

Look Up, But Then Look Out!

A letter published in the May 1983 edition of Pacific Northwest magazine is most interesting. The writer, Robert J. Gallagher of Bremerton, Washington, stated the following in regard to what we now refer to as sasquatch or bigfoot.

I remember Teddy Roosevelt discussing this subject with Dad when he was a guest in our home as he passed through our state when running for president on the Bull Moose ticket. He later named the Roosevelt Elk and told the world that our western forests were the home of an unknown creature whose existence had been well established and well known by our Indians of the Pacific Northwest.

Gallagher then goes on to tell us that he became a logger and provided the following:

This so-called Sasquatch is a tree climber who spends his days sleeping high up in the largest of our old-growth fir trees in the summertime. When we timber fallers found a roosting tree, we knew it before we came to it as we could see some large creature had rubbed the blue color of the bark off, giving the bark a reddish color. These trees were always ringed by the feces dropping from high up in the tree, making it necessary to bury this mess before we could fall the tree.

Gallagher apparently never saw a sasquatch because he states, "We didn't have to see one to know he did exist."

