (I'm not good with feet) 10-12 feet, maybe a little bit more from me. She was close enough that I could see her eyelashes. She passed off to my right in an uphill walk. She wasn't extraordinarily large in height but she was bulky. She had these enormous shoulders. Her torso was barreled. She had no waist. She did not have perky breasts. They were hanging empty, nipples up. They moved with every step she took. These were enormous strides by the way. She was going somewhere.





Where, I don't know, you know. But there she was. You end up asking yourself all kinds of things. At first I thought it was a joke that my backpackers were playing on me, which we were prone to do in those days. But nothing I saw made sense. I will say this, that nothing I saw brought to mind the word 'ape' - nothing. Not even her prolific growth of hair. It was hair but it grew about her body in places that is more like the hair on a man's chest. It wasn't fur like a bear. It wasn't fur like a chimpanzee. It was hair and there were even worn spots between her arms and the torso where her arms would rub against her body. Clearly worn away hair. She wasn't old. She was not well and that was something I wrestled with. I was so intent on her face and other features that I, you know, that got by me. But, from her general appearance she was old. She was scarred. She had an oval scar on her left shoulder. You might

think she had been lanced with something. There was no hair on it. It was just a huge scar on her left shoulder right under the clavicle.

Bobbie's second sighting:

Bobbie: It is also rather unremarkable except that one was a male and I had never seen a male before. He was a beaut. This was in Arizona, for those who keep a record. The Arizona mountains above Prescott. I've been following a rancher with acreage there and we went up there at one point on horseback. We're coming back along a canyon ridge and this rancher and his four sons were in front of me. Actually two sons in front of me and two horses behind me. The fellow in front of me said "Three o'clock" right quick and I looked across the canyon - maybe fifty yards, maybe seventy-five - I'm not good with this - but anyway, they were close enough that I recognized right away what I was looking at. They were standing side by side when I first caught sight of them. She ducked into the tree line real quick and she was very pregnant. Full term. He stayed out in the open and twiddled his fingers. We kept on going. He just stood there. Great big huge fellow. There's something to reckon with if you want to be afraid!

I: Yeah! Wouldn't want to make him mad, right?

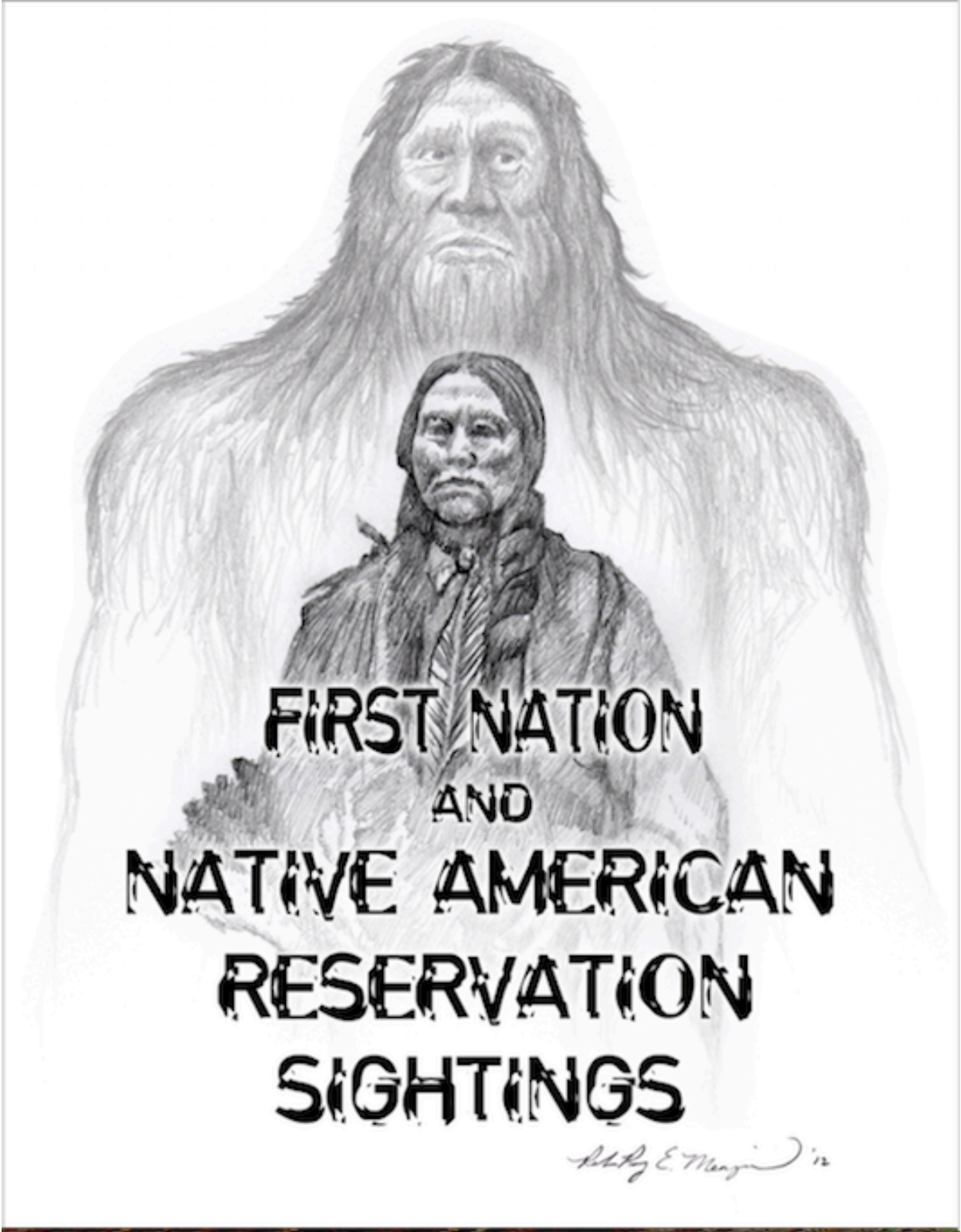
B: I don't think I want to make him mad. I don't think I would want to mess with his lady friend either.

I: (Laughter) Was he actually twiddling his thumbs or were you just saying that?

B: No, he was nervously messing with his fingers. It was hard for me to see what exactly was going on with the hands. I just know that his fingers were moving and whatever he was doing, it looked like

something nervously going on with his fingers. Maybe the fact that we were there. I don't know. It's hard to say.

Note: She had compiled some of the best reports and information in the search for this undocumented creature on her website 'Bigfoot Encounters'





Indian Reserves and the hairy man...

"Our Indian devils (O-mah and O-mah-ha) are Indians who for some reason or cause, leave the tribe and go far away into the lonely mountains and into the depths of the forest, where they live near the streams and places almost inaccessible. In their loneliness they roam through the forests and over the mountains like wild animals of prey. They forget the language of their mothers and become something like wild beasts, fleeing from the sight of human beings."

...Lucy Thompson, Che-na-wah-Weitch-ah-wah, Yurok Indian

Cite *"To the American Indian: Reminiscences of a Yurok Woman"* by Lucy Thompson (September 1991)

In some Native American and First Nation regions, the Sasquatch is part of the essential backdrop of their culture; an innate part of their very existence. Some of those who are of Indian extract still hold to the traditions their forefathers taught them. Ancient ways are still taught to today's youngsters and so it should be, so strong is the belief in the old ways.

The Sasquatch's ability to hypnotize and change forms in order to trick people tends to be a recurring theme in many Native legends. There are subtle differences in regions, but several mannerisms persist in Native philosophies. Characteristics such as the giant size of the Sasquatch seems universal; living in the mountains, nocturnal, hair-covered, whistling to communicate, stealing food, kidnapping people and/or having been killed by humans — persist in Native belief, philosophy and in their folklore.

Diane Beers, a curator for the Ocean Shores Interpretive Center (OSIC) in Washington State, said *"some Bigfoot depictions in Native American legends are consistent with what researchers have observed."* She worked at the center for years and has read many books about Sasquatch with varying accounts from eye-witnesses and reports submitted by anthropologists and other researchers. Beers apparently keeps up with published reports, especially those with photographs of alleged hair and bone samples, nesting areas and footprints of the elusive creature. The OSIC center has plaster cast copies of a footprint discovered by a Grays Harbor Sheriff in 1982 from an area at Porter Creek, about halfway between Elma and Rochester, Washington State. Since Beers began her work at the OSIC, more than thirty people have told her stories of alleged encounters of Bigfoot. Beers said the number of consistent accounts cannot be dismissed as tall tales. *"The stories are the same. There's got to be something out there if people keep seeing them."*

Cite Rachel Thomson, writer for the *Taholah, Washington Daily Word*

<http://www.bigfootencounters.com/articles/quinalt.htm>

The Quinault Legend of the Glue-Keek...

A Quinault woman by the name of Harvest Moon worked at one time as a storyteller at the Lake Quinault Lodge in the Olympic National Forest and other resorts along the coast during summers. Familiar with Native American legends, she frequently told the story of the haired

monster, "Glue-Keek."

It is a legend she learned from a Lummi elder who told her the legend had ties to the creation of the blood sucking mosquito. Of the Glue Keek he told her, "*His hairy legs were as big as tree trunks,*" she said while swaying her hips and making arm and hand gestures during one of the storytelling sessions at the Lake Quinault Lodge. "*His skin was as tough as leather and his eyes had a hypnotic glow to them. The monster started chasing women through the berry patch; his huge feet, knocked over every basket of berries, wasting them on the ground.*"

According to the legend, warriors from various tribes finally gathered together and vowing to kill the monster they set about digging a deep hole. The plan was to trick the monstrous Glue-Keek into falling into the hole where the Indians would burn him alive. Apparently it worked and as Glue-Keek began dying, he swore he would return to drink the villagers' blood. The Glue-Keek giant's ashes ascended into the air as tendrils of smoke and as they did, they were transformed into clouds of swarming blood sucking mosquitos before their eyes. The Indians became afraid. Legend-teller Moon thought some stories seemed exaggerated; but they're often based on perceptions from real life experiences among the early aboriginals.

Harvest Moon was almost sure she had an experience with a Sasquatch; it happened during the year she completed a mid-life passage. Passages are life stages every Quinault goes through — birth, teenager, mid-life and elder. Moon had to camp in the Quinault Rain forest in what is now Grays Harbor County until she felt she completed the passage. She stayed in a tent — with minimal amenities and survival gear — on and off for three years. She would often walk the trails and strip bark from trees to use for weaving baskets. One night she woke up in her tent with a paralyzing sense of fear; something was standing outside, she could feel it. "*They say Glue-Keek can hypnotize you,*" Moon said. Her fear was so great, she could neither move nor speak; her heart raced. Moon said she didn't know if it was a dream or if it really happened. Fear is a complex and highly powerful emotion. It is the cause of many distorted physical and mental perceptions. Understanding how fear works in the physical body is helpful to sort out false perceptions from real perceptions. There are cases on file of men so terrorized by the presence of a Sasquatch that they became paralyzed, unable to speak, breathe or communicate successfully. A few of those men reportedly blamed their sudden physical limitations on the Sasquatch and a perceived magical spell; they even imagine that the Sasquatch is capable of paralyzing them with such something akin to infrasound; in reality, the cause is fear.

In overlapping belief systems, a Bigfoot's ability to hypnotize and change forms in order to trick Native people is a recurring themes in many Native American and First Nation traditions. There are subtle differences in regions, but several characteristics — such as giant size, living in the mountains, nocturnal, hair-covered, whistling, stealing food, women and children and/or having been killed by humans — seem to overlap.

Cite: Rachel Thomson, formerly a writer for the *Taholah, Washington Daily*
Wordhttp://www.bigfootencounters.com/articles/quinalt.htm

The skeptical person, for the most part, disassociates from any reality that a wild man could still be living primitively alongside civilized man. Only in North America is Bigfoot viewed with a disbelieving eye and only in the United States do so many attempts at deception and out-right

fabrications and hoaxing occur.

There are many counterfeit photograph stills generated through software like Photoshop; others are done with the more technical CGI computer graphics causing the once reliable photograph to be put in question time and time again.

YouTube is full of costumed impostors, some of them quite realistic and impressive for those individuals who haven't seen the real thing. But the real thing doesn't have straight-pant-legs; such is the dead-give-away of a costume. Watch out for the rolls and tucks of a hoody in silhouette and the cuffed sleeve of a jacket. Notice the short-stride; tiny steps are man-made and not typical of the Sasquatch ambulatory propulsion. If there is no definition in an image – if you have to red circle or point out the subject; it is of no value to research or science. It isn't productive nor does it advance research when people waste time excitedly explaining dark shadows or Rorschach blob-squatches.

Luckily the complex technical work film analyst are capable of doing today is so sophisticated that all CGI and Photoshop attempts at hoaxing Sasquatch footage can be easily detected. Computer hoaxing is at an all-time high but it really fools only the research novice. It never fools those of aboriginal extract or those who have seen the Sasquatch.

The history of the Sasquatch has always been there. Believe it or not, hairy hominids were considered to be perfectly valid, former inhabitants of Europe up until the 15th century. Ivan Sanderson pointed out evidence for this in "*Things*" by listing the depiction housed in London's British Museum, appropriately called "a drollery" in Queen Mary's; (Cite: Tudor of England reigned: 1553-1558) Psalter, of the 14th century. The image in her psalter showed a very hairy wild man with perfectly human hands and feet pursued by one dog and confronted by two more. Its depiction is in the form of a hairy, upright walking man, not ape. As Sanderson points out, apes were not initially well known and certainly not representative of the Sasquatch. Bigfoot research has been appallingly misled by the ape theorists for 45 years and further embarrassed by senseless mystical or alien claims. Cite Ivan Sanderson's "*Things*" 1967 Chapter 8 pages 80-93 and definition for psalter (Queen Mary's book of Psalms; liturgy)

Fast forward to a 1784 *London Times* report of a "huge, manlike, hair-covered" creature that had been captured by Canadians at a place called Lake Of The Woods, Manitoba. Other than a hairy creature over 7-feet tall, no other details were in the news release. At the time, Native First Nation Canadians viewed these creatures as *people of another tribe*.

Religious points of view...

Some of the first newspaper accounts referred to these individuals as *fierce people* while others simply refer to them as *wild men, men of the mountains* or *our elder brothers*. It is interesting to note that all religious texts refer to elder brother Esau, born first before his twin Jacob in Genesis 25: 19-34. Others believe Cain was a Bigfoot, but Cain was neither hairy or of giant stature; Esau (Edom) was both.

Giants and hairy men can be traced in all religious texts back to Biblical times. Other early writings referred to the hair men as *feral freaks of nature, brutes, monsters*, generally classified as a *monstrous being* that is greatly feared. Once more, referring to religious texts, "...*God hath not given us the spirit of fear*" is defined in 2 Timothy 1:7; it states fear is a spirit that man can overcome. But *fear* is an abstract concept in religious writings. Fear can be an evil spirit or it can mean reverence and respect as defined by the Jewish definition, e.g., "*fear of God*," which also implies an understanding of the greatness of God. The Sasquatch is not unique to North America but is worldwide and found in most ethnicities and in all religions.

Cite <http://www.bigfootencounters.com/articles/esau.htm>

Killers of the bear?

Fast forward again; here is a brief article recorded in British newspaper, *The London Times* dated January 4, 1784:

"There is lately arrived in France from North America, a wild man, who was caught in the woods, 200 miles back from the 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 catch 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."

Cite: <http://www.bigfootencounters.com/sbs/lakeofthewoods.htm>

Legends of the Sasquatch being a killer of bears, is traceable as far back as 230 years ago in the *London Times* news clipping. It was interesting to note that the wild man was apparently easily apprehended by the local Indians. Here we are more than two centuries later; we not only cannot capture one but field men cannot produce a respectable photograph. Yet there is a clear sketch of a hairy man being pursued by dogs a full 460 years ago in Queen Mary's psalter (Her Book of Psalms) on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. Great Britain is not currently considered a land where the Sasquatch lived; but their Queen had knowledge of the hairy man.

Great numbers of Sasquatch seemingly know, perhaps instinctively, that they are safer, perhaps accepted, in the confines of Indian Reserves and those surrounding lands. Almost every so-called hotspot attributed to the Sasquatch is on land that either was or is occupied by people of aboriginal descent.

At the height of the black slavery era, the new *Boston Gazette* newspaper ran a article about a primitive looking creature sighted on the summit of North Carolina's Bald Mountain, now of course, Madison County. The account was written rather primitively during the height of slavery, dated May 17, 1793. The article spoke of an unnamed man who lived on the South Fork of the Saluda River. In this man's correspondence he describes a man-beast seen frequently in the Western Territories. Perhaps with some degree of exaggeration by journalists of the day:

"This animal is between twelve and fifteen feet high and in shape resembling a human-being except for the head, which is in equal proportion to its body and drawn in at the neck somewhat like a terrapin."

A terrapin is described in early Virginia-era Algonquin as any of a family of North American terrestrials; especially a tortoise or large land turtles. It is a strange way to describe the neck of a primate. Continuing on, the report contains one of the first references to a Sasquatch that was shot, the article reads:

"...its feet are like those of a Negro, flat and about two feet long, hairy, which is of a dark dun color; its eyes are exceedingly large and open and the hair of its head is about six inches long. It stands straight like a Negro; its nose is what is called Roman. These animals are bold, and have lately attempted to kill several persons - in such attempts some of them have been shot. Their principal resort is on the Bald Mountain, where they lay in wait for travelers - but some have been seen in this part of the country."

While primitively written, the earliest accounts described the creature the same way we find it being described in neoteric terms. Ancient aboriginals put emphasis on the great hair giants being bear-like, which made sense because the ancient Indian never saw anything akin to apes prior to the influx of the European, especially the Spanish. The ape is a description the white man used – not the North American Indian. Who knew more than the North American Indian the ways of the Sasquatch? The answer is ...nobody!

The *wild man* or *bear man* was thought originally to be related to bears probably because of the hair issue; the Indians knew nothing about primates. Some of the American Indian legends of yester year carry hidden truths; they are hard to ignore. I have learned a great deal by listening to some of their oral traditional teachings.

For example, I learned this next entry from a California Modoc man; it went this way:

"A thousand snows ago, there was a great storm over Mt. Shasta." There was they said, ...a great Spirit, who lived within the caverns of Shasta Mountain who sent his youngest daughter out to speak to the storm and tell it to stop blowing so hard. The Modoc feared the mountain might blow over. He also told his dutiful daughter not to stick her head out the top of the mountain for if she did, the wind would catch her long, red hair, and blow her away. But the young girl, having never seen the sea, was overcome with curiosity and stuck her head out of the top of the mountain to see it. As her father had warned, her long, red hair caught the mighty wind, and she was blown away. Fortunately a group of grizzly bears found the daughter of the Shasta Mountain spirit man and took her in. The grizzly bears were NOT like the modern bears we see today; they were more like humans, walking on two feet. And when the Great Spirit's daughter came of age, she married the oldest grizzly bear's son. Their children were then a combination of Modoc and grizzly man, having the

nature of both; they were the first Modocs."

I was fascinated by the description of the *grizzly man* in the Modoc legend.

It is another example of coupling between the Indian and the Sasquatch; this time by choice, not by kidnapping. The Modoc of old used the term, *Yahyahaas* to describe the hairy men of the mountains.

The Tete-de-Boule Indians

In his booklet, *Primitive Man*, the Rev. Joseph E. Guinard wrote about the "Witiko" among the Tete-de-Boule people. Apparently Witiko is an Algonquian word used primarily by the First Nation people of the upper St. Maurice River in Quebec, Canada. Witiko refers to a "*fabulous monster, a species of giant cannibalistic man.*"

The Tete-de-Boule people have three different names for the Witiko: Witiko, Ko'kotshe and Atshen and all terms translate pretty much the same in general conversation. Guinard's teaches his readers that Tete-de-Boule children upon hearing the word Ko'kotshe, tremble and keep very still. If Ko'kotshe heard them, he would come after them, steal them and possibly eat them. For that reason, the elder tribesmen spoke to their children in hushed tones. According to the Tete-de-Boule people, the Witiko are people possessed by the devil, which is an idea put upon the Indians during the influx of various religious missionaries who arrived willing to teach the indigenous Tete-de-Boule the white man's religious ways. Reverend Guinard called the Witiko, "*a fine flower of wickedness; there was no such thing as a good Witiko.*"

The Reverend also wrote that the monsters were both male and female but they never lived together as married couples. "*If by chance two Witikos encountered each other, a dreadful fight ensued and the victor devoured the loser of the muscled match.*" The interesting part of character of the Witiko was that Guinard wrote that "*summer and winter the Witiko went about naked and never suffered from the cold.*" Today, we see many such instances of tracks recorded in snow that travel over great distances.

Approximately 1881, the Rev. Guinard wrote, "*The Witiko wore no clothing. Summer and winter he went naked and never suffered cold. His skin was black like the skin of a Negro, and he was seen rubbing himself against fir, spruce and other resinous trees. After he was covered with gum or resin, Witiko would roll around in the sand. After several applications of gum and sand, the Witiko looked like a man made of stone.*"

This may have been the origins of the terminology "stone giants," by the white man as he passed through Indian territories. This strange behavior by the Witiko is repeated in many other Native teachings. Quoting Guinard:

"The Witiko had no lips. His mouth was frightful and menacing. His breath passed through his enormous, crooked teeth with a sinister hissing. The Witiko's eyes were big and rolled in blood."

As I read through Reverend Guinard's work, I came away with the impression that he was more afraid of the Witiko than the Indians were. It was apparent in his work.

Primitive Man: Witiko among the Tete-de-Boule, Rev. Joseph E. Guinard, O.M.I. Vol. 3 No.3/4 (July-October 1930)pp

Yakama Legend...

Time after time cultural legends from First Nation and Native Americans refer to three groups of people living on the earth; the big people (Giants), the little people (Sprites) and the indigenous Indians. Isn't it interesting that the little people have essentially escaped the critical eye of research? Little is written, little is known about the mischievous ones that live in the mountains. There were several entries in the journals of men who were along on the Lewis and Clark Expedition of the early 1800's about tiny people.

According to a 2006 interview with Mel Skahan, a Yakama Native American:

"There is a Yakama legend that says that there were three groups of people living on the earth. They were the big people, the little people, and the Yakama. They all live together off the land and followed the traditional ways. Along came the early settlers and they started to show the Yakama their tools and the Yakama started to follow them. The big people and the little people saw what was happening and they went up into the mountains they wanted nothing to do with the new ways. The Yakama weren't allowed to go with them because they were following the white men and using their tools." (Mel Skahan)

Washington's Yakama/Klickitat Indian terminology for the Sasquatch-like life form is called Qah-lin-me, Quah lin me, or Qah-limah in the old language.

Research should not ignore the clues to Sasquatch culture documented in hand-written entries by Native Aboriginals and early explorers.

The work of John W. Burns notes that the Sasquatch lived in caves; the Serephine Long story even told us they use fire and lived underground. In his exhaustive work with the Hoopa Indians of northern California, Dave Paulides wrote about Lucy Thompson. She was a high ranking Yurok woman who stated her people were held captive underground by the giant, hair-covered Oh Mah; yes, underground! Thompson mentioned more than once the use of fire. These subtle clues have been passed over by those in general research, especially those researchers who have been chasing bipedal apes; I've never quite understood that viewpoint.

It would make sense that if the Sasquatch interacted, even took as wives or intermarried with the First Nation and Native Americans of that time, that coupling or those relationships probably required use fire, which was readily available. Indian women used it to bake with and make medicinal herb teas, all requiring fire. Fire was also used to light shelters and provide warmth.

The Chinook

The Chinook of Washington State have an interesting term they once used to describe the Sasquatch. Some may still make use of it; At'at'ahila, the Chinook meaning 'the *man in the woods*.' The Indians always referred to the Sasquatch by any other name, as "man!" There are no references to the Chinook ever referring to the Sasquatch as "*animal in the woods*." Of course the indigenous people didn't know about apes, North American had no fossil record of apes to refer too. But there were bears and some tribes, including the ancient Chinook did call them '*bear men*;' a few of the elders still do.

The Chinook, relatives to the Clatsop tribe lived in the Pacific Northwest along the banks of the Columbia River to the Pacific Coastal waters, where these aboriginals in the ancient age were characterized by flat foreheads and molded shaped craniums that came about through head-shaping in infancy.

It was unique to that tribe that I know about.

Alternatively, the term Cy-at-kwu is a term used by the Coastal Salish Chinook; indicating a *trickster* or *hairy man that whistles in the woods*. The Chinook say the cy-at-kwu or cyatkwu is nocturnal, signal whistles, steals food, women, children, salmon and drying bear meat.

Some witnesses claim cyatkwu has special powers to render the fear filled Indian man unconscious. Simple logic tells us that fainting is not caused by any special power of the Sasquatch. There are a number of medical reasons for fainting; high on the list is *panic* and/or *anxiety attacks*. But when men don't understand basic fear, they often chose to think the unimaginable, the dramatic or something that fits a bias.

The ancient Chinook were a short people; the overwhelming appearance of the Sasquatch size is reason enough to faint or fall into a helpless stupor. Feigning a fainting spell on the ground was another way the Chinook used to fend off grizzlies sows with cubs. Rendering one's self unconscious by withholding air to the lungs was a trick that caused a bear to become disinterested in the perceived threat. Rich berry patches often became war zones between bears, Indians and Cyatkwu.

Of the Chinook 200 years ago, Captain William Clark wrote in 1805 of the Indians attire; their manner of daily dress. Clark penned: "...*all go litely [sic] dressed and ware [sic] nothing below the waist in the coldest weather, a piece of fur around their bodies and a short robe composes the sum total of their dress, except a few hats, and beads about their necks arms and legs.*

"The Chinook," Clark wrote, "...*are friends to hair-covered giants that live in the foothills and higher peaks which we have not seen with our own eyes; occasionally trading goods for goods, mostly fish for fruit from the high country and skins.*" (Dr. Wayne Suttles)

Cite Dr. Wayne Suttles (1918–2005) was an American anthropologist and Indian tongue linguist. He was the leading authority on the ethnology and linguistics of the Coast Salish people of the Northwest Coast of North America and author of (1987) *Coast Salish Essays*. Vancouver: Talonbooks; Seattle: University of Washington.

Surviving...

The wearing apparel of the early day aboriginals is important to note when the question of the survival in winter is pondered. Author Emory Strong, writing about Stone Age wearing apparel in his 1969 book, "Stone Age in the Great Basin," penned this interesting excerpt:

"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."

Then Strong cites the writings of Thomas J. Farnham and his references to

(cite) <http://www.heritage-history.com/www/heritage-books.php?Dir=books&author=grinnell&book=pathfinders&story=farnham1>
the inhabitants of the Great Basin:

"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." (Steward, 1938 and Strong 1969)

Cite: (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 of reasonable accounts." (Citation: "Stone Age in the Great Basin" Emory Strong 1969)

Capt. Thomas Jefferson Farnham (1804–1848) 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, and he later led a wagon train on the Oregon Trail. Captain Farnham and the Oregon Dragoons traveled the Oregon Trail and arrived at Fort Vancouver along the Columbia River with only 5 people of the 19 that began the journey.

It is hard to know if Steward and Strong were referring to Indians or the Sasquatch because he calls them *creatures* and describes them as being *without clothing*. Whoever the desert dwellers were, it's clear they were never prepared for winter. That they would bury themselves in heated caves only to starve to death in winter seems an unreasonable tradition. It's hard to imagine a culture that backward or that ill-prepared.

Take for example a winter in the State of Washington. The indigenous people, without exception, needed to prepare for winter. We know they smoked and dried meat and fish, dried berries and preserved root vegetables and nuts. I cannot imagine the modern Sasquatch not having a

supply of cached food.

For centuries, stories of war, fear and intimidation between the spirit giant and the Indian were passed down generation after generation among Native people in their oral history teachings. Eventually fear turned to respect and finally peace among the tribes was accomplished. Some of the older accounts reveal that it came at a price for both Indians and the Sasquatch people.

Timber crosses, cached foot...

There is old school thinking among the First Nation elders when it comes to those "spirit beings" of the mountains. *"They are a wild people who keep to the old ways that we had before time was noticed..."* Northern Cheyenne Elder Otis Frank (1916-1976) was heard to say in a circle of listeners eager to learn.

"We must learn to co-exist with them and share our meager rations in winter with them, or they will starve to death. They will come in the night," he continued, *"looking for hand-outs, drying fish and salted bear meat if we do not store it properly."* Then after a pause, he said, *"we know they are in the camp; they whistle to communicate, sometimes they growl like the bear, sometimes they imitate the coyote, the blue jay and the wild dog but we know each of them by their voice. The children must learn, when hunting in the mountains, to be careful not to step onto their land, they mark it well with a timber cross and stick directional-finders that tell the wrong path; our children must learn these signs. The Spirit Beings are great hunters but their cache becomes meager in winter and that is when we see them the most, beginning with the first frost. Well into winter months, their children become scrawny and the women gaunt. We no longer trade with them, we leave gifts of fat & seed instead and they leave small tokens of appreciation for us. This understanding has not changed in many generations."* (Aeron Paul Wilson, 1996)

Noting the changes in our time, it's truly a marvel looking back at old diaries where numerous white black bears grazing in meadows were written about in the Rockies and grizzlies were in great numbers in California's Sierras, as far south as Warner Springs in what is now San Diego County, Southern California. California's Fish & Game officials claim the State no longer has resident grizzlies; it is testimony to how times have changed, yet the grizzly's likeness still flies proudly on the State of California's flag.

It is no secret that many of our First Nation and Native American people in North America have a deep history of hairy man sightings, vocalizations and personal stories. The 1804 Lewis and Clark Expedition diaries mention encountering Native aboriginals who were *"sore-afraid of the*

bear men."

While some tribes prefer not to talk about the giants of old, others share freely their historic oral history teachings about hair-covered giants.

Referencing Oregon's Mt. Hood, author Ella E. Clark, in her 1988 book "Indian Legends of the Pacific Northwest," wrote about the highest peaks that rise from the Cascade Range southeast of Portland, Oregon and the evil giant *Seatco* who rained down rocks from a major volcanic eruption.

Clark wrote about the dreaded giant, *Seatco* and those who feared him; the Klickitat, Puyallup and Yakama Indians of the Pacific Northwest:

"In those days the Indians were taller than they are now. They were as tall as the pine and fir trees that covered the hills and their Chief was such a giant that his warriors could walk under his outstretched arms. He was the bravest and the strongest of his tribe."

This is the only reference I've been able to locate that suggests Native Americans or some of the ancient aboriginals at least, were at one time purported to be *giants*. I don't know about you, but for me, it was a sobering moment; an interesting story at very least. If true, it explains much of the interaction between early Indian aboriginals and giants in some parts of North America. It places new light on what probably was an actuality at one time in our history. While little is written, North America *does* have a fossil record of giants but I haven't been able to establish whether or not any of them were hirsute; the data just does not exist.

Continuing on, author Ella Clark also relates an interesting Indian legend, oft repeated with little variation. For the value of learning more about Native American giants, Clarke cites Eugene Semple, as the first to chronicle this legend; Semple was Governor of Washington Territories in the 1880's. Then on November 11, 1889 the Washington Territories joined the United States, a year after Semple recorded the "Valley of the Peace" legend.

"In the days long gone by, the Indians (the Quinault, Chehalis and the Cowlitz & many others) had a sacred place in the heart of the Olympic Mountains. It was a valley wide and level, with peaks high on every side. The base of the mountains was covered with cedar, fir and pine, which stayed green throughout the year. A small stream murmured through the valley and flowers of many kinds grow on its banks and spread through the meadows. It was a place of peace, for it was held sacred by all the neighboring tribes. Once every year, all the Indian Nations, even those that at other times made war upon each other, gathered in the "Valley of Peace." Coming from all directions, they climbed the trails to the summits of the mountains and gazed upon the beautiful valley below them."

"They put away their weapons of war, went down into the valley and greeted their former enemies with signs of peace. There they traded with each other and enjoyed games and contests of strength and skill. These friendly gatherings were held for many years in the "Valley of Peace."

But "Seatco, Chief of the Evil Spirits," became angry with the people who gathered there. Seatco was a giant who could trample whole tribes under his feet. He was taller than the tallest fir trees. His voice was louder than the roar of the ocean and his face was more terrible to look upon than the face of the fiercest wild beast. He could travel by land, in the water and in the air. He was so strong that he could tear up a whole forest by the roots and heap rocks into mountains; by just blowing his breath, he could change the course of rivers. This demon became angry without reason at all the nations that gathered in the "Valley of Peace." One year when they were there for trading and for contests of peace, Seatco came along with them. He caused the earth and water to swallow the people. Not many Indians escaped. A few rushed away in time to save themselves from the anger of Seatco. They returned to their villages to warn their people to stay away from the valley. The Indians never went there again..."^b

The Valley of Peace story gives us insight into the thinking of the earliest aboriginals to this land; their philosophies and accepted wisdoms. I came away from this legend thinking they considered *Seatco* responsible for what appears to be the description of a volcanic eruption and an earthquake.

I don't know what else could change the course of rivers and heap rocks as portrayed in this legend. However we view the story, it sounds too powerful a might to have been caused in toto by a hair-covered human figure of a man. Yet, great was the fear the Indians felt in the presence of these giants that reason and comprehension were lost.

Scott McClean did a fantastic job of collecting very old news articles from National Archives that speak to the issue of giant wild men as far back as the 1600's. Research is blessed with Native American and early settler history for anyone seeking answers. Beyond that resource, every sacred book in all religious teachings cite the birth of a hair-covered fraternal twin 'Esau' born to Jewish parents in Biblical times; he was not only hair-covered but a giant red man of the field whereas his fraternal brother, Jacob was a smooth-skinned man.^{1a}

The unexpected appearance of a Sasquatch is interpreted differently, depending on particular customs and tradition. Ralph Gray Wolf, an Athabaskan Native American from the State of Alaska told BBC reporters the summer of 2005,

"In our way of beliefs, the Sasquatch makes his appearances in troubled times to help troubled Indian communities get more in tune with Mother Earth. Bigfoot brings signs or messages that there is a need for change, a need to cleanse."¹

Ray Owen, son of a Dakota spiritual leader from Prairie Island Reservation in Minnesota told a reporter working at *The Red Wing Republican Eagle* newspaper:

*"The Big Man comes from God. He's our big brother; his kind looks out for us. Two years ago, we were going downhill in a self-destructive way. We needed a sign to put us back on track; that is when the Big Man appeared."*²

Joe Flying By, a Hunkpapa Lakota told author-writer Peter Mathieson,

*"I think the Big Man is a kind of husband of Unk-ksa, (Mother Earth) who is wise in the ways of anything with its own natural wisdom...I also think he can change into a coyote."*³

All Nations hold animals sacred, but in many traditions the white buffalo is the most sacred. Native Americans are heartened by the appearance of a white buffalo calf. The Lakota believe the appearance of a white buffalo is a sign that prayers are being heard. The Sasquatch however, are a bit different in that traditionally they are regarded as human relatives, our brothers; *"...they are the people who dwell in the highest places of the mountains; keepers of the mountains."*⁴

My backpacking friends and I had the good fortune of hiring Henry Moon more than once; he was a professional guide back in the 1980's. He was of Modoc & California Paiute extraction that he laughingly said "...and who knows what else in my blood, maybe *yah-yahaas?*"^{4a}

He knew the high places of the Siskiyous better than anyone living at the time I knew him. He was the first person to introduce me to the remote regions of the Marble Mountains of Northern California; a perilous expanse of mountains that are as beautiful to behold as they are treacherous.

Moon was an exceptionally colorful man; one of a kind. When Henry wasn't on a guide trip he usually drank Old Crow until he passed out. He was occasionally found sleeping behind dumpsters where tavern owners left him to sleep it off. Almost everyone knew who Moon was and where to find him when he wasn't guiding bear hunters for profit or a meal ticket; his talent didn't come cheap! When sober, he was extraordinarily interesting and a kindly soul; I couldn't help but like him.

Moon once told us, *"Bigfoot cannot be trusted; they are opportunists who steal whatever they can; they do not understand shame and they think everything should be shared."* If true, it probably explains why we have reports of them Big Ones running off with a hunter's kill. It may occasionally explain missing persons. Henry continued...

"In ancient times my mother's mother and her people traded with their kind, but no more. The stealing caused terrible hostilities between us for too many years in the past. It is well that we now respect the territory of the yah-yahaas^{4a} and leave them alone; in return they do not steal from us anymore, they watch and observe us! We don't see them very often, their men have become few; and those few left are

scattered into small family groups; they have become wild in their natural habits; their people live like the bear in summer and in caves in the cold months."

"The Marble Mountain region is vastly undermined with honeycomb tunnels that are fed with warm winds and running water that feeds through there all year round. In the Marbles there are rock-strewn fields where secret boulders are moved over these tunnels and tubes. Some of the tunnels are so big, the hair people can stand up in them; this is where they hold their dances and celebrations. When I was young and stupid, I went in one of them to the central room where ceremonies are held. Great was my fear that a boulder would block the entrance and then I ran out of there and now I won't go in there ever again. It is the secret tunnels of the people with big feet and hairy shoulders; it was lucky I was not discovered. There is an odor in the tunnels and you can hear the Great Spirit whispering to the wind. There are honeycomb passageways under Mt. Shasta and Lassen; my grandmother told me as a boy never to go inside the black tunnels of Shasta for an evil spell hangs over that mountain." ⁴

"It is the story told in his language by my boyhood friend Tussah's great grandfather. In the last of the 1700's there was great lightning and smoke that shot out of Mt. Shasta; it was a cleansing of the evil spirits that lived inside. Many died, but many left when the passageways in the center of the mountain became hot burning their feet. The caverns inside became filled with smoke and the ground shook for weeks as a warning sign. Before the mountain exploded, the giants took up their young and left, some went to Lassen and joined the peaceable ones and some went to the coast where the air was clean and the mountains did not shake. Then the thunder came, the mountain smoked and fire sprayed from its bowels. Boiling rock came out like arrows. Many of the yah-yahaas died in the fire; my people were witness to these things."

At no time did Moon ever suggest that the Sasquatch people were to be feared and if he had any apprehension, it was never obvious; he was more matter of fact. In my early day naïveté, I did ask Moon on more than one occasion if he thought the hairy man kidnapped women or meant the white man harm? My questions, to my embarrassment made him laugh. He always answered saying they were mortal, unarmed, and stupid; they could easily be over-taken by any armed man. His ancestors readily overtook them and killed many of them for stealing; *"thievery is not understood by the yah-yahaas."*

The main reason Moon carried that rifle was for of bears. That was when Moon declared that there was a sort of hybrid bear, a "sport" resulting from the breeding of black bears with the more northern grizzly/browns. The "sports" occasionally show up in the Marbles that wandered in from the Oregon Siskiyou range years ago and though some are smaller, they are very aggressive and will attack unprovoked. Moon told us, *"Joe Ord had one stalk him in the Salmon Mountain range one fall, 1981 it was. He finally circled around on the bear and shot him; he was able to verify it was black and had a hump shoulder. He took snapshots of it, but the authorities wouldn't believe the photos were taken in California."* If Moon feared anything, it was that particular hybrid bear and they are growing in numbers in the Marble Mountains of northern California and probably in nearby regions. The bear will attack for no reason. He told me they kill game for the sport of the hunt and leave the body on the ground without eating it; unusual for a bear.

Moon carried a rifle with him at all times when he took us into the wilderness and one time he repeated a story told to him by the crew working for the Little Twig Logging Company there in Willow Creek at the time. The story was about a Sasquatch family taken down in a "turkey-

shoot" in the late 1960's saying:

"...if anyone should be fearful, it's the yah-yahaas of the whites," Moon said slamming his fist down hard on the table! "Some wild-ass yokels from out of State and an acquaintance from over in Redding chased down a tribe of the yah-yahaas up in mountains above Notice Creek; the Yuroks said it a "turkey shoot" all right! But I think one of the yah-yahaas got away, or maybe they got that one too, I don't rightly recall anymore, long time ago." (Henry Moon)

Anecdotal evidence...

There exists a notion by skeptics that anecdotal references in the manner of stories and individual testimonies are unacceptable in Bigfoot research. Stories such as the ones in this book are considered subjective, unreliable and sometimes prejudiced information. But report reliability depends solely on the interpretive skills of the examiner.

Short of requiring affidavits and polygraph testing of all informants, truth in any statement is difficult to determine even by the best in the field. There exists no individual in this research who hasn't been duped by a Bigfoot sighting informant...without exception, we've all been fooled at one time or another – some will admit it, others won't.

The kicker is, without the testimonies, without the acknowledgment and acceptance of anecdotal evidence – general research has nothing that reveals Sasquatch behavior! Without the stories, without the testimony, there would be no research. There would be no clues; no statistical data to draw from.

DNA may tell us their genome, their ancestry and genetic lineage, but it won't tell us anything about their culture, their traditions or what they consider acceptable behavior. I often wonder how they view us; what are we to them? Will we ever know?

Along that line of thought, there is nothing as helpful to research, in my opinion, as the Native American and First Nation's oral history. Without Aboriginal opinion, their folklore, legends and their remembrances of the past, there is no trace history to pull from and it is with that in mind that the documentations I have included here may be helpful to future generations long after I'm gone.

DNA may decipher what the Sasquatch people are to some extent, but DNA will never tell us how they live, how they manage to survive along side civilized man. DNA won't examine why they live like they do and it won't tell us anything about their language, if it exists - and I believe that language does exist on some rudimentary level. All we have to draw from are clues from the shared data, which is why witness declarations must be considered. At the very least, anecdotal evidence is a point at which to begin sorting through ape verses human clues; the conventional verses creepy supernatural theories.

Mainland Halkomelem: Upper Stalo

The Halkomelem-speaking people of the Lower Fraser Valley in British Columbia, Canada sometimes call themselves collectively *Stalo* ("river") people. Author Wilson Duff used the term *Upper Stalo* for the people from Chilliwack upstream with whom he worked in 1949 and 1950. He gives (1952:118-119) informants' descriptions and accounts as like two man-like creatures. Duff recorded the Sasquatch native term as *sésxač* and the cannibal woman terminology as *øúxia*; no pronunciation given.

Cite: Wilson Duff - "The Upper Stalo Indians of the Fraser Valley, British Columbia" 1952

"Sasquatches," Duff reports, are usually seen singly. They are described as men, covered with dark hair, more than 8 feet tall, who leave footprints about 20 inches long." Duff cites two experiences with the Sasquatch.

The stolen woman learned the language...

In the first account a "typical" older account given by Adeline Lorenzetto of Ohamil Indian Reservation, in British Columbia said the Sasquatches caused a person it touched to become unconscious so great was her fear; they stole women and kept them as wives producing many half-Indian, half Sasquatch children. Some were haired, some not. They stole food from people for their women and their children. They have a language, which the stolen woman learned. When a woman escaped and re-entered human society, she became unconscious again "*because she had been with the sasquatches and wasn't like a person anymore.*" The captive wife-woman forgot her native language and hair began to grow all over her body, but Indian doctors worked on her and she became normal again. Many years later the Sasquatches returned, but she could no longer communicate with them. The woman asked hunters not to shoot them because they might be her relatives. (Wilson Duff, 1952)

In the second account cited by Duff, a Sasquatch murdered a group of women from the Ohamil Indian Reserve but left their children unhurt. In recent accounts, Duff said, a person who usually sees the Sasquatch on a moonlit night should run from the Sasquatch; he will be followed but not over taken. In another case given, the man escaped by shooting the Sasquatch dead.

Interesting, the Kwakiutl Indians in British Columbia also believed that there were giants in the forest that ate Indian women who strayed too far into the forest. No wonder the hair-giants were greatly feared.

In another account, which is a brief version of the famous Ruby Creek incident, the Sasquatch breaks into a house to steal dried fish. Esse Tyfting described what he and police officer Joe Dunn discovered about the 1941 Ruby Creek incident. The Sasquatch had merely stepped over a four foot high Canadian Pacific Railroad fence and continued on over the railroad and into the mountain on the other side. Jeannie Chapman and her children were terrified when the daughter, little Rosie, reported that a "big cow" was coming out of the forest. Mrs. Chapman saw the Sasquatch herself. It was an 8 to 10 foot tall hairy creature with a human face. The Sasquatch broke into a heavy barrel of smoked salmon and threw some about. When Dunn and Tyfting arrived, they were able to follow the tracks of the Sasquatch from the cabin to the creek

where it must have washed off some of the salt from its mouth. It then went back through the garden, crossed the Canadian Pacific Railroad fence by easily stepping over it. It then went across the railroad tracks and straight up the mountain, where, of course, Tyfting and Dunn could no longer follow. This thing must have been huge. Dunn was flabbergasted by its footprint. It was narrow at the heel and wide at the toes. He traced it, certain that it showed 5 toes. Esse Tyfting would say five toes as well. Stealing fish is mentioned in a number of accounts by Coastal Indians ranging from Alaska to California.

Cite: http://www.bermuda-triangle.org/html/ruby_creek_incident.html

"The cannibal woman, *øúxia* was described as a short, stout woman, who caught children, gummed their eyes shut with tree pitch, carried them off in a basket, cooked and ate them. She lived in a cave above Yale, British Columbia, which was blasted away when the railroad was built and the white people may have captured her; at any rate a picture appeared in the paper that looked like her. *øúxia*." (Wilson Duff) Cite: Wilson Duff - "The Upper Stalo Indians of the Fraser Valley, British Columbia" 1952

The Tanaina, the Ahtna and the Ingalik

To the Tanaina Indians in the vicinity to the north and south of Wasilla, Alaska the Raven is a type of creator god not only to them but to include other Alaskan Athabascans. The Raven is revered and a benevolent figure that helps shape their world. At the same time the Raven is a trickster character in many Tanaina stories that tell of the trouble the Raven can get into. The term, "*Qaxdascidi*" however, describes (in their original language) a malevolent entity that is hair-covered, tall and hides in the bush where it makes strange sounds. The *Qaxdascidi* is "the watcher." (Nea Running Dog 1996)

Pine Ridge Oglala Sioux

Among those reporting encounters with the quiet ones are the Oglala Sioux of the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota. The reservation encompasses the entirety of Shannon County, the southern half of Jackson County and the northwest portion of Bennett County an area larger than the States of Delaware and Rhode Island combined.

Much has been written about the existence of the quiet man in the grassy plains region. We would have no knowledge of it without the helpful co-operation of the indigenous people who live along side the Bigfoot on those prairie reserves.

On August first of 2006, it was widely reported that a hairy man had been shot to death near Slim Butte and the body was being studied somewhere on campus at South Dakota School of Mines and Technology (SDSM&T); an engineering and science university in Rapid City, South Dakota. It may be that the editor published this report on April fool's day to absolve himself of any ridicule the incident might bring; skeptical editors can be thinned skinned. Of serious note, the report stated the body was supposedly seen and given a smudging ceremony^{4b} by three Lakota elders including Wilmer Mesteth and Oliver Red Cloud. Mesteth loudly exclaimed by phone that it was, "...a bunch of baloney."⁵

But was it baloney? On August 17, 2006 the tribe's Chief of Police Twiss wrote this report in part:

My name is James Twiss. I am a police officer on the Pine Ridge Reservation. I am passing on information regarding the rash of sightings of a *Tall Man* or *Bigfoot* on the Pine Ridge reservation. During one of these sightings, I had our department's thermal imaging camera and along with about six other officers, did in fact pick up a large heat signature on the camera. Unfortunately, we don't have a recorder yet for the camera so we weren't able to record it. We did watch as it moved away from us down a gully and it was missed by the other officers as they tried to find it using their flashlights. It is hard to explain as it must have already been past the officers before they arrived on scene. We watched it go into the creek area which runs through town. We heard a flurry of dogs barking but weren't able to locate it.

Also to set the record straight, the first two sightings that were called in reported a tall man, 10 to 15 feet tall who appeared to be wearing a stovepipe hat and long coat. It was reported to be peeking into an apartment complex commons room where there were several witnesses.

This is strange as in the early 1980's my brother was a police officer and responded to a call with another officer in the county (35 miles north east of Pine Ridge) and when they arrived, the family was in the living room with their dogs and had turned their furniture into a fort in the living room and was armed with knives and whatever else they could find. They advised that they had heard their dogs running into their front door and when they opened it the dogs ran in and were scared. The family reported seeing a large man - his hips were above the roof of their family car - wearing a stovepipe hat and had on a long coat. My brother and the other police officers went outside where the man was reported to be and saw that the light layer of ice was broken and the mud was disturbed where something had moved towards the creek area. The family had the officers wait while they got together their belongings and had the officers escort them from the residence. This isn't the only sighting we have here; the sightings increase every spring and fall.

Two-time National Book Award-winning American novelist and nonfiction writer, Peter Matthiessen in his 1980 edition of "*In the Spirit of Crazy Horse*," quoted many stories from the Oglala Sioux people. The Lakota Western Sioux call the Bigfoot ***chiye-tanka*** - ***chiye*** means *elder brother* and ***tanka*** means *great* or *big*.⁶ Modern Siouans simply use the term, *big man*.

C. V. Tench, a prolific 1960's pulp writer for Alcoa Presents, "*One Step Beyond*" published *Hoodoo Gold in British Columbia: Death Guards Lost Creek Mine*, in 1939. *The Slumach* of course, was an elderly white man who once lived in the Katsie Indian Settlement at the mouth of

Pitt Lake, a regional home to a large number of Sasquatch in British Columbia.

The *Slumach* claimed to have discovered the legendary Pitt Lake Gold deposit at Lost Creek Mine with the aid of the Sasquatch people. If true, that must have been an amazing occurrence. The old Katsie Village has been moved to the opposite side of the lake and now lies closer to the northern most bank of the Frazer River not too distant from Langley; a region is rife with stories of the Sasquatch and sightings and other interactions with their kind that continue to day.

Author Tench, deeply interested in the Sasquatch, interviewed J.W. Burns and their exchange is recorded for all time whereas the rumored interview John Green claimed to have with Burns has yet to be made public, if indeed it ever took place. A vain and often jealous man in his later years, Green's propensity for demeaning and discrediting the work of others in research is not unknown including any work Burns did, especially his documentation of the Serephine Long story.

Burns, a highly respected Canadian Government-paid Indian Agent published a most extensive compilation of early Chehalis First Nation reports derived from the region surrounding and including British Columbia's Morris Mountain. His recordings were uniquely personal between him and his students who lived on the reservation. Beyond acknowledging Burns use of the term *Sasquatch*, there was additional terminology attributed to him. He was the first to author the word *Saskahaua*, an early term he learned from his charges on the Chehalis Indian Reserve, located 60 miles from the City of Vancouver, British Columbia. While *Saskahaua* is a lesser-known term than *Sasquatch*, I placed its importance in how it translates: *place of the wild men*. The Indians of the Saskahaua District called the hair giants, *Saskahaua Sweqe; the giants it was said*, spoke in the Douglas dialect. To that end, Burns penned these words:

"Indian legends tell of two tribes of sasquatches who dwelt in this section of the country. They were deadly enemies and practically exterminated one another, fighting hand to hand with war clubs on the mountain sides. Skeptics may laugh at the idea of primitive man in the shape of eight-foot giants, still living in British Columbia; nevertheless I have collected a good deal of evidence tending to prove that the sasquatch may not be extinct." ⁷

The importance of that paragraph and its detail should not be lost on those in serious research. There may have been others who recorded stories of the haired men in that region, but none so well published as Burns. Who better to know the relationship between the First Nation people and the Sasquatch than a man who live among them and was trusted by the Chehalis?

That Burns revelations were published probably shocked the straitlaced readers of that era. Unknowingly, Burns clearly helped mold the foundation for hominid understanding about the Sasquatch and for that we should all grateful. Despite John Green's attempts to minimize Burns enormous contributions to Sasquatch research, Burns great contributions should be acknowledged. Burns, for his part actually conducted the interviews with the Chehalis he lived among in that day. Conversely newspaperman Green only served to paraphrase the work Burns had already done. Burns was a resident of the Chehalis soil, Green was not. Who better to know the relationship the Chehalis had with the *Sasquatch* than John Burns?

Burns' written assemblage cornered the market on what was known at the time (and since) regarding the abduction of Indian maiden's and other behaviors unique to the Sasquatch.

Above and beyond the determination of Sasquatch DNA, if he hadn't lived among the Chehalis and if he hadn't chronicled the traditions and stories of that time, we would know virtually nothing of Sasquatch behavior in that region - my admiration for Burns' work is noticeable.

John Green on the other hand went to great lengths to dismiss Burns' contribution but in truth - the same can be said of Green's 4000 count database. His card index collection (a copy in my possession since 2002) shows most of those reports were sent to him by other field persons and



some of those entries showed no sign that Green ever investigated all he counted - so exactly how much of the data attributed to and in Green's numbers should be minimized? By my count, I would toss out 40% of Green's index cards where just a couple of second and third hand sentences are written lending them unworthy to be counted in the end tally of 4000, which makes up Green's database.

Some of those contributing field investigators in the '50's, 60's and 70's never had so much as a conversation with Green yet the details of their data became gospel once in Green's possession. It is suffice to say that Green did not investigate or have personal contact with all the informants listed on these typed and hand-written index cards. There is also no indication in the files that the contributing field persons who sent Green these reports ever investigated the accounts before they were sent off to Green. In fairness, the negative criticism Green launched on Burns can be said of Green and that was my point, which I intentionally overstated.

Mr. Burns recounted a number of well-authenticated stories of encounters with the early wild men who carefully avoided contact with civilization. White men of the day generally thought the wild man extinct; the Chehalis knew otherwise.⁸

Perhaps the strangest and most terrifying experience any Indian woman ever had with the Sasquatch was one related by a Chehalis woman named Serephine Long. At the time Burns interviewed her, Serephine was very old. She claimed that when she was a young girl, she was kidnapped by a giant Sasquatch and taken to the abode of the hairy monsters for nearly a year! She told Burns the story many times over; he set down her words as accurately as possible.

What happened to Serephine Long? ¹⁰

Here is some of what John Burns wrote:

"I should explain that among the natives of Canada - both Indians and Eskimos - there is a shortage of

marriageable women. Probably a similar condition exists among the Sasquatch, thus explaining the action of the wild giant in this case. I should also like to add that although her present day photograph hardly bears this out, the evidence of her contemporaries goes to show that in her girlhood, Serephine Long was considered one of the most beautiful girls in her tribe."

Here is Serephine's story: (italics: my emphasis)

"I was walking toward home one day many years ago carrying a big bundle of cedar roots and thinking of the young brave Qualac *Thunderbolt*, I was soon to marry. Suddenly, at a place where the bush grew close and thick beside the trail, a long arm shot out & a big hairy hand was pressed over my mouth. Then I as suddenly lifted up into the arms of a young Sasquatch."

"I was terrified, fought, and struggled with all my might. In those days, I was strong. But it was no good - *the wild man was as powerful as a young bear!* Holding me easily under one arm, with his other hand *he smeared tree gum over my eyes, sticking them shut so that I could not see where he was taking me.* He then lifted me to his shoulder and started to run. He ran on and on for a long long time - up and down hills, through thick brush, across many streams never stopping to rest. Once he had to swim a river and then perhaps I could have gotten away, but I was so afraid of being drowned that I held on tightly with my arms about his neck. Although *I was frightened, I could not but admire his easy breathing, his great strength and speed of foot.* After reaching the other side of the river, he began to climb and climb. Presently *the air became very cold.* I could not see but I guessed that we were close to the *top of a mountain."*

Notice caves, language, use of fire and animal skins

Serephine continues: (italics: my emphasis)

"At last the Sasquatch stopped hurrying, then he stooped over and moved slowly as if feeling his way along a tunnel. Presently he laid me down very gently and *I heard people talking in a strange tongue I could not understand.* The young giant next wiped the sticky tree gum from my eyelids and I was able to look around me. I sat up and saw that I was in a great big cave. The floor was covered with animal skins, soft to touch and much better preserved than we preserve them. *A small fire in the middle of the floor gave all the light* there was. As my eyes became accustomed to the gloom I saw that beside the young giant who had brought me to the cave there were two other wild people - a man and a woman. To me a young girl, they seemed very very old, but they were active and friendly and later I learned that they were the parents of the young Sasquatch who had stolen me. When they all came over to look at me I cried and asked them to let me go. They just smiled and shook their heads. From then on I was kept a close prisoner; not once would they let me go out of the cave. Always one of them stayed with me when the other two were away."

"They fed me well on roots, fish and meat. After I had learned a few words of their tongue, which is not unlike the Douglas dialect, I asked the young giant how he caught and killed the deer, mountain goats and sheep that he often brought into the cave. He smiled opening and closing his big hairy hands. I guessed that he just laid in wait and when an animal got close enough; - he leaped, caught it and choked it to death. He was certainly big enough, quick enough and strong enough to do so."

"When I had been in the cave for about a year I began to feel very sick and weak and could not eat much. I told this to the young Sasquatch and pleaded with him to take me back to my own people. At first he got very angry, as did his father and mother but I kept on pleading with them, telling them that I wished to see my own people again before I died. I really was ill and I suppose they could see that for themselves because one day after I cried for a long time, the young Sasquatch went outside and returned with leaf full of tree gum. With this he stuck down my eyelids as he had done before. Then he again lifted me to his big shoulder."

"The return journey was like a very bad dream for I was light headed and in much pain. When we re-crossed the wide river, I was almost swept away; I was too weak to cling to the young Sasquatch but he held me with one big hand and swam with the other. Close to my home, he put me down and gently removed the tree gum from my eyelids. When he saw that I could see again he shook his head sadly, pointed to my house and then turned back into the forest."

"My people were all wildly excited when I stumbled back into the house for they had long ago given me up as dead. But I was too sick and weak to talk. I just managed to crawl into bed and that night I gave birth to a child. The little one lived only a few hours, for which I have always been thankful. I hope that never again shall I see a Sasquatch." ¹⁰

Serephine Long's story, for what it's worth – is the only one of its kind by a First Nation woman in the last century who bore witness personally to her ordeal. This sort of thing or any mention of sex was not acceptable conversation in those days and had Burns seen fit not to publish her account, we would never have known about it or any of the other Sasquatch behaviors she mentioned – to include animal skins, fire and what they ate.

Tunnels, language and fire...

Serephine testified her abductor "*felt his way along a tunnel wall...*" Sounds like she was *underground* at that point; this could be an answer to why we can't find the Sasquatch, they could be living underground; this of course has been long suspected by serious research.

Her testimony indicates she "...heard people talking in a strange language" - an indicator that there was language among the Sasquatch. Of course if you're a proponent of the ape hypothesis, you would ignore these clues to Sasquatch behavior. Another very important detail in her story is the "small fire" that lit the room; a strong indication that the *Sasquatch do use fire; at least underground*. Serephine observed the use of animal hides on the floor of the cave's main room - and she indicated the hides were preserved better than her tribe was able.

Much in the way of detail is missing from her story, like whether or not they actually cooked their food or simply use fire for light and heat? Did they dry or smoke meat? How was other food prepared? What about the stench so many informants today speak of, it's *rarely* mentioned in any of these older first hand accounts. It may be that the stench description is over-played, exaggerated beyond the real truth; but that wouldn't be true in the case of the Colville and Spokane Indian Nations a bit further south from where Serephine Long's ordeal took place.

A further reference to Indian women being kidnapped by the primitive hair giants of British Columbia appeared in this newspaper article in 1934. In the article the term *Bogeyman* replaces *Sasquatch*; article courtesy Scott McClean:

Bogeyman apparently was a term used around Harrison Mills, British Columbia in 1934 - The headlines read:

Bogeyman of Indian Tribe Appears Again in Harrison Mills, B.C.

March 3, 1934 —(AP)—Indian children clung to their mothers' apron strings today for the terrible Sasquatch—a giant, hairy and horrid is on the prowl again. For hundreds of years the Sasquatch has been a fearsome "*bogeyman*" to the northwest Indians. None had been reported for 30 years, but horror swept the lodges of the primitive Chehalis tribe today, as word was whispered that the hairy wild one had returned. Frank Dan was first to report sighting the monster. He went out into the night to see why his dog was barking so furiously and he came face to face with a hairy giant, tall, muscular and nude. The Sasquatch and scores of other demons are very real to the Chehalis. They are things of horror, emerging to "snatch" an Indian into the unknown and to devour babies.

Distributed by the Associated Press, the story was picked up and published the Lima News, northeastern Ohio. (Scott McClean)

My thought on the idea that the Sasquatch eats human babies is different. I don't think for a minute that they devour children; it is more likely that they raise them up wild and use them as an addition to their gene pool. That could account for so many of the reports being of lesser size than those of giants.

S'cwene'y'ti, kidnappings on the Colville Reservation

I first tediously word processed and uploaded the wonderful work of Dr. Ed Fusch in the year 2000 with his gracious permission. Since that time many websites have referred to Dr. Fusch's work with the Colville Indians off my website. Along with the theme here of the hair giants kidnapping women, Fusch recorded several such incidents that occurred within the Colvilles. Nobody tells it better than Dr. Fusch; citing his original words penned in his 1992 book, "*S'cwene'y'ti and the Stick Indians of the Colvilles*," this excerpt: <http://www.bigfootencounters.com/biology/fusch.htm>

"S'cwene'y'ti was known by the Spokane Indians to interact also with human females. One girl was kidnapped by the S'cwene'y'ti people and not returned until she was a grown woman. When returned she was found asleep along the banks of a stream and upon being awakened could not remember where she had been during the long period of time that she had been missing."

"In another case a young virgin of marriageable age (between 14 and 18) suddenly disappeared. S'cwene'y'ti was reported to "like the smell" of virgins. An intensive search was conducted but to no avail. After being gone for a considerable period of time, reported as two or three years, she was returned but smelled so strongly of S'cwene'y'ti that the people could hardly get near her. She was fed and cared for but had to be kept outside. Because of the smell no one (men) wanted her. When returned she was not wearing the same clothes as when she left, was never in her "right mind" again, being completely mentally disoriented, and appeared to be more animal than human. She was not viscous, was able to give some account of where she had been, and had not been molested. An informant reports having ascended a hill in the early hours of the morning as it was just beginning to become daylight." (Ed Fusch)

Dr. Ed Fusch's work with the Native Americans of Washington State is unprecedented and extraordinary; I highly recommend everyone in research to review his writings.

Odor

Henry Moon suggested that the so-called odor and stench associated with some Bigfoot encounters may have more to do with the gases and foul air in the caves in which they live than it does any emission of body odor from the Sasquatch. Most caves are aerated and dry. But the caves where Bigfoot holes up probably contain areas of defecation, rancid game remains and are musty, damp and full of smelly animal skin mold, mildew and fungus spores. The conditions must be unimaginable! It makes sense to me that such a decaying stench would permeate the skin and hair of any person held at length as a hostage in that environment.

Moon's theory would explain why some carry an odor and others don't. Perhaps the hairy men

who don't live within easy reach of moving water don't bath like the coastal ranging Sasquatch. He cited one incident that occurred while bear hunting in the 1950's when the big fellow hung around their camp and had no detectable odor but Moon said he knew the big man was out there from the whistling. Sometimes it sounded like a bird call, other times it sounded like a two-finger mouth-whistle.

It used to be we heard more about whistling between the hairy ones than we did screaming or smell detection. The Internet changed all that – mighty influence that it is. Isn't it interesting that we seldom receive reports anymore that mention whistling; the trends come and go in this field. We didn't used to hear about tree twists, braiding and tree formations either; that's all changed now.

Roger Patterson did say of the 1967 Sasquatch he was alleged to have filmed on Bluff Creek sandbar, "she stank." I always found that an interesting remark in that Patterson was never recorded as being close enough to the subject with his camera to smell her; I think in truth, he was.

Thom Cantrall is quoted as saying on Facebook in October of 2011 that Bob Gimlin told him that they had been tracking seven of the big ones on the road above Bluff Creek and three broke off and went down into the creek bottom with he and Roger in hot pursuit. The story conflicts with the original cover-story and it conflicts with the one Bob Gimlin tells at conferences.

Then there was a long void in research history where no mention of odor was cited by informants or published elsewhere for a time. Even in my own 1985 experience, there was no obvious odor as close as ten feet away.

Referring again to John Green's index card collection, out of the 4000 alleged to be in my six pound box of copied paper reports only a few mention odor; to me, a shocking lack of numbers to that statistic.

Whether or not the Sasquatch actually carries or produces an odor is up for grabs, especially those reports that indicate Sasquatch *odor permeates through the trees in a general dead-give-away smell. My opinion is that it's not a defensive mechanism physically discharged by the Sasquatch. *See Paul Wilson's interview "Wind River Shooting" where he describes the reality of body odor and scent, he got up close and personal actually touching and examining a Bigfoot corpse.

In Burns' time with the Chehalis, there was no television, few newspapers and no Internet to pre-condition the human mind or reconfigure latent memories of Sasquatch like there is today. Most reservation born people didn't even have newspaper access; life was very simple and survival was paramount to the Indian.

The Chehalis testimonies Burns wrote about were by no means unintelligent, nor were they prone to unreasonable or imaginative lying. When a keen-witted young woman such as Emma Paul declared to Burns that she saw one of the hairy giants close to her home one evening, Burns felt assured that she was telling the truth. Here is Emma Paul's story:

"I saw the sasquatch a few yards from the house. I was standing by the door at the time. He was watching me closely and I had a good look at his face. He was very big and powerful in appearance. Other members of my family were present and they saw him. We went inside and bolted the door but he prowled around the house for some time. Since then we have often heard the wild men. One of them used to rub his fingers over the window-panes. Only a few nights ago, a Sasquatch tramped loudly around the house; all of us heard him and so did the white carpenter who lives next door." ⁸

The Indians in the general vicinity of Morris Mountain stoutly maintain that each summer the members of the Sasquatch community held a sacred gathering at the top of one of the other nearby mountains; it is not named but according to Burns, the area commanded a wide view of the vast countryside in all directions. Prior to this ceremony, the giants sent scouts out to make certain the area was clear. The Chehalis believed it was those Sasquatch investigator-scouts they encountered.⁸

The John W. Burn story continues...

At the time, Indian Agent Burns said anthropologists all over the world were interested in the existence of these hairy giants. Certainly, that isn't the case today. Anthropology generally takes a dim view of Bigfoot research calling those of us with sightings, delusional; one east coast anthropologist made himself quite clear when he said to me, "Don't bother me with this rubbish!"

In 1942 the University of California sent an expedition into the British Columbia wilds in search of the Sasquatch people; members of the expedition were equipped for a lengthy search. Learning about Burns, the expedition members sought his assistance in enlisting the aid of First Nation guides and trail packers. The story is picked up there:

"In spite of the fact that they were offered ten dollars a day and "all found," not one of my Indians would volunteer for the trip, declaring that such a quest was doomed to failure. The Sasquatch detecting the approach of so many strangers would immediately go into hiding."

"The academics from U.C. Berkeley set out without native helpers but in less than a fortnight^{8a} they returned - gaunt and trail-weary. Needless to say, they had discovered no trace of the wild men and they vowed that so far as ordinary white folk are concerned, the route to the top of Morris Mountain was utterly impassable." ⁸

"They were very disappointed at their failure of course and a few days after their departure ironically enough, another of my Indians claimed to have encountered a Sasquatch. This Indian - an old man name Chehalis Phillip - had previously told me that in his younger days he often saw the hairy giants. On this particular occasion, he was fishing for trout in Morris Creek, a tributary of the Chehalis River.

His canoe was gliding quietly along the sluggish mountain stream, close to the rocky terraced bank when without warning a rock was hurled from the shelving slope above, falling with a tremendous splash within a yard of the canoe, almost swamping the frail craft. Startled, Phillip hurriedly glanced upward and observed a huge man covered with hair leaping down the steep declivity with the agility of a panther. Under one arm he carried a bulky object that proved to be another boulder. Reaching a point of vantage, the giant deliberately slung the big stone straight at the now thoroughly scared Phillip, missing the canoe by inches! Believing that the Sasquatch was about to dive into the water and attack him, the old Indian cast off his lines and paddled frantically.”⁸

Not all Sasquatch are aggressive or unfriendly; apparently their individual characteristics are just as widely developed as those of ordinary mortals as witnessed by what an Indian named Henry Napoleon had to say. The first time John Burns found out for sure that the wild men still lived around the Chehalis Reservation, Henry Napoleon told him...

“I didn’t see any of them. Then three young men and myself were picking salmon berries on a rocky slope. In our search for fruit we suddenly stumbled upon a large cave in the side of a mountain. This discovery greatly surprised us for we thought we knew every foot of the mountain, but had never heard of a cave in that vicinity. Just outside the mouth of the cave lay a big boulder. We peered inside the opening but could not see anything. Gathering some pitch wood we lighted it and began to explore. Before we got very far from the entrance, however, we came upon a sort of stone house or enclosure. We couldn't make a very thorough examination for our pitch wood torches kept going out. Finally we left intending to return in a couple of days and continue our search. But the old Indians, to whom we told the story, warned us not to venture near the cave again as it was undoubtedly occupied by Sasquatch. But we paid no attention to them and went off to examine the cave once more. To our great disappointment and surprise we found that a big boulder had been rolled into the mouth of the cave, fitting as tightly as if it had been made for the purpose and we were quite unable to move it.”⁸

Henry Napoleon continued:

“Some years later I was out hunting deer in the same neighborhood; it was just about dusk I saw something I took to be a big bear standing on its hind legs but when I stopped and raised my rifle, the creature spoke in a tongue very much like my own. He invited me to come closer and when I did, I saw that he was a man over seven feet tall; his body was very hairy. At first I was terribly scared but his eyes looked kind and he asked me to sit down and talk. He told me that during the winter the Sasquatch sleep like bears and that their home

is on top of Morris Mountain where no Indian or white man could ever find them. The live on roots, fish and meat just like us Indians. Then suddenly it grew dark and he slipped away." ⁸

It's important to point out; the Henry Napoleon testimony is another incident where the Sasquatch is alleged to have *spoken in a dialect that was (this time) understood* and again the physical height of the Sasquatch is an intimidating presence. The remark about "sleeping like bears" may indicate torpor or actual hibernation, but I'm not convinced that is the case. It may simply mean the Sasquatch prepare to hole up like the bear since I seriously doubt the Sasquatch understand bear hibernation, but maybe. If DNA defines the Sasquatch as human, hibernation then wouldn't be physically possible.

Another First Nation man by the name of Charley Victor told the following story about his personal contact with the Sasquatch:

A Sasquatch Woman and white child...

(Referring again to the region of Morris Mountain in British Columbia) "There are now only a few of the wild giants living in these mountains," said Charley, in his terse Indian dialect.

"They are rarely seen and seldom met but some still live in the mountains around here. I have met them on several occasions. Some of the times I saw them nothing happened. We stood and looked at one another, but the last time was not a happy meeting. It happened this way:

"I was hunting in the mountains and had my dog with me. One day I came out on a plateau where there were several giant cedar-trees. The dog rushed up to one of the trees and began to growl and bark. Looking up to see what had excited him, I noticed a large hole in the trunk about seven feet from the ground. The dog kept jumping at the tree and scratching, looking around to me to lift him up. When I did so, he dropped down inside the hole. Then there was an awful noise; I heard the dog growling and barking and something screaming. I thought my dog must be fighting a bear and holding my rifle at the ready, called to him to drive the animal out. A moment later something shot out of that hole. I fired and the creature fell to the ground. I looked at it, then I felt sick. What I shot looked like a naked white boy about twelve years old!"

"He was bleeding from a bullet wound in his leg but when I stepped forward he twisted away and let out a wild scream. From deep in the trees came a reply. Nearer and nearer came the voice and every now and again the wounded boy would cry out as if calling directions. Then out of the forest came a Sasquatch woman. She was about seven feet tall, built big all over and her skin was as dark as mine; her long straight hair fell to her knees. She looked so big and strong that I am sure if she had laid hands on me, she could have broken every bone in my body. When I saw her I felt

scared and instinctively I lifted my rifle in case I had to defend myself. The wild woman ran toward the boy, bent over him and then turned on me savagely, her eyes like balls of fire. In the *Douglas dialect* she growled, "You have hurt my friend." I explained in the same language - I am part Douglas myself - that I had mistaken the boy for a bear and was very sorry for the accident. Anyway, I pointed out he was not badly hurt. She made no reply but, picking up the boy as easily as if he weighed nothing lifted him to her shoulder and strode out into the woods. I do not think the boy belonged to the Sasquatch people because he was white skinned and she called him *her friend*. No, she must have stolen him as a child or run across him in some other way." ⁸

The story of the white boy and the Sasquatch has been referenced and embellished over time since the advent of the Internet. Some believe the boy may have been the infant survivor of a light aircraft crash in which his touring French parents perished. Canadian newspaper reports of the day said the bodies of the plane's occupants were all found inside the remnants of a light aircraft, but the infant went unaccounted for by search and rescue parties. Did some compassionate Sasquatch family find the tiny infant crying in distress and rescue it from predators? Did they raise it as their own? In researching the source of the feral boy story - I was greatly surprised to discover the attribution was J.W. Burns and his Chehalis friend Charley Victor. If this story is true; the feral boy would be of adult age by now. Doesn't it make you wonder about his existence and how he must be regarded today?

Burns continues: "Another well-authenticated Sasquatch encounter happened in late September when Indian hop-pickers were having their annual picnic near Agassiz, British Columbia. It was alleged that a young Indian man and maiden named respectively William Point and Adeline August - both graduates of a Vancouver High School were walking some distance from the picnic ground when they suddenly came across a Sasquatch. Hearing of the occurrence and anxious to verify it, I wrote to William Point for particulars." Here is the reply:

Dear Mr. Burns,

I have your letters asking it true or not that I saw a wild giant at Agassiz last September while with the hop pickers there. It is true and the facts are as follows:

Adeline August and myself started for her parents' house, which is about four miles from the picnic grounds. We were walking on the railroad track when Adeline noticed someone walking along the grade coming toward us. I also saw this person and first thought it another man walking the tracks as we were. But as he came closer we noticed that his appearance was very strange and on coming still closer, we halted in amazement and alarm. We saw that the man wore no clothing at all and was covered with hair like an animal. We were both very frightened, I picked up two large stones with which I intended to use on him if he attempted to molest

us, but within fifty feet or so he just stopped and looked at us. He was twice as big as the average man with arms so long that his hands almost touched the ground. His eyes were very large and as fierce as a cougar's. The lower part of his nose was wide and spread over the greater part of his face, which gave him a very repulsive appearance. Then my nerve failed me and I turned and ran. I looked back as I ran and saw that he had resumed his journey. Adeline August had fled first and she ran so fast that I did not over take her until we reached the picnic ground, where we told the story of our adventure.

Older Indians who were present said that the monster we encountered was undoubtedly a Sasquatch, *a tribe of wild hairy giants now almost extinct who live in the district in tunnels and caves.* Assuring you of the truth of this,
Yours Truly, William Point ⁸

Burns continued, "*I do not doubt the authenticity, as he is both intelligent and well educated.*"

Burns and his writings undoubtedly were responsible for popularizing the First Nation term *Sasquatch*, that's a given. While the moniker *Bigfoot* may be justifiable, I prefer the term *Sasquatch*. To me, it sounds far less demeaning than alternative words *Big Foot* or *Bigfoot*. And yes, I capitalize *Sasquatch* just as I would Aussie or Brit; why not? Believe what you will, this is the way I do it. I took great comfort in noting that Dr. Ed Fusch capitalized S'cwene'y'ti and Skanicum in his detailed work on the Colville Reservation and with the Spokane.

J. W. Burns was seriously the first to record witness testimony with such luxurious detail; I love the swagger this man must have had. Despite ridicule, he pressed on and left us a great grasp of what life must have been like in Sasquatch territory. That I know about, he was the first to publish what he knew to be true and deliver it to a shocked and unsuspecting world – the largest percentage of whom knew nothing about wild men and their associations with the civilized world. I cannot imagine that Burns was not heavily ridiculed for his work; he was a man before his time. If anyone deserves special recognition in Bigfoot research, it is John W. Burns.

I was struck by the last sentence in the letter from Mr. William Point where he was quoted as saying: "*Older Indians who were present said that the monster we encountered was undoubtedly a Sasquatch, a tribe of wild hairy giants now almost extinct who live about the district in tunnels and caves.*"

Apparently, they believed some 89 years ago that the Sasquatch was almost extinct! What prompted them to say that? The numbers of sightings must have been dwindling to prompt such a declaration. I do not agree with their reference to extinction, unless they were referring to a greater size giant than I encountered – and that's quite possible! While North America does not have a fossil record of apes, we do have a fossil record of 8-foot and much taller giants! There is little consideration for the taller giant because almost nothing much is published about them.

Could these giants have co-mingled and born Sasquatch's off-spring? Is that why some are so much taller than others? Or does the downsizing of the Bigfoot stem from co-mingling with the shorter Indian? So many questions, so few answers.

Near the Conuma River in 1928, a local Indian resident reported that he was kidnapped and kept as a prisoner by a Sasquatch on Vancouver Island. (J.W.Burns) There is little detail in the male kidnapping story, but it's worth mentioning since little is written about men being captured and held by the Sasquatch.

And of male captives, I only have the John Lewis incident; the Albert Osman kidnapping and the brief mention of the Conuma male with no details. There were other hairless males among the Sasquatch; the French baby rescued by the Sasquatch in the Canadian wilderness when all occupants of a plane crash were killed but the tiny infant.

Anything that is as tall and as heavy as the Sasquatch that can walk and run on only two legs is a bit hard to imagine. But recently film analyst M.K. Davis analyzed video that details the speed some of them exercise. They appear to almost glide effortlessly across perilous terrain; if that is true, it is a lesson in great environmental adaptations. The reported weight of such body mass is generally distributed over four legs; all life form that weight in excess of 500 pounds usually has four legs to support that weight. The Sasquatch only has two legs to support that kind of body weight.

Whole skeletons have been unearthed. Why don't we hear anything about efforts to sequence DNA from these giant burial mounds? It is almost as if speaking about the existence of giants in scientific circles is as much of a verboten subject as the Sasquatch people are. Maybe the earthly race of giants such as found in the Ohio mounds; the bones in Mt. Blanco, Texas to mention two need to have DNA testing done.

Giant skeletons are not rare. Maximinus Thrax Ceaser of Rome 235-238 A.D. provided us with an 8' 6" skeleton. Goliath in the Bible was about 9 feet plus or minus a few inches. (cite I Samuel 17:4 late 11th century) 15-foot human skeleton was found in southeast Turkey in late 1950's in the Euphrates Valley during road construction. Many tombs containing giants were uncovered there. King Og spoken of in Deuteronomy 3:11 had an iron bedstead was approximately 14-feet by 6-feet wide. King Og was at least 12-feet tall, yet some claim up to 18-feet tall. There was a 19' 6" human skeleton found in 1577 A.D. under an overturned oak tree in the Canton of Lucerne, Switzerland and a 23-foot tall skeleton found in 1456 A.D. beside a river in Valence, France. A 25' 6 " skeleton was found in 1613 A.D. near the castle of Chaumont in France and amazingly, this was claimed to be an nearly complete find; nearly all bones were present. Perhaps these bones will carry some DNA answers for the curious and the record books.

Almost beyond comprehension or believability was the find of the two separate 36-foot human remains uncovered by Carthaginians between 200-600 B.C. I cannot find it within my reasoning to understand how only two legs carried such weight. Surely everything had to be done for that man!

Cite Joe Taylor, Mt. Blanco Fossil Museum

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<http://www.mtblanco.com>

I wrote about the giant woman found in California's Yosemite Valley in 1999 for Jeff Rense. Prospectors found her 7-ft remains carefully placed in a vault of stone. She was wrapped in animal skins and covered with a grayish powder. The miners removed parts of the animal skins to view the corpse and found her to be a woman holding a child to her breast. Search as I might, I never found any indication that science plans to examine her DNA. Why hasn't science expressed an interest in history and genetics of North America's race of giants? I am deeply puzzled by the lack of interest. But again I digress. Cite: <http://www.rense.com/ufo4/giants.htm>

Not surprisingly Captains Cooke and Magellan both wrote in their ship's logs of a race of giants that inhabited what we now know as the Pacific Coast of South America. Cook was even supposed to have captured one of the giants reported to be nine feet tall. Unfortunately, the giant escaped by breaking the ropes that bound him to the mast and jumped overboard and into the sea.

In an additional excerpt, Capt. Cooke wrote in his log that he was himself was 6 feet 3 inches tall, which was very tall for those days when the average was about 5 feet 4 inches tall and under; he could easily stand under the arm of the giant he allegedly captured.

Mr. Point's letter unwittingly brought to my attention many things, specifically his diminishing numbers remark. The idea of diminishing numbers 90 years ago in the Sasquatch population loudly argues with the current controversial and ridiculously high number of sightings published in the existing database publications online, including my own smaller listing. Can all those sightings be true? It's hard to say, but the combined numbers in the available data is quite high and does not support dwindling numbers in Sasquatch census.

Many Natives have not seen anything resembling Bigfoot-type creatures in modern times but the folklore, myths and traditions about the creature are well known. I am often spirited back to something hunter-tracker author Peter Byrne said during a shoot for the Sci-Fi channel on USA television. In the program, there was a Bigfoot segment called, "Sightings." The documentary has been shown in rerun many times and is now relegated to the Internet on YouTube. The episode was about the Ohio Grassman/Bigfoot nesting site found that featured Dr. W. Henner Fahrenbach, Joedy Cook and George Clappison; but to the point: According to Byrne's on-camera quote, "Sightings" records him saying: *"Out of 3000 bigfoot witness reports, 5 turned out to be legitimate."* That is a staggering number of misidentifications, wild goose chases and hoaxed reports and may be closer to the truth than ever imagined! Byrne of course, was referring to his compilations from the organization he headed beginning in 1992. The project was called the Bigfoot Research Project and was funded by a generous five-year grant from the Boston Academy of Applied Science. Byrne and his staff of two fielded reports called in on a dedicated telephone line, 1-800-BIGFOOT.

Byrne continued - *"I do not know the answer to the population question; nor truly does anyone else. I will venture a guess on one aspect of the population question that there are far fewer of*

them than most people think." Hooray, I couldn't agree more with Byrne's assessment. His quote supports what I've been saying all along, which is, there simply are not enough sasquatches left in the wilderness to support the high volume of witness reports publicized as 'true' by various organizations.

With so much deception in research, it is an impossible task to know what is true and what isn't, especially when deception begins at the top with the men I once relied upon for truthfulness! It all needs to be very carefully measured and sorted out with a careful eye. Not everything we read on the Internet is true and much of the early printed Bigfoot-related matter is seriously outdated. Literary license was for a number of years the norm for many of the early crypto-authors; none of them did meaningful field work for any extended amount of time and none had the vaguest idea what a Sasquatch looked like. Ape depictions once ruled the day.

The Old Chief Broadcasts⁸

Returning to some of J.W. Burn's case files, there was another noteworthy story well worth documenting; I refer to it often; John Burns told it this way:

"And now let me illustrate how extremely sensitive the Indians are regarding the Sasquatch and how indignantly they resent their word being doubted."

"On May 23rd, 1938 a festival known as "Indian Sasquatch Days" was held at Harrison Hot Springs, B.C. Having obtained special permission from the Department of Indian Affairs in Ottawa, I took several hundred of my charges to the event. Unfortunately, in his opening speech over the radio, a very prominent official of the British Columbia Government made a bad slip, thus offending all the Indians present who understood English. After a few preliminary remarks, this personage went on: "Of course, the Sasquatch are merely legendary Indian monsters. No white man has ever seen one and they do not exist today in fact....."

"There upon his voice was drowned by a great rustling of buckskin garments and the tinkling of ornamental bells as, in response to an indignant gesture from old Chief Flying Eagle, more than two thousand Red men rose to their feet in angry protest. Chief Flying Eagle then stalked across to the open space where the speaker stood surrounded by important dignitaries and others. Absolutely ignoring the entire group, Chief Flying Eagle turned to the microphone and thundered in excellent English:

"The white speaker is wrong! To all who now hear... I say: Some white men have seen Sasquatch." Many Indians have seen them and spoken to them. The Sasquatch is still all around here. I have spoken!"

"The Chief then strode back to his place and signed to the other Indians to sit down leaving behind him the Government spokesman

whose face was exceedingly red! I was one of the party gathered about the microphone and immediately said a few words over the loud speakers to appease the angry Indians. I corroborated Chief Flying Eagle's statement that white men *have seen Sasquatch* adding that, although in sadly reduced numbers, Sasquatches are still believed to inhabit the vast mountain solitudes of unexplored British Columbia." ⁸

What a great story; here again is the oft mention of reduced Sasquatch numbers. John W. Burns in his time wrote more than fifty Sasquatch related articles. During a request from The Vancouver Sun in 1957, Burns replied in a letter that he was amazed at the talk of searches for the Sasquatch. He said he *"regrets that these harmless people of the wilderness are to be hunted with dogs as if they were criminals and if captured, exposed to the gaping and gaze of the curious. They have been referred to as monsters but they have committed no monstrous acts. It appears our veneer civilization does not hesitate to even use monsters for commercial purposes."*⁹

The Douglas language was purported to be the language of the Sasquatch according to some of the First Nation tribes in British Columbia, specifically the Chehalis and the Lillooet. The attribution of the Douglas Language was first acknowledged by J.W. Burns in his writings about the Chehalis people. The Douglas language was spoken by the Lillooet River Indians who lived around Port Douglas at the mouth of the Harrison Lake. It was not a language spoken by the Chehalis, but it was such that they could figure out and understand some of the common words. It was the members of the Chehalis tribe living on the reservation who told Burns the Sasquatch spoke Douglas or a similar dialect.^{9a}

We should all salute Burns' work documenting certain behaviors and characteristics of the early day Sasquatch; he was a true pioneer truly deserving of a noticeable place in Sasquatch research history.

Another eighty-five years would pass by before any man rivaled the previously published tribal remembrances of North American Aborigines. Retired law enforcement, author David Paulides published two books devoted to the recollections of northern California Hoopa Tribe in conjunction with the artistic renderings of Cheyenne-Arapaho Chief Harvey Pratt. It is fair to say that in their two books, "The Hoopa Project," and "Tribal Bigfoot," the number of stories collected from California's Hoopa Nation undoubtedly surpassed the number of stories published by John W. Burns; a major accomplishment in our time. No other author has lived with the Natives and chronicled their stories, except perhaps Dr. Ed Fusch.

Anthropologist Dr. Ed Fusch, for whom I have the greatest respect probably chronicled some of the best information about early Native Americans and associated stories involving Sasquatch-like life forms called Skanicum and S'cwene'y'ti (pronounced, Chwah-knee-tee). S'cwene'y'ti translates, "tall, hairy, smells like burnt hair." Cite <http://www.bigfootencounters.com/biology/fusch.htm> Dr. Ed Fusch, "S'cwene'y'ti and the Stick Indians of the Colvilles," 1992

Dr. Fusch carefully chronicled the Spokane Indian description as nine feet tall, possessing a very strong stench and was never known by any of the Indians to harm human beings; the big ones

were not hunted. The haired ones were simply considered part of the Spokane Indian environment. S'cwene'y'ti was, he said, a prankster, especially pranks involving horses and dogs. Both Skanicum and the S'cwene'y'ti were known to inhabit deep caves that tunneled through mountain terrain.

One of the most interesting of Dr. Fusch's revelations for me was the strong, unshakable belief the Spokane Indians had concerning the haired beings. According to Fusch's work, the strongest belief was that S'cwene'y'ti was not an animal, but human – a point summarily ignored by Fusch's contemporaries in the field of anthropology and ape theorists alike.

Like Burns and Paulides – Dr. Fusch wrote about the kidnapping of young women from the Spokane Nation. Borrowing from his text here, Fusch wrote:

“S'cwene'y'ti was known by the Spokane Indians to interact with human females. One girl was kidnapped by the S'cwene'y'ti people and not returned until she was a grown woman. When returned she was found asleep along the banks of a stream and upon being awakened could not remember where she had been during the long period of time that she had been missing.”

“In another case a young virgin of marriageable age (between 14 & 18) suddenly disappeared. S'cwene'y'ti was reported to "like the smell" of virgins. An intensive search was conducted but to no avail. After being gone for a considerable period of time, reported as two or three years, she was returned but smelled so strongly of S'cwene'y'ti that the people could hardly get near her. She was fed and cared for but had to be kept outside. Because of the smell no one (men) wanted her. When returned she was not wearing the same clothes as when she left, was never in her "right mind" again, being completely mentally disoriented, and appeared to be more animal than human. She was not vicious, was able to give some account of where she had been, and had not been molested.”

“An informant reported having ascended a hill in the early hours of the morning as it was just beginning to become daylight. He was immediately aware of a strong S'cwene'y'ti odor and saw a shadow, as of a huge man, a short distance away. He remembers absolutely nothing that occurred the rest of the day. When awareness returned, it was late afternoon and he found himself walking back down the same trail and route that he had gone up that morning. He believes that he had been under a sort of hypnosis.”¹¹

The Yurok Indian Devils...

Back in 2009 - Dave Paulides introduced me to the writings of author Lucy Thompson. In 1991 she published her book, *To the American Indian, Reminiscences of a Yurok Woman.* It was an inspirational read that touched on the kidnapping of a woman by *Indian-devils*. Lucy Thompson

was a pure, full-blooded Northern California Klamath River Indian woman who wore the tattoos on her chin deemed customary for the women of her esteemed high birth. I thought her chapter on abduction gave us a unique insider's view of that culture. There was this noteworthy excerpt from Thompson's book:

"In olden times, the women especially were always careful to keep together on their camping trips when they were gathering the acorn crop, grass seeds and pine nuts for fear of these *Indian devils*. The *Indian devils* would sometimes watch the camps of the Indians very closely and follow them about as they moved from place to place, watching for an opportunity to seize one of the young women and carry her off to make her his wife. If a young woman strayed away too far by herself, she was often made a captive by one of these devils. The women of the tribe had a great fear of them, as they held great horror of becoming the wife of a wild man."

"Sometimes the women would be captured by the *Indian devils* and would be gone away from their tribe for years and then they would return and tell of their wild life and experiences. They would become the mother of children and the children would inherit the wild habits of their father as they would always be whistling, making strange noises, romping wildly about and always on the go, roaming everywhere in the wilds. These women were never happy when they came back to their devil husbands and children. When the Indians would go on their hunting and camping trips into the mountains, as soon as they heard an owl screech or hoot, they would stop and listen and try to distinguish if it was in Indian devil imitating the owl or the cry of a wild animal. The Indians would stop at once, kindle a fire; this was given as a warning to the devils that they were awake and ready to fight them if necessary."

"When the Indians go camping far back into the mountains, and even if a white man accompanies them, they always insist on making the first camp fire when a camping place is selected. In building the fire, the first stick of wood they lay down points directly north and south; on the north end of this stick of wood they place another stick some eight or twelve inches back from the north end, placing this branch east and west, thus making a cross. When the cross is made they proceed to kindle the fire and during the whole time they offer up a prayer to God in a low tone of voice. This prayer is earnestly offered up to the Almighty, asking Him to protect them from the "Indian Devils" and wild animals while they are in the wilds and to keep them safe from accidents."

Cite Lucy Thompson "To the American Indian, Reminiscences of a Yurok Woman" 1991

Thompson's reference was to kidnappings "...in olden times," to quote her words, but what about today? Do the kidnappings still occur? What do the reservation police know about this that we don't? She also infers that the Sasquatch (or *Indian devils* as she called them) were simply Indians gone wild from the loneliness of living remove from kinfolk. This isn't the first time I've heard that perception articulated in written work.

Of great importance in her work was the mention of children born to the mixed Sasquatch and Indian couples. This too was ignored by the proponents of the ape theorem. I've heard stories from other Native Americans where 'whistling' in the tribe by anyone, including children was forbidden. The reasons for that stemmed from their belief that to hear a whistle from the forested areas meant the Sasquatch was on the prowl and the children were admonished to run for their lodgings lest they be gathered up and taken away to locations unknown. Klamath women were encouraged not to whistle or stray far from encampments alone, but always in groups of women, some designated to be watchful over the children; it was important to be vigilant, always observant.

The Klamath Indian of northern California used the term, *Yayaya-ash* to mean the 'scary one or one who scares me.' This term may be a sound alike term mistranslated by white man of the Modoc Indian term, 'Yahyahaas.' At one time, the Modoc and the Klamath Indians were neighboring tribes.

The Wenatchee and Choanito

The early Wenatchee Indians knew a hairy giant they referred to as '*Cho-a-ni-to*;' translated to mean *night people or night person*. Isabel, a 100-year-old Indian woman, member of the Wenatchee Tribe, gave the following report of an event, which occurred during her Great Grandfather's generation:

"In the fall of the year, October, a group of male members of the Wenatchee Tribe were on a hunting trip near Wenatchee Lake. One of the men became separated from the rest of the party and was captured by Choanito. He was taken to a cave far up in the Rocky Mountains and held captive by a family of Choanitos through the winter until spring. The odor in the cave was terrible. They would not take him out hunting with them but made him remain in camp near the cave with the women. They were like a different tribe of Indians. In the spring they returned him to where they had captured him. Upon returning to his camp he was immediately recognized by the children who couldn't believe that he was back as he had been gone for so long. They thought that he had been killed. He had been well treated by Choanito." (Ed Fusch)

According to the writings of C.P. Lyons in "*Milestones of the Mighty Fraser*," the following instances are only two of the many, many abduction stories by hairy giants told by the First Nation Canadians and handed down through time via their oral history. An Indian woman living near Laidlaw, British Columbia related this story in all seriousness.

"Over 100 years ago, roughly 1850, when the Indians were berry picking, one woman who had strayed from the others was suddenly confronted by a giant. Too paralyzed with fear to scream or run, she was quickly carried up the steep mountainside. After a long climb, during which time she remained in a semi-coma and so did not note the direction or length of time, she was carried through a rough door and into a rock cave. Two other Indian women were crouched in this cave and when left alone with the new arrival, told her they had been captured in a similar manner years ago. They had been brought as wives for the giants and had since that time bore them children. The men would disappear for months at a time and then return with food. For the new woman they brought flour and smoked fish that they knew she was accustomed to eating." (C.P. Lyons)

The fact that they mention the use of flour dates the story as taking place after the arrival of the Hudson's Bay Traders in 1827-1840.

"Although the woman had been a captive for over a year and had borne a child, she was determined to escape. The other two women told her they would help and when the hairy giants left on one of their seasonal hunting trips she was told to prepare all the food she could. She made bread, or bannock, (*suggesting that these people or the Indian women at least used fire*) and with a heavy pack of food set out across the mountains."

"After almost unendurable hardships she became exhausted and was carried and helped along by the other two women who possessed the giants' strength in some measure. She was left in a stupor near where she had originally disappeared."

"The villagers saw her but she suddenly became afraid of them and fled. She was pursued and carried to her father's house where she fainted and remained under a spell. The Indians believed that the giants held some mental power over her but with careful nursing she eventually recovered." (*Or they had knowledge of unknown herb with medicinal properties*).

The second episode is still fresh in many of the Indians' memories.

"Several years ago, in the vicinity of Laidlaw, a hairy giant entered a house and caused a woman and her two children to flee in terror. Later, footprints approximately twenty inches long were found clearly imprinted in the mud along the route the woman had taken. Although she was not captured, she has since refused to live in the house.

"Hair caught in the door-jamb was reported reddish in color. A 40-gallon barrel of salted fish had been picked up and dumped over, and the retreating footprints showed that the "Sasquatch" had merely stepped over the railroad fences and returned directly to the steep

mountain slopes."

Cite: C. P. Lyons. "The Hairy Giants of Laidlaw, "Milestones on the Mighty Fraser," Toronto: J. M Dent and Sons, 1950. p. 28-30.

<http://www.bigfootencounters.com/stories/mightyfraser.htm>

Hudson Bay Cree Indians

While on the subject of Hudson Bay, northeastern Canada – I discovered the term Weetigo is a verbal characterization for a *cannibal giant*. Spelling variations often occur; I found many listed as wendigo, witiko, wetiko. (Avis, Gregg and Etel) Cite: Avis, Gregg and Etel, "A Dictionary of Canadianisms on Historical Principles" Macmillan of Canada 1991

Wendigo in particular was a name formally used by various eastern and Great Lakes Native American people, including the Hudson Bay Cree, each of them having their own characterization of the legend. *Windigo, witigo, witiko, wentigo, wetiko, wendego, weetigo, weetekow, wee-tee-go, whitico, windegoag* and *ithaqua* are a few of the varied name applications denoting Native Spirit Totems; both pallid skin and hair-covered creatures that lived in ancient times just as they do now in the high mountain forests. As far back as the year 1860, the German explorer Kohl translated *wendigo* as 'cannibal' and of Algonquin origins (Creighton, Tchernine, Hay and Turner).

Cite: Turner, D. H. 1977 "Windigo Mythology and the Analysis of Cree Social Structure," Anthropology 19:63-73 and Tchernine, Odette "The Yeti" Neville Spearman, London 1970 some of her name designation entries are either outdated or no longer in use as listed in her 1971 "In Pursuit of the Abominable Snowman." NY Taplinger

The Tolowa and the Quiet People...¹²

The Tolowa Indians at one time inhabited the far northwestern parts of Northern California just below what is now the Oregon border in Del Norte County. The Tolowa Reservation ranged along the Smith River in what is now Humboldt and Del Norte Counties. Cite

http://co.humboldt.ca.us/portal/living/county_parks/clammoonstone/appendix%20c.pdf In 1996, Dennis Chase told a story about a Klamath Indian who told him his grandmother was able to communicate with the quiet ones. They were invited to attend the jump dance, brought baskets of acorns in exchange for other goods, especially chicken eggs, late 1800's.

Ann and Red Cody recently met and interviewed a woman named Catherine, who is of Tolowa Indian heritage; her mother was Tolowa, her father an Irish immigrant logger. She is now 72, and recalls many legends about Bigfoot, though in no particular order. The following are her recollections about the stories she heard growing up on the reservation in Northern California.

"I remember my Grandfather telling stories of a large, hair covered man-creature. As a young boy, he was hunting and felt like he was not alone. He sat still near a bush and waited to see who might be following him. Not 30 feet away was a tall, muscular hair-covered creature standing behind a tree. He watched it for a few minutes until it turned and walked away up the hill. He told his father about this and his father said that they were "the quiet people" who shared the bounty of the forests and rivers with the Indians."

"Many had been seen, but it was considered evil to kill one, as they had never harmed the Indians. In the evenings, they

could be heard screaming in the woods communicating with each other."

"My brother Joe, 10 years my junior, saw what appeared to be a Sasquatch mother with a youngster in tow. The infant was playing with a stick near the creek while the mother stood stock still and watched. When she noticed my brother across the creek, she grabbed her young one by the shoulder, pulled him in front of her, and she herded him into the trees. She looked back a few times to see if Joe was following. He was amazed at how quiet and stealthy they were. The mother was dark and uniform in color, while the young one was more mottled, with lighter hair on the torso and shoulders."

Her grandfather told this story; she put the year in the 1880's:

"In the morning our parents gathered all the family to clean and fillet salmon from the catch. We would prepare the fish for smoking. We left the entrails for the animals and birds to eat. After a day of work, we packed up the fillets and started on the walk back to the fire area. I left my knife on the bank, and returned to fetch it. As I approached the cleaning area, I saw the big hairy man squatting down and eating the fish entrails. When he saw me, he stood and roared perhaps to scare me. He did not want to share his meal. I ran back and told my mother, and she said I should never venture out alone. We returned in an hour but the huge pile of entrails was gone. There was more entrails left there than a bunch of raccoons or other scavengers could have taken that fast."

Another story from the grandfather:

"We would see "the quiet ones" once in a while, mostly in the evenings just after the sun went down; sometimes in the very early morning. They knew we were there, but would not harm us. They would go out in darkness so they would not have to be seen by people. They would sometimes come near the fire at night, but stay just out of the light of the fire. Your nose would tell you that they were near, as they smelled like rotted meat."

Fighting

"My father once saw two big creatures standing on opposite sides of a small clearing, yelling and throwing sticks at each other. He thinks they were fighting for the space or perhaps for food. He saw them many times but was never afraid. They would sometimes take his food at night, but they would never hurt people."

Curious about a baby

"When my brother was a baby our mother left him in a hammock when she went for water. When she came back a creature was very near the baby, smelling him, but it did not touch him. It knew it was a harmless baby but was just curious."

It frightened our mother but the creature went up the hill when she approached." ¹²

I was amazed to read the Tolowa stories, in particular the bit about the yelling and throwing sticks at one another. That was a behavior unknown to me at the time. Research has very few accounts where many have been observed quarreling and fighting among themselves. This one seemingly cited behavior that spoke to the issue of competition between two Sasquatches.

Another reported skirmish occurred in Nighthawk, Okanogan County, Washington State. After lengthy communication with the informant, I wrote it up this way:

George Brusseau claimed his grandfather Elliott told him about an encounter with two Sasquatch due west of Nighthawk, off what is now Log Camp Road, (or he believed, near there) ...this was during the World War 2, the year was 1944. Oblivious to the border between Canada and the United States, the hair giants would come down across the border from Canada in late summer. The Brusseau story occurred at a time when his grandfather Elliott was on leave from the South Pacific, hunting with some old buddies for fresh meat, which he told me was rationed by the United States Government during wartime along with sugar, coffee, gasoline and tires.

The hunters hoped for a deer but would settle for a rabbit or a couple of wood hens whichever came first. Coming out of a densely wooded thicket they happened on a terrible ruckus. The men saw two big hairy male giants, each with their hands clasped together tightly, using them as weapons on one another. They swung their arms and clasped hands with full force knocking the other down until both were on the ground trying to get back up to their feet. The grandfather illustrated for the young and impressive Brusseau how they were making groaning sounds. It wasn't screaming just sounds of intense effort being launch at the other with each swing of their great arms. His grandfather stood up going through the motions showing him the intentional force of the double-arm swings the creatures took at one another. The groans he demonstrated sounded like the efforts overheard in a hotly contested tennis match; it was very loud and not a sound you would want to hear everyday. The object of the disagreement appeared to be a dead deer where at one point the bigger Sasquatch (approx 7' tall) picked up carcass and swung the dead deer full force into the side of the face of the other hairy creature who was a shorter six and a half feet tall, felling him to the ground. He didn't move, he lay there quite still; his chest heaving. His opponent stared down at him through the settling dust as if waiting for the fallen one to get up. Then as the downed hairy one tried to get back to his feet, the winner took the deer and headed off into the trees on the other side of the clearing. The dust settled and the other one got to his feet and trailed after the other one. It was all over in a matter of a few minutes.

Brusseau's grandfather said there were other stories from the area, but none so violent or as terrifying to watch as this one. According to Brusseau, his grandfather remembered hearing about those big men that would come down from Canada and dive for bass around Palmer Lake, especially when the bass were spawning.¹³ The story is probably as close to a *bigfoot street fight* as ever I've heard.

The Mandan, Hidatsa, and Arikara Nation

The Fort Berthold Indian Reservation, located in western North Dakota in the Counties of McKenzie, Mountrail, McLean, Mercer and Dunn has in times past a very long history of recorded sightings. None of the accounts were aggressive or horribly alarming and there were no physical attacks.

A Mr. Travis Rodenhizer reported there were a couple of sightings on the Ft. Berthold Reserve, 23 miles north of where he lives in North Dakota in 2004 and 2005. ^{13a}

There were several reports starting around February 22nd according to Glenda Embry, who was in charge of tribal public affairs for the Ft. Berthold Reservation described one of several incidents:

"A local resident said the children were playing outside in the trailer court; they were the ones to see the Sasquatch. They began screaming, which scared the Sasquatch back into the trees." Embry said the children described it as "huge," and that it pushed through those trees like they were mere shrubs, it move very fast. ^{13a}

On Feb. 24, two other men from the Ft. Berthold Reservation were driving on Highway 22 when they saw a Bigfoot-type creature walking up on the road; then it went into the roadside ditch and continued walking down there. Then another vehicle on the opposite side of road also stopped when it saw the creature; but the Bigfoot, realizing it was being observed, quickly headed toward the tree line. They found footprints that showed it had "almost 5-foot strides."

^{13b}

Dennis Fox Jr., of the Ft. Berthold tribes' Independence Program, tried to take pictures of the tracks, but the snow they were in had begun to melt by the time he got there. However Phyllis Lincoln remembered seeing a Bigfoot in the same general area of the Ft. Berthold Reservation when she was 17 years old. She says, "*I can remember it like it was yesterday; it was scary.*" She and her three sisters were driving their dad's truck, on their way home late from a movie. "*When we pulled over to the side of the road, the thing sat up. And when it sat up, it stood up. It was really tall,*" Lincoln said. It must have been resting or lying in the ditch next to the road. "*We thought, 'what the heck was that?' We turned to look and when it stood up it was about 8 feet tall. It didn't look at us or anything, but I remember the color of it was like kind of a mouse-colored...grayish. It had real long hair. It took one, two, three steps and it cleared a fence, like the fence was about 3-feet high,*" Lincoln stated. When they returned home, their grandfather told them that Bigfoot had been in the area for years, but had never hurt anyone. ^{12b}

Norway House, Manitoba Cree Nation

The Manitoba sighting of 2005 generated an enormous amount of frenzied media play. On April 16 of that year First Nation man by the name of Bobby Clarke from the Norway House Cree Nation Reserve at Mission Island, Manitoba was operating a cable-ferry that carried traffic across the Nelson River. He testified that he saw the creature at quite a distance; it was the same Sasquatch-like creature that his people referred to as "elder beings," or "elder brothers." He ran and grabbed his camera and took a fair amount of footage but the distance was too great to get any real detail. As with most of us who have had sightings, Clarke took a fair amount of criticism, the usual Bigfoot cacophony but I personally believe deeply in his story. There was no way he could have anticipated what was to have occurred that morning,

in fact on video he outlines how he had to run to get his camera to record the event. That doesn't sound like a man who knew there was going to be a sighting that morning but the media, as usual, had a field day.¹⁴ The disbelieving press has done much to discredit any meaningful progress where witness information is concerned. It is no wonder people are reticent when it comes to reporting what they know and what they've been witness to.

Language & Fire

In the latter days of 2011, there was a discussion on Dmitri Bayanov's private discussion list concerning fire usage by the hair people. The use of fire and the questions and doubts that are inherent in such a session of brainstorming proved interesting.

Fire usage

For my part, I expressed concerns for how the Sasquatch survives the deep snows of winter in such regions as the Alaska, the Yukon and the Northwest Territories and even Alberta, Canada. There is no suggestion in my data that they migrate or travel great distances in winter; that is, no data that shows a northern footprint showing up in the southern states or vice versa. My data shows way too many footprints in snow for me to think they leave a given region during winter months; there is no escaping a brutal winter without fire for warmth unless they go underground. There is much testimony from surviving concubine captives (both First Nation and Native American woman) that the Sasquatch indeed uses fire to light deep underground caverns and cook by. Captive Indian women did not eat raw game or raw fish. It was either preserved by smoking, sun drying or salting methods or directly placed over an open fire pit or adobe ovens, which required fire. Who taught who the secrets of starting a fire; the autochthonous people or the Sasquatch?

The Serephine Long story not only mentions *fire* but she was clear that her captivity was in a cave. Most volcanic mountains are said to be mined with tunnels and underground rooms that are warmer than above winter air; if true, no wonder volcanic regions have centuries of Bigfoot sightings. There is a report that lists the Sasquatch removing nuisance bats from the ceilings of caves by smoking them out, which is a use of fire notice. Perhaps the use is limited to winter months; we just don't have enough data to state absolutes and what few first-hand accounts we have concerning fire usage has been pretty much ignored.

There are of course, oxen, yak, foxes, caribou, elk and moose that survive winters in those regions quite well. They are as robust in their own way as the Sasquatch but... they are not primates, they are all quadrupeds with natural leg and foot adaptations too withstand extreme temperatures. Primates are not physically built to withstand sub-zero temperatures, which is why finding footprints left by the Sasquatch traversing miles and miles of deep snow mystify me; how is that accomplished without some manner of foot protection? Why don't their feet and ankles freeze? Recent work with the Neanderthal genome may have the answer. Analysis of DNA obtained from Neanderthal remains has revealed key differences from modern humans that suggest their bodies produced excess heat. Perhaps cold climates might provide the Sasquatch species with an advantage; I'm hopeful DNA will decipher all that information. Cite "Neanderthals could have died out because their bodies overheated..." <http://www.telegraph.co.uk/science/science-news/3867382/Neanderthals-could-have-died-out-because-their-bodies-overheated.html>

In February 2001 a member of the Hupa Nation in Humboldt County, California sent me the Hupa Nation's ancient terminology for Bigfoot.

"What the whites refer to as Bigfoot in the words of our ancients is Tintah-k'iwungxoya'n and its meaning is "boss of the mountain". My grandmother told me the haired one was never anything to be feared; she made the tintah-k'iwungxoya'n to almost be "heroic in a sense."(Vision Rider, Hupa Nation)

When Vision Rider was a young boy he went hunting in the woods with his grandfather; the trail began on an old logging road. This is what he wrote:

"We had not seen anything most of the morning. My grandfather was about 20 feet in front of me when he stopped dead in his tracks and looked around. I was looking around for a deer or a bear. I began to smell something very sour almost like a skunk but not quite the same smell. I had no idea what it was since I knew first-hand what a skunk smelled like. Grandfather walked back to me and told me to get in the bushes and stay there. I did as I was told and waited quietly and patiently. Then I heard something about 50 feet away. Hell the way the woods echo sound it could have been farther but I was young and a little scared so I figured it was close. My Grandfather stood straight up and began making loud noises. Stomping his feet and laughing. I had no idea what he was doing and did not know what to think. The sound stopped and disappeared. Now chalk some of that up to Indian folklore and beliefs but I know something was there and my Grandfather knew exactly what it was. I have since longed to smell the sour smell again and maybe even see the Bigfoot. I have been in the woods thousands of times and never had quite an ordeal since. But I have seen things that are rather curious. I have seen trees debarked several feet higher than a bear can reach to scratch. I have seen fish remains in the creeks that seem to have been cleaned but with not a knife. I am a believer and have heard many tales of the creature over my lifetime.

"Vision Rider of the Hupa Tribe," August 12, 1999

Calvin Rube, a Yurok Indian stands by his home atop a lonely mountain over-looking the Klamath River in northern California and while reflecting he is quoted as saying:

"The Big Foot was known to my people as "*the traveler*" or the one who is on patrol, *the patroller*. It's his job to keep nature and men in harmony."

Although he has never seen Bigfoot, Rube said he has heard its cry on two separate occasions. "*One time,*" he said, "*it made a pale face jump clean over the campfire. The other time, we found his track the next morning; it was 18-inches long. Before the track there was a sapling*

that had been broken off ten feet above the ground." cite: San Francisco Chronicle December 6, 1965 written by George Draper's "Animal men of the northwest."

Cannibal Man, the evil thing...

Atahsaia (pronounced Ata-say-ah) is a term the Zuñi Indians (Ashiwi Indians) use to describe their rendition of the Sasquatch. They are a Pueblo people residing on the bank of the Rio Zuñi near the boundary of New Mexico and in the adjoining villages of Nutria, Ojo Caliente, and Pescado. The name Zuñi is a Spanish corruption of the Keresan *Sunifisti* and was first used by Antonio de Espajo in 1583 - the Zuñi natives however call themselves Ashiwi Indians and they know their territory as Shiwona.

The term *atahsaia* translates *cannibal man, the evil thing*; many Native American terms for *bigfoot*-like creatures translate the same with little variation. It was an Ashiwi woman who notified me of their track sighting in New Mexico, Sunday January 30, 2005. She and her oldest son saw tracks from the ski lift at Angel Fire Ski Resort that crossed under the lift and trailed off into the trees. The track-line was straight, no snow was kicked up and she estimated the depth of the fresh snow (the powder) at the level on the mountain was approximated at 15-inches deep. The woman told me she was Ashiwi and Spanish heritage and her maternal great grandmother whose parents were inhabitants of the Shiwona Territory in what is now New Mexico first warned her family of the "*Great Atahsaia*."

They believe the Atahsaia is a bad spirit, hair-covered cannibal giant that kidnaps little children of eating size and women of marriageable or suitable age. They take them away to their lair in the tallest mountains and make wives out of them or cook and eat them at a celebration meal for their kind. A few captives have been released for reasons unknown to tribal members. Those who endured Sasquatch captivity didn't always return in great physical condition. There was testimony that a few were reportedly physically frail, much thinner than when they were captured, the women were pale and sallow looking; many had a consumption type of cough suggestive of being held in inhospitable conditions with poor air circulation. Consumption of course is very old terminology for tuberculosis. The Ashiwi believe it is of bad portent of things to come when the Great Atahsaia makes an appearance. (A.C.G.)

The belief in *Sasquatch kidnapping behavior* tends to be a conviction that reoccurs among many tribes - it is apparently a common theme not only among Native Americans but First Nation people as well. (The *Great Atahsaia story 2005 only listed in Briefs*)
<http://www.bigfootencounters.com/sbs/briefs.html>

Exchanging gifts...

Marie Abraham on September 9, 2011 made mention of Sasquatch gift-giving among the Lillooet in British Columbia, Canada:

"They understand gifts, some older ladies use to go fishing along Lillooet Lake, 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 used to tie bannock in a plastic bag up a tree for the sasquatches, it would be gone in the morning. Gifts to Sasquatches; this is one way to thank them; but 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 receive." (M.A.A.)

Sa-mah-quam and Skookumchuck are words that refer to a Sasquatch-like life form recognized by the lower Lillooet River Indians.

Cite:Kincade, M. Dale (1933-2004) former Dean of Salishanists at University of British Columbia, Canada until his untimely death from a brain tumor; Master practical phonetician, linguist known especially for this work on Salishan languages and neighboring languages. Kincade wrote over one hundred papers and made several contributions to the works in the Handbook of North American Indians. His specialty was Chehalis, the Cowlitz and the Lillooet.

The term, *Kwai a tlatl* is ancient Halkomelem First Nation terminology translated means 'the tree-striker.' It refers to those who make a great noise breaking trees down in for forest and screaming. The ancient First Nation Halkomelem people of the Upper Fraser Valley in British Columbia say that if you try to follow them, they will lead you in circles until you're half crazy. Over time, there were those in research who tried to suggest that *Kwai a tlatl* referred to wood on wood knocking; if that had any truth to it, Rene Dahinden did not mention it when we talked about it. (Conversations with Rene Dahinden 1998)

Just as *Kwai a tlatl* is the ancient Halkomelem term, Sasquatch or its derivatives would be an Anglicization of the Lower Frazer term *Sésquac*, which occurs in the mainland dialects of the Halkomelem language. This language, a member of the Salish language family, is spoken in southwestern British Columbia in the Lower Fraser Valley from Yale to the mouth of the Fraser and on southeastern Vancouver Island from Nanoose Bay to Malahat. The word occurs in all of the mainland dialects, but not in the island dialects. Since the late 1950's of course they are also called Bigfoot. (Suttles)

Sas-quatch: 'sas-"kwach or simple jargon quatch ="kwäch or Sas.

Cite Suttles, Dr. Wayne, (1918 – 2005) Noted anthropologist and friend to the bigfoot community; personal correspondence and help with Salish languages and the meanings of terminology meant to reference sasquatch-type creatures color much of the inventory on this list. His interest and guidance in helping me understand the language and cultures of the PNW Native American Nations has been beyond measure.

Jicarilla Apache Reservation, Rio Arriba County, New Mexico May 2001

Sasquatch steps easily over a four-strand barbed wire fence:

"My wife and I are retired. We have been on the road in our RV for about two months now. Two weeks ago we were traveling north from Taos, New Mexico into Colorado to leisurely tour the Rockies."

"It was four in the morning when we moved our motorhome out of the lot near the Jicarilla Apache Tribal headquarters. At the junction of J44 and J9 we turned north and started down the road. After traveling only a few miles in a northward direction somewhere between Dulce, New Mexico and Juanita, Colorado this bizarre thing walked out on the two lane road and stood there."

"At first I thought it was someone going to flag us down, and my wife went to make sure the door was locked in the back of our RV. "

"I slowed the speed down so she wouldn't fall down and in my headlights this thing became clearer as we approached. I yelled at the wife to look at this thing in the road. We didn't know what it was (at the time), but we wrote down the description in our trip book. I can describe it. It was massively built around the shoulders, chest area and upper arms and stands on two legs. It was a male as we saw the penis that was clearly visible and semi-erect. No bear does that! This guy was covered in hair, some long, some short and very curly except for areas on the chest and face. His face was light skinned what we could see of it clearly. His eyes seemed deep set under some thick eyebrows but I don't know what color the eyes were; it had high cheekbones, a flattish nose not a bear's snout, and no muzzle like a bear or big dog; believe us, I want you to know this was no bear! His cheek & chin was fully bearded but short, black and bristly. This thing had hands not paws or claws!! We both saw and agreed on that."

"I cannot overstate it was not a bear. I know this because I flicked my high beams at it, and it still stood like a man on two legs, but seemed dazed or maybe confused by the headlights. It stared back at us. By now I was just crawling along the road at one MPH flicking the high beams off and on again then laid on the horn. That was when this thing finally moved to my left and off into the darkness out of the path of my headlights."

"I grabbed for the dash map-light and tried to see it out my side wing, but as best I could tell with window reflecting back the light, (now get this!) this thing easily stepped over a four-strand barbed wire fence and walked out of sight into the darkness. No bear can do that."

"The next day we stopped between the Pagosa Piedra Ranger Station and Pagosa River Campgrounds. We met a man named Jim Baker. This person from the Elk River Campground was out walking his dog. As campers sometimes do, we struck up a conversation and eventually told him what we saw. He suggested Bigfoot and we should report this sighting to the Rangers in Pagosa. But the fellow just laughed and said it must have been a bear. I insist it was no bear because no bear steps over a barbed wire fence that easily. Baker said, "*Well then maybe a Bigfoot.*" We found your website and now report this to you. Thank you for this information on Bigfoot, whatever this thing is, it is real and they are pretty big fellows!! "Mitch"
P.S. So you know we aren't crazy people, my wife and I are retired school teachers; English Lit and Speech and my wife U.S. History. (2001, The Mitchell Story BFE)
<http://www.bigfootencounters.com/stories/rio-arriba.htm>

Blackfeet Country, Glacier County, Montana

Signs of a Sasquatch were found wandering all around Cut Bank Creek in Blackfeet Country in Glacier County Montana on March 2006. Bruce Schildt's who lives in nearby Kiowa Camp took his

children to play in the snow in the area when they were startled to find the tracks frozen solid in snow, ice and mud. Schildt counted thirty or forty tracks that measured 18 inches long and ten inches wide; stride length averaged 39 inches. Photographs were taken and presented to the Blackfeet Fish and Wildlife Director Gayle Skunkcap who said they had been receiving phone calls from all over by people asking about the possibility of Bigfoot living in the area. They asked the Wildlife Director if it was okay to shoot the creature but Skunkcap said, "*Shooting is likely unnecessary since no record of an attack on any person has ever been recorded and people should consider that they might be shooting at someone playing a practical joke. Someone could get hurt.*"

Cite: The Glacier Reporter, Browning, Montana March 2, 2006
<http://www.bigfootencounters.com/stories/kiowaMT06.htm>

They aren't always the quiet ones...

Wild man, A Nehalem Wildman story:

"The people of Tillamook County were drying fish up the Nehalem River in Oregon when they heard a noise, the brush was crackling loudly, they knew no wind or common animal could be making that kind of noise. They hurried into their canoes and crossed over to the other side of the river. They forgot their little dog. They crawled into a hiding place and lay down to listen. Their little dog barked and barked, then suddenly quit. Then they heard a terrific noise as wild man knocked down one side of the house (where they were drying fish). Then he must have gone back into the woods. They could not sleep they were so frightened, although they knew it was such a deep river that he would be unable to wade it. The next day one fellow went over in a canoe to have a look. One side of that large house where they had dried fish was smashed to pieces. The dog was lying there dead, and wildman's huge tracks were all around. That fellow came back and told the village people, "Yes, I saw his tracks." They put all of their belongings and their fish in canoes and left that place for good. They would not live there any more for fear he might come again. After that no one would camp on that side of the river again; true story."

Citation: **Robert J. Frank's 1990 "Nehalem Tillamook Tales"**

In the ancient Nehalem/Tillamook Indian language their word for female Bigfoot is Xi'lgo and it translates, *Wild Woman*. Their words for a male Bigfoot is Yi' dyi' tay. Cite: "Notes on the Tillamook" Franz Boas 1923

The Hare Indians...

The Hare Indians share with the Loucheux Tribe the distinction of being the northern most Redskins in North America; their habitat being directly south of the Alaskan Eskimos. Their territory extends from Fort Norman, on the great Mackenzie River west of Great Bear Lake, to the confines of the Eskimos, not far from the Arctic Ocean. The Hares are said to call the creature resembling Bigfoot simply "*bushmen*" or "*brushmen*."

There are less than 600 Hare souls left in that territory. The Hare regard the *bushmen* as males (usually) who have lost their way and in ancient times story-tellers said the *bushmen* used to steal women and children. Some say they ate the men and raised the children. The *Bushman* dwellings were generally in ice caves or underground, nobody really knew where they lived. Living together without women throughout the winter months with no fire, but eating fresh meat cached through the warmer months, -caribou and elk skins have been found cached along with other skins of small mammals. The Hare people say the *bushmen* communicate with a whistle; therefore it is taboo for the Hare to whistle for it might bring the *bushmen* to their villages.

Lariyin is one of the elder Hare Indian terms for *bushmen*. According to the Hare, the "Bushmen" are anthropomorphic beings who roam the bush country during the summer; they kidnap without conscience. By 'anthropomorphic' Dr. Hiroko Sue Hara meant the attribution of human characteristics or behavior to their sacred god. Some of the Hare consider the *lariyin* to be *men who lost their way* while others believe these men were transformed into *evil dwellers of the wilds*. Both Indians of the neighboring tribes and the white man are believed to have become Bushmen. "Since various Indians stopped their fighting wars, there have been few Indian Bushmen." (Hiroko Sue Hara)

(Source: Hara, Dr. Hiroko Sue, Anthropologist: *The Hare Indians and their World*. (Diamond Jenness Memorial Volume) National Museum of Canada January 1, 1980 314 pages; Canadian Ethnology Service Paper No.63, ISSN 0316-1854

Gwich'in Black Giants

A truly wonderful leather-faced Gwich'in Indian family while fishing the mighty Bonnet Plume River in Canada's Yukon Territory spoke of a "*black giant*." It is a term frequently used in unpopulated areas.

He (always "he" because seeing female black giants is rare for some unknown reason) was described as better than eight feet tall, tracks measuring twice a woman's length that led to rocky crevices. There, where the creature lived a solitary life, it rarely showing his face in winter; it was holed up with his cache of stored food. The rest of the year they might be seen anyplace from marshy areas to outer city limits especially fishing communities; preferred their own kindred, each avoiding the other. What scared the Gwich'in couple the most? Hearing a whistle, even when friends whistled, they stopped everything. To them, it is the call of a black giant to a female. The Indians also listen to the alarm call of birds and what each alarm call indicated. One bird in their territory is capable of mimicking at least forty other birds; it's the gray catbird. It also mimics the *bushman*, or their *black giant* and vice versa.

www.bigfootencounters.com/sbs/blackgiants.htm article courtesy Ken Kristian, Stuart Island, Canada

The Chickasaw Lofa

Chickasaw Indian legends mention a creature that was smelly and covered in a long coat. The *lofa* was said to be a hairy being that could speak a language. The Chickasaw, while being a relatively small peaceful tribe, occupied and claimed large hunting areas in parts of Mississippi,

Alabama, Tennessee, Oklahoma and Kentucky. The Iroquois were first mentioned in the journals of Spanish explorer Hernando de Soto in 1540 when his expedition spent the winter with the Chickasaw; severely abusing the Chickasaw hospitality until the Indians had enough and slaughtered the Spaniards. The Iroquois is recorded as a living hair-giant in de Soto's journals defined as something like a giant man. Explorer De Soto writes at length about a giant in what is now Alabama.

"By all accounts Tascalusa was an enormous man. He was very tall of body, large limbed, lean and well built. Even the terse Biedma says it was the opinion of most that Tascalusa was a giant." Tascalusa was so huge that when he ordered a saddle horse to ride with Soto, no horse was big enough to carry him. Instead he had to settle for one of Soto's larger packhorses. Tascalusa ruled southern Alabama region for only a short time, but archaeological clues suggest most of central Alabama was dominated by giants until the year 1450. The journals do not tell us if these giants were haired or not, but with the giants in other states, it may be a partial reason by some Sasquatches obtain the height they do...if we buy into the thought that they cross-bred. Tascalusa of course, is modern Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

Cite: Pages 370 & 371 of Dave Duncan's "*Hernando de Soto: A Savage Quest in the Americas.*"

The Paiute Nation

The Northern *Paiute* call themselves Numa or Numu. The word Nu'numic or spelling variations of Nunumic refers to the ancient Paiute Indian terminology for the hairy *man who lives on the mountain* in and around the Owens Valley, in the eastern Sierra Range of Central California. The Paiute Indian term Nu'numic describes a tall hair-covered *timber giant* that was said to have roamed the Owens Valley several hundred years ago. Some say it still lives there in the nearby Sierra Mountain Range. I have the following early examples:

(1) Owens Valley, California: Several, including John Clarke, Paul Myrtengreen and Jack Ferral reported a large shaggy beast roaming the foothills of Round Valley. Clarke came upon the creature asleep and tried to lasso it but it woke up and ran off yelling. Myrtengreen fainted when he saw it coming towards him. Jack Ferral hunted it and on March 25th came upon it feeding. He fired 5 rounds into it but it came for him anyway. His horse broke two legs in its mad escape and Jack Ferral was bruised. Cite (Inyo County Register)

(2) "The setting is in the Owens Valley near Independence, California, in the middle 1800s. Large human tracks were seen one morning in some moist earth near the mill at San Carlos, the bare feet being distinctly impressed therein. Measurement showed the foot to be eighteen inches long, with a breadth at the toes being six; the stride being about six feet and apparently made while walking and not running. After an interval of a few days the tracks were seen again one morning and after a like interval the remarkable impressions were made for a third time. At the same time the footprints were repeatedly seen at Bend City and at what is now the ghost town

of Chrysopolis; a settlement on the east bank of the Owens River – around the time of the Civil War in 1860. There was no one, white, black, yellow or red known to have a foot anywhere near so big. Indians when shown the footprints then asked if they knew who made them, wisely shrugged their shoulders and said, *'no see with eyes'* and with a wave of the hand toward the Inyo Range said, *"He lives there."* They acted in a strange and awed manner. I often wondered about the matter, never arriving at any solution, but the incidents afforded a boundless field for speculation. Certain it is, there was abundant material for legend...."

Cite: Indian Legends and Songs, by Guy Chaffee Earl, 1980. via Peter Guttilla, 1980 with permission.

3) An informant from Big Pine, California wrote to record her grandfather Brunner Bergmann was a miner in 1933. In his notebook is mention of "a wild man that tore the hide from Johnny U.'s pack mule and killed his dog" while he was descending from the Jane mine during a snow storm on the eastern slopes of Mt. Whitney.

4) In 1958 the *Princely Press* reported Mrs. Otto Martinez became a widow after a trail of large foot prints of a strange beast were found around her husband's abandoned pack train south of Mystery Meadow. The contents of packs were undisturbed.

5) A murder was reported two years prior at Horseshoe Meadow. The mules were discovered grazing near the old Cottonwood sawmill. The two deceased men found unarmed, one had his skull crushed, the other gent with neck snapped backwards. The perpetrator left scuff marks and one foot marking of extraordinary size. One of the O.V. Paiute hired hands discovered the grizzly scene and reported the miners stood no chance against the Timber Ghost. *"When I walked out onto the meadow, I noticed the chirping warning of a half dozen squirrels and knew there was something a foot."* The Paiute man would not accompany the investigators back to the scene but provided a map of the region. (Jackson Tellgate 1995)

Pahi-zoho is a much older Paiute term for Bigfoot in the California Sierras. The term describes a red-haired giant much the same as Si-Te-Cah. The look has been described as human, not like an ape and not all of them were hairy all over. *"Some are so sparsely haired that they could pass for over-sized human men and not all of them are giant size; especially in the eastern Sierras."* (Henry Moon)

Choctaw Native hears metal beams snapping...

In 2005 Choctaw Native Billy Ludlow of Honobia, Oklahoma became a staunch believer in Bigfoot fifty-four years earlier at age 11 when he encountered a bipedal creature on the Little River. Ludlow and two playmates were goofing around one Sunday night after church when they heard metal beams snapping on the unfinished bridge above the river. *"I looked up and saw this large, hairy animal stand up on two legs like a man,"* said Ludlow. *"I guessed it to be 9 or 10 feet tall at the time with broad shoulders and hair all over. I was always the slowest runner among my friends but on that night, I was the fastest. We ran to my grandmother's cabin and slammed the door shut. It was chasing us. Something came and pushed the door two or three times and then went away. I know they are out there."*

Cite <http://www.bigfootencounters.com/articles/honobia2005.htm>

Munsee Delaware Nation

Chief William Little Soldier, Chief of the Munsee Delaware Indian Nation and resident of Cambridge, Ohio contacted me with the express desire to report that the hair men look much more human than what had been previously reported through Grassman reports and he was clear they did not have a gorilla shape.

The Executive Director of NABS, David Paulides contacted Little Soldier and acquired his statement by affidavit in December of 2009. In his statement the Chief said, *"Two months ago I was putting out post markers on our property when I heard a large branch break. I turned in time to catch a glimpse of a creature walking away on two feet with hair over its entire body. It was medium brown in color with thinning hair near its buttocks. The creature ran up an adjacent ridgeline where I lost sight of it. I never did see a frontal perspective, just the rear. I did measure its stride at over eight feet and it had 17" long feet. We have found three different size Bigfoot tracks on the property adjacent to the tribe, some were quite small and others were large, they all looked like a barefoot human track except they were wider and flatter. Others in our immediate community that have found fecal material that looks similar to giant human scat that nobody can seem to identify. Others have found three different sets of footprints in snow that looks like human footprints. I went to a local newspaper to discuss the issue with a reporter and he claimed that there have been 22 sightings of Bigfoot in the Twin Sisters area. The sightings are of a creature that looks much more human than the Ohio Grassman. Bigfoot researcher Don Keating lives approximately 20 miles from me but I couldn't contact him and thus the reason I contacted Bigfoot Encounters. I wanted to report that this creature looks much more human than what has been previously reported through the Grassman reports; it doesn't have the gorilla shape. I have had two other Bigfoot sightings in California that I would like to report.*

1) *"In June or July of 1973 I was driving a GMC big rig carrying pallets and pipe northbound on Interstate 5, three miles south of the Oregon border. It was 1:30 p.m. on a clear and warm day with moderate traffic. Two hundred feet in front of me, I observed a creature running on two feet westbound to eastbound across the highway. It was very dark in color, had hair covering its entire body and it was very big and muscular, like a very large body building male. I was able to view the creature for 15-20 seconds until it made its way into the forest line. A large number of vehicles pulled to the side of the roadway and we discussed what we observed. We all agreed that we had just viewed a Bigfoot."*

2) *"In March or April of 1979 I was traveling with my daughter from Red Bluff (Tehama Ranch) to the coast on Highway 36. It was a clear day when we started and then it quickly got foggy as we crested the summit and headed onto the coastal side of the highway. It was near 10:30 a.m. as we went around a turn and saw small pine saplings swaying on the side of the road. We then saw a Bigfoot dart into the roadway approximately twenty feet in front of us. It also had hair over its entire body, was dark in color and immediately crossed the road to the other side where we lost sight of it. We were just on the northwestern fringe of the Yolla Bolla Wilderness Area when we made this sighting."*

The NABS affidavit was signed by Chief Little Soldier December 2008. <http://bigfootencounters.com/stories/Little-Soldier.htm>

Two sets of tracks found by Spirit Lake Sioux...

This sighting was reported at Ft. Totten, North Dakota not far from Devil's Lake on the Spirit Lake Sioux Nation Reservation - just before dawn in 1978, I took this one lady back home; she lived in a tree'd section of town. I dropped her off and she went to her porch. She happened to look over to the side of her house porch and that's when she saw the Bigfoot-like creature, which made her start screaming; she raced back to my car. The woman jumped in and told me what she had just seen. We went with her back to her house with a couple of friends and searched the area; we found footprints. The tracks were barefooted and measured around 13-inches to 16-inches each in length. The woman only got a quick glimpse, but she described the Bigfoot as hairy, very tall and its hair was brown and medium length. Signed, Silas Ironheart, January 2001 http://www.bigfootencounters.com/sbs/ft_totten.htm

Bigfoot Tracks Weemusk First Nation, Ontario

June 21, 2001 -- Large prints found in a forest on the shores of Hudson Bay indicate that Bigfoot, a large hairy man-like creature that has mystified people for decades, is alive and well in northern Ontario near Peawanuck. Abraham Hunter, the chief of the Weemusk First Nation in Peawanuck, Ontario, some 1,100 miles (1,800 km) north of Toronto, said he examined the footprints last week after a member of his community sighted them. Each footprint was 14-inches in length and five inches wide. Chief Hunter said there *"were quite a few tracks, more than twenty heading toward the river."* The footprints were found by a community member of Peawanuck as he was driving a four-wheeler through the Polar Bear Provincial Park, one of Ontario's largest wildlife reserves on the south shore of Hudson Bay. The prints were some two yards apart, indicating that the creature had a very large running stride, and they were definitely not those of a bear. *"A bear would have four different footprints,"* Chief Hunter said, *"...the tracks headed toward the Winisk River, which flows through Polar Bear Park. The creature left no hair on the shrubs as it passed, but the footprints sank quite deep into the soil, indicating that Bigfoot was big and heavy. It's not just in one area that the footprints were sighted,"* Chief Hunter said. *"There's about three different areas, one about three kilometers (2 miles) away, and another two kilometers (1.25 miles)*

away and these were not the first sighting."

"About 20 years ago, there was a sighting about 25 or 20 kilometers (15 or 12.5 miles) downstream. In fact, the creature itself was sighted about 20-years ago, but it was not until next day that people in the area went to the spot and did find footprints, (each) 16-inches in length. It looked like a man, was very hairy," according to Chief Hunter.

In Toronto, Brett Kelly of the Ontario Natural Resources Ministry, said an area supervisor for the ministry and two other people visited the spot where the latest footprints were found and took photographs. *"They are sending the photographs down for us to have a look."* Apparently, there have been 16 other sightings in the Province of Ontario in different areas, including Algonquin Park, the far west of the province but mostly in the north. In the latest sighting, *"I think it's quite heavy, because it left quite a deep footprint, but there's no estimation of what the actual size of it is."* After the sighting near Peawanuck, the ministry staff saw a second set some 150 kilometers, ninety-three miles east.

Credit source: <http://www.vny.com/cf/News/upidetail.cfm?QID=195935>
and Rense.com <http://www.rense.com/general11/bigf.htm>

With regard to indigenous people or North America, there are some tribal traditions that hold them closed mouth about their stories of the "big people." Other Nations are more open and quite willing to discuss Bigfoot with the white men in research. Interestingly, some are not so willing to share even the idea that the big people of the forests exist; according to traditions, that is how it should be.

Qu'Appelle Valley in Saskatchewan

The Qu'Appelle Valley today is home to the Plains Cree, the Saulteaux and the Dakota Indians; it was also occupied by the Gros Ventres (Atsina). Dr. Peter Rubec, a marine biologist in Florida shared some interesting data with me in 2004.

His informant, a woman who in 2003 exchanged emails with a First Nation man in Alberta, Canada wrote down his observations. The subject of *Sasquatch special powers* was at the time, an on-going if not rather spirited

discussion on the deeply paranormal BFNA list run by Jon Erik Beckjord. In the following excerpts a First Nation man is responding to questions put to him by Dr. Peter Rubec.

Rubec: *"...What special powers are attributed to the Sasquatch, if any, specifically the ability to confuse or hypnotize humans?"*

The Alberta First Nation man replied on October 4, the following:

"That's some question. I think you're referring to 'Bigfoot'? If that's so, then I have to say, no. The interesting part of your question does bring back a memory of an incident when I was 9 or 10 years old. We had a trap line which stretched erratically through the forested area near our home. Sometime in January my mother and I were walking this trap line. We came across a trail coming from the northwest going southwest. At first we thought a horse had traveled there. On closer inspection we found that there were footprints. The problem with this is that they were very large; like a super large human. My mother put both feet in one track, heel to toe, and there was still plenty of room all around. Then she stepped off the distance between the footprints. It took three of her steps before she reached the other imprint. The heel and toe prints were very clear in some of the step marks. All she said then was some native word, looked around and said, "Let's go." We went home right then without checking the other traps. Today we bring that topic up once in a while. She'll say that the Indians knew about them [Bigfoot] for a long time. Hope I may have shed some light on your question."

The next correspondence was dated the same day only later...

Rubec: Subject: more info from my Indian contact

"I thought of mentioning this to you in the last email, but your question was specific. Did I see one of the big creatures? At the beginning of August, I received a phone call from a friend of mine who lives in the Qu'Appelle Valley, in

Saskatchewan. This Valley spans three Canadian Provinces, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba. Throughout its system it is connected by rivers and lakes. Along the shores of this system are located many First Nation Reserves, Indian owned land. The person who phoned me said that a hunter from their Reserve was in the hills overlooking the lake. It was early morning and down below, along the shore, he saw a family of five of the *big creatures*; a male and female, and three smaller ones. He watched them from this hilltop for about three hours before they went back into the hills. Although he had a rifle with him he said he never thought of using it. He said they looked very human, and exhibited many human characteristics; same with their anatomy. They were reddish brown in color. The male and female were approximately 7 to 8 feet tall and the smaller ones from 5 feet and smaller. Over the years several people have seen them. They let them go about their business. I asked if they reported this sighting to the media. They said, "no." It was thought that they should be left undisturbed. Just thought I would answer your question with more depth and confirmation. Let me know if you want a better description of what this hunter and several of his friends saw."

Then on October 7, 2003 Rubec's First Nation correspondent wrote:

"Sorry I couldn't get back to you a little quicker. I was in meetings during the weekend and most of today. I have not yet contacted my mother on the name she said when she seen the tracks. I will find out and email that to you. It is obvious that she knew what she saw that day. She has told the family some of the stories that her people handed down to her through the generations. One of them was before the Europeans came to this country. Her people, the Assiniboine 'Nakota' Nations and their territory spanned a large area from what is now central Alberta from the base of the Rocky Mountains, southward to the Little Rockies, upward though Montana, through part of North Dakota, and northward to the North

Saskatchewan River and from there back to the Mountains in Alberta. During the winter months they would make their camp at the base of the Rocky Mountains. She said for several winters the *Big Man of the mountains* came to her people's camp. They had a teepee for him. He mingled with the tribe and apparently got on very well with them. They could understand each other well and the big man told them many things. In the spring when they would leave to continue their travels, the big man would return to the mountains. This went on for many years, and occasionally he would bring others of his kind with him. When settlement of the area became the norm, his visits became less and less. One season he never returned. I thought this a rather odd story at the time, till one day I was researching the Elder's statement of Treaty #7 in Alberta, and one of the Elders from the area made mention of this. So I believe that this is a true fact. You mentioned that when you see them that you have a difficult time concentrating, or focusing your attention. I was speaking to an Elder from the Province of Manitoba about them one time, about five years ago. I asked him how it was that nobody can get close to the *big ones*? What he told me was that they had 'The Hiding Medicine'. When they want to stay hidden they can, and when they want to show themselves they do. Your research sounds very interesting. There are a lot of things we don't know about in this world we live in." The signature of the First Nation Man was concealed

Dr. Peter Rubec, Florida 2003

Okemasis First Nation Track Discovered...

The discovery of a footprint a third of a meter in length on July 26, 1998 had members of a Saskatchewan Okemasis First Nation Reserve looking for signs of an elusive creature called Sasquatch. Curiosity seekers point out that the tracks coincide with the disappearance of a dog and a bull on the Beady's and Okemasis First Nation Reservation in northern Saskatchewan.

The footprints were spotted by Janet Gamble, who was jogging near her home. Her husband and his brother videotaped the tracks after realizing how easily they could be washed away. In an effort to determine the actual nature of the footprints, the Gambles contacted the RCMP, the University of Saskatchewan and their reservation elders. Since word of the mysterious visitor leaked out, the Gamble property has been overrun with

curious people seeking a glimpse of the Bigfoot.

Cite: Ray Gavel, Kingston *Whig-Standard* news article, Ontario, Canada 1998

Prairie Island Reservation

Ray Owen, son of a Dakota spiritual leader from Prairie Island Reservation in Minnesota, told a reporter from (the) Red Wing (Minnesota) *Republican Eagle*,

"They exist in another dimension from us, but can appear in this dimension whenever they have a reason to. See, it's like there are many levels, many dimensions. When our time in this one is finished, we move on to the next, but the Big Man can go between. The Big Man comes from God. He's our big brother, kind of looks out for us. Two years ago, we were going downhill, really self-destructive. We needed a sign to put us back on track, and that's why the Big Man appeared."

In a 1988 Minnesota news article headline: "Giant Footprints Signal a time to see change..." Ralph Gray Wolf, a visiting Athapaskan Indian from Alaska told the reporter,

"In our way of beliefs, they make appearances at troubled times," to help troubled Indian communities "get more in tune with Mother Earth." Bigfoot brings "signs or messages that there is a need to change, a need to cleanse."

The big man has appeared in many Indian communities, Standing Rock, North

Dakota - Pine Ridge, South Dakota and even Prairie Island, to name a few. For some Prairie Island residents, it is a time to look quietly inward and seek spiritual guidance. "*Scientists have tried to debunk the evidence of the big man's existence,*" Gray Wolf pointed out, "*but they have never been able to disprove it. We call him Cee-ha-tonka, Bigfoot or simply the Big Man.*"

Source: From the extensive files of investigator Peter Guttilla October 2010

Cite: Minnesota news article, "Giant Footprint Signals a Time to Seek Change," July 23, 1988

<http://www.bigfootencounters.com/articles/red-wing.htm>

Dogribs people, Northwest Territories, Canada

According to the Dogribs aboriginal people living in the Rae Lakes settlement in the Northwest Territories, (NWT) the far north has as its season a long period of darkness where the sun does not shine at all. The lack of sunlight creeps up on the Dogribs at the end of October and it stays completely dark for five months until March. Winters can be intense and long yet they have active Sasquatch-like people they call Bushmen all winter long which begs the question, *how do the Bushmen survive a winter in the Northwest Territories?*

A particular sighting of the Bush Man is described in this manner:

"It was tall, and hairy, running on its two hind legs. The hair was long and hung from its body in a wild manner. It was so fast that it was gone in a flash!" The Dogribs say the beastly creature

"lurks in the bush ready to abduct anyone traveling alone and the poor victims abducted by the creature are never seen again; if they are they usually are found either mute or mentally deranged or both."

After subscribing to the Bigfoot Newsletter, a graduate of Aurora College in North Slave, Yellowknife, Northwest Territories calling herself "Tahk," told me the bushmen were greatly feared. "*Brave men,*" she said, "*turn into Jello when the bushman makes an appearance;* everyone locks their doors." There were stories about women, in particular who simply vanished from the rural areas of Yellowknife; the blame was put on the bushmen who took them for wives. In recent years the bushman has been seen coming in closer than usual.

Few men volunteer to track the bushman; Tahk said the monster ranged upwards of 10-feet tall and was very powerful. The fear of the Bush man is so great that several men carry elephant guns. When I filed Tahk's report, I felt compelled to school myself on what an elephant gun was. The best description of a rifle that size, was owned by the larger-than-life author Ernest Hemingway. It was a double-barreled .577-caliber Nitro Express that was manufactured in 1913 expressly for Hemingway by Wesley Richards Arms firm in the UK. The gun weighed nearly 16-pounds and was meant to be used to drop a trophy, bull elephant in charge, thus its name.

<http://gardenandgun.com/newsletter/sale-hemingways-elephant-gun>

Today the lightweight 600 Overkill by Bijou Creek Gunsmithing, was manufactured and meant to bring down a 2000 pound wild Asian water buffalo. It weighs much less than Hemingway's rifle. Online youtube videos show the buffalo rifle blowing a moon-size hole in a 55-gallon drum barrel – surely a bigger entry wound than a 30.06 – but I'm way out of my league talking about rifles!

Even in modern times, the Dogribs take what they know about the Bushman quite seriously. One story out of that region came from "Spirit Wind," a resident of Yellowknife, Northwest Territories. He was told by a driver of an ice road delivery truck that his rig was chased for "some distance" by a dirty white Bush man. They thought it was a hallucination or snow blindness that caused him to see a running figure alongside his truck in the side mirror. Parts of that story were published by *MacLean's Online*, a Canadian publication in March of 2003. Spirit Wind's third niece and tribal medicine woman believed that seeing a Bush man in the darkness of the long winter causes the person to become mute. <http://www.bigfootencounters.com/stories/bushman.htm>

Hoh Nation

Hoh Olympic Peninsula Rain Forest, WA.

Gene Sampson reported finding two sets of footprints measuring 14-inches long and another set measuring 17.5-inches long by 8-inches wide. The larger of the two tracks had a big toe measuring 3-inches wide. The big toe on the smaller imprint was 2-inches across. Sampson also found bark broken from trees 20-feet high. The Bureau of Indian Affairs investigated and they were skeptical. The late Dr. Grover S. Krantz said of the Hoh tracks that he believed "*...the evidence suggested one male and one female Sasquatch.*" The late Richard Greenwell, upon hearing the Hoh evidence on July 1, 2000 expressed in his delightful charismatic apathy, a phrase often attributed to him: "*...evidence of such creatures remains inconclusive. On*

Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, I absolutely believe in Bigfoot! After I evaluate all the data and read all the information then on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, I think it's all nonsense. On Sundays, I rest." Too bad Krantz and Greenwell are no longer with us; I think both men would be astounded at recent revelations in research.

Cite: The Associated Press, July 1, 2000 <http://www.bigfootencounters.com/articles/hoh.htm>

Nez Perce Nation, Lapwai, Idaho

In August of 1992, Tess Greene Sherman said she and three other people watched a Bigfoot move rapidly uphill through farm and Nez Perce grazing land. Sherman and her family were enjoying dinner in town when they noticed the Bigfoot. *"It was black and it was HUGE; it stopped and looked at us,"* Sherman said.

Authorities from the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) investigated a string of Bigfoot sightings in and around Lapwai but William Aubertin, the Supervisor of Criminal Investigations "drew a zero" trying to find any evidence after a team of BIA officers scoured the hills west of the town of Lapwai. Asked if it might be a hoax of some kind, Sherman replied, "No way, it was going up that hill much to fast; I couldn't walk up that hill as fast as it did." Sherman said she was skeptical after initial reports started coming in three weeks earlier. But after seeing the creature for herself, she became a believer. "They're out there."

Cite: Generously provided from the extensive files of Peter Guttilla. News article dated August 1992, The Lewiston Idaho Tribune. <http://www.bigfootencounters.com//articles/BIA.htm>

Paiute Indian Reservation Modoc County, Alturas, California

Kenneth Sam claimed he spotted a hairy giant man-like creature roaming outside a house he was guarding on the Paiute Indian Reservation. Sam's cousin, Neasha Comanche said she found small footprints last week of what she believes is a young bigfoot on the reservation near the California -Oregon border. Sam said the Bigfoot was 8-feet tall and was walking on two feet. He shined a flashlight on the creature from 40-yards away. At first, it ran toward him and then fled.

"It was big, dark and hairy-looking," he said, *"It had silver eyes and it moves pretty fast. It's a lot bigger than a football player and it has quite a reach; it also seemed like it just glides – it seemed curious. I thought an antelope was fast, but this guy is pretty fast."*

While Sam did not believe the creature was dangerous, he lit fires outside the house for several nights. *"It seems to be scared of fire. It doesn't come down when the fire is burning."* Sam's cousin, Neasha Comanche, said she found clearly defined footprints of what she believes is a baby Bigfoot that walked through a mud puddle outside her home. The prints are *"almost human, but they're not because of the furry hair on their foot."*

Source: UPI release, dateline Alturas, California, June 23, 1989
<http://www.bigfootencounters.com/stories/legends.htm>

California's Gabrielino Indians...

Southern California Indians known generally as the Gabrielino - Shoshonean linguistic stock - occupied lands and maintained fairly large settlements along the Santa Ana River from its headwaters in the mountains north of San Bernardino to the Pacific Ocean. According to records kept by Spanish priests in the 1770s and later verified by historians Reid and Harrington, an area east of Chino and along the Santa Ana River was known to the Indians as Rancho of the Devil. Apparently a sizable stretch of the river between Riverside and Chino was the domain of Towis or Takwis, a giant hairy manlike beast. Though the exact location was unspecified in the record, a place on the south banks of the river was called Towis Puki, or Camp of the Devil. This "devil" was said to leave a stench and roam about at night.

North of Chino, California between the cities of Pomona, La Verne and parts of Claremont was a place called Toybipet, or Devil Woman Who Was There. The Devil Woman was said to be very tall with large feet and hands, long toenails and fingernails and "...as fast as a deer." In the early 1900s old Gabrielino Indians told Harrington that white hunters "very long ago" had trapped the Devil Woman, but later freed her. The capture ostensibly took place in the 1820s. Among the Gabrielinos of southern Riverside County the giant Takwis lived in a cave on Lily Peak west of Palm Springs. Nearby Tahquits Peak got its name from Takwis. The southern version of Takwis was widely associated with bright flashes of light and flying balls of light. A major landmark, Mount San Jacinto, was also considered the home of Takwis.

cite: The Indians of Los Angeles County, by Hugo Reid, 1926; and Chinigchinich, by Fray Geronimo Boscana, 1933; California's Gabrielino Indians, interviews by John Peabody Harrington, Bernice. E. Johnston, 1964. The casebook of Peter Guttilla's Special Edition Bigfoot File (1995, Peter Guttilla). <http://www.bigfootencounters.com/creatures/takwis.htm>

Slavey Indians

Partly Anishinaabe and partly Athabascan, the Slavey Indians in the Yukon and parts of Alaska use the term "*Nahgane*" to describe the hairy bush giants known to kidnap very young children from their homes and take them into the wilderness.

Cite © Copyright 1998, North American Science Institute, page 38 NASI Report, Jeff Glickman, Henry Franzoni Members of the NASI Board in 1997-8 and present at the first teleconference gathering in 1998 were Henry Franzoni, the late Mike Dennett, Tod Deery, Bobbie Short, Loren Coleman, Jeff Glickman and Debra Wolman in no particular order.

White Mountain Apache Nation Eastern Arizona

Footprints, tufts of hair and ear-piercing screams in the night signaled the return of the hairy man of the White Mountains on the Apache Reservation. According to Collette Altaha, "...there

have been more sightings than ever before; it cannot be ignored any longer." The main town on the Reservation is Whitewater; 25-year resident Marjorie Grimes said that no one has had a negative encounter with the Bigfoot since 1982. The most recent sighting on Apache land was in 2004 when Grimes was driving home from the town of Cibecue, AZ. Noticeable is the way Bigfoot walks; it takes huge strides and most are black haired.

In 2006 Tribal police made plaster casts from the footprints. The Arizona Fish and Game Department does not investigate Bigfoot sightings. Neither does the State Veterinarian's office, a division of the Arizona Department of Health Services. In fact the U.S. Government officials deny Bigfoot exists.

Tribal Police Lieutenant Ray Burnette wants outsiders to realize that the department takes these calls seriously and so should you. *"The calls we're getting from solid citizens - they weren't hallucinating, they weren't drunks, they weren't people that we know can make hoax calls. They're from real citizens of the Fort Apache Indian Reservation."*

http://www.bigfootencounters.com/stories/white_mountainAZ.htm

Navajo Nation, Arizona/New Mexico

The Tribal term, Ye'iitsoh, sometimes spelled Yeí'tso was originally a Navajo term in the general area of Arizona/New Mexico borders but used by elders of other nations in the Southwest and some whites. To some, it translates, *something really monstrous*. According to Navajo legend the yeí'tso was at one time, a people-eating monster, a cannibal that was greatly feared, who lay in wait to take and hold captive tribal women of child-bearing age.

The semi nomadic Navajo sheep herders gave an account saying *upright walking hair people* would come in the night, reach over stick-fenced corrals to steal sheep, but only at given times of the year when *"the sun creates shadows that lay long-ways on the ground," [in winter]*. *"We know Ye'iitsoh is near because there is a great disturbance within the herd, much bleating by the sheep and goats and barking herding dogs. We can do nothing but keep to lower pastures with a watching eye."*

The big *Ye'iitsoh* comes and shreds away the wool/hide from the body of the sheep and leaves it for the Indian shepherd, making off with the bleeding carcass. In a similar report the creature left behind the carcass of a dead ewe and carried away a live lamb bleating for its mother. The informant said the *ye'iitsoh* left *"footprints the length of two bolt-wrenches."* His trail twisted and turned like the snake to higher ground in an area where the Chuska Mountains meets the Carrizo Mountain Range of Colorado.

"The ye'iitsoh lives in high mountain caves, he comes down here to where we must water the ewes; the walk is long from the high range of the Carrizo but the Ye'iitsoh is a great walker; he brings gifts that are not natural for the Navajo people. A loud whistle signals my people that he is here; we are glad to share the food with them in hard winters because they don't take more than their family needs; they will not eat with us. One winter of my great great grandfather, the bear men left us a great pile pine needles, meadow lupine, sun

baked nuts, dried berries and a strange fish meat not common to this area. The hair-women are great weavers of pine needle baskets; the sap keeps away the insects and the berries of the spring season are dried and stored in pine containers. It was a great mystery to my family before this time came. The Ye'itsoh people talk among themselves in a language of the northern tribes; the language is unknown to my father and the elders of my people but our fathers before us signed with them and it was agreeable. Ye'itsoh men bring their children and wash them in the narrow brook, they teach them to swim before they walk and then they are gone when the long shadows become short and the wind becomes warm. The old ones saw them for a season and then for the rainbow season [spring] they go somewhere else, maybe to high country where the strange fish come from, but for us, the bear people sometimes come down and winter with us."

Paul Jlin-Litzoque [Yellow Horse] Apache translated for John Millard, winter 1977. Letters to Bobbie Short 1995

Navajo Nation tribe member Raymond Peter gave a vivid description of the Sasquatch he saw in July of 2009. *"First, my dog Stookie started to growl, I looked to where the dog was growling. Bigfoot didn't see me, but I saw Bigfoot."*

Peter indicated the creature was 8 or 9 feet tall, gray in color and was about an eighth of a mile away; "I could smell him, he really stinks, like it doesn't take a shower. The creature was walking among the trees, heading west and his face was covered in *shaggy hair* and his legs were *big, like tree stumps*. After the creature left, Peter said he found giant footprints in the damp earth. *"I didn't have a gun," he said gesturing with his hands, "After I saw that, I didn't want to be there anymore."*

Bigfoot sightings on Navajo Nation Land are not uncommon, especially on the pinion and juniper covered Chuska Mountains that frame the Sanostee community and tower over portions of the Nation in New Mexico and Arizona. Shepherders often camp high in the mountains during the summer with their livestock. Cite: http://www.daily-times.com/ci_19895147

A letter from the Navajo Reservation

Upper Fruitland, New Mexico April 2011

Last year we were given two German Shepherds. They were not the brightest dogs and would constantly bark at night. We live near the San Juan River in Upper Fruitland on the Navajo Reservation.

On Easter Sunday, we finally grew tired of the dogs constant barking and took them to the animal shelter in Farmington. That night around 11:30 p.m. my youngest daughter, who was 19 at the time, was going into the living room and notice that the light from our street light was blocked from the kitchen window. As she looked at the window she saw what was blocking the light. Peering in the window from outside was a large dark hairy creature that had to crouch to look

in the window. It had huge shoulders and a large head. She said she really couldn't make out the features of the face but she could see it was somewhat flat with large nostrils. It just watched her from the window as she went into the living room and sat on the couch until she could see the light in the kitchen again. We figure it to have been at least 7½ feet tall. The ground was hard so no footprints could be found. We had no dogs to bark and warn us so it was able to get close enough to the house. This creature has been seen and heard by many other people who live along the San Juan River here in New Mexico. W. M. (IHS/NAV) January 2012

White Mountain Apache Nation

Ft. Apache Whiteriver, Arizona: In 2006, there was a flurry of sightings on Apache Lands. The most noteworthy occurred around 2:30 in the morning on August 14 when Barry and Tammy Lupe of Whiteriver called 911 Emergency Services to report an un-humanly large prowler peering through their window. Apparently, window peeping is a favorite past time for the Sasquatch.

In a police report, White Mountain tribal Officer Katherine Montoya described what happened when she responded to the call: "It stood approximately 6-feet 7-inches tall and it appeared to be about 220 pounds or more. It had exceptionally long arms and was naked. When it turned towards me, the most obvious feature was its eyes. The skin around his eyes was a lighter color than the rest of the face. It appeared almost white while the rest of the suspect was black. I could smell a distinct odor like a stink bug. You know; when you squish a stinkbug it smells. It crashed through the fence while running away." In another instance, at least a half-dozen tribal members told about seeing a strange beast, hearing blood-curdling screams in the night or surviving other experiences related to the arrival of the Sasquatch at Ft Apache. Laramie Smith explained that he'd heard Bigfoot noises near a place called Diamond Creek and he found a cave that might be the beast's lair. The Tribal investigators cast several footprints and collected hair samples believed to be Sasquatch hairs.

<http://www.azcentral.com/arizonarepublic/news/articles/1106bigfoot1106.html>

Arizona, Tonto National Park and Mazatzals Wilderness

The crest of the Mazatzal Mountains form the county line between Maricopa County and Gila County, Arizona. Mazatzal pronounced by the locals as *ma-ta-zel* is Aztec rooting and translates, *place of the deer*.

Excerpt from letters, journal entries of the late John Millard:

"We were transfixed by the sight of a smallish white nose coatimundi when we came up over the ridge to rest. This little fellow had a white arm band like stripe that went circled his arms and chest like a halter. I wet my whistle with a piece of hard candy. The cairns [pyramid-shaped rock piles] in this area appear man-made to show a trail or direction, noting one

out-of-place dolmen (sic) but pointing to where? I'm puzzled. Slowing down at the top, the manzanita thins out among the wind tilting ponderosa pines, which Gloria said sounded like the *whispers from God*. We looked down into a sharp-sloping shallow canyon, more a high flood spillway that stretched out along the north side. Gloria is tired; we rested there with a clear view of Mazatzal Peak; beautiful day. The air is dry. There was movement below. Down on our stomachs behind a decaying log, we were able to see dust hanging in air down below us where, to our surprise, stood the legendary *ye'itsoh* quite unaware of us. The thing seemed frozen in place remaining motionless; its glare appeared to be fixed on the ground to the left of him. Its black hair has a gloss much like a black bear only much shorter, graying or whitish across this enormous upper back. The thinning hair looked curly against its body in all places except for balding areas of its hiney and some parts of its chest. It may be seven or as much as eight feet tall, by God, those shoulders are unusual. The *ye'itsoh's* male genitalia unmistakable in profile; it had the balls of Paul Bunyan's ox but very human in appearance though the groin hair is quite thick, curly and extends up over the hip; this animal appears most human. The legs appear to be wide at the thigh, roughly honed and muscular; hair spotty in places. Except for bulging calf muscles the lower leg muscular and thick at the ankle where there is more hair than any place else except for his upper buttocks and upper back. Thick hair flows over tops of both feet like feathers. Then whoosh, from behind a large clump of rocks came a small version of the big one, the hair sparser and short. Neither of us can talk for the watching, Gloria has binocs [sic]. In a hail of dust it ran between the legs of the big one and continued on some distance ahead. The big fellow's attention continued fixed on something on the ground. It raised its foot and stomped hard in the dirt on whatever it was; the little guy ran back to have a looksee as silt again filled the air. The little one looked at the ground and up at the face of the big individual, they appear to communicate something. The hand of the male brushed something from the left eye of the little version as it shoved the squashed prize into its mouth, took it out and looked at it then put it back into its mouth as the big one sauntered off up the canyon. The little one hurried along behind him frantically trying to keep pace, at one point grabbing the left leg of the big male, the child clung tightly for a 'ride-along.' We followed the two where we were able, but lost sight of them and their tracks in a floor of pine needles. Afterwards we exchanged details and wrote notes; I laughed at Gloria, her eyes were still ringed in red circles from the pressure of her binocs [sic]. We believe the small one was female and thought it had the face of an Aboriginal child. note: a ducktail of black hair flowed from the *ye'itsoh's* head to the mid-back area on both of them, more pronounced on the bigger one. His tracks were 17 inches long by 8 inches wide and the little one's track measured 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches by 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide and we have run short of casting material. The space between footprints was uneven, the first set

measured 48 inches, and the other was roughly a 54-inch stride for the male. What a story to tell the grandchildren."

"Dec. 9 back on the ridge again the wind carried strange sounds. We wait, expecting nothing again today. It's cold this morning; my bones notice the change in season. This day brought something unusual – the same youngster (by its footprint) had a temper tantrum. The OELD picked up distant noises; child squealing in a high octave pitch and the other deep tones sound like a man clearing his throat, mouth clicking like I would use to "getty up a horse" and a repeat of words 'may son, may son followed by a sharp 'it or at' word repeated several times. The little version kicked up dirt, threw dirt, rocks, weeds, sticks and yelled wildly, apparently aimed at the male, for his part he watched the display for 3-5 minutes, then as the dust settled the big male reached down grabbed the youngster under the armpit and carried the kid off and into the timber. All ends quietly."

"January, the month was quiet and uneventful, nothing but a few (very few) deer. Saw a timber rattler and rabbit; the area crawls with deer mice and squirrels."

"February 3 "I think the male is the babysitter, a third member of this clan may be on the other side of the rise or off in the trees, we can't see into that area from our vantage point and have not located anything in that area, no tracks. In three winters here, we have not seen whatever makes the third set of tracks. Maybe the mother of the youngster sleeps during the day or hunts? Gloria not well today; packing up heading north next week." (Millard, 1997)

Suquamish Nation

Port Madison Tribe, Washington...

Sasquatch screams at Suquamish forestry worker in 2001...

Suquamish Tribe forestry manager David Mills knows his way around the woods and he is positive what he saw one day in June, 2001 was a Sasquatch. Mills kept hearing noises as he went about his daily routine surveying trees. But when he turned the hair stood up on his neck.

"I watched this hairy thing on two legs," he said. "The thing used its left arm to lift up a branch and then it walked about 50-feet, turned in my direction again and saw I was watching him. He quickly ducked behind a tree."

Then Mills did something unusual. He moved into the tree line and got closer to the creature. Alarmed, the Sasquatch started screeching and pounding on the back of a tree with what sounded to Mills like a rock. Every time Mills moved a bit closer the Sasquatch would erupt; it was at that point that he heard a woofing and a jaw smacking which he recognized was a bear and suddenly he realized that additionally, he had come within feet of a bear cub. At that

moment, the sow came out of the bushes ignoring Mills focused on the object behind the tree, which was the Sasquatch. Between the two bears and the Sasquatch, Mills quickly departed the area.

The creature was described as 9-feet tall and had black, shiny hair all over its body; it strongly resembled another creature he observed while working in the Olympics for the National Forest Service in 1995. That one was kneeling by a creek and when it saw Mills it took two steps and was gone!

The screeching sounds it made matched those sounds he previously heard recorded on the Lummi Indian Reservation near Bellingham, Washington. His partner at the time also saw the Sasquatch; the incident was reported to the Suquamish Police Department. There, an officer told them he wasn't the only person to see a Sasquatch lately. Tracks were also found in Kitsap County that same year and screams were recorded near Long Lake near Gig Harbor. The incident was also recorded by *The Sun* newspaper in Bremerton, WA. August 11, 2001.
<http://www.bigfootencounters.com/stories/davidmills.htm>

Portage Island, Lummi Nation Territory

Whatcom County, Washington 1990

Three Sasquatch observed emerging from Bellingham Bay

"We were leaving Sunrise Cove on Lummi Island on a trip to the mainland. In route back, you have to skirt around Portage Island, a picturesque place where nobody lives. I think it belongs to the Lummi Nation, not sure about that. Anyways we got in close to have a look, cruised around the southern tip and up the Bellingham Bay side and that is where we saw three Sasquatch!! At first we thought we were seeing bears come out of the water crawling up onto shore but no. I idled the outboards and watched while my mate looked for a camera. Then came another and another. There were three of them coming out of the Bay there onto the rocks."

Then they stood up we knew they were not bears!! I cut the engine and floated for about three minutes or less maybe. They saw us of course, continued shaking and wiping the water off their bodies watching our boat real good. The taller of the three turned and walked up the beach and into the trees and within a few seconds the other two followed. All three were dark in color, black I guess. They were amazing to see. We were so transfixed, my mate forgot to shoot her camera and didn't think about it until I started up the outboards again and took off for Chuckanut Bay on the mainland. I don't know how tall each was, the taller was a pretty good size fellow, broad with very thick body. The others were not as tall but just as broad and thick, you know, stocky? I guess male, I didn't see anything to indicate female. We learned the island is supposed to be uninhabited, probably because Sasquatch live there. My name is Ellis, I am in business in Bellingham, Washington."

Sioux Nation Reservation

Benson County, Fort Totten, North Dakota

"North Dakota State Park not far from Devil's Lake on the Spirit Lake Sioux Nation Reservation - just before dawn, I took this one lady back home. She lived in a tree'd section of town. I dropped her off and she went to her porch. She happened to look over to the side of her house porch and that's when she saw the Bigfoot creature. The woman began screaming in fear and raced back to my car; that's when the woman jumped in and told me what she saw. Later, I went back to the house with a couple of friends and searched the area; we found footprints. The tracks were barefooted and measured around 13-inch and 16-inches in length - two sets of prints. The woman only had a quick glimpse, but she described the Bigfoot as hairy, very tall and its hair was brown and medium length."
(Silas Ironheart)

The Ponca Nation of Nebraska

The Ponca Indians were originally plains people disbursed through Nebraska and South Dakota; when the whites came in the 1800's, the southern Poncas were forced to move to a reservation in Oklahoma. In the days when mothers carried their babies on their back in cradleboards, the term "*Indacinga*" was old language verbiage used to describe tall hairy beings of great physical strength who lived in the forests and hooted like owls. Mothers use the threat of being kidnapped by the *Indacinga* to influence the behavior of their children. Cite © Copyright 1998, North American Science Institute, page 38 NASI Report, Jeff Glickman, Henry Franzoni

Bush band of Slave Indians Mackenzie River Region

Canada's Northwest Territories: "The belief in "*Naka*" (haired bushman) has a well-documented history among the interior Athabaskan Indians and there is good reason to believe that in earlier days it had good grounding in reality in accord with the surreptitious wife stealing and warfare practices of the region." (MacNeish 1954:187) Author MacNeish writes that when speaking of he *Naka* in English the people of the Slave Band Indians use the term, "spy," as in *they spy on us*. I thought that was an interesting way to define what other tribes call "*the watchers*." Cite: June Helm MacNeish "Contemporary Folk Beliefs of a Slave Indian Band; NWT Canada
<http://www.jstor.org/discover/10.2307/536224?uid=3739560&uid=2129&uid=2&uid=70&uid=4&uid=3739256&sid=211007719754>
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Yupik Eskimo terminology...

According to author Mary J. Barry, Bethel Alaska's storyteller, John Active, said Alaska's hairy man used to be called "arulataq," which means "*creature with a bellowing cry*." According to Mr. Active, "*During World War II, there was an old air raid siren in the middle of town. When it would go off, the elder natives would say that is the sound of the creature, arulataq; it was scary to the natives.*"

Cite: <http://www.bigfootencounters.com/articles/alaska1993.htm> An additional word used to describe Alaska's hairy man is Urayuli. The Eskimos of southwest Alaska use the terms urayuli and

arulataq interchangeably in ancient times when referencing an unclassified hairy hominid. John Active gathered a large number of accounts told by the Yup'ik people of Southwest Alaska concerning their encounters with Urayuli. The hairy life form was described a bit differently. Active said it was standing ten feet tall, covered with hair, with glowing eyes. Its arms were so long, they reached to the creature's ankles. It was said to roam the tundra and cry out its loneliness with a voice resembling that of a loon. Although its appearance terrified the persons confronting it, the Urayuli never harmed anyone, according to the accounts gathered by Active. However, legendary accounts lore has it that children who disappear while in the woods are transformed into Urayuli. (Mary J. Barry) Cite: Barry, Mary J. Alaska's Ghosts, Enigmas, Outlaws and Things That Go Bump! Anchorage: MJP Barry. 1994. p.73-5.

Leech Lake Ojibwe Band Cass Lake, Minnesota 2007

Don Sherman, facilities manager at the Cass Lake Indian Hospital and member of the Leech Lake Ojibwe Band documents Sasquatch sightings and stories in the Minnesota region said there are surprising numbers of cases going back hundreds of years.

"They have a human-like footprint but the prints are extremely large. We have photographs where they have made shelters; there are bones lying around the shelters. We've had actual sightings near Bovey, Nett Lake and around here. The Ojibwe believe that Bigfoot beings were sent by the creator long ago to guide and care for Indian People and give warnings, particularly of impending sickness. They are how we learned medicine," Sherman said. "Bigfoot teaches us medicine through our medicine man."

Sherman recalled a story about a Cass Lake hunter near Nett Lake who thought he was seeing a bear; he put his rifle scope on it and as he did the creature stood up on two legs. The man described it *looking like a human*; he was unable to shoot the *bugwayjinini*, the Ojibwe word for Bigfoot-like creatures; it means *wild man*.

Sherman recalled another 2005 story about a woman who reported a Bigfoot near Bena, Minnesota. She was driving her car and saw it walking near some railroad tracks. It looked right at her and she started to cry because she said, *"it looked into her soul."* Sherman knew about another woman driving at night near Ball Club, Minnesota. "The woman came away from the Deer River Casino and described a small Bigfoot that came out, saw her and then went back into the swamp.

"Nobody knows if they're human or animal. Some Native Americans say they can change themselves and go into a different dimension and disappear right in front of you. There are a lot more people seeing them in the last two years or else more people are starting to come out of the woods who are more willing to talk about what they've seen."

Of course denial of such sightings came from Keith Matson of Deer River; Matson is a retired

U.S. Forestry Service inventory technician who worked in Northeastern Minnesota forests for 28 years. Matson maintains professionals working in the Minnesota forests have never seen any sign of Bigfoot. The forestry service man said,

"...unfortunately Bigfoot tracks are easily faked. I do not doubt their sincerity, but did they really see Bigfoot or did they see a bear or a moose or is it a repressed dream?"



A repressed dream? I found Forestry Service employee Matson's remarks both patronizing and typical of the Forestry Service personnel nationwide whose employees are either in total denial or have been instructed to deny the existence of the Sasquatch.

Cite http://www.bigfootencounters.com/articles/deer_riverMN07.htm

Grassy Narrows Indian Reservation "Tracks with 6 digits found"

Kenora, Ontario Canada: Driving to a blueberry picking site located an hour north of Grassy Narrows Indian Reservation, Helen Pahpasay and her mother saw something they've never seen before.

"I see a black, um ... thing," Pahpasay said. "It was tall, lanky and it was walking towards our way. I thought I was seeing things, so I didn't say anything; then I looked over at my mom and she was rubbing her eyes. There he was, about eight feet tall, slender as black as night. It was just walking casually," she said. "I know it wasn't an animal, because it was upright; it was human like, like the way we walk."

Scared, the women drove back to their community. Pahpasay told her family and then they decided to drive back to the scene. What they found was six-toed Sasquatch tracks in the woods near the beaver pond. It appears the Sasquatch leapt over the beaver dam, into the pond. Randy Fobister made plaster casts of the print that afternoon. Stories had been circulating through the area for decades of a tall, Sasquatch screaming loudly in the same area. No one was ever brave enough to try to confront it in the past, but Fobister was ready. Randy Fobister took photos of the six-toed Sasquatch track on July 25, 2008; it measured fifteen-inches long. This photo was the first time I had actually seen a track that clearly defined all 6 digits in the substrate.

Being born with 6-digits is called polydactylism; it's a congenital physical anomaly in humans, dogs and cats having supernumerary fingers or toes. Having an abnormal number of digits (6 or more) can occur on its own, without any other symptoms or disease. Polydactyl feet may be passed down (inherited) in families. The trait involves only one gene that can cause several variations. <http://www.bigfootencounters.com/stories/kenora-ontario2008.htm>

Red Lake Indian Reservation Beltrami County, Minnesota 2005

A fourteen inch snow track photographed in Beltrami County, Minnesota discovered February 10, 2005 on the Red Lake Indian Reservation, near the four villages of the Little Rock, Red Lake, Redby and Ponemah Chippewa Nations. It is difficult to decipher if this was a left or right footprint; my guess is that it is a left track with splayed little toe, perhaps caught on something and fractured; but we can only guess at causal factors in a foot we cannot personally observe.

<http://www.bigfootencounters.com/sbs/beltrami2.htm>

The Cree Nation, Sunchild Reservation

The Sunchild First Nation is a Cree First Nation Reserve in Alberta, Canada. In June 2010 strange sounds were recorded on the Sunchild Reservation including howls, whoops and ear-piercing screeches made by no known wildlife.

Sunchild resident Paul Bigchild Senior said he definitely heard strange sounds three different times emanating from the woods across the river near his home. All the sounds Bigchild heard were accompanied by dogs barking. *"I've never heard anything like these sounds before. It sounds like a man and someone said it sounded to them like a big wolf's long mournful howl."* He believes the chilling screeches and squawks may be some sort of bird but why would there be such a fussing by birds in the dark of the night? Mr. Bigchild said he has heard the tribe's elders speak of *spirits in the forest*. He recalled the glimpse of large strange figure running along the river and others members of the tribe who found footprints attributed to Bigfoot. Another former resident of the Sunchild Reserve, Wilford Butterfly actually saw the footprints along the Baptiste

River that were twice the size of the average man! Cite:

<http://www.bigfootencounters.com/articles/sunchild.htm>

The Tillamook and the Nehalem of Oregon

The Tillamook Native Americans are a branch of the Salishan language speaking people who inhabit regions of Tillamook Bay and Nehalem Bay, Oregon. The elders formerly used the Salishan terms *Yi'dy'tay* or *Yi dyi'tay* to indicate a hair-covered brother or wild man who lives in the mountains.

(NASI report, 1998; Dr. Wayne Suttles 1997)

However, according to the works of the late British Diplomat Dr. Gordon W. Creighton M.A., F.R.A.I., F.R.G.S., the correct Nehalem and Tillamook terms were *Xi'lgo* (female) and *Yi' dyi' tay* (male). He described the male as aggressive, protective and greatly feared by the Indians for the unspeakable things the *Yi' dyi' tay* did. Dr. Creighton spoke fluent Salishan languages.

Teslin Tlingit Council Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, Canada

Teslin Tlingit Council members Marion Sheldon and Gus Jules were traveling along the Alaskan Highway in June of 2004 when they saw a dark figure on the highway. Thinking it may be a member of their small community, they slowed down to give the man a ride. As their vehicle approached the subject within 20-feet, they noticed the figure was covered in hair and stood upright the entire time. Jules, an experienced hunter described the figure as seven feet tall and hunched over; it was not a person. Jules remembered seeing what he believed to be flesh tones



One of many

Lt. Verde Vio of the BIA police at Little Eagle, holds one of the many plaster casts of the supposed Bigfoot's foot prints. Vio has casts of both right and left feet and in

different positions. One print was apparently made when the whatever-it-is jumped down an embankment.

—Tribune photo by J.D. Hall

hidden beneath a mat of hair. *"I have no doubt they saw something and are convinced it was not a bear or anything in the ordinary,"* the conservation officer said. *"They are convinced this was something out of the ordinary and they were pretty shook up over it."* What they described was locally known as a *Bushman*.

Red Grossinger, founder of the Sasquatch Yukon Organization said he was inspired to start the group after a report in 2005 of a *bushman* in the area around Teslin. Several Teslin villagers witnessed the sighting that occurred about 160 kilometers southeast of Whitehorse in the Yukon Territories. He felt that researchers in southern Canada apparently knew nothing about the multiple sightings in the Yukon.

<http://www.bigfootencounters.com/sbs/whitehorse.htm>

Little Eagle, South Dakota Standing Rock Indian Reservation

On October 29 1977, Lt. Verde Vio of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, Jeff Vio and a teenage son along with Police officers Bobby Gates & Selvin Arlen observed a Sasquatch in the moonlight.

The men followed the tracks but the pursuit ended because none of them were carrying a side arm. Lt. Vio described the creature as 8 to 9-feet tall.

Lt. Verde Vio is shown here with the plaster cast he made of one of the tracks the Sasquatch left behind. He was able to cast both left and right imprints in different positions; one print was apparently made when the Sasquatch jumped down an embankment.

The Standing Rock Indian Reservation is a Lakota and Dakota Indian reservation located in North Dakota and South Dakota; it is the sixth-largest reservation in land area in the United States.

Photo is courtesy the extensive files of veteran investigator Peter Guttilla 2009.

<http://www.bigfootencounters.com/articles/siouxSD.htm>

Vuntut Gwitchin First Nation, Yukon Territory, Canada

"The watching creature"

Father Albright, a young parish priest, was at one time living in the Yukon. He reportedly heard tales from the Christian Vuntut Gwitchin elders in his parish of hairy *mountain men* some referred too as the "watching creature." It was observed as recently as 2003 during an elk hunt.

Hunting elk around the settlement during the season isn't difficult because so many of them wander into populated areas but the stories he heard contained evidence in the form of footprints and corroborating witnesses. In a similar account, a *mountain man* was noticed standing in the dark shadow of the tree line watching boisterous children at play in the street. No effort was made to protect the children nor did they leave the area in fear of the creature. The *mountain man* appears to be curious or deeply interested in little children and crying babies. Native women carrying a baby papoose style on their back or in a underarm net-like-sling do much to draw in the "watching creature" who often hear the infant crying or fussing. *"I never heard young ones of the mountain watchers cry, but the creatures show great interest in human babies and grade school children at play. It is almost a deep concern, we think their babies cry too."* (Caribou Man) <http://www.bigfootencounters.com/sbs/vuntut.htm>

Oka First Nation Little Creek, Quebec 1981

My sighting was on Little Creek up in the Tundra in 1981 near where Oka First Nation children surprised that bear a few years ago, just by the east edge of the meadow, where the creek pools up. I was with T.B. and Juna and we were packing in for 4 days. I had just gotten a new .270 and the scope had not been sighted in. I decided I could do that after we ate. I paced off 100 yards and started fiddling with the scope. I panned across the meadow to where we always see big moose in the evening, but I didn't see one, that was odd. As I panned back left towards the pool, I thought I saw a bear sitting in the pool. I focused in and it was no bear. I couldn't get comfortable because I was on the hillside so I moved back and up towards the trees and went around to the left. I was downwind. I came to a flat spot and re-sighted the scope. Plain as day, there was sasquatch sitting in the pond. I have never heard of one sitting in water. T.B.'s father saw one once, it was sitting on a log at Drake's Camp. I thought it might be hurt, but it just sat there. It was not too hot. It looked like the creature was surrounded by clouds of gnats, flies, and mosquitoes. It got up and moved towards the boulders, about twenty feet and leaned against the boulder; it just stayed there. I suppose I saw it for about 6-8 minutes. It rolled in the grass by the boulders, and then went back into the trees and toward the east. It's real rocky there. I blood-trailed a deer back there once. That's it. I would guess by looking at the boulders that it was about 7 feet tall. Thinner than most reports I have heard, but still big. The hairy man was dark brown, funny sort of walk, hunched over more than man. Please ask the sighting institute that gets this to not use my name. I personally don't care, but I don't want the folks to think I'm exploiting them for personal gain. (Investigated by Jack Loud Bird) Osa First Nation - Monday, August 25, 2003 8:47 AM <http://www.bigfootencounters.com/sbs/littlecreek.htm>

Blackfeet Reservation, Big Sky Country, Montana

I can hardly remember the year; it was around 1982; but I do remember the events leading up to the sighting. It was a very warm fall day when my cousins and I decided to do some hunting on horseback. The area that we hunted was the foothills of the Rockies on the Blackfeet Reservation in Big Sky Country, Montana. We decided halfway into the trip to take a ride and wait for lady luck to bring us something during the ride.

All day was pretty good as far as the ride went but I know that everybody still had the idea of getting a deer on their mind. We had decided to ride the horses through a brushy trail hoping to run into some game before we made it home. Most of the day was gone and the evening sun was warming our backs as we made our way back home. As we approached the trail head my cousin's horse was reluctant and nervously fought the bridle for a while. We thought it was just because the horse was green broke and not as trail savvy as the others. Once we were a good way inside the bush, our horses started stepping very softly and snorting wildly in the air as if something didn't agree with sense of smell. I could see the opening of the trail and it would also be the end of the trail. And then, just as one of my cousins was about to say something our horses began jumping in different directions again like they were scared of something. Of course, the first thing on all our minds was, A GRIZZLY BEAR! We began looking in different directions trying to get find the location of the bear.

I don't remember which of us was the first person to see the creature – I just heard my cousin swear and ask the rest of us to look. We looked in the direction he was pointing and saw this very tall thing running on two legs beside us and then turned in front ...facing us. Then the thing crossed the trail in front of us about forty feet away – stopped at the edge of the brush line and glared at us. It just stared at us as if in the same amount of amazement as we were and then the creature disappeared into the trees just as fast as he appeared.

The best way I can describe it as probably the hairiest man I have ever seen well past six feet tall. It was hard to determine the size but the branches we found broke the next day were from 6 feet to about 8 feet in some places. Footprints were found where the ground was soft and along the trail we followed towards the mountains. This was the only sighting we have had since that day. I am probably the first one to tell anyone what we saw; that was approximately thirty years today.

(Charles K. Wolftail) <http://www.bigfootencounters.com/stories/bigsky.htm>

Chinle Navajo Nation

There was a most unusual description of the Sasquatch that came to me in 2001 from Charley James, a member of the Chinle Navajo Nation in Apache County, Arizona. He described the color as orangutan orange for lack of a better comparison. The area was not far from Wheatfield Lake in the Chuska Mountains. The informant wrote on April 21, 2001:

"The creature was strange in color. It wasn't the usual brown or black. It was actually dark orange and white. I was shocked and

confused to see it because I didn't know these things existed around my area, but I also didn't know that they are colorful. It was about a foot taller than me; I am 6'2" and it was about 7 feet tall. It appeared old and saggy-like; smart by its facial expression. It kind of seemed like it was better than me or something. It smelled bad; I thought a skunk was around. There are coniferous trees about and grass and rocks in the area. This sighting in 2000, and had taken place in a mountainous area, a valley to be precise."

<http://www.bigfootencounters.com/sbs/apache.htm>

First Nation Shuswap, Chase, British Columbia

October 23, 2008, it was the first snowfall in the area that year. My brother and I are avid hunters and full blooded First Nation Shuswap Natives. We hunt every year to feed our families and this time we decided to go to an old hunting spot our Dad told us about called Tum Tum Lake off Adams Lake Forest Service Road Km 124. Location wise, this is at the base of the Monashee Mountains, part of the Rocky Mountains that separate British Columbia and Alberta, Canada.

Heading off a side road, we thought would be good and ended up driving up a deactivated road thinking about getting stuck. We parked the truck and used quad. After doubling up the road, we came to a cut-block of about 50 hectares total. The only way I can describe it is that it looked like a bowl with a lot of willows, which we knew was the kind that moose love to eat. My brother decided he would walk half way up the bowl, a little hill-like and walk parallel on the side of the bowl and I would walk in the opposite direction to him across the bowl – on the other side of the cut-block, doing this would flush out into the middle of the cut-block any moose that were in there. I had been walking for about 45 minutes using the scope of my rifle to watch my brother because he would signal me if he spooked or heard any game coming my way. I was sitting in the tree line when I just happen to look at my brother again through the scope as he walked the side of the mountain – he was looking straight up and shifting his body back and forth as if he was trying to see something through the bushes above him. I started to look above him with my eyes and gun scope to see what he was looking at and that is when I saw the "big guy." The Sasquatch was squatting behind a stump kind of like how a person would squat and defecate outside with no potty. I remember looking through my scope when I saw it I froze it had a huge upper body; I could see one of his arms and hands as the other part of him was behind the stump his right hand was fumbling on the ground like he was running his fingers through the dirt and leaves it was a dark gray. Color and had hair about 5 inches long. It shuffled its body around the stump a bit. To me it looked like how a human is squatting and shifts his weight from one leg to the other. Then it seemed to snap out of it and looked to see where my brother was. My brother spotted the creature and with my scope I could see he was running down towards the cut-block were I was waiting. But my attention was back on the big guy thinking he might start to charge after my brother and then the big guy stood up. His upper torso was thick I could see now muscle and his whole hair-covered body but I could not make out much of his facial features except that it had very little hair around its eyes and mouth. It stood up and started to walk up the mountain. I could see the bottom of his feet as he trekked up the mountain they looked huge and had the color of a black dog's paws. Two other things that stuck out as he walked away – was the hair on his back side was matted and the big long arms on the guy. I

watched it reach the top of the bowl and never saw it again. By that time my brother was still running so I started to walk towards him calling out to him to give him an idea where I was. He finally reached me and looked excited and said you will never guess what I just saw. I then told him let's get the F out of here; we ran to the quad and I told him what I had seen. My brother's said as he walked in a few hundred yards he felt like something was around watching him and he could hear something above him every once in a while. He did see the big guy duck behind the stump. I asked what he saw he said saw a hair covered man stalking him and ducked behind a stump that is when my brother ran ...we never felt threatened by the big guy at all.
(Jason Sampson Chase, British Columbia) Put up on Dreamweaver

Weenusk First Nation Cree, Ontario, Canada

Footprints indicating a creature with a two-metre stride have some Peawanuck, northern Ontario residents speculating the elusive Bigfoot may have moved in with the region's black bears and howling wolves. Footprints measuring 35-centimetres long (14 inches) and 12-cm wide (5 inches) have been spotted at the aboriginal community on the south shore of Hudson's Bay and the Chief of the Weenusk First Nation Cree had only one explanation: "*Bigfoot, it's definitely not a bear,*" Abraham Hunter said firmly. "I looked at them. They were six feet (two metres) apart, walking." News of the prints, first spotted on June 9, 2001 by a band member riding a four-wheeler through the bush, soon spread through the community of 250 and the hunt was on for the mythical hairy beast. But in a region where wild hairy beasts are expected, the fascination didn't last long. "*There was curiosity, people going out there for about three days,*" Hunter said. "*Then the novelty wore off.*" The tracks were alarming enough to draw the curiosity of officials with the Natural Resources Ministry however. They arrived June 14, to investigate and record the images of the footprints. "*We were surprised,*" said ministry official Brett Kelly, who admitted no one could explain what caused the tracks. But even if it is the fabled Sasquatch, which legend says stands seven feet tall and has long hairy arms, a short neck and flat face, Kelly said it's unlikely it would endanger our community. Kelly said the reserve is located on Polar Bear Provincial Park - the largest wilderness park in Ontario with a small human population. Chances of humans actually encountering the Sasquatch are very small. "To date, there have been 16 reported sightings of a Bigfoot in Ontario. At least one resides near the Weenusk First Nation," said Hunter, who recalls a resident spotting the beast decades ago. "About 20 years ago there was a sighting in our community," Hunter said. "But none have been seen since." In the meanwhile, Weenusk residents are simply going about their lives. "*We're getting back to fishing and hunting,*" Hunter said. "*Things here are normal.*" © The Toronto Star, Canada 2001 <http://www.bigfootencounters.com/articles/weenusk.htm>

Acknowledgments, credits, resources, attributions, ascriptions and chapter notes required by the citation police...

a. Nawang Gombu (May 1, 1936 - April 24, 2011) was a Mt. Everest Sherpa Mountaineer. He was born in Minzu, Tibet and grew up to become the youngest Sherpa to reach 26,000 ft elevation in 1964. Gombu arrived in Darjeeling from Nepal in 1950. In Darjeeling, Gombu met his Uncle Tenzing (Tenzing Norgay was his mother's younger brother) and this was the beginning of the legacy. He was the youngest Sherpa in Tenzing's team in 1953 and managed to climb up to an altitude of 26,000 feet with heavy load. Tenzing's summit was an inspiration and finally became a point of no return for him and he kept on climbing following his uncle's footsteps. Gombu was part of the first group of Sherpa mountaineers who along with Tenzing Norgay completed a guide course in Switzerland in 1954. They became the backbone of the Himalayan Mountaineering Institute, an idea pushed by the late Indian Prime Minister Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru. After Tenzing Norgay retired from the post of Field Director in 1976, Gombu succeeded him. The other peaks mastered by Gombu are Saser Kangri II (1955), Frey Peak (1960), Nanda Devi (1964), Mont Blanc - France (1966), Mt. Rainier -USA (1973), Mt. McKinley, Alaska, USA (1978) and Kangchendzonga from Nepal in 1989.

1. BBC News http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/uk_news/magazine/4720797.stm

1a. <http://www.bigfootencounters.com/articles/esau.htm>

2. Minnesota News, "Giant footprint signals a time to seek change." 23 July 1988

3. Author Peter Matthiessen 1992, "In the Spirit of Crazy Horse." Penguin Books
Gayle Highpine "Attitudes toward Bigfoot in many North American Cultures," 1997
<http://www.bigfootencounters.com/legends/highpine.htm>

4. The author's personal knowledge, correspondence, letters or interview

4a. Yah-yahaas is a Modoc Native American term; they're located in the northeastern corner of California and also in Oklahoma.

5. Tom Lawrence for the *Black Hills Pioneer Newspaper*

http://www.bigfootencounters.com/articles/pine_ridge_res.htm

6. Henry Franzoni The IVBC Bigfoot List, 1996; "In the Spirit of the Seatco," 2009

7. J.W. Burns, 1940 "British Columbia's Hairy Giants" MacLean's Magazine
<http://www.bigfootencounters.com/articles/burns.htm>

8. J.W. Burns <http://www.bigfootencounters.com/legends/jwburns.htm>

8a A fortnight is a length of time equal to 2 weeks or 14 days

9. "Nothing Monstrous about Sasquatch" by Alex MacGillivray 1957

<http://www.bigfootencounters.com/articles/jwburns2.htm>

10. Serephine Long Story: The Wide World - The Magazine for Men, January 1940 Vol 84 No. 502; "The Hairy Giants of British Columbia"

11. <http://www.bigfootencounters.com/biology/fusch.htm> Dr. Ed Fusch can be reached at P. O. Box 47, Riverside, Washington 98849

12. "The Tolowa Story" as told by Catherine; documented by Californians Ann Rawlings-Cody and her husband, Red Cody http://www.bigfootencounters.com/legends/tolowa_stories.htm

12. Report logged May 12, 2005 Source: SP2394@midstatetel.com

12a. Eloise Ogden for the Minot North Dakota Daily News March 2004

13. <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ziInZD6JvEQ> Manitoba Cree Nation sighting.
http://www.bigfootencounters.com/articles/manitoba_footage.htm

Tlingit mystery

On Sunday, August 14, 2011 the USA Discovery Television Channel *Monsters and Mysteries in Alaska* aired a rerun of its *Sasquatch in Alaska* segment. Rob Alley and a Tlingit Elder Al Jackson field investigated one of the strangest phenomena I've ever seen before and the inference according to the Tlingit Elder was that it was done by giants, hair covered giants.

The incident occurred on Alaska's Prince of Wales Island where it is said massive creatures live. It was about the resident Sasquatch who apparently grabbed a hold of giant blown-down trees and then turned them upside-down, completely inverting the dead tree by jamming it into the ground with its root system skyward. The documentary aired several instances of the bizarre phenomenon; it was something you had to see to believe and it was the only case of its kind; the 'expression of power' by the Sasquatch quite undeniable.

Source: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hSS3GV-NIuk&feature=related>
The photos are grabbed from the video which is why they are blurry.





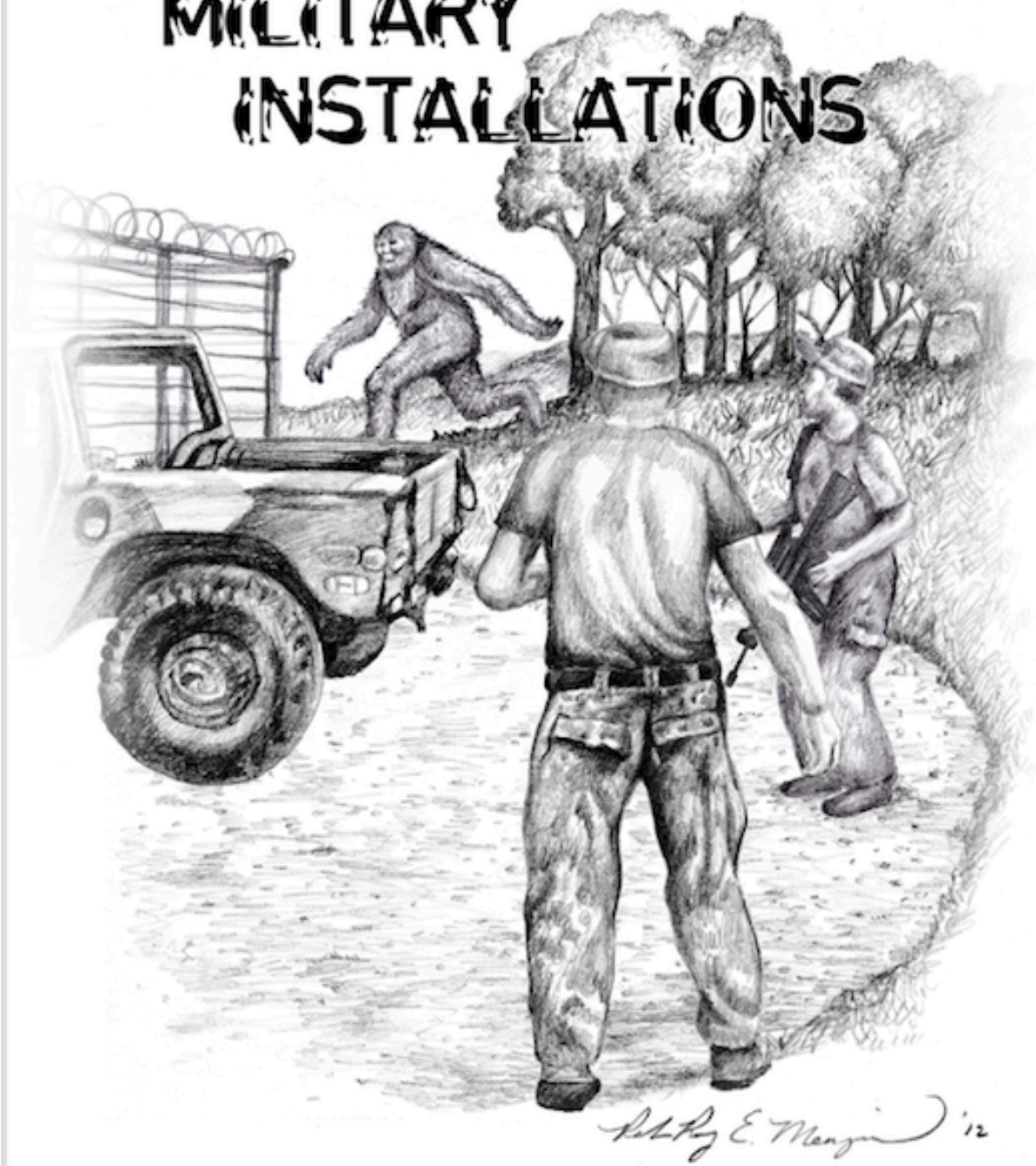
Caption: "Upside down trees, Prince of Wales Island, Alaska 2011; the Discovery Channel."

I think what bothers me most about the upside down trees on POW Island is that they are straight up vertical, according to investigators the trees were driven either by force or planted nearly 7-8 feet into the ground, anchoring them securely with the root-system skyward. No outward physical characteristics suggested heavy equipment moved or planted the trees that way. Despite time and weather, not one of the trees leans in any natural direction even though they are clearly top heavy. This is just very odd - there were no higher mountains that crumbled and cause this, there were no rushing rivers that swamped and turned these trees upside down - The area is a small open field...for once I am utterly baffled about this phenomenon; there is nothing natural about them.

Bear in mind that the smaller tops of the trees are buried in the ground. The tree tops in the ground are the weakest portion of the tree trunk and are prone to dry rot, yet they don't naturally rot or decompose in the same manner as ground mulch. Since the tops of the trees are the smallest and the weakest, it is more likely that the trees were buried, not forced into the ground. What digs a 7-8 ft hole in the ground to bury the tree? Another unexplained mystery if not Bigfoot related. I'm not quite ready to attribute the marvel to a giant Sasquatch thrusting the trees upside down into the ground although it's clear it took some colossal force for trees to appear as they do. Inhabitants of Prince of Wales Island, especially the Tlingit elders believe the

random examples of upside down trees surely were put there by the haired ones in a fit of rage; tribal traditions weigh heavily in this situation; elders speak with concern in their voices about these upside-down trees. White man didn't discover the trees until the 1940's; the Haida heirs and the Tlingit successors will tell you the trees were there long before white man arrived and they were quick to cite encounters and numerous sightings to support their argument. I was finally able to reach my two Haida women friends in late 2011 who told me the inverted vertical trees have been investigated by experts for many years and they left as mystified as anyone at the sight. None of the arbor experts had a logical explanation for the inverted trees; I couldn't come up with one either.

SASQUATCH AND MILITARY INSTALLATIONS





Military Installation and Near Base Reports

"Our Government has full knowledge of the Rock Apes as well as many more types like Bigfoot."

David King, U.S. Marine Corps Gunnery Sergeant E7 Retired

Most of what you'll read in this chapter – the evidence, in some cases, can be conventionally explained. But when added together, a pattern begins to emerge. What it revealed to me was the knowledge that the military is well aware of the existence of the Sasquatch and the history of base sightings is quite long; the data dates back to the 1950's. This was interesting in that if the Pentagon brass knows, other government branches surely must know.

The first time I read anything that was suggestive of a correlation between any Military & Bigfoot sightings came from an article mailed to me in January of 1992. It came not from the United States but from Russia.

Northern Russia: ©*The Daily Telegraph* (London, England).

"Various unnamed witnesses. Two red-eyed abominable snowmen dropped in on a military barracks in northern Russia, according to TASS. The larger one was 10-feet tall and wailed "Oooooah" as its smaller companion perched itself on the duty officer's night table. The two leaped onto the 9-foot fence surrounding the barracks and ran into the forest. They were covered with long gray "Wool" and pieces of it were found on the fence."

The *Melbourne, Australia Herald Sun* paraphrased the above article. It was dated 1 February 1992, a month later. It was just a short blurb with no detail of any significance but for me, it was an interesting and partly the reason I'm writing this chapter.

"Two abominable snowmen were seen breaking into a military builders barracks in a northern Russian town. Moscow Radio said about 30 people watched the Snowmen enter the barracks. One was about two meters tall (6.5 feet tall) and the second creature was probably a young one, approximately a meter tall (3.2 feet) according to the broadcast. Tufts of hair were found on the barbed wire fence." ¹

That I know of, nothing as brazen as the breaking and entering into an occupied barracks or military housing by a Sasquatch has been recorded here in the United States, but that doesn't mean it hasn't happened and not reported. It may even be reported in databanks other than my own.

Apparently our Sasquatches are, in most cases, less brazen than the Russian counterpart. The data tends to show the Sasquatch less apt to openly assert themselves into situations where there are more of us than there are of them. To a lesser extent, how the Sasquatch behaves may be a cultural thing; perhaps differences in *street-smarts* between the Russian Wild Man and the North American Sasquatch.

Most of the cases I've accumulated are simple security breaches - perimeter violations. Our hairy dudes are apparently unaware of military protocol, fencing or other boundaries. Borders and restricted areas probably aren't in the Bigfoot's vocabulary even if they are intelligent enough to be of alien origins, which I doubt.

What they seem to understand is they can feel relatively safe living in the far reaches of military compounds. I've come to understand that most deeply forested defense force training facilities have, at some point, issued an order *not to engage indigenous wild-life* unless threatened or in the case of unusual circumstance, has not been well defined.

The Army Handbook...

Not surprisingly, there was one earlier reference of extreme significance to this research.

The Army Manual, totally unprecedented in 1974, devoted an entire page to the mysterious Bigfoot. Don Riseborough of the *Sydney Morning Herald* wrote about it this way:

New York, November 23, 1975

"Now the U.S. Army has officially recognized the creature in *The Washington Environmental Atlas*, published by the Army Corp of Engineers, which devotes a full page to the mysterious creature. The Atlas describes Big Foot, based on a sighting, as: "An ape-like creature, eight to twelve feet in height, weighing around 1,000 lbs covered in long hair apart from the face and palms of the hands and feet. "The footprints are up to 24-inches in length and five to ten inches wide. Big Foot is agile and very powerful."

"According to the Atlas, the FBI has taken a great interest in the ape-like creature and has conducted extensive laboratory tests on hair believed to have come from the

Big Foot. The FBI tests conclude that "the hair was not from any human or from any known animal form" noted in the Atlas. The editor of the environmental work, Jean McManus said, "Big Foot was included because there is so much overwhelming evidence that points to such a creature"

"The details about the creature were gathered from many sources, anthropologists, writers and genuine Big Foot hunters," McManus said. "A great deal of time and effort has gone into hunting this creature and it seemed only right to include it in the Atlas." ²

That same year, journalist Arthur Golden quoted anthropologist Dr. Grover S. Krantz as having said, "*...I hope that the Army would now lend its support to an all-out effort to capture one of the creatures for scientific study.*"

To my knowledge (currently mid-2012) that has never happened; if it has, the public doesn't know about it.

Further, FBI headquarters in Washington DC was unable to provide any details of the reported lab analysis, but the *Army Field Atlas* described Bigfoot about the same way we do today, some 38 years later. It's rather disconcerting to think the Army Brass knew about Bigfoot, even had the FBI run evidentiary data to a conclusion and still the Feds, namely the Department of the Interior denies the existence of Sasquatch.

The U.S. Government can start wars, covertly assassinate Osama Bin Laden in a foreign country without notice to that country and contribute to the demise of world leaders but they're afraid to mention Bigfoot – PRICELESS!

The FBI's height & weight estimates truly startled me – 1,000 pounds, really? If I remember right, in 1998, general research balked at such high weight calculations published in the *NASI Report* done by Jeff Glickman, Diplomat for the American College of Forensic Examiners. Now we see those same computations in weight worked out and written up by Army brass. It begs the question, *how would they know, unless the military had advised that branch of the government?*

Major Fred Shierley, an Army spokesman at the Pentagon said, "*This is the first time there has ever been official Army reference for the actual existence of Bigfoot. As far as we know, no other government agency has recognized its possible existence before. We believe the Army is the first Agency to do it.*" So raise your eyebrows folks, the Pentagon knows.

Major Shierley's statement was recorded in 1974; if the Pentagon knew and published this in the Army manual, you can bet other government agencies knew about Bigfoot too. The United

States had 2 Presidents in that year: Richard M. Nixon until his resignation on August 9, 1974 and his successor, Gerald R. Ford, both Republicans; both no longer living. ³

This would be the only published time-line reference available to Bigfoot research that indicates our government had knowledge. The article is majorly important to understanding government deception.



Arthur Golden's news article is courtesy Rene Dahinden's files 1975
Titled "Bigfoot Gets Official Recognition from U.S. Army."

Fort Leonard Wood Army Base 1982 Pulaski County, Missouri

Canadian author Christopher L. Murphy contributed the following report to Henry Franzoni's old *IVBC* list back in mid-1990. It is the first of the military base sightings that I can remember being listed publicly to a discussion list.

Here is that post:

"Here are the details of my Bigfoot sighting in Pulaski County, Missouri. I was in the Army Basic Training Course at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri around late May 1982. The eight-week course was almost complete. We had a few breaks and were fully rested for our one stint of overnight guard duty at some location on the post. The sites we were supposed to guard did not actually require a guard. The cadre wanted us to experience what guard duty was like for trainees. My partner that night was a Samoan man named Unabia."

"As we prepared to file on to the army deuce and a half (two and one half ton truck), they called off our names. Since my last name, "Youngdahl" is perpetually at, or almost at the end of the alphabetical list, I was the last one to get on the back of the truck. The lateral seat benches on each side of the truck face each other consequently by the time I filed on, all the seats were taken and I had to sit on the bed of the truck while resting my arms on the tailgate. I decided to face out of the back of the canvas-covered bed of the truck to see the sights of the Army Post. The post Unabia and I were to guard was an engineer bridge-crossing training site deep in the woods of the post."

"Fort Leonard Wood's nickname is "*Fort Lost in the Woods*" and I can understand why due to the remoteness, isolation and density of the woods in the region. Anyway, our post was the furthest one out so they decided to drop us off first."

"I'm not sure how far or what direction they took us from our basic training billets on post, but we must have ridden on the truck for at least 30 minutes when my sighting occurred. Everyone in the truck were either dozing off or inattentive to where we were going except me since they were facing each other and could not see past the canvas cover of the truck. I was still looking directly out the rear of the vehicle. The time was approximately 1830 hours and it was still very much light during that time of year for early evening. The weather was clear and warm."

"We came to a T-intersection on the dirt road. As we turned left at the intersection, I looked down the other direction on the road, which we did not turn. Approximately 25-yards down the road I saw an enormous Bigfoot. I wasn't looking for it, nor did I think that there have ever been sightings in that region of the country. It was automatic, boom, no doubt what it was."

"What I saw was a creature that had to be at least seven feet tall, walking across the road that we did not take. It looked in our direction as it crossed the road before it continued to walk into the woods on the other side of the road. What really surprised me was its color, which was a light brown color, almost like the color of cork on a bulletin board. My observation lasted not more than ten seconds before the creature disappeared into the woods. It did occur to me to alert the other trainees in the truck, but I immediately thought that by the time I did, they would awaken, crane their necks to look out the back, and by that time, not see anything. This all occurred to me in milliseconds."

"So we continued to drive to our guard site while my mind was going over all sorts of possibilities. We arrived about 10 minutes after the sighting. It was so remote and despite the fact that we had ten live rounds for our M-16s, I sort of felt like the creature knew I saw it and might come to get me when it got dark. Unabia and I loafed around the bridge laying engineer vehicles, and suddenly I felt compelled to tell Unabia what I saw. Apparently Samoans are very superstitious and Unabia became apprehensive and frightened. I was scared he might shoot me by mistaking me for Bigfoot. I felt obliged to stay close to him to preclude any mistaken identities once it became dark."

"We were picked up at 0400 the next morning without incident. I did not retell my sighting to any of the others for fear of ridicule. But that is my story. I reiterate that there was no doubt that what I saw was Bigfoot. I've seen wild bears, moose, wolverines, and other creatures of the Northwoods. I've been to the Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness (BWCAW), in northeastern Minnesota three times and I am totally familiar and comfortable in the wilderness. I was not sleepy at the time or subject to wild imaginations due to our training, which was not rigorous. I think what surprised me most was the region of the country we were in, which as far as I knew at the time is not famous for bigfoot sightings and its color, I also would not expect to see a cork colored Bigfoot." "I've told others this story and some scoff and some believe, but I would not believe it unless I saw it myself, which I did. *If* my story resembles others that have occurred in that region, I would be interested to hear a reply. I am curious if others have sighted Bigfoot in that region or others that have matched my description. There was more to relate to you such as the way it turned towards us. It happened very fast and it was a few years ago. Hope this information helps you and your endeavors." ⁴ (Erik Youngdahl)

Ft. Lewis Army Base 1966 Pierce County, Washington State

Ron Tribble:

"My sighting occurred February 27th 1966 while stationed at Fort Lewis, Washington. There was me and four other men out on survival training in the Nisqually River Basin about 30 miles south of Tacoma, Washington we decided to go to the river that day to catch some fish. As we approached the river we could see the creature was kneeling by the water. Then, as we walked towards it, the creature stood up on two legs and looked at us then turned and walked into the river and swam easily to the other side. When it reached the other side it turned towards us and looked at us for about ten minutes, then turned and walked into the forest."

"The thing that got our attention was the way it moved, it walked for about eight yards on two legs just like a man. We stood and watched it; I would say initially it was only 10 to 20 feet from us. We could see it very clearly; it stood 8 to 9 feet tall had kind of a reddish brown hair covering most of its body except for its hands and face the head was the shape of a man - it appeared to have no neck. The mouth was large with protruding lips we saw no teeth; it did not bare its teeth. Its nose was quite large and lay flat against its face. The encounter lasted for twenty minutes and not once during this time was there any sign of aggression. It seemed more curious than aggressive. We returned to our camp more amazed than fearful." ⁵

Ft. Lewis Army Base, maneuvers Mt. Rainier, 1978

"My name is Carol Steckel and I'm about to tell you about my domestic partner, Tim Rivas Sr. Tim was in the 9th Infantry Division, 3rd Battalion, 47th Infantry, Combat Support Re-Con Platoon, North Ft. Lewis. He was on *aggressor detail* on Mount Rainier training area. It was late one night and he wanted to get off alone; he walked off a ways from his Army buddies so he could have a smoke and eat something. Rivas was crouching down and had some small pieces of wood so he could heat up his Dinty Moore beef stew. Then he felt he was being watched by something. He turned around and only a few feet away, leaning against a tree was this Bigfoot. He didn't seem afraid; he just stared at Tim. The Bigfoot was tall and slender reminding Tim that creature was probably very young. Tim also said the Bigfoot

had the reddest eyes he had ever seen and to the best of his knowledge, they could have been bloodshot eyes. Tim said he chose that area to relax at because there was some green moss on the ground...he stopped at that spot to smoke and heat up and eat his can of stew. His stint in the Army was from 1977 to 1979 at Ft. Lewis Army Base, Washington. The incident with Bigfoot was in 1978. He never told any military what he saw because he thought they wouldn't believe him. But Tim would never make up this story; he is a quiet, private person who usually keeps everything to himself. He gave permission to use his real name, which is Timothy R. Rivas; his rank was Spec.4 in 1978. (Carol Steckel)

Ft. Lewis Army Base Pierce County, Washington 1989

"We were on a field exercise with the 864th engineer battalion in November of 1989....about all I can remember is that we were about 1 mile from the Nisqually River. We marched out the day before and built a three-rope bridge for the Rangers, it was in the training area NW of the old c-5 mock up or training air craft. It was oddly clear and the moon was bright, a fellow soldier and I were sitting in a foxhole around 4 am in the morning when my buddy suddenly exclaimed, "*What the hell is that?*" When I looked directly in front about 25-yards I witnessed something that scared me; it was a human form 7' to 8' tall walking with a slight hunch about the shoulder and making a low grunting noise; this thing was just unbelievable. There was a slight musky odor but not too bad; it smelled like a wet dog. Anyway my friend and I told our story to our squad leader, he just laughed. He spoke to our first Sergeant and we were known as the *two Bigfoot hunters*. Well, after that we didn't mention it anymore. But listen up folks; there are things out there on the base unimaginable. I always said I would have to see it to believe it ...well I saw it!" ⁶ (Murf, Tuesday, July 03, 2007)

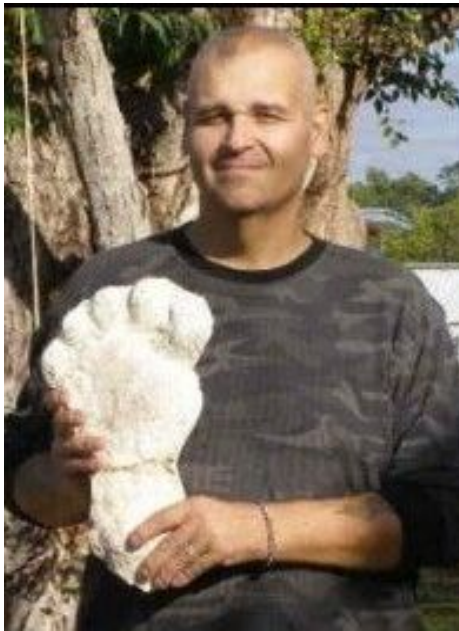
Regarding the above report – this letter:

A follow-up email came in from a man living in Iowa, who took over his parent's family farm there. His letter was brief:

"Ms. Short, I read the message about the sighting at Ft. Lewis in fall of 1989. I believe that I was that man's SGT! I will verify his story as true and tell you additionally that Ft. Lewis has a whole company of Bigfoot living on that base, must be 70 or more scattered around that base and that ain't no joke. A few get shot to death by scared e-2's once in a great while and mostly the sightings don't get reported. Those that do, nothing is said. I personally believed that base was constructed to protect that large contingency of big feet because no effort was ever made to rid the base of them and believe me, we could have annihilated

all of them big feet if we'd been ordered to do that, no problem! Remember - *we love the smell of napalm in the morning*. Ha! The order never came down that I know about but no effort was made to keep the grunts from shooting them either. I read the report on your website about the big feet don't die but become invisible. That's bull-pucky! I help remove a dead one that was shot in '88. It was roughly 8-feet tall, male; the strangest stiff I ever saw, it was shot up pretty good but I could see its features plainly. We loaded it on the back of a truck, covered it with canvas and off it went - to where I don't know. We were ordered not to talk about it. The base there at Lewie is massive and strategically mapped in sections; divided by roads it has dense forests, on the base and surrounding terrain with vegetation you can't crawl through. M'am, it's a dense jungle in some parts of that base. There was an off-limits part of the base where nobody was allowed; most didn't know it existed. So I'm writing to support any question that big feet are thick at Lewie, yes sir!"

Signed, Old Sarge, Allamakee County, Iowa 2/12/09



Ft. Lewis Army Base, May 1984
Pierce County, Washington

"I was a Staff Sergeant (E-6)...SSG; Sergeant of Military Police at the time of the incident, stationed at Ft. Lewis, Washington. I had gone to investigate a reported disturbance within the tree line, near the post stockade. This occurred in late spring, May 1984. It was approximately 0300-0400hrs; the bars closed shortly before the call.

The MPDO heard strange cries from within the forest and wanted it checked out. I went in one direction while the K-9 unit went another; we were to sweep the area."

"We planned to meet at an old railroad spur, not too far into the trees. I saw nothing nor heard a sound until the K-9 unit apparently made contact with something. I heard five distinct pistol shots at which point I heard a deep, guttural, growl building into an extremely high pitched howling (I'd never heard anything like that) and the sounds of something large crashing through the thick brush and foliage in the area. Important to note that I was too young, gung-ho and stupid, to be scared! I was armed with my issue .45 and 12 Ga. riot gun and continued on to the rendezvous point, hearing nothing further."

"At the spur (sort of sunken with high berms), I went up the far side and halted at the edge of a large meadow. The captain was already there at the rendezvous point, having not seen anything either. Neither of us knew that the K-9 had fled the forest on the tail of the dog. We were about

to head back when I caught movement in the adjacent tree line off to my left. I could plainly see a large dark shape walking along the southeast edge of the meadow but still within the tree line. (Mt. Rainier was SE of my location and this was the direction of movement.) It appeared to be a bear. I held my weapon at the ready. When the subject turned and came out into the meadow it was approximately 35 yards from our position, moving from left to right. It did not register at first, I nearly pulled the trigger, but something didn't look right. Bears walk on all fours; this bear was clearly walking on two legs."

"It was getting on towards morning; false dawn was in evidence. I could see well enough, but not clearly enough to make out facial features. All I can figure is the wind must have shifted for the creature stopped and turned its head and looked directly at me. It turned its whole body and just stood there looking at us, arms by its sides. The creature was not threatening us at all so I lowered my weapon and did not open fire. I remember the head moving slightly from side to side; it did not move closer and neither did we. We stared at each other for less than 2-3 minutes. Ultimately it resumed its original direction and walked away, looking back once but kept going, disappearing into the opposite tree line."

"The bigfoot was covered with short, dark hair, massive arms and shoulders, probably 7½ to 8 feet tall. The neck was not evident, the head bullet-shaped, though due to poor light conditions I could not see facial features clearly it definitely was not Elvis or the doughboy. I estimate the weight at The tracks we found later were cast Paris. my size 14 Double E size foot for Rangers used to have problems with across the Nisqually River, over in Training Area."



but I can say that Pillsbury close to 500 lbs. with plaster of The photo shows comparison. The something nasty, Ranger's Rainier

Photos are © Michael Coppola, Florida
"My son likes WWF wrestling and I *Giant* and shook his hand. If he is this creature was taller than that; I recall the size difference between and me. At the time of the sighting, drunk, crazy or on drugs. It wasn't a either, not on a Military Base. I'll tell official report was ever made. I valued my Army career more than a few moments of limelight. As I said, I saw an ape-like creature; I never said I saw Bigfoot. I'm 43 now, retired military. Except for the plaster cast, I can't prove any of this, all I can tell you is I know what I saw, it no longer matters who believes me."

met *Andre the* really 7' 4", then am 6'5" and *Andre the Giant* we were neither man-in-a-suit you now; no

"Back in 1993, I went to Caro, Michigan to the Michigan-Canadian Bigfoot Center, investigator Wayne King's home. I told him of my incident and he played an audiocassette of an alleged

Bigfoot vocalization for me. The scream was exactly like that one I heard so long ago. I feel to this day, that there was more than one Bigfoot hanging around that area that day."

"The Rainier Ranger Training Area is dense, thick and over grown rugged country; unless you stay on the dirt roads you're apt to get lost. If you go into the bush...you best have a GPS and a loaded handgun because besides Bigfoot, there are bears in there. As for Fiander Lake, I was back in there during the mid-1970's and it's really creepy ...bad area is the word."⁷

(U.S. Army SSG Ret. Michael T. Coppola, North Carolina)

Vicinity of Joint Base Lewis-McCord Army Base

The reports from Pierce County are not limited to the military base itself; the surrounding parts of that county are rife with various cases such as reported by Jesse Cantu in summer 1997, Len Vargas in 1999, Sgt Timothy McCloud's testimony in 2001 and Fred Bradshaw's friend Tripp Carpenter and finally Scott Taylor wrote about his observations near the base in north Yelm, Washington. Ted Edmonds briefly described a flash-sighting while doing civilian work on base in the early 1980's. Sgt. H. F. Martin III recalled "*blowing the living shit out of a hairy monster that advanced on my unit in March of '70; it came towards us screaming and flailing his arms...it was 9 feet if it was an inch!*"

In an exchange of emails with author of "*Notes from the Field: Tracking North America's Sasquatch*," William Jevning wrote that he found Bigfoot tracks on Clark's Ranch in Graham, which is just the other side of Washington's Interstate 5 from Joint Base Lewis-McCord, Pierce County, Washington.

Vicinity of Fort Lewis Army Base Pierce County, Washington

Spanaway resident Billie-Jo Miller and her sister saw a creature they were sure was Bigfoot. It was around late August early September 1975. The history of sightings in and around Lewis-McCord Army Base is quite plain.

"We were stopped beside the road with our family on our way back from a camping trip. We had gone behind a tree to relieve ourselves. We started to walk back to where the truck was parked and for no reason we both stopped walking, looked at each other and turned around. To our complete surprise, a creature was standing back the way we had just come from. It was just standing there looking at us. It was over 6-feet tall, all hairy and dark brown. It didn't scare us or seem threatening but it kept looking at us. It didn't appear scared or nervous and it wasn't trying to hide, it was simply standing there in the open. We looked at it for about a minute then we both turned around

to walk back towards the truck to get the camera. We walked slowly so we wouldn't scare it. When we got to the truck we grabbed the camera and turned around to take a picture, but by then it was gone. We never heard a sound and it never tried to scare us. We felt like it just wanted us to see it." ⁸
(Billie-Jo Miller, Spanaway, Washington)

U.S. Army Sierra Depot Susanville, California

This next story is a bit different and it's second-hand. Keith B. heard a man phone into the Art Bell Radio Program one night in the 1990's. The caller was military man formerly stationed in the desert on the eastside of the Sierras.

The host speculated that it was probably the Sierra Army Depot- which is a U.S. Army outpost located near the unincorporated city of Herlong, California, a good 55 miles northwest of Reno, Nevada and 40 miles southeast of the town of Susanville, California. It is a high desert plain on the east side of the great Sierra-Nevada Range; elevation of 4,200 feet (1,300 m).

The Art Bell caller said he was involved in a training exercise in the Sierra's mountainous terrain. This particular exercise, the soldiers were armed with high-powered rifles; the exercise was at night. At some point a Bigfoot happened onto the scene during the training exercise and was shot and killed by U.S. Army soldiers. The caller then reported that a military helicopter flew in and the Bigfoot's corpse was loaded aboard and flown off, nobody knew where. The participants in the exercise were told to deny the entire incident. According to the Bell show, the informant was x-military at the time of the radio show and was not concerned about any ill-effects on his military career; it was also probable that he didn't use his real name when he phoned Art Bell's program. For me, the point to consider is the government does know about Bigfoot and all the discrediting and ridicule heaped on witnesses needs to stop. I deal with a high number of sighting informants, it's rare that they do not think the government knows and is hiding information about these beings. I'm sure as I write this that Bigfoot bodies have been found and recovered numerous times but the incidents kept from public knowledge.

12 miles SW of Ft. Lewis Army Base Pierce County Washington

On June 16 2001 about 8:30 p.m., while out with George Karras's group of Bigfoot enthusiasts, Fred Bradshaw, a retired Sheriff's Department Officer, saw a white Sasquatch and brought it to the attention of others in the group. The visual he had was from mid-chest up to the head. He said, "*...you're right, the white ones stand out like a lighthouse. This animal was so white it didn't look real; - black face, about 8 feet tall from what I could see of him.*"

Bradshaw continued, "*When I told them about the white Sasquatch the group grabbed their camcorders and ran at it. The creature ran down and off to the east. They thought they could*

catch up with it by the road but it went back into woods. The creature was about 50 feet away from the group. The area is off highway 507 in what they call the Roy, Washington area; Pierce County. There are at least four or more creatures in this area. George Karras has a map of the area on his website. Where it was standing - the brush was over my head; I am 5'11". The Sasquatch was so white it was unbelievable but I saw it drop down, hide and then it was gone, couldn't see it anymore after it dropped down," he said.

"We walk into where it had been and smelled an odor like wild animal or horse not that foul smell I have smelled before. The ground was mashed flat; no sign of hair. It appeared there were two creatures, because just a little ways from that spot was another flattened area like something sitting, squatting or laying down. No one got a photograph but they were all dumbfounded at the sight of the thing. Another person was using a camera farther down the road but he got nothing too. Everyone was just getting set up for evening like they do every Saturday night. I go down there during the week but was asked to come along so I did. I can't believe it!"

"There were 10 other people there and nobody left. Rick Long was right next to me when I saw it; I pointed it out to him first, then told the others. By the time they saw white, it was gone; just that quick! You could hear brush snapping, then nothing, just silence. I know it's hard to believe but eight others saw it at the same time."

Bradshaw continued with his story: "A fellow by the name of Brian Angle had a wood cutting crew in there on the other side of Ft. Lewis Army Base at gate 308. About three miles down the road there's a crossing; they were to park in that spot to eat lunch. Suddenly something came in behind their truck and screamed bloody murder at them, forcing them out. They left in a hurry; Brian met the men coming out. They told him about the screamer and he let them go home; funny thing is, one guy quit on the spot he was so scared!!"

"The next day before Angle's wood-cutting crew came in to work; Brian Angle and his wife went into the area and found the previously stacked wood pile they had cut thrown all over the place; those logs were 8 to 10 feet long each! The Angles were screamed at; they left the area. Totally unruffled, Angle stayed on to keep the crew from going in there to work that day but Brian said the crew never showed up to work. He called them and they wanted to go somewhere else to cut wood not there in that place. That is how I originally learned about that section of Ft. Lewis." (Fred Bradshaw)

In a follow-up conversation with Bradshaw, he said: "The BFRO people got wind of it, and they got into the act. God, what a bunch of screw-ups - about twenty of them showed up and God Almighty, I thought this would be the end of Bigfooting this area! To my surprise one very large Sasquatch showed up in front of them, Don Udell, Rob Johnson, Darrell Smith, one other guy and scared them by walking out of tree line and standing at the edge of the trees. Don tried to talk to it and it made a high pitched noise at which time they all hauled ass. They kept coming back for about six months to check cameras and finally left the area." ⁹ (Fred Bradshaw)

Joint Base Lewis-McCord Fort Lewis, Washington

Then on April 12, 2002, I recorded another email from Bradshaw, more events that took place in and around Joint Base Lewis-McCord.

"I have found info on the Sasquatch also showing up on North side of Fort Lewis U.S. Army Base Tacoma, Washington. The area is used by the Rangers as a training area, it's called Cat Lake. For years the Army Rangers have run into Sasquatch in this area and now have quietly been using this area for night maneuvers because of the Sasquatch. I talked to a Retired Ranger and was told there are Sasquatch in that area for sure. Bigfoot is also noted in the *Ranger Handbook of Animals of the Northwest*. Sasquatch is in the book used by Army personnel since the 1950's maybe longer. The person I spoke to wishes to remained unknown; he is retired since 1992 and owns a business in Olympia, Washington and doesn't want it to hurt that business. It's odd that men feel that way; I've found talk of Bigfoot intrigues most people but some laugh, it's true. Some others I have talked with who are still active Army Rangers have confirmed this report. They also don't want their names released because of what may happen to them. Just mention Ft. Lewis and it generally brings up a Bigfoot bull session. One fellow from California, a Ranger, did see a large Sasquatch by Cat Lake; he said the size of the thing scared a lot of them. That encounter was at night; the creature came right up to their camp area within 50-yards. They spotted it in night scope new Gen Model 3's. After that his squad picked up and moved by request of the CO on duty at the time. The creature was described as 8 ft. tall, black hair on body from head to feet and arms. It made a grunting sound almost like pig but deeper and longer. The CO was at Ft. Lewis from 1982-2001; he was sent to a base overseas after 911 took place and we lost touch." ¹⁰

In other correspondence from Fred Bradshaw:

"There were many rumors of Sasquatch sightings in the area of Ft. Lewis but generally it's kept quiet because the U.S. Army doesn't want people running all over the base while maneuvers are underway; I respect that but I'm not sure that is the real reason nobody on base talks about it "on the record." I live close to the base itself in the city of Roy and have worked the areas of that forest that are close to the perimeter of the base itself; it's a huge, almost indescribable forested area. I often meet base personnel and have been asked to join them on outings on base after the training is over. I once received permission from the CO to go on base to look for tracks

*along with an Army Ranger Sergeant. The Sgt. saw one of the Bigfoots on base too. Right now it's closed to the public."*¹¹

It doesn't matter to me what opinions people had of Bradshaw, I had long hours of conversation with him, nobody knew the woods around Ft. Lewis Army Base like he did. Most of Fred's critics never saw a Sasquatch much less ever set foot on the base itself. Bradshaw was seriously one of the good guys and retired law enforcement. I thoroughly enjoyed his contributions to the subject. I think Bradshaw was a man before his time. That is, what he knew fell on the ears of researchers who were ensconced in the deep ape theorem; these people were unable to accept all Bradshaw knew...shame. Today, the ape theorists are trying to figure out a way to scrape the egg of their collective faces. DNA, presumptive for Sasquatch, has done much to eliminate apes. As Dr. Melba Ketchum stated, her loudest detractors have been ape theorists.¹²

George Karras at one time was well known in the Sasquatch community; George hosted *Sasquatch Northwest*, one of the first Bigfoot related message boards; he did a fine job. Karras recorded Bradshaw saying about the Sasquatch; **"They have been known to roll in the blood of the animals they've killed and to spread their own feces on themselves to keep the unknown away."** I'm not sure where he would have heard that but I was reminded of the remark when in 2010, J.C. Johnson brought to light a story about a Sasquatch that trapped a skunk in an irrigation pipe in San Juan County, New Mexico. The skunk's remains were found later; the tiny scent gland was missing. The inference was that the Sasquatch used the skunk scent as a deterrent to ward off predators and probably us. If the supposition is true; it is indeed an interesting concept and it's effective. That Bradshaw said a Sasquatch rolled in disgusting substances doesn't seem all that big a stretch.

I often quote Bradshaw, he was colorful, knowledgeable and one of the most generous men in research. A retired Sheriff's Department Officer, Fred told me his father was a security guard at Green Mountain, Washington; he confirmed with Fred the story that military helicopters brought large numbers of animals in cargo nets under helicopters out of the Mt. St. Helen's eruption aftermath to include dead Sasquatch bodies. I know a bit about those proceedings from my own experience at Mt. St. Helens by way of the military pilot who flew me over the devastation in the fall of 1985. It's recorded in this book in the Mt. St. Helens Chapter. Fred's untimely passing in October of 2004, shocked us all. His sister, Carol Howell of Elma, Washington notified us of her brother's passing in October of 2004. Born in 1947, Fred was only 57 when a massive heart attack took him during a deer hunt.¹³

Ft. Lewis Army Base, Pierce County, Washington 2004

The Oregon Bigfoot website posted another incident recorded on the Ft. Lewis Army Installation property dated November 2004. In essence the unnamed informant was on duty guarding the AHA (Ammo holding area) on the base and at the same time having a conversation with his Sergeant. He reported that they heard crashing sounds coming from heavy timber and was at the time concerned that a Special Forces Ranger Unit might be trying to shake them up. They ignored it momentarily then they heard a high pitched vocalization. The unnamed Sergeant

reportedly said, "*What the hell was that?*" The informant told him it sounded like Bigfoot. The Sgt. got back into his Humvee and the informant returned to the guard shack. That was all the information on the website report.¹⁴

Ft. Lewis Army Base, Pierce County, Washington

"I am an active duty Army Soldier with over 21 years of service. I have been stationed at Fort Lewis Army Base, Washington on two occasions, 1987-1991 and 2000-2002. I was an Infantryman so a lot of my time was spent in the field with my unit. During my first assignment, we heard rumors every once in a while about weird things happening in the field. Mainly strange howls and noises in the brush, but nobody really paid it any mind."

"On my second assignment, there were quite a few incidents that I experienced first-hand that made me a believer. The first happened just shortly after I arrived in the early summer of 2000. My platoon was practicing day and night land navigation in preparation for the Expert Infantryman's Badge test. I was a Staff Sergeant at the time and was one of the graders. We had done the daytime course, had chow and then proceeded with the night course. The course is an individual test and we sent out about 10 soldiers at a time on their own. At night, the soldier has to find 4 points using only a compass azimuth and a pace count for distance. Each leg is 500-1000 meters. The soldiers have 3-hours to complete the course and return to the start point. After 3½ hours, everyone was back except one. We figured he was lost so we blew whistles to guide him in. After a while we went out in two Humvees to check the roads that border the course. Instructions are if you get hopelessly lost and come to a road; stay there until you are found."

"There is also a "panic azimuth" for the compass that will take you to a road. We drove around for about an hour and did not find him. We called back to our Bn HQ to report we had a missing soldier and got instructions to keep searching. We sent out the entire group with flashlights to search the course, I stayed in the vehicle searching the roads. Another hour went by; I got a call over the radio from the other search vehicle that they found him and was heading back to the start point, and that he needed to see a medic."

"The soldier was distraught but coherent, sweating like he had been running for miles and had a lump under his eye and scratches all over his face. His weapon, an M-16 A2 rifle and Kevlar helmet were missing. At first he claimed he was startled by what he thought may have been a bear that went crashing through the woods near him and was growling."

"In a panic he took off running and smacked face first into a tree. At that moment the "bear" moved in his direction, he had lost his helmet and weapon in the dark when he hit the tree, so he took off again without it. He said he could hear the animal breathing heavy and making growling sounds as it moved. As he was running he could hear the thing breaking the brush behind him, but it would slow and stop when he did. This went on for a long distance, and he was totally disoriented in the dark and had no idea where he was going."

"Finally he found a road. We still had to find his weapon so everyone on site had to stay in the

woods until it was found. We searched by flashlight all night but it was not found until the next morning. There was not much concern from higher about the incident except for the missing weapon. Once it was found, it was a closed issue.”

“From then on, the soldiers had to have a dummy cord connecting their weapon to their bodies. Because the soldier was in my platoon, I had a lot of interaction with him after that. Infantryman become very close because of all the long hours spent together. A few weeks later talk of the incident spread within the confines of the platoon. The soldier revealed more of what had happened that night to a few of his closest buddies. I talked to him about it and what I heard made my skin crawl.”

“First of all, he admitted that it was not a bear that he encountered. He knew all along it had to be Bigfoot. The first contact with the creature started with brush breaking to his front and he could make out a large, tall shape stand up on two legs and swinging its arms as it moved to his right. He was so panicked that he turned around and took off in a sprint and that's when he smacked into the tree. He said he was so scared he couldn't even breathe. The rest is the same as his original account, except instead of just growling; there were several *whooping sounds and whistling sounds*. I told him that I believed him, and I think most everyone else close to him did as well. He seemed to be more embarrassed about it than anything and did not want an issue made of the 'real' story. He didn't want to be made out as a fool.”

“Around November 2000, I heard about another incident on a field training exercise. Two Soldiers from my Company's Scout Platoon claim to have had *apples thrown at them during the night while they were occupying the observation post*. They also heard strange noises and were reporting all this over the radio net throughout the night. Nobody paid much attention to any of it. I talked to one of them later and he said they both had the *shit scared out of them* that night. It had to be an animal of some kind by the noises it was making. No other units were in the immediate area. What kind of animal throws apples?”

“During the summer of 2001, a series of events impressed myself and a few of my fellow soldiers. Myself and another Sergeant checked out a seldom-used fishing spot called Fiander Lake. It is a small-secluded lake in South Rainer Ranger Training Area, about 35-miles from the main post, on the southeastern end of Ft Lewis. The lake turned out to be full of bass so we took out my small boat and fished there as often as we could.”

“I went on leave and when I got back, my buddy had a story. He went out there alone one late afternoon to do some bass fishing in his small boat. It was almost sunset when he began hearing strange hollering sounds coming from the woods beyond the shoreline. Whatever it was, it was moving because the sounds would change locations. There were short bursts, then silence, and then it would start again. He got back to the shore, loaded up his boat, and headed out of there down the trail in his truck.”

“After work that day, we drove down there to check out the area. We got down the trail to the lake by truck, and then we skirted around the lake on foot just looking around. I went up on this wooded hillside along the lake and found some *very peculiar things that are supposedly signs of Bigfoot*.”

"Tree limbs that I could barely reach were snapped and bent down; small saplings broken and bent over. I find it hard to believe that an ordinary person has the strength to snap live trees like a tooth pick. There were also trees pulled out of the ground like a weed, which definitely could not be done by a person. A few hundred yards down we stumbled on the strangest of all....a huge pile of crap. It stunk of course, but curiosity got the best of us and we dug through it with a stick. There were small, undigested green pinecones in the crap. It was the kind of baby green pine cones that a pine tree sprouts before they dry up. There was hair, like in a cat's poop after they clean themselves. Also, what look liked mashed berries, and fibers."

"We started looking around the ground for any sign of footprints. The ground was covered in moss and was soft in a few areas. We found no definite tracks, but did find some very convincing imprints in the soft moss. On one of them, a heel could be made out, as well as the ball of the foot. I wear a size 10, and it was much larger than my foot, by at least another 6-inches long and 3-inches wider on each side than my foot."

"We brought some other guys down there the next day to see what we found. We talked to an older civilian guy who works at the *Outdoor Recreation Center* on North Fort Lewis; we get tackle and bait there. Without telling him anything in particular, we inquired about Fiander Lake. He said it was good fishing (we already knew that), but was a creepy place. I asked what he meant, and he wouldn't give any details other than it being creepy and he hadn't been out there in over 20-years. I asked him directly about Bigfoot and he replied saying some people say so. We continued to fish there but never encountered anything else."

"On Labor Day weekend in 2001, my wife and I decided to take the kids camping. I thought to myself; let's go to real Bigfoot country. My plan was the Olympic Mountains, but weather and time changed that, so we went to Lewis and Clark State Park. The park is only about 5-10 miles east of Interstate 5, but is pretty densely forested. Close to the Cowlitz River, about thirty miles from Mt St Helens. I knew we were in the right place when on a back country road near the park, we saw a house with a tall wood carving of a Bigfoot out front. We set up our tent and campsite and shortly after dinner, the kids went to bed. My wife went with them and I stayed out by the campfire."

"Around 10:30 that night I heard coyotes howling. They kept that up and about a half hour later, something else entirely different began to wail in the opposite direction. The coyotes stopped; then silence. A few minutes later the coyotes began their howls and yelps again. Then the other louder wailing sound and again – there was silence. This went back and forth until just after midnight. It got quiet, and I went to bed. Around 3:30 my wife woke me up because she was hearing something. I sat up and nothing at first, but about 5 minutes later I heard a sound similar to before, but it was much closer than before and higher pitched. I got out of the tent and got the fire going again and listened. I could tell whatever it was it was on the move; not that close maybe a few hundred yards. After a while it stopped and I went back to bed. The next day, I asked around the campground but nobody seemed to have much to say and I didn't mention the word Bigfoot. The next night there was nothing, not even the coyotes or an owl. I firmly believe that Bigfoot is real, and I believe that my wife and I heard it that night. All of these events make me certain that there is such a thing as Bigfoot, no doubt about it." ¹⁵
(Fullerton, Jeffrey A SFC MIL USA TRADOC USAREC August 19, 2008)

Fort Lewis, Washington U.S. Army Military Installation, 1977 & 1978

In 1978, Edwin Godoy was an E-4 soldier with the U.S. Army commissioned to Fort Lewis, in Washington State. Fort Lewis is located next to a forested area in that western state. Mr. Godoy was also an expert marksman who came out as the third best marksman in the U.S. Army for that year.

One night, as his platoon was returning in a truck from some war games in the forest, the truck malfunctioned and lost all power. Impossible to make it start, the acting commander decided to return to the base by foot with the soldiers and ordered Godoy — as he was the one who had signed for taking out the truck — to stay and guard it until morning, when a tow unit from the base would be sent to pick up him and the vehicle. To Godoy this was somewhat irregular, as normally, two men would be ordered to do this. Anyway, the others left at about 8:00 P.M. and he remained there with the truck.

At about 12:15 A.M. he noticed a figure some 300 meters away from him, standing next to some pine trees in the forest. What shocked Godoy was the size of the figure — it was very tall — and its body was completely covered with hair. *"It was something very big, huge, a giant,"* he said, *"and it was all covered by a dark long grayish hair all over its body. It was standing next to a pine tree and swinging his body sideways while looking straight at me. It looked somewhat like a man, but it wasn't a man. Very strongly built, with a broad chest; the eyes seemed to be self-luminous and glowed red. The thing started coming towards me, so I shouted a halt three times, asking that thing to stop and identify itself. As it wouldn't reply I made a first shot to the air and then I shot at him or 'it', I don't know how to call it. The hairy thing grabbed its chest and emitted a loud moan, stopped and then ran to his right, disappearing into the heavily tree forest that makes up Ft. Lewis Army Base."*

Godoy, very nervous, reasoned he had just seen a 'Bigfoot', one of the forest creatures the Native Americans in the region often talked about. Afraid, he locked himself inside the truck until 6:00 A.M. when two mechanics from the base arrived in a tow unit to pick up the truck.

He explained what had happened, but they didn't believe him. They all went to where the hairy thing was shot and the men were surprised to see huge humanlike footprints imprinted in the soft ground and several small pools of blood that looked red, but strangely oily and fresh looking. The mechanics stared at each other and then looked at Godoy in a strange way and mumbled something between them in low voice. From that moment on they kept at a distance and wouldn't talk to him. They communicated by radio to the base and reported the incident. Later on, the truck started at first try. At about 7:30 A.M. some unknown personnel arrived to the site; several men dressed in white lab coats, wearing thick gray 'rubber' (leaded?) gloves and boots took samples from the tracks impression on the ground, the alleged 'blood' which was handled with extreme care. The mechanics talked with these men, but Godoy was not allowed to do the same. Later, they all were ordered by radio to return at once to Ft. Lewis. Godoy was to report himself to the base hospital immediately at his arrival.

To his surprise, an Air Force medical officer and a colonel were waiting for him there. Fort Lewis is a U.S. Army military base with no ties with the Air Force, so why the presence of this full-bird Air Force colonel there? He couldn't say. The usual thing would have been for the regular medical staff in the base hospital to attend him. This man was not from the hospital's medical staff. The officer debriefed him thoroughly on the incident and made a complete medical and physical exam on him. While examining him, the officer kept asking at what distance he was from the creature when he shot at it. He was asked the creature's description and asked if he felt a tingling sensation or had a sore throat, headaches, if a rash had developed on his skin — and other things. The Air Force medical officer apparently knew what to ask. It was obvious to Godoy that he was looking for specific symptoms — and answers — but symptoms and answers to what?

Several samples of his blood, skin scrapings, urine, saliva and other types of samples were taken from Godoy. The soldier knew something odd was going on, he kept asking the officer where he had come from but he wouldn't answer. After being examined, he was ordered to go to his barracks where he took a shower and rested.

Later, he was ordered to go to the base commander's office. The base commander, (a lieutenant general; name not remembered by Ed Godoy), was there together with his company commander, Captain Underwood, and a colonel whose last name was, to his best recall, Kropsie. They debriefed him again on what had happened out in the woods and then the base commander ordered Godoy not to talk ever to anyone on what had happened. He was warned that if he ever talked about it he'd be court martial and would have to face the consequences.

Later, heading to his room, he was approached by L. Robles, a Puerto Rican soldier who was assigned in the hospital's lab. Robles asked Godoy what it was he had shot. Godoy said he was ordered not to discuss the matter and Robles insisted on asking. He asked Robles why was it so important for him to know. Robles answered: "*I, together with two other guys, had to analyze the blood samples taken from the ground. We know you are the soldier involved because it was stated as such in the report. It's crazy, but... what the hell was it you shot out there? When we examined the blood samples we found out three weird things in it... That blood contained human blood cells, animal blood cells...and chlorophyll. What the hell was it?*"

[*Author's note: any blood retrieved from a dirt road is most assuredly going to be unhygienic with any number of contaminants; chlorophyll is nothing more than a green pigment found in almost all green plants, algae, and cyanobacteria – it does not necessarily indicate green alien men & Robles should have known that fact...if indeed he was any kind of a blood technician. It would make sense that the Puerto Rican who told this story to Stansbury did some embellishing on his own including the questionable red eye glow, which is not a human or non-human primate characteristic. I say human because preliminary DNA presumptive for Sasquatch suggests (at this writing) the mitochondrial is 100% human...and "presumptive" because we don't have a holotype/based specimen. That may be amended after this is published.*]

Godoy stated he could not discuss the incident and left. Now, thinking back, he feels that the base commander, Colonel Kropsie, and Captain Underwood, all seemed to know what they were dealing with and for that reason they had ordered him to keep his mouth shut. But he found it rather strange that he was ordered to stand guard on the truck *alone*. Why was he left alone? "*I*

don't know Martín, but after thinking it over I had a strange feeling. All I know for sure is that the U.S. Government and the military know something weird is happening in the northwest, and they don't want the people to know about it," stated Godoy.

[Author's note 2 – Story source: Robert Stansberry via Jorge Martín a researcher in Puerto Rico who met Mr. Edwin Godoy and his wife Myrna in Cabo Rojo, in the southwest region of Puerto Rico, while scuba diving. Posted to the IVBC 4 September 1998. Bob Stansberry has been around bigfooting as long as I have and is considered a qualified investigator. I personally think the basis of the story true, but the Puerto Rican phlebotomy technician's testimony is suspect; perhaps embellished.]

Maguire AFB and Ft. Dix Army Base

A letter and possibly related story from Craig Bennett, Pemberton, New Jersey:

"Dear Ms. Short: I have never seen a Bigfoot, found any tracks, or heard any sounds. Recently I discovered your web site and thought out of curiosity to just take a look. The accounts by military personnel are interesting. The point is this: Back in December 1977, some thirty-six years ago, I was a freshman at Burlington County College located in Pemberton, New Jersey. Next door is Maguire Air Force Base and Fort Dix Army Base. So it was a common sight seeing military personnel in the college courses. While sitting in the snack bar and trying out my first cup of coffee, a soldier walked in and went over to a table and then a second soldier arrived, and went over to the first one and excitedly asked him if he had heard about the news. He related that a platoon of soldiers on an exercise from (I'm not sure of the fort name) went into the woods to drill and were injured in an encounter with Bigfoot somewhere in the Pacific Northwest. The first soldier then looked around the room nervously and then the other soldier and told him to not talk about it here and "*we'll do it later.*" I did not see them again nor do I know their names. Also I really didn't look either because I was trying to pass my courses and experience college." (Craig Bennett) If there is someone with information on a base encounter with Bigfoot where injuries were observed, please contact me.

Joint Base Lewis-McChord WA 1989

The following was told to Iraq veteran SSG Todd M. Neiss, Sandy, Oregon:

"My friend who came to Ft Ord Training Center in Monterey, California in 1989 started his Army career at 2nd Battalion/75th Joint Base Lewis-McChord in southwestern Tacoma. He told me about an encounter somewhere on the Nisqually River in Washington State; the Nisqually drains part of the Cascade Range southwest of Tacoma, including the southern slope of Mount Rainier and empties into the southern end of Puget Sound. The Nisqually River forms the Pierce-Lewis County line, as well as the boundary between Pierce and Thurston Counties."

"A swimmer was dispatched across the Nisqually to recon the other side. He'd crept up the steep embankment on the other side and disappeared into the thick woods. After a few minutes the recon man let out a scream and came flying back down to the Nisqually River and back across. He was in hysterics, saying that he'd in effect snuck up on a Bigfoot to their mutual surprise!!

The creature freaked out and took off in the opposite direction. The other Rangers heard the snapping of brush like something big hauling ass. The company crossed and did a quick recon of the area and found the usual distinctive big footprints, evidence of something large. The young soldier who had the encounter left the Army not long afterwards."

"One of the other stories involved a company of Army Rangers on a night ambush. Sometime after they'd gotten into position they heard a "guy" stalking them. They maintained fire discipline and waited for what they thought would be the rest of the opfor unit they were to hit. Instead the "guy" was alone and as he came upon their position he stopped. Then he proceeded to stalk their perimeter. The Ranger who tells the story marveled at the guy's expertise. After completing his recon the "guy" slowly backed up the way he came and disappeared into the night, leaving a distinct odor behind. It seems like every guy I meet who was at 'Lewie' had a Bigfoot story or knew someone who did. If you are ex-military you might have an "in" with those folks although I couldn't tell you how to approach them. Especially the Rangers you know how they can be with us mere mortals." ¹⁶

(Marc Ferris, Carmel California Mon, 17 Apr 2000)

Todd Neiss re-enlisted in the Army and was deployed to Iraq in 2010-2011. Upon his return home, Todd talked freely about his own 1993 sighting and recounts it here for the recording of that unusual event:

Joint Base Lewis-McChord Washington 1993

"April 3, 1993 was a day that will always be seared in my mind as if it were yesterday. As a Sergeant in Charlie Company (1249th Combat Engineers), it was business as usual as we headed up into the dense temperate rain forest of the Coast Range in Northwestern Oregon. On that particular day, our mission was to conduct training on private timberland near Saddle Mountain; just east of the coastal resort town of Seaside. We would be executing demolitions (explosives) operations at three rock quarries. Each site had a unique battle scenario to accomplish."

"At the first site, we practiced "cutting charges;" essentially slicing through steel I-beams with C-4 plastic explosive. The second site held a 'complex obstacle' consisting of a field of surface-laid anti-tank mines followed by a triple-strand concertina wire fence. We were to clear a vehicle lane through both. The third and last training area was situated in yet another gravel quarry on a hillside that overlooked the second blast site. Here our mission was to emplace a "cratering charge." As the name implies, this type of operation involves the making of a rather large hole. Generally this is done to sever a road thus denying the enemy its use."

"While at the second blast site there was an unusual event which, in hindsight may have been related to my sighting. While I was directing my squad to emplace their charges next to the anti-tank mines, there was a rather loud, crescendoing [sic] "WHOOOOP" that emanated from the west end of the mine field. At that moment, I was bent over placing my own charge. Upon hearing this somewhat shrill noise, I immediately stood up and sought out the perpetrator as we were under orders to practice noise discipline during the exercise (in case the 'enemy' were nearby). As I glanced around the mine field, I was surprised to find all of my men still busily

preparing their charges and not, as I suspected, goofing off. I shrugged my shoulders and went back to work. In hindsight, it seemed to me that the WHOOOOP sound came from farther back in the tree line.”

“It should be noted that, absent a standard-issue shaped charge, we had a backhoe pre-dig a starter hole. After emplacing several bags of diesel-soaked ammonium-nitrate into the aforementioned hole, we tamped (packed) the charge. Once again, the area was cleared, and I initiated the dual-primed M-60 fuse igniters. I took my place in the waiting convoy and, per Standard Operating Procedure; we began the descent down the winding, single-lane road to the safety staging area.”

“As a squad leader, I had the privilege of requisitioning my own HUMVEE. Ours was the second vehicle of a five-vehicle convoy (2 HUMVEES up front, 2 covered “Duce and a Half” trucks filled with troops and the Commander’s HUMVEE taking up the rear). I sat behind the driver’s seat and, as we were descending the graveled road down towards the staging area, I had the opportunity to sit back and enjoy the scenery. It is just second nature to me to spot for wildlife. It was a rare sunny day in April; I had my window unzipped for a better view. Rounding a corner, I could see the rock quarry where we did our second blast less than an hour earlier. Standing right out in the open, in the middle of the gravel pit, were three, jet-black, bipedal creatures. They stood in-line (shoulder to shoulder) staring directly at our convoy as it descended the hillside across from them. Between us was a ravine populated with eight to twelve year-old Douglas fir and hemlock. At a distance of several hundred meters, I could not make out facial features or gender, but there was no doubt what I was looking at were not humans. Had these creatures been standing in front of a backdrop of trees, I most likely would not have seen them at all. But in this case, there stood three dark black figures contrasted against a light grey cliff of basalt on a bright sunny day.”

“In the middle stood, what I assumed to be, the alpha male of the group; as it towered a full head above the two creatures that flanked it. I would estimate it to have stood approximately nine feet high, with the flanking creatures approaching seven feet in height. Their silhouette was unique in that their heads sat directly on their shoulders with no visible neck. They all displayed broad, square shoulders and barreled chests which tapered down to a svelte waistline, unlike the creature seen in the Patterson-Gimlin film of 1967. The arms of these beings hung well past their knees. In the case of the two flanking creatures, they were exhibiting a swaying motion (rocking side-to-side) as the larger creature stood as still as a statue. All the while I was staring at the creatures; we were bounding down a dirt road with the occasional hedge of blackberry and Scotch bloom obscuring my view. I had approximately 25 seconds of viewing time. Being in shock, and not knowing whether I would lose sight of them at any second, I stared in disbelief. Once the vehicle rounded a sharp corner, I knew I had seen the last of them. I fell back into my seat with a mixture of shock for what I had witnessed and an odd sense of depression. It’s hard to explain what goes through one’s mind in such a moment.”

“My head began to swim with questions. They DO exist! And not just a solitary beast, but a group of them! How could they exist and not be discovered? What do I do now? I felt the sudden urge to tell someone, but who? I had seen something scientifically, if not historically, important and SOMEONE should be notified! There must be some authority that NEEDS this information! I

began to make a mental checklist. The US Fish & Wildlife? No. The Forest Service? No. The zoo? No. The police? HELL NO! Then WHO?!?! And more importantly, who would believe me anyway?" reluctantly, I decided (like most people do) to keep my mouth shut. Here I was a family man, a vice-president of a shipping company, and a Non-Commissioned Officer in the Army National Guard. I had worked long and hard for my reputation. And yet, with one simple sentence, "*I saw Bigfoot,*" I could throw it all away. If I knew what was good for me, I would never tell a soul."

"Arriving back at the staging area, I immediately jogged back up the road in a futile effort to get one more look at these amazing creatures. Unfortunately there was a knoll which blocked my view of the gravel pit. My activity hadn't gone unnoticed. Suddenly I heard footsteps heading my way. Then a voice yelled out, "Hey Neiss!" I turned and saw SGT Jeff Martin heading my direction. As he approached, he looked over his shoulder to see if he was being followed. Satisfied that we were alone, he said something that I will never forget. He took a long drag off of his cigarette, exhaled, looked me squarely in the eyes and said, "I don't suppose you saw what I saw back at the second blast site?" I could tell from the look in his eyes that he knew something. I felt overwhelmed at the possibility but decided to err on the side of caution. I replied, "I don't know Jeff, what did you see?" Once again he looked left then right to make certain of our privacy and then stated rather matter-of-factly, "I saw three, huge, hair-covered, for lack of a better word "BIGFEET." Trying to contain my excitement I hissed, "Yesssss! I saw them too!" I was overwhelmed with sense of utter relief! I wasn't alone after all. It wasn't that I needed validation of what I had seen. Corroboration could not have altered the truth, but it sure felt good; it felt liberating, at that we began to compare notes." (SSG Todd M. Neiss, Joint Base Lewis-McChord, WA)

U.S. Marine Corp Base Quantico, Virginia

"I was once stationed at MCBQ Marine Corps Base, Quantico, Virginia. I was a young Marine from East Sheldon, Vermont and didn't know anything about Bigfoot at the time I was stationed at the Base. I had been at the base about 5-months when patrolling the grounds around my post one night around 0230 hrs I heard a noise and looked around for the source of that noise; it was unusual to hear anything in that area but night birds, usually it's dead quiet; nothing ever happened on that watch; to stay awake you had to keep moving."

"The area is heavily wooded and it's known to have bears but I never saw a single bear in my time at Quantico; my area was fenced with razor wire. I listened for any noise and then moved on taking 3-4 steps when I heard it again; this time the noise was behind me and sounded like it moved when I moved. I tried it again. A few steps and the noise took a few steps; it stopped when I stopped and it didn't matter which direction I headed. This was out of order."

"I hollered, "*who goes there, show yourself,*" silence! I repeated the order twice more but heard and saw nothing. Rain began falling lightly and the wind picked up some. After I listened again for a long while I moved on with no more activity. Then, two hours later, rain quit as I approached the same wooded area; the same noises like something walking in the woods. This time I decided to head into the woods to scope out the noise as nobody on base was supposed

to be in that zone. Approaching the trees I shined my light ahead and there not 30-feet away from where I was stood this thing!! It was a stopper; surprised, I froze, what was it?"

"I'm a 6-foot 4-inch high school basketball player and this Paul Bunyan thing was over my head by at least two feet – swear on my life!! It had beige/tan hair and the damn thing had the hairiest body I've ever seen and no skivvies. He was male and it just stood there looking at me expressionless! I raised my rifle and asked who he was but got no answer. Then I heard him breathing and I got chicken skin all over me, m'am this thing was a livin' nightmare to visualize. I raised my light up to see his face, he covered his eyes with his arm and backed off into the trees; he said nothing and made no noise leaving but the breathing; all I heard was the crunch of leaves."

I did not follow; in fact I thought I was #\$\$%^!^&* seeing things. You know, when you get that *what the hell* feeling? Here I was, half afraid of the booby-hatch or a Section 8; I never told a living soul about that incident until now. Does Quantico have giant Bigfoot? I think that is what I faced that night. If command knows about them, nothing was ever said around me."
(Semper Fi, James R. USMC)

The ASA Monster, Marine Corps Base Quantico, Virginia

The Dumfries Virginia Potomac News on January 17, 1977 published a long article about the Sasquatch that contained the statement:

"Much had been written about the monster at the ammunition storage area (ASA) at Quantico Marine Corps Base..." but doesn't say what. There is a reference to one marine claiming to have seen a brown thing walking on two legs and another reporting something that looked like a cross between an ape and a bear covered with very long hair. Several people had apparently heard loud screaming."

"We called the *Ammunition Storage Area* sergeant of the guard to determine whether there had been any more sightings or sounds in the area but were told that all information regarding the *ASA Monster* is considered *classified*. When asked why that is so, the guard answered that he was not allowed to answer that question either."

"He later said that the information is not really classified but everyone at the compound has been ordered not to talk about the monster at all."¹⁷

Following the upload of the ASA Monster onto my Bigfootencounters website, a reader wrote the following note with a deeply interesting comment:

"My older brother, when he was alive, was a veteran of the Korean War conflict and the Marines on Pork Chop Hill where 240 of those men were killed and nearly 900 wounded. About the ammo dump at Quantico, that story reminded me of a comment my brother made a couple of times about there being some sort of monster/s (plural) that hung around on the base at Quantico that everyone said had blue eyes. I thought that might be of interest to you."

(Dunston109 in Wisconsin)

And from "Smitty" at Marine Corps Combat Development Command at Quantico, Virginia this statement:

"I haven't seen Scary Harry around but I hear talk that he shows up now and then. No big deal M'am the Marines here consider Scary Harry part of the landscape."

U.S. Marine Base Quantico Virginia 1957

The GCBRO posted a much older report indicating a long history of Bigfoot sightings in and around the Quantico installation. This one occurred at night between 2400hrs and 0300hrs. The informant told Mary Green that he was on guard duty walking his post when he was alerted by his dog to a noise in the woods. At first the soldier thought it was a bear with long brown hair on its body but then it started walking away upright after he put a round in the chamber of his M1 rifle. The creature described as 7-foot tall was not disturbed by the dog barking but clearly reacted to the sound of the rifle's bolt. ¹⁸ (GCBRO Sightings list)

1990's sighting Marine Corps Base Quantico, Virginia...

In 2007, the AIBR reported on their website a 1990 late night Bigfoot sighting on the organization's website. The incident ¹⁹ was also recorded at Marine Corps Base, Quantico, Virginia. Bob and Kathy Strain summarized a 3-hour long interview with the informant, Dan; their synopsis is picked up here:

"Dan was at the base for week long training at the end of July. The terrain is rolling hills/woodland. The event happened the second night of training (they had not been to this location yet nor did they go back). Dan and five other men, including the instructor began the night on patrol. Around 2 to 3 a.m., the men moved very quietly into the area, communicating only with hand signals. They stopped and sat in a 360 (i.e., all the men form a circle with their backs to each other, giving themselves a 360 degree view of the surroundings). Dan was the first watch; the other men dozed. The first growl

occurred after a man in his patrol moaned.”

“Because he thought it was a bear and wanted to see it, Dan stood up and took three or so steps toward the sound. This put him about 20-feet from the animal. Probably due to Dan’s movement towards it, the animal stood up and he could see its silhouette in the available moonlight. Dan doesn’t remember the exact moon phase, but it was a cloudless night and there was enough moonlight available to see the face of the person next to you and hand signals from the rest of the group. According to internet records, the moon phase for the date range, year, and location put the moon at full to near full. On average, the moon rose at around 11:53 p.m. and set at late as 10:00 a.m. the next morning.”

“Dan himself was 270 pounds and stands 6'5”. It was clear to him based on its size and shape that it was no bear. At this point, he could see that it stood up on two legs and had a pointed head. Its arms hung down below its knees. Its hands were the size of dinner plates.”

“The report stated the Sasquatch stared angrily at the informant and as it did, it swayed back and forth then it roared again. Dan could feel the vibrations from the sound in his chest. The report goes on to describe how the Sasquatch *“slapped its right hand hard against a nearby pine tree using only one hand. Dan was unclear what happened after the slap but, after a short pause, the tree snapped and fell toward him.”* The witness told the Strains he was unclear if the Sasquatch *“broke the tree by the slap, by pushing, or by breaking it with one hand;”* only one hand was used. The tree was taller than the Sasquatch and was approximately 6-8 inches in diameter. The report also stated the creature was 8.5 feet tall. The informant, Dan Buchanan was also known as “SquatchCommando.” He was a Marine Corps veteran who encountered Bigfoot while training at Quantico; his life was cut short by a driver who didn’t see him in August of 2007, Dan was only 41.”²⁰

(AIBR, Bob and Kathy Strain May 25, 2007)

U.S. Marine Corps Mountain Warfare Training Center Mono County, Bridgeport, California

Butch Young was a very young 19 years old when he was sent to the Marine Warfare Training Center (MWTC) near Mono Lake, located in California's desolate Sierra-Nevada Mountain Range. It is one of the Marine Corps most remote and isolated posts. The Center was established during the 1950's as the Cold Weather Battalion with the mission of providing cold weather training for replacement personnel bound for Korea during that conflict.

Young was sent to an area called Pickel Meadows south of the Lake there to learn how to fight, how to conduct himself in combat, how to survive, engage and meet the enemy head on in freezing snowy wilderness conditions. Young thought he was prepared for the wilderness training. Mono Lake is extremely remote and the setting is one of dense forests. One cold and

freezing night Young and his squad were on patrol during a night time war game. It was cold, deep snow on the ground at an elevation of 8,000 feet. The moon was out and you could see quite clearly. It was almost like daylight with the moon and starlight reflecting off the snow. Then it happened quickly and suddenly; the men spotted what they thought were the opposing squad members advancing off to their right. Young could see two looming figures, one of them was crouched, the other was standing upright but the dark figures did not act like Marines on maneuvers! How they acted defied any action of a trained Marine in the woods...in fact the dark figures were not trying to avoid and conceal themselves. The behavior of the two didn't make sense to Young. Confused, the squad strained to get a better look; they could see no weapons, no clothing or anything that would indicate what Marines wear on maneuvers.

The moon lit them up just enough to see fingers on their hands some thirty yards away. Young figured that it had to be a pretty big hand to distinguish fingers that far away. It took a while before the Marines realized what they had seen. The next morning the squad learned that the opposing squad team they were hunting was actually two clicks away; they weren't even in the neighborhood!! So then what was it the squad encountered? Young wondered what they had seen so high up in the timber line. Finally they began to realize that they all had encountered two Bigfoot watching them advance up the hill that night." ²¹

Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Maryland

Mark Opsasnick, author of *Maryland Bigfoot Digest*, wrote about the Harewood Park Monster in 1976. Over time, research has amassed a string of sightings in that region. Briefly, one story was about three boys ages 16 and 17 who testified they saw a bad smelling, hair-covered eight foot Bigfoot three consecutive nights near Harewood Park in Baltimore County, Maryland. It was initially investigated and written up by S. Stover and Bernard Brown in the *INFO Journal* vol. VII no 6 p.4.

Then in May of 1976 The Richard Steward family saw what was called the *Harewood Park Monster* while they were clearing brush. It was reported in the *News American* on May 27, 1976. To my knowledge, nothing much has been written about the *Harewood Park Monster* since the 1970's until 2010 when someone wrote me through the website.

In that email the writer suggested the missing people in that region could be attributed to what once were several bigfoot-like creatures being held at a U.S. Army Facility in Aberdeen, Maryland. The suggestion being that one or more of the captive Bigfoots broke loose at one time. I responded to the letter writer but could never get a second response; I filed it away and forgot about it.

Then in 2011, I received another letter, apparently from a different soldier. The fellow was searching for some update or other information on the *Harewood Park Monster*; unfortunately I didn't have the answers the man was looking for. But I discovered with the help of Maryland residents, Chuck Prah and Jay Jackson that Harewood Park sits across the Bay from Aberdeen Proving Grounds. The Aberdeen Proving Ground is a United States Army facility located in

Hartford County, Maryland. It is a secretive test, evaluation, research and development, engineering installation... long considered the best of its kind in the world. Jay Jackson, a chemical engineer in civilian life for Kodak had been stationed there at one time. How is this related to Bigfoot or the Harewood Park Monster? The informant said he was at one time part of the security detail at Aberdeen and was friends with a cook on the base. He and the cook often drank together off duty. It was during one of those drinking sessions that the cook told him what the off-limits area of the base had living there.

"Twenty years ago, I was a snot-nosed kid and the monsters were things you know, I couldn't imagine."

In the letter he asked,

"Is it possible the Harewood Park Monster is something that escaped from Aberdeen Proving Grounds?"

I am not military, so I was unsure about any of this; all I can publish is what has been written to me. Continuing on, the informant stated...

"I met another security guard that worked there at APG (Aberdeen Proving Grounds) who said they have something like a Bigfoot living there."

Referencing the Harewood Monster the guard said,

"...nothing else was ever heard of the BF escapee after the military swept the woods; at least we never heard anything."

The informant believed a Bigfoot could have followed the railroad tracks and by traveling further west could have survived by eating out of dumpsters and dog food dishes; that sort of thing. There are one or two instances where Bigfoot have been observed eating from dumpsters and not necessarily near military facilities. Texas, Oklahoma, Washington State, Alaska, Alabama and California as well as Canada all have reports of Bigfoot pillaging dumpsters – also known as *dumpster diving*.

A week later, I discovered Harewood Park is a community next to the railroad tracks in Baltimore County across the river from Hartford County, Maryland. It's only about five miles to Aberdeen Proving Grounds where the creature was thought to be housed and held in a barred secure cage-like enclosure. After it escaped, (a soldier's theory) it is quite possible that the Sasquatch traveled several more miles following the railroad tracks where it was reportedly seen eating from dumpsters at a grocery store.

I waited for more information from that security guard at the APG but it never came; figuring he used a fictitious name, I forgot about the entry. Still, I had a feeling that there might be more to this story than I knew. I discussed the case with Chuck Prah because of his familiarity with that region in Maryland. He postulated the Sasquatch could swim across the Bay and may not have

taken to the railroad tracks at all; the Sasquatch is reportedly a great swimmer. For me, this story was hard to imagine; I can report what comes to me but I know little about the core of military operations or the secrecy therein. If there is more to this story, I'd like to hear it.^{21a}

McCrary Training Center National Guard sighting...

CPT, EN SCARNG R.T. Cumbee described a dark hairy figure that was between four and six feet tall that sprang out onto the road landing on all fours and then ran upright on two legs into the woods near the McCrary National Guard Training Center in Eastover, Aiken County, South Carolina. Cumbee filed the incident with me in November of 2011 telling me four of his buddies saw it at the same time he did and all of them freaked out at the sight; it happened in broad daylight in 2009 during a training exercise. According to Cumbee, later that day they stopped in at the facility's environmental office to ask about wildlife sightings; they told him nothing usual had been reported. Several days later while at the training center others said they had seen it. Food sources are plentiful in that area and the Congaree National Park River Basin and swamps are only a few miles away.

Three weeks after Cumbee's report came in, just after Christmas; a civilian worker at the training center asking for anonymity sent an email through the website indicating that he had seen two of the "hairy things." They were near McCrary Nat'l Guard Training Center once in 2007 and again in 2009. The first time he saw them he described a female with a smaller one trying to get across Old Eastover Road in broad daylight. The worker exclaimed the traffic was heavy and many people had to have seen the two of them but nobody stopped to let them pass but the informant. Two cars behind him skidded to a stop, so he knows at least the occupants of those vehicles saw them too but apparently never reported the sighting. The second time, a large male was at the back of the training facility late at night. The incident was reported.

United States Air Force Academy Colorado Springs, Colorado

"I was a cadet at the US Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs, Colorado back in the summer of 1991. I was at the Academy for only a few weeks and was finishing up basic training when it happened. The Academy itself sits on the foothills of the Colorado Rocky Mountains. Basically, I could step out of the Cadet area and I would be standing in the Mountains. There is plenty of brush, trees, and so on to conceal just about anyone or anything you want back there. One night, about 9pm my roommate and I were in our beds chatting about our upcoming camp out in Jacks Valley. It's an area beside the Air Force Academy where we did a lot of field training. Suddenly we heard what sounded like a woman screaming her head off; it was horrific to hear. We could also hear other cadets in their rooms talking and joking around before the blood curdling scream. The campus was basically shut down for the night and everyone was getting ready for the next day. I remember the ambient noise being rather loud. Then this scream came. All of a sudden you could have heard a pin drop it was so quiet. I turned and asked my roommate if he heard what I and everyone else just heard. He looked at me and says, "oh yeah,

that's the local Bigfoot." I couldn't believe it, but of course I heard it. My roomie told me about a buddy of his who saw a big hairy human looming thing drinking at a local lake. When the Bigfoot saw his friend watching, the thing stood up, turned away and walked into the forest. Of course, the next week in Jack's Valley, for me, was a very nervous situation!

I was more worried about getting up at night and walking to the latrine by myself than I was running the Assault Course! There were few Cadets that year that didn't know about the AFA's local Bigfoot." ²²

(ELP "Zoomie" June 4, 1999)

Edward's Air Force Base Surveillance

Written by Doug Trapp

"The sun dropped quickly behind the desert rock-piles revealing a deep red glow to the western sky as Corey Rudolph and I made camp at the east end of Avenue J in Palmdale one spring night in 1977. We had been visiting the area as often as possible in response to several credible Bigfoot reports in this California desert. To the east was nothing but dark black sky with thousands of stars and periodic meteors whizzing by. Our objective was two-fold. One, to observe all we could during the night and two, to get away from the Los Angeles rat-race. We had been driving through the areas north of the mountains separating the Los Angeles area from the desert in search of clues and people to interview who claimed to have encountered a desert Sasquatch."

"Through the next three years, Corey and I (and sometimes me with my faithful Red-tailed Hawk, Nixon) gathered as much information on desert Sasquatch activity as we could. In many cases, the witnesses told very similar tales of large hair-covered man-like apes observed crossing the highway or looking in their windows at their homes usually after midnight. Through these witnesses we slowly became aware that the military, just north of Lancaster, California at Edward's Air Force Base had been witness to these desert man-beasts for several years. We finally made contact with three different military security officers, none of them knew each other or who provided us with information relating to what the Air Force knew about these animals. Before I continue with this, I must inform the reader that these three men were willing to discuss this with us only because we promised to never reveal their names or ranks, if we did, they would deny everything. Because I believe in keeping promises, I will comply with their request, but will refer to them only by rank since I do not believe that their status at the time would indicate or reveal their true identity, thereby keeping my promise. I will also add that I have spoken to five additional ex-military officers who were once stationed at Edward's Air Force Base. They all claim that what the first three revealed was accurate and that not much has changed there since the 1970s."

"The first I interviewed was a Lieutenant in charge of security in the sector of Edward's AFB near Rogers Dry Lake. He was primarily responsible for supervising the surveillance activity from sunset to sundown from 1972 to 1975 when he was then transferred to Germany, then retired. This gentleman explained to me that the base security was primarily involved with monitoring for unauthorized entry to the base by curiosity seekers. The base was highly involved with classified secret aircraft testing at the time and there were many curious people trying to take photos. In addition, the base had a very high level of UFO activity or as he put it, alien

spacecraft. In fact, he made it clear that these craft were not from Earth and that the Air Force knew very little about them. When any unauthorized people or alien craft entered his perimeter, my informant was to report to the higher command and observe. All of his personnel had top security clearance and were to discuss nothing of what they saw. He further described some of these craft to me but I was not very interested at the time."

"While they were conducting surveillance one night always using starlight scopes and motion detectors spread throughout the base, one of the guards reported an infiltration in his perimeter. When he asked for details the guard described a very tall man, but not really a man. Perplexed by such a report he decided to drive to the location and talk to the guard; perhaps thinking the man had lost his marbles. When he arrived a wide-eyed guard met him and repeated his story. The lieutenant began to scan the desert for the intruder and soon spied him or it. Through the starlight scope he could clearly see that this was not a man. It was a very tall, hair-covered, ape-like man walking through the desert. He said the animal appeared to be looking at the desert floor in search of something. The animal was about 500 yards distant but the scope was very powerful and tripod mounted so it could be observed clearly. Both men continued to observe the animal as it wandered around almost aimlessly. He then reported to his superiors of the activity and was told to keep the animal in sight. This was no problem as the animal remained in the area. About five minutes later a helicopter was heard approaching the area; then it was seen coming in fast from the east. They continued to observe the animal which continued its activity. The helicopter came in over a rock-pile, then the animal "spooked." It looked at the helicopter, turned and ran "like a deer" around a rock-pile and out of sight. The helicopter searched the area, but never found the animal. The two men could hardly believe what they had seen."

"The next day the Lieutenant reported to the command post of the previous night's activity. The command told him that these animals had been seen on the base before and the public knew them as Bigfoot or Sasquatch. The command explained that they were concerned that these animals may be related to the Alien Craft, and that all such reports must remain top secret. He was told to continue to observe and report but not to intervene or disturb the animals until the command determined what they were."

"The lieutenant had heard of Bigfoot before but not in the desert. He always thought that this was some sort of fable or hoax. But he knew what he saw and now knew that they were real."

"Through the following years he and his crew observed the Sasquatches on the base several times. By 1975 they had sophisticated equipment including video surveillance cameras mounted in "key" areas. He then explained to me that they had videotaped these animals several times but the tapes were classified and held under top security at all times. By the time he left Edward's they had learned very little about these creatures, but his feeling was that they were not UFO related, but biological living beings."

"The second officer I interviewed was a Major before he too retired in 1978. He served at Edward's AFB from 1970 through 1978 and was in charge of one of the command posts on the north end of the base. He too explained that they were primarily interested in UFOs and aliens. In fact, it was through his words that I first heard the term "EBE" which is apparently the

military term for aliens, or Extraterrestrial Biological Entities. It is only in recent years that this term has been coined in UFO books relating to the military UFO cover-up."

"In any case, the Major confirmed what the Lieutenant had told me, but added that these creatures also found their way into the secret underground tunnels that run under Edwards Air Force Base. Although the use and existence of these tunnels was classified, he told me about them knowing that their importance was a moot subject to me. He said that they had surveillance cameras in the tunnels and had in fact videotaped the Sasquatches as they wandered through them. He said that they were not concerned with the Sasquatches on the base because they had learned that they were not related to EBE activity and that they were certain that they were simply undiscovered animals. When I asked why they had not captured or killed one in order to prove the existence to the world, he returned that they could not reveal anything that happened on the base. He said that if they were to admit that these creatures often wandered around on the base, the public would lose confidence in their ability to keep the base secure. This in turn would give people the idea that they could do the same. Since there was so much secret work continuing on the base it was not in their interest to discuss the Sasquatches with the public. They wanted to keep people out not encourage them to visit in search of Sasquatches. They already had enough problems with UFO seekers, or those wanting to get a peek at a secret aircraft."

"The third man was a *security grunt*; that is what he termed himself. He claimed to have seen these desert Sasquatches through starlight scopes on scores of occasions. This man was only about 19 years old, but extremely military. He called me "sir" until I asked him not to. He told me that he had seen a couple of Sasquatches that stood over ten feet high, had seen "obvious" females (one with a young one walking with her) and once saw a group of five Sasquatches walking together. All of them were over six feet tall with the tallest about eight feet tall. They were fully hair-covered except the palms of their hands the base of their feet, and their face. He said their face resembled an ape with very small eyes, a flat nose, and ape-like lips. The arms were long and slung down to the knees. He said their feet were like ours, without an arch as they had tracked them through the desert several times. When I asked him about the surveillance videos, he told me that he knew of them but was not involved in that. He said only officers were allowed to videotape the creatures. Cameras were not allowed on the base in the hands of the *grunts*. He said that he felt very privileged to have seen these animals with such clarity because he knew there were several like myself that would do anything to see one. He suggested that these animals were not as rare as people assumed but they are very shy and almost strictly nocturnal. They could be photographed given the right opportunity, but those opportunities were rare because these creatures are very good at remaining concealed ... even in the desert."

"He told me that the reason they were on the base was that they knew they would not be harmed. He thought that somehow they could "feel" danger or even pick up on human thoughts. Since the officers and grunts on Edward's were ordered not to harm or intervene with the creatures they could feel this vibe and felt protected. Some of these animals of course, wander around outside of the base, but these animals are always watching their backs, he explained."

"To conclude this report, I should advise that several sources have told me in recent years that the desert Sasquatches are still being watched at Edward's AFB. In fact, one officer recently told me that the base security actually appreciates the presence of the Sasquatch there since they give the officers some "needed entertainment." Then a question came to mind. Could the EBE's be just as interested in the Sasquatches as they are of other base activities? The officer stopped for a moment, thinking, then said simply, "perhaps." ²³ (Special permission: Douglas E. Trapp, Arlington, Texas 1997)

Forty year veteran Bigfoot investigator and raptor expert Douglas Trapp is currently employed in Arlington, Texas as a Flight Dynamics Engineer. We've been close friends for more years than I care to remember going back to the early 1990's. Always generous with his research, Doug was extremely helpful in coordinating military base sightings reports for this chapter. He shared a bundle of letters on September 16, 2011. One letter in particular concerned Bigfoot activity at George Air Force Base.

GAFB was formerly a busy United States Air Force Base located within the city limits of the desert community of Victorville, California from 1941-1992. It is now a ghost town in the desert where I once stood gazing across the expanse. I remember wondering what used to be as the wind picked up blowing tumbleweeds across the remnants of an old sidewalk where a lizard scurried. We looked for Bigfoot tracks that day, but the wind and the intolerable heat made for miserable conditions. Regarding the George AFB report, here is the letter to Trapp...

George Air Force Base (GAFB) 1981

Sasquatch in the High Desert, San Bernardino County, California

"Mr. Trapp, I just wanted to add to your article from the Bigfoot Encounters website dated 1997. I started wondering if there had been any sightings or reports of Bigfoot at US Air Force bases in the High Desert in Southern California and saw your article. I felt that after thirty years, your article confirmed the High Desert sightings of Sasquatch. As an Air Force member, I served at George AFB, California from December 1981 to July 1983 as a crew chief on F-4 Phantoms and had and knew of several episodes regarding Bigfoot sightings in and around Victorville and George Air Force Base."

"Like over at Edwards AFB, I had many drinking buddies from the 35Th Security Police Squadron that claimed sighting huge hairy ape-like creatures inside and outside the perimeter of the base there in Victorville, California."

"These Security Police Officers told me that they had made official reports because of an *unauthorized entering on a military installation* by anyone or anything is a priority. They told me about finding places around the perimeter where the metal fence was torn and ripped apart with large gaping holes."

"But one of the strangest incidents was from a Security Police NCO supervising a number of *sky cops* who had the responsibility for security in and around the far areas of George Air Force Base."

"This man told me of an incident where one of his young Airman fired his rifle, an M-16 at something that came at him from the dark. The Airman was scared out of his mind and when the Sasquatch came out of the dark he fired his weapon - not really knowing if he hit the Sasquatch or not. But he said that for over several hours prior he had smelled something very pungent and heard some crazy howls."

"As an F-4 crew chief, my duties included running F-4's jet engines on the *trim pad* far away from all the hangers and from the flight line. On a night in September 1982, my crew and I were preparing to start running the engines. We noticed a smell in the air that *smelled like a dead animal*; it was very strong. Our tow truck had a high-powered floodlight mounted on the passenger side and one of my crew members put light on and pointed it into the pitch black desert around the trim pad, but we saw nothing initially. When we completed our engine run, we sat and took a break and heard something that I will never forget as long as live. We heard a scream that made the hair on my body stand up! Everyone was totally shaken and called in our radio to have the Security Police to come out immediately. We could feel that there was something out there. While we were waiting for the Security Police to come, we kept looking in all directions into the darkness and listening for any sign, but heard nothing more. We all felt that there was something looking at us, like we were being watched."

"One of my crew who is an experienced hunter from Minnesota said that he never heard any animal make that sound including bears or big cats. He was in total disbelief and we told everyone back at our unit what had happened. Many people in our unit said that we were either drinking or smoking pot. The whole incident eventually dissipated but I never forgot that night."

"Later that year in December 1982, I was driving back home to Northern California and was on California Highway 138 about thirty miles east of Gorman. It was about 9:30pm and on that part of Hwy 138 there is absolutely nothing; I mean nothing! It was a very clear night; the visibility was good. I was travelling about 60-65 miles and right in front of me; I saw something big and hairy cross the freeway. I first could not believe what I saw and in my mind I thought it was very large man. The way it made contact with the headlights, I could even see muscles rippling through its hair. It was not a man! It leaped across the two lane highway with a couple strides. When I got to that point in the road I stopped and looked to the other side of the freeway and just saw his silhouette moving across the desert floor. I was really scared and just drove on. After that, when I got home I told some of my family members and they all believed my story."

"I have been telling that story for years and because of the History Channel's MonsterQuest episodes on television and other programs dealing with Sasquatch or Bigfoot, I again started thinking about those incidents while stationed at GAFB in the high desert and my roadside encounter with this creature. I try to understand this creature; I truly believe that Sasquatch's greatest strength is its intelligence." ²⁴ (R. Luna Sept 16. 2011)

Edwards Air Force Base, California

An additional piece of mail regarding Edwards Air Force Base:

"My name is J. Brooks I came across the articles about the sightings at Edwards Air Force Base (EAFB) and my jaw dropped. I never imagined that someone would post those stories but I'm glad you did, I used to work at Edward's Air Force Base as a contract security police officer from October 1988 to March of 1993. I grew up in nearby Victorville, California, before entering the Air Force as a Security Police Officer in 1983 nearly 29-30 years ago now. I can't even begin to relate to you some of the things still going on out there at the base rocket site or north base but your article was right on the nose! The stories are still being told to new people about the sightings when they start to work there and several people have had Bigfoot sightings recently from keeping in touch with friends still employed there. Thanks for posting the article; I personally feel better after reading it. Also by chance did you ever come across any eyewitness reports of sightings down by 90th east and Ave. E? I used to live out there and would be very interested to hear of any reports in that area." ²⁵
(J. Brooks, Salem, Oregon)

Nearby Crane Naval Depot U.S. Naval Warfare Center Martin County, Indiana

Martin/Lawrence County lines, Indiana: Andy Keith, an employee of the Martin County Highway Department, was headed to work at about 6:30 a.m., with a 15 mile drive ahead of him down narrow country lanes that wind through the wooded hill country to the Shoals. He topped a rise in the road a short distance from his trailer home when he saw a strange creature cross the road some 200-feet or roughly sixty some odd yards in front of him. The creature appeared to be half man and half beast, not unlike the legendary Bigfoot, which is seen from time to time in the northwestern states. According to Keith, "*I got a real good look at him.*" Keith said the thing appeared to have come across an open field from the direction of Indian Creek and then it disappeared into the heavy underbrush on the other side of the road.

It was from six to seven feet tall and had shoulders about three and a half feet wide, according to Keith. It was covered with long black hair, streaked with gray and had human facial features; its arms hung to mid-thigh. Keith said when he saw it the strange creature appeared to be in a hurry, looking neither to the right nor left and it took the road in about three five-foot-long strides that were curiously manlike. It left in its wake a sickening odor.

According to Keith, it was the odor, more than fear that prevented him from following the weird being. "It stunk" he said. "When I smelled it, I thought it was kind of crazy to follow anything that smelled that bad." When asked whether Keith's neighbors in the sparsely-populated hill community near the Martin-Lawrence County Line were skeptical about his unlikely encounter, Keith said, "*They believed me...they just weren't sure what I'd seen.*" As the crow flies, this

sighting was not far from Crane Naval Depot and the U.S. Naval Warfare Center in Perry, Indiana also within Martin County lines.

Keith's friends did suggest that maybe he'd sighted a bear, which is not unheard of in that heavily wooded area around Crane Naval base. But bears don't walk upright or take long leaping strides crossing a road. *"Others thought maybe I'd seen the hind end of a cow,"* Keith said in disgust. There was no doubt in Keith's mind what he observed but putting a name to it was another matter.

It was on the next Sunday that Keith and two Bloomfield men searched for some trace of the "thing's" earlier appearance. Keith discovered fresh footprints in a bottomland of a cornfield about one-half mile southeast of the original sighting. Some cornstalks had been eaten off in the area of the prints, which were at the edge of the field not in it.

The footprints had to have been made *"sometime Saturday night or early Sunday,"* Keith explained, *"because it had rained earlier and there was no water standing in the indentations."*

There were two prints, 20-feet apart. One was in a grassy area, but the other was clearly defined in the rain-softened field; Keith made a plaster cast of it. The plaster cast shows a 15-inch-long foot that measures seven inches wide at the widest part and four inches wide at the heel. The 5-toe print indicated that the creature had only one big toe and no arch to its foot. Because of the depth of the imprint, Keith estimated the-weight of Martin County's Bigfoot to be *"anywhere from 400 to 500 pounds."*

He said one of the men with him when the tracks were discovered weighed about 250 pounds. The man tried in vain to make an imprint as deep as the one found. *"He couldn't come close in it,"* Keith said, *"even by stomping as hard as he could."*

Andy Keith's experience with Bigfoot isn't the first among the people in this small community. At least one man reportedly had an uncanny encounter with the strange creature three or four years earlier and rumors have had Bigfoot roaming the area for some time. Keith said he sought no publicity but word of his plaster cast "proof" leaked out. He also stated he had been the subject of numerous radio broadcasts and newspaper stories throughout southern Indiana. We asked Keith's wife, Pamela if the idea of some unidentifiable beast-man prowling around the countryside near her isolated home frightened her. "I don't think about it," she said. Keith however, didn't sleep right for weeks. ²⁶ (Andy Keith, Martin County Indiana 1979)

Twenty-nine Palms Marine Air Ground
Task Force Training Command
San Bernardino County, California

A wife's letter:

"The early part of 1971 my husband was in charge of the Armory night guard. One night he told me a Marine was found at the rifle range almost incoherent, his rifle bent almost in two. He described

what was to be later called, **The Yucca Man*. The guard felt or heard a noise coming from the dark interior of the desert. Upon raising his rifle and shouting the command to "halt," the creature came at him taking the rifle away from him and breaking it in half. The investigation of the area and the guard's description was that of a Bigfoot. From what I remember, Federal agents were called in, but I do not know who made that call. There were many civilian dark suits walking around and men in overalls looking for additional information and clues."

"Local officials that were called in from the neighborhood in Twenty-Nine Palms near the base found out two *Yucca men* seen that same night, one quite large and a smaller one with it. At the corner of Valley Vista Street & Utah Trail, the resident dogs continually barked while people looked out their windows trying to see the creature."

"Further down the same road later on the creatures were observed near a horse corral where the horses were totally panicked. Another sighting was reported in Joshua Tree Nat'l Monument (now a park) and the people who sighted them were monument employees. This is a desert community, not well occupied with people and most of the area is Military Base and not accessible." ²⁷ (J.B.)

[Author's note: * *The Yucca plant is a desert cactus type plant of the agave family with stiff sword-like spiked leaves indigenous in the State of California. The term "Yucca man" was coined by the U.S. Marines at the base during the 1980's.*]

"Bending the rifle in half" was a bit hard to imagine; while the rifle may have been broken at the stock, I wrestle with the idea that it was totally bent in half. I think perhaps a bit of *excited exaggeration* occurred in the re-telling of the incident from husband to wife.

Twenty-Nine Palms Marine Corps Combat Installation...

The *Mojave Sandman* and the *Morongo Valley Monster*...are but a few of the names the soldiers have over time given Bigfoot-like life forms that walk the desert at night. Other names, the *Hooly-Booly man*, *Big Spike* and the *Charlie Creature*, a term that might have been a hold-over nickname from the Vietnam conflict. This next email came in 2005:

"My brother, dead now from a brain tumor, was once a Marine NCO stationed in the Mojave Desert at Marine Corps Air/Ground Combat Center at Twenty-nine Palms, California. I remember hearing Jack tell a story about a breach in the perimeter that caused some concern. Jack called it *the Mojave Sandman*; this

was in 1991. Since that time I've heard the creature called the *Morongo Valley Monster*, have you heard of that one? Whatever the damn thing was, my brother said it was BIG, hairy and a frequent visitor to the base. It seemed to travel up from Joshua Tree north directly through the base towards the Mojave Preserve and always at night between 0200-0300 hrs. Temps out there in the day time fluctuate between 120 degrees to a low of 10 degrees in winter. This one time he recalled was in a blistering sandstorm, the kind that strips the paint off your car and here comes the *hair covered Sandman* right on time, up from the south heading north the way it always went with no apparent regard for the sting of the blowing sand. Jack always thought that odd. When Jack reported the breach, he was ordered not to engage."

My name is Kenneth; I live near Pawnee, Nebraska June 2005.

The remarks intrigued me in that it was not only interesting why the sand storm didn't rip the hide off the Sasquatch but how it is the big hairy man was able to tolerate the pain – sand storms can be brutal - never mind how hard it is to breathe in a sand storm of that intensity! Similarly, field men have tracked trails of footprints in deep snow that were barefooted and even frozen feet and icy conditions seem not to bother the Sasquatch. I am not convinced conditioning plays a huge role in such situations. Is it possible that some Sasquatches are impervious to certain levels of pain?

Nearby Ft. George G. Meade U.S. Army Installation

Author of "50 Years with Bigfoot," Mary Green put me in touch with a friend of hers in January 2012 who lived outside military base fencing in Severn, Maryland; about a mile from the base perimeter that was deeply wooded. The informant didn't give out the information easily; he would not divulge the name of the military base. I file reports most generally by county and when he told me he lived in Severn, Anne Arundel County, Maryland, I figured the military base had to be Ft. George G. Meade, a U.S. Army installation.

Of interest, the base provides a wide range of services to 95 partner organizations from the Army, Navy, Air Force, Marines and Coast Guard, as well as to several federal agencies including the (NSA) National Security Agency, the U.S. Army Recruiting Command, the Defense Information School, the Defense Courier Service, the U.S. Army Field Band and very recently the U.S. Cyber Command.

In my correspondence with the informant, he noted the following:

"Last year I noticed a home that was surrounded on 2 sides by woods. What made me notice the house was they not only had flood lights on the side of the house all night but they always had the light on at the front door. Then, after about five months the house went up for sale. After they moved

out and the new folks moved in and I noticed in the wooded area close to their house some very large trees were broken in half. Two months later, the new neighbors there started leaving all the lights on also; they did not do this from the beginning. This house is very close to the base. Back in the woods I guess it was about November of last year 2011, a huge tree came down. In my mind there was only one explanation for it coming down, Sasquatch. It was the only tree that was disturbed. As far as other Bigfoot activity, to me at times there is plenty. I hear many bird calls between 1:00am and 4:00am. Possibly Bigfoot teenagers on the move, looking for food; they normally start in the winter when they are in need of food." (P. A. Bunn)

It wouldn't be difficult to believe that if the local residences of Severn, Maryland are aware of the night movement of hairy life forms, surely the military, with all their perimeter alarms, cameras, motion detectors and security precautions also know about Sasquatch.

If the Joint Chiefs know, most certainly the members of the EOP (Executive Office of the President) know. If they can track down Bin Laden, no doubt they have an eye on the Sasquatch; we would be foolish not to recognize that fact.

There tends to be no shortage of Sasquatch reports in Anne Arundel County, Maryland. Mike Frizzel reported in July 2000 several bricklayers working at a Maryland mall construction site claimed they were badly frightened by a huge, dark, bipedal creature. The interesting part of that story is that the crew reported the sighting to police who investigated and also saw something unusual, which they refused to talk about; we should not be surprised.²⁸

In 2005 a bow hunter noticed "*an aggressive kind of gibberish*" moving east to west behind his hunting blind which he believed was scaring off the deer. This too was in Anne Arundel County. Beyond that, howls were heard around Oxbow Lake Nature Preserve, also in Anne Arundel County, MD in 2008; the list is long.²⁹

White Sands Missile Range Alamogordo New Mexico

The last letter regarding military base sightings occurred before there was any publicity regarding hair-covered Bigfoot – at the time they were called *abominable snowmen*. The letter was only partially recovered from my oldest computer, vintage 1989; I pieced it together as best I could for this purpose. It came from a H. L. "Seeds" Norton who claimed to have had a security clearance at the White Sands Missile Range in the late 1940's during the establishing of the complex for early day testing rocket and missile technology. The facility at White Sands is a huge complex northeast of Las Cruces, New Mexico all the way north to just south of Albuquerque. To the east is Alamogordo situated at the edge of the Lincoln National Forest. To the west, Gila, Cibola and Apache National forests; this provides plenty of daytime cover for the hairy Ones. Nicknamed *the shooter* by construction crews, Norton wrote about civilian

employees there at White Sands Missile Range who quit after a nightmarish hour of screaming heard emanating out on the desert floor someplace. At some point a spot light was shone on the screamer, which then shot across the desert like "Wiley Coyote" in the road-runner cartoons of the 1940's and '50's; thus the nickname.

There was virtually no public discussion in the media about hair-covered wild life forms in the 1950's – so it makes sense that the sight and sounds of what must have been a bigfoot-like entity, seemed like hellish monsters to the Mesoamerican laborers hired to pour concrete slab foundations at White Sands. If there is current activity at White Sands, I haven't heard about it; but I wouldn't be surprised.

U.S. Army Ft. Bragg, North Carolina: 82nd Airborne Division Recondo School

The GCBRO website had an interesting upload that fit well with the idea of Bigfoot sightings in and around military installations. This one was in Hoke and Cumberland Counties on the Ft. Bragg installation. Here is that entry:

"Although I marked the terrain as woody, we had been moving through the swamps all day long, and emerged about seventeen

hundred hours to fairly thick level pine forest and scrub undergrowth. We were the Recon School for 82nd Airborne Division; a sort of baby Rangers school where they try and cram nearly three months of impossible training into three weeks. The first sense of something odd was that I thought someone was pacing us just beyond our range of vision in the underbrush. I tried to brush it off as just the echo of our own foot-steps into the brush. I mentioned it to a buddy; he heard it too."

"Just as the platoon leader (for this phase of the field training exercise) began to give the operation orders, we all heard what sounded like the heavy footsteps of a man just beyond our vision, and only where there was ample brush for cover. The Black-hat (the grader for our platoon) sent two men out to see what it was, in the meantime we continued on with op orders. After about 20 minutes the two men returned only to have those footsteps return as well. Here we were trying to focus on getting the orders down and figure out exactly what our individual roles would be and at the same time someone was out there stomping in the brush. The Black-hat (a veteran of these training exercises and a full-fledged Ranger) did not look comfortable with what he was hearing. He sent two more soldiers out to investigate while we tried get back to the op orders."

"By now it is getting dark but we could still make out shapes and avoid bumping into trees. The details of anything dark moving around were not distinguishable but the 2 guys saw it. They were moving slowly through an area the sounds of the footsteps were coming from trying to avoid what looked like a large shrub of some sort on the ground; they went around it. At this time the shrub stood up on two legs and raised its arms over its head. These two real tough Recondo's screamed, turned tail and ran full speed right straight through our perimeter and likely would have kept going had we not called them back. One guy said the thing was as high as I could hold my M-16; this would make it 9-10' tall. I am 6'2" and I voiced doubt about the actual size; he backed off the size a bit. When I started snooping around a little, I turned up some reports of a Bigfoot-like creatures they called the *Manchester Monster*." ³⁰ (Name withheld by GCBRO)

To understand how big Ft. Bragg Army installation is, it covers two counties, Hoke and Cumberland Counties. The base is sandwiched in-between Simmons Army Airfield to the southeast and Pope Army Airfield to the northwest of Ft. Bragg – it is a huge complex.

Just like Quantico Marine Base in Virginia, the region around and on the base has a history of sightings near the ammo storage areas. One of those Bigfoot regulars that frequented the ammo storage areas was nicknamed the *Manchester Monster*. The description of this creature is the same as that of the Canadian and the Alaskan Bigfoot; that is, slightly taller than most recorded height calculations in the lower forty-eight.

There were reports in the *Fayetteville Observer* about base sightings of the creature and a story about the *Manchester Monster* in *The Paraglide News*. The area around the ammo storage facility is off limits and is a massive swamp area from Black Jack Road (Riley road) to the Manchester area at the Ft Bragg Army installation. It was said one of the local residents saw the creature in his neighbor's yard. ³¹

Another road-crossing sighting occurred nearer to Simmons Army Airfield in 1988. At the time, it was believed to be the same *Manchester Monster* reported near Black Jack Road, it was once sighted heading toward Smith Lake, which sits on the eastern side of Simmons Army Airfield there in North Carolina.

Regarding the U. S. Army Base at Ft. Bragg: MSGT Chewie V. wrote,

"...me and my buddies were knockin' back a few at the local hooch one night; we had to hustle back to the barracks when it got late. On the way back the three of us encountered two strange beings, black in the moonlight that shadowed us for a half-mile. We jogged, they jogged. We stopped to listen, it stopped. Then, in unison, we turned and poured on the lung power and waving our arms wildly causing the freaky things

*to peel off into the woods. Surprised that we stopped them;
we kept running, double-timing it back and never said a word,
not one word to a living soul."*

Ridicule by fellow soldiers or fear of a *Section 8, which is old school terminology for "mentally unfit for duty," often keeps on-base sightings of Bigfoot to a minimum.

*Section 8 refers to a category of discharge from the United States military for reason of being "mentally unfit" for service. However, being discharged under Section 8 is no longer a military reality, as medical discharges for psychological or psychiatric reasons are now covered by a number of other regulations. In the Army, such discharges are handled under the provisions of Army Regulation 635-200, Active Duty Enlisted Administrative Separations. Chapter 5, paragraph 13 governs the separation of personnel medically diagnosed with a personality disorder.³²

In a follow-up bit of correspondence, I pressed Chewie for a description and he said due to the alcohol he'd consumed, the creatures were a blur in the dark; he recalled they were "*black or dark and BIG,*" which he wrote in capital lettering; *they might have been wearing furry stadium coats*. The informant was looking for any validation that the monsters might have been Bigfoot-like creatures. What would you have told him?
(Chewie Vargas. Nevada 2002)

As if for a curtain call for all things Ft. Bragg, in September 2011 this interesting addendum presented itself:

"Staff Sgt Joshua Ford, a spokesman for the 82nd Airborne Division said a load of ammunition went missing from the 1st Brigade Combat Team at Ft. Bragg Army Base. The Brigade was placed on lockdown while officials conducted a search for the missing ammunition generally used in M-4 and M-16 rifles.³³ The missing 5.56 millimeter ammunition is valued at about \$3,600 and "can be purchased at any Wal-Mart," according to an official familiar with the investigation who spoke to Reuters only on condition of anonymity."³⁴

The interesting part of the report was - what man can hide 14,000 rounds of ammunition on a secure U.S. Army Base; who carries off that much ordinance without being seen? Curious if the ammunition was ever found, I phoned the base but getting any kind of information was like pulling teeth. Undeterred, I phoned Reuters and after thirty minutes of transferred calls I learned the ammunition had not been found; the security guards were in the brig but not officially charged pending where and when the ammo is found. I was told that everything on the base must be accounted for and that 14,000 rounds simply doesn't vanish, yet a complete search turned up nothing. Is it a stretch to think one of the hairy guys in a stadium coat walked off with 14,000 rounds? Maybe!

There are eleven towns within a 17-mile radius of Ft. Bragg Army Base, N.C. that boast strange

sightings to include ghosts, haunted buildings and other apparitions. Bigfoot sightings rank right up there in high number count.³⁵

Ft. Drum, the 10th Mountain Army Division; New York

Ft. Drum is located on more than 107,000 acres in the picturesque Thousand Island Region of Northern New York State. Considered one of the most beautiful regions in the United States, the base at Ft. Drum supports readiness and mission execution for combat-ready forces. I didn't know anything about the region or Ft. Drum until August of 2005 when in an email I read in part:

"I am a civilian worker at the Ft. Drum facility in NY, no name please. I am reporting Bigfoot living at this place. I heard second hand from a group of Army personnel (soldiers here on base) headed out on a run towards Wheeler Airfield, north end of the base. They were jogging toward the Black River when they told me they encountered a large monstrosity that was a head and shoulders above the tallest guy on the run. That guy had to look up at the monstrosity and he told us it towered over them like a balloon in the Macy's Day Parade; it was hard to believe it was a real thing but it crossed Ft. Drum Road in two steps and went into the trees like those guys weren't even there. I don't know what happened after that, this was Jefferson County, New York. Two years ago, I was privy to a conversation between a non-com being dressed down and an officer. What I heard was, *"look son, it didn't happen, are we clear?"* Later that same day I inquired of the kid in the office what he did to get yelled at; he said he saw a Booger like they had back home in Alabama. Confused, the kid said with some bit of alarm in his voice, *"I know what I saw but was told I didn't see it."*³⁶

In brief:

Posted on the ATS members board in May of 2005 was this abbreviated and second hand message concerning a run in with Bigfoot on Ft. Drum land:

"I recall back in 1972 learning of how Bigfoot stayed hidden in the dense timber on the Fort Drum Military reservation near Watertown, New York, my hometown. A hunter told me of the experiences he and his son and other hunters had in the uninhabited areas on that military land. I think the creature stays and goes where humans are scarce. His run-in indicated the creature is active at night; tracks and uses smell to detect other creatures, is massive in size and strength, is cautious and frightened of humans. It appears

to be fairly intelligent, but not as human as far as most seem to think." J. N.

Camp Shelby Joint Forces Training Center, Hattiesburg, Mississippi

I don't know the Camp Shelby area or how it relates to Mississippi Boogers but I can say that in 1996 I filed a note to myself concerning a brief report from an Army tank soldier who said he walked out of a place called "Three Pigs Bar-b-que" and observed a Booger (Bigfoot) crossing over the road from behind the cafe to the other side of Southgate Road. The Cpl. described the Bigfoot convincingly. The interesting behavior noted was that the so-called Booger seemingly slammed its foot down with each step in what the soldier described as "*intentional force like you would if you were trying to get mud off your boots.*" Its manner of walking was "*unusual and extraordinarily odd.*"

In the Camp Shelby region, reports from the vicinity of a place called Dogwood Lake were reported in the 1980's but for some reason the rest of my notes were illegible; I have a bad habit of setting my coffee cup on top of stacked data.

Dobbins AFB Marietta, Georgia and March Air Force Base, Riverside County, California

Bigfoot on Military installations...

"Yes, as a career military man, I also believe that some Bigfoot creatures hole up on isolated parts of military bases. In the mid '80s, I was stationed on March AFB for four years. There are some pretty desolate places on and around March. There are still sightings in southern California in places that border March Air Force Base on I-15 such as Indio, Fontana, Coachella Valley, etc. Even here in Georgia, on *Dobbins Air Reserve Base in Marietta I know stick and limb markers have been recently seen and detected in some isolated parts.*" ³⁷ John Butler III, November 10, 2000

I found the reference to stick markers on the Dobbins AFB installations interesting. It's only in recent research history that field men actively look for and photograph "way-markers."

Fort Huachuca U.S. Army Base, Sierra Vista, Arizona

Ft. Huachuca (pronounced wah-chooka) is a U.S. Army installation in Cochise County, Arizona. Encompassing the community of Sierra Vista, the Base borders Mexico in the arid desert zone; it is home to the NETCOM/9th Signal Command and now Headquarters, Usaisc, a satellite for the Department of Defense. Richard Hucklebridge investigated a sighting on the base by a soldier who was part of the military drill team there at Ft. Huachuca. John (the soldier) had been loaded

onto a military bus that was headed out to parade a military funeral when the informant saw (from his side of the bus) something coming out of a gully on the side of the road. The soldier told Hucklebridge, "...When I looked in its face, I actually saw man like features. It's hard to explain, but it was like a big hairy man. From its facial expression, I could tell it was frightened. It actually ran with its head looking back for a good distance." ³⁸

Bergstrom Air Force Base

Bergstrom, a U.S. Air Force Base east of Austin, Texas was at one time the front-line of the Strategic Air Command (SAC) that is until 1993. At the time of its closure it was assigned to the Air Combat Command (ACC). Mike Mayes took a report that concerned an Airman who recounted a Bigfoot sighting on Bergstrom Air Force Base in 1981. Reportedly the Bigfoot was chased away from pillaging through a group of dumpsters. The scent of the Sasquatch "*freaked out a bad-ass K-9 military attack dog*" that cowered and whimpered like he'd been injured. The creature ran off into the desert. ³⁹

Marine Corps Base Camp Pendleton 2001

Kevin Withers filed a report that occurred at Camp Pendleton Marine Base, which serves as prime amphibious training in San Diego County, California. The infantry soldier was on night maneuvers; he told Withers that he was dug into a hill on the base expecting enemy forces to attack. One Marine was with him and two others were dug in 30-yards away. Suddenly they heard something coming up the side of the mountain; rocks were rolling down a steep rocky precipice close by. The Marine shouted "halt." Standing up in front of the marine barely 6-feet away was the outline of this creature that was described as HUGE; it looked like it was 3.5 feet wide across the shoulders with long arms. The Marine stated that from the hole where he was dug in, he had to look straight up at the creature; it made no noise. They were not able to discern details; there was no odor as it walked off between the two foxholes. The incident was not reported to command but all four of the Marines saw the creature. ⁴⁰ (Kevin Withers)

U.S. Army Base at Ft. Knox, Kentucky

The curator-owner of the Felton California Bigfoot Museum Mike Rugg shared a great story on one of his widely popular Felton Museum videotape segments that occurred in the fall of 1983 on a military training installation. The story came to Rugg by way of a U.S. Army recruit who was stationed at the time at Ft. Knox Army Base in Kentucky. The recruit was out in the field on a three-day training mission when this occurred.

They set up camp in a clearing in the woods, every soldier to his own tent. The first night was uneventful but the second night is when this happened. Large food trucks would come in near the artillery range, which means everyone would be awakened at four o'clock in the morning. The recruits would have to get up real quick, dress and head over to get the chow line.

The witness was in line to eat when he suddenly realized that he had forgotten his gloves. It was very cold; everyone had gloves on so this kid thought he would get in trouble if he was caught

without gloves. Thinking quickly, the new recruit snuck back a hundred yards or so in the dark to the area where the tents were, no flashlight or anything; apparently it was very difficult to see anything very clearly.

He located his tent and as he did he noticed a dark figure standing behind his tent, so he spoke out to him saying, "*Oh...did you forget something too?*" There was no response from the dark figure. So he says again, "*Hey, we should look lively, we need to get back out there or we will get in trouble.*" But again, there was no response from the man figure. There was just the recruit, the tent and this thing, or dark figure standing there; it was taller than he was. The silhouetted figure in the darkness was well-built, wide shoulders, little neck apparent. Then...it began to sway back and forth; leaning forward straining to see him all the while it continued this swaying left and right behavior. The recruit did pretty much the same thing; he leaned forward and strained to make out the distinguishing features of this dark human figure who wouldn't respond to his words. At that same moment, the young recruit felt something wasn't normal, it was weird and here he was with no weapon - he had an M-16 but they weren't issued bullets for it. Startled, he starts to back up a little bit to reassess the situation and just then, one of the food trucks starts to back up and as it does, its headlights flashed just for a second but enough to give this recruit a very brief glimpse of the dark figure standing behind his tent; it was then he could see it was covered in hair!!

The sight so terrified the recruit that he backed up and took off running as fast as he could. He got back to the chow-line and tried to tell the other soldiers what he just saw and nobody paid any attention to him. They made fun of him, laughing off what he told them. He told them when the headlights of the truck lit up the dark figure; it was covered in light reddish hair like the hair on an Irish setter. ⁴¹ (Mike Rugg)

Marine Corps Base Camp Lejeune North Carolina

Camp Lejeune is the home of the Second Marine division, combat units and support commands; their mission - to maintain combat-ready units for expeditionary deployment and humanitarian missions abroad. The base is massive encompassing 156,000 acres, including eleven miles of beaches capable of supporting amphibious operations, gun positions, 48 tactical landing zones, three state of the art training facilities, 80 live fire ranges as well as a sandy run training area for 40,000 Marines.

Of interest are the high number of reports of "*indigenous wild life*" that are encountered on the base and its perimeter boundaries. Camp Lejeune abuts Holly Shelter Wildlife Management Area that in itself is an additional 65,000 acres in Pender County, North Carolina alongside Camp Lejeune and Camp Davis.

Little known about Camp Lejeune is the Angola Bay Game-land area, which creates a contiguous natural track for *indigenous wild life* large and small totaling 87,000 acres where all manner of wildlife live totally undisturbed. Much of Holly Shelter is remote and inaccessible — so inaccessible, that an Army observation plane from Camp Davis, which crashed in the area in 1943, was not rediscovered until 1978. Non-military personnel, especially city dwellers fail to understand the vastness of some military encampments in the USA.

Realizing the massiveness of the habitat that surrounds Camp Lejeune, it seemed reasonable that some of the *wildlife* would be of the hairy man types; reports from Lejeune support that idea. After finding the case file again in an old computer in 2012, I scoured the internet looking for any reference I could find regarding soldiers at Camp Lejeune and Bigfoot...or as the Marines call the hairy man, *indigenous wildlife*.

I found Paul Hulseley who was kind enough to reply to my questions in January 2012. Hulseley had written brief mention of an eye witness account by two Marine's in training at Camp Lejeune in North Carolina. My question to Hulseley was about that incident where a Bigfoot walked between two Marine's in fox hole's while on maneuvers. Hulseley's response:

"Yes you are correct it was; I was up visiting my son on base when I was told the story. I didn't know there were any reports as such at Camp Lejeune; I found it interesting and asked my son if there was protocol for a Bigfoot encounter. He said that he was told that if they had an encounter with "*Indigenous Wild Life*" they were *not to engage but report*. It made me wonder how would anyone engage the wild life? The military must look at it as an animal of some sort. I then found out that there were several reports but not available to the public eye, makes you kind of wonder what else they are not telling us doesn't it? I didn't get to interview any one and most likely wouldn't have been able to see any records but I found it interesting enough to start my own investigation of military protocol. Thanks for asking and I hope I answered any questions you may have had." Paul Hulseley Wednesday, January 25, 2012

It makes sense to me that if we were finding tracks of an unclassified living being; the government ought to welcome our curious sightings and acknowledge our inquiries. You would think the Federal agencies would be alert enough to know DNA would eventually give up the secret they've tried to keep hidden from public knowledge.

The fact that government agencies work hard to discredit serious research and otherwise act like we're are all laughable signals me that the Bigfoot life forms are NOT simply an *animal* as so many want us to believe but a separate life form the government refuses to acknowledge. The question is why?

I don't have the answers to that but the reports continue to surface. After Hulseley's brief narrative, out of the blue I received a brief note from a resident of Hubert, North Carolina, a little town that abuts Camp Lejeune. The emailed note was brief simply asking for anonymity because of his proximity to the Marine Base and stated in the interest of research that sightings of Bigfoot on and near the base are "*common place, no big deal, m'am, you get used to it around here - it don't even make the papers no more.*"

The Rock Apes, Powell's apes and the Nguoi Rung of Quang Tri, Thua Thien and Quang Nam Provinces, Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia

The content for this chapter was originally to be about sightings reported in and around military installations in North America. I was reminded that there are other life forms believed to be similar to the North American Sasquatch elsewhere in the world reported by U.S. Soldiers – Veterans of the Vietnam conflict. In keeping with the military flavor of this chapter and references to air-covered homins, I am including the pertinent American GI testimonies of that war that were kept by various collectors, including letters I received.

American soldiers used nicknames like *rock apes* during the 1960 and '70's Vietnam conflict, which described an unknown (to them) creature, about a meter to a meter and a half tall, (one meter = 3.28 feet) resembling a hair-covered entity thought to be an ape with the exception it was larger than an ape, less hairy, tail-less and to their great surprised, they walked upright. It did so in an unexpected normal human way yet they looked like "*walking orangutans minus the bulbous gut.*" The hair was described as black or reddish-orange.

Powell's ape...

Initially I found an old newspaper entry that led to my interest in what our American military personnel were observing in the jungles of Vietnam. The article was published in the Army Reporter, 27 April 1970

Headline: "APE STORY LINGERS CAM RANH BAY, Vietnam"

"With binoculars and sonar, people probe Loch Ness for its monster, expeditions search the Himalayas for the abominable snowman, and the guards at the depot here keep a watch for Powell's Ape. It has been nearly three years since the monster was almost seen by a bleary-eyed guard. Detecting movement on the perimeter, the guard fired and the beast fled. When morning came the area was examined and a footprint and trail of blood were found. The footprint was neither human nor ape. A picture was taken of the track but no one could decide who or what had made it. It wasn't long before Captain Powell, then a depot company commander, found his name associated with the monster. All that remains now is a small photograph on the ammunition area's orderly room wall. Perhaps the legend of Powell's Ape is all there ever was, but the guards at the ammunition area here still have something to think about besides Charlie." ⁴²

In an alternate military unit, a former GI posted an alert to one of the early Nam Boards using the term *Powell's ape* after one of the creatures wandered into a restricted zone during the middle of the night. It read:

"All hell broke loose when the dark figure continued to advance into the far end of the restricted zone, it was fired upon." Powell was the name of the platoon leader. "When daylight came, we realized we had blown the living shit out of a large 7-foot ape, it was a male with the face of a wild man and not much else left of it to describe of the stinkin' thing. We poured fuel over the remains and set it afire." ⁴³

The Battle at Khe Sanh

Khe Sanh is the district capital of Hướng Hoá District, Quảng Trị Province, Vietnam; it's located 63 km west of Đông Hà. The horrendous battle at Khe Sanh occurred between January and July of 1968. It is believed today that the *rock apes* of that era still inhabit the caves at Khe Sanh and its underground tunnels (referred to by enlisted men as *rat holes*). Few people are willing to enter them, least of all any source of mine.

Field archaeologist/biologist Dr. Joe Watanabi (Asian expert on ancient peoples of the world) interviewed a Burmese zoologist who found fresh tracks at the entrance of one of the Khe Sanh caves in 1994. The track size was intimidating to the extent that nobody was willing to enter the darkness of the cave. Upon seeing the plaster cast of the track, Watanabi – ever quick of wit - declared walking into a dark cave was not wise without an M2 flame thrower. The early U.S. Army model of the portable M2 flame thrower was carried in the soldier's backpack and sprayed Napalm forth an intense flame of fire toward enemies in rat holes. In this case, it was used to hunt and flush out Powell's mystery monster and Charlie thus the soldier's cry, *"I love the smell of Napalm in the morning."*

The Laotian-Vietnamese *wild man* isn't easily stopped by conventional firepower; they were stopped immediately with fire mainly because they are haired much like the North American Sasquatch. Watanabi said of the rock ape or wild man, *"They are strange looking; some are smart, others are mute or dumb by some degree of mental deficiency. They have olive skinned faces with a distorted Asian expression and they clearly understand fire and the dangers it represents to a man covered in long hair."*

The GI's testified that when they opened fire on a few of the *rock apes*, not much was left. The American GI's called them *rock apes* or *bloody hell apes* while others called them *Powell's apes*.

The indigenous people call them *nguai rung*. *Nguoi rung* is pronounced, *newie run*. It translates, *forest man, jungle man*. The terms, *Powell's ape* is G.I. jargon for *rock ape* – Powell was the name of the platoon leader who took command when his men encountered a troop of rock apes that were observed marching single file up a game trail... yes, marching bipedally single file up a trail near Khe Sanh.

The Vietnamese hairy wild men (nguai rung) were, according to Dr. Joe Watanabi, also known to our U.S. Marines during the siege at Khe Sanh. Perimeter sensors around military outposts were often activated by an occasional elephant, a tiger and even "the

hairy rock apes that launched whatever they could throw, mostly rocks; they were pretty accurate too.” (Biologist J. Watanabi)

Rock Ape tosses Marine...

Sgt Thomas M. Jacobs, Vietnam War Veteran was surprised when a band of rock apes threw rocks at his platoon. He was aware of the stories about them and became quite wary of the creatures after one of the rock apes tossed a marine off a rock pile. The creatures were dark in color, stocky and quite muscular. The creature would burst out of the jungles early in the morning and rail at the men, yell, scream and shake their fists at the soldiers. Jacobs said in a recorded interview for the Discovery Channel that the creature expressed human behavior and took great exception to the soldier’s presence in the jungle.

In the same video, Professor Vo Quy confirmed that there were wild men living in the jungles of Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam and they were very aggressive; they walked upright like man and were not quadrupedal.

There was another story similar in nature to the capture of a wild man that happened in neighboring Laos. A helicopter came up from the military base to the high mountains bringing something strange. Professor Quy called it a large monkey, but it was much too large to be a monkey at approximately five and a half feet tall. Continuing on, the professor said the creature was flown from there to Da Nang. These particular accounts matched stories in the press about large primates interfering with military operations in the jungles in November of 1966. ⁴⁴

Khe Sanh U.S. Combat base, Vietnam, 1968

Division intelligence representative Major Robert B. Coolidge and regimental intelligence officer Major Jerry Hudson recognized that the key to detecting source targets came by watching the progression of movement from one sensor to another sensor. Definite patterns could be observed. For Company D, 1st Battalion, 26th Marines, the road to Khe Sanh was riddled with caves that were inhabited by “maniac hair-covered rock apes” and the NVA. (The NVA = the Army of North Vietnam. Regular troops trained and equipped like soldiers by the North Vietnamese. The VC or Viet Cong: guerillas or locals that fought with the NVA.)

“It's really late, and I've been guarding the line all night. Bebop has some pretty bad dysentery, so I've been letting him get some extra sleep. He did the same for me a few nights ago, when I had a terrible headache. Anyway, I decided I'd write a few paragraphs, just to try and stay awake. I probably won't be able to read any of this later, since it's so dark - but I don't have enough water to

make coffee and I have to find a way to stay alert. We had some noise out on the wire before. Another probe, I guess. Unless *it was rock apes - there are a lot of them in the jungle around here.* One of them actually came right through the perimeter once. It scared the guy who saw it so much that the kid almost passed out before firing a whole magazine at him. People laughed pretty hard about it the next day because even with all of those bullets at short range, he missed. No dead rock ape in front of his position. If the guy in the next hole hadn't seen the whole thing, I would have figured that the kid was making it all up. But I'd be really scared, too, if some huge, furry thing on two legs decided to lurch right up to me in the middle of the night." ⁴⁵ (Sgt Kurt Boley, Company D)

Because of the tigers in the jungle and other land-dwelling predators, it should be noted that apes and monkeys nest up high in trees. If rock apes were really apes, what were they doing scrounging around on the ground in the middle of the night? The behavior is contrary to all we know about the great apes. I am reminded of the insistence of one biologist who said they were not apes at all but more like some upright walking monkey-men. ⁴⁶

More Khe Sanh references to rock apes:

A Marine by the name of Castillo, security platoon, 26th Marines HQ:

"Khe Sanh Combat base was to the south of us. That night a trip flare went off on the north side of us. Castillo went to see what he thought would be the VC, as the flares had been going off for weeks; when he got there, he was told it was furry rock apes that seem to have manes down their backs."

The description didn't make much sense except that I have in my files an account where multiple informants observed a Sasquatch they said had a mane of hair down its upper back, all black lengthy hair.

In separate incident a G.I. offered this description:

"An oblong head framed its hair-covered face. Dark, deep-set eyes lay beneath a prominent brow, and they did nothing to complement the heavy jowls and angry mouth. As it stepped into a small clearing, we could see that matted reddish-brown hair ran down the creature's neck and covered most of its body. Whatever it was, it stood at least five feet tall, had broad shoulders, long thick muscular arms, and a heavy torso, it walked upright."

That "*the things walked upright*" was a recurring comment among those who saw the so-called *rock apes*. In the small clearing, it stopped and studied the Americans.

"*What the hell is that?*" someone called out from behind Linderer.
"*It's a rock ape,*" said another member of the squad.

Another member disagreed. "No, it ain't," he said. "I've seen rock apes, and that sure as hell isn't a rock ape!"

"It's an **orangutan, well isn't it?" Linderer asked while the others kept their eyes glued on the strange creature. "Well, if it is, then he can't read a map. There are no orangutans in Vietnam."

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Orangutans in the wild don't walk upright as a normal course of behavior they are knuckle-walkers. Orangs are rarely terrestrial – swinging in trees is where orangs feel safest. At night the orangs nest in trees; they wouldn't be walking upright about a clearing at night – why? Because tigers prowl at night; as I mentioned before orangs are found in the island countries of Sumatra, the Kalimantan and Borneo all islands away from the mainland.

There are no great apes in the wilds of China, Laos, Cambodia or Vietnam. The other point is – apes don't walk upright in single file in large troop contingencies.

As an aside, small tail-less monkeys known as *Barbary Macaques* are found in Morocco and Algeria, those monkeys have been called *rock apes*. Macaques however, are not apes, they are monkeys. Also the macaque monkeys on Gibraltar are also known as *rock apes*. The macaque adults are much too small (468.8mm (1.54 feet) to fit the physical height description American GI soldiers gave. If not an identifiable non-human primate, then what was it these soldiers saw?

Why then would an upright walking, hair covered entity be called an "ape?" They were not described as unusually tall either but described more in line with the diminutive indigenous people of those countries. They were not called apes by the locals – but by western man; American GI's in this case.

The Nguoi rung were considered a wild men by the locals. They are covered with bodily hair, unclothed and live and survive with other wild creatures in the jungles. They hunt in groups, sometimes seen accompanied with other wildlife. A Cambodian gentleman Sangha Lim told Dr. Joe Watanabi that some of them hunt with shaped spears. They can take down birds with stones and talk among themselves in hum-like sing-song – sounding much like a swarm of stinging hornets with clicks, head nodding and gyrations.

The descriptions I've been able to collect were identical to our North American Bigfoot except height and muscle mass, which seemingly is a bit less with the nguoi rung. They are not as massive but they are very strong and fierce. They do not have tails and are considered wild people, not apes even though the hairiness reminded the Marines of the great apes.

In 1996, Kym Nguyen, a Cambodian field biologist working near the Dong Amphan National Bio-Diversity Conservation area on the borders of Vietnam and Laos described the Vietnamese nguoi rung as a sort of bipedal wild man saying that "...not all of them are fully haired, most are lightly haired" - an interesting remark worthy of note.

Nguyen believed strongly that some of the nguoi rung bred indiscriminately with villagers in high remote settlements. A colleague Gen Shen Vo apparently stumbled onto such a tribe in 1987. Some were hairy and hostile (I think the term 'hostile' actually translated, 'belligerent') and few

understood the native tongue. Most of them were unclothed, filthy while others peeked out from a cave opening in the rocks. It was the women who were the hairiest; the men less hairy and more Asian looking. Vo was threatened with bamboo prods like you would expect of people who had never seen civilized man before. They were very afraid of Vo and his companions.

Nguyen described a 1995 interview he had with a man from Attapeu Province. The pilot reported he was "...rolling out on the Dong Amphan Airport runway in light rain when two wild men came into view towards the end of the runway running lights." Apparently the pilot got a good view of the two as he pulled up. Nguyen said the wild men were described as having long trailing black body hair and were skinny but otherwise appeared in good condition. The interesting behavior noted was the lack of interest in the plane's propellers or the danger of walking onto an active runway. Nguyen sensed that they were part of a tribe of wild men that had been reported living in the Phouvong Mountains.

Nguyen cited another conversation with a group of rice huskers he encountered in a small village to the south of the mountains at Ban Lanyao, Laos. They described seeing the wild man or nguoi rung pass through their fields on several occasions. Physically described the same, the Laotian wild men were thought mute and dumb. Often squatting and watching them work; they had piercing black eyes. Their intent was on observing the villagers, the wild men would remain in a squat, motionless, for long periods of time, becoming "like stones." The wild men would rise to their feet and scream when approached, then flee in opposite directions from one another in apparent terror. Few attempts were made to scare them away because they were fast enough to catch the rice-field rats, which burrowed in the rice paddies, destroying the terracing. Nguyen was at the time working under the tutelage of Dr. Joe Watanabi, interviewed a Vietnamese rice farmer's family who informed Nguyen about a family of wild men who kept a huge wild cat with black and white stripe markings on it as companion hunting animals. The big cat hunted monkeys, rats and birds in the trees for the wild men. Rats of course are pièce de résistance for the hill people and daily faire at meal time especially in soups. The head of the rat is a delicacy; meat is sucked from their skulls. In most Asian cultures, the rat is a sign of prosperity, wealth and generosity.

The wild men are said to be lazy and steal rice from storage barrels. The farmers and the hill-people alike avoid the nguoi rung; they have "bodily sores that ooze and they stink like foul mash."

Nguyen had one unconfirmed report of a Cambodian wild man, covered with silver and black hair that had blue eyes. In my data, there was the previously mentioned blue eyed Bigfoot at Marine Base Quantico, Virginia and another report that originated from the north of French Quebec, Canada. The third reference to a blue-eyed Bigfoot appeared in Mary Green's book, "50-Years with Bigfoot" where a Sasquatch was born in the hills of Tennessee with blue eye color. ⁴⁸

Some in research attribute blue-eyes to traces of Neanderthal DNA in the Sasquatch genome. Traci Watson wrote a short paper that infers pigmentation phenotypes for Neanderthals, the Denisova genome, as well as several modern humans with whole-genome data in her paper "Were Some Neanderthals Brown-Eyed Girls?" published in *Science Now* in March 2012; an interesting read. ⁴⁹ The excerpt follows:

“One complication is that traits such as hair color are controlled by multiple genes. To determine the cumulative impact of multiple genes on one trait, the authors assumed they could simply add together the impact of individual genes. The female Neanderthal known as Vi33.26, for example, had seven genes for brown eyes, one for "not-brown" eyes, three for blue eyes, and four for "not-blue eyes." By the researchers' reckoning, that means a six-gene balance in favor of brown and a negative balance for blue, so Vi33.26's Neanderthal eyes were probably brown. According to this method, all three Neanderthals had a dark complexion and brown eyes, and although one was red-haired, two sported brown locks.”

Nevada's Nuclear Test Range

*Several years back, my good friend Peter Guttilla shared the following newspaper article with me. Dated January of 1980, the article cites Department of Energy (DOE) at the time spokesman Dave Jackson, who reported an employee of his saw a hair-covered creature walk across the road in the forward area of the nuclear test site heading towards Yucca Flats - the site of numerous above and below ground nuclear tests. The incident was reported some thirty-two years ago; no way would any Department of Energy (DOE) official admit something like that occurring at such a facility today. It is clear government policies have dramatically changed since this article was published.*⁵⁰

If I was able to uncover five-dozen reported sightings on military installations, it would stand to reason there are as many, if not more, that I didn't uncover. The Sasquatch knows no boundaries or borders. Their perception for area limitations apparently has no beginning and no end.

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"These are not just animals, these are a type of people...they don't want to be seen, they don't want to be found..."

...Dr. Melba Ketchum DVM
...November 29, 2012
ABC News on Good Morning America



COVER DESIGN AND CHAPTER ILLUSTRATIONS

BY ROBROY MENZIES

EAGLE RIVER, ALASKA 2012

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Nearly every region of Alaska has Bigfoot lore. The Dena'ina Athabascans call him *Nant'ina*. Village elders called it *Ulak*. It's known to many Alaskans as the *Hairy Man*.

Illustrator RobRoy Menzies was raised in Juneau, Alaska - a remote city isolated by rugged mountains, old growth forests, and coastal ecosystems of Southeast Alaska. Wild tales of bears, wolves and whales fed his imagination as he grew. Soon, legends of the hairy man began filling his sketchbooks, paintings and composition work. He loved reading tales of creature sightings from all over the world, especially the legendary creature called Bigfoot.

Although he has never seen Bigfoot in the flesh, he has interviewed eyewitnesses for creating forensically accurate drawings of their descriptions. His goal is to accurately contribute to the research data and for a deeper understanding of this elusive creature. Menzies graduated from the Pacific College of Art and Design, successful careers in the commercial and fine art fields, Menzies' years of graphic experience includes a wide variety of media. Examples include paintings, drawings, book illustrations and publishing; video production, 2D and 3D animation; cartoon and character design, website

development and multimedia design.

RobRoy continues his quest for more knowledge about these extraordinary, secretive beasts from his base camp in Eagle River, Alaska.

The book cover illustration and several sketches in *The de facto Sasquatch* are Rob's creative designs...if you enjoyed his artwork, drop him a line and tell him about it. He can be reached by email at:

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