

# Bits & Pieces – Issue No. 31

Christopher L. Murphy



Few people who went to a North American high school have forgotten Shakespeare's famous words:

The evil that men do lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their  
bones.

I would like to change this a little to:

The mistakes people make live after  
them; their good work is oft interred  
with their bones.

At one time, mistakes were temporary. Newspapers and magazines either found their way to bird cages or recycle bins. Book became out-of-print and drifted off into second hand stores. Not so in the last 30 years; there's not much that can't be found on-line and it's there forever

In my opinion this has created a stigma (a mark of disgrace associated with a particular circumstance, quality, or person), which frightens people, especially professional people. If one does or says something that is later proven to be wrong or unwise, he or she has to live with it forever.

Unfortunately, everything in life is a moving target, and what appeared to be correct at one point in time can be found to be incorrect down the line as new information or evidence emerges.

I am sure you watch the news on TV and see how journalists will go back many years to find something said by someone (totally different circumstances) and then use it against the person if he or she has had a change of mind.

Although I might live in a state of horror as to saying something later proven to be wrong, can you imagine how

scientists feel? Those guys have a tough time "taking it back." I can fall back on Steenburg's words, "If I'm wrong, I'm wrong." Professionals can't do that. As a result they end up like the famous three monkeys (somewhat appropriate for us, I might add).

The late Dr. John Bindernagel was different. He provides excellent material on his YouTube presentations; I urge you to have a look. He speaks his mind, calmly and gently, and I greatly admire him for this.

Where to from here? I seriously don't know. All we can hope is that some professionals will come forward and walk in Dr. Bindernagel's footsteps.

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The above image shows the mud pond over which the Sayward entity walked (BP#30, page 1). On the right are the footprints, which have been circled and identified. We can see that the deer hunters would have no problem seeing the prints. They are in a reasonably straight line, which is characteristic of sasquatch footprints. The steps appear to be quite short, but this is not unusual.

Obviously whatever made the footprints was not concerned about leaving them in the mud. This also is not unusual. When there is snow, it does not have a choice.

Skeptics will likely say that the deer hunters could have faked the prints, but they are simply too good to be fakes. To construct a false foot like we see in the casts would cost a lot of money. Also, they are not ordinary human prints, so that rules out a man with 14.5-inch feet. If

this is questioned, then generally speaking, a man with that size feet would have to be about 7 feet tall (standing height) and that's a very tough call.

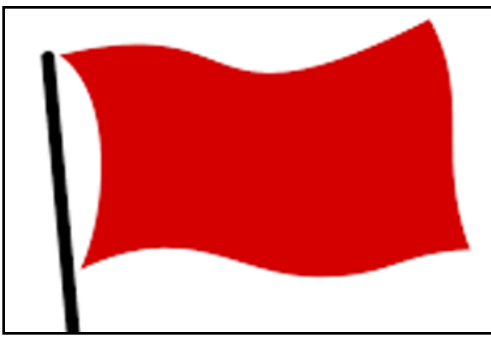
Dr. Bindernagel points out in his video that a midtarsal break is evident in one of the prints. This particular subject has met concern with some researchers, so I urge them to see the video. I was a little confused with what this really (exactly) meant, and Dr. Bindernagel enlightened me.

Given one can rationalize all these points, the final question (which applies to many footprints) is, what was the motive in making the prints? If in the Sayward case it was publicity, there was none, and it took 24 years for the casts to come to light.

Now, the only issues I can see are: 1) I doubt the hunters would have had plaster with them—if they did, why? As a result, one of them would have had to go and get it. We don't know the distance to a town or a store; perhaps it wasn't that far. 2) The hunter who made the casts apparently knew what he was doing. Dr. Bindernagel commends him on cast "shoring" to make a cast thicker. I have done this sort of thing; it's kind of a natural to do—I worked it out for myself. Nevertheless, knowing how to make casts is a little special; I messed up many in the process. Even John Green watching me make cast copies went over and tried to lift out one of my casts before it was ready; it simply crumbled in his hands. I had never seen him so apologetic. It was no big deal; I simply made another (I have done the same thing myself).

The reason I am stating all of this is because I want to beat the skeptics to the punch. Also, as I have pointed out in previous papers, it is the artifact itself that indicates its authenticity; not the circumstances or journalistic logic games. John Bindernagel was a PhD wildlife biologist and attests to the reality of the footprints, providing us with his analysis. I would tend to be a little careful here unless one can find something wrong with the casts themselves (shades of the P/G film).

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I started using a red flag in *Know the Sasquatch* to indicate that the story was on the borderline as to considering it fully credible. What happens here is that over time information surfaces that casts a bit of a shadow of doubt on what was originally thought to be fine. From a cultural standpoint, no problem; many stories are highly entertaining and have become the “classics” in sasquatch history.

With fable, myth, folklore and legend there is generally some truth, and Dmitri Bayanov explains this extremely well in his books *Bigfoot Research: The Russian Vision* (2011) and *Russian Hominology: The Bayanov Papers – Fact & Folklore* (2016). He takes certain information in the categories I have mentioned and ties it in with what we know are facts; in many cases broadening our understanding of the subject.

This process does not vindicate the entire story; just that certain parts of it definitely have credibility. In these cases the shadow of doubt reduces.

Myth, folklore and so forth very often start out as simple reports of an experience. Time goes on and by the process of serial reproduction information is added, embellished, deleted and simply changed through misunderstanding.

One might recall the little grammar school game whereby a number of students are lined up. The first whispers a simple message to the second, which is repeated down the line and the last student announces the message he was given. This is compared with the message provided by the first student and the difference is astounding. Very little remains of the original message; but something remains. This is a perfect example of serial reproduction.

People who write for publication are notorious for putting their own “spin” on information or misunderstanding what has been given to them. I am likely guilty of the latter.

Whatever the case, we end up with a story that cannot be checked back to its originator because he or she and all his or her direct relatives and friends have long since left this world or can’t be traced. By the way, even the person who had the experience can alter things, especially if considerable time has passed before he or she documents the experience.

The question on all of this is what do we do with stories provided by the likes of Albert Ostman, Fred Beck, John W. Burns, C.P. Lyons and so forth? In one way they support sasquatch reality, but in another make us look foolish. Hence my reason for using a little red flag. Essentially the flags say “Let the buyer beware,” and asks skeptics and scientists not to go running off in all directions thinking that we don’t realize much material defies logic.

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The B.F.R.O. states that according to its calculation, the P/G film subject is 90.5 inches tall, or 7 feet, 6.5 inches. This is 3 inches taller than what was determined by NASI (87.5 inches or 7 feet 3.5 inches).

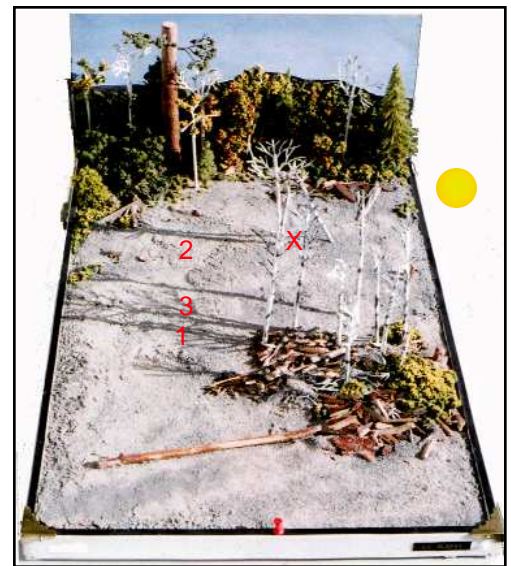
This is not a problem. It just means that the subject was about 5 feet farther away from the camera than established.

I am assuming the B.F.R.O. is talking about walking height, not standing height. For standing height, you need to add between 8% and 8.5% to the walking height.

I plan to stay with the original height. The difference is too marginal to be of concern and I am more comfortable with the NASI calculation.

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The following image shows the film site model with the light (sun) coming from the East (morning). I never thought to take a photo (actual film photo) in the late afternoon. This just happened to look neat when I took the model outside to photograph it; so took a shot.



The position of the sun caused long shadows, and the three tree shadows applicable to the P/G film subject (red X one spot) are indicated (but include other tree shadows). You must now envision the light coming from the West. It is seen that shadows 1 and 3 are totally beyond the subject. The model was later revised to make it a little longer, but that does not greatly affect this analysis. The position of the camera (red map pin) would now be further south as we have determined that the camera distance was greater than 102 feet (i.e., 151.4 feet). The model is now “traveling” to museum exhibits, so I doubt I will again revise it any time soon.

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Having discussed “red flags,” I am presenting on the next two pages J.W. Burns’ *McLean’s Magazine* article of April 1, 1929. You will, of course, recognize that April 1 is April Fools Day. Was this a coincident? John Green did present this material in his *The Sasquatch File* (1973) and this is a scan of the pages; fortunately I can provide them larger and you can again enlarge them.

One other thing that amused me was the magazine “filler” at the end of the article. You will see that it is of dogs chasing a rabbit. Journalists do this sort of thing to kind of perhaps say, “If you believe this, you will believe anything.” My experience with the Museum of Vancouver (tabloid motif for panels) was the same sort of thing). Were this my article, I would have been furious with both the date and the dogs, but there is nothing one can do but cry.

Anyway, if you want to take the time to read the article, keep in mind little “red flags” that might result in an overall red flag.

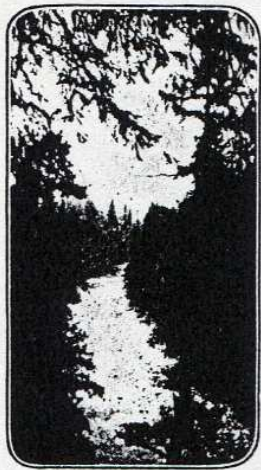
# Introducing B.C.'s Hairy Giants

A collection of strange tales about British Columbia's wild men as told by those who say they have seen them

By J. W. BURNS

ARE the vast mountain solitudes of British Columbia, of which but very few have been so far explored, populated by a hairy race of giants—men—not ape-like men?

Reports from time to time, covering a period of many years, have come from the hinterlands of the province, that hairy giants had been occasionally seen by Indian and white trappers in the mountain fastnesses, far from the pathway of civilization. These reports, however, were always vague and indefinite; for the reason that no person could be found, or, at least, nobody came forward with the information that they had obtained a close-up view of these strange creatures.



The Chehalis river which the hairy giant waded in pursuit of the Indian.

Persistent rumors led the writer to make diligent enquiries among old Indians. The question relating to the subject was always, with the trite excuse: "The white man don't believe, he make joke of the Indian." But after three years of plodding, I have come into possession of information more definite and authentic than has come to light at any previous time. Disregarding rumor and hearsay, I have prevailed upon men who claim they had actual contact with these hairy giants, to tell what they know about them. Their story is set down here in good faith.

Peter Williams lives on the Chehalis Reserve. I believe that he is a reliable as well as an intelligent Indian. He gave me the following thrilling account of his experience with these people.

### Peter's Encounter with the Giant

ONE evening in the month of May twenty years ago," he said, "I was walking along the foot of the mountain about a mile from the Chehalis reserve. I thought I heard a noise something like a grunt nearby. Looking in the direction in which it came, I was startled to see what I took at first sight to be a huge bear crouched upon a boulder twenty or thirty feet away. I raised my rifle to shoot it, but, as I did, the creature stood up and let out a piercing yell. It was a man—a giant, no less than six and one-half feet in height, and

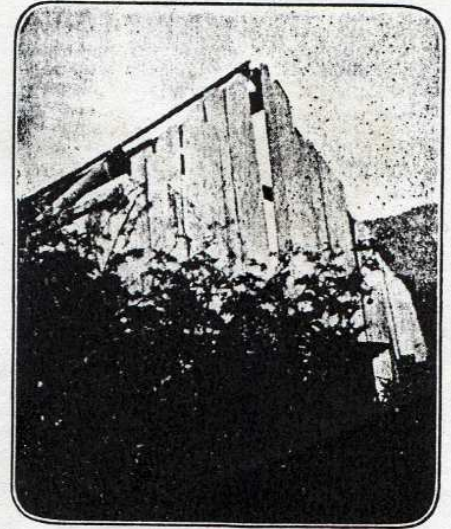
covered with hair. He was in a rage and jumped from the boulder to the ground. I fled, but not before I felt his breath upon my cheek.

"I never ran so fast before or since—through brush and undergrowth toward the Statloo, or Chehalis River, where my dugout was moored. From time to time, I looked back over my shoulder. The giant was fast overtaking me—a hundred feet separated us; another look and the distance measured less than fifty—then the Chehalis and in a moment the dugout shot across the stream to the opposite bank. The swift river, however, did not in the least daunt the giant, for he began to wade it immediately.

"I arrived home almost worn out from running and I felt sick. Taking an anxious look around the house, I was relieved to find the wife and children inside. I bolted the door and barricaded it with everything at hand. Then with my rifle ready, I stood near the door and awaited his coming."

Peter added that if he had not been so much excited he could easily have shot the giant when he began to wade the river.

"After an anxious waiting of twenty minutes," resumed the Indian, "I heard a noise approaching like the trampling of a horse. I looked through a crack in the old wall. It was the giant. Darkness had not yet set in and I had a good look at him. Except that he was covered with hair and twice the bulk of the average man, there was nothing to distinguish him from the rest of us. He pushed against the wall of the old house with such force that it shook back and forth. The old cedar shook and timbers creaked and groaned so much under the strain that I was afraid it would fall down and kill us. I whispered to the



The Indian house that was wrecked by Peter's giant.

old woman to take the children under the bed." Peter pointed out what remained of the old house in which he lived at the time, explaining that the giant treated it so roughly that it had to be abandoned the following winter.

"After prowling and grunting like an animal around the house," continued Peter, "he went away. We were glad, for the children and the wife were uncomfortable under the old bedstead. Next morning I found his tracks in the mud around the house, the biggest of either man or beast I had ever seen. The tracks measured twenty-two inches in length, but narrow in proportion to their length."

The following winter while shooting wild duck on that part of the reserve Indians call the "prairie," which is on the north side of the Harrison River and about two miles from the Chehalis village, Peter once more came face to face with the same hairy giant. The Indian ran for dear life, followed by the wild man, but after pursuing him for three or four hundred yards the giant gave up the chase.

Old village Indians, who called upon Peter to hear of his second encounter, nodded their heads sagely, shrugged their shoulders, and for some reason not quite clear, seemed not to wish the story to gain further publicity.

On the afternoon of the same day another Indian by the name of Paul was chased from the creek, where he was fishing for salmon, by the same individual. Paul was in a state of terror, for unlike Peter he had no gun. A short distance from his shack the giant suddenly quit and walked into the bush. Paul, exhausted from running, fell in the snow and had to be carried home by his mother and others of the family.

"The first and second time," went on Peter, "I was all alone when I met this strange mountain creature. Then, early in the spring of the following year, another man and myself were bear hunting near the place where I first met him. On this occasion we ran into two of these giants. They were sitting on the ground. At first we thought they were old tree stumps, but when we were within fifty feet or so, they suddenly stood up and we came to an immediate stop. Both were nude. We were close

Continued on page 61



A general view of the Chehalis valley where Peter the Indian met the giant. In circle: Old Charlie, who says he talked to a Sasquatch (giant) woman and wounded one of their boys.

# Introducing B.C.'s Hairy Giants

Continued from page 9

enough to know that they were man and woman. The woman was the smaller of the two, but neither of them as big or fierce-looking as the gent that chased me. We ran home, but they did not follow us."

One morning, some few weeks after this, Peter and his wife were fishing in a canoe on the Harrison River, near Harrison Bay. Paddling round a neck of land they saw, on the beach within a hundred feet of them, the giant Peter had met the previous year.

"We stood for a long time looking at him," said the Indian, "but he took no notice of us—that was the last time," concluded Peter, "I saw him."

Peter remarked that his father and numbers of old Indians knew that wild men lived in caves in the mountains—had often seen them. He wished to make it clear that these creatures were in no wise related to the Indian. He believes there are a few of them living at present in the mountains near Agassiz.

## Charley Victor's Story

**CHARLEY VICTOR** belongs to the Skwah Reserve near Chilliwack. In his younger days he was known as one of the best hunters in the province and had many thrilling adventures in his time.

Did he know anything about the hairy ape-like men who were supposed to inhabit the distant mountains? Charley smiled, and answered that he had had a slight acquaintance with them. He had been in what he thought was one of their houses. "And that is not all," said he. "I met and spoke to one of their women, and I shot . . ." But let Charley tell the story himself.

"The strange people, of whom there are but few now—rarely seen and seldom met—" said the old hunter, "are known by the name of Sasquatch, or, 'the hairy mountain men.'"

"The first time I came to know about these people," continued the old man, "I did not see anybody. Three young men and myself were picking salmon-berries on a rocky mountain slope some five or six miles from the old town of Yale. In our search for berries we suddenly stumbled upon a large opening in the side of the mountain. This discovery greatly surprised all of us, for we knew every foot of the mountain, and never knew nor heard there was a cave in the vicinity.

"Outside the mouth of the cave there was an enormous boulder. We peered into the cavity but couldn't see anything.

"We gathered some pitchwood, lighted it and began to explore. But before we got very far from the entrance of the cave, we came upon a sort of stone house or enclosure; it was a crude affair. We couldn't make a thorough examination, for our pitchwood kept going out. We left, intending to return in a couple of days and go on exploring. Old Indians, to whom we told the story of our discovery, warned us not to venture near the cave again, as it was surely occupied by the Sasquatch. That was the first time I heard about the hairy men that inhabit the mountains. We, however,

disregarded the advice of the old men and sneaked off to explore the cave, but to our great disappointment found the boulder rolled back into its mouth and fitting it so nicely that you might suppose it had been made for that purpose."

Charley intimated that he hoped to have enough money some day to buy sufficient dynamite to blow open the cave of the Sasquatch, and see how far it extends through the mountain.

The Indian then took up the thread of his story and told of his first meeting with one of these men. A number of other Indians and himself were bathing in a small lake near Yale. He was dressing, when suddenly out from behind a rock, only a few feet away, stepped a nude hairy man. "Oh! he was a big, big man!" continued the old hunter. "He looked at me for a moment, his eyes were so kind-looking that I was about to speak to him, when he turned about and walked into the forest."

At the same place two weeks later, Charley, together with several of his companions saw the giant, but this time he ran toward the mountain. This was twenty years after the discovery of the cave.

## Charley Shoots a Sasquatch Boy

**I DON'T** know if I should tell you or not about the awful experience I had with these wicked people about fifteen years ago in the mountains near Hatzic."

The old man rubbed his knee, and said he disliked recalling that disagreeable meeting—it was a tragedy from which he had not yet fully recovered.

"I was hunting in the mountains near Hatzic," he resumed. "I had my dog with me. I came out on a plateau where there were several big cedar trees. The dog stood before one of the trees and began to growl and bark at it. On looking up to see what excited him, I noticed a large hole in the tree seven feet from the ground. The dog pawed and leaped upon the trunk, and looked at me to raise him up, which I did, and he went into the hole. The next moment a muffled cry came from the hole. I said to myself: 'The dog is tearing into a bear,' and with my rifle ready, I urged the dog to drive him out, and out came something I took for a bear. I shoot and it fell with a thud to the ground. 'Murder! Oh my!' I spoke to myself in surprise and alarm, for the thing I had shot looked to me like a white boy. He was nude. He was about twelve or fourteen years of age."

In his description of the boy, Charley said that his hair was black and woolly.

Wounded and bleeding, the poor fellow sprawled upon the ground, but when I drew close to examine the extent of his injury, he let out a wild yell, or rather a call as if he were appealing for help. From across the mountain a long way off rolled a booming voice. Near and more near came the voice and every now and again the boy would return an answer as if directing the owner of the voice. Less than a half-hour, out from the depths of the forest came the strangest and wildest creature one could possibly see.

"I raised my rifle, not to shoot, but in case I would have to defend myself. The hairy creature, for that was what it was, walked toward me without the slightest fear. The wild person was a woman. Her face was almost negro black and her long straight hair fell to her waist. In height she would be about six feet, but her chest and shoulders were well above the average in breadth."

Charley remarked that he had met several wild people in his time, but had never seen anyone half so savage in appearance as this woman. The old

brave confessed he was really afraid of her.

"In my time," said the old man, "and this is no boast, I have in more than one emergency strangled bear with my hands, but I'm sure if that wild woman laid hands on me, she'd break every bone in my body."

"She cast a hasty glance at the boy. Her face took on a demoniacal expression when she saw he was bleeding. She turned upon me savagely, and in the Douglas tongue said:

"You have shot my friend."

"I explained in the same language—for I'm part Douglas myself—that I had mistaken the boy for a bear and that I was sorry. She did not reply, but began a sort of wild frisk or dance around the boy, chanting in a loud voice for a minute or two, and, as if in answer to her, from the distant woods came the same sort of chanting trol. In her hand she carried something like a snake, about six feet in length, but thinking over the matter since, I believe it was the intestine of some animal. But whatever it was, she constantly struck the ground with it. She picked up the boy with one hairy hand, with as much ease as if he had been a wax doll."

At this point of the story, Charley began to make pictures in the sand with his maple stick, and paused or reflected so long that we thought he had come to the end of his narrative, when he suddenly looked up, and said with a grin: "Perhaps I better tell you the rest of it, although I know you'll not believe it. There was challenge of defiance in her black eyes and dark looks," went on Charley, "as she faced and spoke to me a second time and the dreadful words she used set me shaking."

"You remember them?" I asked.

"Remember them," he repeated, "they still ring round my old ears like the echo of a thunder-storm. She pointed the snake-like thing at me and said:

"Siwash, you'll never kill another bear."

The old hunter's eyes moistened when he admitted that he had not shot a bear or anything else since that fatal day.

"Her words, expression, and the savage avenging glint in her dark, fiery eyes filled me with fear," confessed the Indian, "and I felt so exhausted from her unwavering gaze that I was no longer able to keep her covered with my rifle. I let it drop."

Charley has been paralyzed for the last eight years, and he is inclined to think that the words of the wild woman had something to do with it.

The old man told how his "brave dog that never turned from any bear nor cougar," lay whimpering and shivering at his feet while the Sasquatch woman was speaking, "just," said Charley, "as if he understood the meaning of her words."

The old man said that she spoke the words "Yahoo, yahoo" frequently in a loud voice, and always received a similar reply from the mountain.

The old hunter felt sure that the woman looked somewhat like the wild man he had seen at Yale many years before, although the woman was the darker of the two. He did not think the boy belonged to the Sasquatch people, "because he was white and she called him her friend," reasoned Charley. "They must have stolen him or run across him in some other way," he added.

"Indians," said Charley, "have always known that wild men lived in the distant

mountains, within sixty and one hundred miles east of Vancouver, and of course they may live in other places throughout the province, but I have never heard of it. It is my own opinion since I met that wild woman fifteen years ago that because she spoke the Douglas tongue these creatures must be related to the Indian."

## The Wild Man at Agassiz

**AT AGASSIZ**, near the close of September, 1927, Indian hop-pickers were having their annual picnic. A few of the younger people volunteered to pick a mess of berries on a wooded hillside, a short way from the picnic grounds. They had only started to pick, when out of the bush stepped a naked hairy giant. He was first noticed by a girl of the party, who was so badly frightened that she fell unconscious to the ground. The girl's sudden collapse was seen by an Indian named Point, of Vancouver, and as he ran to her assistance, was astonished to see a giant a few feet away, who continued to walk with an easy gait across the wooded slope in the direction of the Canadian Pacific railway tracks.

Since the foregoing paragraph was written, Mr. Point, replying to an enquiry, has kindly forwarded the following letter to the writer, in which he tells of his experience with the hairy giant:

"Dear Sir: I have your letter asking it true or not that I saw a hairy giant—man—at Agassiz last September, while picking hops there. It is true and the facts are as follows: This happened at the close of September (1927) when we were having a feast. Adaline August and myself walked to her father's orchard, which is about four miles from the hop fields. We were walking on the railroad track and within a short distance of the orchard, when the girl noticed something walking along the track coming toward us. I looked up but paid no attention to it, as I thought it was some person on his way to Agassiz. But as he came closer we noticed that his appearance was very odd, and on coming still closer we stood still and were astonished—seeing that the creature was naked and covered with hair like an animal. We were almost paralyzed from fear. I picked up two stones with which I intended to hit him if he attempted to molest us, but within fifty feet or so he stood up and looked at us.

"He was twice as big as the average man, with hands so long that they almost touched the ground. It seemed to me that his eyes were very large and the lower part of his nose was wide and spread over the greater part of his face, which gave the creature such a frightful appearance that I ran away as fast as I could. After a minute or two I looked back and saw that he resumed his journey. The girl had fled before I left, and she ran so fast that I did not overtake her until I was close to Agassiz, where we told the story of our adventure to the Indians who were still enjoying themselves. Old Indians who were present said: the wild man was no doubt a "Sasquatch," a tribe of hairy people whom they claim have always lived in the mountains—in tunnels and caves."

Do hairy giants inhabit the mountain solitudes of British Columbia? Many Indians, besides those quoted, are sincerely convinced that the "Sasquatch," a few of them at least, still live in the little-known interior of the province.



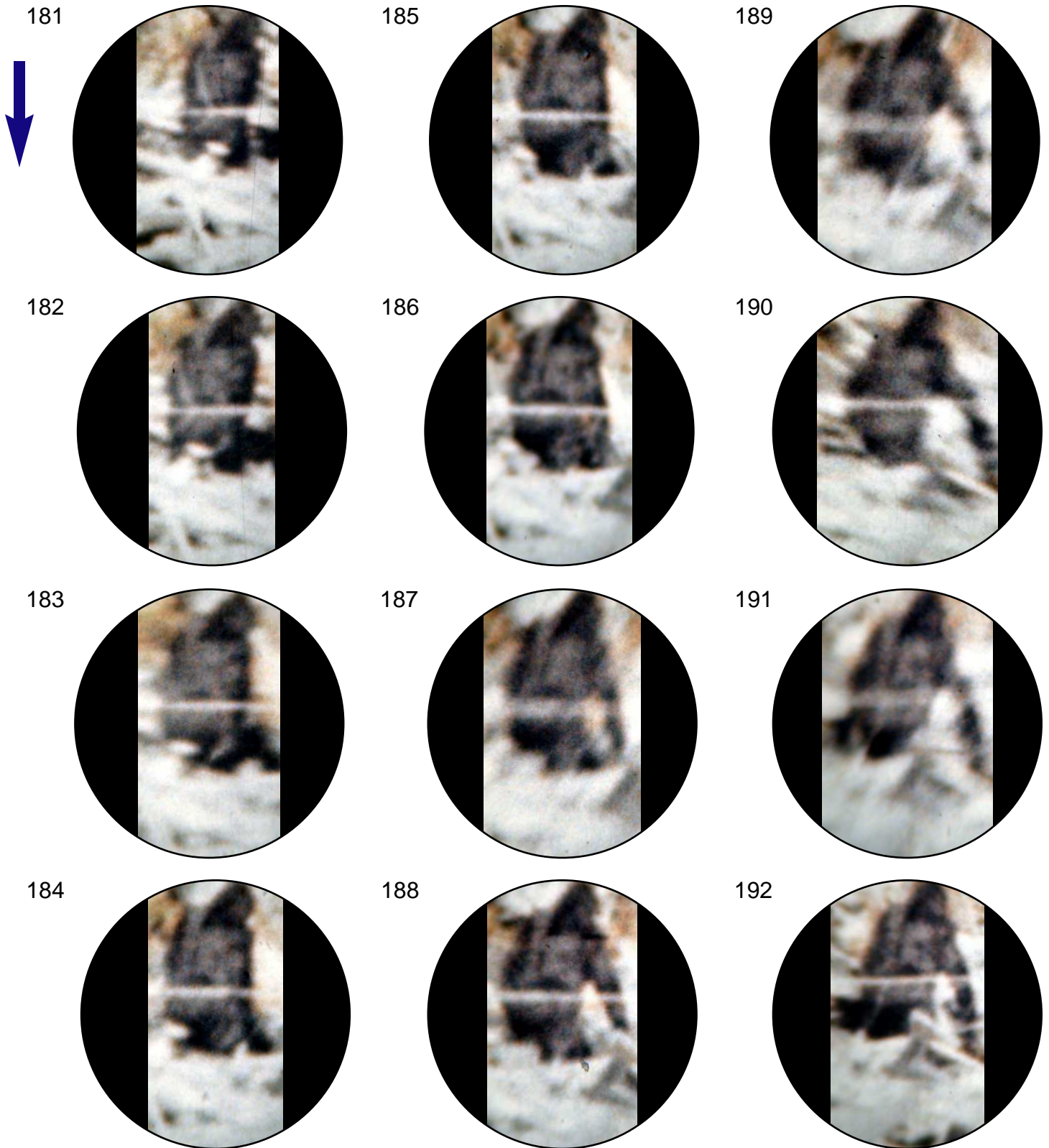
### THE EXPIRATION NOTICE

The notification from MacLean's Magazine of the approaching expiration of your subscription is sent out well in advance. This is so that there will be no need of your being disappointed by the missing of a single issue.

The demand for copies to fill new orders is so great that, despite our constantly increased press-run, we seldom have any copies left for mailing to subscribers who are even one issue in arrears.

Subscribers receiving the "expiration" notice are reminded of the importance of sending in their renewal order promptly.

P/G FILM FRAMES FOR ANALYSIS



**OBSERVATION NOTATIONS:** The white line seen about center in these images, and previous images, appears to be a tree branch, but it is very long and very straight; it is likely a film artifact of some sort. #188—Note that we might see an elbow bone in this image; such would not register in a costume of some sort.

**IMPORTANT:** The film frames beyond #192 in this series are just a blur or the subject is too far away to see any meaningful details. This will be the last frame I present in this series. I have presented 192 frames out of the 953 frames (NASI page 10) in the film. This equates to 20%. In short, only about 20% of the film has enough detail for analysis. If just these frames were projected the running time at 16 frames per second would be twelve (12) seconds.



This is full frame 353 in the actual film; it's the best image I have. The famous Frame 352 is essentially identical; just 1/16 of a second earlier.

Most of the images presented in my film frame analysis series are in the scene shown here. Only images #1 to #20 had a different scene (i.e., when the subject was first seen and disappeared in the trees, then re-emerged).

The last image I show (#192) is when the subject got to about the base of the leaning tree seen on the right in the above image. If you imagine a line from the left at the subject's feet to the leaning tree, that's where all the "action" took place. In reality, the subject sort of angled over to the leaning tree and then curved farther North (away from the camera).

Some of the foreground and background has been cropped in the above image so the perspective is slightly altered. The following shows frame 352 (I believe) without any cropping. Now you can get a better idea of the distance between the subject and the camera.

Prior to last year, it was thought that the subject was about 102 feet from the camera; however a mathematical formula



provided by Igor Burtsev in 1997 for determining photograph statistics (height of objects and distances) was overlooked in North America. When it emerged in 2014 as a result of work performed by Bill Munns its application showed that the subject was about 151 feet from the camera, given the information we have on the camera is correct.

Work done in the late 1990s on the identification of subject details at 102 feet was dismissed because the mathematics on "credibility" did not support identification. Now, given the 151 feet distance is correct, even early borderline cases are eliminated. In other words, as it stands any detail observed without magnification (naked eyes) that is less than about 2mm in diameter at about the subject sizes I show in my P/G film frame

analysis images cannot be positively identified. Something might be there, but you can't say it is something, and you cannot identify it as anything. If you can see what appears to be the same thing on several film frames, the math says you can't really see anything to begin with, but this might confirm that there is something.

All of this is difficult for people to understand, especially when they get involved in issues and don't have the facts or simply ignore them. I did not know all of this in the early days and wish I had not been so out-spoken on some issues. I should have known that one can't change what newspapers report—you are stuck with what is said forever.. Once bitten, twice shy, so I am now reluctant to get involved with media people. On this point, if I did not actually write something attributed to me, or about me in anything please be wary.

Perhaps you might want to revisit my first article in this paper (the one with the three monkeys). Is there any wonder why professionals are reluctant to get involved in the sasquatch issue?