



BIGFOOT BULLETIN

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LATEST REPORT FROM BLUFF CREEK, NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

"HUNTING GIGANTHROPOD. On May 23, 1969, Dr. Bernard E. Northrup, Old Testament Professor of San Francisco Baptist Theological Seminary, guided a group of his students and graduates on a 'Bigfoot Bash'. Remarkably successful, the group found over 1,000 Bigfoot tracks in snow and a few blurred tracks in wet red clay in the five day trip in Humboldt and Del Norte Counties. Richard Steeg and Bill Elliott and the prof. went up Friday and set up camp at the Notice and Bluff Creek campground and checked the immediate creek area. Hipboots are needed at this season to reach the long sand and gravel bars. We concluded that logging operations on the west side of Bluff Creek have driven Bigfoot out except for hunting forays.

"Saturday morning Steve Seidler, Bert Lessard, Jim Sproul and Clark Lindsay arrived, and the team drove up the rain soaked road past Laird Meadows. Hiking from 4,350 ft., we found a single clear print, 12 inches long, with partial toe prints at the edge of the snowline at 4,600 ft. Two stretches of 30 and possibly 75 more rain-blurred prints of good stride crossed two small snow banks. Of all the tracks found, only these could have been faked, as they were near several sets of boot prints going and coming. The trail of two hikers continued up through the deepening snowbanks and circled Onion Lake where pungent wild onions pushed back the snow on the southeast side. About 300 yards beyond the Onion Lake sign on the road above, a huge set of tracks 16 inches long with a 48 inch stride began to superimpose one hiker's tracks like a gargantuan boy showing himself how much of a man he was. He was stepping in every second left and right boot track. Where the hikers were having difficulty in the soggy-firm 3 ft. drifts and used a 24 inch stride, his stride was 48 inches. Where they lengthened to 28 inches, he used a 56 inch stride to match. The stain of his tracks, still carrying the red mud of the occasionally bare road, could still be seen clearly even though the rain had wiped out the toe prints and glare made the low contrast prints a difficult photo subject. The impressed boot print usually could be seen crushed under it.

"From extensive study in light rain two days later, we determined the approximate rate of track decay in the nearly steady light drizzle. The two booted and one Bigfoot trails were very likely made on the afternoon of Friday the 23rd. We wondered if the hikers were from Dr. Pauley's group from Los Angeles. The evidence in the basin forced us to conclude that Bigfoot had entered the area from the north flowing Pecwan creek branch that drains Onion Lake. His tracks ascend the shoulder of the road there. With an icy, windy drizzle to our backs, we followed his dimmed trail on Monday through the little valley south toward Onion Lake. Bigfoot had wandered from one dead tree to another, stripping them of their loose bark up to nine feet high, leaving large sections scattered

around the snow funnel at its base on top of the slowly melting snow. I found one fine, light black hair, very light at root and tip, at one such tree. This trail of shattered bark stopped just short of the lake. We concluded that, surprised by the two hikers along the lake, he had hidden, then had followed them down the road to Boundary Ridge road junction just two miles from Blue Creek Mountain, where they and he had followed the road south. That the hikers were in real danger was certain.

"But that Saturday when first exploring, we determined to force our weary way on up to Blue Creek Mountain where many dust tracks have been found. We pushed through the softened surfaces of increasingly heavy drifts. The road is steep for a snow hike, climbing about 400 ft. in less than two miles. At about the Del Norte County line we picked up the trail of two more Bigfeet, their rain-softened tracks, about 16 inches long, striding together at a four foot pace up the grade where we seminarians were puffing and groaning from the struggle. After 400 yards they topped the saddle and turned down the snowfree slope toward Laird Meadows. We plowed through the soggy surfaced snow on up the last grade to Blue Creek Mountain, seeing many times what appeared to be old tracks, but sun and rain had so blotted these that we could not be certain. Finally, following the wisdom and example of the giant woodsmen we had been following earlier, we skirted the remarkable rim of Notice Creek canyon at the top, went down the snow-drifted rim and across the slope to our cars, thankful for compass and contour map in the clouds and forest. These high canyons, like upper Notice Creek, are extremely likely spots for a midsummer expedition, for they will be cool, well watered and protected by steep slopes. We may try them in August if we can raise funds.

"The 25th produced no tangible results, one party searching painfully in upper Bluff Creek. Kelsey Pietsch and Russ Thompson had now joined this group. Another party laborously opened Nikowitz jeep trail, rolling tons of rock and trees to enter the rim of Nikowitz canyon and lower Soapstone Gulch on the saddle between them. Apart from unidentified spoor, a heavy trail of crushed brush and some fearful brush crackling at the wrong time, nothing was located on the hard slopes. Yet we concluded that this deep canyon area, away from most logging operations, well protected by deep forests, was ideal winter range. It is likely that they raise their families here where snows are limited to 3 feet, where game seeking low altitude will come, where man will almost never intrude for long.

"We Seminarians are convinced that our 'Gigantropod' (giant man foot) is some form of strangely degenerated homo sapiens, not the product of evolution. He may be related to heidelbergensis and gigantropithecus and others of the Pleistocene epoch, which we believe to be far, far more recent than the present scientific view.

"Of one thing we are positively convinced. The more than one thousand tracks and other evidences found high in the snow of Del Norte and Humboldt Counties prove to us that 'Gigantropod' is real and soon to be found." --- By Dr. Bernard E. Northrup.

An exceptionally fine map of the TONGASS NATIONAL FOREST in southeast Alaska, can be obtained by writing to the Forest Supervisor, U. S. Forest Service, Juneau, Alaska. This map shows all the main coastline and the islands in much detail - all potential Sasquatch country.

BIGFOOT SIGHTED ABOVE PARADISE, BUTTE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

The following report comes to us from Mr. & Mrs. Robert L. Behme of Magalia, Butte County, California, and is printed here with their kind permission :

"You may be interested to know that my husband and I have seen what we believe to be a Bigfoot in Butte County, California. To our knowledge, nothing of this nature has been seen here before.

"On April 16 (1969) about midnight, we were driving along the road from Paradise to Stirling City. The surrounding country is thickly wooded, well watered and criss-crossed by deep canyons. As we drove around a long curve our headlights shone on what appeared to be a man in a fur suit, crossing the road. For one moment we had a front view as he turned toward the car, then walked into the darkness. Our impressions are that he was over six feet tall, completely covered with short, black hair which seemed to be flecked either with white hairy patches or mud. His face was white and hairless although the features appeared as a blur. The eyes did not glow in the light as would the eyes of an animal. The head was small and came to a peak at the top. He was heavily built with particularly heavy legs. He did not run, but shuffled away with a definite limp, once turning his head to look back at our car. The following morning I returned to the area to look for footprints but could find nothing. The ground near the road is rock, gravel and hard clay.

"We have lived in this area for nearly ten years. My husband is a writer and photographer specializing in outdoor stories for such publications as Field and Stream and Sports Afield. I mention this with the hope that you will believe we are reasonable people, not given to hallucinations brought on by the novelty of a back-woods road at midnight. Naturally we have given a great deal of thought to what it could have been, other than Bigfoot. A bear is out. There are bears in Butte County, but all are smaller and do not cross highways on their hind legs - especially when one is apparently sore. The idea of a hoax occurred to us. Chico State College is about thirty miles away and this is the sort of involved trick that might appeal to college students, except that on a week-night, during a non-hunting or fishing season, at midnight, this is a very lonely road. The chances of a motorist passing until morning are slim. We even thought of the possibility of someone bent on robbery expecting that a motorist would stop at such an apparition. But again the lack of traffic makes this very unlikely." By Mrs. Robert L. Behme.

BEN E. FOSTER Jr., Rt. 1, Box 1197 Kimberly Road, Anderson, California, 96007, wants to correspond with anyone who might be interested in a mysterious area called Hermit Valley he has discovered on the Oregon coast where dogs and horses refuse to enter. He also writes : " If anyone is interested in tranquilizing equipment please have them contact me as I have much information on permits and locations where it can be obtained."

ANOTHER EXPEDITION into the Bluff Creek area, headed by Dr. Steven M. Pauley of Pacific Palisades, California, went in during the latter half of May but we have no report from them up to the time this issue goes to press.

100-YEAR OLD SIGHTING OF BIGFOOT IN CALIFORNIA

We are indebted to JIM McCLARIN for turning up this remarkable account and for his permission to reprint it here. He found it in the files of the old weekly BUTTE RECORD, in the issue of Saturday, November 5, 1870. Note that the incident described happened the year before, in 1869. The sighting took place among the eastern slopes of the Coast Range of California, in western Stanislaus County. The Crow Canyon (Crow Creek) and the Crestimba Creek mentioned run back into the hills west of the towns of Crows Landing and Newman.

"A correspondent of the Antioch LEDGER, writing from Grayson under the date of October 16th says :

" I saw in your paper a short time since, an item concerning the 'gorilla' which was said to have been seen in Crow Canyon and shortly after in the mountains at Crestimba Creek. You sneered at the idea of their (sic) being any such a 'critter' in these hills, and, were I not better informed, I should sneer too, or else conclude that one of your recent prospecting party had got lost in the wilderness, and did not have sense enough to find his way back to Terry's. I positively assure you that this gorilla or wildman, or whatever you choose to call it is no myth. I know that it exists, and that there are at least two of them, having seen them both at once not a year ago. Their existence has been reported at times for the past twenty years, and I have heard it said that in early days an ourang - outang (sic) escaped from a ship on the southern coast ; but the creature I have seen is not that animal, and if it is, where did he get his mate ? Import her as the web-foot did their wives ? Last fall I was hunting in the mountains about 20 miles south of here, and camped five or six days in one place, as I have done every season for the past fifteen years. Several times I returned to camp, after a hunt, and saw that the ashes and charred sticks from the fireplace had been scattered about. An old hunter notices such things, and very soon gets curious to know the cause. Although my bedding and traps and little stores were not disturbed, as I could see, I was anxious to learn who or what it was that so regularly visited my camp, for clearly the half burnt sticks and cinders could not scatter themselves about. I saw no tracks near the camp, as the hard ground covered with leaves would show none. So I started in a circle around the place, and, three hundred yards off, in damp sand, I struck the track of a man's feet, as I supposed (sic) - bare and of immense size. Now I was curious, sure, and I resolved to lay for the barefooted visitor. I accordingly took a position on a hillside, about sixty or seventy feet from the fire, and, securely hid in the brush, I waited and watched. Two hours and more I sat there and wondered if the owner of the feet would come again, and whether he imagined what an interest he had created in my enquiring mind, and finally what possessed him to be prowling about there with no shoes on. The fireplace was on my right, and the spot where I saw the track was on my left, hid by the bushes. It was in this direction my attention was mostly directed, thinking the visitor would appear there, and besides, it was easier to sit and face that way. Suddenly I was surprised by a shrill whistle, such as boys produce with two fingers under their tongue, and turning quickly, I ejaculated, 'Good God !' as I saw the object of my solicitude standing beside my fire, erect, and and (sic) looking suspiciously around. It was in the image of a man, but it could not have been human.

I was never so benumbed with astonishment before. The creature, whatever it was, stood fully five feet high, and disproportionately broad and square at the fore shoulders, with arms of great length. The legs were very short, and the body long. The head was small compared with the rest of the creature, and appeared to be set upon his shoulders without a neck. The whole was covered with dark brown and cinnamon colored hair, quite long on some parts, that on the head standing in a shock and growing close down to the eyes, like a Digger Indian's. As I looked he threw his head back and whistled again, and then stopped and grabbed a stick from the fire. This he swung round, until the fire on the end had gone out, when he repeated the manoeuver. I was dumb, almost, and could only look. Fifteen minutes I sat and watched him as he whistled and scattered my fire about. I could easily have put a buttet (sic) through his head, but why should I kill him ? Having amused himself, apparently, as he desired, with my fire, he started to go, and, having gone a short distance he returned, and was joined by another - a female, unmistakeably - when both turned and walked past me, within twenty yards of where I sat, and disappeared in the brush. I could not have had a better opportunity for observing them, as they were unconscious of my presence. Their only object in visiting my camp seemed to be to amuse themselves with swinging lighted sticks around. I have heard (related ?- Ed.) this story many times since then, and it has often raised an incredulous smile ; but I have met one person who has seen the mysterious creatures, and a dozen of whom have come across their tracks at various places between here and Pacheco Pass."

DAVID CANNADY, 2632 Bly Street, Klamath Falls, Oregon 97601, wants to correspond with anyone interested in the theory that there may be a connection between Bigfeet and UFOs.

CANDID PRESS, June 8, 1969, has an article titled "I Came Face To Face With A Sasquatch" by Karl Wallenbach.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING : There is a BIGFOOT DRIVE IN at Cakhurst, California, a SASQUATCH Soccer team from Chehalis, B.C. and a boat named the SASQUATCH at Everett, Washington.

RICHARD L. TIERNEY, now in Alaska, has turned up a recent report of a track sighting at Whitewater Bay on the southwest coast of Admiralty Island. We hope to have full details in the next issue.

We were delayed getting out the BIGFOOT BULLETIN this month due to the current riots in Berkeley. The Copy Service which prints the BULLETIN is right next door to the People's Park !

