

In 1978, Mr. Scott, of Haney, B.C. informed the news media of an exotic lost world he had discovered in a small valley somewhere near the headwaters of the upper Pitt River. This secluded location apparently had a tropical climate where extinct vegetation grew in abundance. Inhabiting the valley were 6 foot long meat eating horned-lizards, huge white frogs and a 150 year old man.

Scott's' original discovery of the ' primitive area locked in time' occurred in June 1973, near his placer gold mining operation. The gold mine is located near a small lake with an island in it at an elevation of approximately 1800 meters.

Scott apparently brought out a couple of small horned-lizards and gave one to the biology department at Simon Fraser University for study. The story continues on to say that a scientific expedition was dispatched from the SFU to the location of the valley. The expedition was unsuccessful in locating the valley and returned empty handed.

Mr. Scott's story is interesting when compared to information contained in the Fort Langley Journal of 1838. Page 85 of the Journal refers to the Squalls, a native tribe inhabiting the area of the upper Pitt River. The Journal does not provide any further information on this tribe.

In 1952, B.C. Anthropologist Wilson Duff documented that he was unable to equate the name Squall with any known native group. The Squalls appear to have simply disappeared and their whereabouts remain unknown even to the neighboring native tribes themselves.

The native word for Shapeshifter is Qual. Many persons, professionals included, have speculated on a connection between the lost tribe of Squalls and the Quals.

Mr. Scott is not alone in his claim that 'something' extremely peculiar and unnatural exists within the upper Pitt River and Stave Glacier area. Many people who have ventured into this harsh and unforgiving wilderness region have reported abnormal events and encountered strange and bizarre creatures.

In 1988, two friends and I decided to hike into Stave Glacier. Like most people who venture into this remote area we were on the lookout for signs of gold, more specifically signs of the Lost Pitt Lake gold deposit. This was my friends first trip and my third hiking trip into the upper Stave Valley area. On my last trip into the area I had stumbled across an old stone oven which I suspected may have belonged to the legendary R.A. "Volcanic" Brown. We were all hoping we would find Brown's last camp on this particular trip.

On this occasion we had decided to take an alternate and more route into the upper Stave River valley. Our route started at the end of the logging road at Glacier Lake in the north Harrison Lake area and was to go directly through the side valley to Stave Glacier.

We left our camp at Glacier Lake at dawn and started our trek through the heavy bush and over endless windfalls. About two hours into our venture we came across a rather large cave on the south side of the side valley. The cave entrance was slightly larger than an average single car garage door opening. Although the cave peaked out interest we decided it was better to wait and explore it on our way back.

We had been hiking for roughly half a day when we crossed a small dried creek bed about 20 feet wide.



On the other side of this dried bed the whole world changed. It was like we had entered a distorted world void of life. Everything was mystically different.

There were no signs of life whatsoever, no birds chirping, no squirrels chattering, no animal tracks of any kind, nothing. Even the plant life was abnormal. The Ferns and Devils Club were huge and unusually brighter in color, almost to the point of being florescent in appearance. The ground moss felt like it was several feet thick and we sank inches into it as we walked. The sensation can be loosely compared to walking across a trampoline. Walking had a buoyant feeling.

There was also a definite feeling of impending doom that we all felt but never voiced. Although no one said a word, each of us suggested that we end our venture and return to our vehicles. There were no arguments as we simply turned and retraced our steps. We did not take the time to explore the cave we came across on our way in.

There is no explanation for what the three of us experienced after crossing that dried creek bed. Each one of us were skilled outdoors men with years of wilderness and survival experience under our belts. We were all experienced hunters and each

of us had our rifles. Two of us were also former Canadian Military members with combat arms experience.

The photograph above is an example of the strange uncertainty and mystery of the area. The unusual claw marks in this tree were not made by a bear or any other known animal. The claw marks are continuous from their starting point to the ground, a distance of approximately 25 feet. There are five claws, each approximately 6 inches apart. The claws penetrated the bark and dug into the cedar tree approximately 2 to 3 inches.

Although we did not see any 6 foot long meat eating horned-lizards, huge white frogs, Sasquatch, ancient people or extinct vegetation what we did see and experience on the other side of that mysterious dried creek bed gave us all a whole new outlook into the realm of the unexplained and unknown.

I do admit that I am not as skeptical about the strange sightings and unusual stories told as I once was.