

The Bigfoot Chronicles:

by Mike Palecek

I've been looking for Bigfoot since the late '90s.

I've searched in Iowa, South Dakota and Minnesota.

I started at Stone Park, which is just north of Sioux City, Iowa. We lived in Sheldon, Iowa at the time. I drove the hour from Sheldon many times and just walked around the park. I had read reports from the '60s and '70s about sightings at the park.

I spent time at the park off and on, for about ten years, I suppose, until we moved to Minnesota.

Some of the things I observed:

Found one track, had knocking returned, had a big branch broken, cracked, right by me immediately after I yelled out a whoop call, had a whistle returned, heard a tree braking sound on a recorder left overnight, found maybe a half dozen tree, branch formations that were interesting. Also, on an overnight campout heard bard owl sounds close to the tent that I was certain were not really bard owls. That's probably the most interesting part of the years of the many Stone Park trips I took.

Started going over to Newton Hills State Park maybe around 2008 or 2009. This is just over the Iowa/SD border, about twenty minutes beyond Rock Valley, Iowa.

Had quite a few things happen there. Sounds, vocalizations, found a blind or hiding spot made out of evergreen branches, had two knocks returned and once had something thrown at me, or at least in my direction. Heard definite multiple knocks on two occasions that seemed to be warning sounds to others. I found tracks in the creek. And on a recorder left overnight heard clacking. Also at that spot I heard, felt a

loud thumping that I now think might have been a distraction to keep me away from a young one nearby. Not sure. And there were some nice "X's" made in that area from tree branches.

And then on to Minnesota. Heard some amazing howls, some wood knocks, found "X's," vocalizations, whispers, voices speaking a language, quite a bit of stuff, and so much area and possibilities that it would really take a lifetime and more to do it all justice.

### THE BIGFOOT LETTERS:

Here are some notes, some clips from letters written to others that kind of describe some of my "encounters."

1)

Listening to last night's recording from the woods on the reservation.

Just heard voices. Words. A language. I don't understand it. One person. Three clipped sentences.

It was about 6 o'clock last night. I think it was dark by then. Very remote area. No houses near. Humans of course always a possibility. I wish I could send it to you.

Only way to do that would be to send the whole machine. Maybe I should do that with this one. Language is what I have always hoped for. I got a whisper last year. Two words. Almost nobody else can hear it. A couple of other people said they could hear that one. I am sure of it.

This one there is no doubt it is a voice - like shouting to someone else. I am still listening. Have 19 hours of recording and I'm at 2 hours. Maybe in a while I will hear humans and it will be clear. But if I don't hear anymore, maybe I should send it to you. It would cost a little. I could tell you how to operate it. Not hard,

and then a transcript so you don't have to hear it all.

What you would hear is someone shouting. Just as I said. You would not be able to tell any more than me. Inconclusive, unless you make out English or Ojibwe words. It's Ojibwe land. Do they speak Ojibwe or English in everyday language I wonder?

So interesting.

March 2012 ...

Okay, something new to note, put the recorder out on [land] and heard massive howling, which included something that sounded human-like.

March 15, 2012/Saginaw area

[@330 pm would equal 0:00 on recorder]

[Recorder is in a backpack sort of bag, hanging on tree with mesh making up front of bag, with packets of apple cider powder and chocolate powder inside of bag. Recorder is behind a black card inside pack. Pack is zipped closed.]

\*Times are kind of approximate. Maybe start at least a few seconds before the time I have here, to make sure to catch it.

\*almost throughout the recording there is nibbling or munching right at the point of the pack. No way of telling what's there.

\*ground is snow-covered, though the "walking" sounds like it's on leaves, brush

0:19 - those knocks are me, on my way out.

2:05:20 - train?/2:05:34

2:06:40 - sounds near bag

2:07:20 - yes, train definitely comes through at this point

3:34:34 - snap, continues for a while, not much

3:35:49 - walking, right up to recorder, it sounds - starts fast, gets slower as gets closer, louder, then stops, then maybe moves off, or not, hear more messing around - maybe it's not a raccoon messing around - it wasn't a raccoon that just walked up, that's for certain. ... more walking nearby - 3:37:35

3:42:41 - snap, messing near bag

3:45:20 - first time I listened to this I thought this messing with bag was rodent, but now I don't know. I think it might be connected to the walking up to the bag minutes ago. Could be deer, but the walking sounded more human-like and pronounced, not edging up to bag, but stomping, with a purpose.

3:52:25 - an interesting, faint sound in the distance, that "could" be a voice

5:43:20 - sounds, walking, begin from a distance, by 5:43:30 - comes right up to recorder, then seems to walk away

9:02:04 - distant "hollering"

9:14:33 [example of "digging around" right close to recorder]

12:05:10 - distant hollering

12:08:08 - fire engine howls

12:08:40 - different tone to the howls - three, four in a row

12:10:12 - distant

12:10:18 - closer, more join in, answered by others in distance, many in a row

12:11:52 - closer again [end with an "aah" sound]

12:12:39 - here it begins to sound more human

12:12:45 - here has very interesting end to the howl

12:15:11 - distant now, several here

12:16:00 this is stick, rock banging, distant then closer, then walking]

12:17:28 - the walking gets very close, with continued howling in background - walking, rustling

continuing - up to 12:17:40 or so [nibbling on bag continues in meantime]

**12:18:48** - human-like - 4 am or so. - to about 12:18:57, and then more [these particular sounds have different quality than others]

12:19:08 - 12:19:16-12:19:25-12:19:33 [w. echo] \*If this one is a coyote/wolf, then the rest are, I would say. If this one is not, then the rest are also interesting, I would say. **So, probably start here.**

12:20:00 - howling continues

12:22:15 - more howling, continues

12:26:25 - this is more like the previous human-like howling, from a distance

12:46:00 - knock or snap

13:02:14 - loud, nearby, long howls, then series of more howls, with answer of a different sort, almost cow-like [no nibbling on bag at this point]

13:05:07 - howls

13:06:02 -

13:07:05 [this one is different - more of the "human-like" variety of howl - from more of a distance]

13:-07:28

13:07:41

13:07:30

13:19:13 - sounds like different than canine, to me - few in a row here

13:21:28 - starts with "banging" from a distance, or walking maybe, no, it's banging of some sort, wood or rocks

\*At 13:24:18 or so, it changes to a sound like trotting through brush - to me it sounds like two feet, but I might just be wishful-thinking - but the sounds do get closer to the recorder at this point 13:25:33 - long howl from somewhere else, I think, while the walking sounds are ongoing - then the walking sounds stop ... not totally

13:27:25 - howls - notice the very ending, the tailing off, might sound human-like ... or not.

\*\* You are welcome to listen to the rest - it goes until 19 hours - that would be 11 am - but I'm going to stop the transcript here. I did listen to it all. Right here at 13:00:00 I estimate that it is about 430-5 in the morning.

And something to add as well ... [ we ] heard “a crazy guy hollering” out our back window in the woods at about 5 am two nights ago.

So I put a recorder in the window last night, listening now, have not heard anything, yet.

April 2012 – putting out recorder on [ ] property. Heard children’s voices. Could have been from a house to the west, but that was a long ways away from where recorder was placed. Also heard what sounded like wood knocks, all about 530 pm.

So, as far as “voices,” and language, I have heard the chinka-binka whispers at Jay Cooke, the Indian language at the rez and these children’s voices. All could be nothing, or whatever, goes without saying, I suppose.

Stone Park is not a big park, but it’s next to the Big Sioux River and the Missouri River and it’s part of the Loess Hills that go way down to Missouri, kind of a long ridge with trees, and it seems to me a perfect stop-over place, a way-station.

But of course, I don’t know.

I know nothing.

Okay, one day.

One day I was sitting in a good spot, with a good view of a bunch of trees and I jump because I just heard a Bigfoot, in broad daylight, calling out over the trees and it gets answered by another Bigfoot over there on the other side of the park.

Oh. My. God.

I listen, listen, don't join in.

I'm excited and go back home to email some Bigfoot email acquaintances and tell them what I heard.

They tell me what I heard was a bard owl, two bard owls. They sound like that.

Oh.

And one evening Ruth agreed to go out with me to that same spot and just listen. It got dark. She couldn't read anymore. We decided to go and I did my bard owl imitation call into the dark. Immediately, from somewhere just below us, my call is answered. I call again, it's answered. We do that back and forth about three times. Ruth says I'm scaring her. I stop. We go home.

It is kind of hard to go out Bigfooting by yourself. But you do it because you have absolutely no choice if you don't know anyone else who is interested. You can bring it up at the Thanksgiving table in the hopes that someone will express a similar interest and there you are, all hooked up. But more likely you would end up sitting next to a fire in red and yellow vinyl chairs sticking to your legs with grandma because she did not really hear what you said and she wishes you had friends.

It is hard to seek out people to sleep out overnight with you in an isolated forest looking for something nobody believes in. Maybe it shouldn't be, but it is.

I have taken the risk a few times and found some people. Once I found someone from Iowa to drive over to Stone Park to camp out and find Bigfoot. I was overjoyed to finally have someone to share this with, to show all my cool spots and areas.

We found a camping spot and talked about Bigfoot. He had seen a family from a distance over in Iowa, he said. We also went driving around Sioux City, in the daytime, looking for Bigfoot.

We drove past this gully area with some trees and he pulled in there and wanted to look around. We were right next to an apartment house and when he pulled out his binoculars and started scanning, I said to myself, never again. I'll just do this myself.

We stayed outside. It was late October. It got cold.

Really cold.

I had at least four sleeping bags. I was inside one and had three others unzipped and on top of me.

We were both inside one big tent.

Goodnight. Night.

I woke to the sound of bard owls hooting from on top of the hill right up next to our campsite.

I had heard the bard owls before and I could tell immediately that what this was was a Bigfoot on the hill trying to sound like a bard owl.

It was a gut reaction in part, but also, the calls did not have the true warbling at the end. It was just hoo hoo-hoo. I turned to wake the other guy up. This could be pretty cool.

He was gone.

I now heard his truck running. He was sleeping in his truck. I tucked back into all my big pile of blankets and heard the calls again.

I knew for certain, absolutely, that if I stayed there and did nothing there would be Bigfoots coming down the little hill eventually and he or they would be soon walking around the camp, just outside my tent, and I was out there in the open pretty much all alone.

It's not possible to describe the feeling, but I have to at least try.

You are out in the park, in the middle of the night, basically alone and famous Bigfoot it out there. One hundred percent. Or pretty close.

It's kind of like the time I was sleeping overnight at this friend's place in Iowa in the 1980s. There were three of us there. One of my friends was on the run from the FBI. For real. THE FBI. For a civil disobedience action against the military. His family and mine lived together in Omaha with others and we called ourselves a resistance community, to resist the U.S. military at Offutt Air Force Base. He was supposed to go to federal court for an action and we had broadcast the idea that rather than go to court he would go to the Cathedral, the flagship of the Omaha church, in order to ostensibly ask the bishop for sanctuary and in doing so, force the church into the issue. The FBI staged a pre-emptive dawn raid at the house, but neither of our families was home.



Anyway, here we were, at this priest friend's rectory in a small Iowa town and for sure the FBI was looking for us and if they put it all together somehow they would be at the door anytime. Soon. In five minutes. No ... now. Okay ... now.

Okaaayyy, in five seconds, go ... now.

Any time.

THE FBI.

Of course I did not sleep all night. The other guys slept. I will never understand how. The FBI is coming and you feel a little bit sleepy?

And so the same with THE Bigfoot. It demands full attention. Like maybe John Lennon or Jesus or Yogi Berra is walking around outside your tent. Right now.

You would sleep?

Also, I was freaked out, is what they say these days.

Scared.

I decided I did not want to lay there and maybe have many Bigfoots walking around within inches of my head, my fingers, my toes. I pulled my toes tight and under the covers.

I got out from under the covers, made my way out of the tent, went to the pickup and asked the guy to unlock the doors and let me in. I slept in the passengers side. I did not hear the owls anymore, but then the truck was running most of the night. I did not see any Bigfoots outside my window. But I did not open my eyes. I did not want to see anything. I wanted to sleep.

Amazing. You go to this trouble to be there, to see a Bigfoot and at crunch time you want to sleep.

There is the issue of infra-sound. Some believe that Bigfoot can use infra-sound, super low sound levels, to induce sleep, confusion, sickness.

I don't know if it can.

I don't know if Bigfoot exists.

And I did not or do not suspect infra-sound in my wanting so badly to just sleep that night.

I do wish that I could have woken the other guy and maybe together we could have talked about what we were, or what I was hearing.

Afterward I felt foolish. That's been a common thread for me when I go out in the woods to stay overnight and I try to interact with Bigfoot.

Anyway, the next morning I just wanted to leave. I did not mention what I had heard. We just agreed to cancel the last day of camping. I had only been gone a day or so, on my first ever Bigfoot expedition with a real other person who believed in Bigfoot and studied Bigfoot and supposedly had seen a Bigfoot, and all I wanted to do was go home.

Later, maybe weeks, months, probably weeks, I wrote by email to the guy and recounted my experiences. He never acknowledged. He never said why he went to the truck. I just assumed it was because he was cold. Maybe he heard the owls before me?

I'll never know, but I will always wonder and maybe wish I would have stayed under the covers and listened to the steps of Bigfoot come down that hill.

Regret. Confusion. Mystery. Curiosity.

It must have been a couple of years after that, I got a tent, or maybe my wife or kids bought me a tent, maybe for my birthday. Maybe I bought it myself, maybe to go on a Bigfoot expedition in eastern Iowa.

But anyway I had a tent. A one-man tent and I took it back to the same spot at Stone Park.

I had cigarettes and hot dog buns and a radio, bug spray, matches. I made a fire and went out walking. Actually went out walking first, up the little hill, down the ridge, all around.

All the time thinking about nightfall, dreading it.

When it got close to dark I went up along the ridge and back in the woods, stood against a tree, chain-smoking. Saw a few deer. They huffed and looked scared by something, maybe me, maybe something else. I heard a tree or branch crack behind me. Maybe I was imagining.

Leaned against a tree and smoked.

Crack! Bam! Over to my right something happened. I looked quick, saw nothing. Now your mind goes pretty well nuts, like Howard Beale. Did the tree or branch just break from old age? Was it a deer running, fleeing? Was it a Bigfoot trying to frighten me?

I stood by my tree, smoking. I had a flashlight with me and every once in a while would turn it on and see if I could catch something sneaking. Did not.

I went back to my tent and smoked and listened to the Twins game. Got the shit scared out of me when a raccoon wandered right up into the camp. I had to shoo it away. Then there was a cat that wanted to meow-meow and stick around.

I went to bed and listened intently to every sound until morning. I did not hear anything over the sound of my heart pounding all night long.

Once I visited a Sioux City veterinarian. I had seen his name on the Internet as having been an investigator and reporter of some local UFO sightings and Bigfoot reports. He had written for some online paranormal magazines. I visited him at his home, not so far from Stone Park, with a huge flower garden.

He said he thought that the UFO reports and Bigfoot reports were connected. I said I doubted it. Not sure why, just wanted to be down-to-earth, I guess.

He didn't appear interested in doing any further Bigfooting at Stone Park, so I didn't ask or go back.

Later, maybe a couple of years, maybe one year, maybe three, I got some audio recorders at Wal-Mart. I took one of them to Stone Park. I put it out with some bait, turkey legs and other stuff.

I did get a very good tree or branch crack from that recording that sort of verified the Bigfoot thing at Stone Park for me.

Also, coming out of that area I saw what seemed to be a Bigfoot structure. It was a bunch of branches, equal size, laying on both sides of a downed tree, forming what could be a sleeping area inside.

But, it was right next to the trail.

So, maybe I was imagining. Maybe it was a Boy Scout Project or maybe it was a turkey hunter's blind.

Also, on that last day walking out of there I was whistling, as I often do. And I got a response. Sometimes I do, but they are obviously birds that just decide to answer. This was not a bird. It just sustained the whistle too long and too un-birdly. And, at the time, I got kind of embarrassed because I came to think that I was whistling with a person-partner.

But then it ended and there are no real paths near there.

So I think maybe it was a Bigfoot whistling with me.

Might as well just say what I think. What I think is actually based on years and hours and hours of experience, when you come to think about it. So, I might as well just say it. I would be very willing to say

right away in the next sentence that I could be wrong. But, based on what I have heard and seen and experienced in many many walks alone in the woods looking for Bigfoot, and because I see myself as sane, adequately self-critical and all that stuff, I think this was a Bigfoot whistling with me for a few brief moments.

And then it's over. No sounds of it walking away. It does not respond to my many repeated whistles asking it to continue. The woods go silent, and I am left with my one solitary thoughts and judgments and memories.

### **Experiences in driving from MN to Iowa on interstate – Spearfish Canyon.**

In the early 1990s we lived in southeast Minnesota. We owned and operated a small newspaper in Byron, The Byron Review.

I don't think there are any references to Bigfoot in The Big Lebowski.

I like that movie. I saw it when it came out in the theaters and since then I have seen it maybe a hundred times? Maybe not, but a lot. Hard to say exactly how many.

I think the reason I like it is because of the friend scenes at the bowling alley. It's an actual bowling alley, The Hollywood Bowl, but it might have been torn down by now. They also tore down the Ambassador Hotel where Bobby Kennedy was shot.

But I like it when The Dude, Walter and Donny are sitting around bowling, smoking, drinking, cursing, talking. And the comfortable weather, wearing shorts and sandals all that time. And Dude doesn't seem to have a job. He just drinks and goes bowling, and other stuff. But the having a group of friends, even a small one. Well, that's probably why I watch it over and over, makes me feel a part of their group for a few minutes. I think that's it.

I used to have a bunch of friends, back in Norfolk, Nebraska during the 1970s, in high school and a few years after graduation. We'd all meet at Arctic Circle, park all of our cars there, big, old cars our parents had bought for us, solid, good in wrecks possibly. I had a big '56 black and white Chevy station wagon. One guy had a '50 Ford, one a Studebaker.

I realized at the time that it was cool to have so many friends. There might have been a dozen or so of us who were pretty close, saw each other most every day, hung out, played ball, went drinking.

That's over.

Sometimes, every time I go out walking in the woods and I hear something or see something I think of wanting to be able to tell someone. Or to have someone to go walking with me or camp out or just sit in the woods and listen for Bigfoot.

I've tried. Went on a large BFRO expedition in Minnesota. It was okay. More on that later. And also a couple of smaller expeditions/campouts in eastern Iowa. The first one was great. There were four of us and I couldn't believe how we kind of all thought alike, political conversation, stuff like that. I just had a blast. We went to eat a few times together at this nice down-home café in town and I felt privileged to be a part of a group. And to be able to go out with others, in the dark, in a known Bigfoot spot and not be alone out there.

Very cool.

You've got to watch Christopher Noel's essay/commentary on YouTube. It's called Why Sasquatch Matters To Me. Very thoughtful, very well thought-out.

I'm sitting at a group home in Duluth, doing my awake overnight shift. It's three a.m. I am watching ESPN tell me over and over again about Derrick Jeter's three-thousandth hit and about the Twins blowing the White Sox game in the ninth. And women's soccer tournament in Germany.

I'm wearing headphones and listening to a recording I made a couple of days ago in some woods near Cloquet, over on the river. I think it's a great spot. I think I found a couple of tracks and two big X's in the woods.

I've heard some messing with the recorder, a couple of wood knocks, but what I really want to hear is mumbling, voices. That would narrow it down some.

And I've got another recorder out in the backyard, sitting on the air conditioning unit. A while back I did that and got three wood knocks. This place is in town, but it's on the edge, and there are woods everywhere.

I'm actually beginning to think Sasquatch are pretty much everywhere, which probably isn't healthy, but they seem to be ubiquitous.

That is, if they exist.

I think they would be in town, or near town, if there is cover. I think they are curious. They are social, in a passive-aggressive way, perhaps. And they might be able to get food by being close-in.

Anyway, what I wanted to talk about were my experiences with Bigfoot, possibly, on a summer trip from Iowa to Minnesota on the Interstate, and also an encounter with Bigfoot, possibly, in Spearfish Canyon in South Dakota. That's out west, in the Black Hills.

What I want is to have inside information. For one thing, just to know, the other to make a difference.

Inside about ...

I have inside info about living through that time, ...

And now after having studied other people's work ...

But no document, no first-hand knowledge to blow the lid off.

But I might actually have inside info on Bigfoot, just from, well, stuff, I guess.

Looking For Bigfoot means the actual, physical looking. To me it also is a metaphor for finding out the truth about America.

Because we look out the window of the car while we're driving or the bathroom while we're doing our business or the window above the sink while we're sort of washing the dishes and we all wonder, what is real, what is the truth. We all wonder who killed John Kennedy. We all wonder who killed Robert Kennedy on that awful summer night, who killed Martin Luther King Jr. And we all wonder if those black and white images we saw on the little Magnavox in the living room on that summer break from playing ball were really scenes from the real moon.

All that and we wonder if Bigfoot is real.

We also wonder if those images of those planes flying into those buildings ten Septembers ago were the real deal or whether they were just projected images like in a summer movie.

We all wonder all of this and plenty more because we know that the government lied to us to get us into Vietnam. And we know that we would have gone to Vietnam and killed and maybe died if a bunch of hippies had not fought and fought to stop that from happening. And we know about the Northwoods documents, about the government really planning to fake some deaths and some accidents and maybe not fake the deaths but fake their cause, in order to get us to invade Cuba. We have those documents now and we can view them online.

And we know about COINTELPRO, and that was lies to stop legitimate protest. And it probably isn't even "was" but "is."

And there's so much darn more, about the FBI and lies and about the CIA and lies, and it being here and in so many other countries, involving so many people being killed.

And it's all about money and power.

What else is there?

And there's Senator Paul Wellstone and his plane going down and that being so convenient for the Bush administration to go forward with the invasion of Iraq. And there was such a small investigation and you can't trust governments investigating themselves, as with the Warren Commission and the 9/11 Commission.

And the thing is, it's just so darn infuriating. You know this and you also know it's only a shade of all that's really happening and you can't get your Internet to work because you just moved and so you sit by the entrance to McDonald's in Cloquet and you see all the smiley old people going in there for coffee and they are all dressed in their summer old people clothes, kind of like the clothes you are wearing, sweating inside the car to use the Internet, and anyway they are all holding the door for each other and smiling, and you just know they don't know diddly squat from Shinola and they don't care.

And they would call you crazy to think of all the stuff you are thinking about right now and maybe you are.

And one old guy with his left arm shaking, white as a ghost in his Hawaiin shirt waves to one guy who has his hand on his door and can't wait to get away, "watch out for Kamikaze bombers!"

And maybe he means it or that's just his greeting, but it passes for good here in Cloquet, American 2011, with all that's going on.

Watch out for kamikaze bombers.

And they probably think kamikaze bombers were the bad guys. And that they are the good guys and that nobody would ever think to question that.

I question it, a lot.

And I shut down my computer and stick the earphone into my ears and shut off the radio so I can listen to my recording I made last night in the woods by our new house and see if I can hear Bigfoot.

We used to live in southeast Minnesota. Well, rewind just a bit more and I'm walking out the front door of the Pottowatamie County Jail in Council Bluffs, Iowa. I had done six months on a federal trespassing charge, a misdemeanor. I had walked onto the property at Offutt Air Force Base over in South Omaha. I had walked on not quite twenty times, maybe eighteen since the first time in maybe 1982, or so. I went to jail for ten days in the Sarpy County Jail in Papillion, Nebraska, and then for fifty days in the Lancaster County Jail in Lincoln, Nebraska, then it was thirty days in the Douglas County Correctional Center in Omaha, only this thirty days was for sitting in Congressman Hal Daub's office and refusing to leave. There were two of us and we were protesting the Congressman's support for United States support of the military in El Salvador that was fighting against and killing poor people who were trying to fight against the rich of El Salvador. Basically we were trying our best to be on the side of the poor of El Salvador, and probably getting about as far as Larry, Curly and Moe sitting in the middle of a lake in January trying to ice fish.

And then I received my first maximum sentence, six months, for another trespass or series of trespasses at Offutt. They do run together now, it seems, but if I tried maybe I could recall each of those eighteen events. Each is a huge event, none, not one taken lightly or as routine. Each time you are driving or riding with a group and you approach the air base and as you see the familiar landmarks, Denny's restaurant on the right the little rise of a hill, then the Kenny Gate and all the flags, the plane monuments and you pass, go to the turn-around place, come back and park and then join together for whatever is planned, prayers, songs and then the charade of having the air force police come up to the line. They read something and you cross anyway and then are arrested, maybe handcuffed, taken by vehicle to the police



station in the middle of the base, down the steps and perhaps say hello to some of the officers who are by now familiar, perhaps friends.

You are photographed, fingerprinted and probably let go. Someone is waiting. Maybe they have been in touch with the base and know when and where you will be dropped off and there you go, back home, maybe for pizza and beer. Cheers.

Or, maybe you just walk up by yourself, up the driveway at the Kenney Gate and they are surprised and the same thing happens. Or maybe they decide to call the FBI if you are a repeat crosser. That happened to me once. I was alone and had crossed a few times in a short time period. Two FBI agents showed up. One old guy walked up very close to me, and stood with his chest out in a challenging way.

They took me away and I don't remember anything more about that. Maybe I was released from the FBI offices, maybe I was questioned and taken to Douglas County. I just can't remember at this moment.

Well, the first six month sentence, was that from Judge Peck as all the others?

Anyway, it began in DCCC and then I was picked up a couple of few weeks later and sent to Metropolitan Correctional Center in Chicago. It's right downtown, a high-rise prison, at least twenty-some stories, probably more.

I began there, then was transferred to Terre Haute federal penitentiary for three weeks, then on to El Reno for a few days, then to La Tuna FCI, federal correctional institution, just the other side of El Paso, for the remainder of my six month sentence.

The other six-month sentence began at DCCC and ended across the river at Pottawatamie County Jail in Council Bluffs.

Well, before I so stupidly interrupted myself, we used to live in southeast Minnesota. We owned and operated the Byron Review in Byron, Minnesota, which is about eight miles this side of Rochester. We were there about three years. In 1993 we won the Newspaper of the Year Award from the Minnesota Newspaper Association, which is a huge award and a huge honor, especially given who we were, which is nobody, with a circulation of about 1,000.

Well, we went out of business in 1994 and I started lugging home arm loads of how to write books from the Rochester library and also checking out the reporter help wanted sections. I finally got an editor job with the Cherokee Daily Times in Cherokee, Iowa.

Cherokee was, is way back in northwest Iowa and it fit for us at the time. For me it was a daily newspaper, or almost daily, Tuesday through Saturday, and that's what I wanted, the challenge and thrill of being on a daily paper, even a small one.

Ruth was working as a dental hygienist at the federal prison in Rochester and Sam was in school, so when the job started in Cherokee I needed to drive back and forth for a while on Interstate 90.

One night I was driving back in the rain, headed east, from Cherokee to Byron, along Interstate 90 in southern Minnesota.

There was a deer in my lane and I saw it in time and turned on my blinker, switched lanes and went around it.

And then there was something big, tall, out there, in the highway, headed left to right. It was too far to really see, but I think I saw or imagined I saw the sagittal crest, the big, coned head and it was tall.

It was at the end of my lights, but that wasn't nearly as far as it was. It must have been illuminated by lights from the other side of the Interstate.

But I know I saw something.

My open-book self-test is this.

When I got to the point where I thought "it" crossed I turned right to look.

And there, at the edge of the corn was something headed in. It was small. It was the tail end of something small. It was like ... hmm ... maybe like a monkey headed into the corn.

That's not what I thought though. I just knew I saw something. I would say it was dark colored.

And the thing is, I know for certain there was no tail.

Raccoons have tails, right? Big-ass tails.

I think I saw the youngster of the big Bigfoot crossing the road.

It could have been that. There was tall, mature corn. I didn't see anything else. I didn't go back, didn't slow down, just thought about what I had seen. I don't know if I thought at that time that I had just seen a baby Bigfoot, but soon after at least I began to think that.

That's pretty cool. But we will never know if it was really pretty cool or just stupid.

But it's for sure that I saw something because I looked right and there was something there and that something had no tail and most things have tails. It was about maybe big raccoon size, probably a little taller than that. It was not walking upright, it was down.

Okay, that's it.

The Byron Review was pretty cool. We had some great people on that paper. It was tiny. We scrapped and scraped and fought the city council and the fire department and advertisers and everyone and we worked nights and weekends and all the time.

And for one year we were the best and then we went out of business and we moved to northwest Iowa.

We were still in pursuit of my dream.

Whatever that was. I was still, probably am still, not in balance emotionally, psychologically, whatever, all that. I used to be worse, hating family gatherings, being deathly afraid of family gatherings, social gatherings. I'm a little better now. Drinking used to be a wonderful way for a few hours to get around all that.

We were in pursuit of my being a great newspaperman, I think. I had come out of that last six-month sentence as almost a vegetable, I think. I was so depressed, so lost, so beaten. During a visit at DCCC I had the phone in my hand talking to Ruth and I remember trying to get these words out and they would not come. I ... can't ... do ... this ... any ... more. It was terrible. So depressed. It's like having a fat fifth-grader sitting on your chest and your hands have a rash and the thought of eating makes you sick. Being that depressed. It came from being unpopular in the jail mod. It was the same thing in Chicago. I'm not sure why it all happened. I have my ideas and then those ideas run into cul-de-sacs and brick walls and holograms and I'm not sure of anything.

But when I left Council Bluffs I was through with going to jail for the cause. I was not in love with that idea, but I felt so destroyed, blown apart, a roadside bomb had hit me as I walked along.

Jail is not all bad, though. I'm just saying. Some of the people you meet. And there's the cause, that's a good thing. And sharing a smoke after breakfast on a winter morning at five-thirty and the world is

dark and the cell window is frosted and maybe the guy you are smoking with is a good guy and then you go back to bed after that and maybe you don't feel so bad for awhile.

That's a pretty good memory to have.

### **Experiences in – Spearfish Canyon.**

Once after we were married or maybe it was before, Ruth and I stayed in a cabin in Spearfish Canyon.

It's in the Black Hills, near Spearfish.

One morning I got up and did what I wanted to do. I walked across the highway and charged up the tall, steep hill.

I wanted to see what was up there and I wanted to pray.

I had been in seminary in Saint Paul not that long ago and private silent meditation was the one thing that I really pulled from that experience. I used to sit in my dorm room with the lights off and maybe a candle burning. I would sit up straight in a chair with my up-turned hands on my knees or in my lap and I would talk to God. Maybe I did. I really thought I was at that time. During the summer break from school back in Norfolk I was the head of a softball field maintenance crew and every chance I got I would take a half hour inside Sacred Heart Church to talk to God. I just couldn't get enough of that feeling. I don't know exactly when that feeling left, but I haven't had it for a long time.

Maybe it's because I don't talk to God anymore, or maybe it's because I never was. I don't know.

I grabbed trees and bushes to pull myself up that steep hill, gritting my teeth, huffing, puffing, digging in the sides of my shoes.

Up, up.

I got to kind of a mid-point, a path. Maybe it was a logging road before. I looked to my right and saw someone, far off, walking, really swinging his arms, too far away to see me.

And if I kept going he would never see me and I could pray in peace.

I kept going up the hill.

I came to a sort of circle of trees and sat down with my back to one of them.

I crossed my legs and folded my hands in my lap, closed my eyes and went at it.

I prayed.

When I finished I got up and went back down the hill.

At that same mid-point there was someone there, this time to the left, the opposite of where he had been before. It was the same guy. I waved. He did not wave. People wave.

The next thing I remember is that I was down the “path” a ways, looking up, and I think I walked up a ways and the person, the thing was now seated or crouched and I walked up toward it.

It growled and showed me fangs and red eyes and ears that stuck out just a bit.

The growl was deep and I turned and “ran” down the hill as fast as I could.

And that’s all I remember.

I don’t think I mentioned it to Ruth when I got back. She says she does not recall me talking about what had happened up the hill that morning.

And I don’t remember how long it was until I started thinking about it myself.

I can only guess that it was about the same time that I started thinking about Bigfoot, that was in the mid-to-late 1990s when we were living in Sheldon and I started reading about Bigfoot on the Internet and then went to Stone Park to go walking around and looking.

I think I do remember seeing the Patterson-Gimlin film on TV way back in the 1960s and thinking, this is a big deal, but nothing after that.

Well, I started thinking about what happened in Spearfish Canyon again about 2008 or 2009. And then in 2009 or 2010 I went to a hypnotist in Sioux Falls and paid a lot of money for a one-hour session to try to remember what happened.

I found out that hypnosis is not magic, or at least it wasn’t with this particular hypnotist. It was just relaxation, coached relaxation, coached relaxation with intense pressure to remember right then, have a revelation right then, but it didn’t happen. Maybe it helped, because I began to try to think about that day and the various scenarios that might have been.

I do remember the swinging arms and thinking that that person must have been friendly. Who could be out walking swinging their arms like that and not be friendly.

But I get caught up when I think about me waving to the “person” when I saw it close-up on my way down.

I know some things. It did not wave and I could not understand.

But then I don’t have the picture I wish I had.

I wish I could remember what happened next. I think maybe I walked toward it, to push the issue — hey, I’m waving to you here, what’s with not saying hello?

It was standing up at that time.

And my recollection of the “growling” is from a smaller something.

Did I see something when I got closer and then run back down, but then why am I facing toward it in my next memory still-shot?

Did I say, no, I’m not running, from anybody and turn to face it?

Did I see what I thought was a bear or gorilla?

Did it drop to all-fours and chase me?

I have a few “knows” by which to try to put the rest together.

I waved. It did not wave.

It growled, deep, too-deep and the thought “devil” came to mind.

I thought I was seeing the devil.

And since I had just come from praying, maybe I thought the devil was trying to fight back against the praying.

The look that went with the growling and the eyes was intense, intensely malevolent and I felt betrayed, somehow.

Surprised.

Maybe I came back because the look on the face was kind. Maybe I thought it was a dog? And then it turned to the devil.

I hope some day I get a clearer vision in my memories about this. I will keep trying.

What I think I saw was, well, I don’t even know to guess.

Maybe I saw the young toddler from the bigger one and that was the one crouched down and growled.

Although, I do not have a memory of their being two individuals.

And I think I recall a reason for not speaking of this to Ruth. I think I recall a sense of embarrassment that I had run and I didn't want to talk about that.

Well, that's about it for that, except it has made me also think of "Devil's Nest" over near Yankton, South Dakota. In the 1970s someone tried to make a ski resort out of the hillside overlooking the Missouri River. I went there with my friends.

The story was that it was called "Devil's Nest" because some cowboy-era robbers used the place as a hideout.

But I wonder if this place, on the river, with abundant trees and cover, could also have been a Bigfoot lair.

It doesn't have to be one or the other. It could have been called "Devil's Nest" even to the robbers, not necessarily named after them.

And there are lots of places around the country named devil-something or other.

Could be. Could be.

### **Niessink Home**

#### **- two boys saw?**

Well, I started going to Newton Hills maybe around 2008. We lived in Sheldon, Iowa. Newton Hills is a state park in South Dakota, just the tippy edge of South Dakota, on the Iowa tippy border.

There is a river running right there, maybe it's the Big Sioux.

And there are bluffs and lots of trees.

And there is a history of a lost wagon train or military unit killed near there and their remains were mysteriously never found. You can read that on the plaques on the trails.

I wonder if they were killed by Bigfoot or maybe by Bigfoot fighting with the Indians against the invaders.

You can say no-way, but don't say that. Because it's because of denying certain things because we did not want to think that got us where we are today.

Think about it, and if then you see that I am wrong, then good for you.

Just don't not think about it, at all.

Okay, then.

I went to Newton Hills for at least a couple of years. Ruth walked with me on a couple of early morning hikes. We, I, pounded on trees and wumped and never heard anything.

But once I went on a walk and hit a tree.

And got a return knock.

It wasn't loud, but it was a knock.

And you cannot believe how cool that feels.

You are communicating, right-now, with a Bigfoot.

Or, you can think that it is a person.

There is mostly always a could-be something else scenario.

I knocked.

It knocked back.

Not dramatic, just a clear knock.

I knocked again.

It knocked again, from farther away, and it was over.

I knocked and knocked and knocked all the way to my car, but never heard it again.

And I came back to that spot again and again and heard nothing.

This was fall, very nice weather.

And then I heard it again. Can't remember when. I have notes. I should look at my notes.

But same place and I heard it again and this time.

Thud!

Something landed near me. I did not see it land. It was not real close, but close enough.

I think it was a stone, because others have had stones thrown at them.



And then once I was sitting up in the trees, just sitting, listening, playing my harmonica, and I heard voices, horses and riders. And I heard a knock over to my right.

I knocked, no return.

And, once I was walking the trail and I turned a corner. I hit the stick I was carrying on a log that looked good for knocking, bare of bark, not rotted.

And immediately, off to my left I heard a rhythmic knocking and then it repeated. Not far away. I saw nothing, no jabber, no growl, no movement in the brush. I knocked again and nothing.

I think that knocking was a Bigfoot, alerting others to my being there.

That happened again, later, when I was walking along a creek that runs through the park. It was the second time I had done that. I just thought that the Bigfoot/feet might be careless and leave a footprint lying around somewhere.

That first time I think they did.

I was slowly making my way over the rocks and trees and through the mud and came to a deep track. One foot, can't remember which one. It was squared-off, and since I've learned that might be another characteristic.

I didn't have any camera so I didn't take a photo.

But why would any people be walking there.

I dunno.

And then Ruth accompanied me one time slogging through that creek, over downed trees and such. We came to a point where something ... or someone had slid down the side and put a deep print in the side. I took pictures. There might have been toes with this one. It was very deep, but the mud was also very soft. I also spotted some orange ribbons tied around some of the small trees on the opposite bank and I later learned that those are used by hunters to find their deer stands. I wonder what they used to find their behinds? Both hands?

But another maybe.

And. And one last Newton Hills little creek story. I was walking by myself, same creek, daytime, beautiful day, can't recall the year or season.

But bam-bam-bam-bam! Right behind me, up the hill.

Just behind my shoulder.

Of course I can't see anything.

I "scampered" up the hill and by the time I got up there it was another season.

Now, this one is a "for-sure." At least to me it is. To me it is certain that was a Bigfoot alerting some others along the creek that some fat guy was coming.

I knocked on a log and knocked and knocked.

But the knocks were not intended for chatting. They served a purpose.

Let's see, what else about Newton Hills.

I went there quite a bit, mostly in daytime.

I found some different cool spots and knocked. At this one spot a one-knock was answered way up across the hill and Ruth was with me and I said, "Did you hear that!"

She nodded and wanted to get out of there. I don't think Ruth wants to know if there is a Bigfoot or not.

She has good sense.

I probably don't want to know either, but I'm too stupid to know it.

And once I was just standing on this other point and knocking, waiting, listening. And I heard down by the road, growling and just guttural grumbling, and then a little while later maybe whining.

This is just too hard to explain in words. I've never heard anything like it before or since.

Dogs? I don't know, maybe, but that's just not what came to mind when I heard it.

Coyotes? In broad daylight?

Sasquatch. I don't know. They might not have known I was up there. But then again I doubt if I could walk anywhere in the woods without letting any Sasquatch around know I was there, that's one thing about that assumption.

Just strange and I just want to write about it for the record. It happened. It might have been something. Maybe not. There seems to be a common thread here.

Also at Newton Hills.

Once after an hour or two of walking around and knocking and listening I drove over to the remote campground, got out and walked over a ways.

I knocked on a tree and immediately there came from across the way, not far, down a hill and across a road that runs through the park, came the sound of birds, bird sounds mixed with monkey chatter, anyway, another different sound that I had never heard before.

Right away, from off to my left, came a loud huff and the birds stopped.

This happened so quickly. I stood there trying to re-construct while at the same time searching and I probably knocked again.

The huff sound was loud and deep, as I recall. And maybe it sounded like a cow. A cow?

I don't know. What it sounded like, to me, after thinking about it was an admonition. The huffer was telling the children to shut up. That the knock sound they had heard was not anyone they know, not someone friendly.

That's what I think it was.

Also at Newton Hills, I put out candy and apples and little dolls, to see if I could enter into a gift exchange. Nothing really significant happened, except that a couple of the apples did disappear. They walked off, they did not appear on the ground in halves or bits or chunks, so that's a possibility. Something with hands, a Bigfoot or a raccoon? Took them. Or maybe something had jaws big enough to carry it away. Or maybe they rolled away, down the hill.

Nothing for certain.

And I set out recorders.

Once I followed this line, this way walking off the path, through weeds and up a hill, just thinking that this looked like a likely place to look.

I came upon an "X" formed by branches. Just an obvious "X." I've seen them since as well. Big "X's" that seem to be placed there for some reason.

Well, I kept walking, walking.

And I came to a draw. And walked down. There was a huge downed tree and an obvious bowed tree.

And then I saw something small and dark off a ways to my left and then I heard big stomping, something big.

When you are alone you have to trust yourself, which I do not always, but I do know that I jerked my attention from this small dark thing in the direction of the “stomping.”

And it had my attention. I don’t think I make these things up. When there is nothing happening, I know there is nothing happening and I go home and I do not invent in my own mind or say to anyone else that nothing happened. I just take it and accept it.

But this time I heard, felt, stomping, something big, that I had never experienced before. I stood there, moved toward where the sound had come from and then eventually walked into the thicket and looked around and I found nothing.

I thought about it and either at this time or later hypothesized that maybe the stomping was to get me to look away from the dark thing, which was a baby Bigfoot.

I never did go walk over there to check if there was a dark stump over there. I just never did it and I spent quite a bit of time right there in the next few months.

I then bought an inexpensive audio recorder at Wal-Mart for about thirty-five dollars.

I took it and a chair and a backpack full of various food and set it all up right in the middle of the downed big tree and the bowed tree.

I also later found a big track on the hill. And I thought it could have just been me, but it looked like there were toes. I took many pictures.

Well, the recordings. I left my recorder out there a few nights. I heard lots of stuff. It was fun. I still do that, a few years later. It allows me to be out in the middle of the night by means of the recorder when I won’t anymore go out and sit in the dark in the park by myself.

I heard lots of rock clacking, or what I thought was rock clacking and I emailed some folks who I thought probably knew. The reports came back either unenthusiastic or inconclusive or apathetic or not at all.

The ones who responded said raccoons.

But I didn’t think it was raccoons.

But, wait a minute. These are my recordings, of course I'm interested to beat the band in them. Nobody else could be that interested. I understand that, but not really. Not when I am so interested in them.

And there was constant movement around the recorder and food.

Could have been anything. Sometimes the wrappers or food got rustled. Once there was intense growling right into the recorder.

And maybe the most interesting thing was obvious mimicking of bird sounds. One was a whippoorwill sound, so obvious. You could hear the real sounds at some point in the recording and at another point it sounded, obviously, to me, that it was a Bigfoot imitating a whippoorwill, and at that point it is just so intensely interesting to imagine, to think, to surmise, to let yourself accept the possibility, that right here you are listening to an actual Bigfoot, doing what he or she does, and nobody, almost nobody would ever believe you.

But then we almost all believe we went to the moon as well. Maybe it's not such a big thing to think of something that almost all Americans don't believe in.

And once, at Newton Hills, I found a "blind."

It was just up off one of the main paths.

It was a bunch of branches placed to pull down the branches of an evergreen. I could see it from the path. I went up there and climbed into it and looked around and it was not a natural occurrence. Something had made this. Something with hands.

I don't know if it was to watch humans, or deer, or maybe it was a play "fort" made for amusement.

And I wonder if those tree bows might not be for amusement as well. Lots of people interested in Bigfoot have seen those tree bows and wondered if they were made by Bigfoot and why. Maybe they are area markers, territory markers, something like that.

Or maybe they are swingsets.

Anyway.

Back to Bigfoot.

Let's see. Oh, yeah. Jay Cooke State Park.

It's the place I got hauled out of by the Carlton Fire Department in June of 2011.

Well, it's beautiful, for one thing. A river runs through it. And a swinging bridge across it. And woods all around it.

Well, in the fall of 2010 I started to put out my little Wal-Mart recorders. I think I had two by now. I found a spot not too far from the parking lot and the swinging bridge.

I would put out the recorders, in a backpack or on the ground, next to a tree. I might scatter bits of onion around or colorful yellow and purple Minnesota Vikings hats, or wildflowers tied onto the branches. Let's see, Halloween candy, that, too.

Well, I would mostly hear almost immediate rustling by the recorders and that rustling would continue all day and all night through the length of the recording.

A recorder makes close-up things sound big even if they are small, so who knows.

Although I did pick up some amazing, incredible stuff.

For one thing I heard loud, not continuous, but constant sounds from not-too-far-away that could have been wood knocks. They also could have been gunshots, but I remember distinctly that this was a week or two prior to the opening of firearm hunting season.

And once I heard marvelous rock knocking on one of the recorders during the night. That to me was almost-obvious Sasquatch activity. Could have been a person, or raccoon. But then you think, why, there, at night, pounding with rocks. And then, that hard? Could it lift those heavy things?

And then you just keep wondering.

And ... and.

Chinka ... binka.

On one of the recorders, during the day, bright, sunny autumn day in Minnesota. The recorder is on the ground, next to a small tree. There are chunks of onion strewn around.

Something comes up, rustles. You can even hear me not too far away setting up the other recorder and beating a stick against a tree like a maniac responding to that whatever sound I talked about before.

Something over there: Boom-boom.

Maniac: Boom-boom-boomboomb ... Boomboobmboom.

And then close-by, you are listening on the other recorder. You are in the grass and there is rustling and once a while a tap on the recorder: tap-tap. That tap-tap repeats periodically.

And then eventually you hear me going away, pounding every once in a while, still trying to see if I can get that last response and never getting it.

And then I go back the next morning, pick up the recorder, check to see if I can tell if the onions have been touched.

I can't.

And then I woop-woop, hear nothing, turn around and walk out.

Look for something to pound on a tree. Can't find anything hard enough, go home.

And then either that day or the next I am sitting in the funeral home parking lot in Duluth with a grand view of Lake Superior, with the earbuds in my ears and I hear, "Chinka ... binka."

And I jump back, jerk my head back at least.

It's somebody talking on the recorder. Whispering.

I replay and I replay and I send it out to people and I wonder about it.

There was nobody out there.

Someone is going to see that little recorder out there and decide to stealth-ninja up to it silently and then tap twice on the recorder and then whisper chinka ... binka and then leave?

Maybe someone you know would do that.

But.

But I think it was a Sasquatch, with language, and this means they are people.

And this is about the coolest hobby anybody ever had.

Chinka. That was one whisper.

And then two seconds later, a little softer, Binka.

Two different individuals or one?

I dunno.

And chinka, binka.

Well, that's the closest I can come.

They say that Sasquatch have some sort of affinity with Native Americans, some connection.

Maybe that is an ancient language, chinka-binka.

And then maybe I am imagining the whole damn thing.

Once or twice.

Okay, three times so far.

I have left a recorder out in the backyard, atop the air conditioner unit thing, overnight while I work inside, flipping channels from ESPN to everything else, trying to stay awake and going downstairs every hour to punch a time clock.

I did hear a three-knock wood knock. And I have heard a ghostly sound and a sound like kids taunting the dog barking next door. This kids sound was at like two or three in the morning.

Some say that they have heard Sasquatch talking and they can sound human. Maybe they will hear a voice from the woods, a human-like voice, maybe their own voice, and maybe it is repeating something they have said before, like calling someone's name.

And that makes sense, if you believe. If they are actually there and if they are watching us and curious and if they can speak and mimic other animals and birds, and if they have intelligence and a sense of humor as some surmise, that sounds doable, huh?

And the wood-knock thing, in a city.

Well, there are lots of woods around town, and someone I heard of said he researches Bigfoot in San Francisco. I suppose if they are as good as they seem at what they do and as curious, and maybe also hungry, there is no reason to assume they only live way off in the distance in Oregon and Washington.

Another thing about Jay Cooke State Park.

One day I decided, rather than walk around on the path to where I had been placing my recorders, on the way back I walked cross-country, through some bogs. I saw what I thought was a foot print.

And anyway the next time out I came back through there the opposite direction.

I was looking for a place to place my recorder. I needed something obvious as a landmark that I could remember because I lose things.

I found this big down tree and started looking around for a place to set my backpack and inside the pouch, the recorder. Very tricky. I don't fool anysquatch, I know. It's just that the backpack might be easier to find I figure and it gives some help in case of rain.



Well, I was looking all around, probably whooping. I do that now. It's like Tourette's. Ruth and I will be shopping at Big Food and I'll stop and give a whoop-whoop and see if anyone answers.

Well, I saw a shelter or something, over there. Not over there in the organic seed clover aisle. We're back to Jay Cooke now.

Over there. See? You're not looking. It's right there.

I walked over and there was a shelter, like, I don't know. Like Indians might make? A "V." A low-lying "V" with a dominant pole that connected with existing trees. I mean squeezed between them for stability and then all these other branches were attached on both sides. It was obviously made by something or someone. I looked inside, smelled, looked for hair, fur, diet Coke cans.

It was/is big enough for someone or something to lie down inside of.

And then I looked around some more. There's another one. I walked over. This one is not the same. There is a downed tree and on side there are branches, not cut or sawed, but seemingly broken-off. And they form a shelter on one side of the downed tree.

Look around.

And there is another and then over there, what's that?

I walk over and it's a bunch of branches group around half of a live tree, upstanding citizen it is. And then over there to complete the circle is a downed tree and this time the branches are on both sides.

It's obvious.

It's either something or it isn't.

It is something.

It might be a Boy Scout overnight wilderness project or it might have been Bigfoots in a circle.

In favor of the Boy Scout thing is that this is by far not the remote part of the park. It's within ten minutes walk of the ranger place. You could get way-way farther from people.

If you wanted to.

They say Bigfoots are curious. People-squatches they are.

Another thing in favor of the Sasquatch camp is that these branches are not sawed. Would people have had the strength, taken the time to twist and break all this stuff.

Also. Only one is the stand-up really cool shelter. Why wouldn't Boy Scouts make theirs all the same, homogenous. Isn't that the Boy Scout way?

I don't know. I go back quite a few times to this area. I even place my recorder right inside the big, cool condo shelter, with an apple even.

All I get out of that is thirteen hours of breeze whistling through a thirty-five dollar recorder.

Well, I later expanded my horizons a little by little. Talked myself into seeing that this side of the park is not the whole world.

I walked farther and farther and came to a place where I just had to dive off the trail and into the brush.

I found some spots where I was sure, or imagined I was sure. Maybe. That nobody goes, that were prime Sasquatch hangouts. If they exist.

I put out my recorder, returned the next day.

I really had to go and so I squatted and let loose right there and used my old blue stocking cap that had been perched in the tree as a Squatch Crow.

Goodbye old hat.

And I didn't hear much on that 17 hours.

Oh, by this time I have a new recorder. Two-hundred thirty-some bucks. From Amazon. It's cool, has weight to it, substantial. I am a real sort-of, half-ass amateur, no, something-past-beginner Bigfoot researcher/enthusiast if they exist at all.

I went a bit farther down and put it out again, in an even cooler location, if you can imagine.

On that recorder. You know, I had to walk up and down some steep cliffs, hills to put these out and pick up, sometimes the day after working an awake overnight at the group home. I could/should be getting into shape. Not?

Not? That's what the Germans up around Ruth's area in southeast South Dakota say.

Not in the neo-cool way of like. I could eat a hundred of these healthy salads. Not.

Well, on this sixteen-or seventeen-hour recording. I love to show that I know what extended or whatever you call it hyphenation is.

Well, I hear walking. I think it's bipedal walking. I imagine it as being up the hill to my recorder tree, walks around and walks off. I keep thinking to myself as I am listening, either with the pillow scrunched around my head imagining I am inside a backpack deep in the woods deep in the night or whether I am being yelled at by Ruth for always having earbuds in my ears.

Why do you think they call them earbuds?

I keep thinking ... that this is a Bigfoot who saw my stuff, my backpack on the ground and my apple Duct-taped to a branch and a banana subtly duct-taped to a branch next to it, that he is on his way to work or pick up the paper at the end of the creek and sees my shit and just sort of observes it, nods at it perhaps, and carries on with his evening.

And I get to be a part of all that.

How cool is that.

Well, also on that night's recording I heard squeals, like something was being killed. To me, it was obviously. I say obviously a lot in here I am observing. And maybe. Obviously is for when I want to say strongly that I think this is what it is, dammit and I am tired of saying maybe and it could be something else, but obviously I can type obviously from here until Tuesday and I really don't know. And we both know I don't know. But I would like to know.

This thing has a rather small voice and it squeals and squeals and then I hear a knock, not unlike a subtle Bigfoot wood knock, and it ends.

Maybe, only maybe. This Bigfoot that just walked past by banana Duct-taped to the tree like a Big Foods junior high stock-boy with a great marketing idea had just finished his work day, and now he goes off with his buddies from The Other Side of The Creek and they sneak up on this deer and kill it and then the knock it on the head to finish the deal.

Or, it could be a rabbit.

Or, it could be a coyote and a rabbit.

Or it could be that some animals just make that sound and I don't know shit about Grinola.

Maybe. Obviously.

And, and, and. "And" will also be a big word in this whole production.

And I wish, while I am listening, pretending I am inside a backpack with a pillow scrunched around my head, in the dark, in a house, with “The Bacholorette” on the TV out in the living room, that this Bigfoot on his way to work where he kills bunnies and fawns with a stick on a Bigfoot factory line, that he would mumble something.

Not much, not the Gettysburg Address, or I guess the speech that preceded that was the long one and that’s why we remember the Gettysburg Address, because it was shorter, and it’s the contrast that’s important and also that Lincoln took the time to write shorter. We somehow, perhaps, maybe, obviously, intuitively understand that it takes more craft and care not to blabble on but to say what you need to say in just a few words rather than millions.

No, he or she Bigfoot Person on his/her way to work could maybe just say, “asshole” as he/she passes my banana Duct-taped to one of the trees in his front yard. Or “idyut” or “mishugana,” or something like Archie Bunker might say if he were a Bigfoot reading his paper, just trying to relax for one moment and then out in the damn front yard some kyke or wap, nigger or fat-little Czech boy in the yellow Minnesota Vikings cap, oh-geez, will you look at dat, willya?

Is putting a banana on our tree! Oh-geez. Oh-geez!

Well, the next day I decide to go farther. Even way up that hill over there and how cool would that be?

Okay, well, I did come back to that spot and continued on, through the thick trees and brush and came to sponge, bogs, green sponge that they don’t have in Iowa.

“They.” Who are “they.” They are very busy. They say it might rain. They say diet Coke will kill you. They must meet almost every day to get that amount of work done.

I found a white something on the ground. I poked it with the stick I was carrying. It was white. White fur. Part of something. Part of the whole. It could have been the white tail from the white tail deer. I don’t know. It could have been the white tail from the something that got killed in the night the night before.

I walked on and made my way through even soggy bogs and then up a steep hill and I was really getting out into the wilderness part of the park that I had been thinking about since we had walked out around there when we first moved in the fall. This was spring.

I found the top and walked over the plateau, eyes out for Bigfoot and tree and limb formations and bears and wolves.

I didn't see anything. I found a good spot, put my candies and banana and apple out and then the apple decided to roll away down the hill.

I made my way back through some cool territory, then came back the next day.

I found that I had somehow pushed the "pause" button and the recorder had not heard a thing all night.

I had to walk all the way home and then all the way back, same day, put the recorder out again in pretty much the same spot and went back home.

Returned the next day and began listening as soon as I got home. I didn't get much, just sixteen hours of rustling close to the recorder by something.

To go back. I did a howl or whoop before I walked home that second time. I do that to kind of tell everyone the recorder is here and also to mark the time on the recorder when I leave the area.

Well, I had seen a little fawn close-by and when I howled to adult deer came flying down a path. They looked at me and I looked at them for a few seconds and then I left.

The rustling that I listened to for sixteen hours on the recorder?

It could be a Sasquatch, if they are pretty stealthy when they sneak up on backpacks. Could be deer, except that the thing is the usually something approaches the backpack almost right away. I've had that happen lots of times. Within minutes after I whoop and walk away, something else approaches. It could be a Bigfoot. Would a deer be that observant or that ubiquitous to be out of sight and then right as I leave it comes up?

I don't think raccoons would do that in the daytime.

Squirrels? Maybe. But I never see the darn squirrels when I'm right there and then they come right up to the pack as soon as I'm gone.

Birds? Maybe, but I don't hear any chirping or bird noises, just rustling.

Bugs. Well, the recorders to amplify those close-by sounds. I can tell that when I hear the racket I make when I'm setting up the backpack and I've recorded that. It's almost too loud to listen to, have to pull the earbuds away or fast-forward.

Bugs?

My parents would be so proud.

My grandparents lived in a boxcar for a couple of years until they got a house and jobs in Winner, South Dakota after coming over here from Czechoslovakia. I heard bits and pieces of family history and they are like rare jewels. They came over on a ship called the “Washington.” They departed from Prague, I believe, but that does not mean they lived in Prague.

In fact, once they came through Ellis Island. They had to come through there, right? And then on to Chicago. Somewhere I heard “Chicago.” And then on to Nebraska. Verdigris. Then up to South Dakota. Well, if they had been city people they would have stayed in the city. Right? Maybe? So maybe they were looking for dirt. And maybe they heard there were Czechs out in Nebraska and South Dakota.

But, they did all that work, maybe with the idea somewhere in the back of their minds that their children and grandchildren would have a better life, would be something, maybe big shots.

And I’m spending their inheritance of hard work by listening to bugs eating onions and beef bouillon and candy and all the stuff in the cupboard?

Nice.

But if there is a Sasquatch, I am doing something good. At least something interesting. Something important? No, I never think that. I only think about interesting and curiosity and what-if and wow and maybe and those kinds of words.

In Minnesota I have continued to put out my recorder. We have moved from the duplex to a house in the country and there are trees every-effing-where. I have heard more rustling. I buy glow-sticks in the infants section at Wal-Mart and put them in the trees with my recorder on the ground. I am not allowed to put out food because there are bears around and bears like food.

I have heard some more rock pounding, or maybe it was wood knocking, but it was definitely. There’s another good word.

It was definitely not some body, some person. Some human. Someone with a Minnesota driver’s license.

I got mine when we first moved here. I was worried about passing, so I studied and did not miss any questions.

My grandparents would have been proud.

### Field Notes

This is a report I sent to a few friends after I returned recently from the big expedition.

I heard some things, but there was beer and medication involved, as you will read.

But, I would say I heard the things regardless.

I would have a heck of a time proving that in a court of law however.

And so, I am stuck with a lifetime of not knowing the absolute truth. I hate it when that happens.

Hey all,

Returned from the big expedition on Sunday.

Anyway, just reporting back.

Not sure if I can make it in October, haven't seen next month's work schedule yet.

It was very interesting.

One person had a daylight sighting, lot of other wood knocks, howls, eye shine. We had music, food, really cool dark walks, lots of activity.

For me, I feel really shaken up. Very strange.

We were there three nights. The hardest thing for me by far was lying in my tent listening to the sounds. Some people go to sleep. I can't. I don't see how anybody can sleep when there might be Bigfoot right out the tent right now. Doesn't make any sense to me, and also my heart is pounding so loud who could sleep through that.

So I mostly just have my eyes wide open all night. I heard some things, probably imagined some things, walking, running.

The first night I think I went to sleep around five or so. The second night was a little better. I slept off and on.

But the third night, shit.

I had brought some beer along. I drank a quart around seven in the evening. We went walking around, came back to the camp, sat around talking. At about midnight someone offered some Nyquil to help me sleep. He had taken some the night before, along with a beverage and he had been able to sleep. Well, I accepted. Earlier in the night he had also provided some medication, I forget the name, for my diarrhea.

And it wasn't long before the Nyquil took hold. I don't think I've ever taken it before, didn't realize how strong it was. I even turned in before the other two. I was sure I would sleep. I lay down, and heard the other guys go to their tent and settle in.

I set my radio next to my head so I could hear if anything was happening in the other camps. I think I slept.

I was awakened by footsteps, and then boom, boom, boom. Three wood knocks, slams onto our fire



or our woodpile.

I remember feeling we were like under attack, they wanted us out, very aggressive. This was all happening right outside my tent, five yards, ten yards away. You're not supposed to open the tent up to look, because you won't be able to look in time. I couldn't hear the other guys. I just hunkered down thinking, "I'm on vacation!"

The feeling is incredible. Incredibly scary. Right out in the open with BIGFOOT raising hell right there.

Well, what I did was turn on my red light inside my tent. I was groggy as hell. I just wanted it to end and I thought the red light might do it.

And, eventually it ended, or I went to sleep — or it never happened.

I know I dreamed the second night, actually dreamed about being dragged out of my tent and down the road by a young bigfoot. But this time, I really don't think I was dreaming, I felt groggy, forcing myself to focus and wishing I had not taken the Nyquil. I think if I was dreaming it wouldn't feel like that.

I remember waking up again during the night and saying to myself, just relax, enjoy it, you won't get this chance ever again. [On another night one of the organizers had told another newbie to "enjoy it" when the new guy was talking about an encounter he was in the process of having.]

Nothing much more happened, and I eventually drifted off to sleep.

Anyway, the next morning I asked the other guys, "hear anything last night?"

They said, "maybe a couple of howls, but they were a long ways away." I thought, *shit!*

I wanted to say, "what about the wood thumping in our campground!" I didn't, because I was getting the sinking, sick feeling that I had imagined the whole thing, and that I would never really know the truth.

During a walk I also found what I thought was a baby bigfoot track, small in good mud, with special indentations for the big toe and the one right next to it, would have been a left foot.

I also heard an incredible scream --- woo ---- wooooo -- woooooooo! that second night. I know I heard that because I turned on my cell phone to mark the time - 430 am.

And then that last day, Saturday, in the morning I went to a tree stand we had found on a walk the day before, right by the power line clearing. I climbed up and found it was old and rotted. I had brought a book along and had visions of a leisurely couple of hours just reading and listening, but I sat there, holding on to the tree for when the stand broke.

I heard some cracks and whatever behind me and turned around as far as I could, then settled in. Beautiful weather. Next to me was a kind of thicket and I heard inside of it some grumbling, growling, I don't know, deep throated something, like something was settling down. I waited for it to do something more and never did. I didn't really think too much about what it might have been, BF, bear. I guess I should have been more concerned or interested, but I didn't investigate more.

And then when I did get down, the old tree stand did break. I was holding on to the tree and just dangled, then let myself down. And I didn't even think about what might have been in the bushes right behind the stand.

We were supposed to report back to the group, but I just did not feel confident in talking about my experiences because the other guys in my campsite did not seem to be hearing, feeling the same things. Maybe my mind made it all up. That's a terrible feeling. I guess I've got expedition hangover.

Thanks for listening. Hope you are well. Carry on.

Okay, that's more than enough. I think I told you I would let you know how it went.

Lots of fun, good people.

But I have even more questions than before.

seeya

And here is a new BF website - new to me [<http://treepeekers.wordpress.com/2011/08/15/a-way-of-life/>]

I like how they say there are more BF than we think. I have been going all over the woods around here with my recorders, and I don't always get what I would call BF sounds -- there are a lot of scuffling, messing around, that could be anything -- but after saying that I will also say that almost every time I set out my recorder I can bet that within two minutes, one minute, five minutes there will be something approaching my backpack with the recorder inside. I am not an expert, but I would not think that raccoons would come out like that during the day or skunks. And I would not imagine porcupines or squirrels being johnny-on-the-spot either. Birds, maybe.

And I also hear what I would call definite BF sound-sign -- pounding - rocks or wood, in the middle of the night. It also happens during the day sometimes, but that could also be industrials sounds, construction - maybe.

I have also heard talking. I wish I could say it was right up close to the recorder, but it's always out in a distance. Once I heard what I imagined was singing - like they were sitting around gospel singing. But it

was far off and all I really got was something that caused me to imagine that this might be what was happening. The other day I heard like partying, talking. And from our bedroom window just a week or so ago Ruth and I heard loud talking, like partying in the woods behind our house. Once at the park I was sitting by a tree - it was this spring - and I heard children laughing, like a playground. Well, there could have been kids out on the trails, but it was still really muddy and it was not a busy time. I remain open to the possibility that it was BF children. It lasted for an instant and then silence.

You have to always say it could have been something else - teenagers - the sounds in the woods - but these are remote areas and I don't know of a road behind our house where they could go. But there could be. I don't know the area all that good yet.

I must say that I am very enthusiastic - I want to see these things and hear these things and know all about these things - but I also don't wish to believe in things I am just making up in my head - so I also try to be discerning and realistic and to think about things - what things really are rather than just what I hope they are.

Anyway ...

So - when I listened to these guys talking on BF and finding this new website - gets me back to trusting what I really think deep-down --- that these "things" are so amazing and they mimic and maybe they are humans and maybe they have a language and they for sure exist and how did they survive for so long without having been discovered.

So it's these voices that I find just intoxicating. What the hell are they? I'm not sure I really want to know. Maybe. But it's also pretty cool just like this, when you are pretty certain there is something to this, but you still don't know. It's fun.

Okay, just felt like rambling about this.

Thanks for listening.

--- Mike

-----

Life in America in 2011.

1. We don't know if there are aliens among us, or in outer space or anywhere.

If you go to the MUFON website you can find the twenty most recent UFO sightings. I think it's just the United States. Maybe it's the world.

I saw a UFO in the 1980s. My memory is so good that I am actually able to narrow it down to a decade. No, it was when we were living in Nebraska, in Norfolk. I was driving back from Omaha, not sure why I had been there.

But when I got to about Pilger I saw what I thought were balloons left over from a daytime promotional event for the gas station below the balloons. Not sure if I saw balloon or balloons.

It was dark.

This was on a curve.

I came around the big curve and up on the highway in front of the gas station and home. Not sure if I looked for the balloons.

But what I did see was a red ball, no, orange.

Orange ball, glowing ball, on my right and up, maybe about tree-top height.

The size of the ball might have been basketball size. How far away was it? Good question. Not that far I would say.

What is that feeling like?

It's like you can't believe this is happening and you really grip the steering wheel to make sure you are able to tell if it is really happening and you stare very hard at the red ball. Orange ball.

And you hope nothing really, really bad happens right now.

I get going my speed and the ball stayed in front of me and in the same place.

It had a relationship with me.

It knew I was there. I'm not sure if it knew who I was.

I stared at it and after a few minutes it accelerated straight ahead on the same plane until it was maybe a mile ahead of me and then it switched course to cross in front of me.

And it changed shape into the classic flying saucer and was gone.

That last part. Did I imagine that? No. Definitely not. I saw that, but from a really far ways away.

I remember telling Ruth about it when I got home. I remember her not being much impressed.

We don't really know, but we have lots of evidence.

Lots of sightings, the whole Roswell crash and bodies thing, with testimony from folks who say they were there. [See The Disclosure Project.]

And there are folks who say they have been abducted, and then the whole crop circle thing and cave drawings.

What if God is really Allen the Alien?

What if the burning bush was a glowing carnival balloon?

What if Moses went up and visited with Allen the Alien and they came up with ten things we should do.

If you were the first person you knew of who ever saw an alien and you had not seen Men In Black or ET or Close Encounters and were thus not prepared by Steven Speilberg and NASA and the CIA for what they know must be coming, what would you think?

Wouldn't you call Allen "God"?

I am sitting at my awake overnight job at a group home in Duluth. I am watching on TV a story about someone who went hiking in the mountains and got in trouble. I'm pretty sure he died because of the photos they keep showing of when he was alive. I also need to go punch the time clock downstairs to show I am awake and giving one hundred percent. And I am listening to the recording I made last night with my new[er] recorder, over by Pike Lake, sort of by Caribou Lake. It's along this very cool remote road that is

padlocked and leads to a gravel pit. I walked it the day before and I just think it's very cool and I don't think I am exaggerating to think that Sasquatch as well as bear and wolves and maybe moose are up there.

I put my recorder out there and now I'm listening to the eighteen hours to see if I can hear any tell-tale sounds.

And if I can finish listening tonight I'll go back out there tomorrow morning and put it out a bit farther down the road, along with a glow-stick and then pick it up again the next day.

It's one of the best, most interesting recordings I've made. There are wolves, maybe, howling, maybe Bigfoot howling, maybe coyotes. One good wood knock, some walking, rustling, a little breathing.

What was cool was when I went into the woods the thirty or so yards to get the recorder in the backpack, I saw a new branch, laid out across my path. I type of stick, branch that was not from the portion of the woods where it had been laid across the branches. At least I don't remember it being there. I think it was put in my way over night.

Ruth and I saw feces that was kind of big, with fur in it, in the road and tracks that could have been wolf. We don't know because we just don't know. We've never seen wolf tracks.

Enough/The End.

More letters:

Tim,

You had asked about audio that I get out around here.

Well, this is from this past winter, might be nothing, but it kind of intrigues me.

It's just after dark, on Indian reservation. It sounds like native language, but what I'm wondering is does anyone really speak like that anymore, and it was way out in the boonies, no houses around, winter, after dark.

Just curious. Wondering what you might think.

[Just listened again. Before the far away knock is a closer sound that could be a car door, so maybe it is people.]

- Mike Palecek, over in Saginaw

[Use ear phones, turn up full-blast]

voice at rez:

knock at 2:59

voice at 4:13 - 4:20

[sometime this winter - Jan/Feb.]

set out just before dark - was dark by time of voice.



Tim,

Hello again.

Surely don't want to overload you, but just in case you might be interested, I have some more audio that I could try to send to you.

This is from this past April, here in my area, Saginaw, by the Cloquet River.

The trouble is, is that I did not cut it down when it was on the recorder, just put it on the computer, into iTunes. The whole thing is about 26 hours long, but the good part is about 30 minutes.

I think we could send through Pando, possibly, if you want to try.

Here is the synopsis. I know it's strange, but it is what it is, as the saying goes.

I put my recorder out, went to pick it up the next day.

I walked up to get it at about 430-5 pm. I heard a wood-knock or what I thought was a knock. It was loud, whatever it was. I answered, got no returns, kept trying, no returns, just that one.

And so, I got the recorder, which was out not too far from where I would say the knock came from.

Go back and listen and not much, until the very end where the knock comes in and then you hear me knocking and whooping.

But, before the big knock and a little bit afterward there are children's voices, children at play, having fun.

Well, I didn't see any kids or hear anyone that day.

There is a river, but I remember wearing a heavy coat that day. And there is a horse trail, but again I did not see anyone, not to say they could not have been going away from me - on horses or in canoes.

But, the sounds of children playing last, well, for about, over ten minutes, off and on. It would not take very long to canoe past or ride past the area.

But, still, it is strange to think of it being Sasquatch children, I know.

I did hear, a couple years ago, out at Jay Cooke, in the early spring, the sound of children, like on a playground - just one shot - one burst. It was muddy that day and early in the spring. I would not have thought of any school taking kids out there on a day like that. But still, I don't know.

I have a couple of other things to share, quickly -- well, not so quickly, but quick as I can:

\*On the Facebook Find Bigfoot website, but they have something new that I wanted to send to you, their link - "Bigfoot Howls Clipper Mills"

<http://www.facebook.com/FindBigfoot>

They talk about it sounding like BF singing - over a long period of time.

It just made me remember that one time I got a recording out at Jay Cooke - it was not clear - not clear at all. I don't know if I could find it again and even then, I'm pretty sure that anyone else listening would not hear what I thought I heard.

I remember thinking as I was listening - that the sounds were just on the very edge of the reach of my recorder and that it sounded like BF having church. That was my impression. I could never prove it or show it, but I remember those were my thoughts at the time. And of course, I did not mention it to anyone, because the sound was not clear and it sounds pretty loony.

And also:

On Facebook Find Bigfoot - there is also a recent audio clip from MK Davis - BF talking.

Makes me wonder about my "voice on the rez."

I listened to that clip of mine recently and I heard the knock and I also now heard the closer sound that could also be a car door.

I just wish I knew someone who spoke the language to see what they are saying - or whether it is native language at all.

Okay, sorry for the long email. Won't do it again.

I have my recorder over in the Brookston area, near the St. Louis, going to pick it up now. It's a cool spot, but whether I get anything, I don't know. I haven't gotten much on my recorder since about March, and I've been putting it out pretty consistently.

later

— Mike Palecek

I don't know how to cut it down while on Audacity, but I'll try. It is difficult if not impossible to download 26 hours from iTunes to Audacity. I've tried before and system just shuts down. If I had cut it down while on recorder would be easier. One way would be to bring my computer to your house sometime. Then you could just copy it on to your computer and do what you want with it.

There might be some way to amplify the voices to hear words or make out the sounds better. What I hear are just unintelligible words and the sound of children playing. Unless you could make out the words as either being English or at least human words -- or as being not human, then some info could be garnered from the audio. Otherwise, it's just conjecture whether one wants to believe these are Sasquatch children or not.

Also with the "rez voice" of mine - but with this one there are definite "words" one hears that, if one knew Ojibwe, one could learn if those are people, maybe. With that one, it was in a remote area, just after dark, this past winter. I can't say for certain that no one would have gone out there, but I would really wonder why, but then again, to believe they are Sasquatch speaking one has to believe that to be possible.

I guess that's why I'm still putting out my recorder, to try to duplicate and maybe get closer recordings, voices. I got some great vocalizations this past March in my neighborhood that should be going up on a new website soon.

Okay, well maybe some day I'll get over to your place with my computer.

Tell me --- do you have any capability to amplify those children voices to maybe hear more than I can with my equipment?

- Mike

Tim - here is a note I found that I sent to someone regarding this audio. It might be the same one I sent to you, but I do see here at the bottom, some specific notations about the time of the sounds. - Mike

(\*The 26 means hours, not minutes.)

Here's what I have from past couple of times out to Leno property.

I did not get Audacity to work for me, so I just cranked up iTunes full blast and listened to about an hour or so ahead of the kids sounds.

I listened again to the one where I had kids voices. I listened to portion that I had skipped over before. I had heard one big knock when I was walking up, but in the hour before that there are at least six huge knocks.

This is during daylight - about 4-5 pm.

The sounds are always one knock, very loud, always seem to be from same place. They almost sound industrial, but I don't think there is any work going on at the two gravel pits around there and I think the sounds are too close to be railroad.

I don't know. Whenever I go walking out there it's pretty much silent - no industrial work sounds that I have heard.

I told Doug today about the kids sounds. He said there are no kids living at the one house that you mentioned, but he did say there are horse riders on those trails at times. I did not see any or hear any when I was there that day and I came right on the heels of those kids sounds - although, maybe there is a horse trail across the river, and the sounds would have picked up on the recorder and then by the time I get there, the people are gone.

Also - there are dogs, so there might also be a house across the river that I don't know about that could also have kids.

I do hear sounds on this that could be something in the river, that occurs pretty much throughout this portion, water sounds and things that could be walking, but then it could also be just the water hitting rocks or the way the rapids are set up there, too.

26:10 - first voices

26:43 or so - last voice sounds

Andy, Jim,

This is kind of beating a dead horse, because I have talked about this a lot before, at least in emails.

But it still interests me, these other recordings I have.

I don't know what can be done with them, but I keep passing them around, to see if anyone hears what I think I hear.

The first one is whispers.

The second one is a voice, three phrases. If someone who speaks Ojibwe could listen to an amplified version maybe we could tell if the phrases are just some normal human phrases, or not. This was taken in remote area, no houses around [Ditchbank]. Just after dark. Jim says he hears a car door just before voices. It is possible somebody pulled up on road, got out and walked off into the woods in the dark. Maybe they

hid something out there, who knows? But if the phrases could be interpreted, then we might know.

The third one is the children's voices - daytime. I have a whole description somewhere of how that came about. But I guess with that I am also wondering the same thing - is there a way to amplify the voices and see if the words the children are saying are just normal human phrases, sentences, or not.

Jim said that he recently heard sounds in the woods at night that sounded like "women talking." Well, if the adults can sound like humans, why wouldn't the children sound human also, just wondering. Although, this is during daylight. The recording is long, but the action is at the very end, just before I am walking up to pick it up in the late afternoon. I heard a loud knock [or gunshot perhaps] and then I knocked. Well, I did not hear the kids when I was walking up, only when I went home to listen later. Then I could hear the children, then the loud knock, then my knocking, and then eventually me walking up to get the recorder. I am wondering if the loud knock could have been the signal to the children and whoever else was with them? Just an idea. Sounds weird, but maybe possible.

The problem with this is the size of the file. Over twenty hours. I cannot send it by Pando because it is 1.4 GB and my limit is 1.0. And I am now trying to copy it to a disc, but the disc I was able to buy at WalMart had only a 700 MB capacity. I was going to try to copy it on to two or more discs, but so far no luck.

The only thing I can think of is to bring my computer to someone who might be able to copy the file from iTunes and use some sort of sound editing program to amplify the voices.

Okay, later.

-- Mike

---

1) the whispers from two years ago at Jay Cooke, that I am sure are not leaves moving, but someone/something near my recorder

This was in the afternoon, bright sunny day. It was on a cheap Wal-Mart recorder.

Recorder is on ground. I think I had onions scattered around.

What you hear, I think, is two taps on the recorder and then two whispers, possibly from two individuals.

To me it sounds like "chinka" and then "binka" or "pinka."



2)

voice at rez: [scroll to about 3/4 way and start listening, that's where voice is.]

3)

- and then the children's voices from the Leno property from this past March.

This is on a big 20+ hour file that I have on iTunes.

Jim - I know you don't go to the Facebook Find Bigfoot website, but they have something new that I wanted to send to you, their link - "Bigfoot Howls Clipper Mills"

<http://www.facebook.com/FindBigfoot>

They talk about it sounding like BF singing - over a long period of time.

It just made me remember that one time I got a recording out at Jay Cooke - it was not clear - not clear at all. I don't know if I could find it again and even then, I'm pretty sure that anyone else listening would not hear what I thought I heard.

I remember thinking as I was listening - that the sounds were just on the very edge of the reach of my recorder and that it sounded like BF having church. That was my impression. I could never prove it or show it, but I remember those were my thoughts at the time. And of course, I did not mention it to anyone, because the sound was not clear and it sounds pretty loony.

- Mike

Abe,

Hey.

Was just listening to your interview with Connie in Iowa. Very cool.

And it made me think again about some audio I got around here this past winter.

Might be nothing, but it kind of intrigues me.

It's just after dark, on Indian reservation. It sounds like native language, but what I'm wondering is does anyone really speak like that anymore, and it was way out in the boonies, no houses around, winter, after dark.

Just curious. Wondering what you might think.

[Just listened again. Before the far away knock is a closer sound that could be a car door, so maybe it is people.]

- Mike Palecek, up in Saginaw

[Use ear phones, turn up full-blast]

voice at rez:

knock at 2:59

voice at 4:13 - 4:20

[sometime this winter - Jan/Feb.]

set out just before dark - was dark by time of voice.

Andy,

Hey.

I found this old email [April 2012] that I sent to Jim regarding that audio I sent to you.

It has a timeline that might help.

Mike

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Well, I have listened to that last part where I am walking up to the recorder.

It's about 530 pm, yesterday.

I think I hear my knocks. Before that, or right around that I hear kids voices. The river isn't too far away, maybe it was a day off and they were on tubes or something, but I had on a winter coat yesterday. The voices trail off. They are regular human voices, like kids having fun.

Okay, now I hear that giant knock and then my smaller knocks. I don't hear the one I thought I heard, softer, in another spot, in response.

No voices now. And I did not hear anything when I walked up.

Of course, the voices could have been people on river and moved away, but it was cold.

I once heard children's voices like on a playground out at Jay Cooke.

I think it might have been last spring. I was just sitting out in a deserted spot. I just heard children, just for an instant. Did not see anything. I remember thinking that it could have been kids, but it was pretty muddy to be taking kids out on the paths at that time.

Okay, I'm going to go back and listen to this part again.

26:17 - start to hear voices - then a knock, maybe mine - another knock - a girl screams, playing, also something nosing close to the recorder

26:18 - voices, plane overhead - words, syllables, can't understand - it's about 50 yards from recorder I'm guessing - maybe three minutes walk on path to the river - I was at the river the day before on the trail, but only saw a tree stand, did not see if there are houses.

26:19 - no voices, plane still there in distance, something still by recorder

26:20 - pretty quiet

26:21:30 - big knock, not me

26:21:40 - a few knocks from me

... and then I knock again, try a whoop and then walk up to the recorder