

# The Jan Brassinne Story

## A Short Biography & Details of Her Remarkable Sasquatch Experience

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My name is Jan Brassinne. I was born in Oregon in a coastal town called Coos Bay in November 1951. I went to school in Portland, Oregon. I spent all my free time going to the forest whenever I could.

When I was 22 years old, I bought a cabin in the Mount Hood area and fell in love with the forest. I am very interested in black bears and am perhaps a bit of an expert on these fascinating animals. I have been searching the Oregon forests for black bear prints for years.

I met my husband in 1996, and we moved from Mount Hood down the Cascade Range to Mount Jefferson. We then moved to the Three Sisters area, and then to the Coastal Range. All locations are in Oregon.

In this period of almost 20 years with my husband, we found a lot of possible bigfoot evidence—upside down trees, footprints, small trees unusually broken and leaning on one another, and broken branch ends that I don't think were made by humans. We have also found unusual scat, and bones lying on stumps.

The first possible sasquatch encounters we had were only vocalizations—definitely made by something with huge lungs. They frightened us and our dog. We ran back to our truck and drove away in a hurry. The sounds occurred about 5 miles northeast of Timothy Lake near Little Crater Lake campground.

In the coastal mountains we found my dream home on the Little North Fork of the Nehalem River, Oregon, which originates at Saddle Mountain. The community is called Hamlet. A foot bridge across the river leads to our house—the last house in the woods. Hamlet is so small it does not appear on printed maps. I would walk the trails in the woods almost every day, rain or shine, and it rained a lot. We had elk and deer there all the time visiting us.

One day in early 2012 I was humming a tune and walking by the river. I realized later it was very quiet that day—no birds, deer or elk, and no silly squirrels throwing things around.

I didn't pay much attention to my surroundings, but did feel a little uneasy. I came to my favorite spot at a bend in the river where two water falls meet. Just as I rounded the bend, I froze. There sitting in the river, about 15 feet away was a very large, hairy, man-like figure—bigfoot. I took in what was before me with amazement for about three seconds. He didn't turn his head; just directed his eyes to look at me. I ran home as fast as I could.

After I calmed down the next day, I painted on canvas what I had seen. I did my best to accurately reproduce the amazing hairy man. The experience has greatly changed my life as to how I perceive things.

I did not tell anybody (other than family) about my experience until the opening of the Sasquatch Revealed exhibit at the Columbia Gorge Discovery Center Museum on December 28, 2013. Here I met Chris Murphy, the exhibit curator, and showed him my painting.

Last year, we moved to Dufur, Oregon, where we presently reside. My bigfoot artist name is Red Cree, and I dedicate this painting to my children and grandchildren: Heather Cannon, Laurissa Woodberry, Jasmine Jones, Tessa Shaver, Jessie Cole Shaver, Tim, Jess and Gage Brassinne, Eric, Crystle, and James Bowers.

For your interest, I have my name on Portland's "Walk of Heroines" (Portland State University) The Walk honors women who have made a difference in our lives. I haven't written my biography for the website yet, but hope to have it completed shortly. The website is at:<<http://woh.pdx.edu/heroine/6419>>.



*Jan Brassinne with her painting (left facing). She has done other paintings of bigfoot sightings (3), but the creatures were always at a distance. Originally she thought what she saw may have been bears. She bought a pair of binoculars and found that she was not seeing bears. On the right (facing) is a calendar she made with one of her paintings on the cover. She mentioned seeing young ones far away playing in water. The little girl on the left is Jan's granddaughter. (Photo: Tom Yamarone)*



*Image of the sasquatch cropped from the above photograph. As to the foot (right facing) Jan stated that she thought it looked unusual, however she painted it as she saw it.*



## Hamlet, Oregon:

The following statements are from Wikipedia:

Hamlet is an unincorporated community in Clatsop County, Oregon, United States. It is located about six miles southeast of Necanicum, in the Northern Oregon Coast Range near the confluence of the North Fork Nehalem River and the Little North Fork Nehalem River. It is surrounded by units of the Clatsop State Forest.

The town was founded by Finns and according to author Ralph Friedman, the place never had a store, church, post office, or village center. Oregon Geographic Names however, says that Hamlet post office was established about 1905, and was named because it was a small community, or hamlet. The post office closed in 1953, with mail going to Seaside. Hamlet did have a school, which as of 1990, had become a community center. There is also a cemetery. A later Friedman book gives the history of the post office and the Finnish founders of the town.



*Map view and close-up view of Hamlet, Oregon from Google Earth. Jan's story prompted noted sasquatch researcher Thom Powell to remark: "I know Hamlet well—very squatchy. Lots of sightings come out of that area. I fish there a lot. Fantastic steelhead water."*