

# The Dahlonega Nugget™

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## We will all be Sasquatches some day

**O**ddly coincidental, my own Sasquatch sighting was the week of the recent Big Foot Conference in Dahlonega. It started on my weekly hike on Lake Zwerner Trail north of town.

Kudos, by the way, to all who created the fabulous trail looping the reservoir. It's a three-plus mile Appalachian Trail-like experience spitting distance from the Square.

It was Big Foot Week and I attacked the trail late in the day. Darkness was falling and still a mile to go so I sped my gait, trying to clear the woods before nightfall.

I rounded a corner and that's ... not where I saw him. No, it was on the way home. On the meat aisle at Walmart.

The cat pushing the buggy must have been seven feet tall and 400 pounds. I thought I recognized him –



Jameson  
Gregg

Guest  
Column

nose tackle for the Falcons? Professional wrestler? Okay, maybe not the Sasquatch but perhaps a cousin.

I eased my buggy closer and studied him in stealth. His Nikes had to be size twenty. Fellow Walmartians overtly gawked. Sasquatch tossed meat into his buggy at a rapid clip. Ground beef, pork chops, whole chickens, you name it. Some say Sasquatch is a vegetarian but his cousin is not.

Time for some "squatching," to habituate with the big guy. I weaved my buggy up next to his and feigned interest in bacon. We reached for a pack at the same time, my hand next to his meaty paw. Mercy.

Reminded me of the time my brother and I saw Andre the Giant wrestle at the coliseum in Jackson, Mississippi. A thirteen-man Battle Royale. Twelve professionals against 7-foot 4-inch Andre, "The Eighth Wonder of the World." Andre tossed them one-by-one over the top rope like toys.

We raced to join the throng along the pathway leading to the dressing room and awaited Andre. I held my hand out for a shake. Instead, he palmed my head like most folks would palm a tennis ball. One of life's grandest moments.

Sasquatch's enormous hand equaled Andre's. I peeled away with my buggy, having seen enough. I got to wondering how people grow so big. In the early '70s, at 6-foot 2-inches and 180 pounds, I was one of the largest on my high school football team. These days, at 180, I'd be a third

string shrimp fetching water. The NFL trots out 400 pound linemen. Pointguards in the NBA are 6-foot 8-inches. What has happened to Americans?

For answers I called my friend, the Professor, who knows a little about a lot. I explained my observations. "Why have we grown so much larger?"

I heard him puff his pipe before answering. "Some say better health care and better diet but these things make us healthier, not necessarily larger."

"Okay, I'll bite."

"It's hormones and the like they feed cows and chickens. If it makes cows and chickens grow faster and larger, as we eat them over time, what do you think it will make us?"

"Giants?"

"Bingo, my friend. We shall all be Sasquatches someday."