

# Bits & Pieces – Issue No. 68

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Edited by Gene Baade

*The following hominoid sighting reports were collected by Deborah Hatswell in Great Britain. They have been edited to provide clarity and I added generic photos from Wikipedia.*

## Two Wildmen Hunting on the Road to Taynuilt, 2016



Photo: J.M. Briscoe, Wikipedia Creative Commons.

I would like to report an incident that happened to me in Argyle, Scotland, one of my favourite places to be. It was down one of the single track roads that runs between Taynuilt and Dalavich on the road that runs along the side of Loch Awe. There are miles and miles of forestry tracks that you can walk along. It is a good place to be if you want solitude; you can walk for hours without bumping into anyone—there are tracks and trails criss crossing the area. It is a short walk from Loch Etive and Loch Awe and has multiple places to go off track and just enjoy the time out in nature, although I do question walking alone after seeing what I can only describe as a hunting party of two, out there on the road that night; something I will never forget.

It happened on a cool night at around 1:00 a.m. in March 2016. I was driving back from a friend's house after an evening of chat—I was sober and in good spirits. I was alone in the car and at this point I was driving through the older parts of the forest. I noticed a movement, luckily as I was driving. Suddenly from my left hand side I was startled by a deer running across the road—running as fast as it could—in flight. I didn't have time to think about what was chasing it. I looked back and saw it was being followed by a large man-like creature—really tall and very hairy—and he was

running, moving at a fast pace. It/he took one long stride to cross the road. Without thinking, I stopped, eyes fixed on the running man (?). I could see what the thing was as soon as I hit the brakes and turned to look where they [deer and thing] had come out of the trees. Then off to my left I saw what looked like another one. This figure was smaller, younger, not so big and muscled, but a wild man type thing all the same. It wasn't looking at me, but looking towards were the bigger one ran into the trees. I couldn't believe what I had just seen; to this day I still question it. I did get a good look at both of them. The moon was out, it was a clear and crisp night. It's not like I could have mistaken them. They looked like two wild men hunting.

The first one that crossed over the road after the deer was at a height of I guess 8 feet tall. He had hair all over and was naked. It was hard to tell the colour at night, but it was dark just like the smaller one. It wasn't a wide road, but even so its stride must have been at least 6 feet to cover the distance in one leap like that. The way it moved was startling to me; it was fluid and fast. The one on the hill [second individual] looked smaller and younger and the eyes were strange. It looked back at me with reflecting/glowing eyes like a dog's does in the dark. It did not follow the larger individual, but backed into the darkness of the trees. I was then off [left] as it gave me quite a fright.

## Buile Hill Park Wildman, 1982 Deborah Hatswell's Account



Photo: Keith Williamson, CC BY-SA 2.0, <https://commons.wikimedia.org/w/index.php?curid=9113074>

That day we were hidden between the house and the sensory garden, and behind the foliage which opened up. I would say we were there for about an hourish, making noise, giggling and rolling around. Maybe at around 2:00 p.m. I noticed a movement within the leaves and “he” just leaned forward out of the greenery. I froze at the size of “him.” I could only see him from about mid chest up so it was mostly his face in view. But we were only about 8–10 feet apart so we got a good look at him. I fixated on his eyes and mouth as I could see his teeth, (not because of a facial expression just that his mouth was slightly open). His mouth was the same as ours but his jaw was huge. He had dark tan, weathered skin and was covered in dark, dark brown hair that looked auburn where the sun caught it. He had huge shoulders and a massive chest. He looked like a man/ape—like a human and an ape had combined somehow. He was very tall, and there is no way he should have been there. It was like a time slip almost, one of the many things I have tried to tell myself over the years. But at that time I thought he was a monster. I was so scared I reacted with an almost primal panic and pushed my friend to the ground (I'm still ashamed of that to this day) and I ran like the wind. I turned back to see if he was following us and to make sure my friend was up and running. I saw him just lean back into the greenery. He blended in with the bushes somehow. I have no way of explaining this.

## Clava Cairns Hairy Man, August 2015



Photo: Public Domain, Wikipedia.

This is a report by our researcher who has spoken to the witness. The witness wishes to remain anonymous, but swears that she saw a tall hair-covered “humanish” (her word) at the Cairns about 2 weeks ago. The creature was about 7–8 feet tall by her estimation. It was just at dusk, and the sighting only lasted for a few seconds while the “thing” crossed the site and made off into the trees in the direction of the battlefield. The Cairns lie in the valley of the River Nairn, and there are standing stones or cairns along its length; right down to the sea.

### Nairn Valley Big Hairy Thing Multiple Sightings, August 2015



Photo: Richard Slessor – Wikipedia Commons.

Our team member (we want to keep this person anonymous and also the witnesses as it is a very small area and not a very large population) was in the Culloden area today and spoke to a croft owner who has a croft at the north end of the railway viaduct that runs over the River Nairn. Whilst discussing the earlier wildman sighting at Cava Cairns (see previous entry) the witness (Witness B) revealed his account

Witness B stated that he had seen the same figure also. He told our researcher that he had seen “the big hairy man” walking along the railway line in a southerly direction from the forest behind his croft towards the viaduct/cairns on quite a few occasions; but couldn’t be pinned down to an exact number of times. He also said his dogs were going nuts each time. With this witness was another man (Witness C) who wished to remain unnamed for reasons that will become clear.

Witness C was a male from the area of Nairn Valley and Clava Cairns. He was out in the fields late night and early morning. He said he had seen something about 3 or 4 times. The first time he was

out in the fields and heard “someone” coming along the river bank, so he took over. As it passed him it appeared to be enormous both in height and width, and stunk to high heaven.

His best view was one night when he had his nets out on the river and had walked away downstream (presumably to scare the fish towards the net, although he didn’t specify that). When he came back about half an hour later he said, quote: “The bloody great hairy thing was taking the fish from my net.” He yelled at it, and it stood up, turned (holding fish), and walked off into the trees. It wasn’t in any hurry! Our researcher asked the witness for a height estimate; he is 6 feet, 3 inches tall. He thinks the “thing” was around 7 feet tall and broader than himself. He has also seen the oddity on other occasions on the opposite bank of the river, but not within 30 feet. It tried to hide in the tree/bush line. He also mentioned in passing that his brother had seen the same figure cross the actual battlefield at Culloden. (This report was taken September 2, 2015.)

### “It looked like a Bonobo Ape,” Abernethy Forest, 2012



Photo: Iain Millar – Wikipedia Commons

My name is Al Smith but everyone calls me Hillbilly Al, which got shortened to Hal some years ago, and it stuck. After leaving school, I decided that I wanted to be outside as much as possible so thought that a job with animals would be ideal. Through BIAZA I found a job as a field biologist assistant, which I loved and it gave me a great opportunity to travel and see some amazing places, meet different people and see animals in their natural habitat.

I soon learned that I had a real passion for primates and talked to people about furthering this passion into a career. I was told about Rodbaston College and

found I already knew someone who was a lecturer there, so I enrolled. After leaving Rodbaston I decided to look into zoo keeping as the field research had become a little bit too much, and I had at that time met the girl who would later become my wife, and wanted to spend more time with her. I was lucky enough to work at several zoos all over the UK, my favourite being Dudley Zoo, because I met some of the best primate keepers I had ever worked with and had total respect for them.

During this time, my elder brother and I would make sure we booked our yearly holiday together—fishing, hunting and wild camping in Scotland. We always chose Scotland because their laws on wild stays are different than ours (in Scotland, you can camp for two days in one spot as long as you respect the land, then move on to another spot). In August 2012, it was my brother’s turn to choose the location for our annual holiday and that year he chose a wonderful spot in the Abernethy forest, Strathspey, in the Scottish Highlands.

The site was perfect; water nearby, open grassland and plenty of tree cover. We set up camp around 20 feet inside the forest using tarps and hammocks, and then set about building a fire. While out collecting wood I looked for game trails and found loads of signs of rabbit activity in the clearing not far from camp. There were also lots of fruits such as blackberry, and plenty of dandelion and cats tails.

The next morning I woke around 4 a.m. way before my alarm was due to go off, but that’s usual for me. I’ve always been an early riser. I got out of my bunk, dressed head to toe in realtree camo, stoked the fire and put the coffee pot on. My brother was still lightly snoring so I kicked the bottom of his bunk to gently wake him. I could see it was starting to get light above the canopy, so got my rifle ready (only a point 25) and we quietly made our way to the treeline and the rabbit field as I now call it. As we stepped out, we stayed close to the treeline and headed left towards a huge blackberry bush I had noticed the night before.

Now, I usually hunt alone because my brother has a heavy footfall, but after a few steps, I couldn’t hear him behind me, so I looked back to see if he was still there. The look on his face was something

I had never seen from him before. Both his mouth and eyes were wide open and he was looking straight past me. Now to be as honest as I can be, I don't remember fully if he pointed or spoke, because the next few seconds are a little blurry in my head. I looked to see what was upsetting him so much and got the shock of my life. There was a dark figure crouching down with its back to us. I reckon it was about fifty feet away, and even crouched down looked easily to be my height (5 feet, 2 inches). It looked like it was eating berries from the bush from the way its shoulders were moving and the way it was hunched over. It then raised its head a little, turning slightly towards us, and tilted it to one side, as if listening. It stood up and turned at the same time and was now looking straight at me. It must have stood seven to eight feet tall! It was covered in jet black hair all over its body, except for the upper chest and face, and its skin was very dark, except for its bottom lip which looked pink. It had a wide nose and large eyes. Its features reminded me of an older bonobo chimpanzee, but the face was much flatter, especially around the mouth. It was going bald on top and, to my eyes, a picture of a bonobo is what I was looking at, but with a much flatter muzzle.

It looked to be around four feet across its shoulders, with longer hair on its forearms and on its chin. I have never been so scared in my life. Although it never once took a step towards me or made any threatening movement, it was just its sheer size and the fact that my mind said it should not have been there. I don't know how long we stared at each other. It felt like forever. I had an overwhelming feeling to put my rifle down, so I dropped to one knee, really slowly, and placed my rifle on the ground. It then turned and walked off into the treeline, just looking back one more time to see if we were following it. Then it was gone. I looked back to get my brother's reaction but he wasn't there; he had also gone. So I grabbed my rifle and ran back to camp, panicking now realizing that I was all alone.

By the time I had got back to camp, my brother already had his tarp, bunk and

bits stuffed in bags and was working on mine. I tried to stop him as I wanted to stay and look for what we had just seen, but he wouldn't even speak to me. I'd never seen him like that before. He later sold all his camping and fishing gear. Not very long after, we stopped speaking all together. Although I still see his wife occasionally, she tells me he never leaves the city now.

I went back in 2016 to the exact location and I admit now that I had taken on looking for these creatures. I was full of such big expectations, but other than tree breaks, leans and very quiet vocalizations that I couldn't quite make out, nothing happened. I had, of course, heard of Bigfoot before all this happened, but never really thought about them. Now my eyes are wide open. In all of my years spent in woodland and forests I have never seen anything that I could not explain straight away, that is before this sighting, which has changed my life. As someone who has worked closely with primates, I believe that what I saw was a simian and not a hominid. To me it was not human in any form. To me it was a big ape. The body looked very much like an upright gorilla, the arms and thighs were huge, just like a gorilla. The face was much flatter, but still very ape-like. I can't even walk my dog now without wondering if there is something in the trees.

#### COMMENTS BY DEBORAH HATSWELL

Although a much maligned subject in cryptozoology, there is a growing congregation of British Bigfoot reports, nationwide, that are as descriptive and matter of fact as this one and share many of these corroborative details. Thanks to organizations like British Bigfoot Research and other dedicated Bigfoot groups in the UK, more reports and evidence of the presence of these mysterious animals are being catalogued year on year.

One of the commonly reported physical attributes in this report and something that I always thought contributed to making Bigfoot, "seem" man-like, to some witnesses, (apart from its bipedalism), is its flat face which, seemingly has a separate nose and lips instead of an ape-like muzzle. Could it be, that this unusual physical presentation

leads many witnesses to the conclusion that what they are looking at is, for want of a better word, a relict hominin, instead of some possibly extant species of great ape, like *Gigantopithecus* living on into our modern times?

For witnesses like Hal, the British Bigfoot is a real creature and conceptually speaking, a game changer, as far as one's perception of the order of the world and its many inhabitants are concerned. What most people find hard to fathom of course, is how such an animal could escape detection in a land such as ours, that is, allegedly, one of the most thoroughly explored in the world. To that I would say simply, that it is difficult to discover something you are not seeking to find!

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### Dmitri Bayanov Weighs In With Words of Wisdom

Our Invisible College is the embryo of a would-be International Society of Hominology. It is remarkable how much time we waste repeatedly discussing what has long been discussed, made clear and calls for no further arguments and discussions.

So sadly repeating once again ... Purpose and Priority are number one concepts for science and research. The Purpose of science and research is obtaining Truth. Priority in research is to obtain scientific truth in the shortest and best way possible. "Truth is the daughter of time" – Francis Bacon. "Anthropology truth" of our time is proclaimed by the current paradigm: *Homo sapiens* is the only primate biped on earth; any other is nothing but a legend, myth or fake. Our Priority is to refute this paradigm because we know it is wrong. How can we do it? By providing every kind of evidence for the normal physical existence of Sasquatch and other homins.

According to Chris Murphy, 99% of sightings/incidents are "normal" and the only explanation why this evidence is ignored by "normal science" is the revolutionary nature of this evidence— for it means rejection of the current paradigm. As John Napier put it: "That such a creature should be alive and kicking in our midst, unrecognized and unclassifiable, is a profound blow to the cred-



ibility of modern anthropology” (1976). While Jane Goodall calls the Sasquatch/Bigfoot phenomenon “one of the greatest unsolved mysteries in the natural world” (2010).

So public activities, such as forums and shows, lectures and sermons connected with the paranormal nature of the Forest People, before their very existence is proved and accepted by science, are putting off the paradigm shift in anthropology. Such activities are not useful and productive, but counterproductive for the progress of science right now—no matter how much truth may be contained in Kewaunee’s research and experiences. As noted by Murphy, such activities are of religious, not scientific, nature.

Still, truth is our priority and that means we must continue to associate with such researchers as Kewaunee Lapsertis, Mike Paterson and others who focus on the paranormal phenomena, in order to learn the truth of their real experiences. That is for the sake of the paradigm that may follow the one we are trying to shift right now. In this respect my thanks to Kewaunee, Mike, Janice, and all gifted paranormalists.

Let us then add to the concepts Purpose and Priority such notions as Productive and Counterproductive to be remembered and paid attention to in our activities. The Relict Hominoid Inquiry is a valuable journal for our research, but it’s regrettable that it pays no attention to the problems of hominology policy and

methodology. It never posts or keeps track of our discussions in this regard, so that we debate again and again what needs no debating any longer. This shows once again that we do need an Institute or Society of our own to make our work truly productive.

**COMMENT:** What Dmitri is referring to is an organization with a professional editorial board that reviews submissions and provides professional opinions. Also, an organization that has the financial resources to perform scientific work (DNA, etc.). Naturally, an on-line and printed journal would be provided. The International Society of Cryptozoology (ISC) did this and was successful for at least 15 years, but fell apart in 1998.

For certain, things are much better now as to communications and access to information. Papers can be submitted on-line (pdfs) and the Internet is a vast information resource.

Effectively, independent websites have replaced many “societies” and physical meetings are a thing of the past. The use of email eliminates the need.

Nevertheless, the establishment of a formal International Society of Hominology (ISH) would be a major step forward. It would give much more meaning and organization to research that is now greatly fragmented. Independent websites would not need to discontinue; they would become affiliated with the ISH and cooperate in the provision of information.

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Gene Baade seen here on the left (facing) visited me last week with his lovely wife, Joyce. She took this photo showing us and my yeti sculpture. The background painting is, as I have explained in a previous *B&P*, a geometric abstract I created in oil and acrylics (4 feet by 4 feet).

We spent an entire afternoon discussing hominology and a whole range of subjects. Gene is a Lutheran minister and is greatly knowledgeable on almost any subject (sort of has to be); he is also a great nature photographer.

One subject we discussed was the “paranormal” as it applies to hominology. I later wrote and published *B&P* No. 67, which I am sure you have now read.

Really, it isn’t right to disagree vehemently with people who relate a personal paranormal experience. They were “there,” as it were, so should be treated with respect.

Although what might be termed the “paranormal” was accepted and believed in past ages, we now have science, which requires tangible proof. If one wishes to believe a paranormal event without tangible proof, that is his or her call.

From what I can see, the sasquatch is far more normal that “paranormal” so I prefer to stay on the “normal” side of the fence until tangible proof is provided for the other side.

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