

This journal is dedicated to
Coach Charlie Dean,
Washington State Hall of Famer.
My deepest thanks
for inspiring me
to believe in myself against all odds.

Special thanks to:

Nancy Dean Paulson –

Your courage, along with complete support,
has made for a noble journey.

Donna Gallant –

Friend and confidante,
your typing skill, manuscript work,
and valued advice bring this book to life.

Jonathan Deviny –

The exceptional photography, prep work, and artistic portrayal
of an anguished Sasquatch, will be enjoyed by all.

Kenneth Korn –

Thank you cousin, for believing me.

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1/15/03

Dr. Jeff Meldrum:

Dear Sir:

At best, this is a difficult letter to write. Yet, I know you already understand this.

Deep in the woods of Southern Oregon, I was involved in mineralogical research that involved tracing the Oregon work of a turn-of-the-century Chemist/Assayer of genius. For reasons I can explain at a later date, I became heavily involved in actual ground search and thus grid-searched a sizable portion of a mountain. This work took me where no one ever goes. I took a very credible person with me, Nancy, to a site where I had conducted heavy research and also expended quite a few calories over several months. I gave her a ground tour of two sites, both requiring scratches, bumps and bruises, with a huge amount of effort. Partly due to menstrual pain and fatigue, the woods and I were subjected to some unhappy and angry outbursts from Nancy. Since it was getting late and we had to reach our vehicle before night fall, we departed and returned early the next morning. Upon arriving at the site, we were both immediately struck by the fact that something about the site was different. First impression was that maybe a mini-tornado set down and snapped off the tops of probably 3-4 dozen sapling size trees, all about the same height. The ground bore no human tracks, only a thrashed up looking area. The trees were snapped like you or I would snap a

large kitchen match. The main focus of our attention however, was the giant bite that had been taken out of my work chest. It looked exactly like a giant man took a huge bite out of a white bread sandwich. A bite as wide as this paper's length. You could see where it pivoted around and spat out the chewed up trunk material in a fan shaped spray pattern over twenty feet. I believe the potential for DNA is high, since the material is fairly absorbent. I picture a good mouth swabbing with the amount of material 'ejected.'

What you have just read is the first paragraph of a letter I sent to Dr. Jeff Meldrum, head of Biology and Anthropology, Idaho State University. It is Dr. Meldrum you see on the latest Discovery Channel documentaries on Sasquatch, or 'Bigfoot.' Dr. Meldrum inherited the mantle of knowledge, not to mention the entire Sasquatch cast prints collection and assorted items collected by the late Sasquatch authority/expert, Dr. Grover Krantz. Dr. Krantz fervently believed in the existence of a Sasquatch. For many years, he personally tracked and postulated the existence of a Sasquatch he called, 'Big Toe.' Here is where the two thinkers differed in their postulations.

Dr. Krantz believed that Sasquatch was a relative of Gigantopithecus blacki, the extinct giant ape whose existence is known by several giant molars found in an oriental markets' apothecary basket. He deduced that the giant apes crossed the Bering Ice Bridge during the last Ice Age and set up house here in North America. Dr. Meldrum on the other hand, told me that he believed more

strongly that Bigfoot was Neanderthal. On the wall next to his office desk hangs a copy of a genuine Neanderthal footprint. Surprisingly, it does look very much like the known print casts of Bigfoot.

Sasquatch/Bigfoot is alive and not so well and that is why you need to know what is happening in your mountains, your forests, the one-of-a-kind eco-system in which your children's children have a stake. If I fail in getting the word out to the readers, an ecological disaster awaits which will result in tremendously inestimable loss to we the people and the country of which we are stewards.

As for me, I say to all who read these words, I am telling you the truth without embellishments. Indeed, the truth is so mind-boggling, that in all the things I have ever heard or read about Sasquatch, I doubt that any top horror author could dream up or imagine what you are to learn of in this book.

The wonderful thing you are about to discover is that these creatures are really intelligent, peaceful and shy. They are not monsters, ugly and cruel. Like the gentle great apes, they exist in familial harmony, only, being smarter than the apes, they take great pain to escape scrutiny by man. They breathe, eat, and defecate like the best of us. They carefully prepare the site, which several of their family units will utilize as the family rest room. They prepare beds made from soft ferns and grasses laid out in a large circle. They are gentle giants and they need our help.

Put on your thinking cap and carefully consider this: a few months ago,

my local newspaper, The Spokesman-Review, contained a buried news blip stating that the Bush Administration had selected two sites out of the entire U.S. to open to heavy, clear-cut type logging involving old growth forests. Guess where they chose? The exact location and route of Bigfoot existence, replete with evidence in desperate need of unbiased, honest scientific scrutiny and analysis. I suppose that one could say it was pure chance, but the end results are pure destruction of a critical area.

I recovered this chewed material just a few months ago. It was basically in the same spray pattern zone that Nancy and I had observed it, exactly seven years earlier. Why had we waited seven years to attempt recovery of about one half of a plastic grocery bag of chewed styrofoam? Hopefully, the answers will surprise you, embolden you, and cause you to speak out and protect those who are 'crying out for help.'

It was in the spring of '94' when I received a phone call from friends of a friend here in Spokane, Washington. These folks were in the process of tearing down a turn-of -the-century boarding house when a 1920 era shirt box full of papers was discovered within the walls. The box and contents turned out to be the 'prized papers' of a turn-of -the-century Chemist/Assayer of genius, a man by the name of John Garvin.

This gentleman had died in this house, childless and alone, in 1934. Like many men do, Garvin kept the papers he held most dear as close to his lonely bed

as possible. I can picture this aged adventurer, fingering the pages of a novel he had written about a Chemist/Assayer falling in love with a beautiful school teacher in the neighboring town. I can hear him humming the tunes to a couple of rousing patriotic songs which he had written, and one song in particular, expressed his love for the city of Spokane. Being a well educated man with a gift for science, there is even a patent drawing depicting what must have been a lateral thinking idea at the time for separating valuable minerals from rock. But the most intrigue was derived from a hand drawn map depicting several gold tunnel locations, all assayed and revealing incredible gold amounts per ton of rock. Along with the map was a three-page letter giving official assay information for each mine. The papers are dated 1910 and constitute a desire to sell the mines to a wealthy organization in New York.

The tunnels were shallow, cut into a shale, which produced well-formed tunnels minus the falling debris typical of early Hollywood movies. The gold was free milling, and easy to shovel out and separate. A miners' dream! I discovered that the area where these tunnels are located is a mineral reserve for the U.S. This is an area with precious metals that have few, if any impurities. It is also the place where gold was first discovered in Oregon 150 years ago. Not surprisingly, at least three movies were made in this area, and if you rent them you can view the area where the events of this book took place.

Two are John Wayne movies: 'McKenna's Gold', which tells the story of Oregon gold used to help the North win the Civil War, and 'Rooster Cogburn'

depicts Wayne and Katherine Hepburn rafting down the Rogue River. The other movie is 'River of No Return' starring Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe, also rafting down the Rogue, braving Indians and Hell Gate Canyon. This area of the Rogue River and the mountains on either side make up a rugged, life endangering array of nature's obstacles. Not for the timid or faint-hearted, this is an area only recently accessible by motor vehicle, other than by boat.

The folks who brought the Garvin papers to me did so because they had heard that I was a researcher. They had already made a trip to Oregon and tried very hard to use the map Garvin had drawn, to no avail. The mountains are rugged and steep, poison oak is everywhere. Deep, dark forests are pretty much the norm. Giving up their quest, they turned to me and wished for me to deduce locations and solve logistical problems. The more I delved into the mystery, the more kinship I felt with this long dead man of science. In a sense, I felt direction.

The purpose of this book is to inform all Americans and those outside this country, of the existential proof of the creature known as Sasquatch, Bigfoot, Swalalahist, Yeti, etc. The existence of giant, hairy, man-like woods dwellers shares history around the globe. Aboriginal peoples share similar creature descriptions in their tribal histories. I believe that many people around the world hold to be true the hairy encounters they have experienced. Science being what it is, demands fact which can be repeated and is irrefutable. Thankfully, such evidence would be akin to being the 'Holy Grail' of biology. A divergent line

of DNA. An auto rad showing the existence of what would be the top creature of all forests. Whereas photographs, footprint castings, visual sightings and sounds demand an originator, in the end, it's solely DNA that can pass the tests of science in ascribing existence.

Toward this end, I have recovered the chewed work chest fragments which we believe were spat out by a Sasquatch, angry at a possible perception of having its' territory invaded. We believe that due to Nancy's heavy menstrual bleeding, the 'tours' into the recently unearthed tunnel, and her loud yelling at the woods, mainly from falling down on her posterior many times, a creature such as Sasquatch might think its' turf is being claimed. Perhaps even challenged. Consider this: When Nancy and I left the tunnel site at dusk, we left a rugged, remote, dangerous spot in treacherous terrain, laden with poison oak, and larger than average forest creatures of every persuasion. All of the snapped tree tops and the huge bite took place during the night, as we were there early next morning. Stranger still, there is no way that anyone could know we would return the next day if ever. The main thing I would often feel, year after year, was a great pleasure in the knowledge that our secret was safe. As long as there were no wealthy trophy hunters shooting up the forest, all was well.

I made several expeditions to uncover long buried gold tunnels in Southern Oregon. It can be surprising how many tunnels were cut in any given area. The day of the prospector mineworker was tougher than most people today can imagine. Most men made their living daily, working exceedingly hard for that

day's food, fuel, feed, booze, work items and so on. Reaching mine sites on foot, wagon or horseback was a rigorous undertaking each time, replete with many dangers. Stories exist of men who simply disappeared enroute to the sites or from the sites themselves. Oregon is known for large woodland creatures, especially in its' past. Huge grizzly bears with no fear, larger than average mountain lions, woods cats, elk, etc. roamed in profusion. With the exception of the grizzly, not much has changed in the above-average sized woodland creatures. The mountain slopes are a haven for huge rattlesnakes. The young they bear are deadlier than the adults are as the baby rattlesnakes pump all their venom into careless creatures. The woods are alive with ticks and other insects willing to taste you and feed upon you, or just drive you away. Woods hornets can inflict much hurt through heavy clothing, especially if the color is black or dark. Many hornets live in the ground, in fallen detritus material, and can erupt like an angry genie if disturbed. The bad temper of hornets can cause them to chase someone/thing for great distances. It's hard to escape miniature poisoned missiles in harsh, uneven terrain.

As a rule, the majority of Indians in the region took great pains to stay out of the deep woods. Campsites were usually along rivers and other waterways. Valleys and meadows were prime locations also. These were no Hollywood actor Indians. These were the Klamath and Modocs, fierce and death dealing was how many knew them. They would not always burden themselves with captives.

Many tough as nails white adventurers died in creative fashion when they crossed paths with these Pacific Northwest warriors. As tough and formidable as they were, they took great care to avoid most forests. The reason for this is evident in their stories and tribal histories. These formidable fighters were afraid of Sasquatch, and with good reason. The night belonged to the creatures. Wise people sought shelter before darkness fell. Large fires were kept stocked throughout the night, and guards remained on close watch. Large, foul odored presences would often prowl camp perimeters. Gunshot sounding noises would crack the still night as a huge and heavy presence snapped large pieces of wood on the ground with its' weight. There are stories of abduction of young people in the night, never to be seen again. The 'old man of the forest,' as described by Native histories, was a being to avoid at all costs. His home was the deep forest and visitors there were subject to their deepest fears being met.

Nowadays, it can be difficult to find Native Americans willing to speak of the 'old man of the forest.' But knowledge of these creatures has been preserved in several tribes in the United States. Some think of these beings as shape shifters, able to assume a variety of creature shapes, while others believe the creatures use portals or vortexes to access our world. Still others believe that Sasquatch guard special places for unknown reasons. Whatever the reason for their presence and relationship to man, they have always been in certain locations which until very recently, were the least known and most inhospitable areas around.

If it seems like I'm giving you a huge assortment of facts and events right up front in this book, then I'm going about this right. I have to get through to you. You have read this far for a reason. This is not fiction, nor science fiction, though it sure feels like I've been in a Robert Heinlein book. There are no ulterior motives with this book. Only God knows why I'm the guy this happened around. I'm not the great B'wana who painstakingly stalked his quarry and gathered a trophy. It's the other way around. I was a person in the right place at the right time or the wrong place at the wrong time. Without a doubt, the creature(s) found us. I don't know if it or they were present the day that Nancy Dean Paulson and I toured the tunnel sites that first day. They might have come by the site after our departure at dusk. Since they are primarily nocturnal, I would bet that is the case. Whatever the time was, the havoc and horror movie feeling in the air was palpable. It looked every bit of an angry demonstration. It looked down right hostile and threatening, a warning. I've often thought of what could have happened had we camped by the tunnel that evening. A deep, dark, dense, rugged and isolated side of a mountain three fourths of a mile high. Try hard to place yourself there in your mind, and just imagine hearing and smelling something unusual and large crashing through the growth towards you. No one can help you, nor hear you. There is no place to escape. Worse still, it's much too dark and trees make things even darker. I have experienced all of this, more than once, and because I have and I'm here to write of it, you should hear me out on this and hear our entire

story.

You will learn things that should astound you and I feel will also fill in all of the missing variables of the Bigfoot equation. Time is not an ally on this equation. You see, I am sending an alarm. There is clear cutting and massive thinning taking place as I write. These actions are right in the middle of the sightings, where evidence was recovered, and a zone of pristine old growth forests. As I write, 58 million acres of pristine forests are slated for a work over. The fragile eco-system, so entwined with every living thing, with Sasquatch the primary creature, is in dire jeopardy. As you may already know, recent legislation has made it all but impossible to do scientific research that might halt the chainsaws. Leading biologists in positions to voice opinions on these matters have and are being muzzled by new governmental mandates. Numerous loopholes and reversed rulings are being utilized to cut record amounts of non-renewable timber and old growth that is shipped untouched by American sawmills to Asia and Europe. Massive clear-cutting has been in operation behind locked access gates for some time now. The usual method of operation is to seal off access to motorized vehicles with gates and then clear-cut mountainside miles from any prying eyes. The cuts look like a giant lawn mowing on an entire mountainside.

A huge percentage of the trees living within primary Sasquatch activity zones have been painted with blue stripes for removal. In some of the most important areas for study, virtually every tree has been painted. This has been a hard year on me, trying to deduce the best approach to this problem. I've decided

it is you, the reader, who I must reach. I finally relented and spoke to the press, the voice of the people. The story was killed in Spokane. The AP wire press would not allow the story to leave the city. This book is the only sure way I can reach the citizens of the U.S. who, I feel, have a right to know what we've found.

Upon returning to Spokane with what I am sure were startled countenances, we informed our small circle of confidants what had occurred. Some believed and some were skeptical, but all were willing to let us proceed as we wished, which was to sit on this incredible event and not disclose locations. The history of Oregon has its share of greed, ruthlessness and claim jumping. Only this time, the bad side of man would present itself as a horde of wealthy, gun-toting, trophy animal hunting fanatics wanting to be the first to bag a Bigfoot. Their presence would have been devastating to the entire eco-system. I shudder at the thoughts of what could have been had we divulged our story. So I decided to concentrate once again on locating buried tunnels and keeping my eyes wide open for further Sasquatch sign. I was to experience success with both, many times.

I returned to the mountain site the last week of November, of the same year. I enlisted the help of a good buddy, Bill Schrock, who believed what Nancy and I spoke of. Bill is a good man who works hard and plays hard. He loves the outdoors and owns a nice selection of firearms for target shooting. He also had a good deal of outdoor gear to add to my own. We packed up enough gear for the trip, including weapons. These were solely for saving out butts in emergencies.

It's legal to carry weapons in Oregon forests as long as they're not concealed. For this expedition, Bill carried a 30:30 rifle and a nine-millimeter handgun. He is an excellent shot with both. I packed a pistol grip 12-gauge pump shotgun, a .22 pistol, and a can of chemical spray used by the Secret Service and D.E.A. I once worked for the Kansas City, Missouri Police Department with a special commission, while attending Seminary. Because of this, I approached a representative of security equipment in Grants Pass, Oregon and told him that I was entering and exploring tunnels, caverns, behind waterfalls, tight outcroppings of rocks, and other dark, forbidding places. I explained that I did not wish to destroy or maim animals that might attack upon my surprising them in dark, confining places.

As I'd mentioned earlier, Oregon's deep, mountainous zones are home to many creatures. Most avoid humans as much as possible, but sometimes path crossing occurs. It is not true that bears are always afraid and scare away easily. I was chased once by a large, angry bear on the mountain above the old ghost town of Murray, Idaho. I was exploring old mine tunnels when my dog ran into a dense thicket of tall bushes less than a hundred yards away. All of a sudden, the thicket started shaking violently, my dog shrieked and bolted like a furry missile from the thicket. His eyes were desperate as he ran so fearfully that he literally bounced off fallen trees and stones. A crashing sound and roar assaulted my ears as the peeved bruin burst forth. By that time, I too, was crashing and bouncing off fallen trees and stones, but we escaped with only bumps and

bruises. In another incident, I was working on a 120-mile fiber optic pipeline between Thompson Falls, Montana and Fourth of July Pass in Idaho. One hot afternoon, a couple of workers and myself heard a crashing sound coming from the mountain slope above us. To our amazement, we saw a huge cinnamon bear tumbling head over heels down the slope in front of us. Landing rather roughly, the bear regained its' feet, shook off the dirt, twigs and small stones, and glared over its' shoulder up at the slope from which it had so ungraciously departed. It appeared stunned, and then seemed to quietly focus on us as we watched, spellbound. Breaking into a trot, it came at us with a baleful look and we decided to climb as high as we could on our backhoe. Approaching to within a hundred or so feet, the bear evidently got a good whiff of the diesel fuel and oil and stopped short, sniffing the air. To our relief, it snorted loudly and turned around and loped across a stream and out of our sight.

The chemical deterrent I purchased is amazing stuff. We were shown a video at first, and it featured a fellow stopping the charge of a huge rhino with the spray. From a furious charge to a dead stop, along with a frantic snorting and head shaking, the rhino was quickly diverted from its' murderous charge. Next, the video featured two Bengal tigers engaged in a fearsome fight. From a distance of 25-30 feet, a trainer fires a one-second burst at the tigers and they instantly disengage and commence to frantically wipe their faces. An instant attitude adjustment in both cases.

We were next taken out back of the building, where the Lieutenant fired a one second burst into the air and told us to walk slowly forward, halting when the first molecules of spray registered upon the mucus linings in our nose and throat. Immediately incapacitating, our eyes, nose, and lips swelled almost shut. Our vision was distorted and quickly worsened. Throats constricted, one person threw up lunch and the rest were a bit luckier. One walked smack into a stop sign. It felt like liquid fire enveloping our entire upper torso. We were, without a doubt, incapacitated. I should tell you this: I've had to march into a large room wearing an O.B.A. (oxygen breathing apparatus). The building was full of military grade tear gas. Being ordered to remove our mask and recite general orders is a real eye-opener.. and then closer. As gut wrenching as that gas was, it was nothing compared to what we experienced that day in Oregon. I bought two cans.

That summer expedition found me leaving my shotgun in camp. Confidence from wearing the spray on my belt saved me much fatigue and hindrance involved with hauling a heavy 12-gauge through mountain terrain. However, when I would enter tunnels, crevices, or search behind waterfalls, I always had my shotgun. I'm a believer in Murphy's Law: when you least expect a problem, there it is, slapping you in the face.

Being the most experienced in the woods, it was up to me to insure that there were no unfriendlies lurking in the dark recesses. In the beginning, I would use a slingshot and sling a firecracker into the entrance. Dropping the sling shot, I would then bring the 12-gauge to bear on the entrance. I would

repeat this each day before anyone entered. This was done for our protection. It was never my intent to hurt any creature. I fervently hoped it would bolt away, yet I would insure that if attacked, we would live another day. Later on in the last four expeditions, I stopped using firecrackers and instead, wore a construction helmet with a headlamp and would enter the caves, tunnels, etc. with the shotgun at the ready. This will really make the old adrenaline flow. I would toss stones or whistle, but I decided against firecrackers as too noisy. I was never charged and attacked, and for this I am truly grateful.

The first giant foot print I encountered, was near the entrance to a century old mine called the 'Dolly.' A friend and I discovered the mine in our exhaustive search on a mountainside. The print was about nineteen inches long and at least a week old. To say we were floored would be an understatement. Packing a camera, I took a photo of the print. Soon we discovered another one, eight feet away. Another eight feet or so revealed another print. We followed the track for probably a quarter of a mile through differing terrain until it ended at the base of a large boulder. Searching revealed no further prints, but I noticed quite a bit of moss, twigs, and lichen material lying at the base of the boulder and beyond. It appeared to be freshly strewn, and the only place I could see as its' origin had to be the top of the boulder, about eight feet high. Climbing to the top, I discovered half of a giant print, scraping about 4 inches of detritus matter clear down to the rock, causing the kick out pattern of material at the

boulder's base.

The print on top of the boulder was stunning. It cut through 4-5 inches of tightly compressed ancient matter to the surface of the boulder in a kicking backward motion. The foot shape was very distinct. It was quite evident that great weight was involved here. I could barely dent the surface using my boots. The big toe of the print was larger than my size 11-boot width. The displaced material from the print was lying in a fan shaped pattern at the foot of the boulder. Feeling uneasy, we left with photos and decided to call it a day. Only this day, we left with weapons ready, all senses on maximum, with great haste.

Later that afternoon, we were parked near the Rogue River for rest and our usual days' end swim. We would give everything we had in our searching, unearthing and analysis of tunnels, often enduring hard conditions. Most of the time we were dirty and in sweat-caked clothing. Driving to the river was enough to make you forget how hard the day had been. We were resting in the truck when a fire captain in a white utility truck pulled up next to us. Frowning, he motioned for us to come to his truck. Puzzled at what he could want with us, we walked over to his truck. When I asked him what he wanted, he opened the passenger door and pulling out a nine-mm pistol, said, 'do you see this?' Beginning to feel a bit of alarm, my brain began trying to take this man's measure. 'Yes,' we answered, 'we see it.' He then reached down and brought up a 12-gauge pump shotgun. 'Do you see this?' came from his lips. Again, we answered yes, and I added, 'we have two of those ourselves in our truck. What's this all about?'

Narrowing his eyes and visibly grinding his teeth, the fire captain next opened a trunk behind his seat and pulled out an HK submachine gun. For the third time he repeated his question. 'Do you see this?' I was beginning to get peeved. This man's demeanor resembled a bad B movie bad guy. Again I asked him what this was all about, 'We have ways of dealing with pot growers,' he said. 'So why are you talking to us?' I demanded. 'We're doing research, not growing dope.' 'I'm here because you've been seen on the mountainsides for a long time. People figure you've got to be growing marijuana,' he replied.

I then told the fire captain that I had given the head BLM man a plan of action and had secured permission to be there. Looking quite angry, the captain snarled that he didn't give a damn what BLM said, these woods were his woods. Deciding at that point that we were dealing with a bully, I told him that we had found giant, human looking prints near the Dolly mine. Since he obviously had a lot of firepower, why not go there and check things out! His face drained of all color, fear shown in the mans' eyes and his throat was visibly doing some hard swallowing. Not saying a word, he slammed the door shut and sped away. I have seen that look before in folks. It was unabated fear. I realized then that all his firepower was meant for something he truly feared, out in the forests, not us. He was the only government employee we ever encountered, out of the several expeditions mounted. Of course, we never encountered any other human beings. Isolation pretty much sums it up. Plus the fact that we were just below an elk

calving ground figured in. The predators that can't resist newborn elk or their mothers can be quite problematic for careless humans. Logically, it made great sense that intense activity by Sasquatch would center near their favorite food source.

Having a good background as a researcher, I've been able to find interesting knowledge that is little known to most. I've read century old and older lawman reports of settlers and prospectors encountering what I've been exposed to in the same general area. Indian encounters with Sasquatch often ended badly for the hapless wayfarers. To the Indian way of thinking, Sasquatch was to be avoided and that meant staying out of the deep woods. Early settlers and gold seekers did not fear the woods like the Indians, but searched high and low for gold and good furs and quite often had a bad encounter of the third kind. A thing to keep in mind about many early mountain folk is that they also shot almost anything that moved in the forests. This could cause bad feelings between man and Bigfoot. When Bill and I planned our expedition, we went at it with gusto. Having a great sense of humor and a love for unusual adventure now and then, Bill supplied two-way radios, weapons and a seven hundred mile pleasure drive, each way, in his Shelby GT pick up. Traveling in the night, I dozed while Bill drove for a few hours. On a lonely highway, stars blazing overhead and sagebrush dotted desert on either side, Bill pulled over for me to take the wheel so he could catch some shuteye. This was my first opportunity to drive his sports-car truck and I was elated. Having been asleep until the pullover, I never

saw the sign stating there was a town around and speed reduction. With black desert as far as the eye could see, I was pulled over by a hidden town cop in less than half a mile. I'm certain the incredulity on my face lightened the hearts of the two young Oregon troopers. They believed I never saw the only sign standing bleakly in the desert away from the road. 'Good intention aside, that will be \$147.00. You can mail it in.' Which I did.

Bill's truck being more sports car than truck, nimbly dodged a multitude of road crossing deer for quite some time. After many close calls, including having to run over a dead deer while dodging several live ones, the sun finally arose and our spirits soared. It's amazing what a gauntlet certain animal migrating routes can be, especially in pitch-black night and winding mountain roads. Arriving at the Rogue River, we made camp and quickly found ourselves the only campers around. Which is exactly what we were wanting. It was winter, the rest of the state was doing other things. We found the trace of sleet and cold drizzle an adrenaline helper, giving us more spring in our step, and steely glint in our eyes. We would need any boost we could get, as one of our objectives involved staking a twenty-acre claim in a most inhospitable place.

Much of the mountainside is nearly impenetrable, even for the animals, who wisely travel less demanding paths. And travel them they do, as I am still amazed at the great amount of differing animal spoor I would encounter. Name a Pacific Northwest animal and I've probably dissected its scat. Here in Southern

Oregon, the scat was more profuse than I would have ever imagined. Think of it reader .. this area and zone are absolutely unique in being a marvelously working self-renewing life-system. The very best of nature's best is showcased along the Rogue. If any one area on earth deserves protection for the enrichment of all mankind, it is here. A rugged, pristine corridor, bisected by the best life-sustaining river remaining in America. The Rogue, and The Siskiyou National Forest!

The area where Bill and I were camped, is mountainous, with elevations ranging from 600 feet at the Rogue River to 4000 feet on some of the higher peaks. The Rogue River is the master waterway, flowing northward through the eastern part and westward through the northern part. It cuts across resistant rocks and its' valley is gorge-like in certain sections. The main tributary streams are Graves Creek on the northeast and Galice Creek on the west. The district is well forested with conifers on the more exposed slopes and hardwoods in the gulches. The hillsides are covered with a dense growth of brush containing manzanita, buckthorn, and poison oak, so that the dense vegetation coupled with steep slopes and deep soil cover makes what we were gearing up to do, extremely difficult in the best of weather, and it was now winter. We weren't too concerned, other than being extra careful trekking slippery slopes. And trek them we did. Our first order of business involved getting the compass and altitude readings after reaching the tunnel site. We then used a 300 foot tape and compass and staked 300 ft on either side of the tunnel. The uphill 300 ft staking took a toll on us both. Great

fallen trees lay crisscross fashion and steep slopes abounded. We each had our weapons and two-way radios, so taking the end of the 300 ft tape, I began a tough descent through what would make a ranger obstacle course look like cub scouting. Bill remained at the side stake and would radio me if need arose, or vice versa. The forests are really dense here, and you're surrounded in greens and shadows. Smoky beams of sunlight cut through the overhead canopy of treetops like wide laser beams, an almost primeval effect. Within a few seconds, I could no longer see Bill standing there holding the reel of tape as I practically rolled into the first of five, 300 ft descents.

Treacherous footing and handholds made for hair-trigger timing, crawling under and over fallen trees that resembled beached submarines, so great was their size. Just as I reached the tapes' end, my walkie-talkie erupted in shouts and what sounded like a large thrashing sound. 'Karl .. get up here, now! Hurry! Something's circling me, it's huge, it won't scare off when I throw rocks in its' direction. Hurry Karl, Hurry! Get up here, now!' The terror in Bills' voice filled me with dread as I scrambled to key my walkie-talkie and connect. 'Bill, what's wrong?' I finally was able to ask. 'There's something huge up here and it's circling me really slowly Karl. Get up here, man, get up here FAST!' he stammered out. I began to climb upward, no longer concerned about rattle-snakes, falling, sliding, or any of the many other obstacles I had paid close attention to. In my minds' eye, I could see a sow bear with cubs preparing to

defend her cubs, or an angry elk discovering Bill in its' trail. I know the mountain lions around could easily top 220 lbs. Maybe a moose was challenging Bill, making the breaking stick noises.

Grabbing the walkie-talkie every now and then as I pulled myself under and over fallen trees, boulders, drop-offs and tree limbs, whatever was a solid pull, I would yell to Bill that I was coming. When he could hear me getting nearer, Bill yelled to me to be on the lookout because the unknown creature was near my position. With about 50 ft or so to go, I could detect loud sounds of large sticks snapping and Bill urging me to hurry. Finally cresting the trail where I had started from, I ran to find Bill crouching, rifle aimed ahead and slowly turning in the direction of the sound which we could both clearly locate. Saying he looked alarmed would be an understatement. We threw rocks into the dense thickets where movement was heard and the noise would cease. Soon, the sound of something circling us would begin once again. Several times we tried throwing stones, and yelling to flush whatever it was, but each time it would go silent. A really nasty, putrid-type odor blanketed the area. Definitely not a skunk. After we had positioned ourselves back to back in order to cover any approach to either one, we decided that the staking could wait until another day, and made tracks back to our camp. Upon returning, Bill pulled out a bottle of Crown Royal and we toasted each other's health and long life, trying to still the beating of our hearts at the close of an unusual day.

The next morning, we again returned to the tunnel site and once again,

we repeated the 300 ft climb down intervals. Using a compass and a topographical map, we staked the twenty acres. After celebrating a bit, we decided to explore higher up the mountain and found ourselves in a marked elk calving ground. By this time, fog and mists were setting in and the freezing sleet turned into rain. Darkness was falling and we decided to head back. We had climbed quite a distance before turning around, and I could tell that Bill was a little concerned about where we were. Taking a reading with the compass, I assured Bill that we were on course and would be back at the tunnel site soon. As the drizzle increased and the evening winds began to move, Bill voiced his opinion that we were lost. Again, I assured him that we were heading straight to our origination point. He didn't answer, and a little while later I heard him state that he was sure we were lost with a storm brewing, probably bringing snow. Glumly, Bill dropped down a slope I pointed to and there was the tunnel, twenty feet or so away. Visibly relieved, he cheered up considerably and we headed on to camp.

We stayed up pretty late that night, playing cards, finishing off the Crown Royal, eating a good meal cooked on a camp stove, and small talking about the days events. A light snow dusted us overnight at the lower elevation and we decided to pack up and return to Spokane in the morning. We had spent about a week climbing and exploring and were successful in our venture. I was always very grateful to have a dependable, capable, brave and adventuresome friend to explore with and count on for help in case of need. This expedition with Bill

was probably the best of all of them, because being on the mountain can cause you to really appreciate the strength of others watching your back. Bill and I could joke and josh each other and laugh like madmen in cold, wet, uninviting forests fraught with danger. After a safe return home to Spokane, we relived our adventure many times. It was to be a one-time excursion however. Try as I would, I could not convince Bill to make a second journey to the Rogue.

That winter, after Bill and I returned at the end of November, Spokane received quite a bit of notoriety due to an onslaught of freezing rain. Ice Storm '96 is the moniker that was given to this attitude adjusting, white nightmare of a storm. The power lines iced, trees iced, roads iced, even the ice iced. Now that was really something. When all of these stresses occurred, it was a foregone conclusion that loss of power was next. We roughed it without power, heat, or water for more than a week. It may not sound so bad, but vehicles would not start, and even if they did, taking to the roads with inches of black ice was pure folly. I personally lost several expensive aquarium fish friends when power was lost. Despite my best efforts, they became fish sickles. I doubt they felt a thing. Actually, they even looked pretty good with the way ice magnified proportion. Emerging intact from a place that resembled Superman's Ice Fortress of Solitude, spring slowly crept forward and sprang. As was my custom, I started preparing my gear and plan of action for the next journey to Oregon. In the midst of this preparatory work, I can forget about the raging blizzard outside and think deeply on the sirens call to the Rogue. While I was contemplating future activities in

the mountains, a friend stopped in to seek solace and vent a little stress. The man's name is Bert Kelley. Of strong Irish heritage, Bert is a husky man who could out work most. Strong, good-humored, he resembles in a rougher version, the second in command on 'Enterprise: Next Generation,' Comdr. Riker. In fact, the resemblance was a fun topic for me to kid around with Bert. I want to say here that considering the personal tragedies that have befallen Bert, and regardless of the physical and mental adversities he has had to deal with his entire life, never have I met a braver fellow to scout the forbidding places.

I first met Bert through friends who decided to utilize his strength and 'I'll do anything you need done .. just let me go with you' offer. From what I understand, Bert, 27 yrs of age at the time, had medical problems and needed the help of medications to enable him to cope. The morning Bert came to see us, was right after leaving his attorneys office with bad news. Visibly shaken, angry and forlorn, Bert had just learned that a major canning company in Alaska denied any culpability for a life altering accident that happened to Bert, while in their employ. Bert worked on a large, sea-going fishing vessel doing just about the worst jobs there, happy to be employed. One day while performing an ordered duty, Bert was hit hard in the head with a large metal ball on a rope. The force was so great that it visibly cracked his skull. Surviving the accident, they discharged him and bade him good bye. Predictably, Bert discovered eventually that normalcy in perception of things was never to return. Already a man packing an unfair load,

now he had to try and cope while terribly damaged with brain injuries. The cannery attorneys had just informed Bert that he had lost and had been outmaneuvered. The poor guy had hired a local attorney, who went through the motions.

I asked Bert if he would mind my looking over the papers his attorney had given him. Seeing nowhere to go but up, he let me peruse the logic and facts as presented in the case papers. Law interested me greatly. Having read hundreds, even more law cases years before, I began to see several reasoning flaws in declining liability. After asking Bert if he would mind me clarifying a few things that were in error in his papers, I went to work. Soon, I was finished and told Bert he should return to his attorney, show him the papers, and ask for no less than \$500,000. Bert told me later his attorney demanded to know who I was, who I represented, but he said only a friend. Telling Bert he could do something for him now, the attorney left for Seattle for a meeting with the cannery representatives. Rather than try for the ½ mil, the attorney settled and Bert netted \$30,000 cash, after fees, etc. Overjoyed with anything, Bert thanked me profusely for some time. Little did I suspect that, flush with a little capital, Bert decided that going back to Oregon was his best medicine. Twice, he cajoled his way, desirous of adventure. Stronger than most men, keen of sight, and willing to confront the harshest obstacles, Bert began early in the winter to work on me to include him in the next expedition. When Bert found out I was planning to return to Oregon, he implored mightily to be part of the expedition. I have

always worked as a two-man team when it comes to expeditions in deep forests. Two equipped, confident and driven people can overcome much and persevere on a lot less than a lot of larger groups. Bert made it very clear that more than anything in the world, he truly wanted to go. He had been raised a loggers' son, and knew his way in the forests. Knowing that I located hidden tunnels and spent a great deal of time hard core camping in isolated locations, Bert offered transportation, some needed supplies, and sweetened the pot by asking me to train him in minerals and prospecting, map reading, the use of scientific equipment, tracking, and preparing a mining claim.

Everything inside me wanted to help Bert, but I have always been real discriminating when it comes to placing trust in someone to cover your back. Finding out that his desire to join me was not going to abate, I said, 'welcome aboard, now let's make plans.' And plans were made. When departure time for a new Rogue River expedition finally arrived, Bert and I were ready. We had a powerful 2-man suction dredge along with two complete dry suits with air lines, face masks, everything needed for some profitable and fun gold nugget vacuuming from permitted sections of the Rogue River. We had driven to California to meet the President of Spectrex Corporation, the maker and dealer for the Vreeland Spectroscope, a compact spectroscopic portable system used in rapid identification of mineralogical samples, ore contaminants, and immediate identification of unknown materials. We were so impressed with our demonstration of the machine

that we purchased one and soon I put it to work.

Supplies we gathered consisted of a couple of pump 12-gauge shotguns, boxes of heavy slugs and .00 buck shot, slings, a good G.P.S., plenty of propane fuel, batteries, food, drink, tools, clothing, chainsaws, drills, tarps, ropes, dozens of cans of sardines and chewing tobacco for Bert, and plenty of Coca Cola (a weakness) for me. We also packed cameras, first aid gear, survival gear, and two cans of the chemical kick butt spray. A couple pair of field glasses and assorted mining gear, and my extra low frequency metal detector, good for locating lodes in tunnel walls. I replaced batteries in my short and long wave prospector lamps and my altimeter/barometer watch, and the batteries in the miner helmet lanterns. We were now ready to depart. The work truck we used was a worthy Chevy extended cab $\frac{3}{4}$ ton with a full back seat. A sturdy, locking camper shell was in the bed and currently held our gear. Complementing the truck was a modified 10 ft pull camper used for sleeping and shelter. For being a two-man team, we were very self-contained and self-sufficient. The plan was to find the ideal camp spot in even ground, out of sight. Upon arriving at the right spot, we were going to place camouflaging forest materials around the truck and camper to maintain a low profile. I've learned, of course, the hard way, that some peoples' curiosity can overwhelm their good sense. Out of sight, out of mind works well. On an early April morning, Bert and I took the exit ramp for the BLM Headquarters (Bureau of Land Management) in Eugene, Oregon. We located the office complex for BLM and introduced ourselves at the desk. Courteous and

friendly staff members answered questions and provided permit forms and plan of action paperwork. Upon completing the paperwork, we were introduced to Mr. Matt Craddock, Regional Headman. A warm, friendly and intelligent gentleman, Mr. Craddock worked with us, explaining in clear terms the complexity of our interaction with the eco-system. He appeared pleased to learn that ours was primarily a search/research expedition, and that Bert was eager to learn mapping, sampling, mineral searching and familiarity with an array of quality scientific measuring devices.

Meeting with Mr. Craddock was a real pleasure for us, not to mention, informative. Before we left his office, Mr. Craddock chuckled and said to us, 'The area you're exploring is very rugged. I, myself, never go in there. Nobody does. The only people who go in there are the ones who rescue lost people .. people like you.' With a friendly laugh and hearty best wishes, Matt Craddock, a busy hardworking professional, made two regular guys feel really good that BLM was in such capable and friendly hands. Next thing you know, we're taking the exit ramp to Grants Pass. After a hearty 'Carl's Jr. Hamburgers' visit (Bert's favorite) we departed this beautiful little city for our mountain destination on the Rogue. Exiting at the opposite end of Grants Pass, we saw a huge statue of a caveman, Neanderthal type, welcoming visitors. I learned that a local men's club had the statue created in the 1930's after the discovery of a vast, underground, magma carved, cave/tunnel network. These tunnels are large enough to walk in

and extend into unknown and unreachable zones. Called lava tubes, you can see examples along the Rogue River visitor's site. They look like cave openings or tunnel entrances, and many believe they are a labyrinth of old underground, connected voids that lie under the Pacific Northwest coastal region and stretch from California to Canada.

The huge lava vent near Oregon's coast was named 'Ape Cave' in the 1900's after several reliable citizens swore they observed huge hairy ape beings entering and exiting the tubes. Interestingly, only last year, the news media was active with the story of a psychologist who spotted a huge, hairy Sasquatch peering at him from behind a tree. This event happened near the caves. The psychologist aligned himself with the adventurer who led a National Geographic expedition in search of a Diplodocus type dinosaur a decade ago. They, along with others, have formed 'The Searchers of Bigfoot Society' or, S.O.B.S. They have a mailing center in Grants Pass, and sell reproductions of Sasquatch prints in order to raise funds for research. They assemble members for 'hunts' and set out bait spots with copious amounts of fruit and hide motion sensor cameras to hopefully record a snacking Bigfoot. They also send teams to beat the woods and flush a Bigfoot. Several years ago, a millionaire Bigfoot hunter built a huge, steel box trap and set it up in Oregon, near where a lot of sightings originated. The Bigfoot Society is considering retro-fitting the trap and putting it back into operation. Their goal, they say, is to establish existence and maintain habitat for Sasquatch. They give many examples of high-level belief in a divergent DNA

line, including Jane Goodall, noted great ape expert. This society believes wholeheartedly that Sasquatch lives in the area, and needs protection. It has been my experience in my research of Sasquatch, that when people from all walks of life learn of my experiences, they display an openness to the information and quite often add experience of their own or of someone close to them.

We finally arrived at the pull off spot on the mountain. I had prepared this spot during the last trip here. I had found a narrow, but level section of treeless ground which dropped away from the mountain road in a gentle slope, and ended in a steep drop of a couple of hundred feet. An earlier trip had revealed some type of large capital mining activity quite a distance from us. The first couple of trips had never included an encounter with anyone on the mountain. We never saw a Ranger, forester, logger, hunter, tourist, anyone. The expedition earlier with my friend Bill found us watching passenger vans full of suited, white helmet wearing folks, engineers likely, driving up to this really isolated rugged spot with a large chain across the path. They would unlock the chain, drive through, re-lock the chain and disappear from view. They looked like men in a hurry. Backing the pull camper into a tree-lined area with a few dips and a 200 ft drop-off is a real sobering experience. Successful at last, both camper and truck were well situated and very well camouflaged in short order. Invisible to the lonely road above, we quickly set about making a fire pit and gathering a great

amount of dead wood for fuel. We used a chainsaw and made a nice wall of fuel logs to feed our fire. We had a table and chairs, cook stove, lanterns and food and drink coolers, to make our stay more enjoyable. Sitting before a fire, darkness all around, flames reflected off trees standing like sentinels, must trigger an ancient signal in man to tighten up. It's known that most people, ancient and modern, have taken great pains to be inside, anywhere, when darkness fell, and with good reasons. Footing is treacherous without adequate light, and perception is skewed. Add in the natural carnivores, and you realize that things can wait until morning light. Our shotguns beside us, lanterns near, we could feel our senses snap to attention and scan our surroundings.

Some would say that when placed in an adventure, the fight or flight condition depends on the level of danger. In our situation, we both knew that terrain basically ruled out flight. We understood that the best helping hands we could expect up here, on this rugged, lonely mountain were at the ends of our own arms. It is a rush of a feeling, knowing that no one else is within miles and there aren't many rehearsals for Murphy's Law. We would talk and joke deep into the night. Quite often we spoke of God. Bert and I both are Christians. In the past, I attended two seminaries, one in New Orleans and the other in Missouri. I could answer many questions Bert had and we engaged in many deep discussions during campfire time. The Garden of Eden feeling we would sometimes get exploring this mountain would come over us. Sometimes, incredible fragrances would waft through, day or night.

There were times when the most horrific and downright noxious odors would appear in our nostrils. It reminded me of the cartoons where fingers of some kind of odor found their way quickly to the unsuspecting character. We would know immediately that it wasn't a skunk, which would have been much more preferred over the revolting stench we had to taste in our nostrils and throats. The deep forests can be so dark at times that you feel as though nothing exists beyond the reach of your lanterns. Then you snap back to reality and remember that here, right now, you could be the species endangered. Whatever you may do in your lifetime, never, ever, forget that cemeteries are full, all over the planet, of people who were in the wrong place at the wrong time. I once read an inscription on a tombstone that went like this: 'He was right all right, as he sped along, but he's just as dead, as though he'd been wrong.' Bad things happen to good people. Take Bert for instance. I'm pretty sure he won't mind my sharing a few 'for instances' concerning him. We were searching for mineral samples on the banks of the Rogue and pretty much getting wet and cooled down, when I decided to launch into the river ahead of an island in the center to look for nuggets. I told Bert the current would carry me by the island and I would flip onto the island. I had a rolled up 50 ft ¼ inch rope on my belt to toss to Bert to pull me in when I was finished. As soon as I rolled onto the island and attempted to gain my footing, a large splash sounded upriver. Racing to the island side, I saw Bert rolling over in the swift current and going under, out of sight. Grabbing the rope from my

belt, I ran to the very end of the small island, where world class rapids begin, and saw Bert surface, roll over, and open his eyes. I yelled, 'Bert! Grab the rope!' and threw the line ahead of him, praying he could see it. Again he rolled over but re-emerging, grabbed the rope with both hands and held on as he rolled once more. I pulled him in and felt immediately happy that he was lying on the sand, alive. After a while, Bert was as good as new. The wider river width was on the far bank side, with the water shallower and a lot slower. We made it over and followed the bank to a fording spot. One other amazing thing to occur happened while we were scouting for quartz outcroppings on a fairly steep mountainside, very dense in trees. Being farther down than Bert, I discovered a sheer drop-off of some seventy feet or so, just inches beyond the trees. An optical illusion, fooling the brain into expecting the forest to continue on, not drop off, straight down to large, sharp pointed rocks.

Hearing Bert farther upslope, I yelled to him of the drop off, and said that it curved in his direction of travel. I could hear the effort he was expending, navigating the inhospitable terrain, but it sounded like he was approaching too quickly. He yelled back that he heard my warning and would watch his step, when, a blood-curdling scream pierced the air, followed by cries for help, the terrified kind. Working my way through the crush of small saplings and forest growth, I found to my horror, that Bert was hanging upside down by the sling of his shotgun, which had somehow slipped over a limb, arresting his fall to sure death. Believe me, it was real touchy. Bert weighed about 220 lbs and

I about 140. I had to work sure and I had to work quickly. The limb could break, and Bert could die. The same rope which I had used a week or two before to pull Bert from the Rogue River came out of my ditty bag. I tossed one end over a stout limb and tied it very carefully around Bert's body and tied it off. I then slowly pulled Bert toward the edge, and using his arms, he was able to grab hold of large roots and then my hands, and then he was safe. When you least expect it .. whammo!

We both packed 12 gauge pumps on slings, everywhere we went on the mountain. Out of all of the expeditions, not one animal was shot or shot at. The weapons were solely self-defense, never meant for hunting. Shell arrangement was always alternating double ought buck and heavy slugs. It's very rare to have open ground in the mountainous woods. It's more like being surrounded by different shades of greens, browns, yellows and shadows. A great bear could rear up and swat you, and you would have never seen it, so densely packed is the flora. There are mountain lions, topping 220 lbs. Great moose, elk, rattlesnakes and more can cross paths with you at very bad times. As President Roosevelt once said, 'Speak softy and carry a big stick.' The shotguns were big sticks to ward off harm or death. Throughout my lifetime, I've read many true accounts of regular folks being hurt and killed by the least imaginable creatures. Like people, wild animals can have bad days and can also have all their wires crossed for a variety of reasons, and there you are, in its' way. If you recall how

frustrating it can be when shouting at an approaching, menacing dog fails to make it halt .. try picturing a mountain lion or bear.

We would rise early in the morning, have breakfast, and pick up where we left off the evening before. Bert and I spent the next few weeks grid-searching a mountainside. Our efforts rewarded us with the finding of several, long hidden gold tunnels which, for a variety of reasons including wars, fires, deaths, etc., were never worked. Unearthing these treasures, always required back breaking work under tough conditions. The first expedition I made to this area came after six months of intensive research. I gleaned priceless mining information from the U.S. Geological Survey, scientists, and their libraries. I did the same with the Bureau of Land Management. I spoke with libraries along the coast, researching 100 year old City Digests and newspapers. I read everything that I could find on the area of Oregon I was to explore; it's geology, topography, history and more. I studied the Indians who inhabited the area, the towns, mining days, and mysteries. Finally triangulating a 100 year old hand drawn map with an actual location, led to the first of several, long hidden, gold tunnels being unearthed. We worked hard for each one we found. A favored method of hiding a tunnel you hoped to return to one day, was to fell a really large tree over the entrance after filling it in. I worked around those problems by purchasing aerial photos of the entire zone, topographical maps and such, and using a powerful hard lens, closely studied the photos for trails, tailing piles, old camp sites, old litter dumps, outhouse sites, anything that stands out from the air. It is a very effective method

that will save you much money, time, labor, and lessen animal encounters. Trails and sites grow over and can be hidden to a ground observer, but many can be spotted from overhead. Using a compass, I would plan the next days hikes and searches based on the research the night before. This way, we even knew all of our compass headings and estimated distances to each point of interest.

After our first couple of weeks of hard core mountain work, I awoke one morning to find Bert and the truck gone. He had not been feeling well and threw up quite a bit the day before. Bert would take the truck at other times for this or that, so that wasn't unusual. What was unusual was his not returning for a week. It turned out that he felt worse, got scared, and drove to the hospital in Grants Pass. They admitted him for dehydration and loss of body salts. It took a week to nurse him back to health. The whole time he was there in the hospital, I carried on with the work. That explained to me why I too, felt tired and ill. Fortunately, we both survived.

We spent several weeks exploring, excavating, mapping locations, and riding dirt bikes to reach far off spots, setting them down when they would go no further and continuing on foot. We got the bikes after wearing out our boots crisscrossing trails. Besides saving our legs and time, they were a hoot to play with when our workday was done. We would play tag and chase one another, as fast as we could, lying almost flat on curves and often pursuing each other like mad men off the road and through the forests. One evening, we were chasing

each other at breakneck speeds up and down the road. Remember, we knew of no one else within miles of us. If there were any vehicles around, we would have heard them. I decided to leave the road and began maneuvering between trees and rocks hoping to surprise Bert, when, a fellow who looked like Agent Mulder from the TV show 'X-Files,' jumped into view. This individual was wearing white shirt and dark tie, dark slacks, street shoes and dark sunglasses. FBI look all the way! I almost hit him with the bike as he leapt to the side. By the time I could stop and turn around, he was gone. Vanished. It really shook me up. I looked for him where he had leapt, and there was no sign of him. Regaining the road above, Bert came tearing around the mountain from the opposite way and pulled up next to me, worry written all over his face.

Before he could speak, I was telling him of the government agent looking guy I had flushed purely by accident. To my amazement, Bert told of doing the same thing but farther away. Like me, he left the road and was rough slope riding when he saw a man dressed like the fellow I saw, drop and hide himself. This scared Bert as badly as the guy leaping in front of me, shocked me. Thinking he should find me and let me know, he also was shocked to hear my story. We could not figure it out no matter how hard we tried. Nothing made any sense. We neither saw nor heard any vehicles, nor saw anyone else after our weird encounters. The two men appeared to be staked out as observers, but of who or what we did not know. To us, these guys fit in to the mountain wilds about like frogmen in the desert. It raised our awareness levels to greater heights. Never again did we feel

completely isolated. It's like having a neighbor miles away and feeling crowded.

One evening I was out enjoying a cooling ride on a Yamaha 400 DT Enduro. The rear tire was an off roaders dream. .. fat mudders, just right for slope climbing and plain old digging in. Bert was off to town for business reasons, so I decided to enjoy the winding mountain road and feel cooling air on me as I leisurely tooled along. Suddenly, I saw what looked like a possible grown over walking path, twisting in a slope, rising in rapid increments. Turning around, I found the previously unknown trail and stopping the bike, pondered what to do. After going through some mental calculations, I deduced the trail might lead to a meadow, high in the mountains. Since I was on a pleasure ride, I was unarmed. To my dismay, I had forgotten to bring my chemical spray. I decided to make a brief exploratory run to get a feel for the path ahead. Too soon, the trail choked off from young trees and slides so I had to lay the bike against a tree and continued on foot.

The woods were quiet, almost eerily so, as I maneuvered around, over and through stuff that had grown in the trail. Several large evergreen boughs hung down across the trail like giant green brooms. After swinging a few of these to the side so I could pass, I was reaching out to pull aside the last and largest bough which completely blocked my view of the trail ahead, when the hair follicles on the back of my neck and head started tingling and it felt like my hair was sticking

out. Feeling a gut-instinct warning of danger, I stopped and slowly pulled the bough aside. In the trail, dead ahead at a distance of around a hundred feet, stood the largest red, or cinnamon bear I had ever seen. Facing me, not a muscle moving, the great bruin had his great head and neck lowered, like a menacing dog would do. I looked directly into those black, unblinking eyes and, frozen in place, I rapidly started trying to decide my best move. I knew not to run. The bear could be on top of me before I got 50 feet away. Since running prey can bring out the chase in lots of creatures, running was out. Noting the large hump behind its' head, I figured it could probably lunge climb to about 30-35 feet up the trees I glanced at. I knew he could get me. Sure as shooting fish in a barrel. One day I've got to find out how that saying originated. It seemed to me that a lot of time had passed since I spotted the bear. Its' unflinching, statue-like pose of menace, started flashing danger signs to my brain. It was at that point, that I heard in my head a voice say, 'Karl, if you don't do something right now .. that bear is going to charge you and kill you.' I immediately started doing great jumping jacks, smacking my palms loudly and yelling 'HEY BEAR !!!'

The bear whipped his front around as if he'd been shot. Half-jumping, half-crashing into the woods, I saw that his leg was larger around than my body. Muscles bunched and popped as the beast crashed off for a distance of only about 50 feet or so. Not as pleased as I first felt on seeing him run off, I worried a bit as to why he stopped. All was quiet, and not even the wind was stirring. It seemed to me that he might be lying in wait, so I chose two short pieces of wood from the

forest floor and began beating them, loudly, and yelling, 'HEY BEAR!.' I walked up to where the bear was first standing and to my utter surprise, discovered a huge, steaming mound of large, red colored berries. The bear must have been taking a dump when I peeked around the corner. The menacing stance and look was probably while relieving himself of a lot of berries. I still hadn't heard one stick break in the area, very close now, where the bear crashed to and became still. Striking the sticks loudly again and yelling, I heard the bear bolt and crash once again for a shorter distance this time. Then, he stopped, and it was dead silence again. The thought flashed again, why did the bear stop again so soon?

I could not resist going to where it crashed off to after our initial encounter. Reaching the spot, I again felt amazement when I saw a second pile of steaming berries, only one half as large a pile as the first. The bear was not done with his constitutional, and I decided I had tempted fate more than enough. I quickly retraced my path to the bike and rode away, happy beyond measure that I was unscathed. Could my encounter have been decidedly different? I believe it could. The voice I heard that day warning me was not my own. Usually, people think in their own voice. The voice I heard was clear, authoritative, and deep. I think it was my Guardian Angel coming to my aid in a moment of need. Would a huge bear, surprised by a human while it was defecating, react in self-defense at feeling violated by my presence? Why not? I later told the forest service of my encounter and they said the bear is a huge

one having caused many problems. It was becoming a nuisance down by the river and base of the mountain. They considered it to be dangerous and one to avoid. To me, it was another case of Murphy's Law at work, only thwarted this time by an urgent warning coming from somewhere, within .. The Twilight Zone. At the base of our mountain, perched high on a perfect beach on the Rogue River, sits the Galice Café/store. It is primarily there to cater to the jet boat groups, rapids runners, and other tourists, many who cross the globe and spend lots of cash to sit there and soak up pristine, best of nature views. Bert and I would often pull up a chair and fit in. The café was built in the mid-40's, across and down a bit from the original pioneer days Galice Store, which had been torn down. I mentioned the Klamath and Modoc tribes ties to this area earlier. The Klamaths lived a ways southeast of this location, but the true, original Native Americans in this immediate region were known as the 'Dagelmas .. those who live along the river.' Related, the Lowland Takelmas settled along the banks of the Rogue. Galice Creek, a famous, first gold find waterway, was inhabited by Anthapaskan speaking Indians, who lived at the mouth of Galice Creek.

Immediately following discovery of gold, the Indians were gathered and relocated to a reservation, never to return. We would often spot ancient artifacts in and alongside the waterways. Always, we left things where they lay, spending time to admire the workmanship and trying to picture the women of long ago, scraping a hide or preparing gatherings with stone implements, lying in the water as though placed there for a natural histories diorama.

The Galice Café was only a limited season establishment. There is a short window of cash tossing tourist activity, but it is very intense. Open 7 a.m. to 7 p.m., the café can really get hopping. The food is delicious, a large rock fireplace warms up the place, and the mighty Rogue blasts and tumbles a stones throw from your chair. The weekends can bring music nights from the likes of ‘The Sons of the Pioneers,’ who play incredible cowboy songs on a redwood deck open to a blaze of brilliant blue and white stars looking like diamonds, on a black velvet background. The rushing sounds of the river make an unforgettable background for a song like ‘Ghost Riders in the Sky.’

We became friends to the café folk and the singing groups. It was a kick to be recognized by the band and have your favorite songs performed. For Bert and me, it just couldn’t get any better. Besides, you can get a bit bored after spending a week in deep forests. Our food never tasted near as good as café cooked. Plus, striking waitresses have a way of talking and smiling and catering to lonely mountain boys, and we didn’t care if it was because we tipped well. It was our ‘save our sanity’ escape place, and we were happy to see the friendly, smiling faces. Plus, it was the only place for Bert to stock up on chewing tobacco, something he could be a bear without. Too soon however, seven p.m. arrived, and except for special events, the café would close. Within a few minutes, everyone was gone and the place was as silent as a tomb. It was then that we would sometimes use the pay phone to call our girlfriends and let them know of our

progress. Nancy recorded several of my calls that dealt with mind-boggling discoveries or happenings that were very often happening to us.

During one visit to the café, the bus boy informed us that he, his brother, and their Dad, lived on a primitive mine site deep in the woods. His father, he told us, was a researcher at a large university back east. Fulfilling a lifelong dream, he took a leave from teaching and purchased a mining claim with a small, 12x14' hand-built from scrap, power-less cabin. A nicely constructed outhouse sat on the hillside next to the cabin. Insect netting was stapled around a 'porch,' where the family of three would sleep. Propane powered lights and a stove gave a feeling of shelter from the dark woods. Treated to a nice meal, the fellow Larry, told us that he had been there for several months, searching for minerals to take back with him to the university. He wanted a good representation of mineral dispersion of the area, but had come up short of a decent, stratified sampling. Discovering that Bert and I had scouted miles upon miles of mountainsides, Larry began pleading with us for samples that we had collected over our many months of searching. We were surprised that we had probably 10 times the sample material of Larry. Seeing his desperation and knowing he had to return soon to his alma mater, we decided to give him whatever of our collection he desired. We had lots of it and it was nice seeing the gratitude of this scientist and his boys over their unexpected good fortune. Larry offered to sell us his claim, cabin, and mining tools, for \$500.00.

It was tempting, but the boys had told us earlier that a huge, red bear

was starting to harass them at night and they were getting spooked. They brought out a nice AK-47, semi-auto rifle to show us and said they nearly used it several times when the bear would try to force its' way inside. Of real aid to them in this situation was the fact that the shack was built up high off the ground. The steps were built just so a bear could not utilize them. The platform shack confused the bear long enough for the scared inhabitants to toss firecrackers at it and scare it off. They all looked pretty haggard, and admitted to little rest caused by the frequent visitor. They too, were too far out in the wilderness, for anyone to hear their cries for help. Even their Dingo/Blue Healer dog seemed spooked.

The description they gave of the bear fit the one I had encountered earlier that was pooping berries. That huge bear could really get around. We were constantly finding scat, his and others. You can really learn a lot from an animals' scat, what they've eaten and how long before. Trails were basically brimming with assorted creature droppings, many of them obviously following others. I rarely found a scat I would not dissect and test. Knowledge is power, and you need to know everything you can about life around you in the forests. Finding fresh lion spoor, made me remember to scan the trees closely, and often I would put a construction helmet on with chin strap improvised. This was to prevent or discourage a cat from jumping me from behind and grabbing my head in its' jaws, a favored prey immobilizing technique. Sadly, many unfortunate large cat victims are grabbed in this fashion and dragged away to eventually be killed

and eaten. In speaking of humans, cat attacks are increasing in frequency in the west, and northwest, as their habitat is encroached upon. Cat tracks and scat were abundant in our zone of research. There is a vibrancy of life along the Rogue, unparalleled elsewhere in this country. I have seen the river full of splashing, whirling, yard long salmon so thick you barely saw water. The river looked like silvery footballs. Eagles and osprey live near the water, and owls and hawks and countless winged creatures share the skies. It is a wonderful, vibrant, maybe last of its' kind, eco-system in the U.S.

Larry and his sons took Bert and me to visit a friend of his who lived even deeper within the 'National Forest.' This fellow lived in an A-frame dwelling built from odds and ends. Well hidden from prying eyes, he was actually illegally squatting there, according to revised Forest Service Regulations. The house had no power, running water, or septic. It did have a first class outhouse however. Placer gravels were all around the homestead, and these provided an income to this family devoid of neighbors. Gold nuggets provided for their needs, although they admitted it took a lot of work to produce a livelihood. We were treated to a nice, hot meal by this family, though they kept to themselves and spoke very little. A lot of their communication consisted of facial tics and eye expressions, the result I'm sure, of having a lot of time to themselves and perhaps running out of things to say. It was evening and dark when we paid our visit, and it was soon apparent this family feared the night. Several weapons were located near entrances and windows. Leaving the house

meant carrying a weapon. We were to learn soon why they behaved this way, alone and seeming to us, living on the edge.

Finding it difficult to keep the flow of conversation going, we began to gather our things to leave. Looking around the one large room it was evident the wife tried hard to add any kind of 'homey' touch she could invent. That pretty much meant hanging something or propping. I suppose when you really consider the matter, not so very long ago, everyone pretty much lived that way. I admired their drive and can-do attitude. Sitting there in that structure, which never saw a building code or inspection, we all could see the handwriting on the wall detailing their future. The BLM and Forest Service were hard at work tracking these habitations to destroy, usually by turning them into bonfires. At this date and time, there were several hard-core entrenched families and solitary miners hidden away in deep woods, hoping, always hoping, to hit it big. Pay dirt!

We could tell that visitors were scarce. Larry it seems, was the only trusted friend this family had. As we began to part company, the man blurted out that there was something he wanted to show us. A look of fear broadcast itself so strongly you could almost feel it. Grabbing a hunting rifle, he beckoned for us to accompany him outside. Using our lanterns, he led us to where his pick-up truck was parked among the trees. Standing at the rear of the truck, we immediately noticed severe damage to the sturdily built camper box. Large cracks were showing and splintering was evident. The most surprising thing though that just

leaped out at us was the twisted, peeled, back tailgate. The best way to describe it would seem to be this: imagine what the “Incredible Hulk” would do to a truck tailgate if he wanted desperately to get at something inside. Bewildered looking, a firm grip on his rifle, the man said that he and his family were about to eat supper when they heard a loud commotion out by the truck. Crashing blows, splintering sounds, followed by the sound of wrenching metal was over shadowed by what sounded like insane screaming. It was the family dog locked up in the camper box for the night.

As the man rounded the corner of his house, he saw in the beam of his flashlight what looked to be a giant bear standing upright, peeling back his tailgate. Frozen in shock, he was finally able to fire his rifle into the air while yelling at the top of his lungs. To his amazement, rather than drop to all fours and lunge away, the creature ran away into the inky blackness on two legs. He could hear it crashing in the woods away from him at a fast pace. When he told us that he had never seen anything like that before, never seen a bear run on its’ back legs, I could tell that this troubled him greatly. Speaking on, he said that the really strange thing to him was the bear using one paw to twist up the tailgate. As I was to later tell Dr. Meldrum, it strongly suggested to me as I looked closely at the tailgate end the creature had grabbed hold of, that it would need an opposable thumb in order to grab the steel and twist. There were no claw marks anywhere. The fear generated by the bold invasion had the family afraid to use the outhouse. Wishing them our best, we followed Larry the long distance back to his place in

the moonless night.

Over the next couple of weeks, Bert and I found and excavated two really well carved tunnels. The first, dubbed the 'King David,' required digging down over 10 ft to reach the apex of the tunnel entrance. I always get a tremendous rush knowing the potential of worthy minerals are great, plus we are the first in a century to see the interior. The tunnel stretched in to darkness before us. We could see quartz and what appeared to be gold sparkles overhead and on either wall. I first lit a candle and held it in toward the mouth. Next, I inserted a detector strip to check for gases. Satisfied that things seemed safe enough, we entered the tunnel, shining our beams in wonder at the beautiful, breathtaking panorama of golden, twinkling stars, seemingly everywhere. Bert began whooping and dancing around, digging out great amounts of the bits that sparkled like fairy dust. 'We're rich, rich, rich,' he exclaimed, out of breath from his excitement. 'Hold on Bert,' I said to him as he again began to dig at the wall, sending a cascading shower of twinkling stars to the floor. 'This could be one of the many pyrites in this area,' I said, as he stopped to stare at me like I was off my rocker. 'It's gold, Karl .. gold!! Can't you see? It's real, honest to goodness, gold.' Now I had seen Bert get excited before, but I had never witnessed him like this. Gold fever, pot of gold at rainbows' end! Since I could not disagree without proof to back up my assertion, I decided to celebrate with Bert, whooping and hollering and dancing like mad men, deep within a

mountainside. Besides, it felt good after the two of us had worked so hard. Plus, he could very well be correct about the gold. We've seen 'flour gold' and 'colors' which looked like our current find. One thing that never ceased to amaze me about every tunnel we uncovered, was the fact that they were always very clean, and looking like the work was recent. Even after earth movements and a century of time, the tunnels were breathtaking in their workmanship and stability. As are most tunnels that we search for, this particular one was about 225 ft into the mountain.

I have explored dozens of old mines and caverns over the years, the majority greatly resembling the Hollywood movie kind. You know, dust clouds, round rocks falling from the ceiling, giant, deep, dark pits that can drop a couple hundred feet into black water. These type mines are common here in Washington state and over in Idaho. Not so in Oregon however. It's because the tunnel rock is a slate, not conglomerate. This slate shears off, not collapsing like the vintage movie kind. It's primarily slate and quartz. Lots of quartz. The gem like quartz that you see in expensive knickknacks and dust collectors. Cloudy 'Bull Quartz' is abundant also. We could see chunks of beautiful quartz as large as an ice cooler. The thing about quartz is it must be there where gold is. The first professional gold miners, the Ancient Egyptians, would never dig for gold where there was no quartz present. Back at camp that night, we were sitting in our chairs by a crackling fire, eating sardines and twinkies, I believe. Let me tell you, work in the mountains all day and you'll eat just about anything when you're too tired

to cook. I can attest to the tiredness, as I'm not a sardine or twinkies connoisseur. Tonight however, our two-course meal was delicious. On into the night went our talk and planning for tomorrow.

Later in the night, as we were both growing drowsy and our fire began shrinking, we heard loud stick-breaking sounds coming from beyond our circle of light. Alarmed, we were on full alert with shotgun in hand, adding wood to the fire and grabbing flashlights. By now, an evil smelling aroma began to assault our taste and smell. 'Here we go again!' I said to Bert, as he nodded in affirmation. This was not our first stench visit. Many times, always at dusk or dark, something would pay us a visit. Tonight was no exception, moonless, and a sky full of clouds. Again, the incredibly horrid smell washed over us, gagging us and almost making us retch. It was like a long rotten something, wrapped in dung, cooking in the hot sun. That putrid odor would always circle our camp. The creature was stepping carefully, probably trying not to make so much noise, but when it stepped on certain sticks, the loud crack would sound like gunshots in the still air. We would throw rocks, sticks, and sometimes slingshot a firecracker into the dark where the noise was emanating. The same thing would always occur; the walking would cease, and silence would last until we had stopped trying to flush it out. It would then start slowly circling again, breaking sticks and causing a foul stench. By now, Bert and I knew this was no bear, moose, or elk paying us this much attention. Their habit is avoidance of two humans and their fire. At the least, firecrackers should

scare away nosy intruders. Not so in our case. The thing was definitely not spooked easily, never bolted, and remained out of our vision, which wasn't great. Our shotguns became like a third arm. We slept with them beside us, in our blankets. Answering nature's call required some fancy maneuvering, but we managed. Always, we were on alert. Our guards were never really down, because we knew that we were the interlopers in these woods denizens, front, back and side yards. They lived there, we were visiting. The huge thing that would visit our camp at night and circle, was definitely not afraid of the dark, nor it seemed, of us. Curiosity seemed to be its objective.

Then, one morning before sunrise, I opened the camper door to step out to answer nature's call and stepped on a dead marmot, completely plucked of its hair. No visible wounds, tenderized it appeared to me. It was lying on the camper's step, as if placed. I was startled as I examined the marmot. Something such as this would be a prime meal to several creatures in the night. The carcass was fresh, pliable, with all its' bones evidently broken. There were no wounds of any type visible. There were also no ants, or insects on it. I was baffled, but strangely enough, not alarmed. I awoke Bert and presented the facts to him. Like me, he was clueless. He also had never experienced anything like this. I found myself feeling pity for the lifeless marmot, so I took it out of camp and buried it. A day or so later, the same thing happened again. Early in the morning, I awoke to once again find an identically prepared marmot on the camper step. Again, I brought Bert over to view the marmot. We could not figure it out, no matter how hard we

tried.

Things just did not add up. This time, I took the marmot out of camp and tossed it over a cliff behind our camp. No matter how I deduced things, the two marmots seemed to be gifts. How else could they wind up on a metal step, deprived of all hair, fresh, non-bloodied and mashed up, to wind up there twice, during the night? I can say I'm sure they did not walk. It's as though they were being watched over until I exited the camper early each morning as was my custom. I submit to you, the reader, what could you make of this? Have any of you out there experienced something like this? I have no doubt that there are many Indians in this country that know exactly what I am talking about here. It is my fervent hope, and my genuine welcome to any and all who are knowledgeable in these matters, to hear from you who can shed light about this remarkable happening. In my opinion, this is an exhibition of friendship, peace, and good will. Maybe even fondness.

As I've said, we covered a lot of ground in the mountains. We found lots of pioneer artifacts, looking like they were awaiting their owner. Old picks, shovels, axes, gold pans, camp locations, garbage dumps, a century or more old, regularly showed up. It was like stepping back in time. We were looking at places where men toiled and dreamed, lived and died. All had a similar goal: 1) find gold 2) find gold 3) find gold! Many did find gold, lots of it. Others failed and drifted into history. The primary problem that most of them were unaware of, was the fact that the majority of mountain gold was under several meters of

soil and vegetative cover. They found most of the obvious gold, however. They also found other things they regretted: grizzly bears, mountain lions, rattlers, poison oak, treacherous terrain, and Indians. Many found madness, living alone and living hard, day to day. Plus, using mercury to amalgamate gold flecks, many became insane from breathing mercury fumes and having mercury, or quicksilver, enter the skin and cause poisoning. Maybe this is how men could 'die laughing.' Tough living, and dying.

Once again, I found myself embarking on a solo trek. Usually Bert and I were together, watching each others' back. Sometimes though, fatigue, combined with a stomach ailment which had plagued Bert for years, saw him resting in camp while I would continue our mission. This bright, hot summer morning, found me eager to explore a deep canyon/ravine I had studied on one of the aerial photos we had of the entire area. Shotgun on my back, prospecting supplies in a geologists bag, I clambered down the slope to the ravine. It became more difficult to maintain in-line progression. Giant trees were lying all around, some crisscrossing each other. I would climb over one and crawl under the other. Some I even crawled through, like a wooden tunnel. After a couple of hours of harsh obstacle maneuvering, I arrived, worn and scraped, at the bottom.

The greenness of the spot was incredible. The spot I was standing in was fairly level, about the area of a small yard. Knee height ferns grew profusely there, looking a lot like thousands of skinny snakes with their heads looking down.

I immediately noticed thin tendrils of what looked like heat, emanating in circular patterns among the ferns. It was shady and cool in this area, so my first reaction was of great joy when I saw the heat signature. I thought that I had found a thermal spot with warm water coursing through this place of ferns. I could see in my thoughts, a winter camp set-up right here. We could camp here and remain warm, and explore this great ravine during the winter, which was not very far off. These gulches and ravines were preferred locations for mineral prospecting. One could examine the outcroppings on the walls and dig at the greater depths.

Walking up to the nearest circle of heat waves, I pushed the mass of ferns aside and could hardly believe my eyes. There, in front of me, was a coil of fresh, steaming dung, as large in circumference as the great ship rope used to tie ships to docks. The kind that takes both hands to hold. It was in one continuous length, a color and texture like molded plastic. There were no berries or animal bones or anything sticking out of it. It did not stink like manure, but you could tell that this thing, the size of a boa constrictor's body, came from a very large anus. The shape of the coil was like a Dairy Queen soft ice cream circle. Getting over the initial shock, I discovered 4-5 other piles of giant dung, each of a different circumference. They were all fresh, steaming, and well hidden by the tall ferns.

At a time such as this, a lot of science knowledge goes out the window, and you feel like you're the main character in an 'X-Files' episode. Only, I determined quickly that these giant droppings were no props. My hair stood up on my neck, and my intestines started moving around and making sounds. I just knew I

wasn't in Kansas, anymore.

It would have been great to have had a camera that day. As good intentioned as I would try to be, I had a hard time remembering cameras. I was burned once, by a trusted someone who tossed out seven photo albums of my life. Gone forever. After that happened, having cameras and being an eager photographer lost its' allure. I had packed a couple of disposable cameras to record these one-of-a-kind shots, but today, I was more concerned about falling off a hidden precipice than capturing images. It was a mistake I still regret.

Standing there in the knee height ferns, trying to get my racing brain to focus on what appeared to be a bad place, bad time scenario, I realized that I was standing in an open outhouse. It was still early morning, and the ravine was deep and dark. A group of mystery creatures had defecated, evidently at the same time, several feet apart from one another. The piles were all emitting heat tendrils yet. Each was a different circumference, but none were anything close to human. Some very large creatures had left these deposits in a very clever location. The ground consisted of pebbles with water coursing all around, like hydroponics. The ferns grew profusely in this hydroponic set up. Looking above, I saw that a circle of tree tops, approximately 25-30 ft in diameter, were broken off above the dung piles. Sunlight was thus admitted to help break down the dung. The water table would cause eventual breakdown of the piles. It looked an awful lot like serious thought went into this gathering spot. From no vantage point could

anyone spy on this spot, nor reach it quickly. There were no trails that I could see.

Deciding it wise to depart, I retraced my route down and looking over my shoulder a lot, began my climb. I was a bit rattled by my find, and knew it was special. My relief was great over not being injured or killed. Either the creatures were hiding, watching me, or they were gone. I'm more prone to believe the latter, as nocturnal creatures roam at night. I don't believe this would have been a place to pitch a tent. The huge dung piles were as out of place as anything could be. Of the many incredible things I was to eventually witness, this was a chart topper. Nothing in North America, or anywhere for that matter, leaves dung like I found, especially on a mountain. The sight of several abnormal piles so well hidden shook me to my core. If anyone reading this has ever encountered dung like this, high on an Oregon mountain, let me hear from you. Dr. Meldrum told me I was in a small select group of dung finders. No doubt!

I always used to think I was a really brave man, but I found out that you can really learn a lot about yourself and what you would really do in a tough situation, when you find yourself in that situation. Twice in '85 and '89, I made a solo trek around the country on a motorcycle. I nearly bit the bullet many times, and some fear always was present. But I kept my life, and learned valuable lessons. The main lesson learned was to not repeat a bad action that got you into trouble the first time. Then, there are the moments in time when you find yourself a hapless bystander, in the wrong place at the wrong time. For you, hope begins to fade before your very eyes.

One such incident happened to me while winter camping below the Murray, Idaho ghost town. Murray was once a thriving, bustling town of gold prospectors in the 1870s-80s. It was even the county seat. Situated on a beautiful, rushing creek filled with gold, Murray has a colorful past, including the Earp Brothers, Wyatt and Virgil. They came here during Murray's heyday and started their own saloon, calling it 'The Pink Elephant.' Gold dust and nuggets reigned supreme and the Earps liked their pickings. It wasn't long however, before a whole lot of miners and prospectors began accusing the brothers of cheating and waylaying drunken prospectors and relieving them of their poke-sacks of gold. Facing a lynching by an angry mob, the Earps fled in haste, being quoted later as saying they would rather face anything but angry Idaho prospectors with picks and shovels in their hands. Nowadays, 95% of the town has gone to history's dust bin, yet the spirit of these early pioneer folk lives on in the lives of a very few dedicated souls determined to keep Murray alive. I admire them all.

The creeks and streams around Murray, were dredged by the wealthy Guggenheims of New York for several years. Huge tailing piles of quartz, snake for a few miles along the creek. It was among those great mounds by a deep millpond that I found a wooden platform nailed between two trees. It was about six feet above the ground. I decided to pitch my small 1 man, 1 dog (his name was Whizzer, a beautiful Springer Spaniel) tent on this platform. Tying a rope between the trees, I secured the tent and was pleased with being above the snow.

I found several pieces of old corrugated metal sheeting lying on the ground, and stood them on end along one side of the tent, placing boulders at their base to secure them. Their tops extended ½ way up the tent walls. On the other side of the tent, I would park my Datsun pickup, creating a barrier. I was awakened one night by Whizzers' whining and crying. Soon, he began to cry in terror and eyes big with fright, leapt to an opposite end of the tent. Not understanding why he was behaving this way, I kept trying to calm him, to no avail. Then, I heard the stick break. Outside, the fire I had built earlier for cooking and warmth, still burned brightly and because of this, I was able to see a large shadow, circling my encampment like a tiger in a cage. Looking out a tent flap, I watched in shock as a huge grizzly bear with a large hump was methodically circling us. This looked very bad to me, as I realized the bear was most likely wanting to eat Whizzer.

Ducking my head back into the tent, I grabbed the only weapon I had, a .22 short, 6 shot automatic with a one-inch barrel. The entire gun fit behind my hand. Hardly a gun for a Grizzly. At this point the dog was screaming at the top of his lungs and throwing himself from end to end in livid fear. I felt so badly for him. He was inconsolable. So, I began to yell at the bear, at the top of my lungs. All he did was continue circling. All night long, I yelled, and Whizzer screamed, until we were both totally worn out. Right before dawn, the great bear left, leaving a large circle around our camp in the snow. I have never been frightened so badly by what might have happened to us that night, until an incident occurred near the camp Bert and I had.

About a ¼ mile from our camp, was a stream that we could use to pan our ore dirt in occasionally and also to clean ourselves up. The stream ran from a great gulch, dark with growth and shadows. One evening, I was sitting beside the stream, resting from a tough day in the hills. Usually, I was in camp by this time, winding down from the day, but this evening, I decided to remain by the stream until I had to leave due to the darkness. My daydreaming ended when the awful, gut-wrenching, putrid odor(s) enveloped me like a nasty blanket, actually choking off my breathing. Although I had smelled this awful stench before, never had it been as potent as now, or as close.

In an instant, I was aware that I was not alone. I could sense something near, too near, as every danger signal I possess came to life. Again, I could feel my hair follicles reacting, making it feel as though my hair was standing up. I could feel my intestines reacting to the fight or flight syndrome, yet discovered I was rooted into place, unable to move. Although armed, I did not feel safe. Of troubling significance to me, was the feeling that something got right up close to me without my knowledge. Then, I heard the deep breathing and movement very near to me. It was now too dark to see well, and I had no flashlight with me. As hard as I tried to move, I found I could not. The breathing came closer, and I could tell it had to be from big lungs. The evil aroma intensified also as the breathing neared. Now, I could hear it moving, slowly, almost creeping. Then, the breathing sounds seemed to remain in place, so close to me that had I fired

the 12-gauge I was aiming in its' direction, I knew I could not miss. I could definitely tell I was being studied by something, and it was not far from me.

Everything in me ordered me to quickly leave and make for camp, but something not from within me, held me there as though I was super glued in. Try as I would, I could not make my legs work. I'm not really sure how long I remained there, in the dark, feeling the presence of something near. After an eternity or so it seemed, I felt able to walk away. To this day, I can't help but feel that I was allowed to leave. The smell, the breathing, and the rustling of brush, they will always be with me, and not voluntarily on my part. I was much afraid during the entire visit. I felt puny, and anxious, and afraid to yell its' way. I knew it was I, who was trespassing in its' home. But, not once did it growl, or snarl, or make angry sounds. It was as if it were studying me, up close, but using the night as a cloak. The thought has come to me, that the reason I may not have heard something moving in the brush towards me, might be because it could have been above me, in a large tree. The encounter spot was a steep, sloping gulch, with great, towering old growth such as Douglas Fir. The stench would more or less be high above my smelling range and increase as the creature lowered itself, slowly, down the trunk. Many Bigfoot sightings are of the creature peering from behind a tree. It's possible most would not suspect it, but there are stories of the Bigfoot utilizing trees for observation or hiding. Again, it would be a good way to remove your telltale scent when the need arose. In the beginning of this book, I mentioned the encounter with the Fire Captain attempting to intimidate us

with the macho showing of weapons. When I suggested he investigate the giant human looking prints at the Dolly mine, there existed a fairly nice mobile home on the site. Bert and I were investigating old mine locations in order to attempt triangulation in uncovering hidden tunnels. To reach the Dolly from walking the road is to travel up a steeply inclined, washed out bulldozed path. I couldn't run the Honda 250 XL all the way up. Rounding the trail, we spotted the first print in what had been wet clay, now dried. We were astonished at its' great size. Seeing another one close to eight feet away, we went to investigate it and saw the trailer home. The place looked rustic, but neat. There were a couple of vehicles also. We were really surprised to find an older style mobile home so well hidden and unexpectedly high up on the mountain. I saw the cab of a small bulldozer, and determined that they must have pulled the trailer up that narrow, incredibly steep, washed out slope with it. It was an amazing feat. I admired such tenacity greatly, and wished them well in their quest, although not in their presence. It was clear to us that these folks were actively mining the Dolly mine. Nothing involved with mining is easy. These people had no neighbors, at least not what you could call close neighbors. All around them, twenty-four hours a day, was isolation. No daily train horns or semi-truck crossings, no traffic of any sort, artificial or mechanical noise.

The Dolly cuts deep into a steep sloping crest. It is an old mine, scary and very dangerous, much larger than what I feel comfortable in. It was near the

tunnel entrance that we found our first giant prints. It really intensified our listening as we strained to hear any sounds emanating from the mine. We heard nothing, so we departed to hike around this apparently settled mining camp. We knew from experience, that miners are a secretive folk who trust very few and disapprove greatly of perceived trespassing. Getting shot at was the last thing we needed right then. To our surprised eyes, we found the line of giant prints upslope behind the trailer, continuing the fascinating trek over shifting terrain. It looked as though the creature leaving the track was running. The prints remained spread far apart and deep, several with crushed matter in them. A striking sight was a print completely crushing a small log crossing the trail. When I jumped on this log, I did no discernible damage. The creature must have weighed as much as a horse to leave the track it did. These were clearly not bear prints, being biped, big toe and little toe on the correct sides of the foot, and no claw tips present. They resembled my foot, an 11-inch in length in a boot, only, my whole boot front fit within the big toe of these prints. I took many photos of these prints, several to be seen in this book. It was very clear to us that these were genuine and tracking this creature became a very serious task. I know now what the trackers following great beasts, experience. Is it up ahead, behind, beside, above, leaping in the air this very instant toward you? Could it be lying in wait, maybe more than one, enraged because we are audacious enough to hound this solitary King of the forest? Unlike the cowardly lion in the 'Wizard of Oz,' we pretty much accepted the fact the Bigfoot would not sing to us. These prints vanished at the

foot of a huge boulder, with our finding the one on top and the apparent leap to the rock slope above. Feeling a bit shaken after closely examining several well formed prints, we carefully covered each others back as we ventured off on a new compass heading. I still wanted to investigate a meadow seen on aerial photos, the same I was trying to locate when I encountered the defecating bear.

Often, we found ourselves doing a lot of fancy machete work in order to clear vines, limbs, poison oak, etc. from before us. Swinging a machete a lot and hacking stuff in sweltering heat with insects dive-bombing orifices mercilessly, can sap ones strength, deeply. Resting does not replenish the energy exuded. It's more like successive stages of tiredness. We finally reached an area leading out of the deep woods into a beautiful, grassy meadow containing the foundation of an old settler's cabin and small barn. Bear scat was seen in several spots near the foundation. Standing amidst the fallen stone and decaying fallen timbers filled me with a sense of sadness. In my minds' eye, I could see this house whole, filled with voices and songs, good smells and fires, candles or lanterns lit, piercing the night. Visible were the places cleared and probably planted. Large, wild-looking roses and other obviously planted trees and hedges appeared in the last vestiges of being assimilated back into wildness. Clearly, no one had lived here for quite some time.

Searching did not reveal the tunnel these long-departed souls probably worked. Deciding to enjoy the old homestead gave us ample time to reflect on

how brief in time a human lifetime really is. A hundred or more years ago found many folks deceased before reaching my present age. Nothing about this home site appeared to have been conquered easily. Many giant tree stumps dot the grounds, as do fallen tree trunks from long ago. Truly these were magnificent trees once, still very much soul moving as they lie like giant submarines on the valley floor. Did they stop much needed southern exposure? Probably. Perhaps they created too much shade for crops, or, all the limbs were used as firewood, leaving the large holes. It was quite clear that great effort was expended here, and we realized that the homesteaders could very well be buried nearby. Even long dead settlers' homes can make one feel a sense of kinship and nostalgia for the departed. They lived here under tough conditions, yet balanced hope with despair, tears of pain with tears of joy, and gave their all to carve a life from an environment brimming with challenges. More than a century later, you can barely tell they were there.

The first expedition I made to the Oregon woods was to be an intoxicating experience. It can often seem to a person that spends a great deal of time in deep forests, that the woods are communicating all sorts of messages to those who will receive. The old saying, you can't see the forest for the trees, describes a misreading of information. In our case, a discovery of out-of-the-ordinary proportions had us decidedly looking at the forest in a different light.

As I mentioned earlier, I spent part of each evening studying maps and aerial photos and deciding the next day's exploration routes. I'm not very fond

of blind searching and wasting time and energy, especially other peoples, so I'm tunnel-visioned about research. With a day's plan in hand, compass headings, and altimeter reading coinciding, you have to work hard in getting lost. The key is always preparation. We diligently grid-searched a mountainside, following coordinates. It was also my task to lead the searches, and I also did the searches of caverns, tunnels, holes, behind waterfalls, any and every scary looking crevice encountered. Many places contained evidence of visitors, non-human type. I want to get across here that unlike following a path, or trail, or even the way of least resistance, we went the direction the compass led. Early one morning, we were well underway on a course, hacking our way through dense, growth matter, when I came across a mind-boggling sight in a small clearing. There, in front of me, was what at first glance looked to be a crudely woven wigwam, or Indian stick shelter, built in a conical topped, bulging circle. It was a good twelve feet in diameter and about 6 ½ to 7 ft in height. Close examination revealed that it was constructed of similar length sticks of similar circumference. It was, in effect, woven together with these obviously chosen sticks. Searching all around the structure, we found no sign of human visitation, no trails, tracks, refuse, nothing. The sight was so out of the norm for us, that we returned to camp and packed one of the chainsaws back to the stick structure. I wanted to know if it was hollow, as no entrance was found.

Using the saw, we cut straight in the length of the blade and then cut a

tunnel shape in the structure. To our surprise, the structure was woven like a very crude, gigantic basket, upside down. In addition, it was of recent construction it seemed. Minds racing, we played out all possible scenarios for this ‘nest’ appearing oddity. No beaver or muskrat built this, as no water is here. No great bird built it, there were no feathers, scat, or sign to indicate birds. The place this thing sat on is in tough, isolated, hard to reach woods. To say this was a perplexing find would be vastly understating it. This stick structure and several more we were to find, were found prior to the first giant prints Bert and I found on much later expeditions. At this early point in searching for buried tunnels, no one had Bigfoot in mind. We were pretty much stymied. Before this expedition would end, several more woven structures of varying sizes would be found by us. The incredible amount of labor such a structure would require is evident. I don’t see how humans could possibly weave something like these structures, and its too hard thinking of a reason for doing so. Humans make piles of sticks, limbs, leaves, etc. They do not weave the things we found. I took several quality photos of these weird, woven, mounds. One in particular is incredible. It clearly shows a large, taut, green leafed limb from a neighboring tree, woven in to a large, nine ft tall stick structure. The living, woven limb, is clearly seen as woven against its natural direction of growth. Here is a good place in this book to put on our Tom Terrific Thinking Caps. I already know that the photos are a mystery to BLM, Forest Service, knowledgeable lumberjacks, and a bevy of woods experts. I know that you, the reader, will also be seeing a mystery unless you too have come into

contact with structures such as these. Remember .. woven, not piled, similar dimension sticks, not bits and pieces. I should add here that there are no Indians living anywhere near this isolated, deep forest location. Also, these are of recent construction.

As our woods exploration continued on, we discovered a couple of large, woven mounds in quite odd locations. One was built on top of a huge tree stump, and the other on a rock ledge. Both were probably 6-7 ft in height. Never once was any human presence visible, past or present. I could not see where the sticks were gathered from. Remember when I said the forests can send messages if we can be receptive? It was evident these constructions were not natural acts of nature. Snow, wind, ice, nothing in physics weaves sticks together such as these. It is my fervent hope that readers will see for themselves that this is a real anomaly. I have many photos of these oddities, and I'm banking on the photos being mind-boggling to you, the reader. I'm doing my best to give you the whole picture, in full truth, no embellishment, no ulterior motives. Everything you are reading, is hard core truth. When I tell you I could not have dreamed up these incidents, I mean it with everything in me. You are holding the truth in your hands.

During this same expedition, I planned and carried out a unique photography mission. I wanted to be able to see hidden quartz outcroppings beneath the soil, leaves, brush and so on. So I decided to use infra-red photography. Infra-red can reveal 'hot spots,' of energy emanated during

ambient, or equal temperature of ground and air. I found this to be usually around 6-6:15 a.m. and p.m. The process involves using a dual thermometer with both ground and air probes. When ground temperature equals air temperature, there is about a 15 minute window of opportunity to use an infra-red camera to record heat spots. During the day, I would carefully decide and choose each location for filming later. I placed markers to aid me in aiming the camera at the precise spot. As for the camera and film, they were encased with dry ice in a heavy-duty container that blocked all light. Just prior to ambient temperature times, I would go into the pitch black tunnel and load the film into the camera. Next thing was to shoot photos of each pre-marked spot. On the mountainside, with the sun below ridges and tree canopy keeping even starlight out, it can be very dark at 6:15. Carefully taking all of my photos, I would return to the tunnel and replace the camera and film into the container with the dry ice. Job complete!

Upon returning to Spokane, I soon had the infra-red film developed. Using a lens from an old copier machine, I scanned the dark prints searching for hot spots. Many were to be found, making the task of prospecting much easier. But it wasn't so much the hot spots as it was the unsuspecting creatures caught totally unaware that are the basis for this book. Using no flash, a person or animal would not know they were being photographed. I never saw the creatures in the dark. They show up on film. The important point here is this: they believed themselves safe from human eyes, making no sounds, no threatening motions, no

menacing measures of any sort. Hold on to your seat as I inform you, the creatures do not have monstrous faces, mean intent, and animal responses. Although they are huge, hairy, and daunting, they are peaceful, quite intelligent, and a wonder to behold. So very many times they could have torn us to bits, yet they instead chose to observe, and even present gifts in friendship (the plucked marmots). You will never be the same once you view their faces clearly seen in the infra-red.

It has been my intent to present to you a good picture of what we encountered in Southern Oregon above the Rogue River. These events occurred between '95-'97. It is imperative that I provide you with the background motive, means and facts so that I can earn the trust and the belief of everyone in the U.S. especially California , Oregon and Washington. This book is a treasure house of photos, maps, adventures and hope. I knew that you would need all of the variables to decide your next move. This is so very important to understanding what is happening right now. Nancy and I have sat on this knowledge for seven years as protectors. We have been trying to be wise stewards. Our greatest fear was wealthy gun-toting hunters converging on these creatures, with taxidermy in mind. Our experiences, my many expeditions and encounters with these benign creatures, has proven to me they think in a much higher fashion than animals. Now, time is a critical, pressing problem with catastrophic consequences for these special creatures and the entire eco-system beneath and above their great brows.

I have given you what I hope is enough evidence and intrigue to persuade you to really open your awareness capabilities and at least give me a chance to now bring you up to date. The proof only gets better. The adventure awaits your study and evaluation. If you enjoyed the first part of this book, believe me, the best is yet to come. All around the world, people are going to finally see and know the truth. And truth it is. This information and experience is now yours to hold dear and join us in saving these magnificent creatures and their crucial habitat.

I now invite you to join me in Part II of “Bigfoot Among Us: A Cry for Help.” Listen in as I seek the help of the worlds’ leading Bigfoot authority, Dr. Jeff Meldrum of Idaho State. Listen to what BLM, the Forest Service, famous scientists, and newspaper editors of areas affected, have to say or refuse to say regarding our present and current attempts to have Sasquatch listed as an endangered species and protected along with its’ environment. Learn about the good guys working hard in the trenches to keep the truth from being suppressed and 58 million acres of crucial habitat kept safe from export and destruction. This is your chance to stand up and do the right thing when so many in powerful places refuse.

1/15/03

Dr. Jeff Meldrum,

Dear Sir;

At best, this is a difficult letter to write. Yet I know that you already understand this.

Deep in the woods of Southern Oregon, I was involved in mineralogical research that involved tracing the Oregon work of a turn of the century Chemist/Assayer of genius. For reasons I can share at a later date, I became heavily involved in actual ground search and thus grid-searched a sizable portion of a mountain. This work took me where no one ever goes. I took a very credible person with me, Nancy, to a site where I had conducted heavy research and also expended quite a few calories over many months. I gave her a ground tour of two sites, both requiring scratches, bumps and bruises and a huge amount of effort. Partly due to menstrual pain and fatigue, I, and the woods, were subjected to some unhappy and angry outbursts from Nancy. Since it was getting late and we had to reach our vehicle before nightfall, we departed and returned early the next morning. Upon arriving at the site, we were both immediately struck by the fact that something about the site was different. First impression was that maybe a mini tornado set down and snapped off the tops of probably 3-4 dozen sapling + size trees, all at about the same height. The ground bore no human tracks, only a thrashed up looking

area. The trees were snapped like you or I would snap a large kitchen match. The main focus of our attention however, was the giant bite that had been taken out of my work chest. It looked exactly like a giant man took a huge bite out of a white bread sandwich. A bite as wide as this papers length. You could see where it pivoted around and spat out the chewed up trunk material in a fan shaped spray pattern over twenty feet. I believe the potential for DNA is high, since the material is fairly absorbent. I picture a good mouth swabbing with the amount of material ejected.

Early one morning, I went on a search for a deep ravine I had studied from aerial photos. Very difficult terrain, along with giant fallen trees crisscrossing the ground, made for times of crawling under/over trees, boulders, dense foliage, you name it. Pleasantly surprised to discover a fairly flat area at the bottom of the ravine, I noticed the area was covered in knee height fiddler type ferns. Walking among them, I noticed concentrated circles of what looked like heat waves emanating from under the ferns. My first reaction was pure joy. I thought I had found a thermal spot for a future winter camp. Moving aside the ferns however, revealed a huge, circular, ship rope sized coil of dung. Further examination revealed five more, each of a different circumference. All were huge. All were steaming. At this point, I felt my hair follicles react and my intestines roiled. I felt like I was being watched. I saw that water did indeed percolate through gravel from which the ferns grew. (Natural hydroponics) Looking up, I noticed that the treetops were snapped off in a circular pattern

that admitted sunlight on the ferns and the piles of hidden dung. I believe I found a family units' restroom. I left the area rather quickly.

I visited a family living deep within the National Forest working a placer mine. The man showed me a truck tailgate that had been peeled half off the truck. He said that the night before, no moon, he heard loud noises and his hound dog screaming in terror. Rounding the corner of his house, he saw a huge bear, or so he thought, standing upright and with its right paw, peeling the tailgate off the truck. Firing a rifle into the air and yelling, the man said that the bear ran off without dropping to all fours. This family was quite afraid of the boldness of the creature. I firmly feel it had to possess an opposable thumb.

I discovered very large, man shaped tracks while searching a very wooded, yet moist area. Several tracks were quite good impressions due to the material compressed. They were quite large. The toe of my size '11' boot easily fit within the big toe of the track. My silver dollar sized compass looked like a dime beside the print. I followed these tracks for a short while until they disappeared. I finally located them a few feet above my head on a huge boulder. The creature had leaped to the lip of the detritus covered boulder and sprang forward to a rocky zone. It left a nice half-foot impression in the 4-5 inch of tightly compressed matter.

Many times at dusk and during the night, one would hear a huge something with great mass slowly circling the camp. Gun shot type sounds

would emanate from the dense woods where this creature would step, snapping large pieces of wood. An unbearable, most revolting miasma of foul odors would blanket the immediate area and move with the creatures circling. The breathing of a large something was often heard, and never were we able to flush an animal, even using fire crackers. This thing would go silent and move again later.

In a very isolated wilderness zone, I made camp with a friend one night on a newly bulldozed short road. I set up a tent behind the vehicle and exhausted, stretched out for much needed rest. Sometime later, a couple of quick horn toots woke me. My friend had awakened earlier, gone to the vehicle for chewing tobacco, and at that point, saw the creature sitting probably 70 feet away, beside the road, partially concealed by brush. Deeply frightened, my friend jumped into the car and was too afraid to let me know what was happening. He finally could toot the horn that woke me. I left the tent to see what was up and saw him motioning frantically for me to get into the vehicle. He then turned on the headlights and pointed out the creature. It would not face the lights, but when they were extinguished, you could see it turn to look toward you. After a couple of hours of peering at the creature, I decided to return to the tent so I could stretch out fully. My friend did not leave the vehicle all night and said the creature left quickly at dawn.

What I have told you here is true. Nancy and I are very credible people and can easily show truth. We can pass any truth detection method. Time is a

factor for us. Nancy's health status is uncertain and a bit scary. I feel that you need to hear her story while her health is somewhat stable. Also, recent woods legislation is a stressing problem for the creatures. I plan to return to the aforementioned sites within a couple of months. I wish to complete a long interrupted research project and also ascertain present creature activity. I strongly feel that I have been accepted in a strange fashion, to move among the deep woods without having to fear these creatures. They have had ample opportunity to dispatch me if they desired to do so.

Now you know. There is more, but this should suffice. If I do not receive a reply from you, you should still expect a call after I return to look around.

Sincerely,

Karl A. Breheim

509-000-0000

P.S. I really do dislike telephones.

Don't be offended by air silence.

2/15/03

Dr. Meldrum,

Greetings! I think that I should give you some additional information now that you've had time to think over my earlier letter and our telephone conversation. I realize that the combination of strange events I described to you are tough variables to fit into the known/unknown patterns of Sasquatch, or as I prefer, 'Swalalahists.' I also wish for you to know that I can't say how I would think and react had you written the letter to me. I find this all to be a bit of an irony, and I'll attempt to explain why. I attended two leading seminaries, earning a Master of Education, Religion. I also delved deeply into theological studies, ancient languages, writings. As much as I personally wanted to believe that such an elusive creature could exist, I could not seem to accept that it could be. What I say next Dr. Meldrum, I say in respectful terms. I am of the perception that leading Biologists do not place much credence for the existence of Bigfoot for numerous valid reasons. I am reminded that several 'OOPARTS' or, out-of-place artifacts have been stumbled upon here and there over time. Prints preserved in stone, overlapping other prints that seem to indicate an anomaly. In my experience with the giant tracks, which invested with my very close scrutiny, were decidedly non-conforming to any logical conclusion for their existence. I say with certainty that these tracks were not bear tracks nor could they have been faked by pranksters. As I told you, I have

photos, some are of the tracks I followed. I was able to show scale by using a compass, a Coke can, and a gun barrel. I also have my hand inside a couple of the creature tracks. I have a photo of where the creature took a giant leap to the lip of the boulder, kicking out a detritus mass. Plus, I have photos of the anomalous, crudely woven, apparently chosen sticks of similar size. I think you would appreciate these photos. Besides the photos, I have what I feel are one-of-a-kind maps with sites already located, which I highly believe are visited by the creatures in a fashion not unlike a tiger examining locations on its' established run. I perceive a pattern due to the amount of research I've invested. I would like to sit down with you and dialogue in earnest.

You mentioned that you were heavily obligated with the University for the next several weeks. If you were able to do so, would you care to conduct research with me on either the initial return to the sites or as soon as you were free to do so? Either way, I believe you should be witness to what awaits there. As I said to you, my word is good, and I have told you incredible things, but they are incredible true things. A great difference. Think of it. This creature demonstrated its presence, I found its scat, yet I did not bring a circus of searchers in beating the woods hunting for it. Instead, things went unchanged.

It remains my goal to return to the sites between mid-March and April. You mentioned equipment. Motion sensor night vision recording would be nice. I've made camp not too very far from creature sites in the past. One site is quite excellent and could be ideal in recording the creature(s) night visits on

tape/or ? I think a simple seismometer could prove interesting. Your idea of tranking a creature is a possibility. Take quite a dose of Carfentanil Citrate, either from a dart or perhaps strategically placed fruit. I possess instruments that can detect body heat. Day or night, I could locate them. If we drug one, I could possibly find it before it got very far away. A troubling thought to me however, is what if the prone creature is not alone? As I said to you on the phone .. there is a pattern of mean as heck and hard to inflict injury upon in the research I've conducted on those creatures. I have a really plausible idea I wish to share with you, concerning a two-man small blimp observation platform which I feel could give us the highest advantage of success (no pun intended) as a later venture. I have a gut instinct about tunnels and caverns that the creatures are using. If you had access to a thermal measuring device which could detect underground voids and tunnels, I believe we can locate nests, or storage spots. I should tell you, I'm not keen on night searches. The woods are dangerous enough during the day. Cameras at night will help. Sound monitoring is good and so would scent/odor sampling. If camping on the mountain does not appeal to you, there is an excellent camping park not far away right on the river. Showers, snacks, etc. Also, we will not be hassled by anyone. I did things right on previous field trips. As for me, I am 49 years of age, in pretty good shape. I'm a veteran, disabled, on a military pension. I'm very capable in the woods and I'm an expert shot. I can track. I am a nice fellow, I don't smoke, lightly

social drink barely, and do not use drugs. I am a regular guy, straight, and a real faith man. We should get along well, as I read hundreds of books each year and like to be up on things.

I really hope that you can believe me and help me in this monumental undertaking. I will not deceive you. Put me to any test you require, but reach far and grab hold to what I am offering. Drop me a few lines or give me a call. I have trouble initiating telephone calls and more trouble conversing. Tell me what you think, what you can or can't do, and dialogue with me. Where I come from (I'm related to Robert E. Lee and Jimmy Carter) we would say 'time is a-wastin.'

Your friend,

Karl A. Breheim

5/3/03

Dr. Jeff Meldrum:

Greetings again! I enjoyed the hours you and I spent in your lab/office discussing evidence and expeditions. As I said I would, I traveled on to Oregon and stood on the site of the 'box biting' creature visit, on April 11, Nancy's birthday. I felt this to be quite appropriate considering her part in the rather mind-numbing incident she and I both witnessed. As you recall, this is not a heavy snow zone, so I was a bit surprised to discover two broken trees lying across the site. They are broken oddly, and appear placed.

I made camp at the site I told you of which, once again, became a creature 'visit place.' As I said I would do, I poured my urine around the research area and my van. While I was trekking down an obviously little used trail, I came upon a large, circular mat of soft vegetation including large ferns broken off and placed in a circular type direction. Several small saplings were still bent over in the direction of the trail that I was approaching from. All of the saplings skin/bark was wiped clean on the forward force side. At this point, the incessant rain and a cascading snow run off caused me to have to shuck off my gear, outer clothing to relieve myself. Without thinking, I urinated all over the possible bedding down site. Upon gathering my gear, I moved on and found the trail dead-ended about a hundred feet from the bed. Beside the water were the ruins of an old Arrastre. I noticed quickly that huge, barefoot prints ran up a very steep, slippery slope next to the Arrastre. I took photos. I believe that I

may have startled a resting Sasquatch causing it to bolt from its bed, scraping the small saplings clean on one side. I think it saw me and ran up the steep slope.

Back at camp that night, I was too fatigued by my hike and climbs to make whistle calls and use the computer headphones or my thermal measurer. The equipment you mentioned earlier would have been nice to have. I believe the infra-red motion sensor you have and the simple seismometer I mentioned would have recorded a visit I received shortly before that very dawn. I awakened to a cold, drizzling rain, and exiting the van, I noticed that both tires looked like a high pressure hose shot a 1 ½-2 inch wide band of what appeared to be urine across the top 1/3 of the tire. There were several dribble lines slowly moving down. Astonished, I went around to the other side of the van and both of those tires were marked in the same fashion. I saw no urine on the van body, nor any puddles around. There was no acrid urine aroma that I could detect. The rain intensified and I think its still raining there as I write. Easter Day was the only day of sun I encountered over two weeks. I really believe that the creature I awakened and then on whose bed I urinated .. that creature paid me a visit that night and showed dominance or anger, or something by urinating over my own urine circle upon my bed.

Dr. Meldrum, my mission is a success! I have successfully recovered the material that Nancy and I saw up close, shortly after the creature spat it out a few years ago. You stated that styrofoam material should be an excellent

repository for DNA. I've enclosed two photo prints that my photo buddy, Don Burge prepared. These material pieces were protected beneath a six inch blanket of nature's carpeting.

The box from which the giant bite was taken was gone. The material I recovered involved hard physical labor in bad weather. I had to remove a great deal of surface material to recover the pieces. Average overburden was about six inches. There are tooth indentations showing sequence. Nancy and I both instantly recognized the tooth markings. You said DNA talks. I believe, like the group who had to bring the Wizard of Oz the witches broomstick to obtain his help, that I have been blessed by God, a disabled man, able to execute such a trying mission. Being a Christian man, I don't believe in chance. I think that if you could have joined me on this search, you would be impressed by the conditions under which the DNA prospect material was protected.

My fear is that massive and aggressive tree removal slated in early summer will drastically alter an important area. The sites I revisited are covered in blue paint, virtually every tree. I found no scat this time because they would have been foolish not to choose a new location. Forester activity is intense. I saw very little of this a few years ago. I found the log which I photographed in infra-red, revealing what looks like a young female Sasquatch sitting on the log in the dark, watching us, which I showed to you weeks ago. There is nothing hanging, or standing, which could have photographed looking like a creature.

I have what I feel is a breakthrough in understanding what exactly the

woven stick structures I showed you the photos of, are. You and I both agreed that the misnomer creature, 'Mountain Beaver' average weight 1-3 lbs does not, and could not create the huge, conical tipped, wooden structures. You pointed out the woven in, living tree limb next to a stack and remarked how non-normal that was. This expedition netted incredible photos of these stick structures, quite large. I noticed many looked recently constructed and led more or less in a direction of NE. As I searched the gulch area further, I came upon what looks to be a stick structure in the very beginning stage of assembly. I took photos. Now this is where the potential reasoning ability of the Sasquatch appears to reveal itself strongly: the stick structures pretty much led me to a well concealed, sturdily built wooden hunting platform with a clear shot at a barrel, heavily chained around a tree. The lid is welded shut with the upper part looking like this. The lid is cut so only an arm could reach in to grab anything. The chain is grown into the tree. This activity has been at this location for quite some time. This is BLM land, not private.

Dr. Meldrum, I believe that the impossibly sized stick structure was built by the Sasquatch as a cry for help. I think they knew that someone would eventually realize that a tiny, mink family mammal could not possibly drag and

interweave large wooden matter to such huge dimensions. These structures truly stand out, and grabbed my attention years before. Not one woods expert had ever encountered such structures. I found evidence of clear cutting miles beyond the lock-out gates. The Sasquatch may be pointing to an ambush location, not to mention the area is completely marked in paint. It looks ominous.

I am not anti-tree harvesting. I wish to protect the old growth areas and species that the Sasquatch depends upon.

The two marmots, with every hair plucked out and placed at my doorstep on that dark lonely mountain, struck me as an incredible peace offering. You agreed that this was quite unusual. You stated that the over head hand of the 2nd infra-red photo of a Sasquatch was anatomically correct. You agreed when I pointed out the same type nose in my photos as in the one-of-a-kind print you purchased from Roger Patterson in 1968. You were pleased with my foot photos and my description of the huge coils of dung I found a few years earlier. I feel that you believe me. You said the DNA was primary, and that you and Idaho State, and the DNA lab in New York would be very happy to be of assistance were I fortunate enough to actually recover DNA potential material. I believe a lot of answers await the analysis. As I told you before, I believe that you are the individual who can see that this is done right the first time, and protect the creatures and their habitat. I am willing to present evidence and speak about those things. This expedition injured me badly physically. I blew out my knee after a couple of days of serious climbing. I endured back pain even until now as I write.

I cracked something across my chest and smacked myself in the head with my shotgun. Ticks have feasted on me, poison oak has a very unfriendly grip on me. I have bruises. The many miles have taken a toll on the van and it needs repair. I feel pretty beat up presently, but I want you to know I met my goals. I was able to complete much of the mineralogical research and research on John Garvin, who sparked the beginning of this endeavor and who, also, encountered Sasquatch in the same location, 100 years ago.

Please contact me with advice and a chance to dialogue. There is much I have not touched upon. I do wish to tell you that I feel that a Sasquatch answered my whistling one night. It must have been moving quickly and covering some ground. It responded to each whistle. Again, the ROGUE RIVER CORRIDOR and the mountain area I've encountered creature evidence in is in imminent danger from the cuts. It is my fervent hope Dr. Meldrum, that you can extract DNA and identify a divergent line, proving existence, and save the habitat your expertise identifies as crucial. Please feel free to contact me at any time to talk. I enjoy our discourses.

Your Friend,

Karl A. Breheim

6/23/03

Dr. Joy Halverson,

Dear Maam:

Thank you for the wonderful conversation about DNA extraction. I looked up your website and wish to congratulate you for your incredible achievements. Thank you for bringing closure to so many important cases.

It took me a long time to finally reach you. I truly believe that you are my only hope in solving this incredible mystery. Exactly seven years ago, a friend and I discovered the huge bite taken out of a styrofoam work chest. The fragments were lying on fresh earth that contained no growth matter. Said fragments were lying in a twenty foot pie piece shape spray pattern in front of the box. The bite was about as wide as this papers length. It looked like this:

There were no canine tooth marks. The teeth marks were half circles like a giant mans bite from a white bread sandwich.

The photo I've enclosed is the retrieved spat out material. The box was gone.

This chewed material was covered by an entwined mass of natural forest floor covering with an average thickness of four inches. Two dozen plus small saplings were snapped off at about 8-10 ft height. The earth in front of the box was quite disturbed. We left rather quickly, taking

nothing. We decided then that we would not reveal our find as we were afraid that wealthy hunters from around the world would converge on that beautiful location in search hunts. Everything went well until a few months ago when I learned that the exact area where this event happened is to be pretty much clear-cut of its timber in July. What I haven't told you is that we found other anomalies within the same area. It would be a terrible loss to us all if the science experts lose this chance to study the area before the heavy equipment destroys the habitat.

I believe that the styrofoam fragments may contain DNA. Hopefully, material from the biters' cheeks, tongue, palate and teeth are embedded in the pieces. My concern is the seven year period. I don't know if DNA material can survive on the surface of the styrofoam for that length of time. My hope is that DNA material was ground into the styrofoam in the chewing motions, as much of the recovered material looks chewed. My biggest fear at this point is that I will swab the pieces that may show nothing and miss the ones that have it all. Would it be possible to subject all of the recovered fragments to analysis? This is all there is. I realize that to do so requires destruction of the fragments, but it would be so very wonderful to discover a divergent DNA line which can save habitat and ensure protection of a possibly one of a kind creature.

Again, I wish to thank you for being so nice and so helpful to me. It means more than I can say. I leave all in your very capable hands and look forward to hearing from you. My phone number is 509-000-0000. If you

catch the answering machine, please leave me a message and I will promptly call.

Sincerely,

Karl A. Breheim

7/23/03

Dr. Joy Halverson,

Dear Maam:

I enjoyed our conversation yesterday and I am thrilled that a leading edge Scientist who is unlocking the barriers to a greater understanding of DNA is actually taking the time to help me. You must be one of the busiest scientists in the country. Believing this, I would like to say to you that everything I have told you is true. I would never pull you away from important work for a lark. Something incredible happened on that lonely, remote mountain that night. If anyone can unravel needed answers here, I fervently believe it is you.

As you may have noticed, I am not one to interrupt a scientists' work with calls, letters, etc. I know that when you arrive at your conclusions, you will contact me. Great is my respect for your achievements and potential. I am enclosing promising fragments per our discussion, and wish you my very best in your endeavors.

Sincerely,

Karl A. Breheim

*Karl A. Breheim
19625 E. Wellesley Ave #54
Otis Orchards, WA 99027
509-924-3363*

*Mr. Rolf Sklar
Siskiyou Project
9775 Takilma Road
Cove Junction, OR 97523*

Dear Sir:

My name is Karl Breheim. I received your name and organizations' goals from Ms. Pam Welnor of Green Peace in San Francisco.

For several years in a row, I conducted research in the Siskiyou National Forest. This work resulted in several incredible discoveries that I deeply feel will aid in your work and will also prove very interesting to Dr. Jane Goodall. Presently, Dr. Joy Halverson, of the University of California, Davis, is conducting research upon evidence that I'd submitted to her well over a year ago. Also, Green Peace is presently lending assistance. Plus, Mr. Joe Serres, Attorney/ Biologist, President of F.L.O.W. (Friends and Lovers of Oregon Waterways), Ashland, Oregon, has met with me on-site and reviewed evidence.

I have prepared a concise journal of my experiences in the Siskiyou and have enclosed it for your perusal. I have no ulterior motives with this. I am doing everything I can to protect the eco-system there and fervently hope you will review carefully the enclosed disc.

Sincerely,

*Karl A. Breheim
Enclosure (1)*

*Karl A. Breheim
19625 E. Wellesley Ave #54
Otis Orchards, WA 99027
509-924-3363*

*The Jane Goodall Institute – USA HQ
8700 Georgia Ave, Suite 500
Silver Spring, MD 20910*

Dr. Jane Goodall;

Dear Maam:

My name is Karl Breheim. I conducted several years research in the Siskiyou National Forest, Oregon. DNA prospect material was submitted to Dr. Joy Halverson, University of California, Davis, well over a year ago. Dr. Halverson said that she detected a possible divergent line of DNA, heavily obscured by mineralization. She requested additional material from me and I happily complied. It is my understanding that she has been searching DNA data banks for the past year.

I submitted a concise journal of my findings to Ms. Pam Welnor of Green Peace, San Francisco several months ago. She in turn led me to Mr. Rolf Sklar of the Siskiyou Project, which I know you are associated with. Dr. Goodall, it is imperative, due to upcoming planned timber cuts within the above-mentioned research areas, that you review my journal contained on the enclosed disc. Evidence photos are available also. I fervently believe that you will be interested in my findings. Please read the journal. A vast zone of irreplaceable habitat containing an interesting life-form is depending on your analysis.

Sincerely,

*Karl A. Breheim
Enclosure (1)*

*Karl A. Breheim
19625 E. Wellesley Ave #54
Otis Orchards, WA 99027
509-924-3363*

*Green Peace USA
702 "H" Street NW, Suite 300
Washington, DC 20001*

Dear Sir/Madam:

My name is Karl Breheim. For several years in a row, I conducted research within the Siskiyou National Forest, Oregon. I fervently believe you should be aware of my findings as I feel you are the agency with the ability to make a difference with the information I am sending you.

Ms. Pam Welnor, Green Peace San Francisco, has had a journal that I submitted to her several months ago. This past week, she led me to Rolf Sklar, The Heritage Foundation, and Dr. Jane Goodall. I have submitted DNA material to Dr. Joy Halverson, University of California, Davis, and she has spent the past year conducting analysis. I have conferred several times with Mr. Joe Serres, Attorney/Biologist, President of F.L.O.W. (Friends and Lovers of Oregon Waterways), who also met with me on-site along the Rogue River. Also, I have conferred with the heads of B.L.M. and Forestry Service of Oregon, yet I still fervently need your assistance.

The eco-system of the Siskiyou National Forest along with the Rogue River Corridor is in imminent danger of devastating action that will destroy permanently any chance of scientific research into a newly discovered source of divergent DNA. I am enclosing a journal of mine on disc that I fervently hope you will analyze. Time is not an ally in this matter. Please review the journal.

Sincerely,

*Karl Breheim
Enclosure (1)*

19625 E. Wellesley Ave #54
Otis Orchards, WA 99027
509-924-3363

Green Peace International
Ottho Heldringstraat 5
1066 AZ Amsterdam
The Netherlands

Dear Sir/Madam:

My name is Karl Breheim. I believe it is imperative that I submit research information to you, an international body not influenced by American political pressure.

Over the course of several years, I conducted research within the Siskiyou National Forest, along the Rogue River, Oregon. This area is probably the last pristine eco-system fairly untouched by greedy capitalists in the U.S.A.

I have discovered ample proof of a divergent line of D.N.A. within this zone and have submitted material to Dr. Joy Halverson, (QuestGen) of the University of California, Davis. This imminent, world-renowned DNA/Geneticist informed me that she has found something exciting and research-worthy in the samples I gave to her. She is searching data bases to confirm her findings. I also possess a great deal of additional evidence material that I have incorporated into a journal and placed on the enclosed disc, which I am sending for your analysis.

Many of my efforts seeking help with this matter have led to time delaying and obstruction tactics by various agencies. I have however, received encouragement from the Green Peace Office in San Francisco, California. Ms. Pam Welnor has been my contact person. Time is not an ally in this matter, as the Bush Administration has chosen this exact area of important research potential, as its' primary zone to clear-cut the old-growth timber. They have virtually banned any scientific research there, and several top U. S. Scientists are bound by the Government and State edicts.

I fervently hope that you can raise an awareness of this, as I believe the other nations of the world should have a say on this matter. Once the destruction begins here, the entire world will lose a one-of-a-kind discovery. Please analyze my journal.

Sincerely,

*Karl Breheim
Enclosure (1)*

19625 E. Wellesley Ave #54
Otis Orchards, WA 99027
(509) 924-3363
January 29, 2005

Dr. Joy Halverson
QUESTGEN Forensics
1902 E. 8th Street
Davis, CA 95616

Dear Maam,

Forgive me for interrupting your work, but current extraordinary discoveries in the Congo necessitate this letter. I have enclosed a copy of "Time" Magazine's January 17, 2005 article "Lost Apes of the Congo" by Stephan Faris, Vol. 165, Iss.3. Along with this article, I have enclosed for you my journal, "Big Foot Among us: A Cry For Help", that I have placed on disc. I believe the mystery "ape" of the "Time" article could be related to or even the same creature as the ones whose DNA I expect to be recovered from the two cups of styrofoam samples I sent per your request several months ago.

Please read my journal. You are a paramount figure within it, and it is my deepest hope that you will help solve this ultra-important quest. As you once told me, "Karl .. I'm your only hope." My hope in your brilliance has not faded. I have been deceived by a few, but I have faith in you. My aims are pure, to save these creatures and the eco-environment they are dependent upon.

I, once again, place my work into your (capable) able hands, and wish you my very best in your endeavor.

Sincerely,

Karl A. Breheim

Enclosures (2)

19625 E. Wellesley Ave #54
Otis Orchards, WA 99027
(509) 924-3363
January 28, 2005

Mr. Rolf Sklar:
Siskiyou Project
9225 Takilma
Cove Junction, OR 97523

Dear Sir:

Several weeks ago, I sent you my journal on disc, "Big Foot Among Us: A Cry For Help." I described an Ape-like creature encountered by myself and others in a remote section of Oregon, USA. Size, facial features, a unique "ground bed" composed of soft flora gathered and transported, unusual spoor, and print information are among the many observations listed in my journal.

I have enclosed a copy of the January 17, 2005 "Time" Magazine article "Lost Apes of the Congo" by Stephan Faris, Vol. 165, Iss.3. You will see that extraordinary findings mentioned in this article, were reported by me almost two years prior to their "discovery" in Congo, Africa. I describe these anomalies in detail and pinpoint their location in Oregon. It is my hope that you will notice the inestimable odds against my "making up" these findings.

I need your attention and aid in proper scientific scrutiny of these anomalies. Time is a critical factor, and I fervently hope I have your assistance. A unique life-form along with its' endangered eco-system stands in harms way.

Sincerely,

Karl A. Breheim

Enclosures (1)

Cc: Jane Goodall Institute; Green Peace International; Green Peace USA; Dr. Joy Halverson, QUESTGEN Forensics; Tom Lutely, Spokesman-Review; Time Magazine

19625 E. Wellesley Ave #54
Otis Orchards, WA 99027
(509) 924-3363
January 29, 2005

TIME LIFE LETTERS
ATTN: Editor
Time Life Bldg
Rockefeller Center
New York, NY 10020

Dear Sir/Madam:

I am Karl Breheim. It was with great interest, I read your January 17, 2005, vol. 165, Iss.3 article, "Lost Apes of the Congo" by Stephan Faris. I am enclosing a copy of my journal "Big Foot Among Us: A Cry For Help" that has been placed on disc. This journal goes into great detail describing identical discoveries found in a remote section of the Rogue River in Oregon as described by Mr. Faris as being "discovered" in the Congo. Predating Mr. Faris by two years, I describe a "mystery" creature's facial traits, spoor size and texture, bi-pedal stance, tracks, characteristics, and unique "ground bed" comprised of soft, assorted, gathered and transported flora formed into a round shape.

It is my hope that you will ascertain the tremendous odds against my having "made up" these findings. I have contacted numerous agencies and imminent scientists over the past three years in search of assistance to help halt planned "Old Growth" clear-cutting in the areas teeming with evidence as outlined in my journal. My aim is the allowance of proper scientific analysis to inspect there anomalies before the timber and mining agencies obliterate them. I have encountered stiff resistance and "stone-walling," and so, I implore you to read my journal. It is my firm belief, that the same creatures "found" in the Congo, inhabit the wilds of the Rogue.

Sincerely,

Karl Breheim

Enclosure (1)

Cc: Rolf Sklar, Siskiyou Project; Jane Goodall Institute; Green Peace USA, Green Peace International; Dr. Joy Halverson, QUESTGEN Forensics; Tom Lutey, Spokesman-Review

19625 E. Wellesley Ave. #54
Otis Orchards, WA 99027
(509) 924-3363
January 29, 2005

Mr. Tom Lutey
Spokesman-Review
POBox 9260
Spokane, WA 99210

Dear Sir:

It is time to contact you again and bring you up to date on the "Big Foot" anomaly you so ably handled and reported on many months ago.

I am enclosing a "Time" magazine article, "Lost Apes of the Congo" by Stephan Faris, January 17, 2005, Vol. 165, Iss.3. You will see that extraordinary findings reported in the "Time" article, were described by me two years earlier. Height, facial description, hair, prints, spoor size, characteristics and traits, and unique "ground bed" preparation of selected and transported flora shaped into a bed, were all detailed in the final letter to Dr. Meldrum that you possess a copy of. I don't need to tell you of the odds against my having "made up" these findings, which are identical to the recent "discovery" in the Congo.

I have written a journal and sent it to all Green Peace agencies, Rolf Sklar of the Portland Institute, Jane Goodall, Ape Expert, and now, "Time" Magazine. I am a serious researcher Tom, not a backwater rube as Dr. Meldrum alluded. Would you consider a follow-up on the initial interview and aid us in this continuing quest?

Sincerely,

Karl Breheim

Enclosure (1)

19625 E. Wellesley Ave #54
Otis Orchards, WA 99027
(509) 924-3363
January 29, 2005

GREEN PEACE INTERNATIONAL
Ottho Heldringstaadt 5
1066 AZ Amsterdam
The Netherlands

Dear Sir/Madam:

Several weeks ago, I sent you my journal on disc, "Big Foot Among Us: A Cry For Help." I described an Ape-like creature, encountered by myself and others, in a remote section of Oregon, USA. Size, facial features, a unique "ground bed" composed of soft flora gathered and transported, unusual spoor, and print information are among the many observations listed in my journal.

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I need your attention and aid in proper scientific scrutiny of these anomalies. Time is a critical factor, and I fervently hope I have your assistance. A unique life-form along with its' endangered eco-systems stands in harms way.

Sincerely,

Karl A. Breheim

Enclosure (1)

Cc: Rolf Sklar, Siskiyou Project; Jane Goodall Institute; Green Peace USA; Dr. Joy Halverson, QUESTGEN Forensics; Tom Lutey, Spokesman-Review; Time Magazine

19625 E. Wellesley Ave #54
Otis Orchards, WA 99027
(509) 924-3363
January 29, 2005

Green Peace USA
702 "H" Street NW, Suite 300
Washington, DC 20001

Dear Sir/Madam:

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Sincerely,

Karl A. Breheim

Enclosure (1)

Cc: Rolf Sklar, Siskiyou Project; Jane Goodall Institute; Green Peace International; Dr. Joy Halverson, QUESTGEN Forensics; Tom Lutey, Spokesman-Review; Time Magazine

Part II

After keeping our silence for seven years, I discovered that there were massive timber cuts slated for early summer 2003, right in the heart of Sasquatch evidence. Staggered at the choice of locations, and reading accounts of professional foresters questioning the rationale for site selection there, I realized the time had come for a return to Oregon. Almost daily, news media reported reversals of protecting regulations, which served to preserve species and habitat from endangerment. You, the reader, probably know of plants and animals that have disappeared into extinction. Many others are now teetering on the brink of, now you see it .. now you don't, status. This is why it is imperative for you to voice your concern with the information available to you within this book. I'll be frank with you, I'm not a writer. I've never written a book and my letters to Dr. Meldrum are rare. This however, is the only method I have available, which can light up the imagination of all of the rest of you, 'CREATURES KEEPERS.' Please understand me here when I tell you that train loads of irreplaceable old growth timber head for ocean going ships daily. These are the centuries old trees, each species a unique link in the ancient, original ecological system. These trees, reader, huge, tall, majestic, one of a kind trees, last of their kind, are not replaceable. And they are vastly important to not only the entire forest eco-system, but to the Bigfoot in particular.

This place in the book is good to give us all another 'Tom Terrific

Thinking Cap' moment. Picture in your mind a huge forest of giant trees, not only the well known Sequoia, but other species just as large, such as Pine and Douglas Fir. High up in the leafy areas of these massive trees, resides an amazing assortment of creatures. One of them is the Spotted Owl. From high up in that old growth tree, alive before Columbus sailed in 1492, the spotted owl watches very closely. Far down below, living in a fallen, hollow old tree, is a colony of ground voles. These tiny creatures favorite special food, are the nuts that fall from the giant old growth trees. After swallowing a nut, a special enzyme within the little voles gut causes the nut to crack open. Traveling far enough away from the tree to defecate the nut, which can now sink roots and not be crowded out by the parent tree, the little vole heads for its' log home. Swooping from the treetops like a blur, the Spotted Owl has seen the vole, soon to be the Spotted Owls' dinner. This is how it has always been, reader. The Spotted Owl has always swooped down on the same little vole, keeping its' numbers in perfect proportion to the need for more giant trees.

This is your Eco 101 lesson: No Spotted Owls, ground vole population eats itself out of existence, no more giant trees take root. Burn this example into your consciousness, and let it tingle your awareness the next time you hear some expert remark dryly that there are no important links between forest animals and the forests themselves. With our caps still on our heads, I want you readers to once again go with me to a distant forest, nestled deep, alongside and within majestic , sweeping mountains. All the shades of green delight your eyes, and

before you, is a beautiful rushing, river, full of leaping salmon. The fish are large, many are record sized. At different spots along the river, bears, along with other hungry animals, wolves, mountain lions, even ospreys and eagles, feast well upon the dying and dead salmon, rich in nutrients and nitrogen. Now, the salmon have been living in the ocean waters for some time, and their bodies have absorbed nitrogen, deposited from the atmosphere over the eons.

Rich in nitrogen at the end of its life, the salmon is carried from the waters and partially consumed within two hundred feet of the water. Eating only select portions of the fish, bear and other animals leave great amounts of flesh to decompose, adding rich nutrients and most importantly of all, nitrogen. Trees and flora just can't live without it. Eco lesson 102: The atmosphere deposited nitrogen in oceans, which salmon bring with them when they return to their home waters. In death, salmon feed an entire eco-system, spreading nitrogen to spur plant growth and trees near the water.

Living links between animals and plants makes it impossible to say that one is superior, because value of one species to another is relative. Looking at the Earth from the moon or deep space, you are immediately aware of all the black, empty vastness surrounding our unique planet. And unique we truly are, beings comprised of 50+ percent water, living within a unique, gaseous mass we call our atmosphere. Were one major gas ingredient in our atmosphere off by a small percent, for instance, the percent of oxygen, everything

breathing air on the planet Earth would quickly die, the very air now an alien atmosphere.

Our circle of life, contained within our atmosphere, is seen from deep space looking much like a beautiful, blue glowing aquarium, against a black background. I challenge you to remember this view of Earth and understand what the word 'irreplaceable' really means. It means not capable of being replaced. Each centuries old tree, along with the many life forms it sustains, is like a giant spark plug, energizing the engine of ground it occupies. Remember reader, we are not speaking of fast growing, harvestable trees. It is the 'clear-cutting' of these old growth groves, comprised of centuries old, irreplaceable trees, under the guise of lawful harvest. It is my hope that Joe Serres, Attorney/Biologist, a man I admire and am happy to call friend, can halt the saws along the Rogue River corridor and the mountain on which I have labored.

A few years ago, I read a newspaper account of Dr. Jeff Meldrum. The article spoke of his background and expertise with Great Apes and now, Sasquatch. That is Dr. Meldrum on the cover of this book, holding a print cast. I clipped the article and saved it, never once thinking that one day, he and I would speak several times by phone, and also spend half a day sharing evidence in his lab/office at Idaho State University.

Being an avid reader, I was reading periodicals at my local library when I discovered Dr. Meldrum in a couple of leading journals, discussing his belief in Sasquatch and the evidence he had. Impressed, I felt that this was the man to

contact. After several inquiring calls, I was given Dr. Meldrum's phone number at Idaho State. It was a Friday afternoon, and I got his voice mail announcing his absence and for callers to leave messages. I told Dr. Meldrum that I had information he would want to know about and to please contact me when able. Nine-thirty the next morning, Dr. Meldrum called. Getting right to the point, he said he was very interested in what I had to discuss with him, and we had a good conversation about Sasquatch in Oregon. I told him of the bite from the toolbox and my work in the mountains. We laughed over the picture of Nancy and I pushing the wrong buttons of the Bigfoot.

I decided to tell him more, so I told him of the night incident involving Bert and myself, and a huge Sasquatch that decided to sit and watch us. It was possible that the creature was not expecting to be spot lighted by automobile bright lights, although not once did it exhibit any concern. Thinking back to that moment when, flushed with excitement, Bert emphatically demanded I look closely at where the beams shone, I remember thinking, why should a creature such as this, fear us? I suspect it knew of man's weapons, probably smelling the gunpowder in our shells. It knew also, I'm sure, that we could see it was actually blocking our path out of that short, freshly bulldozed forest road. Behind the reddish haired creature's back, the rugged slope climbed quite steeply. Only a few feet beyond it's out stretched huge feet, found the slope steeply descending into inky darkness, with tips of large trees visible through the night mist. This

night was as black as outer space, no moonlight or starlight filtering through.

I feel a pressing need to tell you reader, Bert and I felt some alarm at facing a creature that looks like a movie beast. This huge, hairy, life form sat and turned much the same way my extremely contented cats do in my presence.

I told Dr. Meldrum that the creature was about a mans' height, sitting flat on its rear. It would quickly turn its head around, 180 degrees away from the headlights, looking behind. The stark contrast of the creature in the bright lights, next to the boulders and bushes, showed us detail of its' fur, its' size, and its' face. We could see the hairs separate and silhouette in the light, as it turned its' great head and shoulders. They were hugely muscled, like a slimmed down, 'Hulk' of the comics. The head, neck, and shoulders seemed to be a conical, pyramidal shape, and the face was completely devoid of a muzzle. It looked completely humanoid, like a rough version of the old, 'Alley Oop' caveman character. A little disquieting to us at first, was the creature's hard, direct, staring at us clearly outlined in the windshield. The eyes were large and dark, and seemed unblinking in the micro-seconds of headlight beam, discernible after turning them off. It never stood, raised an arm, made a sound, or appeared threatening. It would merely turn that great, conical tipped, furry head smoothly away from the beams.

It was a tough night that night. Bert was clearly beside himself, and refused to leave the vehicle. He told me that he had left the tent, which was about 30 ft from the car, much earlier that night to grab some chewing tobacco

from the glove box. Hearing rocks moving not far ahead in the darkness, he decided to shine the cars lights and maybe see a bear or elk. To his utter horror, he instead saw the Sasquatch. He was afraid it would run and attack him if he left the vehicle, and thought it might do the same if he sounded the horn to wake me. The poor guy perspired profusely for a few, long, hours until he finally decided to tap the horn, which did awaken me. Carrying my 12 gauge pump, loaded with large slugs and double ought buckshot, I climbed in wondering why he was acting so animated. He was like a guy who had just seen a UFO land and wanted you to see it. Barely able to contain himself, eyes large and clearly startled, he cried, 'Look!!' and turned on the lights. For over two hours, we stared intently at the creature, turning off the lights every few minutes and turning them on again. The thought of turning the lights off and then discovering this thing looking at you beside the window when you turned them on again, was disturbing to say the least. We also were careful to not drain the battery and really find ourselves in a bad way. Eventually, fatigue and exhaustion claimed me once again, and I told Bert I was returning to the tent so I could stretch out. Believe me, he thought I was insane to leave the vehicle.

I opened the vehicle door while Bert spotlighted the creature. It looked non-plussed, and did not flinch as I walked the distance to the tent with my shotgun by my side in a non-threatening manner. I entered the tent and placing the weapon beside me, promptly fell sound asleep. That day had been one of

the toughest yet, and I'm twice Bert's age. When I awoke in the morning, I found Bert wide awake in the vehicle. He told me that he'd flashed the Sasquatch 'til dawn, when it rose abruptly and left very quickly. Bert had been too spooked to leave the vehicle to answer nature's call when it came, so he became rather inventive with what he had on hand. He said he got a good look at the creature as it left, and it must have been 9-10 ft tall. It was also graceful and fast. What we both agreed on instantly, was the easygoing, almost relaxed attitude we could discern of the creature. It seemed to know we were not a danger to it. For all purposes, it really seemed that it studied us all night. It did not crash and roar and throw boulders at us. Neither did we ever fire our weapons at it or any other creature in the forest.

The distance it sat from us made it quite easy to have placed a slug in an eye socket or below its chin. It definitely read our intentions correctly that night. We were making the right, peaceful moves. Large, fresh prints were visible where it had sat, and we could see where the track led off up the mountain slope. We decided to follow them and encountered our hardest climb yet. So steep was the slope, that we fell several times, having many close calls. Deep sunken prints, twice our boot size, led higher up slope, vanishing when the slippery soil cover turned into rock. To our surprise and joy, they led us toward an old tailing pile of quartz rocks that indicated a tunnel hidden nearby. Eventually, we deduced what should be a spot directly above the now long buried, century old tunnel. Before us, the ground looked like all the other ground around us. Running my

deep probing VLF detector back and forth above the ground, I determined a deep reading of heavy mineral radiation.

We dug and pick-axed for two days before uncovering the apex of the buried tunnel. Over ten feet below the surface, we uncovered one of the most beautifully carved tunnels we had yet seen. The amount of time and work expended to carve this beauty must have been extreme. It turned out to be loaded with sulfides, and gleamed brilliantly wherever our light beams danced. Well over two hundred feet deep, it proved to be a worthy find, and we promptly named it the 'King Solomon.' It was while leaving this mine one afternoon, that Bert would find himself upside down, dangling over a deep precipice, held in place by his shotgun sling caught on a limb. We had many such days during our forays of exploring.

All of this and more, I was to share with Dr. Meldrum during that first telephone conversation. To my relief, he assured me that he believed my story, and told me of an encounter he had experienced in the early 90's. 'He' and several other scientist types, undertook an expedition into the Blue Mountains that stretch from Washington State, deep into Oregon. Their objective was to search for Sasquatch in the rugged mountainsides, using previous sightings as leads. Dr. Meldrum told me that on a rainy, dark night prior to settling in for their sleep, two of the scientists were confronted by a tall, teeth clacking Sasquatch just outside of their campfires' light. According to Dr. Meldrum,

the scientists yelled and raced back to camp, hurriedly diving into their tents, also causing the others, including himself, to dive headfirst into his own. 'Karl,' he said, 'the Sasquatch ran into our camp and knocked one end of my tent down. I could hear its' approach, the deep thumping of its feet. I quickly looked out my tent opening and saw the back of the creature, disappearing into the rainy blackness. On the ground in front of me were its giant footprints, the grasses smashed down, just starting to spring 'upward again.'" I could tell by Dr. Meldrum's words, he had indeed, seen a Sasquatch. 'You had an encounter of the third kind,' Dr. Meldrum,' I said to him, 'you are an eye witness.' He then replied, 'yes that's true. It almost knocked my tent down on me.' We shared further about how we both came to be involved in Sasquatch study, and I was certain that Dr. Meldrum was the man with whom I could share my incredible finds.

During the conversation with Dr. Meldrum, he informed me of the many, full-time fielded scientists he oversaw around the U.S. These folks camp and explore the most logical places a huge humanoid would roam. He told me he supplied them with motion sensor cameras, and various electronic items, to be placed in strategic spots. Some of his cohorts were in Florida, searching for the 'Skunk Ape,' some were back east, searching out the hairy humanoid sightings, and the majority were traipsing over a great portion of the Pacific Northwest. I could tell that this leading authority on Sasquatch had earned his due. He asked me several questions, which I realize now were a testing of me. Dr. Meldrum

later said, that he has encountered embellished stories from so-called ‘eye witnesses.’ One of the questions for me, was what did I think a creature such as Sasquatch could live on for sustenance, in an environment without a lot to choose from? Since I’ve invested a great deal of research into the history of Sasquatch sightings, I began to list what others had seen them eat. Sasquatch have been seen making rock stacks, as they search deep for ground squirrels, patiently removing stones until they uncover the fist size rodent. They have been spotted screaming at an elk, of massive size itself, somehow causing the hapless creature to ‘freeze’ in place, as if hypnotized. Running up to the elk, the huge Sasquatch grabbed it up by its neck and savagely bit into it. It then picked up the motionless elk and strode off into the woods. They have been seen gathering certain types of grasses and lichens, nuts and berries, fruits, corn, about anything handy.

Little known about these creatures is their use of deep creeks, streams, rivers and open waters. They love the water, and relish the fish they catch to eat and store away. They are known to be strong swimmers, reaching the Islands to eat deer there, off of the Washington Coast. They have been seen striding from rivers with huge salmon in their grasp. Dogs are a treat for them, not only tasty, but to silence them. Sasquatch exhibits hatred for hounds. They have been seen stealing chickens, and walking over high fences with 400 lb pigs under each arm. Also little known is their fondness for elk newborns. Elk calving grounds

draw Sasquatch like a favorite, all night diner. Not to be dismissed lightly is their penchant for dumpster delicacies, especially the exotic tastes. Many remote tourist ranches and retreat areas are regularly visited by hungry Sasquatch. Finally, Indian legends of the Mt. St. Helens area tell of the largest and fiercest Sasquatch, which had a taste for man. Reaching twelve feet in height, encountering this monster was bound to be dangerous to ones health. Interesting, I think, that a volcanic blast took out the entire zone that these true ‘monsters’ inhabited. Lastly, I told Dr. Meldrum I believed Sasquatch might be equipped with more than a single stomach, like a ruminant. This could help explain the terrible odors. Bio mass. Fermentation. Kind of a cud chewing system, able to sustain a large life form during lean times. Like a goat, they probably can eat almost anything and extract nutrition. Dr. Meldrum seemed surprised at my list, and agreed that what I described made sense.

His next question of me was, ‘did I fear them,’ since there are no accounts of them being confrontational or dangerous? Now this question did take me by surprise, as I’ve read many accounts of fierceness associated with these creatures. However, the Sasquatch were always shot at and hounded. In those days, everything was looked at as potential food, or danger, or both at once.

I told Dr. Meldrum of Indian stories of young people abductions, during the night. I related to him about century old law man reports I had read, telling of prospectors, settlers, even law men whose bodies would be found minus arms and legs, torsos tossed over embankments. He knew of the hunting party/Bigfoot

confrontations over one hundred years ago in Oregon, where a hunter shot a small Sasquatch on a precipice and it fell a great distance. Late that night, the group was savagely attacked by several Sasquatch, throwing boulders and trying to tear down the low slung, heavy log shelter they were using. All night long, the hunters fought for their lives, firing through walls and roof at huge, hairy, grasping, arms and hands, doing everything possible to reach the terrified men inside. Rifle barrels were grabbed and held onto, even when fired. Ear splitting howling and screeching, along with tearing and flailing at the cabin, seemed the only objective of the enraged forest giants. They left at dawn, much to the relief of all inside. I mentioned cases of people pulled from boats by submerged Sasquatch. People chased while on horseback, in automobiles, or on foot. I went into detail about Theodore Roosevelt and his friends, who encountered a Sasquatch while on a hunting trip to Oregon. One man was killed, neck bitten and snapped. Dr. Meldrum knew of this incident and about Albert Ost, the hunter who was kidnapped while asleep in his sleeping bag, flung over the creature's shoulder while still in the bag, and carried at a trot, up and down mountains for a day and a half. The creature carried Ost to a high country cavern inhabited by an older female, and two young Sasquatch, along with the large male who had kidnapped him. They treated him well, showing friendship and curiosity over his belongings. Ost said later, that it looked as though he were mate material for the young female. He watched the young gather grasses

and berries for storing away, and saw the large male bringing great salmon under each arm. Never feeling hostility from any of the creatures, Ost made good an escape and swore to his death that he told the truth. To my relief, Dr. Meldrum acknowledged that he had been testing me. My respect for him grew even greater. Dr. Meldrum stated that it would be great to see new Bigfoot evidence. To my ears, it sounded like he was carefully probing to see if I would extend an invitation, so I did just that. After all, like the Ghostbusters slogan: who you gonna call? In my mind, this obvious genius of a guy was the right call.

Sounding pleased, Dr. Meldrum said commitments at Idaho State most likely had him tied up through the summer, but he would think about it. He said it might be possible to undertake a field trip, but it would not be easy. Field trips for him were now rare he said, a bit sad and longingly. Also, a replacement professor may be a difficult task. Then, in an exuberant tone, Dr. Meldrum told me that even if he could not join me yet, the least he could do would be to provide me with equipment. He stated that he did this for all of his Field Scientists, and he was willing to provide a quality motion sensor recording camera and other items for my return expedition to Oregon to retrieve the chewed up bite material. This was really good news to my ears, and I told him the equipment and advice were very welcome by me. When he found I had plans for an early April return, he asked if I could wait until summer. I explained I believed the woodcuts would begin then, and it would take time to return, gather evidence, and prepare the case against timber cutting. I have learned about last minute effort attempts to get

things done. It's a bad habit to cultivate. Everything within my soul screamed action. Our talk lasted about an hour, and full of hope from our discussion, I said I would prepare an evidence letter and mail it to him immediately. Thanking me and telling me to keep him informed, we ended that first conversation which occurred in December, 2002.

Elated, I contacted my good friend, Keith Martin, in Mobile, Alabama, my boyhood home. I had been close friends with Keith since our young teens. People thought we were brothers since we resembled each other. Ever since Nancy and I had the box-biting incident, I made sure Keith knew all the facts. He and I grew up dressing in camouflage, covering our scents, stalkhunting animals in all kinds of weather, day and night. Never killing anything, we would try to sneak up as close as we could, unnoticed. Once, during an early morning, light rain, we succeeded in getting close enough to slap a large antlered deer's rump, causing it to rear up, snorting wildly before leaping away. The rain and our patience helped us greatly. Over time, Keith and I became proficient with rifles, pistols, and bows, with practice, lots of practice.

I have been very comfortable with firearms for most of my life. So has Keith. I decided I needed him for this incredible, upcoming expedition. For seven years, we spoke on and off about the two of us gathering evidence one day if deemed necessary for Sasquatch protection. To my dismay, Keith decided he could not join me in the spring. I had airline tickets and everything lined up

when he broke the news. It was a real blow for me, as I was looking forward to Keith's keen mind and survival savvy. To this day, I believe he really wanted to go on the trek with me, but Keith has an ax hanging over his head with diabetes. I have seen this brave man lapse into diabetic shock. I've witnessed the sweats, shortness of breath, and blood drain from his face. Keith, if you're reading this brother, God's healing and grace be with you. I deeply hope a cure can be found for you. And I want you to know, I missed your comradeship while I was alone on that mountain. None of my friends in Spokane wanted me to plan an expedition alone, so I contacted a couple of friends who were up to the challenge. I had lost contact with Bert, who had left years before for Alaska. Bill did not wish to return to the mountain, and I discovered I was on my own. You the reader, know my predicament and position. I believe that you, holding this book, would most likely do what I knew I had to do .. save the creatures habitat and the eco-system therein. So, I prepared the first letter to Dr. Meldrum and mailed it in mid-January to him, special delivery at Idaho State University. As you probably read, I informed Dr. Meldrum of overwhelming, out-of-the-ordinary evidence of Sasquatch. I felt that the letter, along with our conversation, would bolster his trust and confidence in me. Weeks slipped by and I heard nothing from Dr. Meldrum. During this time, I prepared equipment and began gathering expedition materials together. I would purchase essential items and box them up. The weather in Spokane at the time was wintry, and so preparing for the special expedition helped soothe my anxious thoughts and restlessness.

Contacting Dr. Meldrum weeks after sending my letter, found us cheerfully exchanging ideas as though we had spoken only a day before. Apologizing for not reconnecting with me, Dr. Meldrum spoke of the busy state he was in, teaching, grading papers, family life, and so on. He said that he had a wealthy backer who might provide a substitute professor for his class during the summer, that could allow him to accompany me on the evidence gathering expedition. It would however, require a preponderance of evidence to gain the backers' aid. Dr. Meldrum asked me if I could send a complete dossier of my evidence for their perusal. He would guarantee confidentiality, and if they saw potential in my evidence, there was a good chance Dr. Meldrum would be free to join me and we would do all the initial reconnoitering and assure evidence sterility, free from contamination. I agreed, and told him I would send a dossier soon for them to study.

It happened that my photographer friend Don Burge, House of Burge Photography, who is responsible for the excellent styrofoam photos in this book, went out of state for an extended period of time. Don has a unique ability of setting up one of a kind photo shoots. Since he was unavailable to take shots of evidence and papers and such for Dr. Meldrum, I decided to await his return, rather than send incomplete material. After two weeks passed, I decided to call Dr. Meldrum again and inform him of the reason for the delay of the dossier. He sounded disappointed, and said that his backer had him strung out by his

thumbs, requiring solid evidence before he could consider aid. Now, I had not given Dr. Meldrum all of my data yet. I was leery of dropping so many bombshells on him at once. However, it seemed the time to tell him more, and so I told him of my infra-red photos of two Sasquatch, and also of the deliveries on the doorstep of my pull-camper of large marmots with every hair plucked out.

He sounded surprised and very interested, and said it was certainly unusual for an animal to be plucked like that of all fur, no visible wounds, and the bones broken up, making the strange looking rodent quiet pliable. He agreed that the marmots were prime meat for many night time hunters, and it was highly unusual for the carcasses to remain undisturbed. What really attracted his thinking, was the lack of wounds and blood on the bodies. It's apparent that these unlucky marmots could not have crawled to the camper and climbed up to stretch out, nude, and die there. Twice. To me, at first glance, it was every bit like an 'X-file' episode. In hindsight, I now am convinced that I know what happened, and why.

The infra-red photo of the young female Sasquatch apparently sitting peacefully on a log, observing me, says to me that she is relaxed. She doesn't appear agitated, angry, or combative. Personally, I feel she was simply studying me, perhaps, even in a fond way. I believe she is responsible for the gifts of plucked, tenderized marmot, set so carefully upon my grated metal step. Probably observing me for months, she would know I was no threat. Think about it. If you were she, living in an area of wildness rarely visited by humans,

wouldn't you be curious when the same one returns year after year, living in the same mountain backyard? So many times, unknown sounds would visit our ears, unknown smells would assault our breathing, and gut-roiling 'feelings,' of being closely watched, would change our heart beat tempo. Clearly, either the young female, or members of her 'family,' were the ones responsible. It is highly probable, that no one else in a long time had been on that mountain, grid-searching for hidden gold tunnels. In effect, we were probably the best entertainment they had ever encountered. For them, the show was free.

To my way of thinking, the Sasquatch revealed their (its) presence over blind jealousy. You see, the marmot gifts were several months after the tree-snapping, toolbox biting event. It seems plausible to me, that bringing Nancy to the recently unearthed tunnel, pushed all the 'wild buttons' at once. I can see how the visit could be misconstrued, especially from a wild creatures perspective. We very well could have appeared to be claiming and marking territory as a mating couple, possibly enraging either the doe-eyed young female, or an enraged family member reacting to her distress at the presence of a menstruating female accompanying me. Either way, the apparent hostility was plainly visible. Since I did not bring Nancy back to inhabit the tunnel, it is likely all was forgiven. I see it this way: It happened to Albert Ost, an unknown number of Indian young people, and possibly others throughout time. In basically the same mountain region. Why not again?

All of this I discussed in detail with Dr. Meldrum. Again, I told him I still planned a mid-March, early April expedition date. Once again, he asked if I would send my material to him. I replied that, rather than send it through the mail, I would rather bring it personally so that we could get our heads together and discuss what was before us. He sounded quite surprised, but pleased. He informed me that he would come in at 8 a.m. on a Thursday, his normal day off, to unlock his lab and prepare for my arrival. Glad to hear this news, I said I would be there when he opened, next Thursday morning. It was time to gather up any loose ends for this very important expedition. Stocking up on supplies, equipment, water and more, I also had my van prepped and tuned. Leaving nothing to chance, I tried to diligently be prepared. Being an old Eagle Scout, I knew what it meant to 'be prepared.'

One important piece of equipment I had to have was improvised from a portion of a tent pole. I took a 1 ½ ft length of aluminum tube, sealed one end, drilled vent holes near the base, and thus created a sky-rocket launcher. Utilizing both screamers and poppers, I could light the fuse, aim the tube, and the bottle rocket would fly fairly straight and true into tunnels, caverns, log dens, and any non-inviting opening I chose to test. This was the only expedition to this danger-filled place I was to make, alone. I did not think it prudent or wise to risk close encounters with teeth and claws. I would let the harmless bottle rockets evict any hidden dangers for me. They would come to work very nicely for me in the coming days. Cheap, lightweight, loud, and smelly, it was kind of like having a

tiny bazooka. The 3-4 dozen firecrackers on sticks resembled a miniature quiver of arrows. It had been almost five years since my last Oregon expedition. I had pretty much worn out two altimeter watches with the probably inordinate amount of readings I could average in a day. The old timer miners at the turn of the century used simple barometers to record elevation. I would make sure to also have a barometer in the watch, so I could take barometric readings in all types of weather, at different times of the day. This way, I had a much better shot at getting the same readings as the earnest souls with their liquid. On the previous trips I always had an altimeter. This trip would be different. I now knew full well the mountains of my interest. No altimeter was needed now, along with G.P.S. I just about wore those out also. Oregon woods are very rough on electronic gear. For this trip, a good reliable compass was all I needed. Every way can look like the way you came in the deep forest. A new and handy little gadget called the 'Myotron' is now a valued tool in my ditty bag. This garage door opener looking device packs twelve volts. Five times more powerful than a stun gun, requiring no charging time between knockdowns, I made sure it was on me. A Myotron acts by interrupting the nervous system of anything that possesses one. Even very large animals can be paralyzed when touched. I considered the device to be a deterrent if I were jumped by a lion or bear, or what have you, doing my best to touch it somewhere, breaking its hold. I say this respectfully, yet I can't fathom why Roy Horn, the famous lion tamer, failed to have one built

into his microphone. Trying to fend off such a beast with an eight ounce microphone will not work.

On this subject, I wish to relate an interesting story. You read in the first part of this book about the chemical spray I purchased in Grants Pass. I was wearing a can in a leather holster during a grueling, down slope trek, when I lost my footing and crashed and tumbled a short distance. The force of my landing tore the holster from my belt, and I lost them both in dense foliage. I had no other weapon with me since I was quite confident of the spray's stopping power. Several items crashed away into lostness, including a new compass, knife, lens, and other things I still miss. Being a good distance from camp, now slightly banged up and bleeding enough, I felt a little vulnerable at that moment in time. I searched for some time to no avail. Glad to have another can at camp, I made my way back, angry at myself for being klutzy. The following spring, I again searched for my missing items and to my complete astonishment, found the can, minus the leather holster. In the can were four, large canine, tooth holes. It struck me then, as to what must have happened. Either a mountain lion or bear (judging by the large holes) found my holstered can, and after eating the sweat and salt caked leather, next bit down hard on the full can of sixty, one-second sprays, of what must have been a taste of hell in its' mouth.

I had seen what a one-second burst could do, stopping a charging rhino and instantly stopping a fight between Bengal tigers. What a screaming, flailing, murderous rage, coupled with what must have felt like bobbing in

lava, reverberated through the black forest that night. I believe the great bear I encountered on the next expedition, may have been the hapless victim. It has occurred to me, that one reason it stared for the length of time it did, could have been to compare my scent with that almost worse than death spray can it chomped into only a few months earlier. With poor eyesight, it could have bolted away like it did, terrified of a second encounter, upon recognizing my scent. Smarter than dogs, it seems reasonable a reaction of this type could occur. I am fairly certain a mouth and throat full of that stuff would be an attitude adjuster for anything with a brain.

It was to be a new approach this time in regard's to setting up camp. I was unable to find anyone willing or able to join me on this journey. Dr. Meldrum had earlier told me that it was possible he could join me if the evidence was there. He alluded to needed equipment and other aid, including another Biologist already in the field. I told Dr. Meldrum that it was he I preferred to collaborate with due to our discourses already. He concurred and said he was greatly looking forward to seeing me in three days. Satisfied that it was worth driving fifteen hours in the opposite direction of Oregon to receive his assistance, I began to complete my checklist of supplies and gear. No tenting this trip. My eyes had seen more than enough proof of wild existence to ever feel very good in a flimsy shelter. At least, not in that location.

The van would serve as a mini-hut, strong and weather resistant. I

packed two thick roll mats for a bed, along with several blankets. My good friend Donna Gallant, and her friend, Ruth Dumke, gifted me with a propane heater and lantern that served me well during two long weeks of incessant rain and last vestiges of winter. Stocked with soups, cans of fruit, several self-contained snack meals, and other non-refrigerated items, I made certain I would not go hungry. A folding table, collapsing chair, and plenty of fuel for lights and warmth were neatly stored away in boxes. Outer wear and all season apparel had been carefully chosen and boxed. Along with shovel, rake, ax, military machete with a saw back (invaluable there) rope, evidence bags, M-80 firecrackers along with the bottle rockets, first aid supplies, firearms and ammunition, I cached my earlier expeditions maps and charts for night time research. Memory is good, but maps are better.

Two, very special pieces of equipment were joining me on this trek. The first is a 'Star Trek' type sensing device called the 'Life Finder LF-3.' This flashlight-sized device has two temperature sensing elements, a left element and a right element. Each is offset from the central axis by approximately 3 degrees, with a gap in between. As the unit is scanned from side to side, a heat source is sensed by one element prior to the other. The unit constantly compares input between the left and right elements to detect temperature changes. A significant difference results in lights (or sounds.) This indicates a temperature edge has been sensed. Also housed in the LF-3 is a long range motion detector. Small temperature changes (caused by movement) in the field are sensed. Range:

zero-1000 yards based on weather conditions and field of view.

The other valuable tool is my Binar 20/40 Headset. It has spatial, microphone design which accurately determines the direction of all sounds. It will stop dangerous sound, yet will amplify directional hearing with its spatial, dual, uni-directional, condenser microphone. Used together, these futuristic tools guarantee I won't be caught off guard by things that go bump in the night. Combined with a few other electronic gizmos, the problem of being alone becomes a manageable one. With no one to cover my back, I could and did sweep the forbidding forests when needed. The startling find for me was the amount of movement, much of it heavy, revealed by the equipment. Of course, it did not require space age gear to spot the comings and goings of wildlife there. As I mentioned earlier, various species scat was almost everywhere I would look. Runs, animal trails, led in all directions. The marvelous circle of life, broadcasting its existence loudly, tugged at my soul constantly, reminding me that, yes, I am the forest's keeper. From treetops down to the 200,000 insects found in a cubic yard of Oregon forest earth, life is springing and leaping, flying and crawling, fulfilling each destiny as blueprinted by God.

I left Spokane on April 9, 2003, to meet with Dr. Meldrum in Pocatello, Idaho, home of Idaho State University. Leaving at night in order to be at Dr. Meldrums' lab by 8 a.m. the next morning, I began a long, trying drive to Pocatello, encountering snow and icy roads and trying very hard to stay awake.

After a few, scary, close calls and a quick roadside nap or two, I pulled into Pocatello around seven the following morning, and began to search for Idaho State. With a little help, I located the campus of Idaho State University, and with parking pass on the sun visor, began the search for Dr. Meldrums' office. It was early morning, around 8 a.m. or so, when I finally was standing in a darkened corridor facing Dr. Meldrums' office/lab. The lab is on an upper floor, and it is apparent that it is not a thoroughfare for every day students. There were no hall lights on in the entire area, save for a spot of light around a corner, revealing a separate science department sharing the corridor with Dr. Meldrum. I could barely distinguish the multitude of posters depicting great apes, a myriad of Sasquatch posters, diagrams, charts, photos, huge faces peering out at you. There were foot print charts, geographical charts, a plethora of 'in your face' giant humanoids information. The only thing missing here, was Dr. Meldrum, so I began my wait.

After a couple of hours passed, I began to think I may have been forgotten. Try as I would, no one I asked, knew how I could locate or contact him. I understand that many important people are very difficult to connect with, and the couple of faculty members I did speak with were reluctant to assist. They seemed to seriously doubt Dr. Meldrum would come and open up his lab on his day off for me. I couldn't really fault them. It was obvious that I wasn't a student. I'm probably older than Dr. Meldrum. Plus the fact I had longish hair and a beard, wearing outback clothing, and most probably looking very exhausted,

failing their litmus test of authenticity. Whatever the reason, I finally found my way to the main floor office, told a lady of my 8 a.m. appointment with Dr. Meldrum, and asked if they could contact him to let him know I was here. Calling his home, she discovered he had just departed. Thanking her, I returned to the still darkened corridor, and awaited the professor. Sometime later, while I was peering closely at a poster in the darkness, a fellow approached and commented that it must be hard to see. I chuckled and agreed, telling him good morning. Unlocking his lab door and entering, I followed him inside as he turned on the lights. Evidently startled that I had followed him in, he asked if he could help me. 'I'm Karl Breheim,' I said to him. His look was totally blank. 'Who?' he replied. 'Karl Breheim,' I again said, 'we spoke three days ago on the phone, I drove in from Spokane.' Right then, realization set in as to who I was, and he looked a bit embarrassed.

Expressing surprise, Dr. Meldrum said he thought I might be coming next week instead of today, and apologizing for my wait, invited me to join him in his office. The truth is, I was so glad to finally meet this learned Anthropologist/Bigfoot expert, I could readily forgive being misplaced. As tired and bleary-eyed as I was, I began to quickly come on line as I sat facing this monarch of primate lore. After conversing with him on the telephone over the previous four months, and sharing evidence in two letters, I felt I was gaining his trust, and hopefully, confidence in me.

My first impression of this scientist over the telephone was a really good one. Having been educated as an educator, licensed as a Master Level Counselor in Washington State, I have learned to read people well. I liked Dr. Meldrum's openness and friendly manner of communicating. He has an ability to draw you into a conversation that can easily cover more science in an hour than many ever experience. He reminds me a lot of Judge Reinhold, the movie actor, even sounding like him. Now, after months of plans and re-planning, I was happy to hear him say, 'What have you brought to show me?' As I opened my folder brimming with photos, charts, lists and so on, I scanned the office and saw that he was an avid reader. Literally hundreds, perhaps a few thousand paperback, and hardback books, lined his walls on all sides. Titles covering probably everything known of apes, biology, anthropology, woods lore, science, geography, and so on. My kind of collection. Startled, but pleased, I realized instantly that I had read a great number of these same books over the years. We have a lot in common, book wise I thought. It's going to be an interesting meeting.

The first items I placed in front of Dr. Meldrum, were two infra-red photos of about fifty, that I had taken seven years earlier around two tunnel sites. One, the photo of a young female Sasquatch sitting on a log in the dark, is on the cover of this book. Excited, he studied the photo carefully, asking several questions about time, place, conditions, etc. After careful examination, he said it was authentic, non-tampered with, and unfakeable. I next placed before him

a second infra-red photo, depicting the twisting upper torso of a huge Sasquatch, face turned to the side, holding its' right arm above its' head, hand open with fingers splayed wide, looking as if it were about to strike something. The arm resembled Popeye's, the cartoon sailor, and the fingers looked like sausages. Clearly stunned by this photo, Dr. Meldrum scrutinized it very closely, using a hand lens. Tracing the fingers outline, he looked at me with wonder in his face and exclaimed, 'Karl, the hand is anatomically correct. This can't be faked, and natural objects in the forests can be ruled out. These photos are striking and cannot be faked.' He asserted that I really had something unique. I next presented him with several, footprint photos, contrast shown by my hand, gun barrel, coke can, and compass. Clearly happy over these, he pointed out a fact that he said authenticated the prints as genuine. 'See how only the front half of this print compacts the soil? Few people know that full prints are fairly rare. Sasquatch has a unique trait of usually walking and setting weight on the front half of its' foot. Here .. behind the ball of the foot. I knew immediately that the print was genuine. In fact, this looks like the print of a huge Sasquatch that Dr. Grover Krantz tracked for many years through the Blue Mountains, not far from where your evidence is. He named it Big Toe, because of the huge big toe.' I reminded Dr. Meldrum that this print is the one I told him of months before. This is the one my hiking boot toe end fit easily within the big toe area. Dr. Meldrum said then that he believed it could be the very same Bigfoot. It

was evident he was highly pleased. After this initial sharing of our minds, he invited me out to his lab where two graduate students were carefully working. Explaining that I would see items few would ever see, Dr. Meldrum began pulling out evidence drawers crammed to capacity with plaster casts of various sized footprints. Most had forest floor detritus clearly outlined on the print. Whorls, serving the same function as fingerprints, were clearly seen in every cast examined. 'Look at this Karl,' I heard him say. 'These are casts of a baby Sasquatch.' My brain raced as I beheld the small, abnormally wide prints. It was quite evidently not a normal set of children's prints. No child could make such deep indentations in soil without a large monkey on its' back. (Pun intended) Also, the toes looked too wide and stubby to be a human child. Considering the deep, rugged wilderness area in which they were discovered, these were truly special.

Quite pleased with my reaction, he then pulled out what he announced to be a true rarity in Sasquatch print evidence: A giant hand print, with palm as wide as a sheet of typing paper and about as long, with huge fingers as large as German sausages. Noting my astonishment, Dr. Meldrum said that the world has yet to know of the hand print. He stated something to the effect, that the Discovery Channel was to announce its' presence sometime in the near future. Going on to explain, he said a bait pile of fruit had been set beside a stream in Northern California. When the researchers returned to the site, they noticed much had been eaten and then spotted the huge hand print in the shallow water next to the

fruit pile. Working feverishly, they made a dike around the print to clear out the water and using quick drying plaster, recovered the print I was holding in my hands. 'Soon the world will know of this,' he said. 'Isn't it something?' I readily agreed that indeed it was. Motioning to the extensive print collection, Dr. Meldrum said that he had inherited the collection amassed by his mentor, the late Dr. Krantz of Washington State University. If you ever watched any documentary on Bigfoot, you have seen the astute, late Biologist/Anthropologist. It was obvious that Dr. Meldrum admired him greatly, as do many of us who reveled in his discoveries. It was clear to me that his successor apparent was this pleasant and engaging young scientist who was readily making a name for himself in the field.

Standing with Dr. Meldrum beside a workstation in his lab, I decided to try a small test of my own for Dr. Meldrum. A short time earlier, I came across knowledge of a highly secretive, government field team of scientists, who had been actively observing and tracking Sasquatch in the zone of old growth timber that, as I write, is being slated for slashing and export. This team and others spent over two decades studying the creatures and their findings are mind-numbing. Now this is quite important for you to know, and I challenge you, the reader, to put it to memory: Sasquatch has a recognition, friend or foe greeting, complete with arm movement and sound. The scientists learned that when outsider Sasquatch approach one another, they extend an arm full length toward

the other and bring the arm to their chest in a horizontal, 45 degree movement, all the while making a high pitch sound which mimics the Japanese word, 'Suki.'

When repeated by the other, the challenging Bigfoot would vanish into the woods, non-threatening. The field scientists were to have a couple of opportunities to employ this unusual greeting with a Sasquatch they were tracking. Thinking they were on the trail of their quarry, they would themselves be surprised by a quick encounter when a large Sasquatch would step out right in front of them. Hastily mimicking the greeting, they discovered to their elation that the Sasquatch would vanish into the woods exactly as he did with meeting the other Sasquatch.

Knowing that only a small handful of people on the planet were cognizant of this greeting, I asked Dr. Meldrum if this meant anything to him, and performed the Sasquatch greeting. Watching his face closely, I was struck by the surprise registering so clearly. He answered in a low voice, 'Yes, yes it does. That is a recognition greeting to detect friend or foe of Sasquatch.' Now after hearing this from him, I too, was probably appearing quite startled. I had long deduced that the scientist acknowledging knowledge of something as 'X-File' material as a Sasquatch greeting, most likely knew of the tracking team. You could have heard a pin drop in that laboratory. Both of Dr. Meldrums' grad assistants had stopped all work and were staring at us like we were from Mars. I then decided to go for broke since I knew he had been truthful with me. 'Dr. Meldrum,' I said, 'I read in the news that the Bush Administration has issued a mandate to all Biologists

in the U.S. who are in positions to ascertain species value as to whether or not they are worth trying to protect and save as endangered. They have been instructed to scale back value assessments, making many species especially vulnerable to extinction. Are you affected by this mandate?' This time, initial shock and alarm at my direct question registered clearly, and looking like a trapped soul, he again truthfully answered my question. 'Yes Karl, I suppose you could say that,' so softly I could barely hear. At this point, he became aware of his grad assistants' open staring of incredulity, and hurriedly ushered me back into his office, shutting the door. Dr. Meldrum and I both understood then, that the other knew much more than originally anticipated. I could detect a familiar feeling I've often encountered from people who became aware that they may have seriously under-estimated me. I'm always extra careful to not allow myself to do the same thing. It's always exciting to me to witness a special spark, insight, higher levels of awareness in those who many fail to recognize as having merit. Back in his office, Dr. Meldrum was anxious to see my remaining photos and other evidence. Time passed quickly as we studied, pondered, and speculated. He believes there is only one type of Bigfoot in America, the type in my research area. I pressed him on this, asking then, 'What were the really large Sasquatch group indigenous to the slope of Mt. St. Helens?' I pointed out the many differences known between the groups. The Blue Mountains and Rogue area creatures are smaller and not known as man

flesh eaters, in contrast to the Mt. St. Helens group. He then immediately capitulated saying, 'Ok, two then, but that's all.' To this I replied, 'What then, of the prints found around the earth for centuries, even longer, clearly delineating closer to six, maybe as many as nine, distinct, separated, hominid types, based upon foot print castings? These casts clearly show the same type creatures identifying traits/markings no matter where they are found.'

They have clearly shown several distinct types, and he, himself, being a print expert, knows this to be true. Also, I pointed out, 'What about the Skunk Ape you said your field scientists are presently searching for in Florida? It clearly has been described by witnesses as being different from Northwest Sasquatch. Where do you place it? Lastly, what about the widely reported through time, water dwelling, hair covered hominids of much shorter stature, bipedal, with an intense hatred for humans? What of these?'

I could see the evident frustration and inner turmoil on Dr. Meldrum's face. He's struggling with this, I told myself. He then, a little heatedly, protested the inaccuracies of researchers and authors of such information, stating they took too many liberties with their assumptions. He did not believe any water dwelling Sasquatch existed, period. I next brought to his attention the many sighting reports, many of them in recent time, of Sasquatch swimming great distances in open sea to reach outlying islands filled with deer. I mentioned the many river sightings of them defecating in mid-stream, exiting waters with huge fish they had just caught, and reports of them entering and exiting rivers

and creeks (one of the scariest Sasquatch photos I have yet seen is one taken by a Forest Ranger showing a clearly angry, dripping wet Sasquatch emerging from the river.) I then mentioned my theory about the Sasquatch I encountered on the Rogue River. The mountains and river itself are a labyrinth of lava tubes and fracture zones. This is well known to geologists. I believe the Sasquatch depend heavily upon the Rogue River salmon and other fish, not to forget all the various water plants. Since they are known to be amenable and comfortable in water, what would prevent them from, over time, discovering where all the underwater caverns or cracks are, leading to perfect living areas and hiding locations? Also, what better way to escape observation than by submerging until the coast was clear?

There are many years of sightings centered in a large, swampy zone in Texarkana, Arkansas. The waters are black and deep, and it has proven easy to get lost in such a vast and dangerous place. Alligators and poisonous water snakes make their home here. You may recall the 1970's movie, 'The Legend of Boggy Creek,' detailing multiple encounters with Sasquatch based on true stories, was filmed here. The major difference in comparing the encounters in swampy areas with Pacific Northwest encounters is water. A great number of eyewitnesses state they observed huge, hairy, ape men creatures entering and exiting water. Several reports bear witness to giant, hairy arms flipping boats and attacking fishermen. Unlike apes who swim poorly and usually drown if

they find themselves in water, Sasquatch appears quite at home. Being of higher intelligence than apes, they have a greater understanding of cause and effect.

It seems the Sasquatch has the brainpower to learn from observation and deduce. If you watched Indians for hundreds of years going about daily life, you most likely would learn some of their ways, such as building things, although crudely. You might learn to swim, weave, throw, wear crude skins, from observation. Most of all, you definitely would learn human reactions to yourself. Think of it reader: you are 8 ½ to 10 ft tall, weighing in at 1200 lbs. If someone were to put a hair covering suit on the movie 'Hulk' creature, he would resemble you. Each tooth in your mouth leaves a mark the size of a human's entire bite. Your hand is over a foot long, not including your German sausage sized fingers. The skin and fat layers of your body are inches thick, easily able to deflect and absorb shot and blunt trauma. You are primarily a nocturnal hunter with highly developed senses. You are able to run for two days, up and down steep slopes carrying a heavy weight. You are so tall that you can easily walk over a barbed wire fence without breaking stride. You can easily run 45 mph plus for a reasonable distance, leap like a tiger, and climb faster than a bear. The largest record breaking fish in the deep water holes are easily gathered by you. You can produce a paralyzing scream that freezes elk in their tracks, allowing you to race up to them, bite and snap their necks, and hoisting them up, run over uneven terrain to hide. You have a very low heat signature, easily evading forward

looking infra-red detectors, or F.L.I.R. You can easily snap off the tops of dozens of saplings, four inches thick. And most importantly, of all, your huge brain is capable of confusing and distorting what humans think they are seeing. Distance is limited, but adequate. Usually, people see a knot on a tree, a stump, or more often, a bear. But you know differently. You know they are really seeing you. So I ask you now, who or what would you fear?

Of particular interest to Dr. Meldrum was my description of Sasquatch dung. He said I was in a select group of 'dung finders.' This fact alone speaks volumes about how intelligent Sasquatch is. They take carefully considered concepts and make them work. Great apes can't really approach that level of intelligence, although Koko and her offspring learned to sign hundreds of words. But to create a natural working bathroom, and use it for that purpose, is several levels higher than ape brain. Dr. Meldrum asked me to describe in detail all aspects of the dung. I told him there was no foul odor. The dung was the circumference of large ship rope used to tie up ships. It was continuous, with no breaks, coiled like a giant Dairy Queen soft serve ice cream. The texture was smooth, plastic looking, light in color, no objects poking through, and steaming. At hearing this, Dr. Meldrum exclaimed that my description matched what the dung would have to look like after endometrial lining worked on it in the colon. He appeared quite happy with saying this.

The phone on his desk rang and he answered, discovering a well known

Field Biologist from Wyoming on the other end. Dr. Meldrum said that huge prints had been seen in wild areas of Wyoming (That's most of it, isn't it?) and he was planning an early July field trip to investigate them. He told the Biologist that I was there in his office, describing the dung he had told him about. The Biologist asked Dr. Meldrum if they could have me give close detail while he was on the line. I agreed, stating my findings that caused Dr. Meldrum to exuberantly tell his friend that my report validated their theory or something on that order. I was glad to oblige.

I next produced photos of really tall, nine ft and taller, woven stick mounds. Some of these were large enough to provide shelter but for the fact that they are solid, or rather, tightly manipulated sticks of similar circumference and length, forming a mound a rat could not crawl through. Note that I said 'woven.' These sticks are not piled, stacked or heaped. They appear to be planned. Upon seeing the huge mound of woven sticks with the living tree limb from a neighboring tree woven into the stack, Dr. Meldrum pointed out that the limb was bent back against its' natural direction. In short, a hand with a thumb would have to grab the limb and hold it while weaving it into the mound. Is there anything in North America, particularly the Pacific Northwest which has the capability to do such a thing? The answer of course, is no. Would forest trimming crews construct these things in this manner? Of course not. They make piles. They do not weave sticks. Ask any of them. I asked them all. Nope. We spoke at length on these strange woven stick structures. I wondered while

sitting there, if Dr. Meldrum remembered his comment to me during a phone conversation months earlier. I had written to him and described the stick structures (2nd letter) and decided a couple of weeks later to give him a call since he had neither written nor called. Truth be told, I got one call from Dr. Meldrum, the answer to my initial contact with him on his voice mail in December, 2002. He never made a call to me until four months later. He was, however, glad to hear from me when I called, which wasn't very often, I'll admit. I'm not a telephone person. I pretty much avoid them at all costs. However, Dr. Meldrum also never wrote to me, and so I made a call and asked him if he had received my letter, having sent it certified mail but had not received the form signifying receipt.

He evidently thought I was someone else, as he informed me of a crazy guy's letter sitting on his desk, claiming Bigfoot put sticks together, weaving them. Wasn't that ridiculous? I answered him by saying, 'I'm the guy who wrote that to you, and far from being crazy, I know exactly what I saw. I have photos. Can you explain what animal in the Pacific Northwest builds such structures? Can you explain how the law of physics could allow nature to build them? They are not man constructed, and not one woods expert yet has ever encountered anything like them in their life. So what is your opinion?' Dr. Meldrum cleared his throat and apologized, saying that of course I knew what I saw. He then asked me what I thought they could be, and how they were relevant to Sasquatch. I replied that Sasquatch had looked from the darkness,

and watched Indians carefully gather similar sized sticks for weaving purposes, and wigwam type shelter building. The Indians would congregate around large woven items and build together, laughing, singing, enjoying one another while weaving stuff together. I told Dr. Meldrum that, unlike great apes that sit around and pick bugs from and groom each other, it's possible Sasquatch mimics what it learned from watching Indians. It is possible that they have always gathered here at this spot. A major elk calving ground is only hundreds of feet higher up, and the Sasquatch restroom I found is just below. Perhaps, I said, the Sasquatch come to eat baby elk, use their hidden restroom of natural hydroponics and sunlight, and then retire with family members to weave sticks like the centuries of Indians did. Living in the woods, playthings are primarily sticks and rocks. A woven structure could be a sign of skill, especially with fingers as large as sausages. Dr. Meldrum admitted I gave a credible, if novel, source for the structures. I next suggested that they may be a signal to other Sasquatch. They could signify a migratory route, point to food, or be a warning. I noticed a large, prominent poster showing a large head of a realistic looking Sasquatch on Dr. Meldrum's office wall. It read, 'Bigfoot: The Saga Continues.'

I asked him about it and saw him begin to beam with pleasure as he stood and walked over to the poster and pointed at it. 'This is going to be really incredible Karl,' he said. 'When Discovery Channel prepared to air the latest TV documentary with me as the central figure, the gentleman in California who confessed on his deathbed to faking the Humbolt Sasquatch prints in 1958,

caused an immediate cancellation of all advertisers. Discovery Channel executives had to replace millions of dollars of canceled ads. They did it Karl, all in the nick of time! Do you realize that all over America, people began switching channels to watch our documentary on Sasquatch? It became the highest watched show, ever! The poster here was given to me by Discovery execs. Now this is truly amazing Karl .. the Discovery people are now going to air a dozen shows over the next couple of years entitled, 'Bigfoot: The Saga Continues.' They have asked me to narrate. The money, millions of dollars from sponsors, is already in! Isn't that incredible? I'll tell you what .. I'll get you and Nancy on one of the shows and you can tell your story. What do you think?'

To put it rather bluntly, I was floored. Only an hour earlier, Dr. Meldrum stated that a person could have thousands of footprint casts and an equal number of photographs of Sasquatch, yet it all meant absolutely nothing. None of that will give an animal proof of existence, he said. For that, DNA alone is required, period. Now, I had just finished listening to his very spirited vision of TV shows doing just that: wandering around, searching for tracks to cast, and hoping for photographs.

In the most tactful way I could find, I said to Dr. Meldrum, 'You know, you just told me earlier that prints and photos mean nothing. You said that your collection was case in point. You now are saying that you are excited, thrilled

even, to be spending lots of money to go and do just that, only a dozen or so times or more. You stated that DNA talks, everything else walks. I have shown you incredible evidence, everything you could possibly want to find is in one area in Oregon, all in one basket. I'm facing a strict timeline Dr., there are crews gearing up to slash and clear cut the entire evidence zone. I don't have months or years to wait on TV shows. This is the last thing Nancy and I care about. You yourself, told me that you were stunned at the evidence I've presented to you. Nancy and I don't care for fame or seek riches. Nancy faces death daily, and I face losing more abilities and possible institutionalization. Chances are I'll forget how to even use money. I can tell I've been losing ground, and time is a major factor all around. With Nancy's health uncertain, my prognosis bleak, saving Sasquatch habitat and the creatures themselves cannot wait months or years. Now is the time to act, Dr. Meldrum. You have it all right there in one zone. I can guide you to every spot so you can see with your own eyes the things I've told you of. You are the top scientist with all the credentials to validate what is found. The world will listen to your voice, as it has in the past.

These creatures are real, they have demonstrated their presence, and they haven't hurt me. I don't think they would hurt you either. Look Dr. Meldrum, I was told I had no hope for a normal life. I returned home and all I could do was stutter each word for seconds at a time. I would forget a sentence I was trying to read right after reading it. I could not write without running off all directions on a page. I sat down and started playing a video game called, 'Turok.' The game

begins with the player making Turok, an Indian Warrior, walk forward toward huge rocks. Dinosaurs leap from behind the rocks and try to kill Turok, so he must evade and kill them instead. This all happens in the first seconds of playing the game. It took me several months before I could make my brain able to control my hand well enough to get Turok far enough away from the beginning place to proceed in the game. Day after day, into long nights, I would try hundreds, thousands of times to accomplish what normal people could do in minutes or less. Weeks, months passed and gradually, the constant repetition began to pay off. I was able to see genuine progress as different areas of my brain slowly learned to compensate for the damaged parts. After six months of constantly playing this one game, I beat the lowest level. Although I cannot feel joy, elation, happiness or the such, I did feel as if a major milestone had been reached. I would still stutter badly but even that began to show improvement. One day, I hope to be able to feel a craving for things like I once did, and I really, truly, want to dream again. When I close my eyes to sleep, I enter darkness. When I awake, there are no dreams to remember, only darkness. My depression is great, but I'm trying hard to make a difference with my disabilities and help right a terrible wrong. We have no time to waste here Dr. Meldrum, and you said you would help.'

I decided to tell Dr. Meldrum about a unique gentleman I had contacted in Ashland, Oregon. His name is Joe Serres, and he is president of an organization called, 'F.L.O.W.,' or, Friends and Lovers of Oregon Waterways.

Joe is a young Biologist/Attorney who is spearheading this non-profit organization in an attempt to halt planned wide scale logging and clear-cutting along the Rogue River Corridor. Working feverishly to stop the saws, he has been like a noble Lone Ranger, fighting for truth and justice. Several months earlier, I called him and trusted him with my findings, stating that Dr. Meldrum had said he could stop the clear cuts if I produced DNA evidence. Clearly impressed with Dr. Meldrum, Joe also grew excited about the prospect of working with the well-known scientist, and submitting evidence powerful enough to halt logging of old growth forests. Telling me that he and his brother would love to assist Dr. Meldrum on the initial fact-finding expedition, Joe expressed high hopes of success and said he could also prepare legal work to present when the DNA was recovered. Dr. Meldrum did not appear very pleased about my bringing others in for help. He mentioned control, and evidence contamination. I spoke of Joe's capabilities and his drive. After all, the Rogue River Corridor is his home. Also, I could really use a little help. My credit cards were maxed out, expenses were great in preparation for this expedition, and realistically speaking, I would be a lot better off if I had a companion to help complete this ultra-important mission.

Not speaking a word, Dr. Meldrum reached into his desk and placed about a dozen, postage stamp sized envelopes in front of me. Unsure of his intent, I asked, 'Are these for me?' 'Oh yes,' he exclaimed. 'Those are for hair samples.' We never once discussed hair samples to my knowledge. 'That's the only help I

can give you,' he continued, 'I didn't think you would be here until next week, so I don't have any cameras or any other equipment to help you with.' Smiling at me, he next said that if I were fortunate enough to actually recover any DNA evidence, he was my man, Idaho State University would help in any manner needed, and the DNA lab he utilized in New York would do all the analysis. I did my best to not let my feelings show as I thanked him for giving me his valuable time, and I informed him, equipment or not, I was heading straight to Oregon from his desk. I began to realize once again, how terribly alone I was and how difficult things were now that I was leaving without the promised equipment. Worse, I felt, was the fact that I knew now that Dr. Meldrum did not think I had much chance of success.

After spending the hours with Dr. Meldrum, the majority of the time in scientific discussions, I knew the real answers and solutions were not to be found in his office. Now that he had shared my findings with his wealthy backer, a Wyoming Biologist, and whomever else, I could feel familiar hints in my subconscious to batten down the hatches as Marines say, and ride into the storm. On a personal whim, I decided to probe Dr. Meldrum a bit to see if I could fill in the many glaring blanks of our relationship.

I'm a little abashed to admit that I had placed him very, very high on the pedestal of scientific pursuit. More than a person as driven as I should have. I had been like a kid finally getting his big chance to meet his hero. Who else in

the whole world would a thinking person expect to approach with Sasquatch evidence than he? I asked him his opinion of vortexes, portals and the like in relation to Sasquatch sightings and he instantly proclaimed them bogus. I then inquired of him if he had researched Indian legends, histories, or any of the primitive societies around the Earth for their interpretation of the 'Wild Man.' He answered no. Next, I asked whether he was aware that the majority of religious, or, Shamanic rituals involving 'smoke-reading' all reported seeing or conjuring the face of primitive wildness, an exact copy of the Sasquatch face peering from the poster that Discovery Channel execs had given him?

Again, he indicated he had not researched the subject. Then out of the blue, Dr. Meldrum said to me that I knew more about Sasquatch than did he. This acknowledgment from someone of his stature would have probably elated the normal man. For me however, it caused only sadness. I probably had disappointment written all over my face. Sure now of how unsure I was at that moment in time, I told Dr. Meldrum that it would be a tragedy for someone like himself, a leading authority on an anomaly such as Bigfoot, to not truly believe they really existed. 'Yes,' he answered sadly, looking away, 'yes, it really would.' The counselor side of me realized this meeting of minds was over, and so, thanking Dr. Meldrum for the one on one meeting, I walked away from this man of knowledge with a heavy heart and a new focus on saving the creatures and their habitat. I knew that time really would tell the outcome to this adventure, that and irrefutable evidence which I hoped was still lying on that mountainside.

Placing the quarters worth of hair sample packets in my pocket, I felt my heart grow a little lighter with each step toward my van. Down but not out, I thought. This story is just beginning and the whole world should know the whole truth, not merely what the Discovery Channel decides to dole out piecemeal to a TV audience over the next couple of years.

Once more, I find myself a one-man wagon train, heading due west across endless, stretching desert. The bright, glaring sun before me is deceptive in its' appearance. There is not much warmth in the air. Several more weeks of cold air mixed with snow and sleet await the Northwest. It has been hard on me coming to Pocatello, Idaho. Many hundreds of miles of road are yet ahead and already I am a tired man. My van is really tired also, having over 150,000 miles on it. What I really want now more than anything is good, solid rest, but it is not to be. The time I dedicated to visiting Dr. Meldrum means hard night driving in the midst of winters last hurrah.

This kind of traveling requires a whole lot of attention to keep from deaths' embrace. Twenty-five years ago, I was not too far from where I am now, also during winter and at night. Driving a camper rig and towing a brand new CJ-5 Jeep, I found myself blown several feet to the very edge of what looked to be a very deep canyon. The only thing that saved us from going over to our deaths was a jack-knifing of the jeep, forming a 'V.' Ahead on the highway only a few hundred feet or so, we watched in horror as a semi-truck went over

the edge, cab downward. We watched, stunned, as the line of red lights across the back of his trailer disappeared into the snowy, blackness of the canyon. A few miles farther up the highway, I found a call box and reported the unfortunate event. Again, as can be the case, Murphy's Law.

Music turned really loud to keep me from dozing, I drove down the deserted, lonely highway. I had a goal I was intent on fulfilling. Nancy Jo Dean Paulson's 50th birthday was tomorrow, April 11th. I had to miss being there to celebrate due to a snow break and Dr. Meldrum having Thursday free to meet with me. I told Nancy I would be standing in front of the tunnel where it all began, seven years earlier. In honor of her birthday and in a salute to her courage that weekend, I planned to also begin my search for the spat out trunk material. My route would be several hundred miles through some rugged country, and I encountered the whole gamut of weather conditions. After a few hundred miles of now and then white knuckle driving, I could hardly believe my eyes when a sign appeared announcing a primitive rest stop ahead. Grateful beyond belief, I pulled in and positioned the van with the front toward the highway, and the rear in the desert. Coyotes were howling and yapping all around but I soon fell asleep, exhausted and aching all over, while rain began falling, turning into sleet and ice during the night.

It was still dark when I awoke, still stiff and sore, but glad to be in one piece and not mangled in a box canyon or ravine. A steady, freezing rain was falling as I pulled back onto the highway and resumed my journey. Dawn soon

broke through the dark skies laden with darker clouds, full of rain. Before long, I entered Burns, Oregon, a nice, smaller town, clean and looking like a jewel in the morning light. Named after Robert Burns, the Bard of Scotland, many fine Scot descendants live here. I myself, am a descendant of the Burnett Clan of Craithes Castle in Scotland. Burns and Burnetts are related. I received a look of utter disinterest relating that fact to the nice, but evidently bored cashier, at the Burns McDonalds Restaurant.

Several hours later, I left National Forest and followed the beautiful Rogue River until I was approaching the first exit into Grants Pass, Oregon. A loud, clunk sound, followed by something dropping through the engine compartment and hitting the road, occurred. Then, the speedometer needle spun and behaved as though it was a compass, soon to drop to 0 mph. Great, I thought. What could be worse? Right at that instant, a slamming sound, like a sledgehammer striking the engine, happened. Exiting the highway, I found a parking lot and tried to assess the damage. Nothing looked amiss under the hood. Looking under the van revealed what looked like a cable hanging that turned out to be the speedometer. Other than that, I couldn't see anything out of normal. It soon became quite apparent that things were not normal. As I would pull up to a stop sign or red light, a really loud, slamming sound, would ensue. Several unsuspecting folks along my route would actually jump in fear when the slamming sound would happen. It was really embarrassing for me, is all I can

say. For the next two weeks, the slam went everywhere I wanted and needed quiet. Remember what I said about old Murph? He must have hitched a ride with me.

Filling the gas tank, I next visited the Fred Meyers store (one of my favorites) and bought a couple of boxes of naval oranges and a large box of 'fix-it' for casting prints. The cashier noted my large purchase of oranges and happily commented on how sweet they were. She asked why so many, and I had to say they were for animals. She then inquired as to what kind of animals, and I guess I must have looked like a possum in the headlights as I had to sputter out, 'I'd rather not say,' to her startled face. I couldn't say Sasquatch. I hurried out and could see her staring at me like she couldn't believe her ears. Grabbing a Carl's Jr. hamburger and large coffee, I once again headed out for my final destination, scaring a few hapless pedestrians when it would sound like Thor's hammer smacking beside them. The worst had to be the lady pushing a stroller with twins. They all jumped. It was painfully funny at times.

Driving north from Grants Pass, I took the Merlin exit and a feeling of coming home rushed over me. Personally, I think everyone fortunate enough to live in this part of Oregon are winners in the game of life. They know it too, I'm sure. It's part of the reason folks around here are so nice. It's close to being everyone's ideal of natural beauty at its' best. Coming around the flower-laden cliff, the breathtaking sight of Hell Gate Canyon fills your entire view. All around are mountains dense with greens of all shades, looking down like sentinels

on the crashing, roaring fury of the Rogue River, squeezed between high canyon walls. The river is deep here, two hundred feet or more, no place to be unless you know what you're doing. Even then, mortal men are always in dangerous waters and woods along the river. It is a river of wild rapids, drawing tourists from all over the world to kayak, raft, pontoon boat, and jet boat its' one-of-a-kind corridor. Hidden away, miles from roads and accessible only by boat, are a few, beautifully designed, log lunch/dinner 'Old West' style eating establishments. Serving delicious meals, they wave goodbye as people boat away. There are few places to ford to the other side, which usually offers nothing flat to land on. Even then, the river is powerful and swift. One hundred and thirty miles of cold water, rushing like an opened fire hydrant from the origin at Crater Lake, highest lake in North America, to the ocean at Gold Beach, Oregon.

Crossing the yellow painted, Robertson Bridge, the only avenue for crossing the Rogue, I found myself remembering the months of mountainside searching and the incredible things experienced. Seeing the wildness once again, all around me, caused a great rush to almost overwhelm me. A rush of emotions, exuberance to fear, seemed to be racing through me like waves. This time, I was alone. There would be no one to hear my cry for help, stop the bleeding, or toss me a lifeline. My back would not be covered by a companion's senses. Alone at night, there would be no one to talk to. No one to help in an emergency. With the van out of sync, breakdowns were possible, miles from

anyone. To compound things, I had no communications link. I don't own a cell phone and don't want one. I have a deep dislike of them and always have. So, I was not to be reaching out to touch anyone. Yet, deep down inside of me, I knew that I was going to be okay. I've tried hard my whole life to avoid worrying about and stressing myself over things I have no control over and may never happen. Stress kills. Making your body release chemicals for the 'Fight, Flight' syndrome when it's not required is like subtracting time from lifetime. People age themselves when they are addicted to worry and stress. The Indians have it right. They refer to being 'time-rich,' and refuse to be their worst enemy. I've admired them my whole life. That they flourished along the Rogue with its' dangers speaks to their capabilities and wisdom.

I drove along, deep in memories, as the cold rain blew in like liquid sheets from the dark, heavy clouds. Windshield wipers and defroster on high, I still found myself wiping a circle to see clearly. I had no desire to cliff dive in the van. A sense of achievement began sweeping over me. I was here, alive, and in one piece. The van was running well, although a bit scarily, and I had driven about twelve hundred miles without tickets or accidents. As usual however, I had found myself lost several times which can really stress me. A person who does not have short term memory problems, doesn't really see the difficulties encountered by those who do.

Consider this .. two years ago, I decided to finally visit my longtime good friend, Dave Chrzan. Dave and I met and became brothers on the Island

of Guam during the Vietnam War. I took Amtrak to see Dave, a trip of three days. To most folks, no problem. For me, I could never remember which direction my car was, nor which was my seat. It was so stressful being lost and wandering, that I would remain in my seat and only leave for restroom breaks and food. Each time, I would go through it all again. I rented a car in Pittsburgh, where Dave lives, to drive to Mobile, Alabama, a drive of about fourteen hundred miles. It took me two thousand plus, the extra miles for the many times I was lost. I would have the courteous desk folks draw me a simple, point A to point B map, until the next rest stop. Still, I could find myself lost. Finally making it to Mobile, I decided to stay a few nights at a beach motel on the Gulf of Mexico. Upon leaving, a thought struck me that cleaning maids sometimes found valuables people would hide under mattresses for safe keeping. Putting down my suitcase, I returned to the bedroom and hoisting the mattress, found my checkbook, full of cash and my credit cards. To this day, I do not remember placing them there. Had I driven back to Pittsburgh without them, I would probably never know what became of them, unless discovered by an honest person. The saying, out of sight, out of mind is painfully true for me. If I did not see a picture of my sister on my refrigerator, I would never remember her, and if I did, I would forget. I hope these brief examples give you, the reader, a good understanding of how terribly difficult an undertaking of this magnitude can be.

My last expedition to this area was in '98. That was the year Bert and

I watched the Sasquatch sitting and watching us all night. Returning from that trip, I found that Nancy had been experiencing frightening health problems, that soon afterward required disability retirement from her work as a Pharmacy Technician. Life has become handfuls of life-sustaining medications each day, and prayers against stroke around the clock. It was my hope, for Dr. Meldrum to speak with her and hear her story of the biting event while her health is relatively stable. It was not to be. Less than a year later, I was struck by a large, mule deer, while on a motorcycle coming down a mountain. Knocked unconscious for over an hour, my helmet now had a hoof groove an inch wide and deep that traveled the entire right side of my full face helmet and across the front. When I came back to consciousness, I was not the same guy. Not only was my body damaged and out of sync, so was my brain. Later C. T. Scans and MRI's confirmed severe brain injuries. This was bad enough, but then, six months later, I was helping a friend trim a tree in his yard. While up in the tree, the limb I was on, sheared off. Falling headfirst, I broke my arm completely through, damaged several lower spinal discs, and experienced my head hitting the concrete driveway and bouncing a yard high off it several times in rapid succession.

I have told you, the reader, very personal and painful details of what has become of Nancy and myself over the past few years. It is very important for you to realize, that we desperately need your help in saving Bigfoot. As difficult as it is to talk to people about something as mysterious as Bigfoot, try to imagine

doing it with my type of injuries. Now you can understand how important this really is. It's bigger than Nancy, myself, Dr. Meldrum and the Bush Administration. It's about you, and yours, and how they count. Does anyone own Sasquatch? No. Are we its' keeper? Of course we are. All of us in this great country and world. Tom Lutey of the Spokesman-Review, asked me in our interview, 'Karl, why choose Bigfoot to try and protect .. why not the spotted owl or the salmon?' I answered him saying that 'if you save Bigfoot, you save them all.' The invisible linking of larger creature to small, reverberates strongly throughout their woodland world. But this link can, and is, being threatened daily by the sawyer's saws. No saws, but scientists should be at work, right now, doing their jobs faithfully in these, their own backyards. Their creature world needs help.

So, I find myself back behind the wheel, watching as wild turkeys run across the road and hawks circle overhead. I'm steadily covering the miles up and around the mountain looking for any sign of large tracks in the areas of best reading. Up ahead, lying dead in the road, is a large squirrel with ravens working over the remains. Farther up ahead is a bend in the road. I spot a flash of brown in the tall brush, quickly vanishing into the shadows. Deer perhaps, maybe even an elk. Not once do I come into contact with human beings. In my thinking, most people would have to be nuts to be up here in freezing rain and cold blowing winds. Everything was wet and slippery and visibility not very good.

It wasn't hunting season, so I imagined most folks were sitting in front of TV's, warming their feet by their fireplace.

Finally arriving at the pull-over spot for the van, I gathered my shotgun and shells and loaded it. Pulling on warm clothing and rain gear, and adjusting my large brimmed leather hat, I set out on foot into the rain and began the trek up the steep, slippery trail towards the tunnel site visited by the Sasquatch seven years earlier. Not much changed, I noted gladly, until I spotted the blue, paint stripes on virtually every tree around. Alarmed, I quickly realized that those were to be logged. It appeared as though a madman with a brush had gone berserk, splashing trees with paint. I could not believe my eyes as I saw hundreds of trees marked in similar fashion. Dangling like brightly colored vines, were a myriad of tapes signifying instructions to loggers. Never before on earlier expeditions had I encountered such activity. All the way up the mountain, I saw no sign of paint marked trees until I reached the very area of intense Sasquatch activity. Why do you suppose the hundreds of thousands of trees below this zone were ignored and spared the Foresters paint of doom? Could it be there was less need for fire retention efforts? Does this not sound a bit too 'lucky' for those who desire extinction of Sasquatch, to choose the major area to disrupt their lives in?

It is my belief that soon, if not already, a new lock out gate will be found, blocking all access to the mountain spots which are major focal points in this book. I discovered several 'new' gates, constructed during my five year absence.

All along the path beyond these gates lay limbs, boughs, clumps of green needles and bark. A veritable trail of old growth detritus. This material looked too fresh and green to have been last summer's cuts. It appeared that the state of Oregon was harvesting through clear cutting during the winter months. Very small amounts of snow fall there, so hindrances are slight.

Continuing up the century old overgrown trail, I came upon the location that yielded the incredible photo on infra-red of the young female Sasquatch. Carefully examining the spot, it was clear that there was nothing hanging down, growing near, or in any form or fashion, resembling the photo you have seen. Just a large log lying above the ground, one end protruding over the slope edge. Sitting in the exact spot I photographed that dark night, I dangled my legs over the log that had held the creature. An easy spot to leap away from and bound down the wooded slope if needed, I could see that thought had to play into the choosing of this observation spot. As knowledgeable as Sasquatch has shown to be about cameras, I don't believe they ever expected to be seen in the blackness. They were correct, I have to say, as I never had a clue they were so near. No sounds betrayed either one appearing on the photos. I had to have even gotten within pouncing distance, as I unknowingly snapped several shots in a couple of night's work.

Soon, I was standing in front of the tunnel. Two large trees were broken, snapped actually, and lying in a placed manner. Examining the breaks, I could

see no rot nor anything suggesting cause. One tree had held my mining claim securely attached by nails. I found the metal box about twenty feet from the fallen tree. Both trees were lying at angles that should not have been, blocking access to the tunnel path. I immediately noted the incongruity. Sweeping the area with my heat sensor proved a bit disconcerting due to the several, strong 'hits' I detected. Oh well, I reasoned, I am in wilderness, and it is early spring. Bears and other hungry animals were diligently seeking food after winters' ebb. Plus, being curious, were most likely ambling closer to discover what they were hearing and smelling. I briefly considered the strongest readings, and made myself repeat again and again which direction they were in so as not to forget.

Launching a screamer bottle rocket into the tunnel entrance, I was relieved a huge, anything, brandishing teeth and claws, did not charge me. Like I've said before, cemeteries are full of careless people. Careless in the forest, I am not. Entering the dark, cold tunnel, I traveled to its' end, carefully searching for signs of occupancy. There were a few, mostly pack rats, but something large had been spending time here. Bear perhaps. One could not blame a bear being unable to resist this nifty, man carved cavern. After all, regardless of how hot or cold the forest got, this tunnel remained a constant temperature. Minus wind and freezing rain, it was not a bad place to be, roomy, because of the 247 wheel barrow loads of mineral laden dirt we removed from it, and the extra half dozen feet in length we carved out. In my view, it was I who was the interloper here. If animals desired to utilize the tunnels, so be it.

Satisfied that I was alone, I wished Nancy a very happy birthday on this cold, rainy afternoon of April 11th. I had reached my goal to celebrate in her honor, here on the site where our creature saga began. Placing the shotgun against a tree with my pack protecting it from the rain, I began to search in earnest for pieces of chewed up tool box which Nancy and I had viewed here seven years earlier. The box and tools I had left behind were gone. The once red, mine material and quartz piles were now thickly covered by living, entwined, forest growth matter. A thick pile of leaves and needles made the spot look untouched by human hands. Undeterred, I quickly triangulated the exact spot where the box had been when the huge bite was taken from it. I traced out the pie piece shaped zone that was the result of the Bigfoot spitting out the tasteless styrofoam. Using a steel tyned rake I had discovered from years ago, I pulled back the overburden of natural carpeting and found it to be 4-6 inches in thickness. Almost every inch was covered with flourishing poison oak, which can almost seem intelligent as it always seems to land on exposed skin, no matter what precautions you take. Deciding to explore the slope edge, I caught a glimpse of white beneath the overburden exposed by water runoff. To my delight, it looked like styrofoam. Further uncovering revealed a large piece with three, sequential tooth markings. Thrilled to the extent I could be, I began searching the overhangs of the slope, reaching into dark places and pulling out limbs, needles and the like, along with a few smaller chunks of toolbox. Soon, the rain was falling rather briskly, causing me

to curtail my search and return to the van to prepare my campsite.

I decided to once again utilize the same camp spot as I had done many times before. To reach it, I had to pull two rather large fallen trees to the side, in order to gingerly drive the non-four wheel drive vehicle down a fairly level slope to a spot close to a deep-drop off. I next began arranging fallen saplings and limbs against the side of the van to shield it from view. In my experience outdoors, I discovered the less people know of your business, the better off you will be. Completing this task, I next gathered a good amount of firewood for campfires, erecting a barrier to rain reaching it. With darkness fast approaching, I prepared the living area of my van for sleep and food preparation. One of the last things I was to do before battening up for the cold, rainy night, was to pour my collected urine in a circle around the van. I knew well what roamed these woods. I wanted it known that I had returned.

Night comes quickly on a mountain, especially when your campsite sits nestled under large trees with great canopies. That first night back on the mountain was an especially dark one. No moon light to speak of, dark clouds and incessant cold rain put a damper on a campfire that night. The temperature dropped pretty fast and so I began my dinner in the warmth of the van, my 'lil cooker' getting a pot of coffee strong and hot for me. Venting a window so I would not deplete my oxygen, I found my small space to be warm and accommodating. Deciding on soup and crackers for my first meal, I opened the can and started heating the chicken mix on the small cooker. Soon, the aroma

made my senses perk up , and while the soup heated, I took a closer look at the small handful of styrofoam pieces I had retrieved earlier.

Some were very small, and each piece required a lot of labor to retrieve. I realized then, the fragments were worth more, due to retrieval costs alone, than gold. Less than a palm full, I still felt greatly rewarded by their presence. These particular pieces had required removal of probably half a ton of logs, rocks, forest floor matter accumulated over the years, and very careful work amid a profusion of poison oak. I have learned over time of the botanical mystery of poisonous plants. It can be disconcerting to have a few innocuous looking leaves brush your skin and begin to make you feel like liquid fire has been spilled on you. As crazy as this may sound, it often times seems that regardless of the care taken to avoid poison plants, you can turn, and a branch of leaves will spring out and caress your face, or neck, or top of your hands. Almost as though the plant is the hunter, sly and waiting, just reaching out to touch and play pain games with unlucky passers by. It also doesn't help that their poisonous oils can last for weeks after brushing on your clothing. You can pull on something and be scratching like an old bird dog in short order.

Often, I will have someone tell me they are immune to all these pesky poison plants and give me that, 'I must be really tough' look. The main reason most folks miss the excitement of being covered from head to toe with oozing, burning blisters on top of blisters, is solely due to the nature of the potent oils

accounting for the skin eruptions. As a rule, a great percentage of poison plant encounters cause no reactions the first, second, and even third time of contact. But like a phantom stalker, the next encounter can and usually does nail the unsuspecting woods walker, but good. The only reason they escaped in the past was a lack of repeat encounters. I'm aware that a tiny fraction of humanity can always be found to challenge any finding, but in this instance, I speak from good old, in your face experience. Mine, and several unfortunate others.

I was present on an expedition years earlier, when a tough as nails woman stepped into the dense foliage to relieve her bladder. Unbeknownst to her, she had sat down on a large clump of poison oak. She felt nothing for the remainder of the day, but by nightfall, her transformation was decidedly frightening. Discovering that her entire behind, sides, front, and all areas near were erupting into huge, burning blisters of fire, this woman changed into a fury from hell as she screamed, cursed and broke things all around her. Inconsolable, she directed her now badly deranged disposition toward any male within reach. So enraged with pain did she become, that I discovered too late that humor is not always the best medicine. Unable to recall what I said to try and make her feel better, she erupted in a blood curdling scream fest, grabbed a 12 gauge shotgun, and with great malice all over her face, rapidly pumped the action while pulling the trigger and aiming at me from only a few feet. As was my custom, I always unloaded weapons at day's end. Horrified at the action taking place in front of him, this flaming female's huge bear of a husband, leaped and hoisted her and the weapon

high into the air. Screaming bloody murder and banging him in the head and face with the gun barrel, kicking him repeatedly in his groin, he painfully did his utmost to contain his baleful banshee. Freeing herself, she ran screaming into my tent, ransacking it in a frantic search for my handgun, yelling her intent of bodily harm.

Calmly telling her it was not in there, she emerged screaming and ran to the lab truck seeking medications. Thankfully, this was to consume her time, eventually allowing her anger to ebb somewhat. Predictably, the poison blisters spread all over her, and she remained an extremely cross woman for weeks. Spending six hundred dollars on every known medication plus a medical clinic visit failed to help much at all. This was to be her very last deep woods adventure. Any previous desire to play warrior princess of the forest was long buried, as I would have been, had I failed to unload the slugs and double ought buckshot. Of course, she and her husband did not know that the gun was unloaded. Afterwards, they marveled at my bravery and self-composure. I, however, once again saw the wisdom of scouting's main mantra, be prepared. Also, one needs to carefully consider the psychological make-up of extended close associations with people like this woman. Needless to say, group adventures for me came to a screeching halt. Looking down a 12 gauge barrel while someone else is trying to blow your head off is a bit unsettling.

My dinner over, I began taping the side and rear windows of the van

with thick paper so that something outside trying to get a look at me could not. I was not comfortable with the idea of being observed, especially while I was sleeping. I don't think my heart would start beating again were I to awaken and see a giant, hairy face, fogging the glass, staring at me. I don't think any readers would, either. Anyhow, it made my small shelter feel less vulnerable, if only in my mind. Moving to the front driver's seat, I lowered both windows and using a special, long range, piercing whistle, I devoted a couple of hours attempting to attract a Sasquatch. Cupping my hands around the whistle, I would try to sound like anything but a human with a whistle. After awhile, I decided it really didn't matter what a Sasquatch thought I was, I just wanted it to approach my camp. Wearing my Binar 20/40 computerized directional headphones, I would whistle and then carefully try to pinpoint movement. When the rain began blowing in the open windows, I put the headphones away, opened up a large bag of Easter M&M candies, and turning on the van radio, listened to soothing music. Staring out into the darkness, rain dancing off the windshield, I felt as though I was exactly where destiny intended me to be. There would be no exhaustive tunnel searches on this trip. My eyes would not be scouring the ground looking for old prospector trails or artifacts. This expedition was centered on Sasquatch.

My hope was high that the intense tree painting work and cruising crews had not scared away the inhabitants that might remember me. No doubt they understood what the blue paint was for. I was afraid that the intense forester

activity would alarm them enough to change their favorite spot for defecating. Thinking on that subject reminded me of a task I had forgotten. Sorting through my boxes, I found what I needed now. A large bottle, holding my collected urine that I had planned to pour around the perimeter of the van and also the tunnel site where I had much work to do.

Exiting the van, I proceeded to encircle my camp, doing a pretty good job of boundary establishment. Besides, I felt that if any of the original creatures still remained, they would most likely remember my scent. I would much prefer to have my remembered scent cause a diversion within the mind of the King of this dark and lonely, isolated place. It's a given that a Sasquatch would know I was alone way up here. The reality for me was that I knew I was truly in their grasp. Should they want me dead, I would be so. My shotgun was never intended for protection from them. Bears, yes, big cats, you bet. Sasquatch? Never. Before I settled in to sleep, I made sure I placed a couple of large, navel oranges high in a tree about 20 ft from my circle. Peace offering.

Light was barely breaking through the trees, when I pushed aside the half dozen assorted blankets that were just enough to filter out all of the cold. My bed was a camp cot mattress, quite comfortable. Sliding open the van side door, I beheld a somber looking, grayish, drizzle-dropping panorama of wild forest. Except for the pattering of the rain on leaves and such, all was quiet. Just then, a swift breeze brought the smells of wet forest to my nostrils.

Inhaling deeply, a rush of primeval origins washed over me. The ancients from this area would have smelled what I smelled. They would be quite at ease in the rainy times. No doubt, for them, this would be a day to hunt. The rain would cover scent and noise. Most warning birds would be holed up keeping dry. In my case, I too was hunting, only I was trying hard to find the matches to warm myself up and start the coffee. Soon, the rich aroma of a blend of Sumatra, Bite of Seattle, Kona, and Bed and Breakfast ground beans filled the immediate area. My breakfast today was a couple of blueberry muffins left over from a bag full brought from Spokane. Sitting comfortably, propped up from behind by another roll-up cot mattress, I enjoyed my pot of coffee and muffins while planning my day. Planning was the easy part. I pretty much followed a long thought out plan of action: hike, hike, and hike some more.

The rain continued as I prepared my gear. I pulled on jeans over thick long-john type sweat pants, followed by a long sleeved flannel shirt and thick sweater. Next, I pulled on waterproof, insulated, stoutly made outer pants for protection from water and poison oak. Pulling a heavy water/wind resistant jacket on over my sweater, I felt warm and well padded. Followed by hiking boots, with deep, grabber treads, and my wide brimmed leather hat, I was ready for serious ground covering. I next prepared my geologist bag, placing rock hammer, can of potent wasp spray (not for wasps), bottle rockets and launcher, flashlight, lighter, M-80 firecrackers, compass, whistle, bottled water, lunch snack, fluorescent marking tape, tape measure, knife and cookies, and camera. In my pocket was

the Myotron. On my web belt I carried an army machete with saw back and self-sharpening sheath. No toy this blade, it was razor sharp and sturdily built. I also carried the LF-3 heat detector to sweep the cold forest and hopefully warn me in advance of ambush or curious visitors. Taking up my shotgun with its sling, I inserted extra shells into the ammo holder on the stock. I was now set to go and, locking the van and hiding the keys, (old habit), off I went into the mist swirling, gray clouded morn.

As expected, blazing a trail through soaked and dripping rugged woods was not easy. Getting slapped in the face by water logged tree boughs can prove quite exhilarating at first, but soon becomes a real pain in the rear. Several times, my hat would be sent flying from the force which can prove annoying. To soothe my fraying demeanor, I would remind myself that I well knew the woods were strictly impersonal. Even if it did look like they were out to get me.

Not wishing to stumble upon bears with cubs, or lions with hunger, I attached a small, brass cowbell given to me by Nancy, to my pack. Each step I took caused a melodic jingle to break the stillness of the forest. Since I was making my own trail, I knew such encounters would be rare as wild animals usually aren't doing what I was doing. They prefer 'runs' or 'game highways' that they travel to see what new, tasty things may be present that day. Some of these runs are laden with the travelers scat and often times a pursuer's. Only the Sasquatch appeared to venture around in a discovery manner. And to my

way of thinking, this goes along with brain size. Stay off trails, and it becomes difficult to predict your coming and goings. I was hoping that rather than be a deterrent, the bell would attract curiosity and draw the Bigfoot in to investigate. Although I would bet most hunters or hikers would prefer not to sound like a lost cow or sheep in hungry carnivore land, I figured if that was what it took to make contact, then so be it.

It's probable that since I was also using my whistle and calling out 'Suki' to them, the Sasquatch would most likely be a bit confused as to my purpose. My behavior was not the norm in their forest, and if they were to recognize me, I hoped they would be unable to resist checking me out. I had brought along a couple of oranges as gifts, hoping that they would not suspect I had slipped a 'mickey' in them. I had not, although I knew of many folks near ape caves who were doing just that. Were a Sasquatch to appear out of the misty, dark trees, I planned to initiate the greeting of a friend and toss the oranges at its feet. What I would not do, is turn into a screaming, wildly firing idiot. The majority of my hikes found my shotgun (an eight shot model) resting on my back, butt snugly seated behind the handle of my machete. Knowing well of the various large caliber weapons used against these creatures in the past, my weapon was almost a pea shooter. Even being able to place a slug where desired won't help much if its family decides to obliterate the shooter.

I would hear an occasional noise of something moving through the forest, sometimes even crashing sounds. That is the usual rule of these woods,

escaping from confrontation. On I went, sometimes being fortunate to find a giant, fallen tree that became my elevated highway through the dense woods. It was a great feeling to be 8-10 ft above the forest floor and seeing the great tree stretch out for a couple of hundred feet or so. The shotgun was always in my hands when approaching these prone behemoths, as several in the past had turned out to be a current den of bears. Adrenaline flowing and senses on high alert, I carefully scoped the dens and dark interiors of the trees before climbing up on top. Quite an experience, walking like a squirrel on the side of this once majestic giant tree.

The thought crossed my mind that a worthy, temporary shelter could be carved from the interior of a tree such as this. With a bit of chainsaw work, a real tree house could be had. Moving on down the huge, fallen tree, I soon forgot about all that as the rain began to increase. It was tricky, walking upon huge sections of slippery bark. Almost losing my footing a few times, I finally reached the end of the line, or in this case, tree. Incredibly, the tree had fallen with its end stretching across a fairly deep ravine.

After carefully considering my options, I chose to not attempt a crossing here on the tree. In the movies, an actor would probably have danced across. Here, in real-life land, my common sense screamed ‘Murphy’s Law’ again. Had I slipped off the tree, I would have either injured myself seriously, or died. The thought of lying all busted up and at the mercy of this forest was an attitude

adjuster for me. I knew well what the scent of my bleeding could attract. Like a shark in the waters I grew up swimming in, certain carnivores could detect my blood scent for several miles. Having no phone, and no one to search for me, probably for weeks, discretion and logic ruled. I had no desire to be gnawed on by anything.

On I went, carefully climbing down from the great tree and then working my way down into the ravine. As I reached the bottom, I heard a multitude of crashing, stick breaking sounds, and watched, open mouthed, as a small herd of deer bounded off in several directions. For being deer, they sure made a lot of noise. Soon, all was still again, and it was just me and the rain and the woods. After making my way up the other side of the ravine, I soon discovered an old, overgrown trail, obviously unused for many years. Glad to have an easier path, I silently thanked the long dead ax men of the prior century. Once, this path was clear enough to allow a narrow wagon to pass. Over the many years, the forest had diligently reclaimed most of what those men had cleared. It was plainly evident to me that no one had passed this way for a long, long time. Working my way around and through the tangles of growth, something within caused me to quickly glance overhead at a ledge that followed the path. For a very brief instant of time, I saw the last foot and a half length of a large mountain lion's tail. It looked to be about as thick as my arm, and like a hairy snake, quickly whipped from view.

I was alert now, really and truly so. I had been carrying my shotgun in

my arms, and now it was tightly trained on the area of the lion. Not happy with the ledge being about 35-40 ft above me, I began carefully moving forward while aiming the shotgun at the ledge above. Not knowing if it would leap from the ledge or climb down to confront me, I was determined to create a wall of lead if it did attack. I was now high up in the snow zone, and very grateful for the warm and water resistant clothing I was wearing. My leather, wide brimmed hat funneled water away from me and helped keep my head warm. The rain soon changed to snow as I put a good distance between the lion and myself. It is a comforting feeling to be holding a 12-gauge shotgun. Sure, it's a heavy load to carry all day, but it sure can make a lonely guy feel better, knowing he's not at the mercy of teeth and claws. Combined with the rest of my gear, I was easily packing forty pounds or more. I found myself forced to take rest breaks a lot more often than I remembered from 5-7 years earlier. That's what happens when you become an old fart, I would chide myself. Plus, I had been leading a fairly sedentary lifestyle since my injuries came home to roost a few years earlier.

Still thinking like a twenty year old who can't fail, I soon discovered I was at a severe disadvantage due to age and injuries. Great, I thought, as a different, old wounded area would begin to send sharp, pain waves to my brain, itself a haven of injuries. Feelings of alarm would race through my brain, as it was much too early in this special expedition to find myself incapacitated. After all of the hard work, expense, sacrifices, and mental anguish required of

this trip, it would be a cold place below before I quit. I had to be successful in this major undertaking. Too much was at stake here.

Feeling safer having some distance between the lion and myself, I decided to take a needed rest and have lunch. Placing the shotgun for easy accessibility, I unburdened myself of my geologists' bag and sat down on a large piece of quartz. Opening my bag, I reached in and pulled out a tin of ham spread and a package of crackers. Eating slowly, while small snow flakes silently (well, almost silently) fell all around me, I found myself gazing off into the surrounding mountain peaks of green, shrouded in swaddling loops of cottony clouds. I knew that I was looking across many miles of millions of trees. Difficult to put into words, I could feel a pulsating life thread linking the life forms before me. A feeling of deep responsibility coursed within me, and I knew that if I had to crawl the forbidding miles of forest ahead, I would gladly do so if it meant protection of Sasquatch and this beautiful haven it called home.

It was clear to me that others who love to hike in the wilds chose other places to do so. I am the person who closely examines any presence of other life forms. Any footprint I come across is check listed for type of creature, approximate age of the print, and where they might lead. Although animal tracks were abundant, human prints were not. Most people tend to nature-hike along established trails, following paths of least resistance. It is a known fact that the United States was and is a vast collection of paths and trails originally created by ancient Native Americans. When White men began exploring this

country, they used the Indian trails. Rarely would they strike out on their own. These ancient 'roadways' are still visible in many places, one place in particular is in Arizona. Satellite infra-red photos have detected a 'trade highway' from the land of the Anasazi in Arizona, straight as a rifle shot to Missouri. All along the way, side roads lead off to ancient village sites that are presently being unearthed for research. Is it any wonder or surprise to inquiring minds, that millions of ancient inhabitants would create useful pathways? Thanks to the Indian peoples, white explorers like Lewis and Clark and Daniel Boone and countless others, would find themselves more tourist than trail blazer.

When I would discover human prints, they were always accompanied with forester tapes hanging from limbs, or trees painted for cutting. Strictly professional business reasons. Therefore, it came as quite a shock for me to discover a faded, law enforcement 'do not cross tape, crime scene zone' taped area high on top of the ruggedest peak around. Judging by the weathering of the tape, and absence of tracks, the tape had been there at least a year, probably two. The area taped was a square, approximately 75 ft per side, and crossed over a dark, deep appearing, marshy zone of water. The tape looked as though it had been ripped apart in places, one tie off spot to a small tree looked as though the tree had been broken into splintered pieces. Not much light penetrated this section of forest. Unease weighed heavily upon me, causing me to remove the shotgun from my back and release the safety. Nothing made any sense to me,

standing there, four thousand feet up a difficult mountain to explore. What on earth could possibly have happened in this spot, so far from human activity? And why would law-enforcement tape an area of deep, dark forest? Who would be a likely trespasser way up here?

My examination revealed nothing to warrant a crime scene. Just to reach this point required walking around three lock out gates. Nobody drove to this spot, of that I was certain. Unsettling to me, was the feeling of disaster which was present in this place. Like other spots on earth that seem to radiate danger, this location repelled me and caused deep unrest within me. I decided to move along eventually, determined to investigate further when opportunity arose.

I soon came into view of a gigantic pit, obviously old and abandoned. Hiking up to its' edge, I discovered the shattered remains of an old prospector's shack. Thinking it rather strange that the structure was completely flattened, I noticed very large footprints leading down into the center of the pit. It was easy to see the prints were bare foot, and not very old, a week maybe. Taking off my gear and placing the shotgun aside, I lay down beside the print and eye balled it horizontally, checking its age by edge crumbling. I studied the forest material within the prints and checked for rain evidence. The prints led straight down into the pit and exited a far side, traveling up such a steep incline that I was forced to find a different route. I could not determine a reason for the track direction. It seemed to imply a direct line of travel, as though a fifty ft high pit slope was to the creature what a small hill would be to a hiker such as myself. Convinced

no human made these footprints, I decided to follow on and see where they led. Higher I climbed, noting that the weather was rapidly changing, turning wetter and colder. Suddenly, my left knee erupted in fiery pain, causing me to stumble and fall. Agony spasms rolled over me in constant waves. Pulling up my trouser leg, I saw that my kneecap had shifted and greatly swollen, gave the appearance of separating into two sections. The pain was intense. Finding out quickly the leg would not support my weight, I decided to rest and eat the provisions I had in my bag. I would need the energy provided by my simple meal, though I could hardly taste a thing. Worse yet, I was at the confluence of three trails, cold rain was falling, and the ground was too rocky to show my prints. A sharp pang of panic rushed over me as I tried to deduce which trail was correct.

Looking around me, I found a dead length of sapling that had a 'Y' shape at one end. Placing it under my armpit, I was able to steady myself and take small steps. Any movement of the damaged knee brought pain that coursed through my entire body. Movement of only a few feet was pure agony. Thinking to myself, what could be worse than this, I watched as the blowing, cold rain changed to blowing, cold snow. Now I really had a problem. Slowly hobbling along, pain taking my breath away, I soon felt that I was on the wrong path. Worse still, the snow was making it difficult to hobble through.. At this point, I was wishing mightily that I did not have the weight of the bag and weapon to hinder me, but knew things could be worse. A long way from even the lock-out

gates, I hoped to make it back to camp before the snow deepened and my leg gave out. Gratefully remembering my compass, I soon knew the direction I must travel. It wasn't the most compelling one and seemed a mistake, but I trusted the compass reading. It took hours for me to finally reach my camp. I had wrapped my knee on the peak with an ace bandage I had been carrying in case my bad knee caused any problems. It was a shocker to experience my good knee damaged a few miles from camp. Murphy's Law again. As I write this, six months after the injury, my knee remains damaged. Now that cold weather is appearing, both knees are feeling a little shot. Darkness settled over me as the snow changed to rain as altitude decreased. Not wanting to be slip sliding in the darkness, I forced myself to move as quickly as possible. Eventually reaching a lock out gate, I carefully edged around the metal bar and promptly lost my footing on the slippery rocks. Falling hard, I felt my shotgun barrel slam in to the side of my head, almost knocking me out. After watching the phosphenes flicker, I regained my feet and painfully compared my knee to my now swollen ear and right side of my head. I shuddered, not at the biting cold this time, but at the scary thought of what might have happened had I been negligent or careless and left the shotgun's safety off. Finally reaching the van, I thanked God for bringing me down from that mountain, unfrozen and in one piece.

That night in camp was a mixture of annoyances, due primarily to now having two knees that weren't functioning well. Muttering things under my breath about Murphy's Law helped me vent my displeasure at feeling really

vulnerable at the time. If I needed to move quickly, I wasn't happy about feeling helpless.. My brain and nervous system were always on alert on this mountain. I well knew it could kill me if I were careless, and kill me if not. But to my way of thinking, caution is wisdom. I move very slowly in the forests, senses on highest alert, carefully choosing the spot to place my boot. I turn and look closely all around me, listening for any sound that seems out of place, too ordered, too near. Tonight, I would probably have trouble resting well. The shotgun barrel had slammed into the side of my head at an angle, and a large bump along with bleeding from my ear kept reminding me of how Daniel Boone or, Davy Crockett probably wouldn't have slipped, slamming their muskets into their own heads. Good thing for me a Grizzly or lion hadn't been chasing me.

After considerable effort, I made an incredible pot of coffee, rice medley dinner with crackers, and peaches for dessert. Outside, rain blew with gusto in the dark night, trees brushing each other, sounding like giant sword fighters. I shuddered hard, imagining what it could have been like for me tonight had I been unable to walk. It had to be snowing a bit where I had been, and the large lion was there. I had a small miners' lamp, and extra batteries with me. It's not that I didn't feel good having a pump shotgun with a reload, or the Myotron in my pocket, and machete as strong and sharp as a sword. A very unwelcome side effect surfaced in me after my head injuries. Cold air and cold breezes could cause me to erupt in violent, unstoppable shaking and shivering. I can go rigid,

unable to move while shaking uncontrollably. Consequently, I would be unable to aim and fire a weapon or defend myself in any way. Try and imagine this happening to you in identical circumstances as me. It's highly likely the lion would smell the bleeding ear and investigate. Heads being primary targets of lions, one already bleeding may be too hard to resist. If a mother and half grown young ones, or a mated pair were to discover you, it would resemble the National Geographic specials, only, the downed antelope is you.

Downing several aspirin and once again thanking God for helping me return safely, I again listened to soothing music while stretched out and covered in warm blankets. Leaves and needles and twigs were blowing against the van, making scratching and popping sounds. It was a night not meant for man or beast, but I knew the beasts coped well.

I awoke to a throbbing head and earache, but my knee had improved a great deal. It was definitely injured, but the swelling had gone down. Slowly exiting the van to face a gray, foggy and still raining Kodak moment, I made up my mind to break camp and drive into Grants Pass and complete long interrupted research on John Garvin. I didn't feel much like climbing today. The Josephine County Historical Society was my goal this early morn. It's an information packed, treasure trove of historical data on the areas of my interest. Seven years earlier, I made my first visit to what at first glance appears to be someone's Grandparents' home. It turns out that it used to be just that. On my first visit, I had the distinct pleasure of being assisted in my research by some very sweet,

grandmotherly type ladies. Not a far cry from the little old lady who owns Tweety Bird in the cartoons. With their assistance, I scanned several boxes full of century old lawman reports, land history, mining activity, anything and everything that happened in my zones of exploration and beyond. For me, it was like entering a time machine and transporting back to those interesting times. To give you an idea of how I like to read, consider this: Until very recently, when I read a newspaper, I read every word on every page, including the classifieds. When I was a kid growing up, I enjoyed reading the dictionary. When school days arrived, I would have all my textbooks read within days. Reading and knowledge gained became a wonderful world of escape and wonder for me. I guess it still is. The helpful staff of the historical society added much needed data for my work, those many years before. This visit, seven years later, turned out to be a bit of a trial for me. I just couldn't find it, driving all over the place, looking. Grants Pass, Oregon is shaped like a stretched out box, or, parallelogram. The main traffic lanes run around the town like an oval racing track, with bisecting streets like spokes in a wheel. It was a confounding task to find a town destination. Now I discovered my self in an old 'Twilight Zone' episode, the one where the poor guy finds out he can't drive out of town no matter which direction he starts from. Making everything much worse was the loud slamming noise, which guaranteed unwanted attention. I began to worry a little that there might be a little known ordinance here banning loud bangs, under 'Noise Infractions' or something

similar. At least I had the satisfaction of knowing I would probably not be suspected of illegal hunting. This rig would warn every suspicious animal within three miles that we were coming. No stealth mobile here. I figured all the Oregon people hearing me pass would see my Washington plates and say, 'it figures, look where he's from.' I think that's what their lips were saying when I caught their eyes. Finally locating the house, I entered and expressed my interest in any information on John Roberston, Jr. (well known historical figure) and John Garvin, the scientist of my interest who worked with Mr. Robertson. For the remainder of the day, I read hundreds of newspaper, magazine, and other clippings from well over one hundred years ago. The helpful staff kept bringing me ledger after ledger, digests, death notices, land journals, mining claims, a wondrous array of ancient faces with what were then, current stories. I read everything they brought to me until they ran out. They were needlessly apologetic for having nothing else for me to study. What I was lacking in knowledge when first entering their door, found me solving several mysteries in my mind as I was leaving. Thanking them for their valuable aid, I once again entered the rather mad cap race course of town driving.

I decided to once again head for the Fred Meyers store to pick up some things and place a call to my Attorney/Biologist friend, Joe Serres. Joe lives about 45 miles away in the beautiful town of Ashland, Oregon. I wanted to try and set up a meeting with Joe on the Rogue River near my camp. Having brought all of my evidence with me to show Dr. Meldrum, I now wished for

Joe to examine it first hand. He had mentioned that he might be able to help me with evidence retrieval, and he was highly interested in helping me search for fresh Sasquatch scat. Joe agreed that DNA extracted from the tool box fragments would indeed be the golden key to lock the door on old growth harvesting. Sasquatch DNA meant endangered creature status along with critical habitat protection. With DNA evidence in hand, Joe could make Perry Mason look like a rookie. We were to speak several times by phone before I was to return to the Rogue. Dialing his number on this rainy, April morning, all I could do was leave a message. I told him where I was camped, what I was driving, the latest of knowledge, and then bade him good bye. Joe is a very hard man to catch and converse with. He is driven to halt the ecological destruction planned for the Rogue River Corridor. He briefed me intensely on how larcenous folk apply to log harvest trees, but instead secretly steal the irreplaceable, old growth timber. He was determined to stop this atrocity with legal injunctions, but admitted to me it may only amount to a delay. I told Joe that whatever it took, I was going to return to the Rogue River area and attempt retrieval of the Bigfoot bite material. When I received the DNA I suspected was there, I would supply him with the evidence needed to grant animal existence and halt logging of their habitat. To his credit, and my relief, Joe heard me out and I could detect hope in his voice. It was starting to get late, so I departed Grants Pass to return to my campsite. My head was full of new knowledge that could only help in my quest. I had

spent several hours being helped by really nice people, and I had written down many important facts that would greatly aid me. Plus, I stopped in at a McDonalds and had a nice break from soup. Getting around today had been difficult due to my injured knee, but I had the help of my walking cane, acquired after breaking my right foot the year before. It's another reason I carry a pump shotgun in the wilds. I can't outrun much of what might decide to chase me, nor climb trees quickly. My Myotron could knock something down, but only for several minutes, possibly making the recipient very incensed at me. I knew in my heart that my recently damaged knee was going to seriously slow me down. But it entered my mind, that brave souls with worse disabilities than mine, were daily enriching the world by their contributions. My mind returned to 1965, when as a seventh grader at Shaw High School in Mobile, Alabama, I entered the VFW's (Veterans of Foreign Wars) 'Hire the Handicapped' poster contest for the Southeastern United States. I drew an arm with a hook for a hand, punching a time card in a time clock. My caption read: MOST HANDICAPPED WORKERS ARE MORE DEPENDABLE THAN THE TIME CLOCKS THEY PUNCH. I won 3rd place. Now almost 39 years later, I'm a handicapped veteran of a foreign war. Isn't life strange?

It began to appear that I would not make it back to the mountain campsite before dark. Faced with the possibility of backing over a cliff in the darkness, I decided to camp that night on the bank of the Rogue River. Choosing a level, sandy spot less than twenty feet from the melodious, tumbling rapids, I made a

great pot of coffee and enjoyed a chili and crackers meal. It was really dark near the water, and twelve-fifteen ft high scrub bushes appeared even darker than the river. Good hiding places I thought. Lighting candles and reading over my notes from the Historical Society, I could hear the incredible river sounds through the rain-swirled blackness. I wondered to myself, how many Indians over the centuries had sat here and heard what I was now hearing? This was a prime location for them, right on the river. They could fish, wash, drink and play here, and plentiful game would come to drink. With these pleasant thoughts lingering in my consciousness, I extinguished the candles and snuggled under my warm blankets. The rain beating on the van slowly lulled me into sleep, and I was picturing Marilyn Monroe rafting the Rogue when darkness came.

I awoke around 2 a.m. to answer nature's call and tried my best to fall back asleep to no avail. I really did not want to leave the van to step out into freezing rain, but nature was now screaming at me to do just that. Grumbling loudly about nothing, I exited the van into the rain. Training my light on the sand around the van, I was startled to find large prints, or what was left of them in the puddling sand. Rain was rapidly changing their shape, but it looked to me like something had circled the van several times, close enough to look in the windows. Worse yet, they came from the riverbank, a rough, overgrown, scratch you to pieces, area. Far off down the riverbank, I saw a huge bonfire and a solitary figure feeding the blaze. Odd, I thought. It's now 2:30 in the morning,

it's raining and blowing sleet, and there's a guy working hard to keep a huge fire going in a rainstorm.

After lying awake to see if my visitor might return, I eventually fell asleep and awoke once again upon hearing something brush up against the van, rocking it a little. Grabbing my lantern and shotgun, I swung open the door and jumped out, seeing and hearing nothing, except more track activity around the van.

Looking down the river, I could see the fire builder slumped in a low slung chair, looking asleep in the rain. At least I knew it couldn't be him casing the van and me while I slept. I ruled out bear because of the lack of claw prints and other signs. This business of sneaking around someone's camp is more animalistic than human. To begin with, the night was very unpleasant, and taking a wrong turn could easily have one floundering in world class rapids. Plus, there are campers such as myself who believe in being armed. Who would risk being shot by a nervous camper? This time out, I set a world record etching my initials in the sand before returning to my warm blankets. With sunrise only a couple of hours away or less, I decided that I would have a real breakfast at the Galice Tourist Café a couple of miles down river. Now resting fitfully until the café opened at seven, I also planned to once again try to make contact with Joe Serres to plan a get together at the café as soon as possible. Somehow, I managed to fall asleep and woke up with a growling stomach. With dawn just beginning to appear through the thick fog that covered everything as far as the eye could see, I heard the uneven cylinder firing of a rather small fishing boat with a couple of

hunched over, rain soaked fellows putt-putting down the roiling, crashing Rogue. Waving at them, I could hardly believe their foolishness at traveling this river with a malfunctioning motor. Watching them labor on, I felt a stab of apprehension about their safety.

As I was preparing to leave the riverbank for the Café, I heard and then saw an emergency water rescue truck rushing down river. Praying no one had been injured, I drove on to the café/store that was still in the process of opening. The Galice Store/Café is not a large establishment, being able to seat around twenty people inside and perhaps double that on the outside deck. Made of wood with a covered porch, it can be a real oasis to the hungry, supply-needing adventurer. An old fashioned stool set-up at an eating counter, along with long wooden tables gives off an air of rustic charm. A large, attractive river rock fireplace graces one wall, full of photos and cards from appreciative visitors. Next to the fireplace hangs a large, life size, nicely framed photo of George Bush, Sr, hugging the owner of the café. It seems the Bush Family had availed themselves of this little known haven for sometime. I earlier discovered that this area of the Rogue River had been a rather exclusive playground for the rich, powerful, famous and notorious. It has only been a few decades that one could easily reach this area. The actor Clark Gable, was fly fishing near here in the 40's, when his actress wife, Carole Lombard, died in a plane crash enroute to join him. Child actress, Shirley Temple, was made an honorary 'cave man' by

the Caveman Society, responsible for erecting the huge, fiberglass statue of a Neanderthal in Grants Pass. It is evident that the wealthy would recreate in the isolated beauty of this place. Who could blame them? Taking a seat close to the crackling heat of the open door of the fireplace, I relished the delightful aroma of cedar wood and the popping sounds coming forth. It looked like molten gold overlying gold briquettes past the iron door. Being the first customer in a place is a sure way of receiving a hearty welcome, something I rarely encounter on mountains. To my delight, I was recognized by a couple of the older hands from several years ago. They fondly recalled the many visits by Bert and me. Obviously surprised to see me again, they soon had an incredible breakfast before me, consisting of a huge slice of ham, potatoes, eggs, home made biscuits, and constant coffee. I could see the cooks' face as I took my first bites. A large, stocky fellow, sporting a huge mustache and a friendly smile, he was the picture of kitchen mastery. Signaling from my table, I gave my appreciation for a truly marvelous meal.

After a couple of coffee refills and all the bone warming heat I could absorb, I bade them good bye, and stopped at the pay phone to place a call to Joe. Happily surprised to hear him answer, I proceeded to have a really good conversation about his time table and when he could travel this way to meet with me and review evidence. It just so happened that he was bringing some acquaintances with him to view future timber cut locations.

The problem was still before me, as Joe explained it would be close to

a week before we could meet. He had mentioned previously his kid brother, as another set of hands, and so I asked him if they would be interested in helping me uncover the forest floor where the Sasquatch spat out the styrofoam pieces. I explained that seven years of growth material had created an overburden of 4-5 inches of intertwined root systems, and detritus material. Poison oak was rampant, and the mountain slope very slippery, along with lots of timber rattlers hiding under stuff. I mentioned fresh bear scat on the trail in front of the tunnel. If you want someone to help you, then tell them the whole truth of what might be in store for them and you. In Joe's case, he is a young, brilliant attorney with small children. Although he is adept in the woods, he might not be keen on facing combined dangers that could prove hazardous to his health. I explained my goal of using rigid, steel rakes, to roll up the forest floor material like large blankets, unrolling when finished. Part of my problem, I explained, was my inability to kneel or place weight on my still busted knee. Also, there were boulders and fallen trees lying where I suspected key evidence material lay. Add on top of all that a cold, constant rain, carnivores, and Sasquatch. I could tell he was deeply considering his decisions, and then again, who wouldn't? If this didn't sound like an invitation to an 'X-Files' mystery, I would be surprised.

Joe told me that he would meet me at the Galice Café in a week, at 11 a.m. He described what he would be driving. Turns out it was a van of the same year as mine. He said he would also have his family with him, but would drop

them off to play on the Rogue while he and I discussed evidence. It felt really good to hear this busy eco-warrior say he was looking forward to our meeting. Wishing him well until then, I left the Café and drove back up the mountain to my camping site. I had a tape playing cowboy songs on, and could visualize the men of a century and more ago, riding a horse or mule on this road, well, not actually this road, as it was fairly modern. The old timers didn't bother much with traveling great circles on up a mountain. They made trails that went more or less straight, sometimes almost straight up. Those trails were difficult to discern, bisecting the curvy, modern road in places that looked like natural, untouched wilderness. When in the woods away from a road, ancient trails can be seen, even when grown over. Better still by far, is the use of strong hand lenses to visually detect ancient trails on aerial photos. I spent many hours doing just that. I thoroughly enjoyed the challenge of discovery, and even considered purchasing satellite photos for even better close-up examination. I eventually wound up with satellite information that filled in a few more unanswered questions.

I continued on up the mountain, pondering the need of my walking cane and where I would venture next. I decided to drive the van as close as I could towards the Dolly mine, where Bert and I discovered the first, nineteen inch print years before. Pulling the van off the road and parking among trees, I noticed something I had never noticed before. Litter. Soon however, I discovered something very odd about this litter. It wasn't garbage. It was a conglomeration

of clothing and personal items, tossed every which way. Now, I had spent several weeks each year for a few years straight on this mountain, and litter was non-existent. Closer examination revealed a trail of debris, leading the ¼ mile from this turn off spot up to the mine site mobile home we had spied years earlier.

A noticeable chill ran down my spine, as I could tell that the items I was passing on my uphill climb did not fit the ‘throw away’ check test. It was evident the stuff had sat out for a few years, but never have I beheld such a sight. A familiar feeling of danger signals began warning me that something was wrong about this scene. To begin with, no one came up here to my knowledge. Also, this was the one and only litter site you were going to encounter up here, other than the several, century old ones I had already found. Already uncomfortable with this spot from years earlier, a strong feeling of uneasiness enveloped me, causing me to quickly draw the shotgun from my back. Cautiously moving around the final bend of the deep, rutted, uneven path, what I saw next caused me to freeze in place. There sat the mobile home, only, 1/3 of its length, the end containing the kitchen and living room was smashed flat. The roof of the home was lying on the floor. I could see that the interior looked like someone had been living there when the roof crashed down. Dishes were in the sink, pictures were on walls, utensils were in proper places, rugs were on floors, and the roof sat on the floor. All around the home, personal goods and a wide assortment of household items were scattered randomly. It truly looked as though the

occupants were thrashed out of this place.

Climbing up into the mobile home, I saw male and female clothing, shoes, winter gear, books, school materials, clothing hanging in closets, and children's photos and toys lying everywhere. Alarmed now, I realized that this looked like a crime scene. Carefully checking where the roof had crashed in, I discovered that the wood was strong and in good shape. The support boards had been splintered, and it appeared as though some great weight had jumped up and down on the roof, crashing it in on top of everything below.

Snow didn't do this I said to myself. This area is below the heavy snow zone. Also, 2/3 of the remaining roof was still strong and secure. I carefully examined this place of bad vibes and soon found a huge hole ripped out of the wall. There were so many large animal droppings around the hole and inside the trailer, that I found myself staring for quite some time. On the floor, covered in debris, I found the birth documents and photos of a girl infant, several personal family records, and other papers that common sense told me normally accompany a family when they move away. This place decidedly looked like nobody moved from here, at least, not willingly. It looked more like a violent crime scene than not. Troubled, I left the interior and jumped down outside to look around. There, piled high in a heap, was the family's belongings. It would take too long to list them all, but anything a family would gather for their needs and use was before me in a conical pile. Exposed for years to the elements, it looked like nothing I had ever seen.

Moving around to the other side of the mobile home, I saw two badly damaged vehicles. One was a 1994 Toyota and the other an 80's Jeep Wagoneer. Both were totally trashed, with what looked like huge, fist indentations all over the bodies. All glass was shattered. Hoods were ripped off, seats were mangled, engines were smashed up, and parts lay strewn all around. This looks pretty bad, my brain said to me again and again. Nothing here makes any sense. I decided to gather up the important papers I could find, and look into contacting relatives of the people who had lived here.

Walking up to one of the two large tunnels on this property, I discovered what looked like a well worn trail, leading into the dark, half-filled with water, tunnel. Starkly forbidding, I decided against venturing in. Moving to the other harder to reach tunnel, I found it had collapsed, leaving a small crawl space that revealed a deep drop to the tunnel floor below. Above this opening, the entire mountain slope looked ready to give way. With the great amount of rain this area was receiving, many slopes were washing out, toppling great trees and causing cascades of boulders and soil to rush down slope like an avalanche. Noting the great amount of sparkling sulfides now exposed by erosion, I decided to take some select samples with me for further analysis at a later time. A couple of times, I thought I could hear movement deep within this mine. Getting no response from my yells, I decided it was time to leave this place of mystery. Try as I would, I could not shake the feeling that something terrible had occurred here.

Returning to my campsite, I decided to position the van about 100 ft to the side of my previous spot. This time, I pointed the front towards the road, enabling me to sit in the drivers' seat with the best view possible. Besides, my van had been spotted a couple of days earlier by a rarely seen mining company truck. It was pre-dawn, dark and foggy, and I was heating the van's interior with my compact 'lil heater,' which glowed like a fist sized, orange eyeball. It was apparent that they had spotted the burner, as they came to an abrupt, screeching halt. Looking out a side window, I could see what looked like hostility on their faces, and could hear what sounded like anger in several voices. Seeing one of them leap out with something resembling an ax handle in his hand, caused me to casually position the 12 gauge so it would be easily seen. It was noticed very quickly, and with great surprise on his face, the quickly approaching fellow came to an abrupt halt. I grinned and waved like a happy tourist, as he quickly began back tracking, waving like one of those motorized hands on a sign. Sometimes, bully types need to understand their limits. Sadly, this is a rare thing, since knowing ones limits denotes wisdom.

Suffice it to say, I was not approached again. As a precaution though, I posted a paper on my windshield, stating my permission to be there, making clear I was no claim jumper, and even inviting the reader(s) to come visit over good coffee. No one responded, although I later found evidence someone had walked down to the van and looked at my note. I figured I would be wise like the ancient Mongol war lords. They made it a point to keep their friends and

loved ones close to them, but they made sure they kept their enemies closer.

After the mining truck quickly departed, I withdrew a big ham biscuit I had saved from breakfast and placed it in my hiking bag, along with cookies and water. I found it much easier to carry bottled water than wear a canteen. Plus, I was really tired of getting snagged and stopped in my tracks by clinging vines and branches. As I was rarely on a trail, movement through mountain growth can be slow going. Then again, up here, slow is good. I wasn't in a particular rush. Besides, I wasn't leaving this place without doing a lot of serious looking around. I would depart camp early each day and return at dusk. This allowed me to cover great distances, even with using a cane. Up in these mountains, everything was a long ways away. An important thing I had to force myself to remember, was the fact that as far as I would travel, I also had to return the same distance. The return trip to camp was always the toughest, as by that point, I would be nearly exhausted.

This morning found the weather to be a little worse than I'd yet encountered. You would think I would be miffed at suiting up for cold, blowing rain, but it was an opposite reaction from me. This kind of weather tended to keep me alert and active. The biggest reason though for me, was the lack of forest growth yet to occur. I knew well how dense these woods would become. An extra bonus also, was the lack of bothersome insects. I also knew the history of this place. The men of the 19th century worked their claims through the winter.

They were a rugged, intrepid bunch, those men and their women folk. Even when times got pretty difficult, I would remember that John Garvin was here in winter and did quite well. If they could hack the life, I figured so could I. It was still a little dark when I set out to explore the mountain behind the Dolly mine. To my eyes and brain, it very much looked like an unnatural disaster had befallen the inhabitants and their home. Years before, I had explored the area I was heading for, but things can change over time and I knew the head of this particular gulch had a rich, golden history. This hike would find me following old trails overgrown with saplings and scrub brush. I knew this area had not changed since the heyday of mining activity. Studying the many old photographs of this zone revealed lots of trees and rocks, much like you see today. The one thing however, that was not in any old photos of these mountains, were the huge piles of sticks of similar size and length that appeared woven together, not merely piled. I had encountered them years before, but not with any certainty, identify their manufacture.

Rising as much as ten ft, these structures are solidly woven all the way through. They do not look man made and must have taken a lot of time to complete. I began to find several of these odd structures with most being of recent manufacture. These stick structures were unlike anything ever reported in nature. No one, from any of the woods professions, had ever seen anything like them. There is no animal in North America that builds structures like these. Beavers, pack rats, large birds and others are decidedly not the builders. Stranger

still, they appear in different stages of assembly. I have found several on top of large logs and rock ledges. The oddest fact to present itself to me, was my discovery that these stick mounds are all built in a northeast direction. Add to all of this, the fact that no trace of human presence or involvement is indicated.

Continuing to follow the steep and sometimes unstable slope of this ravine, I spotted what looked like an almost hidden footpath. Skirting around a fallen giant tree, half-denuded of its once orangish red bark, I found myself in front of a large mound of fresh sawdust. Instantly on full alert, I readied my shotgun, listening and trying hard to detect what this sign revealed. Once, about twenty and some years before, I answered an ad touting a freshly bulldozed road to the top of a rugged mountain in St. Maries, Idaho. The realtor told me that six and a half acres near the top were available for three thousand dollars. Interested, I drove to the mountain and discovered the 'road' was freshly ripped up red soil, with fallen trees and stumps lying in and out, and in some places, across this road, which at first glance, resembled a huge, gaping wound on a large animal. To make matters worse, a heavy, earlier rain storm had turned much of the soil into a red, porridge-looking texture.

Deeply lamenting selling my CJ-5 a few months earlier to a major's son at the Headquarters of the Kansas City, Missouri Police Dept. where I had worked, I struggled with steering my pickup. You're definitely no Jeep, I said sadly, as the ¾ ton Ford labored mightily to avoid becoming mired in the slush.

I followed the plat map given to me by the realtor who, strangely, I thought at the time, showed no desire to meet me at the site nor drive with me there. I thought I detected fear as the middle aged woman described the area. I now realized why the poor lady seemed so hesitant to answer my probing questions about the six acres. She did say that the land had a seasonal, rushing, torrent of water dividing it, and I needed hiking shoes to look around. Finally arriving at the platted acreage, I discovered the property was a deep ravine with what was indeed, a torrent of rushing water, snow run off, cascading down a very steep pathway.

Reaching the property involved very tricky climbing, as the walls were almost vertical and comprised of loose rock. It soon was apparent that only a mountain goat could live here. Climbing back up, I retrieved my 30:30 Winchester, and decided to follow a well worn path that led into dark forest comprised of large fir and cedar. Carefully making my way along this trail, I stopped short at the sight of a huge pile of fresh sawdust at the base of a large tree. Stunned, I could not figure why a wood cutter would fight his way up to this spot and chain saw wood. Looking around, I could not detect any sign of human presence, nor of cut wood lying around. It was then, while glancing up the trees trunk, that I noticed the large, deep, claw marks, freshly ripped in the bark. A cold chill came over me as I realized a great bear had stood up here, stretched its huge legs upward, and raked downward with every claw mark highly visible. The marks appeared to be about an inch wide and deep, and

caused long, white furrows that ran several feet downward. The thought entered my head, that I had worked hard and long in the past to produce a pile of sawdust this large while cutting wood. Deeply alarmed, I decided that this path was an old, well used, large game trail, and the large game that dug these marks 10 ft overhead might possibly be hiding near. Dusk approaching, I returned to my truck and departed, vowing to ask more detailed questions the next time I dealt with realtors. I have a feeling that she knew well what roamed the property with the low asking price. So, once again, a large pile of fresh sawdust lay before me, and this time, my eyes instinctively glanced upward and there they were. Huge claw marks eerily reminiscent of that years earlier encounter in Idaho. These marks, looked a lot larger than the Idaho marks. Probably the huge Cinnamon bear from my encounter five years earlier. Again, the sawdust was fresh, and smelled like an opened cedar trunk in the cold, crisp, air. Not wishing for a bear 'adventure,' I reached and rapidly shook the small cowbell, sending a sound through the deep, wet forest that resembled a miniature hump back of Notre Dame, frantically doing his best at bell ringing. Moving on while ringing away like an obsessed ice cream vendor, I soon found myself facing a grown over, crumbling slope path leading in the direction I wanted to travel. This is great, I thought. Blazing a trail while using a walking cane is not easy. Finding such a trail as this evidently non-used one was like a gift to me. To my right, the mountainside dropped vertically to tree tops and huge boulders. This path

led me through some of the most difficult terrain on the mountain. As if on cue, the skies darkened greatly and down came the rain, seeming to make the assorted greens of the forest change to a darker hue. Checking my compass, I was heartened by the fact that I was indeed behind the Dolly mine and on course. I've noticed that the more rugged this area gets, the more beautiful, and Garden of Eden appearing, it becomes.

On my left, the mountain rose jaggedly, with boulders and pointed rocks protruding. I could see outcroppings of quartz peeking from beneath bright green moss and assorted lichens. Rounding a large outcropping of fallen rock, I spotted something on the trail that was too red in color to belong in this setting. Walking up to it revealed a plastic tail light cover. Amazed to see it here on this trail, so far from everything, I picked it up and saw that it was stamped Toyota, '94. Instantly, my mind raced to deduce what this could mean. I remembered that one of the destroyed vehicles at the Dolly mine was a '94 Toyota, and its tail light covers were missing. How in the world did it get here? I pondered. Holding the plastic part in front of me and looking through it caused the weak sunlight to dance and behave like a prism. It was clearly evident that no one had traveled this trail for quite some time.

Clearly puzzled at first, plus a little shocked at my find, caused me to mark it off as an unknown. Then, I saw something about twenty five ft from where I had stood holding the tail light. Walking towards it revealed a couple of truly strange things before my eyes. First, there were several, 2-3 inch wide

saplings in the trail before me, slowly rising upward from where it was apparent that they had somehow been smashed flat onto the rocky path. Try to picture yourself standing in the rain on a remote mountainside. On your left, the rocky face rises straight up, on your right, the mountain face falls steeply and deep, dark and foggy, a bad place to tumble. The trail is overgrown with saplings and there are several rock slides along its six foot width. None of the 8-10 ft saplings behind you were flattened in an obviously recent occurrence, and the several in front of you have all their bark and skin scraped clean on almost their entire length. Right before your eyes, those young trees are slowly rising back to their original position. You then see that the trees rising are an obvious path of something, as there are several standing untouched on both sides. Then you see it, an obvious animal bedding down site. It is dead center of the trail, which is now about 100 ft above a roaring, crashing, snow run off which resembles a smaller version of the Rogue river, only a few miles away. Nowhere could I see a safe place to cross this rushing torrent of miniature white caps and sprays. The bed was unlike any bedding site produced by large animals. This great amount of large leafy ferns, great clumps of long, soft, grasses and other soft, leafy materials were brought to this location.

This is a major difference from all other large animals in North America. The rest lie down amongst living material, and smash them flat. They do not gather several different species of soft flora, and then arrange them in a circular

pattern the shape and size of a child's wading pool. It is not hard to see that this bed is contrived. It looks like it was recently occupied, and behind you, saplings are now $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way upright once again. Looking at their now naked trunks facing you, you can see that the bent over ones begin at this bed, and the path of bent trees lead from the bed to the corner of the trail, which blocks the view of the bed. There, less than a few feet around the corner, lies the Toyota tail light. What would you deduce from this so far?

The rain intensified and along with the cascading snow run off, made me acutely aware of needing a nature pause. This would take some time, as I had to remove the shotgun, bag, web belt, and work through several layers of clothing to get to business. Finally free, I had no choice in locations due to the urgency factor, and found myself doing a bang up job extinguishing imaginary fires all over the bedding material. For a guy, it's a natural reaction to desire a target. Unsettling to me was the feeling of being watched, yet I well knew no one else was around. Gearing back up, I continued down the descending trail for about 100 ft before it dead ended against a wet, slippery, muddy slope. At this point, the crashing snow run off was falling from a rapidly rising angle of steepness. As beautiful and earthy, as all of this was, what really had my attention were the clearly visible, giant footprints deeply embedded in the wet earth. At the base of the steep slope lay the remains of an old Arrastre. At least a century or more old, it was a circle of rusted iron with two, heavy stone wheels with axles in their centers. The old miners most likely used a mule or horse to turn the

grinding wheels over the quartz/gold ore, crushing it for easier separation.

When the mountain thaws produced the melting snow run off, they would use its rushing water to turn the grinding stones, something their livestock probably appreciated. The spot for the Arrastre was the widest, most level spot around. Scanning the outcroppings on the slope above, I discovered the flattened remains of two very small shacks made from now rotted planks. Stunned to see the huge prints disappear in the heights, I climbed the slope beside the prints to see where they led. They soon vanished from view when the print maker headed across rock. Looking down slope at the Arrastre, it was easy to see the widely spaced prints, forming a track that climbed for approximately 100 ft.

Placing my water bottle beside some of the prints, I managed to snap several photos before running out of film. I immediately regretted not taking a photo of the bedding down site. Deciding a rest break had been earned, I sat down and ate a packet of cookies and drank my water. It all began to make sense to me now about what had most likely transpired here. I believe a Sasquatch made a bed to rest upon on this dead end trail. Its bed is virtually unapproachable from the rear, as I was to discover soon. Situated only a few yards from a blind approach corner, the bed lay far enough away from view to allow a resting Sasquatch to flee, undetected, if disturbed by someone like myself. With the rain serving to deaden sound, I don't believe the creature heard me until the bell jingled yards from the slope corner. Startled, it flattened its body prone and

quickly scooted forward, effectively flattening the saplings and scraping them clean by its crushing weight. Rushing to get a quick look at its unexpected visitor, I believe it spotted me and raced back down the path, leaped over its bed, and bounded up the slippery slope out of sight. The implications once again pointed to deductive thinking by the creature.

Spotting a dark, cavern opening high in the rocks above, I began an arduous, energy depleting climb to do closer investigation. It was quite possible the creature fled to this cavern, and a feeling of uneasiness traveled from my head to my toes. Unwilling to pass up any opportunity of discovery, I finally was only a few feet from the black opening which angled away from view in a steep drop. Carefully leaning the shotgun against a boulder, I retrieved a screamer rocket and tent pole launcher from my bag. Carefully aiming my miniature stinger missile, I lit the fuse and away it flew, detonating inside the cavern like a screaming Banshee. Acrid smelling smoke billowed from the cavern but nothing else exited. Satisfied, I decided against returning by my entry trail, choosing to attempt a route beside the run-off leading up the steeply sided gulch. It was a decision I would come to regret, nearly costing me my life, and causing further hurts and time wasting. Crossing the cascading water was no easy feat, and it was one I would be forced to repeat many times before the rocks, water, fallen trees, and tons of washed down forest materials eventually forced me to climb straight up a harrowing distance to escape.

Facing a 200 ft near vertical climb, minus many hand-holds, on a wet,

shifting, surface would have been hard to do even for some avid climber in proper clothing and using helpful climbing aids. I had on heavy treaded hiking boots, winter clothing, burdened with a full geologist's bag, shotgun on my back, and machete in a hard sheath at my side. Add to that an injured knee and fatigue, and incessant pouring, cold rain, and there I was, wishing mightily that I had returned the way I came. Now, it was much too late to turn around and climb down. With a trick knee, it was much easier climbing than descending. I was fairly certain I could slip on the water-sprayed rocks and injure myself even more.

Girding my loins about me, as they used to say in ancient days, I began a climb that nearly killed me several times. The climb lacked things to grab onto for support, so I wound up having to jam my cane and a stout stick into the rather loamy surface, and push myself upward, practically ingesting some of the earth and other materials. Now and then, a tree root or solitary bush would provide a handhold and then a foothold for me. The climb was hard and excruciatingly slow, while rain and run-off managed to enter my clothing, soaking me to my birthday suit. Dirt, small rocks, and twigs also found their way inside my clothing, further irritating me in more than one way. I could not shift or scratch, without nearly losing the little balance I had. The climb went on and on, causing me great fatigue, but leaving no recourse but continuing upward. So high up now, that the water run-off looked like a trickle, I reached high above me for a protruding root, and found myself falling backwards into

open air. Knowing I was a dead man unless I did something quickly, I jumped forward, and barely managed to grab a stout root and hug the slope. The weight of my gear had thrown my center of balance off, and once again, I found myself profusely thanking my Guardian Angel for the steadying hand he extended. It took a while before my heart returned to a somewhat normal state. Again, I fought gravity and hard conditions to finally reach the tree line, which enabled me to secure firm hand holds, and eventually climb up onto the primitive road which was blocked to motorized vehicles by a lock-out gate.

It was a long, hard trek returning to my campsite. Darkness fell before I made it back, but I didn't care much. I was grateful to be alive and in one piece. I could not keep from whooping with gusto when I neared my camp. My knee had been severely overworked today and I hoped the pain would subside so I could rest tonight. It turned out to be no problem since I was so fatigued. Reaching the van, I peeled off my gear and clothing, and changed into clean, dry sweats and sweater. I couldn't make supper fast enough and soon, I was enjoying a cup of hot coffee, pasta, peaches, and a toasty, warm van to appreciate while the winds and rain chorused together outside. Hurting all over, I swallowed aspirin, and too exhausted to read or attempt to whistle in a Sasquatch that night, I decided to call it a night earlier than usual. Pulling my warm blankets over me and extinguishing my candles, I soon fell fast asleep.

Waking myself a couple of times with snoring, which I only do when thoroughly exhausted, I managed to ease several aches and pains with my rest.

Inevitably, nature forced me to exit the van into the blowing rain before sunrise. Rounding the van, I immediately noticed the two side tires looked like someone had shot a high pressure water hose across the upper portion of both tires. Astonished, I closely examined them and watched rivulets of what looked like urine begin slowly trickling down from the 2 inch wide band of urine. The other tire was identically marked. Rushing around to the other side of the van, I was struck by the fact that both of those tires were similarly marked. Quickly scanning the dark woods around me, I spotted the large naval orange I had secured in a crotch of a tree 15 ft above the ground, lying on the ground several feet from the tree. Alarmed, realization began setting in as to what must have occurred. As I was deep asleep and probably snoring from exhaustion, I believe the sleeping Bigfoot whose bed I urinated upon, paid me a visit minutes before I awoke, and making no sound, urinated on all four tires of the van. It was quite possible I had angered it, possibly even initiating a challenge to it by my brazen act. Perhaps it was a dominance thing on the creature's part or an action due to anger. The important thing to note here, is that it didn't kill me.

The accurate 'marking' of the van tires ruled out a female visitor. I had been hopeful that the young female Sasquatch captured on infra-red film years before, would still live in the same zone and remember me. I had explained to Dr. Meldrum in his office, my belief in Bigfoot's ability to 'blanket' a human brain with overpowering brain emanations, confusing memory creation. This

is a logical assumption which answers many confusing questions. It is known that dolphins send powerful sonar pulses from their foreheads that can be detected by electronic receivers. Recent tests have confirmed monkey's abilities to run computers by thought. The brain of a Sasquatch would be huge compared with a human. It would be unbridled with useless, mundane, prejudiced thought. Thinking with purpose, driven by genetic make up, and leery of man, such a brain could render one almost invisible to humans who often miss seeing the forests for the trees. I have studied reports of sightings, old and recent, which indicate confusion of the mind, an unbalanced thought process which had never occurred to the recipient, prior to their encounter.

In my case, I can speak of firsthand experience. The night Bert and I watched the huge seated Bigfoot, we could easily see that it did not have a muzzle, nor did it resemble a bear shape. The way it would turn its great head and shoulder to peer at us, was exactly how a large man would do. Please follow closely here: Bert repeatedly referred to the creature as a 'bear.' In my mind, and this is prior to my head injuries, the image of a bear was fairly overwhelming in my head. Even while locking eyes with an obviously humanoid face, the image of bear would override our senses. This would happen even as we were pointing out each of the non-bear attributes. Now consider this point: The majority of people who have viewed the infra-red photos of the Bigfoot, immediately pronounce 'bear' as what they are seeing. Even after the fact, the photos themselves can easily fool ones comprehension

of what they see. Lastly, for several months, while I would say grace over meals, every time I would thank God for my role in trying to save the creatures and their habitat, the word 'bear' would force its way into my mouth. The struggle to say 'Bigfoot' was virtually overwhelming. I am relating this information as clearly as I can so you, the reader, can understand the implications. Bigfoot's huge, animalistic brain is capable of tossing a monkey wrench (pun intended) into the brains of humans in order to 'hide in plain sight.' Pretty shaken, after standing there in the rain, watching the urine markings wash away from the tires, I realized the creature had to have done this minutes or less before I awoke. Anger set in, as I recalled Dr. Meldrum's promise of equipment, which could have recorded this one-of-a-kind event. DNA or not, a tape with sound of a visit such as this one would have stopped the world in its tracks. The sight of a 10 ft tall, hairy being, carefully creeping up to accurately urinate on all four tires, skipping the van's body, leaving no puddles on the ground, and maybe even tapping the windows to awaken me before fleeing, would be worth more than a million words. A recording of something of this nature was a point I tried hard to present to Dr. Meldrum. I think that a whole lot of interested folks around the earth would dearly love to have seen such a tape.

Dr. Meldrum mentioned to me that his field scientists had recovered thousands of photos from night vision cameras they had placed in forests all over. I looked through dozens of them, while he pointed out cougars, bears, deer, even

a few unsuspecting forest employees. He told me that in some instances, film had been removed from the cameras. Also, several cameras had been taken, ripped from trees that were metal-banded. I told Dr. Meldrum I had a good idea why he has no Bigfoot photos. I related how photographers have visited the Northwest for over a century. Ansel Adams, famous for nature photos, traveled around with hundreds of pounds of bulky, photographic equipment. Setting up for a shot would take hours, and required a lot of work. The odds that Mr. Adams was watched by Sasquatch are high. No doubt, cameras and photographs became an intriguing 'watch' for the Bigfoot. Over the years, thousands of camera happy tourists would stream through the wild places, going through a predictable pantomime of photography, by now fully understood by Bigfoot. I told Dr. Meldrum all of this, and recommended de-scenting the equipment, halt setting up expensive cameras like large wristwatches around the trees trunk, and utilizing lateral thinking approaches to the equipment. I pointed out that any 'alien' object left in these forests would be found. The key is to disguise recording equipment within natural objects found there. Rocks, wood, stumps, you get the idea. Dr. Meldrum at first projected annoyance at my critique, but when I visited him at Idaho State, he showed me photos of how he had been camouflaging his cameras as I had suggested. The way I see it, knowledge should be free. Far too many ego-driven people, guard their knowledge and either hate to share, or demand a great price for it. Not me.

The urinating on the tires answered other questions I had been pondering.

I was now fairly certain that the Toyota tail light cover had been taken from the Dolly mine by this Bigfoot. It was a toy, plain and simple. The fact that it was found less than 25 ft from its bed makes sense to me. It also underscores my strong feeling that the mobile home and the vehicles were destroyed by this creature, perhaps even by several. The ‘why?’ of the attack was still a mystery to me. I had not been threatened, save for the initial misunderstanding seven years earlier. The ‘box biting’ event did not look friendly or welcoming in any sense of the word. I was always careful to remember that environment counts greatly in one’s behavior. No one should expect a creature such as Sasquatch, living much like a bear in the unforgiving forests, to behave or react much like humans. Attributes are one thing, but perceptions in differing brains are a different story altogether.

Troubled that I had been visited in this manner made me decide to return to Grants Pass to seek answers. I had not completed the research on John Garvin yet, and I was looking forward to visiting the library to glean every bit of knowledge I could. Plus, I had decided earlier to visit the authorities and inquire about the crime scene tape on the mountaintop and what looked like devastation at the Dolly mine. This day, I made no coffee nor breakfast. Instead, I drove from the mountain down to Indian Mary Campground situated on the banks of the Rogue River. This campground was once the home of an Indian woman, who warned the white settlers of a sneak invasion by the ultra fierce Modoc

warriors in the mid-1800's. In gratitude, the people let Indian Mary freely occupy a nice area on the river for the remainder of her life. Eventually becoming a state park, the spot is beautiful and tranquil today as a camping/RV park, complete with adequate coin operated showers. This park was my first destination on this wet, blustery morning. Virtually deserted this early in the year, I had the place to myself. Soon, I was clean and freshly clothed and on my way to town. Long dormant memories began once again to come to mind as I drove along this road I had driven so many times in the past. I had read of inhabitants who once lived here who claimed they could travel this area at night, so familiar would they become here. I could well understand what they meant, as every where I glanced, I knew much of the area also.

The drive to Grants Pass is about twenty five minutes, a good portion on Interstate highway. It seems that when things go wrong mechanically in any vehicle I've owned, there, out of nowhere, would be a trooper of some law agency, right behind or beside me. Normally, I'm fine with that, as I obey speed limits. Today however, I have no speedometer and have been hard at work estimating the exact time to engage the cruise control. You need a target car to match speed with, and its much better to try more than one so you can get a sampling and then choose the logical settings. Now, imagine entering the Interstate and immediately being a vehicle of interest to a bored trooper. Nowhere, was another vehicle in sight. It was early on a midweek day, and I had to now correctly choose the lawful speed or I would surely get pulled over. No doubt there's a fine for a

non-working speedometer also. Being maxed out on my credit cards kept me from a repair shop, and the majority of the time found me on foot, not driving around. Estimating the frequency of guardrails zipping by the window, I evidently chose the correct speed to set the cruise control, as the trooper eventually pulled around to return in the opposite direction.

Arriving in Grants Pass and being careful to match other vehicle speeds, I eventually found the main library. I grew up in libraries and always enjoy being in one. Today, I could tell that I would be uncovering some knowledge nuggets and I was eager to begin. I've always enjoyed the aid available from research librarians. They have a talent and experience to save someone a lot of wasted time in researching anything. Introducing myself to such a librarian and explaining my search for information on John Garvin and the well known mining giant, John Robertson, Jr., found me with several stacks of books, the majority I found to be from a locked storage chest. I was told that I was being trusted with the books, as they contained valuable mining analysis and geological locations for all known minerals in the area of interest. I was stunned at the treasure trove before me. Several hours later, the library began closing early due to budget cuts. By then however, I had amassed an incredible amount of mining history, towns' histories, Indian affairs, geologic knowledge, anything and everything that had importance. It was a researchers dream come true. I truly felt like I was back a century ago, as if I were zipping back in a time machine. The hundreds of faces

of long-dead Oregonians who conquered this area and began a new life, seemed to look time in the eye as if they could see me. We are real people, learn of us, often entered my thinking. My research had allowed me to see the very folks who lived and died all around the areas I trekked. They now felt like old friends, and no doubt I've wandered near one of their resting places, probably more.

Leaving the library, my next destination was the authorities. I wanted to inquire about the crime scene tape on the mountaintop, but my primary interest was the incredible scene of devastation I had witnessed at the Dolly mine. Soon, I was standing before bulletproof glass and speaking to officers within. I explained that I was a researcher examining varied locations along the Rogue River, and explained my find at the Dolly mine. I described in detail the devastation of the home and vehicles, of the belongings strewn around, and the huge pile of family things in back. I told them of the family that had lived there, how their personal papers and keepsakes were lying around with animal scat on them. I described in detail how everything looked like an attack on the remote home site.

Taking down the name of the family and their address, which I found was a P.O.Box in the nearest town, the officer spoke with several others, who then began making telephone calls. Now and then, one or all would glance at me and then huddle with the others. Several minutes passed before I was beckoned to the phone. The deputy told me that there was no record of this family ever living in Oregon and that I had made a mistake. A bit surprised to

hear this, I reiterated my findings of large amounts of paperwork that clearly identified those people as living on that mountain. At this point, the deputy directed me to the Assessors office within the block, and said perhaps she might be of help. And so, I hobbled off with my cane, spasms of pain signaling to my brain unhappiness with concrete stairs and hordes of busy people, all apparently late for somewhere. Soon, I spotted the Assessors office and entering, found myself the lone customer. Explaining my mission to the Assessor, I told her of the deputies comments that this person and family did not exist. Intrigued, she said she might just be able to help me and began typing in the mobile home owner's name. Instantly flashing on her screen, appeared an entire page of mining claims in the name of the man I gave. Further examination revealed two more full screens of claims by this same fellow. The Assessor told me that he was the most prolific mine claim person in the computer. He owned the mobile home and the property, but no one had heard from him since 1998. He did not sell the property, and there is no forwarding information. 'He evidently just disappeared,' she said to me. Stunned beyond belief, I thanked her and walked back to the authorities to reveal my findings.

Once again standing before the glassed in office, I related my discussion with the Assessor and the mass of information on the family. Asking me to wait, the deputy again began conferring with several others, and once again, telephone calls were being made. Again, several minutes passed, and I was glanced at

many times from the officers within. Eventually, a female officer approached the glass to speak to me. Her face exhibiting concern and with troubled eyes, she informed me that I had made a mistake, probably with my spelling of this family's name, but there was never anyone of this name living or on record as existing on the location I gave. I attempted to explain the three screens of mining claims and the Assessors proof that the family did indeed live there until disappearing in 1998. Cutting me off, she said that her husband was a ranger for that area for 20 years, and told her on the phone that no family of that name ever lived in his district. 'You've made a mistake,' she said once more. 'I'm sorry we can't help you.' Thanking them for their help, I left with the nagging thought that they could not have been worse actors with the facts before them. Why had they made such a stand, and what needed a cover? I decided to walk back to the window and inquire about the crime tape on the mountain. Their reply was, that I had the wrong mountain in mind, and the tape was on another peak where an airplane crashed a few days earlier. It was apparent I was being given the bums-rush, and once again, others were seriously underestimating me. Only this time, it was the authorities talking pure gibberish and grade school illogic. This mystery began to deepen even more, as I decided I'd heard quite enough this day and began to really miss the uncomplicated coolness of the wilderness.

Locating a coin-op laundromat on the edge of town, I washed and dried my duffle bag of dirty clothes. Happy to have a clean supply of good smelling stuff, I exited Grants Pass and headed north to the mountain. Unable to shake

the misgivings I was feeling over my search results, I could not deny the body language and expressions of the deputies' exhibited deception. To a trained Counselor, these things are something looked for, even tested for. Most people who seek help from Counseling often fail to be honest in order to save face. I learned early to read people accurately, in order to be of real help. I read the folks in Grants Pass correctly. They were hiding something and it was out of the ordinary, and it was apparent that they were startled by my questions. I saw uneasiness in their eyes when I mentioned the Dolly mine. Most folks on the Rogue River have never even heard of this mine. But these law professionals were very aware of it, and showed it.

All the way back to the river, I replayed the days discoveries. I now had the majority of mining variables concerning John Garvin, and of that, I was pleased. The situation regarding the Dolly mine site however, screamed for answers and only mine were there. I now know that the man and his family once held title to dozens of legal claims, the majority of them in prime, gold-bearing zones. These claims were situated all over the mountain, even butting up to some of mine and Bert's. Sometime in 1998, which was the last year I led an expedition to the area, this family disappears without a trace and their home site looks like the 'Hulk' paid a nasty visit. One government agency acknowledges the existence of the family, while another says 'nope.' The implications are staggering. All signs point to a cover up of a horrendous catastrophe inflicted

upon a remote home site. The mountain swapping explanation for the taped mountain crime scene was just as transparent. Believe me reader, a multitude of forestry tags denoting sections and compass headings are not hard to find. I may have brain injuries, but I'm not stupid. If I were a teacher handing out grades today, the library would receive an A+, the Assessor also, while the law enforcement group failed.

Once again, I arrived back at the Rogue a bit too late in the evening to attempt reaching my campsite. I decided to spend the night on the river again, and drove down a steep path in it's direction. Swinging the van toward the lonely looking, small travel trailer, situated in scrub brush near the rapids, I saw a fellow emerge from it and knew he was a watchman of sorts, who made sure that folks didn't set up campsites on this stretch of river and remain there all season. He resembled a wildy-haired, and hugely bearded peacenik from the 60's. Behind him appeared a small statured, smiling woman who identified herself as his wife. The man evidently was someone who enjoyed being alone. He spoke but a few words, and seemed anxious to disappear into the brush beside his camp. After a bit of small talk, I asked if they ever had large animal visits at their remote spot. Immediately, fear shone from their eyes and it was apparent this question hit home. Yeah, now and then, was the answer from the man. I then asked if they had heard or seen anything out of the ordinary, mentioning that I myself believed that Sasquatch frequented the area. The woman, in a frightened voice replied, 'Only if they stink like something dead.' When I said that I had smelled similar,

horrid odors when visited at my campsite in the mountains by a large creature at night, the woman's hand flew to her mouth.

Crying, 'oh God!', her eyes opened wide and flicked wildly, an obvious sign of remembrance of something. Repeating this cry again and again, she raced away from us and disappeared from view. Her husband's face contorted with extreme uneasiness, and worry was written all over him. He apologized for his wife, yet I could tell that he also was badly frightened by something. I bade them good evening, and drove on down to the riverbank to select my spot. Darkness hung over the area like a gray/black cloak. Neither moon nor stars shone, and as usual, rain poured and winds blew. It was too dark to see the river, but I could hear it just fine. After a hot meal and coffee, I read by candlelight until my eyes drooped. Just before crawling into my blankets, I opened the van door to look towards the caretaker's camper, and once again, I could see him placing large pieces of wood on a blazing bonfire, obviously oblivious to the blowing, cold rain. I watched the solitary figure performing his lonely vigil. When this individual slept, if ever, was not apparent. The last thinking in my mind before darkness overcame my senses, was the look of terror and helplessness on both their faces.

Morning finally arrived, and exiting the van, I was again struck by how incredibly foggy it could get on the river. Visibility was very poor, like peering into pea soup. The newspaper I had purchased in Grants Pass noted the record

April rainfall. I didn't really have to hear that from anyone to know that fact. But I'm an admirer of rain, having grown up on the Gulf Coast of Alabama, where rain is as abundant as sunshine. I liked the fact that life follows rain, and nature shines brilliantly when its colors are wet. Today, I could not resist a visit to the Galice Café/store. The thought of delicious food and crackling fireplace lured my senses. Plus, it was time to place a call to Joe Serres, and arrange our meeting. As I slowly drove away from the river, I noticed the couples' fire was still burning, and a great heap of wood lay nearby. No one was visible, but I kind of felt like they wanted it that way. I considered myself a hard core camper, but began to believe that these folks were harder, in more ways than were noticeable. Pulling onto the road, I made my way towards the Café, thoughts of breakfast making my stomach growl, almost sounding like one of my cats. Soon, the quaint looking establishment came into view.

Again, I was the sole customer as I entered the rustic structure, warm crackling fire to my left, and cheery greetings from the workers inside. Hearing that the special today was a Reuben with corned beef, potatoes and salad, I decided to have it for breakfast. I figured I would save half of the sandwich for a later lunch on my hike planned that day. With hot, tasty coffee filling my cup, I was soon looking at the largest corn beef sandwich I had ever seen. Chunks of corn beef were thicker than my thumb. Man, was it ever delicious! Digging in with gusto, I could see the obvious delight of the cook, the same friendly fellow with the huge mustache. Complimenting him on the food, he happily

thanked me and seemed a happy man.

Halfway through my meal, a car pulled up to the café and the owner of this place entered. As she passed to my left near the fireplace, I saw that she was hardly changed from the large, framed photo, of she and George Bush Sr., hugging warmly in this café. They looked like close, old friends, I thought. Knowing that if anyone would know the family who had lived on the mountain above her café, it should be she. I pleasantly inquired of her if she knew what had become of the family living at the Dolly mine. Stopping in her tracks and staring hard and unfriendly at me, she snapped, 'Never heard of them.' Surprised to hear her answer like this, I mentioned that they had lived for several years right above her, had a child, and would have to drive past her place to reach their turn off. They probably even came here for needed supplies now and then. Hearing this, her stare hardened even more, and with irritation plainly evident, she raised her voice saying, 'I said I never heard of them!' and walked away, ending any conversation. Being the only paying customer in the café this blustery morning, it made no sense to me to be answered in this manner. It seemed apparent that the name of the family caught her off guard, and irritated her greatly. Like the old, lower budget movies most folks have seen during their lives, her performance stood out as stressed beyond reason. I had noticed her cheery mood upon entering her establishment. The abrupt change to angry tones was another mystery to ponder over. I was now more determined than ever to discover the truth here, and

it did not look like an easy row to hoe.

Finishing my breakfast and asking no more questions, I stopped outside to place a call to Joe. Pleased to hear him again, we had a good conversation, and made definite plans to meet here at the café in three days, eleven o'clock sharp. Joe said he would be bringing important people, to inspect future planned timber cuts along the Applegate river near here. He would meet me and review my evidence, and I could tell he was excited to do so. Thrilled to have this meeting set up, I said good bye to Joe and drove up the mountain to my campsite.

I was getting good at positioning the van in place, backing it in like a valet. Glad to be back among the great trees and wildness all around, it was clear to me how quickly a change in environment can change a person. My stress from town and the café was quickly ebbing away, and I began to feel alert once again, able, and confident. All over my body, outside and in, I could feel myself becoming the best I could be. Standing there, alone and yet, not truly alone, I soon felt as though I had been all tuned up and things were running smoothly. Never would I relinquish the senses on alert in the wilderness. I well understood that the other inhabitants of this mountain were always on alert, as well they should. Something is always hungry in this place.

Well fed and feeling pretty chipper, I planned to take a long hike past several lock-out gates. I was curious as to what I might find today, and packing my half of the Reuben sandwich in my bag, departed camp. I thought that I would begin my hike by climbing through the dense, steep snow run-off zone

directly below the tunnel of box-biting event, seven years earlier. This was also the place where I felt unable to leave, five years earlier, when I detected a Sasquatch quite near to me in the dark. Many mysteries were afoot here, and I was eager to solve them. I planned to use my special whistle today, and I would be calling to Bigfoot with the 'Suki' high pitch call, throughout this hike. During my conversation with Dr. Meldrum, I related how I planned to test my hypothesis that Bigfoot's ability to 'blanket' a humans brain and confuse memory creation, just might not work as well, if at all, with me this time, due to my brain injuries. I know that for me, instead of the countless, avenues of information that once seemed to stream into my brain like beams of light from the sun, I now had only one. Gone were the dazzling streams of constant knowledge. Now, my thoughts probe a long, dark, tunnel. Answers for me appear from this black tunnel, much like the children's '8 ball' toy, where you ask a question, shake the black ball, and an answer appears from nothing. It's a major brain change, truly. I entered the gulch, and soon experienced a child's delight, as all around me, snow run off created a wide range of melodic sounds. Leafy green ferns, and a great variety of other growing things, seemed to spring upward and outward, surrounding me. Step pools, formed by stones and giant tree roots, were accompanied by naturally formed, spouting fountains, multiple crossing streams, and jets of crystal pure melted snow. A light rain was pitter-pattering onto shiny ferns, diamond drops of liquid, pinging and flying off in

all directions. The crystal clear pools, varying in depth, seemed to overflow with an assortment of what appeared to be colored gemstones and golden flecks. Around me, the walls of the gulch soared high, and I could see many possible denning sites for bear and cat. After examining several, I decided to exit the gulch, and make my way toward the elk calving grounds. Sighting ahead with my compass, I spotted two of the odd stick structures. Making my way to the first, I was once again struck by the woven appearance of these things. Easily ten feet in height, I could not reach it's top with the tip of my shotgun. I figured this structure had to weigh several hundred pounds. It looked to be of recent construction. As with the others I've encountered, there was no sign of human presence around it.

These apparently woven structures, never cease to evoke wonder and a higher level of respect from me towards the builders. I have no doubt whatsoever that these out-of-place artifacts are unique. Proper scientists need to conduct extensive research on these wooden wonders. If huge hairy hands built these, then there is a good chance a hair, or a multitude of them, may be present. To my way of thinking, many answers await the questions concerning these anomalies. I have seen the surprise and wonder on people's faces when they see the photos. Dr. Meldrum himself seemed amazed, as well he should. It is very evident that human hands did not build these. If not human hands, then what?

Each of these structures I've encountered have been closely scrutinized by me. I've looked closely for any clue of builder, purpose, and origin of sticks.

It's hard to fathom the work involved, as the gathering of selected sticks would be mind-numbing. To get a good idea of what I'm presenting here, closely look at these structures through a hand lens. Even if it were possible for humans to construct these, why bother? The area these things are found in, would test the savvy of Daniel Boone.

Traveling on, my amazement grew as I approached the second stick structure. Almost as large as the prior one, this one straddled a large, fallen tree. Looking like an 8 ft tall hornets' nest, you half expect giant insects to emerge. Setting my shotgun against the mound, I placed my hat on the conical top. It now resembled 'Cousin It' from the old 'Addams Family' TV show. I shot several photos to present as evidence and to include in this book. My fear is that planned logging here will cause the destruction of these structures.

Due to a fairly constant rainfall and dark areas due to tree cover and mountain fog, my attempts at photography turned out rather poor. These conditions also could make the stick mounds appear forbidding. There was no set pattern of where these things were built. I've seen them built on huge stumps, rock ledges, large logs, steep slopes, you name it. All in a NE direction. The first impression of most first-time viewers is 'beaver lodge.' If beavers built these, they did it without benefit of water, and I've never encountered dry beaver dams on stumps and ledges. Up ahead in the gloom, I could see yet another of the mounds. Previous expeditions had never revealed this many mounds within

sight of each other. Something else I thought seemed unusual, was the fact that the distance between them was decreasing as I made my way up the slope. The feeling grew, that I was being drawn, or guided in a particular direction. My thoughts flashed back to my meeting with Dr. Meldrum. I knew that he had hiked through many forest areas in the Northwest and elsewhere. World authority on Apes and Bigfoot, he was unable to disguise his shock and wonder at the photos of these mystery mounds. As the two of us studied the structures, he readily admitted to being stumped. I could tell he wanted answers badly, but they would not come. Unable to convince him to drive out or fly here to see for himself, I was determined to find every one of them and hopefully solve their origin. Like a hound on a scent, neither fog nor rain would be able to deter my examining every last one of them. Mystifying to me however, was the fact that it appeared they were freshly built, perhaps even since my arrival.

There was a varied assortment of sounds today, mostly caused by the wind, twisting and streaming among the dense woods. Now and then, deadly, broken limbs would come crashing down from great heights, slamming hard into the forest floor. For me, just another reason for shunning a tent around here. Above me, tree branches and great limbs crashed back and forth in the wind, sounding a great deal like an ancient jousting tournament. Add in the occasional shrieking and wailing the wind made through the trees, and the picture was complete.

Moving up the slope, I spotted yet another of the structures of woven

sticks. This one appeared to be quite new, and after my usual examination, I noticed something near that should not have been present. A sturdily built, well positioned, hunting platform sat approximately twenty feet above the ground in a large tree. Several steps were attached to the tree, leading up to the platform. As unwelcome and out of place the shooting platform appeared, my attention quickly diverted to another tree, several feet from this particular one. There, lying strewn on the ground, were dozens of similar size limbs and sticks, many freshly ripped from nearby trees. Several, still bore leaves and side branches. Then, realization began to dawn within my brain. I was looking at close to a dozen of the larger sticks, propped up and leaning against the tree near the hunting platform.

I could hardly believe my eyes, but right in front of me was the beginning of a stick structure. The outline was clearly discernible, and the large amount of strewn around sticks nearby looked every bit like building material for the structures. This was staggering to me, as I had found probably four dozen of these structures, evidently built in a Northeasterly direction. None had been in a state of construction. This particular one though, looked like it was intended to be the granddaddy of them all. I soon noticed that this structure in progress was being constructed in a leaning position pointing directly to the hunting platform. Checking my compass, the platform was indeed, lying North East.

I then decided to walk a direct line in front of the platform. To my

dismay, I discovered a large barrel, painted in the same fashion as government barrels found on military installations. Then, I saw the huge chain securing the barrel to a tree, the links protruding from the trunk, which had grown over the chain. It would take fifty years to do that, I realized.

Carefully examining the barrel, I felt anger rising within me as I noted the half-moon slot cut into the welded-on lid. Tilted back at about a 30 degree angle, only an arm could reach into the barrel to retrieve the bait within. It was apparent that no creature inhabiting North America could possibly reach the fruit in the tilted barrel. Looking up, I could see that the hunting platform afforded a clear shot at the upper torso of anything reaching into the barrel. I then noticed the ancient, large game trail near the barrel. What was this professional looking set-up meant to attract? Nothing I know of could stick its head or claws into this barrel. My thoughts flashed that this looked like something the mutant apes of the 'Planet of the Apes' movie would set up to catch unsuspecting humans. Then I knew. It was the other way around. This looked every bit like a trap for unsuspecting Sasquatch. I knew then, that the woven stick mounds were some kind of primitive sign, actually directing me to this platform and barrel. The Sasquatch, able to think and reason, must have deduced that I, or someone, would notice and understand that there are no animals in these forests capable of building these huge structures. It did appear that the stacks were constructed to guide someone to this spot, a possible killing place, or tranquilizing spot. My brain reeled with this concept of reasoning

ability. A cry for help, I thought. These woven stick structures, alien to America's forests, were broadcasting a silent plea .. help us.

Thoroughly startled by this revelation, I decided to carry on with my intent of examining the mountains well beyond the lock-out gates. Before leaving this hunting spot, I saw that when spring and summer growth arrived here, this area would be quite invisible to anyone traversing the old miners' trail, fifty feet above on the slope. Seething in anger, I felt physically stronger as I worked my way up to the higher trail. Bad knee or not, nothing was going to stop me in my explorations. I had every intention of revealing this place of killing and maiming. I was sure that Dr. Meldrum would be highly interested in this possible Bigfoot ambush location. Someone had been utilizing this spot for decades. A government barrel and chain did not ease the nagging, unanswered questions raging within my troubled mind. Leaving the ambush spot, I worked my way up the slope to the next gate.

I could find no prints, nor evidence of any type, of another hiker. Just lots of green branches, twigs, etc. lying on the dirt road. Next time, I would use my brain, and bring a mountain bike or electric scooter. After a couple of hours passed, I rounded a corner and there, looking like a buzz cut on a recruit, were three, gigantic, clear cuts. Good Lord, I gasped! It looked just like someone had taken a giant lawnmower, and cut the entire side of three, huge, mountainsides. Now, I was really steamed. This was no selective logging here, unless selective

really meant, 'take it all.' No wonder I had been seeing tons of greenery on the road. These cuts were far worse than the many I had seen elsewhere. Sickened at what lay before me, I took some photos and decided it was time to turn back. As I've said before, it's one thing to reach a distant place, and quite another to return.

Enter Murphy's Law once more. The skies darkened, winds began to increase, and liquid sunshine began to steadily pelt me. To make matters worse, each step down the trail hurt much more than walking uphill had. My left knee was now swollen like a softball. Each step caused me to say loud, bad, things. Chastising myself, again and again, I soon settled for ouch, ow, yowser, Ahhhhhh! Deciding that I would never make it to camp retracing my original trail, at least not before a lot of rain/sleet and darkness fell, I pulled out my compass and chose a different route. I've always been quite fond of compasses. No batteries to go dead when you really need it, and wisely, I made sure to never leave home without one. It's far too easy for me to become disoriented, and up here, that could be really bad news. I had earlier passed a convergence of trails, and after finally reaching the 'fork in the road,' off I went down the new path.

I wasn't thrilled to soon detect bear scat right in the middle of the trail, and fairly fresh. The bruins' prints were large, and I was hoping we would not cross paths. Plus, I was starting to experience the 'shakes,' which were inevitable when I would get really chilled. At this point, my shotgun would shake in my hands like a Barney Fife aiming his revolver. Not a pretty sight.

One thing that always struck me while hiking in bad weather, was how ominous and uninviting the forest could appear. When skies were clear and the sun was shining brightly, everything looked quite serene and welcoming. It was a different view however, when skies darkened and ghostly looking mists appeared. Add to this high banks and thick forests squeezing the trail from both sides, and you get an idea of my perspective. A lion could easily leap from above, or a bear, lumber up to you, unseen in the thick, cloudy fog. Shaking now, so much that my bag bell rang continually, I made the decision to retrieve my lighter from the bag, plus a large handful of bottle rockets, still banded together. Twisting all of the fuses together, I planned to light the whole bunch if something came at me. Of course, they would not damage an animal, but scare it, they might. Step after painful step, down the mountain I limped. It was now colder, and beginning to get dark. Soon I spotted a different lock out gate. These aren't simple, little, tinny looking things. They look capable of stopping a tank. A lot of effort went into these gates. It was quite apparent, that they were making sure, that the rest of us stayed out. Now, this is another very odd thing I'm about to tell you. Some of these gates, have notices stating they are under 24 hour surveillance. Someone, somewhere, is monitoring these gates.

Stunned at the absurdity of it all, I half expected unmarked black helicopters with S.W.A.T. types aboard, swooping down on me at any moment. Man! I thought to myself. These natural resources folks sure take timber

harvesting seriously. Hoping highly that some pretty, young female government monitor viewer had not watched me scratch, or spit, or worse, I tried hard to find the hidden cameras. No luck. Apparently, the government knew well how to disguise cameras. I made a mental note that if I became badly injured, I would drag myself up to one of these monitored sites. With my luck though, the signs would turn out to be bogus, and some wise guy's idea of fooling folks. Squeezing around the gate, I spotted something that caught my eye downslope. It looked like a child's blue plastic wading pool. Taken aback at finding this here, I decided to climb down and investigate. Sure enough, that's what it was, lying here, high on a mountain between lock-out gates. Nothing else was present, ruling out a dumpsite. I stood there, not really able to devote much time due to darkness falling. Still, I found myself staring hard, all around, searching for something, anything, which could explain this. Could this have come from the wrecked homestead at the Dolly mine? Why would a Bigfoot bring this here? Finding nothing, save for a spot on the slope which looked like something heavy had slid down toward the pool, I knew I had to depart. Strange things were afoot here, in more ways than one. Eventually reaching the last lock-out gate, I made my way down a very steep slippery slope, which brought me close to my camp. Finally sighting the van, my spirits were lifted considerably. It had been a hard trek, but I had some good photos of the clear cuts. Tomorrow, I was to meet with Joe Serres at the Galice Café/store. I would tell him of my find, and see what he experienced while viewing the Bigfoot evidence I brought with me.

I was a very grateful man that night when I limped into camp. Ridding myself of my bag and shotgun, I lit my small heater and then stretched out like a dead man, too tired to move. Soon, the van was toasty warm, and after lighting a couple of candles, I brewed up what to me tasted like the best pot of coffee on earth. Along with hot, spicy soup and 1000 mg of aspirin, I next treated myself to a heaping, handful of M&Ms.

Outside, the night winds were blowing hard, driving the rain and dancing the treetops. It was so very evident to me that tenting would have been a miserable experience tonight. Too tired to read, I turned the vans stereo on and soon found soothing sounds to unwind by. Storm raging outside, I was snug and content in my little condo on wheels. Sitting there aching in my bones, it wasn't hard to imagine I was in a space ship, plummeting through the blackness of space. The multitude of soft blinking and glowing lights of the van's dash created the feeling of a cockpit. I know that I'm really tired when my mind plays tricks on me like that. Still, it wasn't an unpleasant mind game. Being an astronaut had been my major goal as a youngster. In fact, the first science fiction book I read was Robert Heinlein's, 'Have Space Suit, Will Travel.' I read it seven times. Morning came quickly, and as exhausted as I felt, my spirits rose at the thought of finally meeting Joe. Our telephone conversations had been all too brief, mostly due to me. I wouldn't say I have a phobia about phones, but it's pretty close to that. Being unable to see the face of the person you are speaking

to, has always been an annoyance to me. The biggest problem though, is my despair when I'll forget what I was talking about or wanted to say. The person on the other end had no way of knowing that my problem is short term memory formation, and it frustrates me greatly when they exhibit annoyance. Sadly, many friends take it personally, feeling ignored or unwanted. Far from it! Once again, I decided to skip breakfast preparation, deciding to head for Indian Mary Campground for a shower, which even I can tell I need. As usual, rain is falling intermittently and a chill is in the air. Pulling the van into the entrance of the campground, I am again pleased to be alone as I clean up here. Not much for small talk, I prefer my simple thoughts over in-depth conversations. As usual, the shower room is fairly cold and the water never reaches much above lukewarm, but you get several minutes of water for your quarter, so I'm not complaining. The campground opens at six a.m., and since I'm always finished and leaving around that time, I never encounter anyone. Since I have several hours to go before Joe arrives from Ashland, I leave to pay a visit I had planned with Wayne Holcombe, head Ranger with the Forestry Service for this zone. During our brief conversation on the phone, I could detect friendliness and interest in this busy man, yet he graciously consented to a meeting with me at the district office. I had made several visits to this office during previous expeditions, always encountering nice and helpful personnel. During these visits Wayne was always in the field, hard at work, so we never met. He was now the head Ranger, which allowed some time behind a desk, and today he was giving me what I knew was valuable

time. Entering his office, I was instantly at ease. Wayne, a tall, solidly built man sporting a ponytail and goatee, smiled broadly and welcomed me warmly with a strong handshake. I knew I was going to enjoy our meeting.

One of the first things I noticed about Wayne's office were the wall posters depicting '57 Chevys, plus a nice assortment of different models on his desk. After a pleasant introduction and statement of purpose, I told Wayne of my fondness for that years' Chevrolet, and described the one I had owned in Mobile, Alabama. It turned out that our cars were virtually identical, which pleased us both. The staff of the Josephine County Historical Society had called Wayne on my behalf to elicit his knowledge of the history of the mountain zone I was studying.

This was his home, and he had spent, and still spends, a great deal of time working in the mountainous regions. Telling me of some of his exploits was fun for me, and when he answered my questions and directed me to some excellent reading materials, I knew he had gone beyond simply being helpful. He was quite surprised at the extent of my mountain treks, stating that I had ventured where few dare to go. He commented on how large the lions and bears are in my zone, and it was easy to see that he was truly the 'Creatures Keeper.' Pleased he had been so helpful to me, I told him I would include him in the book I was planning about my expeditions. If any of you readers find yourself meeting this worthy fellow, give him my best regards and tell him Karl says hi!

Departing the Ranger Station, I headed for the Galice Café/store for my rendezvous with Joe. I would still be early, but the thrill of sitting next to a warm crackling fireplace and drinking coffee someone else prepared, was quite enticing for me. I had already informed the staff there of Joe's planned visit, so they kept the coffee coming while I sifted through my large briefcase, brimming with the materials that constitute this book. Glancing out the large paned windows, I noticed a tall, lanky individual sporting a ponytail and goatee, dressed in sweats and sweater. Obviously looking for someone, he headed for the door of the Café. Thinking this could be Joe, I went outside and discovered it was he. I was rather pleased, albeit surprised, that both Wayne and Joe sported ponytails and goatees like myself. Theirs however, were young men's hair, whereas mine looked like Grandfather time. Oh well, I had earned every white follicle.

Joe exceeded my expectations as a brilliant Attorney/Biologist. Clearly, he represented the highest concerns and care about the future of the old growth trees along the Rogue River Corridor. We discussed in great detail, the myriad of problems before us. Sitting across from Joe, I opened my briefcase and began placing evidence before him. His eyes widened as he began studying the photos of footprints, stick structures, and finally, the infra-red photos of the Sasquatch. Looking closely at them, he would look directly in my eyes, searching for truth. Again and again, I would see the astonishment register in his face, and he would search deeply within many times before this meeting was over.

I let him read the evidence letters I had sent Dr. Meldrum, and his wonder

grew even more. Having a degree in Biology, Joe knew that the things he was seeing, should not have been. On and on we discussed the anomalies, consuming coffee and expressing wonder at such incredible happenings taking place on a mountain nearby. Visibly shaken, Joe informed me that it was his job to discern truth as an attorney. He told of being quite proficient at detecting fraud and untruth. Then, in a moment of hushed silence, Joe said that he knew I was speaking truth and that he believed me. Eyes wide, he said that he had grown up hiking the trails of Oregon, but avoided the high mountain zones from which this evidence was procured. Like most hikers, lower elevation trails used by others were his avenues of choice. Clearly alarmed, he stated that it was mind-boggling that such huge creatures were actually present near us, and able to hide themselves so well. I could tell that this was something that did not set well with him. I informed Joe that Dr. Meldrum wasn't likely to show up and this disappointed him greatly. He had been excited over the prospect of meeting and possibly assisting in evidence recovery. Joe felt that someone as well known as Dr. Meldrum could command the ears of important people and help in halting the upcoming timber cuts. I explained to him that up until actually meeting the well-known scientist, I too, felt that he would be here with us now. With or without Dr. Meldrum's help, I assured Joe that the most important task ahead now, was the recovery of the chewed styrofoam fragments. If we could extract DNA, we could halt the cuts. Highly intrigued at the prospect, Joe said that perhaps he and

his younger brother could help me do the recovery work. DNA was a whole different story than trying to stay the cuts with injunctions.

Telling me that it would be 3-4 days before he would be free to join me on the mountain, I informed him that he and his brother needed to bring sturdy, steel tyned rakes and good rain gear. Quite a bit of labor lay ahead. As Easter was only a couple of days away, the day after would be our target date. It was clear that Joe was doing some serious thinking as we parted company. I, for one, was glad to have the ear and trust of a man of his caliber. An Attorney/Biologist in one really neat fellow. How could we lose?

The next couple of days produced the worst weather I had yet encountered. It rained so hard, I could barely climb and losing my footing was a bad idea. There weren't many soft spots to land in if a fall occurred. Still, I covered a few miles of circling my immediate area. I badly wanted to find more Bigfoot scat, but was having no success. Some timber had been removed a couple of years earlier, and the multitude of colored forestry tape and ribbons spoke of intense timber cruising. I have no doubt that human encroachment caused Bigfoot to select a different spot to defecate. Although I found large prints in separate places, I found no scat. Everywhere I searched, I would use my piercing whistle, hoping to draw a Bigfoot in to investigate. Many times I was aware of something near, the sounds of a large body moving around, really nasty smells getting to me even through the rain. What I wanted most however, was a face to face meeting with the Bigfoot. And so, I would talk to the dark forests, the dark caverns and

ravines. I broadcast the 'Suki' sound as often as I was able, along with using the whistle. Many times, deer and large elk would bolt and crash away from me, no doubt surprised to be roused by a solitary human in these bad weather conditions.

Finally, the day arrived to meet up with Joe and his brother. I had been really looking forward to this moment, and the idea of two, strong helpers, aiding me in the arduous task of uncovering fragments would be greatly appreciated. Nearing 50 years of age, I ruefully discovered I wasn't as strong nor did I possess the endurance I remembered from my last encampment here. Desire was great, but momentum had slowed.

Unfortunately, Joe could not make it to Galice to help me recover fragments. A man with a tough schedule to keep, I realized I should have given him more notice. Returning to my mountain campsite, I prepared for the job ahead with a heavy heart. Once again, Murphy's Law came into play. The hardest rains to date began, and water was coursing from almost every slope around. Faced with no choice but one, I gathered my gear and headed for the tunnel site. Rain was pouring from the skies in greater volume than I had ever expected Oregon could receive. Even for a rain loving Southerner from the Gulf of Mexico area, this rainstorm pounded me relentlessly.

Reaching the site, I leaned my shotgun against a tree and covered the barrel opening to keep the water out. The rain was icy cold, and the wind began shrieking and howling all around me. Joe, I thought, you really would not want

to be here now. In front of me lay two medium sized fallen trees. They were both lying at angles that defied a natural fall. The oddest thing about the trees, besides unnatural looking trunk fracturing, was how they were lying across the tunnel entrance. They clearly appeared to have been placed there. Realization sank in quickly that they would have to be moved. It was easier said than done, I was soon to discover. Taking every ounce of strength I could muster, I managed to move the first one to the side. Upon attempting to do the same thing with the other, something cracked inside my chest, sending spasms of pain back and forth. I hurt so badly that I couldn't take a deep breath. Carrying through with moving the tree, I spotted several thumbnail sized styrofoam pieces. Temporarily diverted from the pain in my chest, I happily recovered the small hand full of pieces that had been beneath the second tree. I next spent several hours searching under seven years of growth matter, forced to remove a couple of huge boulders that had fallen from above the tunnel entrance. By now, I was crying out from the wracking pain in my chest and knees.

My next task involved pulling out all of the detritus material crammed into the crevices under the sloped overhang. I figured that erosion from run-off could possibly contain fragments that had washed over the lip, lodging within the many holes along the slope. It was to prove a good decision, as I recovered several fragments. I wound up searching a great area of hillside, fortunate to not have one of the large rattlesnakes sink fangs into my hand or arm. Each piece of recovered styrofoam made everything worthwhile. Like buried treasure

unearthed and examined, I carefully stored each piece. This work consumed me until near dark, as I worked non-stop in the relentless deluge of rain. I was so cold, my teeth would not stop chattering. I probably sounded like the teeth-clacking Sasquatch encountered by Dr. Meldrum's team, I thought. I had to stop my searching after noticing it was becoming difficult to see. Soaked to the skin, I knew I would have to return tomorrow to begin once again. It is true about becoming so exhausted that you can't think straight.

Heading down the old trail to my camp with my two handfuls of fragments, I was ecstatic despite my aches and pains. The material clearly looked bitten and chewed. None of the material could have been deformed like this from acts of nature. Much more valuable than gold, these small white pieces of an ordinary work chest had been in the mouth of a Sasquatch. Better than 10,000 photos and foot casts, teeth markings were easily seen. Giant teeth markings.

Reaching the van, I fell inside more than I climbed in. I was so tired that I could only lie there, groaning in pain. My chest was hurting so badly, that I could not lie still for more than a few seconds, having to twist and shift constantly. I could feel cartilage shifting and popping as I moved. My knee hurt just as badly, and I desperately prayed that I would be able to complete the recovery of fragments tomorrow. It was a hard, miserable night in many ways, that night.

Morning came much too soon for me. It had been a hurting night. The rain was now pounding the van as hard as yesterday, and I was not pleased. When I tried to sit up in the van, I found I could not. Between my chest pain, knee pain, and a multitude of other problems, including a kinked back, I could only lie there and fume. After quite some time and considerable effort, I was able to finally sit upright and make a pot of much needed coffee. Too hard to reach my food stocks, I settled for easy to reach oranges and crackers for my breakfast, along with a handful of aspirin. Dying from an overdose of aspirin was the least of my concerns today. Seeing the fragments once again cheered me somewhat, and somehow I managed to put on my dry clothing and once again set out in the freezing cold rain and wind for the tunnel site. This time however, found me stopping several times to rest.

Reaching the site, I was greeted by a huge pile of bear scat, lying right where I had worked last evening. Surprised, I had figured that smart animals would seek shelter from rain such as this. Ready my shotgun, I soon discovered I was alone. Now, the rain was coming down so hard and heavy that my wide brimmed leather hat was funneling water front and back in streams like a water hose. It was very apparent that I would be soaking wet once again very soon. Picking up my heavy gauge rake, I began to peel back the half foot thick, entwined mass of forest floor that had covered the area of the spat-out styrofoam chunks. This proved to be a very hurting task, as pulling the rake hard caused my chest to twist and pop in agonizing pain. All day until darkness

fell, I raked in the pouring down rain, carefully extracting each and every piece of precious styrofoam. In the end, I was satisfied that I had recovered all that was there to find. All day long, I had worked almost non-stop, because I knew I would not be able to do this again. The radio announced unceasing rain, as heavy or worse than these last couple of days. For me, it was fast approaching the end of the line. I had one set of dry clothes remaining, and those would see me home.

Staggering down the mountain with gun, gear, rake, bag and an assorted bevy of heavy things, I knew without a doubt that my mission was a success. I now was in possession of about ½ of a plastic grocery sack of fragments. Several of the pieces contained tooth indentations. Thanking God for seeing me through this difficult expedition and keeping me in one piece, I finally reached the van and as quickly as I could (more than an hour), finally put on my last change of dry clothes. Unable to sit upright for awhile, I lay in a crumpled heap, letting the van idle with the heater on high. It was now dark and storming all around me, and I knew that I was done here. Bidding farewell to this wild place I had loved for more than seven years now, I slowly drove down the mountain. It was bittersweet for me, as part of me never wanted to depart, while the other part urged me on.

Soon, I was passing the small camper beside the river, where the bonfire building caretaker lived with his wife. Sure enough, a huge bonfire was reaching up into the black heavens. Waving to no one in sight, I drove on past and before

long, I felt a voice within me saying, 'they need a few groceries, give them yours.' Too tired to turn around, I feebly protested that even if they were there tonight, they would probably be indignant and turn me down. Again, I felt, more than heard a voice say, 'turn around, and give them your groceries.' This time, I did so. Turning the van around in the howling storm, I drove the few miles back to their lonely, dark little camper. Climbing out with a large bag of groceries in my arms, I limped across the slippery river rocks and yelled above the wind, asking if anyone was home. At that, I saw the door crack open a bit, and then the wild haired fellow came tentatively out, a surprised and bewildered expression on his face. 'Good ..' I said to him. 'I'm glad you're here. God told me you could use a few groceries,' and I thrust the sack into his arms. Great tears started running down his cheeks, and too stunned to reply, he could only show gratitude with his eyes, and, telling him to take care of himself and his wife, I bade him farewell.

Entering the Interstate to head north for Spokane revealed a maze of vehicles, dashing and weaving and sending plumes and vast sprays of run-off from the thundering rain. White knuckle driving could be seen on several faces in the momentary, visual glimpse of drivers, speeding away into the dark night. Merging into this maelstrom, was to be the start of close to five hundred miles of white knuckle terror for me also. Anyone, who has driven Interstate 5 north from Grants Pass, Oregon to Portland, in raging, torrential rain storms, fighting deadly mountain curves and three trailered trucks while slaloming all over the highway can relate to my drive.

Stopping only for gas and fear to subside, I had to keep the wipers and defroster on high the entire way to Portland. The rains finally began diminishing as I neared The Dalles area. This stormy night drive also found me very lost, many times. As though things weren't difficult enough, gasoline stations in most tiny and too many larger towns, were all closed after nine or ten o'clock. Like a bad dream, you helplessly stare at your fuel needle edging closer and closer to that big 'E.' All around you is badland type terrain and black, moonless night. Tumbleweeds crash into your grill and zoom past your windshield while tremendous wind gusts bat your vehicle to the side. Noticing that few vehicles are traveling this stretch of lonely highway, you pray that the next town sign offering fuel doesn't fool you like the last four. Feeling much worse after wasting precious gas remaining, after finally driving miles to reach small darkened towns, you find yourself mentally pushing your vehicle on. This was how my drive to Spokane played out, and finally turning off the engine after reaching my own yard, I sat there in silence and thanked God once again.

I was totally exhausted, bore several tick bites, had aggressive poison oak in various locations, and my injuries were numerous. The van nobly delivered me to my yard, and promptly died. But everything was more than worth the effort. I was alive, I had seen and experienced wondrous things, and my mission was a success. It was very evident to others and myself however, that this expedition had taken a grueling toll upon my body and health. Gaunt,

bruised, more tired than I had ever been, I seemed to be missing something that before, provided strength. I realized I felt much older and more vulnerable now than ever before. The school of hard knocks requires much from its' students.

I prepared a third evidence letter for Dr. Meldrum, after a week or so of rest and recuperation. This letter held answers to many questions about Sasquatch. As I did with the previous two evidence letters, I sent this one certified. After a couple of weeks passed with no reply from Dr. Meldrum, I decided to leave him a voice mail message after being unable to reach him. I informed him that massive tree cutting in my evidence area was imminent. If he could not help me and fulfill his pledge of school and New York DNA lab assistance, I would be forced to do something I did not wish to do, speak to the local newspaper. I told him I felt he was the right person to save the creatures and their habitat, and to please contact me. Several days later, Dr. Meldrum left a message on my answering machine, his first return call. He sounded intrigued about the recovered fragments, and asked me to send it all to him at Idaho State. He then stated that he could not recall promising lab assistance for DNA extraction. Detailing the many demands placed upon him as a professor, scientist and family man, he said that he had little time free.

A little stunned at Dr. Meldrum's message, I decided to go about my business. A few days passed, and Dr. Meldrum left a second message on my answering machine, saying that the teeth bite marks did not look like a giant apes. He discounted the recovered fragments. Strangely, the two of us had agreed

much earlier, that Bigfoot was not a great ape, but a Neanderthal. I already knew that Bigfoot's bite did not resemble a great apes. Still, Dr. Meldrum requested I send him the fragments, which I decided against doing. Why do that with no DNA extraction planned? I decided to look elsewhere for assistance, the worth of my evidences' apparently being questioned. A day or so later, I made a call to the Anthropology lab at Washington State University. This is the school where the late Bigfoot expert, Dr. Grover Krantz, rose to world prominence as a leading authority on Sasquatch. After a pleasant conversation with a staffer, I quickly learned that W.S.U. was no longer willing and eager to be at the forefront of possible ridicule by the nations' media outlets. Sasquatch research passed away with the passing of Dr. Krantz. This discovery troubled me greatly. Searching directories for research laboratories, I soon discovered there were none that dealt with DNA extraction. I decided to contact the only Research/Development Laboratory listed in or near Spokane, AAA Lab of Cheney, Washington. After my query of possible DNA extraction from man-made materials, I was asked if I could come in and explain my quest in person. Soon, Nancy and myself arrived at the laboratory of the Blake Family, and after meeting Cassie Blake and her father John, we proceeded to explain our goal. It was apparent that they were highly intrigued with our evidence, and their questions for us were prepared from a deep, scientific bag of knowledge. They were disappointed that they were unable to assist with actual DNA extraction, but Cassie mentioned nearby Eastern

Washington State University and a Genetics Department headed by Dr. Lightfoot.

Nancy and I enjoyed our meeting with the Blakes, and it felt good to see the wonder on their faces. Thanking them for seeing us, we returned to Spokane.

That evening, I placed a call on the voice mail to Dr. Lightfoot. I explained my desire to extract DNA from styrofoam, and asked for his advice. A day or so later, I received a call from Dr. Lightfoot and was the recipient of an in depth discussion on DNA extraction techniques. Dr. Lightfoot informed me that styrofoam was an excellent medium and quite easy to work with. He said that there were no laboratories with extraction capabilities here, save for law enforcement labs, which would be of no assistance to me. He stated that my best avenue would be a major forensics laboratory. The fragments are going to be destroyed in the process, so make sure you have the very best scientist for the job. I thanked this learned Professor for his sage advice.

Now, I make myself gather the will required for me to make a telephone call to the editor of the Valley edition of the Spokesman-Review newspaper. It was in the evening hours and I soon found myself talking to the head editor, who informed me in a cheerful voice that he was free from work and eager to hear my story. This welcoming response from a stranger pleased me, and as I began my story for this important newsman, I could hear him getting comfortable at his desk. With exuberance in his voice, he said .. 'okay, now tell me all about it.' After giving him a good head full of information and answering several of his questions, he informed me that he was assigning a veteran reporter to investigate

my story. A man I instantly recognized as the local ‘clown, or buffoon profiler.’ People interviewed by this fellow are rarely unscathed. Picture your worst enemy being chosen to write a very unflattering expose on you. Hold on a minute, I said to the editor, this man is a humor columnist. This isn’t about humor, it’s about science. Laughing hard, the editor asked me what did I expect? I told this fellow that national level scientists had conferred with me on this project, including Dr. Meldrum, Bigfoot expert at Idaho State. These persons, including the many high caliber local people aware of my project, were not going to be fodder for a buffoonery column. At that moment, I knew this important news editor experienced an attitude/awareness adjustment. It was a different fellow now speaking to me. Evidently, I had passed his test. Apologizing for underestimating the story, he assured me that he was assigning a topnotch science reporter to my story and he would contact me soon. Thanking him for this news, I set about gathering everything pertinent for the upcoming interview.

The next evening found me speaking with Tom Lutey of the Spokesman-Review. I quickly discovered his intelligence and researcher’s skill at getting the facts. Gradually, I could sense this man absorbing incredible information while having every question posed to me answered in acceptable ways. This is not fiction here. This is real life. Imagine yourself facing a reporter’s questions on one of the two most incredible happenings of today. The two being UFO’s and of course, Bigfoot. We all like to think that when we speak, our words will be

believed. Now try to imagine being Tom Lutey, ace reporter, and responsible for a story concerning what many people consider to be a mythical being. You, the reporter, are interviewing me, a man who has hard evidence in hand and has photos of the mythical creature and material it chewed up and spat out. We had quite an interesting conversation that evening, and I could detect an attitude adjustment identical to Tom's highly skeptical boss. An amazement registering in his voice, Tom was surprised when I gave him Dr. Meldrum's and Joe Serres' telephone numbers.

Admitting that a scammer would never hand him the personal numbers of the very people that would expose me, Tom asked if he could come over and hear the whole story. I countered with offering a visit to his office by Nancy and me and an armload of evidence, which he gladly accepted. Within a couple of days, I would find myself giving everything I had to make the world understand the importance of investigating this endangered creature and its irreplaceable habitat.

Very soon it seemed, Nancy and I were seated at a long table in the newspaper's interview room. Loaded with eye opening photos and facts, time passed quickly for this meeting. Unknown to us, our interview backlogged several others who would peer into the windows in obvious wonder at why we were still conferring. Once, the head editor looked in, also seemingly amazed that both Tom Lutey and the paper's photographer, Holly Pickett, were skipping their lunch hours. I felt that they believed our story, and then learned that Tom had made contact with both Joe Serres and Dr. Meldrum, prior to this interview.

With obvious dismay in his voice, Tom said that Dr. Meldrum was critical, critical, critical. He criticized everyone and thing, he said to me. Upon hearing this, I replied that Dr. Meldrum was a really friendly fellow. I stated that he was a world authority on great apes and Bigfoot and had earned his due. Looking at me with great surprise as I said this, Tom once again repeated critical, critical, critical, critical. I can't recall a more criticizing person. Hearing this surprised me very much, because I did not perceive Dr. Meldrum in this way. He had been rather warm and friendly, smiling almost constantly. Not once did he correct or denounce any of my findings. To my way of thinking, he is being a good scientist and trying hard to pick my brain. As for me, I was more than willing to have my brain double checked by such an imminent professor. I had nothing to hide, and no ulterior motives.

Our interview finally ended, and I could tell it had been a good one. Tom was excited about preparing the story, and so were we. As we were about to drive away, Tom came running out of the doors, leaping the steps, and ran up to the car. We had forgotten to leave him evidence letter copies, and he did not want to see them drive away. Pleased to see his drive and dedication, we left the newspaper and drove home, happy to have accomplished our goal of finally reaching the people. Looking forward to vast numbers of readers wanting to help champion the protection of these creatures and their important forest home, I eagerly awaited the printing of the story.

Returning home from the interview, I discovered a message from Dr. Meldrum. He said he had spoken with the Spokesman-Review reporter who had caught him after many attempts. Busy with end of term work and short a grad student helper, he told me he had been swamped and out of reach. Stating that he had spoken well to Tom Lutey, he next offered his parent's private number and requested I call him there to discuss things further, as he would be spending the next week there.

After a week or so, the interview with Tom Lutey appeared in the Spokesman-Review. Nancy and I were pleased that Tom Lutey produced an excellent story from the mass of information. There were a couple of minor eyebrow raisers however, one being Dr. Meldrum alluding to having received fragments that he discerned to have no value. The only things I sent to Dr. Meldrum was a three page report along with a grainy, black and white copy of an array of the pieces. His quote made it appear he had examined actual fragments. He did not. Another quote of his dealt with my leaving behind the only really worthwhile evidence, Bigfoot dung. Now, Dr. Meldrum and I spoke at length over the dung incident, and he knew well why things occurred as they did. It had been a hard trek making my way down to the dung site. Late July heat was oppressive, insects were constantly dive bombing me, and not expecting to find the largest pile of poop on earth, I had no containers on me. Being fairly covered in searing poison oak, it was hard to remain in one place very long. Surrounded by steep mountain slopes all around, thick, dark forest within reach, and being

the only human within miles, tends to cause a little stress of its' own. Compound that stress after your brain has become convinced it has seen five fresh steaming, giant coils of dung. I ask you reader .. if your intestines were moving around and making sounds you had never heard before, along with your hair sticking out from shock, would you be busy grabbing handfuls of fresh, giant animal dung and putting it in pockets, or your hat? Then, you have to crawl under and over trees, rocks, deep holes, all the while being a major insect target, now sporting your new aroma. Add to this two major facts: first, Nancy and I have done all we could to protect these creatures, not exploit them. We had no desire to prove their existence here. Secondly, these piles were fresh and steaming. What if five huge Sasquatch had been watching me then. Would they even remotely think that my taking some of their dung could be a bad thing for them? Could be. It's possible I'm alive to write this because I did not. In my thinking, it came across that I was no threat.

The most troubling remark attributed to Dr. Meldrum however, was his stating that nothing pointed to Bigfoot being there. Why such a statement? The reality here, is that everything points to Bigfoot being there. Why would the Southern Oregon Bigfoot Society be in Grants Pass, Oregon if no Bigfoot evidence drew them there? These society members are not stupid and following blind leads. Give them a call reader, find out for yourself. I called them and gave a full accounting of my finds, urging them to help me before the area was

clear cut. I had to leave a voice mail, and never heard back from them. If you visit Grants Pass, and you owe it to yourself to do that, take a good look at the Neanderthal Statue. Come to think of it, perhaps it represents something. You suppose?

No one contacted us after the newspaper article appeared. Not one offer of assistance, nothing. I next discovered that A.P. wire photo killed the story in Spokane. Contacting the agent, I asked him why. He replied that he searches titles of news articles to choose what he feels has merit. Bigfoot stories, he said, always prove to be hoaxes. They are a waste of time and money. My assurances of the story's credibility meant nothing.

Since it was obvious that no one outside of Spokane would read this story, I decided to call the editor of the Grants Pass newspaper and inform him of the story. Stating interest, he assigned a reporter to contact me, and soon afterwards I shared my story. I stressed my belief that the citizens of Grants Pass and the surrounding towns deserved to know what was taking place in their backyard. Next, I contacted the editor of the Ashland, Oregon newspaper, Joe Serres' home area. He also expressed great interest in my story, and said he would look into it. I never heard from either of them, but I hope they let the local citizens know what was transpiring around them.

I next placed a call to Abbie Josie, Resources Manager for the Oregon Forests. She in turn, notified Mr. Matt Craddock, head man of BLM in Oregon, my old friend from my prospector days who befriended Bert and me. Mr.

Craddock contacted me and asked if I would give a full accounting of my evidence finds in a three-way conversation with himself and Mr. Larry Brooks, head Forester of Forestry Service of Oregon. I consented readily, and presented the entire matter to these powerful gentlemen over the course of an hour or so.

Mr. Brooks remained fairly silent, while Matt Craddock posed the primary questions. It was clear to me that these two men knew well what I was speaking of. Matt explained that he knew that I never saw him in the deep woods. He stated that he knew of no one who traveled the mountains like me. My area was a hostile, unvisited zone. He said that although he had never seen a Sasquatch, he believed my story. He spoke highly of my previous work in his district, and remembered that he thought of Bert and me as 'Poster Boy' miners. Admitting that their hands were tied, he said he would not be able to help me with DNA extraction. He mentioned an Animal Forensics Laboratory in Ashland, Oregon, and said they might help. Thanking this worthy man for hearing me out, and telling him I had to see this thing through, I bade him farewell.

It took me some time to finally find the correct telephone number for the Forensics Laboratory in Ashland. Eventually reaching a secretary/receptionist, I explained my wish to have DNA extracted from styrofoam fragments. Asking me to hold on, I soon heard an authoritative male voice ask of my request. Repeating my quest for DNA extraction, I was pleased to hear this leading scientist go into a very informative discourse on DNA extraction from styrofoam.

He stated that styrofoam was an excellent medium for preservation of DNA material. Outlining the entire complicated procedures, he soon had answered many of my questions. At the end of our conversation, I asked him if he knew of anyone who could help me perform the analysis. Expressing great surprise, he said, 'Help you! Aren't you a police crime lab scientist?' Explaining that I was a private citizen, I realized his secretary must have neglected to mention that. With incredulity in his voice, he asked if I was saying that I would be willing to pay for the DNA extraction. I answered, of course, if I had to. Asking me to hold on for a moment, he was going to supply me with a private number of a good friend of his, the leading DNA/Genetics Scientist in the U.S. He then explained that the lab in Ashland was strictly for government work. BLM, Forestry Service, Fish and Game, plus official Police work were the mainstay of his laboratory. His scientist friend however, was non-government and in his words, my best hope. Grateful for his incredible help, I thanked him profusely and bade him good bye. I now knew I was on my way to real answers.

It was an incredible moment for me, dialing the lab number of a scientist I had just been told was the leading DNA/Geneticist in the country. To my amazement, a woman with a light and cheerful voice introduced herself as Dr. Joy Halverson, President of QuestGen. Face it reader, you've been with me in the hardest conditions, working under stress, miles away from anyone. Every direction you've turned for help has been a dead end, usually with someone laughing at your efforts. Now, you have just heard one of the sweetest voices

you've ever listened to, kind of like Glendas, in 'The Wizard of Oz.' I must admit my knees buckled and I became a sixteen year old boy meeting the coolest woman on Earth. At hearing her name, I stammered out 'It's you! I can't believe I finally reached you!' It's possible that a lot of people might think their phone somehow wound up in a jokester's hand, and hang up. Not this lady. Sounding surprised, but in a pleased way, she sweetly laughed and said, 'Well, now that you've found me, what can I do for you?' Believe me reader, if she could have seen the delighted jig I was dancing at that moment, she might have hung up.

I have never had a more delightful conversation. Each sentence this imminent scientist spoke resounded with a deep understanding of the subject. Giving her a brief idea of my quest, never mentioning Bigfoot, I asked her if she could extract DNA from styrofoam that had lain on a forest floor for seven years. Instantly, she began telling me what could be done. She stated that styrofoam was an excellent, possible repository material for DNA. Also being an expert Veterinarian, she really wished to know what animal we were searching for. Afraid to say 'Bigfoot,' I inquired if it were possible to search for unknown, divergent DNA that might not have a match in the databases. Again, sounding pleasantly surprised, she said that she could find anything present. Thrilled to hear this, I mentioned that her DNA/Geneticist Scientist friend at Forensics Laboratory in Ashland, Oregon told me she was my best hope. Upon hearing this, she said words I will remember forever .. 'Karl, I'm your only hope.' She

asked if I had seen her website, and I replied no. I told her I was anticipating looking it up, and she sounded pleased. Her next words thrilled me once again. 'Karl, I'm sending you a DNA Extraction Kit containing evidence brushes. Carefully swab the most promising pieces, and your own inner cheek, and mail them to me as soon as possible. Okay?' Barely able to speak, I finally managed a 'Yes Maam!'

The DNA extraction kit arrived a few days later. Placing all of the chewed styrofoam pieces out on a table, Nancy and I carefully collected DNA prospect material with the tiny metal brushes. Soon I had everything packaged up, and along with two high quality color print-outs of all the pieces, I mailed the package in the quickest delivery mode possible. I knew that extraction of DNA was time consuming work. Even when folks submit hair samples from Grizzly bears they swear they witnessed, it can take 4-5 months before absolute verification is possible. Waiting for results is not difficult for me. Bothering busy Scientists hard at work on your project is an unwise move. I readied myself for the wait.

After one month had passed, I decided to make one, quick call to Dr. Halverson to see if the DNA samples I had sent were sufficient. Sounding pleased to hear from me, once again, I instantly reverted to a knock-kneed, smitten teenager at the sound of her voice. I had looked up her website as I said I would. I am still beyond belief at her accomplishments and scientific breakthroughs. She is the female Albert Einstein. To get a good idea of why

she affected me in this fashion, I invite you to view her website. Anyway, I think I must have sounded identical to that fellow in the commercial who begins thinking about pizza while being closely scrutinized by his girlfriends' parents. You know .. duhhh .. uh uh uh .. yeahhhh! I finally blurted out, that I didn't know what to say upon hearing her answer the phone. Giggling, she told me to take my time and compose myself. During this time, Dr. Halverson told me, in a bit of a breathless tone, that she could detect something unusual, but that heavy mineral elements were obscuring her results. In an apparent, anxious voice, she asked me how much styrofoam material I possessed? I told her I had collected about ½ of a plastic, grocery bag. Sounding extremely pleased, she asked if I could send her two cupfuls of fragments? Answering yes, I said the material would be in her office in a couple of days. She then explained that she was preparing her laboratory for action as soon as the material arrived, and spoke in detail of utilizing a kit of chemicals that would neutralize the obscuring elements. Next, she planned to utilize her state-of-the-art centrifuge to isolate the contents extracted. I could tell she was excited, eager, and wanting to explore. For a man who finds it difficult to feel excitement, I believe I came as close as possible for me.

That night, I prepared the package of styrofoam fragments and in the morning, mailed them to Dr. Halverson. I knew it was going to be a long wait, but that's how it is. Meanwhile, I decided to contact Tom Lutey of the

Spokesman-Review, and bring him up to date. Surprised and sounding pleased to hear from me, Tom asked me what I had been doing since we last met. Upon hearing of my success at obtaining the help of a luminary such as Dr. Halverson, Tom expressed amazement at hearing me say that I was willing to spend my frugal income on the research. He requested updates as they came in. During this conversation, I thanked Tom and Holly, the photographer, for their excellent work on the story. I also pointed out the Dr. Meldrum inaccuracies, and told Tom that certain statements made me appear to be somewhat of a bungler, but I could deal with it. He sounded quite taken aback at the realization that Dr. Meldrum had said the fragments he had inspected held no promise, while in reality, he saw only a distorted, black and white copy of a picture. After a really pleasant conversation, Tom and I made plans for future news and I reminded him that the citizens of the U.S. deserved to know of this story. He readily agreed.

I next made a call to Joe Serres, who expressed gladness at hearing from me again. One thing I am not, is a pesky caller. Joe knew how difficult it was for me to make a telephone call. After hearing of my work with Dr. Halverson, he stated his admiration at my ability to get through obstacles to achieve results. He was delighted at my story involving the Forensics Laboratory in his town of Ashland, Oregon. He explained that it was probably the most difficult place to speak to someone due to it being designated for government agencies. I told Joe that as soon as the evidence was available from Dr. Halverson, I needed him to prepare all necessary legal papers required

to halt the timber cuts planned in the areas of Bigfoot evidence. Detecting hope and joy in his voice, I was pleased to hear him say he was ready when I was. We both agreed that DNA evidence would speak loudly in court, and this evidence was history in the making. As much as I dislike phones, I almost felt fond of the one I was holding. The feeling passed quickly. Having had much success with my telephone conversations, I decided to place a call to my hometown newspaper, the 'Mobile Press Register.' This newspaper was my first real job as a youngster of fourteen. On a scorching hot Alabama summer day, I watched my father drive into our yard with an old Honda 90 motorcycle in a basket. He said I could have it for fifty dollars, and he would help me get it running. Overjoyed, I accepted. We got the bike running, and I promptly got hired by my local newspaper to deliver papers. Seven days a week, rain or shine, I delivered hundreds of papers around town on that little motorcycle. Laden with papers, I could not outrun the mean dogs, so I became quite proficient at dodging and fending away from their teeth. Eventually working my way up to a Honda 160 dream, I slogged through several years of delivering papers.

In 1969, I won the Parade Magazine/Young Columbus Contest, winning a two week, all expense trip to Italy and North Africa. I had competed with all of the newspaper carriers in the State of Alabama, and was the first winner, chosen in Mobile. As I explained this to the Natural Resources Editor of the Mobile paper, he informed me that it meant nothing to him, he was in a hurry

to grab lunch and hit the links. Taken aback at his rudeness, I attempted to explain about my work with Bigfoot and timber harvesting of old growth trees, when he laughed loudly and said, ‘Look, the only reason I’ve listened to you this long is I thought you might, just might, have something worth listening to about cutting trees. We don’t care about saving trees in Alabama, we want to cut em!’” While rudely saying I was wasting his time, I thanked him for nothing and hung up. Laughed at and insulted by my hometown newspaper, that I had worked long and hard for, burned me deeply. It bothers me still, six months later. Perhaps one day, I’ll have the pleasure to meet this character face to face.

It is now time to bring this book to a close. Dr. Halverson is working diligently with the DNA extraction as I write. Winter is again upon us, and hopefully will prevent a lot of timber cuts until I can get this book printed for your knowledge.

In the end, it is really up to you, the reader, to join Nancy and myself in making and preserving these unique creatures habitat. I believe with everything within me, that Dr. Halverson is extracting a new, divergent line of DNA, which will ultimately prove existence and provide protection for these gentle giants. Help us, by calling upon your Representatives, Senators, Governors, the President himself, and insisting that logging be halted until the right Scientists survey the evidence. Once it is gone, it is gone forever. My abilities are dwindling, and my future looks bleak. Nancy faces massive

strokes around the clock, that can kill her. Should this nation react to our pleas for help, Nancy and I will be forever grateful. If we work quickly, we can save this incredible eco-system for future generations. The Sasquatch are the stars here. They are bigger than the rest of us. Join us, become 'CREATURES KEEPERS' and help us answer their, 'CRY FOR HELP.'