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Angus Fraser, Bay St. Lawrence: I don't say there is anything that can't be explained. . . well, I don't know. Except the hairy man, he lives down there (around Lowland Cove). I don't know. I didn't see him the last couple of years. But I've seen him previously. (Why do you call him the hairy man?) Because he's got hair on him. He stands about 8 feet, and he's got big arms that go down way beyond his knees. And he's got two picket ears, round eyes • nice beautiful round eyes--and that's about him. Long hair hanging down • like a great big fur coat. But I saw the eyes first. I sort of got fascinated with his eyes. There's about 20 people have seen him down there. I met him at Wreck Cove (now Capstick) one night, me driving the half-ton truck • right in the centre of the road, Pretty near hit him. But he jtraiped. He jumped o- ver the truck to get away from me hitting him. And I've seen him twice since then. I was in Meat Cove and then up in the Back- lands . But I don't know what would he be. A crossbreed between humans and • 'what else • ?the only explanation I have. Lots of people have seen him. Years ago, too. The most that started him moving was when the mine was going. When they started blasting and drilling • then he started coming out. (Did he ever hurt anybody?) No. He'd stand just so close to me--and every time I'd move, he'd watch me, he'd follow me. I was hunting in the woods one day, hunting deer. And he'd follow me. Like he was trying to study me, see what I was. And he followed for two miles in the woods • but he was staying far enough away so that I couldn't hurt him. I had the big gun in my hand • I could have fired at him any minute • but I know he wasn't going to hurt me. He'd be as far from me as that boat. I'd stop, behind a tree with a big deer gun, .303 in my hand. You know that's powerful. And he'd come close as that boat and he'd part the little alders that stand about 8 feet. Part the alders, just look? ing at me. You could see his nice beauti? ful eyes. I call them beautiful eyes be? cause they are so big. Long hair. The eyes are the first thing you'd notice. He'd look at me, wondering what I was, what I was doing. And then as soon as I'd move, the bushes would go together. He'd keep parallel with me • I was by the river com? ing out • till I got to the road. And I didn't see him any more. (Were you scared?) I'm telling you I was scared. I didn't know what he was going to do. Was he supernatural or from outer space or something a bullet wouldn't hurt? I even lost respect for the gun, looking at him. But I wouldn't shoot because I thought then in my own mind that he could be half human. I imagine he was. I had the gun in my hand and could have shot him, but I thought back about what my uncle used to say about seeing him • which I thought then was some way to keep me in the house in the nighttime. But now I came to know it was true. (Do you think he's still living? Still out there?) Yes. I have a feeling there's more than one of them there. My grandfather, years and years ago, saw his track. He thought it was a bear's track and they followed it--from the Bear Mountain--for about 4 or 5 miles. That was spring of the year and there was snow on the ground. But a bear doesn't walk on his hind legs that long. It would have to be him. Because his tracks were about 6 or 7 feet apart, and it was like a man's foot. Of course, a bear's is too • but no bear is going to walk on his two rear



legs 4 or 5 miles. He came out of that Big Bear Mountain • that's the first place they discovered his track. There's one part of that Big Bear Mountain I don't believe anybody can get up to--it's sheer cliff. I don't think he could be there, but I always wanted to try to explore that area. There were six together one night when they saw him. He was standing in the centre of the road. They were walking down from the mine." That's not too long ago. When he left them, he didn't turn his back on them. Just walked backwards into the woods.. They went home and got the dog, see if they could track him down. Dog went as though it was a human being. Dog came back out. Now I wouldn't be scared sleeping with him all night. Seems like he's harmless to anyone. But he's there. You set rabbit snares, or kill a deer, in the woods • and this happened to me so often it's not even funny. I'd put the deer up so high, if I was standing on your head I couldn't even reach it. When I came back, that deer was gone, it's taken. I mean, I could understand a bear's taking it or a wildcat eating it--but to get that, it's got to be