

Bits & Pieces – Issue No. 11

Christopher L. Murphy



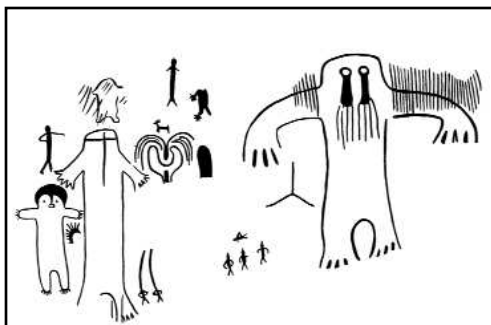
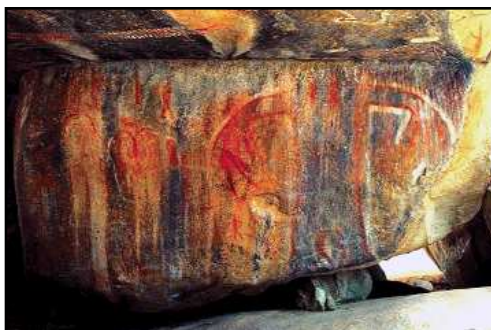
You might perhaps wonder a little why so much information presented on the Sasquatch Canada website does not receive significant scientific interest. For sure, every now and then a professional jumps in, makes a terrible mess, and then disappears back into the woodwork. They never do thorough research; just go on preconceived notions that everything is faked. They can't prove anything, but in this case, the onus is on researchers to prove the opposite.

I recently wrote to about 780 anthropologists/professionals as asked them to look at our book *The Making of Hominology*. I did not ask for a reply, but expected acknowledgement. The only email I received stated, "Please don't email me."

The dictionary defines "apathy" as "lack of interest, enthusiasm, or concern," and that's exactly what we have with the scientific establishment as to hominology.

I can't state out rightly that sasquatch exist, but I will say that with so much evidence, "something" exists. Some scientists have accepted that something makes the footprints, but that's as far as it goes. What that "something" might be is left up in the air. Unfortunately, this has not resulted in anything significant.

Strange as it may seem, apathy has trumped curiosity, one of the foundations of science as we now know it. If I could think of a good reason beyond the "political" things I have stated in other papers I would be satisfied, but I can't. There seems to be something wrong.



When Kathy Moskowitz Strain brought to our attention these pictographs in 2003, she brought a lot more to the table than just intriguing Native American artwork. The images show what Natives called the "Hairy Man" (sasquatch/bigfoot) along with his mate (wife) and child. They are in a cave on the Tule River Native reservation, Sierra Nevada foothills, California. The age of the pictographs is not known, but certainly not under 500 years.

Up to 2003, we certainly thought about sasquatch "off spring" because of a totem pole, seen here, that shows D'sonoqua (cannibal woman) and her child. Nevertheless, we did not think too much about sasquatch in a family setting. Generally, it was thought of as a lone wanderer.



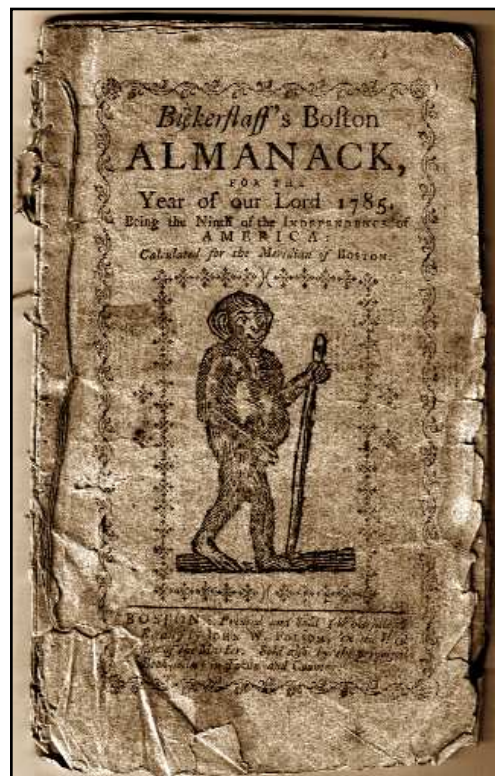
Naturally, if there are adult sasquatch then there has to be procreation and little sasquatch. Even the "incredible hulks" created by over-imaginative contemporary artists were once children with a mother and father.

The artist Paul Smith had considered "family life" as his artwork shows:



The pictographs confirm that Native people thought about (and perhaps saw) sasquatch families. As a result, Native spiritual significance given to sasquatch extends to all individuals. Natives did not just think about lone "spiritual being" sasquatch, they evidently knew that there were sasquatch families.

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This is the front cover of an almanac printed in Boston in 1785. The image is stated as "an ape from Africa." It might just be the first printed image of a non-human primate published in the USA. The fact that the "ape" is walking totally upright and carrying a staff or walking stick is curious. There were indications of strange beings in North America at that time, but we can't speculate.

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This photo shows Dmitri Bayanov with the subject of the P/G film at 8 feet tall. This is larger than the actual subject, but it is the average height determined in sasquatch sightings. Dmitri is about 5 feet 7 inches tall, so this provides a bit of a comparison if he were to meet a sasquatch this tall.

A comparison, however, is not the point of this discussion, which is as follows. The enlargement of the sasquatch was done by Scott McClean; (the same has been done by Marlon Davis) using a P/G film frame image. As the subject in the actual 16mm film frame is 1.2 mm high, this means that the photo shows the sasquatch 2,032 times taller than in the film frame. This cannot be done with an image from a standard SLR 35mm digital camera. If a photo of something is taken at 102 feet with this type of camera and 1.2mm of something in that image is isolated, you would only see a blur. If you enlarged it, you just get an enlarged blur. I don't even think there is a very high-end digital camera that could provide the same results as 16mm movie film. The reason, of course, is that movie film is the action of light on chemicals and they have much more density than images on a digital sensor. Of course, a scanner will duplicate an actual photo (film or movie still) so one is able to do massive enlargements.



ARTICLE REVISION

This article discussed casts that showed an impression of a rock. The information previously provided was not totally correct. A plaster cast with a depression (caused by a rock) can be easily and naturally created. You just need to ensure the plaster totally covers the top of the rock to a thickness of about one-half inch. This can be done, if necessary, by “shoring” the footprint.

The sole of a sasquatch foot is very thick, so it essentially envelopes the rock as seen here:



When plaster is poured into the print it goes to the lowest level it can find. In this case, it flows over the top of the rock—the rock replaces the earth so the plaster in the print appears as follows:



It can be seen here that when the plaster dries and is removed from the footprint there will be an impression caused by the rock.

One problem might be that the plaster will stick to the rock causing difficulty in removing the dried plaster print. However, if the rock is wet, the plaster will not likely stick to it, so best to moisten the rock.

As mentioned, the thickness of the plaster above the rock needs to be at least one-half inch. This thickness, or a greater thickness, can be obtained by “shoring” the print if necessary. Here, the walls of the print are built up so that the poured plaster is very thick and quite strong when it dries.

The cast presented showing a depression caused by a rock was given to me by Ray Crowe. The original cast was made by Paul Freeman at Elk Wallow near Walla Walla, Washington (1982). It was given to Dr. Grover Krantz who inspected it and reported possible dermal ridges.

Paul Freeman was highly experienced in cast-making. He provided many casts to Dr. Krantz. Such casts included footprints, hand prints, and even a body print (buttocks). Freeman would have known how to get a good cast of a footprint that indicated a sasquatch stepped on a rock. My previous concern in this regard was not warranted.

Some people have expressed concern over the number of casts Freeman has provided. He did seem to have extraordinary luck. He also had sightings and provided a video of a sasquatch, which is convincing and has not been proven a fake.

Dr. Krantz and Dr. Meldrum give Freeman full credibility. Dr. Meldrum even found sasquatch footprints firsthand in the Walla, Walla region.

Freeman passed away in 2003 at age 59. As far as I know, very little research has been done in the Walla Walla region since his death.



These illustrations show how casts are mad.

1. The foot goes into the soil.
2. A footprint of the sole registers as a CONCAVE impression.
3. Plaster is poured into the impression. Note that what you see is simply flat plaster.
4. The cast is removed when dry and turned over to reveal a CONVEX impression of anything on the sole.
5. The top side of the foot has nothing to do with the cast, unless there were long toe nails, which might be marginally seen; especially if they curved downward.

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In 2005, I met Thom Powell for the first time at a camp-out in Sweethome, Oregon. Thom brought a sample of what was considered to be sasquatch scat. I don't show photos pertaining to this subject because of all the jokesters. Anyway, the sample was handed around in an open container for each of us to have a close look. When it came to me I went up close and smelled it. To my surprise is simply smelled like the forest! I am sure you have experienced this smell; generally after it rains; you smell trees, leaves, moss and so forth. I exclaimed this to everyone.

There has been research on scat. John Green reported on analysis done and stated the following:

The report that came back was that the material was the remains of fresh water plants, and that it contained eggs of parasites otherwise known only from some North American tribal groups in the southwest US, pigs from south China and pigs and people from southwest China.

Joedy Cook and other researchers in Ohio found scat on branches up in a tree (prior to 1999). It was analyzed and as I recall, the results indicated that it contained tomatoes, rodent, and bark (cambium layer of trees, I presume). The identification was "human." That was considered to be very odd; humans, other than a "wild man," don't usually have bark and rodents in their diet. There were farms in the area, so that is probably where the tomatoes came from.

I did receive a report and photos of a very large "evacuation." It was the same as human in shape, but likely far too large for a human (both circumference and quantity).

As I understand, it is difficult to get sasquatch DNA from scat because of the DNA present of so many other animals. As a result, scat is a bit of a loss cause. If you can't prove its source, then everything becomes speculation. There is likely more information on the Internet.

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Bob Titmus (right) is shown here measuring the thickness of a broken-off fir sapling. Dr. Grover Krantz is on the left. Grover was over 6 feet tall, so the break was at least that high. The tree at the break looks like about 2 – 3 inches thick. We can see the broken off section to the left; obviously a forceful break, not a cut.

Fresh fir does not break easily. It can be bent to a significant angle before it snaps. It would take quite a strong man to bend a tree like that and then snap and tear it to produce what we see.

There have been many examples of this sort of thing, often with trees far too large for a human to break. Somewhere down the line (before my time researching sasquatch) it was reasoned that the breaks were made by sasquatch as markers of some sort. The only other logical explanation is wind storms or snow storms (heavy snow or ice on branches), but these are often ruled out.

I have seen it written that large animals like moose or elk break tree branches and I suppose that would include saplings.

Furthermore there are strange "constructions" of forest material and tree branch/vegetation manipulations called sasquatch "sign and symbol." I can't explain them, nor can professionals. As the latter don't believe in sasquatch, the conclusion is "something else."

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Paul Graves is seen here with an unusual structure he discovered in the winter of 2008 in Washington State. I believe the first three photos were taken in the spring of the following year (or later), and those with snow in the winter of 2011. Dr. John Bindernagel who went to inspect the structure is seen in the last photo.

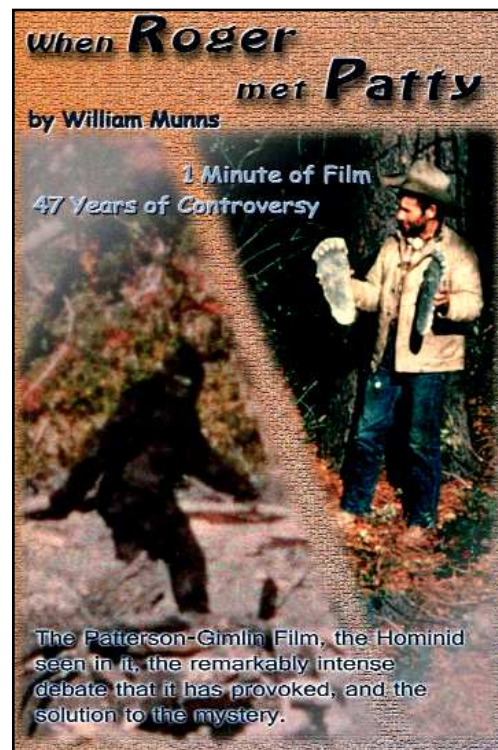
Obviously someone or something made the structure. All of the logs, branches and so forth have what we might call “natural terminations.” In other words, they were not cut with a saw or ax. In view of this, such material was either found in a natural state on the forest floor and transported to make the structure, or it was physically broken off live trees and transported. Of course, it could have been both. Whatever the case, that a human made the structure appears unlikely, especially since it is very crude.

To consider that the wind/weather resulted in all the debris piling up on spot is not practical. Also, a bear could not, and would not make a structure like that. I had Paul send me a sample of the floor covering inside the structure (bark, twigs, leaves). I sifted through it and found a hair, which I had analyzed; it came out as “bear.” This indicates that a bear or bears used the structure.

Washington State is a major region for sasquatch sightings. Geographically, it is simply an extension of British Columbia. A concern might be that if sasquatch make structures of this nature, then why are they so rare? Nevertheless, few people get into remote areas and I doubt many would report a finding of this type.

A full and detailed report is provided in my Virtual Museum Exhibit on this site. It was posted about three years ago. I don’t know of other exposure prior to this, but certainly there was some. Nevertheless, it has been nearly 10 years since the structure was discovered and the only professional interest I know of is that expressed by Dr. Bindernagel.

I have to wonder if in the current environment of scams, hoaxes and docu-fictions, little or nothing is considered by those who might be able to shed more light on this and other evidence.



In his book (2014), Bill Munns provides conclusive evidence that the subject of the P/G film is not a man wearing a costume; it is a natural being. Bill has extensive qualifications and experience in this discipline and goes beyond normal expectations in making his point. Bill had the best possible material to work on; high-resolution digitized images of an unused film copy held by Mrs. Patricia Patterson.

Twenty years earlier (1994) Jeff Glickman, a highly qualified forensic examiner, commenced his study of the film. His report was completed in 1998. Despite intensive and state-of-the-art analysis, Mr. Glickman could not find anything pertaining to the subject that indicated it was a fabrication of any sort. To the contrary, he provided evidence that it was a natural being. He also digitized the unused film copy.

We have now just celebrated New Year for 2018, and if the question is, “What has ‘professionally’ resulted?” the answer is essentially nothing, just more books, articles, papers, docu-mentaries, a “professional” website and a museum exhibit. What was I expecting? At the very least, very intense involvement from a major scientific institution; a high-profile inquiry by a team of scientists. Why has this not happened? I opened this B&P edition with a discussion on apathy, and I close with the same thought.

The Standard

MONTREAL

TEN CENTS

COMICS NOVEL

Vol. 9, No. 14 April 11 April 4, 1959

Weekend MAGAZINE



TEEN QUEEN OF RADIO — SEE PAGE 18

Louis Jaques—WEEKEND

On The Trail Of The Sasquatch ... p 2



The Trail Of

Is it fact, or just fancy? After 75 years, no one yet knows the answer to this big B.C. riddle

By Stephen Franklin

WEEKEND Staff Writer

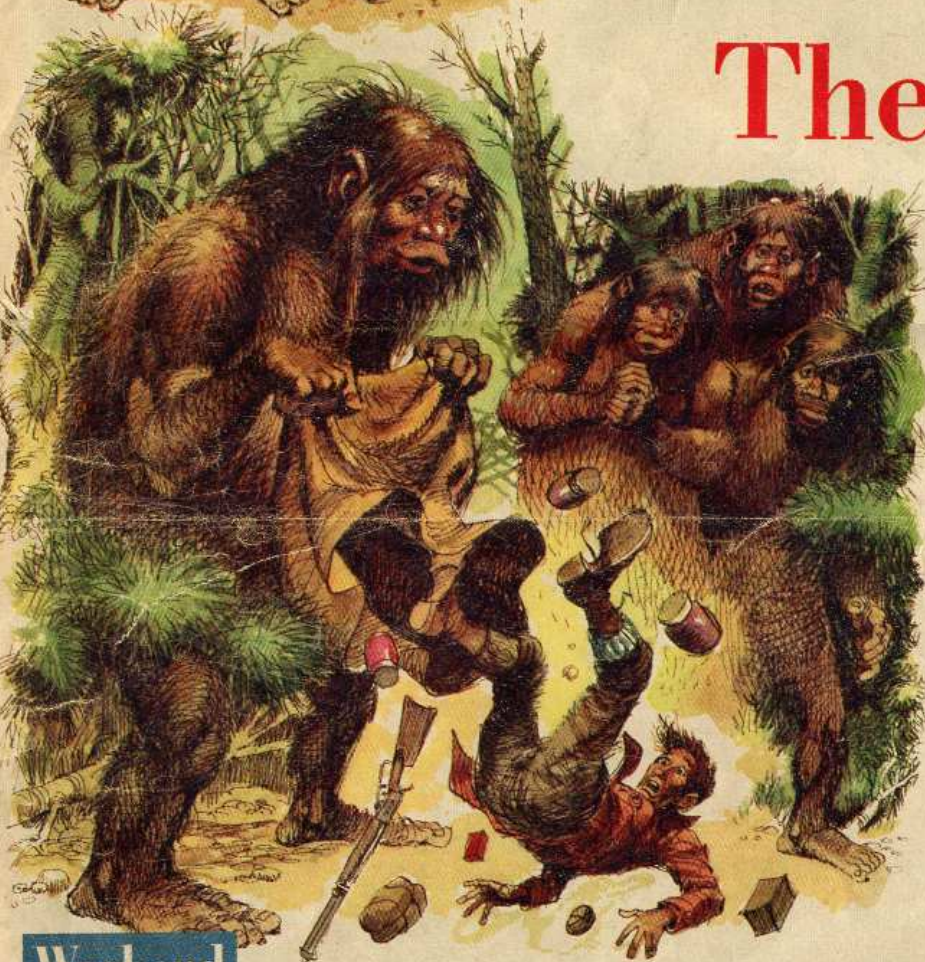
ILLUSTRATED BY JACK DAVIS

HAVE YOU ANYTHING to declare?" asked the customs officer at the Canadian border. "Only," said the lanky man hunched in the small foreign car "some Sasquatch footprints in a plaster cast." The customs man looked sharply at the driver, saw he wasn't kidding and shook his head. He knew there was nothing in the rate book remotely like a duty payable on the tracks of a hairy giant. "O.K.," he shrugged and waved the car on.

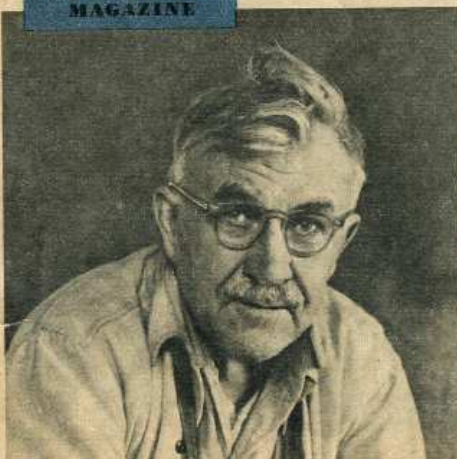
John W. Green, young publisher of the B.C. weekly Agassiz-Harrison Advance (circulation 700) drove on, crossed the Fraser river 75 miles above Vancouver and arrived home. From his desk he took out a tracing of another huge footprint. It had come from a potato patch 16 miles up river at Ruby Creek in the fall of 1941 and its authenticity was well attested to. Green compared the two. They were not identical, but they were uncannily similar. The plaster casts were the most tangible evidence he had yet come upon in his search for the truth about the Sasquatch. He himself had seen the tracks the casts were made from the previous day on the bank of Bluff Creek in a remote region of Humboldt county, northern California. Down there they knew nothing about the mysterious Sasquatch of British Columbia. They dubbed the walker with the 16-inch footprints simply Mr. Bigfoot and tried to figure out his identity from scratch.

The Sasquatch, all the same, had suddenly become international. He was no longer solely British Columbia's most elusive inhabitant. If B.C. now loses out in the search to discover the footprint-maker, it has no one to blame but itself. The wild men of the mountains, hairy and tall, have been seen and talked about, written up and laughed at on and off for 75 years. But nobody has ever seriously tried to track them down.

Tens of thousands of dollars have been spent on expeditions to the Himalayas to seek the Yeti — the Abominable Snowman. One such search is in progress now. Yet it is doubtful whether more than \$1,000 has ever been spent looking for the Snowman's Canadian cousin, the Sasquatch. The only organized expedition was a small one from the University of California in the summer of 1939. It packed through the mountainous hinterland north



Weekend
MAGAZINE



Ex-logger Albert Ostman, of Fort Langley, swears he was kidnapped by a Sasquatch.



School janitor Gustav Tyfting, of Agassiz, claims he saw fresh tracks of a Sasquatch at Ruby Creek.



The Sasquatch

of Harrison for a couple of weeks and returned with nothing more than sore feet and mosquito bites.

So far as is known, no zoologists, physical anthropologists or other scientists have ever risked their reputations or devoted their time to a detailed examination of the Sasquatch, although cultural anthropologists studying B.C. Indians are familiar with a variety of legends concerning them. Profoundly skeptical at best and understandably chary of being embroiled in anything remotely resembling a hoax, the experts have left the Sasquatch alone. "Bring me a three-foot femur and I'll discuss them," said Dr. Harry Hawthorne, University of British Columbia anthropologist, "otherwise 'No comment.'"

The trail of the Sasquatch is littered with accounts of discoveries of giant bones. Some were reported shipped by a Lillooet coroner to the provincial archives — and lost in transit; others were ordered tossed into the turbulent waters of the Fraser Canyon by a C.P.R. section foreman; others are said to be lying in deep caves along Turtle Valley, east of Kamloops. None has reached competent hands.

And yet, says newspaperman Green, a tongue-in-cheek observer of the Sasquatch scene himself until 1957, there are many more credible eye-witness accounts of the Sasquatch than there are of the Abominable Snowman.

The serious student of the Sasquatch is hampered from the start by the very familiarity of the creature. The Sasquatch has long since become the clown who is the life of the party, whom nobody ever takes seriously; the godsend of newspaper cartoonists in the silly season when politicians are on vacation; the right gimmick for an alert chamber of commerce in a spa such as Harrison Hot Springs.

THE lunatic fringe reached its zenith late in 1957 when the village of Harrison planned to make a Sasquatch hunt its Centennial project. A beautiful French-Canadian model offered herself as a siren for the Sasquatch; so did a confessedly unbeautiful stenographer from Virginiatown, Ont. A clergyman objected vehemently and the local rod-and-gun club mused about permits to open fire. The provincial Centennial Committee went into a flap about it, forbade it and, as a sop, offered a reward of \$5,000 it couldn't afford for the capture of a Sasquatch. No one claimed it.

From then on, until the recurrent plodding of Mr. Bigfoot across a forest-access road under construction in Humboldt county, California, Sasquatch enthusiasts did not stand a chance.

No policeman would have the slightest difficulty drafting a "wanted" bulletin from the many descriptions of the Sasquatch which have come from men and women up and down the Pacific Northwest in the past 75 years. Certainly no bank staff has ever been so unanimous in its description of a holdup man.

The police bulletin would read something like this: Sasquatch, alias Seeahatik, alias Wauk-Wauk, alias Te Sami'etl Soquwiam, alias Saskehavis, believed to be a two-footed mammal related to *homo sapiens*; exact species unknown; (Continued on Next Page)



Plaster casts above were taken from huge tracks of creature dubbed Mr. Bigfoot in Bluff Creek, Calif.



Agassiz publisher John W. Green shows the cast he brought from California to group of local workers.



Deserted cabin at Ruby Creek has been abandoned since 1941, when Indian housewife Jeannie Chapman fled with her two children because, she claims, a Sasquatch broke into an adjoining lean-to.



Sasquatch-seeker Rene Dahinden climbs fence at Ruby Creek which Sasquatch allegedly crossed without breaking stride.

The Trail Of The Sasquatch

(Continued from Preceding Page)

height, six to eight feet; weight 300 to 1,200 pounds; complexion, reddish brown; eyes, black; dress, none; distinguishing marks, cinnamon-colored fur precisely one inch in length covering the entire body except the soles of the feet, palms of the hands, eyelids and nose; hair, black and long.

Suspect was first reported as a youth in Fraser Canyon in July, 1884, last seen near Bluff Creek, Calif., in November, 1958. Various reports from Tete Jaune Cache in the Rockies west of Jasper to Toba Inlet, 100 miles north of Vancouver, and from the Port Hardy district of Vancouver Island down the Coast Range mountains to California; favorite hangout, in and around the bluffs above the Fraser Canyon. Suspect is unarmed but immensely strong; caution should be exercised in approaching the Sasquatch, often to be found digging for succulent roots or gathering ripe berries, since it is intensely shy though not unfriendly.

Only previous convictions, kidnapping of Indian girls and a white logger, for matrimonial purposes. No fingerprints on record, but footprints indicate Sasquatch would wear a size 16 shoe.

More elaborately imaginative descriptions of the Sasquatch have come from time to time from Indian sources. They are said to hypnotize deer and other game to practise ventriloquism, hibernate like bears and roam undeterred by customs and immigration officers from the desolate peaks of Vancouver Island to the mainland and down the Coast Range mountains from B.C. into Washington's Olympic Peninsula. Sasquatch are also credited with sufficient strength to twist a bear's head clean off its neck with their hands and, on occasion, with sufficient power of speech to converse in the dialect of the region.

SOME Indian accounts are as poetic as that of Jimmy Fraser, of the Songhees on Vancouver Island, who recalls bumping into a Sasquatch in his youth while out hunting. The Sasquatch was 18 feet tall and hurled trees at him. "His eyes glowed like the noonday sun and the hair on his body was like moss on the rocks while his voice sounded like the roar of surf from a heavy sea." Others are as prosaic as that of Chief Andy Paull, whose brother-in-law is said to have met a Sasquatch on the highway near Agassiz en route home from a lacrosse match.

Present-day Sasquatch enthusiasts prefer to soft-pedal uncorroborated Indian accounts of encounters with Sasquatch for fear of damaging the credibility of their arguments. However, the man who first popularized the Sasquatch and lays claim to having christened them in 1927 had no such qualms. He is John W. Burns, a retired school teacher from the Chehalis Indian reserve a few miles from Harrison, who now lives in San Francisco.

Burns was intrigued by the stories of the Soquwiams,

or hairy giants, told him by Chehalis Indians, and wrote a number of true-life adventure-magazine articles about them back in the late 'twenties and 'thirties. With his initial publicity and the subsequent calculated attempts to cash in on the Sasquatch as a local tourist attraction, the Harrison district has become the headquarters of the Sasquatch legend.

Perhaps the credit is less due to Burns and an alert chamber of commerce than to the Sasquatch themselves. The first detailed account of a wild and hairy being comes from the Fraser Canyon, not far distant from Harrison. Alexander Caulfeild Anderson, a canny junior executive of the Hudson's Bay Co. at the time, is said to have mentioned wild men hurling rocks down the mountains in 1864 when he was out on a summer expedition seeking a good pack-horse route from Fort Langley to Fort Kamloops. But the first newspaper account came from the Yale correspondent of the Daily British Colonist in Victoria on July 4, 1884.

The report chronicled the discovery by the regular C.P.R. train crew, all identified by name, of "a creature who may truly be called half man and half beast." The creature was young and no giant. He had fallen from the bluffs to the side of the right of way and was captured after a chase by engineer Ned Austin, conductor R. J. Craig, express messenger Costerton and the baggageman and brakeman. "Jacko, as the creature has been called, is something of the gorilla type, standing about four feet, seven inches in height and weighing 127 pounds. He has long black, strong hair and resembles a human being with one exception: his entire body is covered with glossy hair about one inch long. His forearm is much longer than a man's and he possesses extraordinary strength, as he will take hold of a stick and break it by wrenching or twisting it, which no man living could break in the same way."

Jacko was taken in hand by George Tilbury, who planned to return to England and exhibit him. The article ends with a query about Jacko's origins: "Does he belong to a species hitherto unknown in this part of the continent or is he really what the trainmen first thought he was, a crazy Indian?"

The editor of the Inland Sentinel inopportunely chose this month to hump his newspaper and his presses up the canyon from Yale to Kamloops and didn't publish an edition for several weeks. No further word of what happened to Jacko or his amateur P. T. Barnum has ever been found, but an elderly resident of Yale last year recalled that the capture of Jacko certainly did take place.

The next encounter occurred inland from Port Hardy in the still remote northern tip of Vancouver Island in 1901. The late Mike King, a timber cruiser and prospector of considerable repute, had headed off into an area none of his Indian bush gang would enter. Atop a lonely gully one day he saw a creature down below

him washing two neat piles of roots in a creek. The creature took off rapidly when he scented King. Like many another man before and after, King raised his rifle to shoot what he thought must be a brown bear. The behavior of the creature stopped him. "He was covered with reddish-brown hair," Mike King recalled years later. "His arms were peculiarly long and were used freely in climbing and bush-running . . . while his trail showed a distinct human foot but with phenomenally long and spreading toes."

Three years later, on Dec. 14, 1904, the Colonist again carried a story about a Kiplingesque Mowgli or wild boy seen by a party of four hunters on Vancouver Island. The men were all reputable citizens of Qualicum, A. R. Crump, J. Kincaid, T. Hutchins and W. Buss, and they saw the creature midway between Great Central Lake and Comox Lake. "The wild man was apparently young with long matted hair and a beard and covered with a profusion of hair all over the body," they reported.

On March 8, 1907, another newspaper story appeared. The steamer Capilano, sailing up the coast of Vancouver Island, was suddenly invaded by terrified Indians fleeing from their native village of Bishop's Cove. They had been scared away by a "monkey-like wild man who appears on the beach at night, who howls in an unearthly fashion between intervals of exertion at clam-digging."

THE most improbable and yet the most indestructible eye-witness account of an encounter with Sasquatch dates back to 1924 and is a sworn affidavit from a grizzled, spry widower named Albert Ostman who has lived for many years at Fort Langley.

Ostman's story of his kidnapping by a Sasquatch anxious to find a mate for his daughter was silenced for 30 years by the scornful laughter of his fellow loggers. It was only recently that he sat down with a 10-cent copy book and a pencil stub to recall it in detail. When publisher John Green went to get a sworn statement of his encounter he took with him Lt.-Col. A. M. Naismith, hard-headed magistrate of Harrison. As a former criminal lawyer in Calgary, Naismith says he employed every device of cross-examination he had ever learned to expose an inconsistency in Ostman's story but was quite unable to do so.

Ostman was in his thirties when he was kidnapped. He was travelling alone and had penetrated about five miles into the unpeopled country behind Toba Inlet, 100 miles north of Vancouver, when he discovered his pack, which he had slung in a tree, was being tampered with at night. One night when he was sleeping with his boots and rifle beside him in his sleeping bag, he was picked up, joggled down uncomfortably in the bottom of the sleeping bag and humped helplessly for three hours over a huge shoulder. Eventually he was dumped down and emerged, cramped and breathless, to find himself in a small box canyon high in the mountains. Surrounding him and none too happy about Father's haul for the night were a family of four hairy giants.

His provisions, brought (Continued on Page 30)

MOTHER!
 AN
 UNHAPPY
 CHILD
 IS A
 "SICK"
 CHILD



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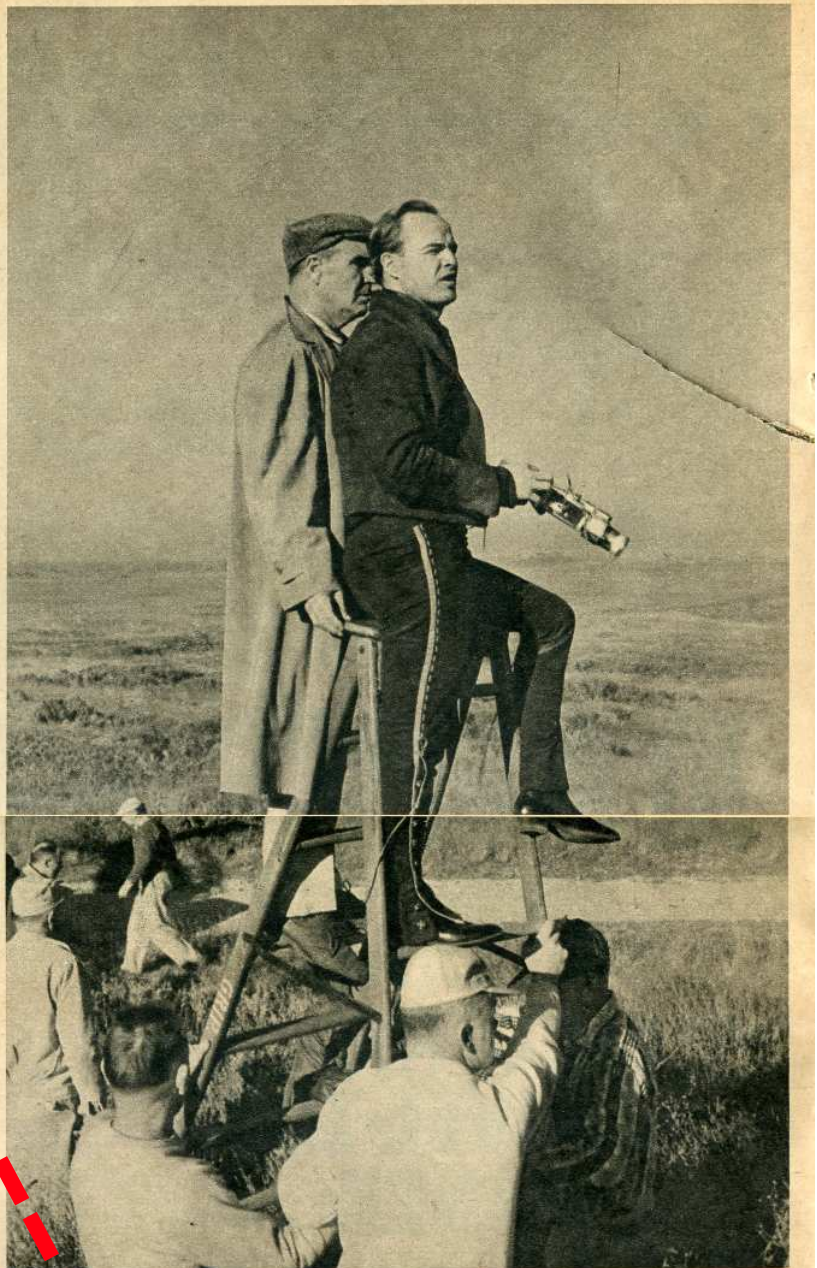
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The Trail Of The Sasquatch

(Continued from Page 4)

along in his pack by the Sasquatch, Ostman records in detail: four pounds of prunes, six packages of macaroni, three pounds of pancake flour, a one-quart sealer of butter, three rolls of snuff, and other articles. Ostman lived with the Sasquatch family for a week; the old man guarding the narrow defile out of the box canyon, the girl he assumed was his intended mate being extremely shy and the son being naively friendly. Ostman had six shells left for his 30.30 but he did not know whether using it would be murder or even if it would stop the elder Sasquatch.

The box canyon did not seem to be their permanent home, merely a temporary base near a plentiful supply of sweet-tasting roots the Sasquatch ate. They had no utensils, used no fire, ate no meat. All they had were some beds or "blankets" woven of narrow strips of cedar bark packed with dry moss. They looked very practical and warm—with no need of washing."

Ostman's descriptions of the four Sas-

quatch were detailed. He estimated the boy's age at "11 to 18 years, about seven feet tall and might weigh 300 lbs. His chest would be 50-55 inches, his waist about 36-38 inches. He had wide jaws, narrow forehead that slanted upward round at the back about four or five inches higher than the forehead..." The old man must have been nearly eight feet tall, with a big barrel chest and big hump on his back and powerful shoulders. "His forearms were longer than common people's but well proportioned. His hands were wide, the palms long and broad, like a scoop... his fingernails were flat like chisels... if the old man wore a collar it would be a size 30."

The two males were fascinated by Ostman's simple preparations for his meals and more particularly by his habit of chewing snuff. They eagerly licked the fragments from empty snuff boxes he tossed to them. One morning as Ostman finished his coffee and took a chew of snuff from a fresh box, he

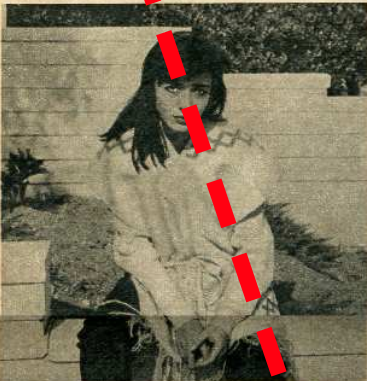
Brando's Bargain Beauty

(Continued from Page 28)

riter and star of this epic, Brando is in the enviable position of giving orders, not taking them. In fact, he's occupied this position for three years, ever since he founded his own independent outfit, Pennebaker Productions.

The company is being financed by Paramount Pictures, and while few at the studio will come right out and say it, Paramount is a mite worried. The studio invested more than \$500,000 in One-Eyed Jacks before it got off the ground. Production will probably cost about \$2 million more. Brando is not only a novice director but the one fiercely independent actor in Hollywood no studio can control, rush or bully.

For example, Brando was to pick out his horse for the film. Rather than report to the studio for the selection, he ordered that the whole *remuda* be sent to his house.



Pina is paid little by movie standards, but is sure that the role will boost her career.

"I've been in this business 36 years," one wrangler at Paramount told me, "and I've never seen anything like it. We had to put 17 horses into moving vans, get a motorcycle escort from the Los Angeles police department and transport the horses to Brando's house so he could pick his mount. I don't know any other star we'd do this for."

When I asked a Paramount executive if this were true he nodded. "We feel," he explained, "that anything is worth while so long as we get a Marlon Brando picture. This young man, at 34, is one of the few actors left people want to see. Look at how much money he brought in with Sayonara and The Young Lions. I know he's unpredictable,

eccentric and strange, but he's also a creative, thinking actor with ideas, and those ideas might be worth a fortune to the studio.

"All you need to make a studio profitable is one successful star. Years ago, Mae West saved the day for us. Deanna Durbin did the same for Universal, and Shirley Temple made a fortune for Fox. Marlon Brando may well turn out to be Paramount's ace in the hole.

"A year or so ago we received a treatment by Rod Serling, the TV writer, of a Western called *Guns Up*. It's based on a book by Charles Neider called *The Authentic Death Of Henry Jones*. Marlon liked it very much. For the past year or so he and about five other writers have been writing and rewriting it.

"Finally, Marlon hired a director, Stanley Kubrick, to get the whole thing rolling in December. Next thing I knew he and Kubrick had a falling out, and Marlon took over the reins himself. The rushes look great. The actors in the picture say he's marvellous."

I QUESTIONED Karl Malden, a superb actor himself, who not too long ago took a turn directing Richard Widmark in an excellent film, *Time Limit*.

"Karl," I said, "I want you to tell me the truth. Does Marlon know what he's doing as a director? I watched him on the first day of location, and he was understandably nervous. He didn't want anyone on the set. He didn't want to be interviewed. How's he doing now?"

Malden thought for a moment, then told me: "Marlon's darn' good. And there's no reason why he shouldn't be. First, he's sensitive, sharp and perceptive. Second, he understands an actor's problems. Third, he's willing to prepare; and preparation, I can tell you, is the key to a director's success. Take Elia Kazan (*Streetcar Named Desire*, *Waterfront*, *East Of Eden*). You know why Kazan is such a great director? Because he does his homework. Take a look at his script. It's three times fatter than anyone else's. He's thought of every possible alternative, and he's written it all down the night before.

"Well, Marlon's been doing the same thing on this picture. He's staying up nights doing his homework, preparing the next day's shooting. He's been tactful, clear and painstaking with the whole cast and especially with Pina Pellicer. She's been giving a fine performance, and much of it is owing to him. Paramount's got nothing to worry about. They've given Marlon a chance, and he's coming through."

In July when One-Eyed Jacks is scheduled for release, the public will pass judgment on how close in talent director Marlon Brando approaches actor Marlon Brando. ✓

passed it to the big Sasquatch for a pinch. Instead the huge man grabbed the box and emptied the entire contents down his throat. Inside a moment the Sasquatch was rolling on the ground looking thoroughly sick. Ostman seized his opportunity and his rifle, headed out of the box canyon, firing a shot over the woman Sasquatch's head, and made his getaway on the run. Two days later he stumbled into a logging camp behind Sechelt.

Stories of Indians' encounters with the Sasquatch kept on coming from the Harrison Lake region, but it wasn't until the fall of 1941 that a Sasquatch paid a visit to civilization and left behind a set of tracks viewed by a number of white people.

George Chapman, an Indian C.P.R. section hand, was living with his young wife Jeannie and their two children, Jimmy and Rosie, in a cabin close by the railroad and the river near the tiny settlement of Ruby Creek. One September afternoon Jimmy came running into the house and shouted excitedly: "Mummy, there's a cow coming out of the woods." Mrs. Chapman looked out the window. Coming across the yard toward the cabin was a monster. It walked easily erect like a man eight feet tall and its ugly face

was nearly human. She clutched five-year-old Jimmy, hurriedly found Rosie's shoes and put them on. When she heard the monster banging around in the lean-to shed at one end of the shack she slipped out the door and fled with the children toward the river then along the tracks toward Ruby Creek.

Half-way to the station she met George and the section gang. She was incoherent with fright. They took her to a relative's home and finished their shift. An hour later the men went for their rifles and headed toward the shack, expecting to find a bear's tracks. There were tracks all right, half a mile of them, but no bear had made them. They measured 16 inches in length and eight across the ball of the foot. In the soft earth of the Chapman's potato patch they sank in two inches. The stride varied from four to five feet and shortened slightly but did not falter when it came to the undamaged wire fence along the railroad. They ended at the base of the precipitous rocks known as Ruby Bluffs.

The creature had found a huge barrel of salted salmon in the shed, tasted it, tipped over the barrel in disgust and gone down to the river to wash the salt from its mouth. It had ignored Mrs. (Continued on Page 33)



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#59

The Trail Of The Sasquatch

(Continued from Page 31)

Chapman and her children and climbed back up the mountains. The railwaymen later brought their wives and friends to see the strange tracks they were positive no bear could ever have made. The late Deputy Sheriff Joe Dunn, of neighboring Whatcom county, Wash., visited the scene, traced and measured the tracks and declared later: "I am well satisfied that these tracks were not those of a bear. They resembled those of a flat-footed Negro with broken arches." He added he had seen many bear tracks including those of grizzlies.

Gustav Tyfing, one of the section hands who worked with Chapman, is now janitor of Agassiz High School. Both he and his wife have since made sworn statements attesting to the nature of the huge, well-defined tracks, the absence of any claw marks or any indication that the creature had walked on all fours.

George Cousins, of Kamloops, C.P.R. telegraph operator at Ruby Creek in 1941, has also made a deposition in which he swears the tracks were about three times the size of any bear tracks he had ever seen.

Mrs. Chapman refused to return to her home and it has remained empty ever since. She is still haunted by her experience, her father, Jimmy Andrews, of Seabird Island reserve at Agassiz reports. Strangely enough, Jimmy Chapman was later drowned and his sister Rosie died in girlhood, Andrews related. Perhaps this is a coincidence, but not to those who believe it is wise to cover your eyes quickly if ever a Sasquatch crosses your path.

THE longest look at a Sasquatch other than Albert Ostman had during his week with the giant family, is that reported by William Roe, a trapper and bush worker, until a year ago a resident of Edmonton.

His encounter occurred in October, 1955, when he was working on the highway near Tete Jaune Cache in the western Rockies. One day he decided to climb five miles up Mica Mountain to inspect an old mine. He was up there when coming out of some brush into a clearing he saw what looked at first like a grizzly bear 75 yards away. He did not want to shoot it for he had no way of getting it down the mountain, so he sat on a rock, his rifle over his knee and watched. Then it stepped into fuller view. "My first impression was of a huge man six feet tall, almost three feet wide and probably weighing somewhere near 300 pounds. It was covered from head to foot with dark brown silver-tipped hair," he recalls in another sworn statement.

"As it came closer I saw by its breast it was a female. Yet its torso was not curved like a female's; its broad frame was straight from shoulder to hip. Its arms were much thicker than a man's and longer, reaching almost to its knees.

"It came to within 20 feet of where I was hiding, squatted down on its haunches, pulled the branches of bushes toward it with its hands and stripped the leaves with its teeth, which were white and even. The head was higher at the back than front, the nose broad and flat, the lips and chin protruding... its ears were shaped like a human's but its eyes were small and black like a bear's. Its neck also was unhuman, thicker and shorter than any man's I have ever seen."

Roe figured that if he shot it he would have a specimen of great interest to scientists the world over. He raised his rifle as the creature caught his scent and began to walk away. Reluctantly he lowered it. "Although I have called the creature 'it,' I felt now that it was human," he says, "and I knew I would never forgive myself if I shot it... Whether this creature was a Sasquatch I do not know. It will always remain a mystery to me until another one is found."

In May, 1956, another sight of a suspected Sasquatch, a fleeting one, was reported by auctioneer Stan Hunt, of Vernon. He said he saw a seven-foot man covered with grey hair cross the Trans-Canada Highway ahead of his car near the village of Flood, across the Fraser river from Ruby Creek. A similar beast, "gangly, not stocky like a bear," stood in the bush beside the road.

Of the 20th Century Indian accounts the most intriguing one, recorded by John Burns, is also the one most calculated to thrust the Sasquatch into the realms of the unbelievable. It is the story of how Serephine Long, a pretty Port Douglas girl of 17 from the head of Harrison Lake, was abducted by a young Sasquatch. He smeared tree gum over her eyes as a blindfold, swam across the river with her and carried her up the mountains to his parents' cave. The Sasquatch treated her well, but she pined for her kinfolk so much that at last her Sasquatch husband, despite the fact that she was now pregnant, took her back to her village. The Sasquatch baby was still-born but the experience could not have been too shattering for Serephine, who lived to 83 and died during World War II.

In all fairness it should be pointed that the less romantic Indian accounts are as prosaic and as credible as those of whites. One of the best authenticated of these was the brief encounter by William Point, a high-school graduate, and his young girl friend, Adeline August, who were walking back home from a hop-pickers' picnic along the C.P.R. tracks outside Agassiz. When they saw a wild giant who "wore no clothing at all and was covered with hair like an animal" approaching them along the tracks, Adeline fled immediately. Point picked up a couple of rocks to hurl at the monster, who was "twice as big as the average man, with arms so long they almost touched the ground," but at a distance of 50 feet his nerve failed him and he ran back after Adeline.

Indians of the region are generally loath to tell their Sasquatch stories as they are understandably sensitive to ridicule, but one aspect is common to most of their recitals. All describe the Sasquatch as once reasonably prolific and numerous but now almost, if not entirely, extinct.

Were there such beings? Are there any still living? And if so what are they? Theories about the Sasquatch are a dime a dozen. Here is a dime's worth.

1. **Sheer myth:** The giants that Jack the Giant Killer didn't kill; fairy-tale people common to most civilizations from ancient India through Greece and Rome to our own day.
2. **Bears:** A straight case of mistaken identity either by virtue of fanciful imagination, ignorance of bears' habits, or superstition.
3. **Indian remittance men:** Social outcasts from West Coast tribes who have been driven to lone-wolfing it away from established communities.
4. **A hoax:** Deliberate attempts to repeat old legends with a warped sense of humor and a pair of mechanical feet.
5. **Apes:** Although there are no apes indigenous to the North American continent there are reports of Spanish explorers with caged apes on their ships getting drunk in British Columbia waters and leaving the cages unlocked.
6. **An unknown species of animal:** This is pure conjecture, without evidence.
7. **The Mowgli theme:** They are lost children raised by the animals as wild men of the forests.
8. **Neanderthal Man:** The cave-man theory has recently been advanced by a prominent U.S. anthropologist to account for the Abominable Snowman. Unfortunately, while accepted evidence of man's existence before the last ice age has been found in the Old World, none ever has in the New World.
9. **Remnants of the Karankawas:** An ingenious theory advanced by Eloise Street, a writer on Indian subjects in B.C. The Karankawas, also called "water-walkers," were a fierce tribe of shark-eating natives found by the Spaniards living in the Gulf of Mexico near what is now Galveston, Tex. They massacred settlers in old Fort St. Louis around 1688 and later took refuge with the Creek Indians, who were admirers of the British. By 1850 they had travelled northwards to Oklahoma. The surviving sub-tribe of tall, strong Karankawas were called (Continued on Next Page)

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With My Gloves Off

Nuts To Those "Cute" Squirrels

Kathryn Willoughby



Rat with a bushy tail. That's what the squirrel is that feasts on tulip bulbs.

MY NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR and I usually agree on things important to neighboring. We see eye to eye on things like how high the hedge between our back yards should be, or what should be done to the man down the street who runs his power mower at 7 A.M. on Sundays. But on one thing we can't agree.

Squirrels — those grey squirrels.

"Isn't that cunning?" she exclaimed when she showed me the picture above that she had taken. "Such a frisky little thing!"

"Such a pesky little thing!" I corrected her. "Just a rat with a bushy tail, that's what the squirrel is. We should form a club to get rid of them."

I didn't realize squirrels were of the rat family till I saw one eating the tulip buds in my garden

The Trail Of The Sasquatch

(Continued from Preceding Page)

Coaques. Add the common Indian prefix and you get Scoaques, thence Susquot and the Anglicized Sasquatch. Kaw-Kawa Lake near Harrison is an echo of Karankawa.

10. **Bogey men:** A calculated device by Indian parents to discipline their children.
11. **Real giants:** Like the Watutsi of Africa, a tribe of seven-footers who are fast becoming extinct.
12. **A conglomeration:** A straight mixture of hermits, pathological freaks, bears, Indian outcasts and over-developed imaginations.

The difficulties science has in accepting even the remote possibility of the Sasquatch's existence are outlined succinctly by Dr. Douglas Leechman, of Victoria, retired Dominion Anthropologist and long a student of West Coast Indian lore. The history of the world, he says, is full of myths about giants just as it is of those about wee people, and none has ever proved true. It is utterly improbable, he points out, that out of all these hundreds of legends of giants one should prove true when all others were false.

Doyle Klyne

WEEKEND Women's Editor

last spring. At that, I was lucky. Evidently the grey squirrel doesn't usually wait till the tulips come into bud. He shirks behind a tree, watching you plant the bulbs, and the minute your back is turned he digs them up and eats them.

My neighbor's right about squirrels being cunning, though. I've had one snatch a tulip bulb from under my very nose and then carry it off to my neighbor's garden, knowing it's a safe place for a picnic, a sort of squirrel preserve. This picture was taken in her garden but I'll bet I know what the squirrel is munching on — one of my bulbs.

This spring it's going to be different. I've planned a surprise for the bushy-tailed hijackers. It's a squirrel-discourager recommended by some horticulturalists, and this is how it's made:

On a foot-square piece of waxed paper smear petroleum jelly, leaving a clear strip two inches wide down the middle. On the jelly-smearing part sprinkle red pepper. On the clear strip place some peanuts. Put the paper near the spot where the squirrels have been eating you out of house and

fashion statement ever since last January, as dress manufacturers, designers and retailers tell us we can have our waistslines showing again.

It's misleading because the shirtwaist, for most women, never went away. All through that ugly sack and chemise period it was worn by those who didn't want to revert to the shapeless 'twenties, and somehow it didn't look old-fashioned — it just looked flatteringly different.

There's nothing radically new about this year's shirtwaist. A Vancouver secretary pointed this out to me when I admired the one she was wearing, a shepherd's-check cotton with a very full skirt.

"Bought it in 1956 and I've worn it ever since," she explained, "It had a narrow belt of the same material but this year I added this four-inch-wide black patent one. Next year, if it isn't worn to shreds, I'll probably change it some other way. But, of course, a shirtwaist dress is never out of style."

That's just what I mean. The shirtwaist isn't back — it really



I told the squirrels will cross the paper to get at the peanuts in the middle. Their paws will get coated with red pepper, and they eat with their paws. Squirrels, they say, have long memories, and this taste of red pepper will be a reminder to them to stay away from the garden where they dined on it.

Would the S.P.C.A. approve? Horticulturalists say this hot meat does the squirrel no real harm, so it's not cruelty to animals. But I know one person who won't approve — my good neighbor.

Same Old Dress

"The shirtwaist is back!"
We've been reading this misleading

Room Service For Two

The mother of two small boys tells me she has invented a wonderful game called Hotel. At least, the boys think of it as a game. But their mother thinks of it not as a game but as "an afternoon rest for all three of us."

After lunch the youngsters go to their beds, from where they ring a small hand bell. Promptly mother knocks at their door, calls, "Room service, sir!" and brings in a tray with fruit juice or milk and a few favorite books.

"It works!" she exults. "They quietly look at the books and often they fall asleep. Hotel is a fine game for mothers."

The few men of huge stature who have existed were all pathological freaks, mere isolated genetic accidents. To gain status as a species or sub-species any group of creatures must be able to reproduce itself with similar offspring. What is more, Dr. Leechman points out, when a species is reduced to such small numbers as lack of firm evidence of Sasquatch would indicate, it just dies out; it cannot reproduce itself.

Supposing it were possible for a small number of natives from some unknown tribe of giants to survive undetected. Would they begin to grow hair on their bodies to counteract the cold of their mountain hideouts? Not at all likely, says Dr. Leechman. Caucasians, white people, are the hairiest of men. Native races of brown- and black-skinned people are essentially smooth-skinned. Their limbs are basically hairless.

What, then, is the Sasquatch? The theory of elaborate mechanical hoax perpetrated at different times and in different parts of the country by different people is easy to advance but hard to justify. To make tracks

similar to those attributed to the Sasquatch, renowned science writer Willie Ley has calculated, would require machinery so large and complicated as to prevent it from being moved around unnoticed.

The simplest starting point for conjecture is suggested by Dr. Wayne P. Suttles, University of British Columbia anthropologist: If you can satisfy yourself it is not at all a hoax, why not try thinking along the lines of some unknown mammal, not Neanderthal Man or some non-sapient human, not an ape, not a bear, but something entirely new?

But perhaps the best answer came in a letter to the editor of the Agassiz-Harrison Advance from an angry Indian woman. It read in part: "You white men know lot smart things; smart guys, big cars, big house, but you not smart in everything. Maybe Sasquatch hate white man smell and not show. Grandma Charlie say white man smell like old dead men and scare Sasquatch. Grandma say Sasquatch big nice man is catch little Indian women for make love to all they want."

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