



# Bits & Pieces – Issue No. 116

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Edited by Gene Baade



About 200 miles from Vancouver, BC, there is a little spot called Beaver Cove on the northern part of Vancouver Island. There are lots of places called “beaver” in Canada, but this cove was named after the steamship, “*Beaver*,” the first steamship to operate in the Pacific Northwest of North America. She wrecked off the coast of Stanley Park, Vancouver, in 1888, was stripped by souvenirs hunters and others, and soon drifted off into history (you don’t know what you’ve got ‘till it’s gone).

The following image shows Beaver Cove in relation to other little towns, which are all generally logging-related.



Back at about the turn of the last century (1900), Beaver Cove had nothing but a name and perhaps a few settlers. In that year a man by the name of Eustace Smith rowed to Beaver Cove from Comox to “take up a government pre-emption of land.” In other words, take advantage of a settler’s right to purchase public land at a federally set minimum price.

When Eustace arrived at Beaver Cove, there was no one in the area for miles. He was told by some indigenous people that Beaver Cove was taboo

because Dzunuk’wa, a supernatural being, resided there. We now know, of course, that a Dzunuk’wa (or D’sonqua) is a female sasquatch, often seen in Native wood carvings.

Eventually, Dzunuk’wa lost her grip. Here is the Beaver Cove Lumber and Pulp Company Office, store and Rooming House in November 1918, one year after this company settled the area.

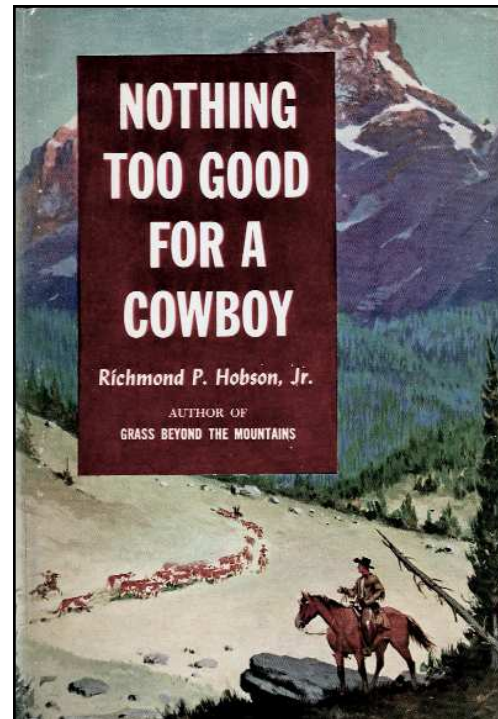


The company, however, went broke in 1920 and a new community was established at nearby Englewood. Nevertheless, some people stayed in Beaver Cove, and apparently hosted a monthly dance, using a First Nations’ band from Alert Bay. It attracted revelers from other nearby communities. The following is a photo of Beaver Cove as it presently appears.



The basic information for this article was sent to me by Alex Solunac (thanks, Alex). I started looking into the event and things sort of tumbled out. There are likely many stories of this nature in British Columbia.

The late Dr. John Bindernagel was the last researcher (and likely only one for a long time) to get into these remote communities in BC and gather information on hominology. We miss him.



Gene Baade found some interesting material in the book, *Nothing Too Good for a Cowboy* (1955), by Rich Hobson, Jr. One time during the winter (1940) Hobson rode from one of the ranches he was managing to a remote Kluckas Indian village north of the Fawnie Range. Jimmy, one of his hands was from there and Hobson was invited to come and visit and meet the blind old chief, Missue. When he got there he told us the following:

...Beside Jimmy and old Missue the only other grown man in the village was the wild and fierce-looking Cultus Johnny, a fabulous character who was married to one of Ellie’s sisters. Jimmy John [same as just Jimmy] had always complained to me about Cultus Johnny. Cultus means “bad” or “ornery” in the Indian language.

Jimmy had said, “That damn Cultus—he sleeps all day in one corner of Missue’s house. Everybody he bring Cultus food. Cultus never works. Just lay there on his blanket and laugh and snore. We all divide up, potlatch grub and meat. And Cultus he eats up everything. Never bringing in any grub himself.



I was finally able to connect with Yvon Leclerc who provided many superior illustrations for my book *Meet the Sasquatch* (2004) and displays for my museum exhibits.



Yvon Leclerc

Yvon lives in Quebec and has been a major sasquatch researcher for many years. He sent me the above image of a photo display he provided. He has some really great videos on YouTube, but they are in French. Nevertheless, he provides many images that are remarkable. If you simply Google: "Yvon Leclerc Sasquatch Research" three videos are provided.

Yvon is a scientist who specializes in fossil imprints. As I recall, we got to

know each other in about 2000 and I expressed a desire to write a book on sasquatch. He offered to assist me and I was astounded with the remarkable material he provided. I have explained how the book came about in a previous *B&P* issue. He worked directly with me on my exhibit at the Museum of Vancouver (2004/5). He provided some great poster displays together with a full size sasquatch (over 7 feet tall) that goes together in panels. It is seen in photographs of my exhibits.

Yvon's first language is Canadian French; it is not English, which is a bit of a struggle for him. Nevertheless, his English is a lot better than my French. I studied French in a high school course and got a very good mark in it, but

language is something that sort of slips away over time if you don't use it regularly.

Yvon prefers to stay in the French Canadian sector where he is most comfortable. There are towns in Quebec (an extremely large province) where English is not spoken. I went to one to do a presentation while working with what is now Telus. There were about 8 managers present and I was told that all would understand English, but had difficulty speaking it. I just carried on and it appeared everyone got the point.

As time went on, Yvon and I lost touch, so I am pleased to see that he is fine. For certain, he is one of the most remarkable and talented scientists I have ever met. —00—

### Hobson story continued...

Just lay on that blanket and laugh and sleep and eat and snore.

I don't know what's a matter that Cultus. Don't know why any woman crazy enough to marry that kind of man. I don't know why I gotta work hard all year and feed that skookum ugly face for nothing.

The story goes on to relate Cultus Johnny's amazing running ability. We are told that on his own feet he could play out any horse in the country. Also, we learn of him running 90 miles from the village to Nazko "without stopping once" and beating two horse riders by "nearly half a day."

We then get another little odd insight:

Lucky Missue got lots of fish in that lake. Cultus eats two, maybe three, fish every time somebody wakes him up.

We are, of course, intrigued with the character or nature of Cultus Johnny. In some ways, he reminded me of Khwit, the son of the alleged Russian ape-woman Zana. He was extremely masculine, very aggressive and highly unattractive (I don't want to say ugly). He simply looked like a very mean human being. I then thought about the Mexican, Julia Pastrana, who was very

ape-like. She was said to have been the off-spring of an ape-like beast that lived in the desert. Julia was taken in and cared for by rural Mexican people. She eventually became very famous.

I then thought about Serephine Long who said she was impregnated by a sasquatch. Her baby lived but a few hours, we don't know what it looked like.

I mentioned all of this to Gene, and one more thing emerged. Cultus Johnny appears to have been very nocturnal (slept all day, possibly went out at night).

Now if we connect all the dots, it's possible (pure speculation) that Cultus Johnny was a hybrid—result of a union

between a sasquatch and a Native woman (of which many are said to have been abducted by sasquatch).

I believe that such off-springs would be rejected by sasquatch, and taken in and cared for by Native people. They would naturally do this because of belief in the spiritual aspects of sasquatch. To reject a hybrid would be like a sacrilege.

That a Native woman would marry a person like Cultus Johnny is not really that unusual. Some women have an extreme desire to have children and can be attracted to some very unusual male humans.

I see the book was used for a television series, Wikipedia states:

*Nothing Too Good for a Cowboy* is a Canadian television drama series, which aired on CBC Television from 1998 to 2000. The series was based on the memoirs of author and rancher Richmond P. Hobson, Jr., and set on a ranch in rural northern British Columbia.

I did not see this series so I don't know how the producers handled Cultus Johnny's character, if they did much with him at all. Anyway, I doubt very much if they would have considered the things I have stated.

One thing sort of needs to be said. If what I say here did happen as to Cultus Johnny, then it has happened many times. There could be more people like Cultus Johnny in remote Native communities.

In 2016, there were 270,585 aboriginal people in British Columbia of whom we know. In my experience, they prefer to keep to themselves. I do believe they know a lot more about the sasquatch than what we non-Natives currently know. I really don't think they are going to "open up" any time soon, mainly because of the extreme tensions between us (Natives and non-Natives). For certain, treatment of Native people by past non-Native generations has been deplorable.

I think the bottom line here is that sasquatch are totally "human" and there is no question as to compatibility with other humans. The same would likely apply to all the other hominoids who have been recognized.



The following information and above image is provided in the *Encyclopedia of the Unexplained* (1993). I found it a little intriguing and as I am sure you know, I have presented information on hominology in Great Britain in previous papers.

Abominable snowmen and other horrid hairy man-breasts are strictly contained in the Himalayas, the wilderness of the USA and the remotest parts of China. Or so you thought.

At 4,296 feet, Ben MacDhui is the highest peak in Scotland's Cairngorm mountains, and the second highest in the country. Many who have scaled Ben MacDhui are convinced that a malignant entity—which locals call *Am Fear Liath Mor*, the Big Grey man—lives on the mountain.

The first report anyone outside the area that something sinister haunted Ben MacDhui came in December 1925 at the Annual General Meeting of the Cairngorm Club. Professor Normal Collie told his suitable astonished audience that in 1891 he had been climbing in heavy mist down from the summit of Ben MacDhui when he said, "I began to think I heard something else than merely the noise of my own footsteps. For every few steps I took I heard a crunch, and then another

crunch as if someone was walking after me but taking steps three or four times the length of my own."

At first he thought his imagination was working overtime, but the sound persisted, although whatever was making the noise remained hidden in the mist. Then, as the eerie crunching continued, Collie said, "I was seized with terror and took to my heels, staggering blindly among the boulders for four or five miles."

Collie vowed never to return to the mountain alone, and remained convinced that there was "something very queer about the top of Ben MacDhui."

Subsequent newspaper reports caused other mountaineers to come forward with similar experiences. Some said they had seen the thing, reporting a huge man-like figure. Many mentioned the same heavy footsteps with the unusual long stride that Collie heard. The following images show Ben MacDhui:



The article ends with, "There is not much forest on Ben MacDhui and it is a long way from East Anglia, but the possibility that a colony of these legendary creatures has survived in

Scotland remains to tantalize the imagination.”

Notwithstanding a hermit or two living in the mountains, it's somewhat hard to rationalize a population of relict hominoid existing in the region. It's certainly rugged, so this is not out of the question. Furthermore, there are many enormous cave systems in Scotland, and it's possible that others have yet to be discovered. They could measure in relict hominoid existence in that country. The question as to how the hominoids would sustain themselves (food) is not an issue. Animals such as deer, hares, and ptarmigan abound in the Ben MacDhui region. Furthermore, I am sure there would be some forms of edible vegetation.

As whatever is being experienced on Ben MacDhui (i.e., Big Grey Man or something else) was first experienced in 1891, it would now be well over 129 years old, so I doubt that if the oddity is still being reported it is the same one.

The main problem with this sort of material is that one cannot just walk away and say you are all crazy, even though you really don't have a logical explanation. The fact that you cannot sort something out today does not mean it will not be sorted out at some point in the future. There are numerous examples of this situation.

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Major General Mikhail Topilsky

*In working on Russian hominology, I was reminded of the Topilsky Case. Here we have a Soviet Union Major General who provided personal testimony of the killing and professional (medical doctor) examination of an ape-like creature in the Pamirs in 1925.*

*The photo seen here was taken in Moscow, Russia, in February, 1966. The full account of the General's testimony was published in Dmitri Bayanov's book, In the Footsteps of the Russian Snowman (1996). The full account is provided here.*

### TESTIMONY BY MAJOR-GENERAL MIKHAIL TOPILSKY

In the autumn of 1925, together with a scouting party we were engaged in tracking down a gang of anti-Soviet guerrillas, which was operating in the Western Pamirs. They were trying to shake us off by going to the Sinkiang via the Eastern Pamirs. On our way through the highland villages in the Vanch district we had heard stories about hairy man-beasts, monstrous creatures (I don't remember the local name for them), that lived in the mountains. They were said to be hostile to humans; although they didn't usually attack first, they would kill a man or tear his head off if they came across one by accident on a mountain path. According to local belief, to meet the creature, to see it and hear its howling, was to bring misfortune and death. We didn't pay much attention to these stories.

Once when we were following the gang's tracks along a mountain path and had already reached the permanent snowline, we saw some tracks running across the path. Our dog took up the scent but refused to follow the tracks. They were very clear and there could be no doubt they were the prints of bare human feet.

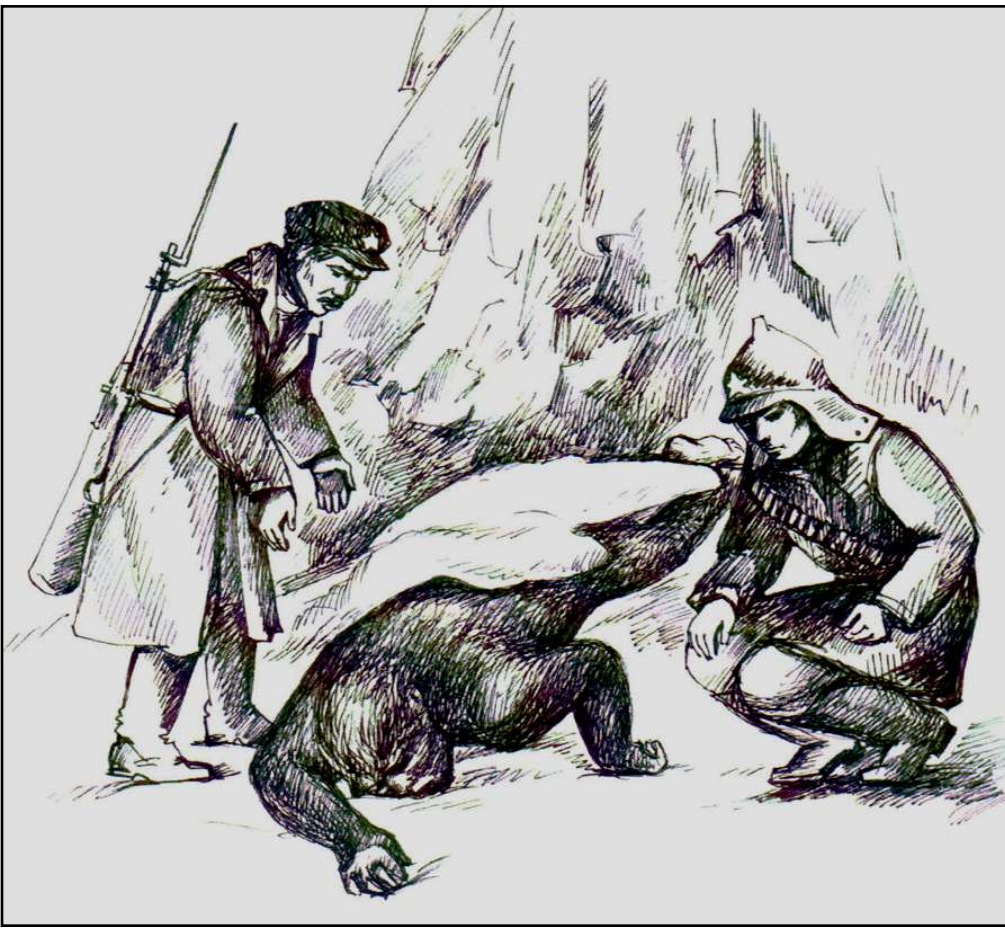
They continued for some 150 metres and stopped at the foot of a sheer, barren cliff which a man could hardly have climbed. Our doctor studied the tracks thoroughly and decided that they were human footprints beyond all doubt. Additional evidence of this was found at a spot where the creature had defecated; the fecal matter was dry and consisted of the remains of dry berries.

Continuing our chase, we caught up with what was left of the exhausted gang, which had stopped for a rest at a place where the glacier was split apart by a stone cliff. The upper tongue of the glacier hung from the cliff, in which there was a crevice or cave. We surrounded the gang and took up a position above where

they were resting. A machine-gun was placed in position. When we threw the first grenade, a man (a Russian officer) ran out onto the glacier and started shouting that the shooting would make the ice cave in and that everyone would be buried. When we demanded that they surrender he asked for time to talk it over with the other guerrillas, and went back into the cave. Soon after, we heard an ominous hissing as the ice began to move. At almost the same moment we heard shots, and not knowing what they meant decided that it was the beginning of an assault.

Pieces of ice and snow started falling down from the cliff, gradually burying the entrance to the cave. When it was almost buried three men managed to escape, and the rest (we learned later that there were five) were buried under the debris. Our shots killed two of the guerrillas and seriously wounded the third. When we reached him, he showed us the spot where the body of the Russian officer was buried, and we dug it out. The wounded man turned out to be a Uzbek tea-house owner from Samarkand. We questioned him and he gave us the following information. While they were discussing our order to surrender, some hairy, man-like creatures, howling inarticulately, appeared in the cave through a crevice (which possibly led upwards from the cave). There were several of them, and they had staves in their hands. The men tried to shoot their way through. One of the guerrillas was clubbed to death by the creatures. Our narrator received a blow from a staff on his left shoulder as he rushed to the cave entrance with one of the monsters hard on his heels. It ran out of the cave after him, but was shot and buried under a snowslide.

To check up on this strange story we made him show us the exact spot and cleared the snow away. We recovered the body all right. It had been shot three times. Not far off we found a stick made of very hard wood, though it cannot be stated for certain that it belonged to the creature. At first glance I thought the body was that of an ape: it was covered all over with hair. But I knew there were no apes in the Pamirs. Also, the body itself looked very much like that of a man. We tried pulling the hair, to see if it was



The slain creature is examined by Soviet soldiers. Drawing by Lydia Bourtseva.

just a hide used for disguise, but found that it was the creature's own natural hair. We turned the body over several times onto its back and its front, and measured it. Our doctor (who was killed later that year) made a long and thorough inspection of the body, and it was clear that it was not a human being.

The body belonged to a male creature 165-170 centimetres tall, elderly or even old, judging by the greyish colour of the hair in several places. The chest was covered with brownish hair and the belly with greyish hair. The hair was longer but sparser on the chest and close-cropped and thick on the belly. In general the hair was very thick, without any underfur. There was least hair on the buttocks, from which fact our doctor deduced that the creature sat like a human being. There was most hair on the hips. The knees were completely devoid of hair and had callous growths on them. The whole foot including the sole was quite hairless, and was covered by hard brown skin. The shoulders and arms were also covered with hair, which got thinner near the hands, and the palms had none at all, but only callous skin

The colour of the face was dark, and

the creature had neither beard nor moustache. The back of the head was covered by thick, matted hair. The dead creature lay with its eyes open and its teeth bared. The eyes were dark, and the teeth were large and even and shaped like human teeth. The forehead was slanting and eyebrows were very powerful. The prominent cheekbones made the face resemble the Mongol type of face. The nose was flat, with a deeply sunk bridge. The ears were hairless and looked a little more pointed than a human being's with a longer lobe. The lower jaw was very massive.

The creature had a very powerful broad chest and well developed muscles. We didn't find any important anatomical differences between it and man. The genitalia were like man's. The arms were of normal length, the hands were slightly wider and the feet much wider and shorter than man's.

We did not know exactly where we were, because no accurate maps of the Pamirs were then in existence. But we must have been somewhere between the Yazgulem and the Rushan Ranges. As we had completed our task we had to return. The last member of the gang died on the

second day. The nature of the dead creature presented us with a problem. But it was impossible to take the body with us on the very difficult trek that lay ahead. Also, it could have caused complications with the local population. We could say, of course, that we were carrying the body of an animal, but the creature looked too much like a human being. We thought about skinning it, but it was too much like skinning a man. In the end we decided to bury the creature where we had found it. We did not try to enter the cave because we were afraid of another cave-in.

We went south and at the first opportunity left the mountains and crossed a river (it might have been the Panj). The few inhabitants of the mountains there, the Baluchi, were amazed to see us, and asked us how we had come down from places, which were supposed to be inhabited by man-like monsters.

We heard a lot of new details from the Baluchi. They told us that the hairy man-like creatures had been observed not only singly, but also in twos and occasionally with a baby as well, but that they did not go around in large groups.

### End of Article in the Book

Of course, a Major General is not a scientist, and the fact that a doctor (scientist) examined the hominoid does not count in the world of academia. I don't know when the Topilsky news originally came to North America, if it did come here prior to 1996 (i.e., Bayanov's book).

Although those of you reading this material are intrigued with hominology, that is not the case with most professional people. Perhaps if the incident had happened in North America back in 1925, it might have been professionally investigated in a timely manner, but I doubt it. For certain if the incident occurred today anywhere in the world, it would be generally ignored. Even if there were photographs most scientists would cry "fake." That is why I keep saying one had best get a piece of the thing, BUT DON'T GIVE IT TO A UNIVERSITY. Seek advice from a professional you know and trust.