

Carl Dilg
On a family drive in Southern Idaho
September 6, 2009

Bipedal Hairy Hominid
Supernatural Legend

Informant:

My father, Carl Dilg, 53 years of age, was born in Soap Lake, Washington in 1956, and was raised in the Pacific North West of Washington and Oregon State. His mother's family were desert pioneers, his father's family were immigrants from Germany.

Carl attended Lane Community College in Eugene, Oregon (1974-75) where he ran on the cross country team. Later he transferred to Brigham Young University where he graduated with a Bachelors of Science Degree in Manufacturing Engineering, and Minored in Psychology (1975-83). He worked at Thiokol Corporation (now ATK Launch Systems) for "24 years 364 days" when he was laid off on April 1, 2009.

In his past, Carl owned a bike shop, created a patent on a running shoe that was bought by Nike, created a flare patent for ATK, and is currently designing medical devices for a company in California.

Carl is a tremendous athlete—he loves to run and bicycle, and has coached his children in various sports. He is skilled in carpentry and has built many homes in his lifetime. Carl loves to tell and write stories, and is well read in fictional and non-fictional works, religious dissertations, and historical texts. He is a lifelong member of the LDS church, and he currently teaches a Sunday school course in his local ward in Willard, Utah, a small town which has been his home for the last four years.

Context:

These stories are based off of discussions Carl had at work (ATK) with his fellow engineers. As the audience, his children and wife know, and it is briefly mentioned in the text, that the eyewitnesses hold what many might consider prominent positions in the LDS church (Bishop, Stake President). They are also highly educated engineers. This adds to the credibility of the tales, as there is still no standing proof that Sasquatch exist. The fact that these stories all occurred within the same time period, and here in Utah also adds to the credibility (normally people in the Northwestern United States are more accustomed/familiar with Sasquatch sightings.)

This particular collection of Sasquatch stories is always told together, at the prodding of his children, one preceding the next, as it is presented here. One cannot be told without the others, because they each add a new bit of information to the narrative. They are normally told at night around the fire on family camping trips or long drives taken by the family to see "something neat that Dad wants to show us." Carl's children have also shared these stories with their peers on similar occasions when this type of storytelling seems appropriate. Carl's children love to hear these accounts because, like Carl, they believe in the authenticity of the tales.

When these stories were first told, Carl's children asked him, "Do you really believe that?" and they were certainly creeped out. These stories are no longer told to get goose bumps,

but to consider the real possibility that these creatures do exist. As Carl and his children share these accounts with their peers, they do so with the genuine intent to inform their audiences and cause them to question their individual belief system.

At this particular telling, Carl, his wife Rebecca, and three of his five children were present—his eldest son Ryan (27), middle child Cami (23), and youngest son Robby (18).

The text is verbatim, transcribed from a digital recording.

The term Bipedal Hairy Hominid, for which I chose as the title for these stories, is an anthropological term for these Sasquatch creatures—yes, there is a Dr. Meldrum, a professor at Idaho State University, who studies these creatures.

Text:

We are about 15 minutes south, uh, ... We're right above, right outside of uh Riverside Utah, which is just North of Tremonton. Up on the right hand side here, right to the west of us, uh, is where the water tanks are for, for these communities.

About 15 years ago a friend of mine, Bishop Steve Archibald, uh was up here riding his horses, and uh, he saw somethin' up here by the water tanks, and it was a very *large* Bi-pedal Hairy Hominid--That's a technical term for Sasquatch. And ah, he galloped up the trail, up there to the water tanks, and that thing took off up over the mountain. That's an eyewitness account he had of Sasquatch.

At the same time, in the same area, several friends of mine, reliable, engineering type people I worked with, that uh, saw Sasquatch. Like I said, about 15 years ago.

(tell us their stories)

Well, then a man uh, about uh, not too far from Tremonton, he got up one night to uh, get a drink a' water, he went to the kitchen sink, and he has a field in his, in his backyard, there's a fence that goes around it, and he said that he, he went to the sink, the window was open over his kitchen sink, and uh, he smelt a rancid, rank, odor and he couldn't figure out if there was somethin' wrong with his drain—the sink wasn't draining probably. Got himself a drink of water, and he was lookin' out the window, out back, uh, saw this large Bipedal Hairy Hominid—which is a technical term for Sasquatch. Looked at him, out his backyard, and then stepped *over*

the fence to the field. If you can imagine something to be able to step over a fence like that—that's what they call a five strand fence—that person had to—or *thing*—had to have been 8 feet tall.

That particular, uh, friend of mine his name is Rose, *President* Rose. He happens to be a Stake President currently here in this area.

Uh, then a little bit north of Tremonton, in Garland one night, the cops, uh, got called out by the grain loading station, by the railroad...tracks, right up the street from the Garland Tabernacle, and uh, there had been a sighting of a, of uh, something, and they took the dogs out there, and the dogs were, afraid, and from the description of it, it was most likely a, a Bipedal Hairy Hominid, which is a technical term for Sasquatch.

I worked with a man for a number of years out to the rocket plant. He had a close friend that owns a ranch—see right up here, this is where this is at, where these tanks are at, up here to the left, up here, there, in these foothills—the water tanks—Uh, anyways, my friend that I worked with, out to the rocket ranch as we called it, has a friend that owns a large piece of ground out west, about 30 miles west of Tremonton. And has a big barn uh out there that he puts hay in, and uh, he f² feeds cattle out there. His friend told him that he, loaded up his uh truck one day, parked there, and he saw somethin' over in a field, and it was a large...Bipedal Hairy Hominid, uh, that's a technical term for Sasquatch. Uh, saw somethin' over there, and then he was down wind of it, so he snuck up around the barn, and he got in plain view of the *creature*, and the creature was standing there staring off away from him, and he didn't smell him or see him, because he was by the side of this barn, this large hay barn. Uh, after a little while, the Bipedal Hairy Hominid sensed that somebody was there, turned around and looked at him, then

he went over the fence, once again he, this was a fence for cattle, it was a five strand fence, stepped over it, ran off, up the draw.

That's basically uh, these are eyewitnesses accounts from credible individuals, that I've known for 25 years, and I tend to think that these individuals are not making these stories up. The interesting thing about them is that they all occurred at approximately the same time, the same year, which adds credibility to all these stories.

Texture:

My father used a western accent in the telling of these legends. He was truly performing these stories for us, and took on the gestures, character, and syntax of a "country man." This added humor, mystic, and ruggedness to the tales, but he certainly made it clear that he seriously believes in the validity of these accounts. His children listened quietly, as Dad had center stage, and no one wanted to miss any part of the story. He paused a lot to gather his thoughts (hence all the comas in the text). This tale was told at night time, when stories of this nature are often shared.

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