

**50 Years With Bigfoot:  
Tennessee Chronicles of Co-Existence**

First Edition  
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**DEDICATION PAGE**  
by  
**Janice Carter Coy**

**This Book Is Dedicated to:**

The loving memory of Mr. Robert I. Carter (Papaw) for his many years of undying loyalty and understanding of a hominoid not unlike ourselves, known as the Bigfoot or Sasquatch.

Old Fox, for without you and your family ties there would be nothing to tell. So here is to you, a true thoroughbred in body and soul.

My family for all their support.

Here is to Dmitri who quoted to me an epigraph for this book, "One does not have Bigfoot running around in their backyard and live normally."

**Acknowledgments**

This book, "50 Years with Bigfoot: Tennessee Chronicles of Co-Existence" has been titled by Bill Ribble, a close friend of mine for several years in the field of Bigfoot Research. Without him, the book would not have been named anything quite so impressive, so my thanks to you, Bill, for an excellent title for our book.

Next I would like to acknowledge all those who have had a hand in its formation and who have believed in this project. Family members involved are Susan and Raymond Bilbrey, and John Green Jr. Thanks for being with me from the beginning when I set out to prove myself wrong and in the process discovered more than I'd hoped for. Next are special thanks to Janice (Carter) and Paul Coy, Lila Carter, their grandparents, Mr. & Mrs. Robert Carter, (may Robert Sr. approve from above) and Robert Carter Jr. for their hours of work in documenting facts of what they know about the Bigfoot on their farm.

The researchers involved in this case are Stan Sosnowski III, Joseph Bell, and Susan Bilbrey. I thank them for all the hours and expense they have dedicated towards this investigation. Gene McCauley

has also spent much time and effort in obtaining video of the farm and documenting evidence while standing by as a supportive friend to both Janice and myself.

Will Duncan has contributed the main portion of the equipment and food for the Bigfoot that was necessary to continue this project and I thank him for his tremendous patience and unfailing perseverance. His assistance has been extremely welcome and this book would probably not have been written without his adept guidance.

A truly special thanks goes out to Kathy McVey for her and Will's tireless efforts in editing this book. Respectful thoughts and thanks also go out to Dr. Henner Fahrenbach for his input on how the book should be delivered, of which, I tried my best to comply, but a scientific writer I am not! Dmitri Bayanov has contributed an extreme amount of input and allowed his lifelong studies and papers to be used freely throughout this book. His input has also been welcome and thoughtful, and I thank him for seeing this book through to its completion.

Special thanks to all for their input and support in one form or another. I also wish to thank the many who have believed in us and offered their support along the way.

Mary Alayne Green  
November, 2002

### **Preface**

Having been engaged in hominology (the study of living non-sapiens hominids) for 38 years, I am in a position to judge the accounts of Mary Green and Janice Coy. I see them as truthful and in some aspects unprecedented. In a recent article I wondered what would happen if a young homin (non-sapiens hominid) should be taught to speak by humans. Some months later, to my greatest amazement, I learned that such an "experiment" had long been accomplished. Its process and results are described in this book.

Why do I believe it? Because Janice, who tells the story, has confided to me such details of the Bigfoot's anatomy and behavior which she had nowhere to learn from but in actual close observations of the creatures. We do know a number of cases in Russia and North America of close interactions between homins and humans, but, to my knowledge, it's the first time such interactions are described first hand so circumstantially.

We learned most details about the chimpanzee in the wild from Jane Goodall, about the gorillas from Dian Fossey, and now learn about the Bigfoot from Mary Green and Janice Coy. These women began their investigations not as specialists but as people in love with primates they observed. Hence their record results. The role of women in such investigations no longer seems fortuitous.

Paradoxically, this book, written by two lay persons, turns if I may say so, a new page and opens a new chapter in the science of man and man's origin.

Dmitri Bayanov,  
Darwin Museum, Moscow, Russia  
November 24, 2002

## Introduction

Early in 2002 Dmitri Bayanov contacted me and asked if I knew Mary Alayne Green. As a writer about cryptozoological matters, and a member of the committee which directs content on the [www.cryptozoology.com](http://www.cryptozoology.com) website, I have passing, as well as long term, connections with many fans and serious investigators of unusual animal phenomena. But my past contact with Mary had been very brief and I could not provide him with much information about her. He told me that she had been in touch with him and that she was involved in a Bigfoot investigation that seemed "too good to be true."

Dmitri's words were enough to get me interested and we jointly set out to discover as much as we could about the unique situation that Mary Green had described. It seemed that she had been in contact with a young woman in Tennessee who claimed to have had very long-term interactions with Bigfoot creatures on her rural farm on the edge of the Smoky Mountains.

In the intervening months I've come to learn a great deal about Mary, Janice Carter Coy, and the case in question. I've gotten to know both of them, and the other witnesses to this situation, quite well, and have been to the scene of the events many times. I can state without reservation that something previously unchronicled is occurring at the Carter Farm.

There have long been rumors that cases exist involving habituation of Sasquatches to humans and to human habitations. The general impression, however, is that Sasquatches, if they exist at all, are a fleeting phenomenon, briefly glimpsed by a very few. And so they usually are. The creatures appear only rarely in someone's headlights on a dark and remote road, or a trail of oversized, human-like footprints are found in a secluded forest or crossing a barren field of snow. Internet websites devoted to the subject contain thousands of such reports, characterized by their sameness. There is a certain monotonous consistency about most Bigfoot sightings that enhances their believability. Most people simply state that they saw a very large, hair covered figure walking, standing or running on two feet. Sometimes odors are reported, and sometimes strange cries and other noises are heard. The observation usually is over very quickly, as one party or the other (or both) hurries to depart the scene. John Green, in "Sasquatch: The Apes Among Us" (Hancock House Publishers, Blaine Washington, 1978) did the initial investigative work in this area and recorded over 1,500 encounters. Rarely have these observations been prolonged, and not much has ever been learned about what the creatures really are and what they are like.

But an undercurrent has also existed, arising from tales coming from various native peoples, suggesting that closer contact between Bigfoot-like creatures and human beings can and does sometimes occur. Ivan T. Sanderson, in "Abominable Snowmen: Legend Come to Life" (Chilton Company, Philadelphia Pennsylvania, 1961) noted many reports suggesting deeper knowledge, from several continents. In North America, various Native American tribal peoples have long-standing traditions and observations regarding the behavior of the giant, hairy bipeds which lived in the wild.

Perhaps some of the most detailed information of this sort has come from the other side of the globe. Whether or not the same creatures, or types of creatures, are involved is not fully understood. Often they are smaller, more human- sized, than the hulking Sasquatches of North America, and are known as almasty, gool, dev, and assorted other names. But the same behaviors have been reported for both, as this book will make clear. This suggests that they are all of a type, or family, if not all the same species. Many students of the subject have by now heard the story of Zana. As reported by Bayanov in "In The Footsteps of the Russian Snowman" (CRYPTO-LOGOS Publishers, Moscow Russia, 1996), Zana was a female hairy biped who was captured in Western Caucasus sometime in

the early to middle 1800's, and who apparently died in the 1880's or 1890's. Attempts to recover her remains continue, but Russian investigators were able to obtain the testimony of eyewitnesses to her life in human captivity. She was very tall, massive and broad, with black or dark gray skin and a complete covering of reddish-black hair. She preferred to sleep in a hole she dug for herself, could swim a raging river, and outrun a horse. She grew tame in captivity over time, although she never learned articulate speech, and there are assertions that she bore children by human father.

Yet this is not the most startling of the accounts from that part of the world. It seems that there is a tradition involving what is called the "domovoy". This Russian word literally means "domestic one", although it is usually translated into English as "brownie." Unlike Zana, who was captured as an adult and tamed over a period of years, domovoys seem to be hairy bipeds who sometimes willingly attach themselves to human households. I quote from an unpublished communication from Dmitri Bayanov:

"Another ethnic Russian, zoo technician Nadezhda Serikova, related a dramatic episode of her encounter with an almasty in the winter of 1956. Having arrived to the Caucasus from central Russia, she rented lodgings at the time in the Kabardian village of Zalukokoazhe and one night was frightened nearly to death by an almasty who quietly entered her room. When she noticed him the creature was squatting beside her bed and seemed ready to jump at her. The young woman became paralyzed with horror but managed to utter "Whence you here?!", at which the intruder dashed out of the room, leaving a choking stench.

"The rest of the night Nadezhda could neither sleep nor move. In the morning, her Kabardian woman neighbor, surprised that Nadezhda did not go to work, came in and asked 'What's the matter?.' 'I saw the devil at night!', answered the Russian woman. After hearing the explanation, the Kabardian woman said 'Don't you worry. It's not really the devil. It was an almasty. He won't hurt you. He is fed by a family in the neighborhood and stays in their lumber-room in the daytime.'"

There are numerous such tales. The creature in question adopts a domestic or protective role around the homestead, often in exchange for food. Domovoys traditionally have an interest in horses and cattle, but are also known to be mischievous and stealers of food. They play tricks on people and are reputed to disrupt the household furniture and remove the dishes of "silly and loudmouthed" women. They are said to steal combs from humans and use them to groom themselves. Russian chronicler Vladimir Dahl states that "Domovoy hates the curious," an observation on the notorious sensitivity of these beings

to attempts to observe or entrap them. And the reports often contain details that challenge our ability to distinguish between human and animal characteristics. Bayanov states:

and start asking them about almasty, they first look at you in"...I recalled the words of a young Kabardian, named Pata, from the village of Sarmakovo, who gave me an account of his two quite realistic and credible sightings, and then added that a friend of his was living with an almasty. 'How come?' -- 'Yes, she visits him three times a year.' -- 'How is he dating her?' -- 'By means of little sticks'(?). -- 'So she doesn't speak?' -- "She can say one word in Kabardian.' -- 'Which?' -- 'Give!':

Dmitri also reports having met an 80 year-old man from Northern Iraq who claimed that his family had a female almasty as a domestic servant when he was growing up. He stated that she could utter words in Arabic. It should be noted that periodically reports from North America have Sasquatches uttering human words, but these have been among the most controversial of tales, even among Bigfoot researchers. Again, reports of sexual interactions between humans and almasty recur.

Similar reports from Native Americans regarding Sasquatches are also known. But pinning down the facts, and the hard evidence, behind the reports is notoriously difficult. Bayanov notes:

"The story of the almasty living in the lumber-room was confirmed to me by other villagers, besides Nadezhda Serikova, but my attempts to resolve the problem by asking the owner of the lumber-room himself came to nothing. He denied any knowledge of almasty. Neighbors can spread the rumor and gossip a lot but coming to grips with actual contacts is a different matter. Following ancient traditions and taboos they flatly deny any contacts with homins and even their very existence. If you see a group of Kabardians on a village street surprise and then women start leaving the group, as if yo said something indecent."

This reluctance to confirm the reality of these creatures is common among the people who seem to know them best. Part of it seems to be recognition that allowing outsiders into the unique relationship will alter it forever. In this regard, Janice Carter Coy is unusual. Her stated intention from her first contact with Mary Green has been to make the world aware that they are real and that they have been no strangers at her farm for three generations. The wealth of information that she has provided, and continues to provide, is an eye-opening look at a species so furtive and wary that they are unrecognized by science.

It may be that habituation cases like Janice's will at last allow us to gain some understanding of these creatures and how to productively interact with them. By publishing these preliminary findings, perhaps Mary and Janice will encourage others to share their own experiences, and offer insights for investigators attempting to develop contact. The burden of proof is heavy and requires continuing work; it is true that extraordinary claims require extraordinary evidence. But Janice's account, like Albert Ostman's, who claimed to have been kidnapped by a Sasquatch and to have briefly lived among them so many years ago, contains a consistent and unprecedented core of detail that should encourage a thoughtful look at what she has to say.

It has been my privilege to participate in the investigation at the Carter Farm and I thank Mary and Janice for inviting me into the adventure.

Will Duncan  
Cary, North Carolina  
November 7, 2002

## **Foreword**

It has been half a century now that amateur investigators have been looking into the Bigfoot/Sasquatch phenomenon and nothing really convincing to science or the public has come of it.

The 1960's found Jane Goodall dispatched to the Gombe Stream Research Center in northern Tanzania where she studied chimpanzees, having been assigned there by the late paleontologist, Louis Leakey. Dr. Leakey initially met Jane in 1957 after considering for some time that he wanted someone to study the wild primates.

Jane lacked a higher education, which suited Dr. Leakey, as he wanted somebody whose mind was uncluttered and unbiased by ethological theory, the study of animals. His plan was to habituate the animals to the presence of humans so their lives could be studied in detail. Jane, and other naturalists', unqualified success in this venture has been discussed many times over.

It isn't until recent years that the study of the Bigfoot/Sasquatch phenomenon has deviated from the scores of investigators who appear in the wild for a few days, often armed to the teeth, concealed by camouflage clothing, or traveling into the bush on large expeditions. It often seems that their primary goal is to make plaster casts of tracks which can only indicate that there had once been a creature there, or picking up stray hairs that there is no Type Specimen comparison sample of.

It has often been suspected that the Bigfoot creatures of an area learn more about the humans than vice versa, being aware of their presence in an area long before anyone can catch more than a fleeting glimpse of them, and then only by accident.

Here then, Mary A. Green and Janice Carter Coy are breaking new ground in a publication, sure to cause controversy, that approaches the investigation problem from a wholly different angle...that of habituation the Bigfoot to the investigator instead.

It has been noted lately that there is a great deal more interaction between man and Bigfoot at the fringes of civilization...those agricultural areas that abut extensive wooded regions. The North border of Tennessee is one area. In my own region extensive experiments at habituation are being conducted by Thom Powell, Joe Beelart, Mike Hazenburg, Dr. Matthew Johnson, and others. One rural study reported on in a Track Record Special indicates that a Bigfoot family, not only approached humans at a bait pile, but that a young individual took it upon itself to come forward and actually touch a young girl observing them. The Bigfoot mother didn't seem to object, nor did she "scold" her young one.

So here in this new book, "50 Years with Bigfoot," we find another example of this habituation process. A man, after injuring a creature, treats it kindly, and leaves food for it, and becomes its lifetime friend, living on the outskirts of humanity. There are many lessons to be learned here, and semi-trained observers can add a wealth of information to our knowledge of these creatures.

Eventually in 1996, Robert Carter Senior passed away, and after a hiatus, the reins of habituation were picked up by his granddaughter, Janice. There were some amazing problems. Consider if you feed a wild raccoon at your back door, the commotion it causes if you forget one night to feed it? What might happen if the wild animal was seven feet tall and the caretaker passes away? Or how would one help this and other creatures if there was a severe winter?

Ray Crowe  
Director International Bigfoot Society  
November 2002

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## First Report

From the beginning of my research on reported living Sasquatches, it has been my desire to bring forth the truth about the Bigfoot or Sasquatch, which I became most certain dwelled here in our remote mountains and woodlands of Tennessee. My first thoughts about what the Bigfoot were and what I have since discovered them to actually be has changed dramatically in the last two years. Perhaps by sharing Janice Carter Coy's observations on their behavior in their own habitat, a skeptical world can be awakened to the surety of their existence. Her grandfather, Robert Carter Sr., is the true hero and driving force behind this book. He succeeded in habituating a male Bigfoot and others of its kind in East Tennessee for approximately 50 years.

In 1997 I authored a website and called it "Tennessee Bigfoot Lady." My purpose in doing so was to capture for posterity sighting reports about "wild men," as they are sometimes called by observers, who often label such s with a variety of different names. As a result, I frequently receive mail from those who have experienced close encounters with such beings.

On January 2, 2002, I received a Bigfoot sighting report from Janice Carter Coy. Although her lengthy letter was well executed, I read it with mixed emotions. Janice came across as an intelligent and articulate young lady but was she telling the truth? Did she actually interact with the Bigfoot during some portion of her life and did she have first-hand knowledge about them? Had her grandfather, Robert Carter Sr., actually been able to "tame" the Bigfoot and successfully communicate and interact with them as she claimed?

Janice introduced herself to me in her letter as living in East Tennessee. She told me that she had previously submitted a report to another organization but she wished to submit her report to me as well. What interested Janice the most about the Tennessee web site was a lengthy report she read there from a lady in another state who also grew up under similar circumstances. This report mentioned methods like those that Janice's grandfather once used to make friends with a male Bigfoot.

According to Janice her involvement with the Bigfoot has continued for almost 30 years. However, her grandfather's interactions with them exceeded hers, as Robert Carter Sr. had been secretly habituating these animals at least 20 years prior to Janice's first knowledge of them. This was a fact known only by his wife, Lylia Carter, his son, Robert Carter Jr., and several of their closest neighbors. Only when Janice was old enough to follow her grandfather's every step did she become actively involved with the Bigfoot. She was 8 years old at the time.

My curiosity was totally piqued after reading Janice' report describing how she ran into the back of a male Bigfoot's knee while taking water to her grandfather. He was picking blackberries on the back side of their property and had sent her to the house to bring back fresh drinking water.

I called Janice that same night and we talked at length about her grandfather. I also learned a few things about the Bigfoot she grew up around during our conversation. Janice described to me in detail the "back of the knee" incident. She also told about the part her grandfather played in soothing the situation over.

It also came to my attention during our phone conversation that Janice, at the time, had no certain knowledge of how long her grandfather was aware that the Bigfoot had been living and sheltering on the farm's premises. She did mention that she once thought her grandfather was taking table scraps to

feed the cats at the barn. Later, Robert Sr. told Janice that he was taking food to feed his "pet fox," but he also at one time told Lila, Janice's younger sister, something a bit different. He told her that he was taking food to the barn to feed his dogs.

Janice believes that her grandfather started feeding this Bigfoot, who he named Fox, at the estimated age of two or three years old. Fox's age was determined from Lylia Carter, her grandmother, and her uncle, Robert Carter Jr.'s memories. Nevertheless, Robert Sr.'s feeding of the Bigfoot eventually habituated them to him. It also began a chronicle of historic events that are unrivaled in any previous accounts of a human befriending a Bigfoot.

I do think it is extremely important to introduce some claims in this case that will truly astound many. Janice has related to me that the Bigfoot her grandfather habituated learned to speak many words in English. Fox, starting when he was two to three years old, had been taught some English by Robert Sr. While reports of Bigfoot using human words exist, they are extremely rare. It seems that they are capable of what sounds like speech and vocalize in a certain gibberish- type fashion, using an accelerated form of fast chatter according to Janice. Janice has also said that the Bigfoot make a gurgling sound when they speak English words. She claims to have learned as a child over a period of time to speak their words and also use them to communicate with the Bigfoot. She also did not learn how to do so without the help of her grandfather. Janice's grandmother said that Robert Sr. spent years teaching Fox and his family how to communicate in English.

Janice wrote down some of the more common Bigfoot words beginning at the age of eight that she learned into small pocket sized notebooks her grandfather bought for her. She says that if she heard one of the Bigfoot use a word that she couldn't understand or didn't recognize, she would learn to say it, repeat it to her grandfather, and ask his help in learning the definition of it. He would then help her to spell it. which she then listed in her notebook. She claims to have recorded over 500 such words and a portion of them are listed in one of Janice's chapters. She has also recorded on audio tape, in my presence, over 200 of these words on a CD which you may or may not have purchased along with this book.

I cannot say with any certainty that these words are in truth what she proclaims them to be but it is extremely interesting and further research may prove her right. She is hoping that Fox will allow her to record him while he's speaking or possibly even video tape him while he's doing so. This may take as many years as it did for Janice's grandfather to be able to earn Fox's trust in order for her to accomplish this goal. I believe that these years are just not available to Janice, as according to her, Fox is clearly showing signs of advanced age.

Grandmother Carter and Robert Jr. have each made specific claims that Fox was injured when a tree fell on him when he was 2-3 years old. Robert Sr. and a neighbor were clearing a large field when the accident occurred. Evidently, Fox was hiding when the tree fell on him. Fox received some cuts and Robert Sr. brought him inside the house for treatment. Upon recuperating, Fox wrecked the house and was then taken to a stall inside the barn and locked inside; once it was determined that he was not a human. Robert Sr. did inquire first of the neighbors to make certain that Fox was not a deformed human child abandoned in the woods by his parents. It was only a couple of nights later that Fox's parents arrived on the scene and tore the barn door down and removed planks from the stall in order to free Fox.

Shortly thereafter, Fox began following Robert Sr. around and after Fox's parents disappeared one day, the friendship between them developed more rapidly. Grandmother Carter reports that her husband spent more time at the barn than at the house trying to teach Fox to speak English. Later on, she says

that her husband also taught Fox's children how to speak some English. Suffice it to say that this was how such an unusual friendship began in the first place between a human and a of unknown origin.

I'm certain that neither Janice nor her grandfather ever thought their loyalty to a family of Bigfoot and caring for their needs, the protection they offered to them, would ever result in this book. Janice has at last decided to make an attempt to tell the world what her grandfather accomplished. What she has learned growing up around the Bigfoot and what her grandfather taught her about communicating with them, is of paramount importance if we are to make the public aware of the Bigfoot's needs now and in the future. If we can make a profound difference instead of allowing ourselves to be told that they cannot exist, then it's time we listen to those who have seen them and are brave enough to speak who report their close encounters with the Bigfoot, as I'm certain there are many such eyewitnesses throughout the world. There are also countless others who are afraid to speak up about what they have seen because of their fear of being ridiculed.

It has taken a lot of courage for Janice, along with her sister Lila, to present what they know beyond a shadow of a doubt about the Bigfoot. I commend them for this effort. As Janice plainly stated to me shortly after I met her, she had much to tell, and no one to tell it to until now.

Those of us who have seen these creatures must do as Janice and her family has succeeded in doing. We all must learn to overcome our fears of being ridiculed and begin to speak openly and honestly of what we know before people are able to accept that there may be more to this creature than first thought. In these forthcoming chapters, Janice and I will describe what type of creature the Bigfoot actually is.

### **Photographs from the Past**

On January 3, 2002 I receive an e-mail from both Janice and Lila. They had also sent a few photographs of the Carter farm as they wished to show me how heavily forested it was in earlier years. It did help to see these photographs, but it was later, when I met with Janice and Lila in East Tennessee, that I understood what they were trying to convey. The entire farm consisted of rolling hillsides. There were trees and heavy brush on each side of the deep ditch lines and along the tops of the two creek beds that ran through some of their mountain acres.

The red clay banks of the creeks were quite high and steep, cut deeply by the water flow over the years. These means of traveling throughout the farm, so well concealed, afforded the Bigfoot easy access to the barn, house, and also later on to the mobile homes, sheds, and other outbuildings. One such ditch line ran right below a high spot where the farmhouse sat on a steep rise. The basement entrance to the house was just a few yards away from this ditch line. It was a most convenient network of hidden gullies providing easy travel lanes for any type of animal but most fortunate roadway for the Bigfoot.

While looking for photographs to send to me of the farm, Janice and Lila discovered a couple of amazing things. They noted that one photograph, taken of Lila's cat on a dryer when she was a teen at age fifteen, seemingly revealed a large black type of creature striding in front of the tree line in the field behind their house. I asked Lila and Janice about the possibility that the black figure in the photograph could be a cow or horse, or other large creature before I requested enlargements be done.

They replied that they did have Holsteins that were black and white on the farm at the time and still do. They also had a black stud horse years ago but couldn't remember if they owned this horse at the time the photograph was taken. They did say that the horses were usually kept in the barn lot so they

wouldn't eat the cow's food. they didn't believe that the figure was of a cow or horse but said the possibility could exist. This photograph is in the photograph section of this book.

Next, I decided to gather up a research team to investigate the farm. Janice sounded confident while relating her facts and seemed to be telling the truth. So at this point in time I told Janice that when we were ready to start investigations on their property that we had a right to protect ourselves if needed. Janice informed us back that she could not guarantee the Bigfoot would not challenge us or harm us in some way. Actually, I was a bit concerned because the old male had known the Carters since 1947 when they first moved onto the property. We were concerned that he might become aggressive with strangers probing into his favorite hiding places.

It was also true that the Carter family had not been spending a lot of time living on the farm since Robert Sr. died. Janice told us that Robert Jr. was living in a mobile home next to the old house, but she also said he preferred sleeping in a motel in town. She explained that this was due to the Bigfoot's habit of visiting him late at night, an occurrence that truly frightened him because, according to him, the Bigfoot could only be controlled by his father who was no longer there to protect him.

Robert Jr. called the Bigfoot werewolves. He thought they looked like werewolves because he had seen their elongated eyeteeth. Yet Janice said that their eyeteeth did not protrude outside of their mouths. Robert Jr. made it very plain to Janice that he was not on such friendly terms with the Bigfoot, at least not in the way that Janice has been.

The next two photographs were also interesting. In both, with virtually the same camera angle, Janice told me that she could see a male Bigfoot standing in the trees, hiding in the shadows, with the female on his right nearby. This female, as Janice explained, was called Sheba and was Fox's chosen mate for life. She has never seen Fox with another female, nor Sheba with another male. In fact, she had once witnessed another male fighting Fox for Sheba.

After studying these photographs, which were pictures of two family members, one shot of each standing at the side of their car, I told Janice that I believed she and Lila were right. I could also see two dark forms in each photograph in the woods directly behind the vehicle. Even though I could only make out portions of Fox, I could see Sheba much better. The pink quilt she held to her was sticking out like a sore thumb. This is what clued Janice and Lila in to taking a second look at the photographs to begin with, the bright pink color showing against the green wooded background.

Janice's grandfather had given this quilt to Sheba because he had learned she liked blankets and quilts to lie on, but he mainly gave gifts to the Bigfoot because he cared for them and was concerned for their comfort. Sheba clung to this quilt for several years Janice says, until it was in tatters, its bright color giving away the female's hiding places at times. Janice seemed to find it most amusing that Sheba thought herself well hidden when she was not.

After seeing these pictures I was willing to consider that Fox and Sheba were at one time closely watching the Carters from the woods near their home. They are old color photographs and were taken at least sixteen to seventeen years ago, suffering a bit of color fading since that time, but they are still presentable photographs.

By now, Janice and I were talking on the telephone quite frequently. I had many questions to ask her and she had questions for me, too. At no time in Janice's e-mails to me, or in our conversations to this day, did she cross up when providing the details she related about her case. The more questions I asked, the more I began to sense that Janice was desirous to trust me with more private and personal

information than she had already given. I was guessing that maybe she was afraid of what I would think of her if she told me the intimate details about what she know too quickly. I tried to reassure her and let Janice and Lila both know that I was not going to call them liars, as had happened to them in the past, nor belittle any of the information they may choose to give to me. It's not a perfect world and it is sad that the first researcher that contacted Janice was not a very tactful man.

Later on in the investigation, it was obvious that Lila had less involvement with the Bigfoot while growing up than Janice did. Lila was aware, however, that her sister probably knew much more than she was willing to tell and therefore had persisted over the course of several years in asking Janice to report on their situation. Janice did let it be known to me that it didn't really matter to her what others thought about her credibility in the beginning in spite of her fear of not being believed. What she did seem to be the most passionate about was her grandfather's credibility and reputation.

From my own observations at that time, I believed that Lila know Janice's involvement with the Bigfoot had gone far beyond her own. This has proven to be true. Lila told me in later conversations that she hadn't experienced the Bigfoot as intimately as Janice, nor had she actually "played" with the Bigfoot young, or touched them, as Janice related to me that she had done so on various occasions throughout her years of interaction with them.

On the other hand, Janice felt like Lila had mentally shut out a lot of her exposure to the Bigfoot when younger. Janice also recalled incidents where Lila was present when the Bigfoot were also present, yet Lila said she didn't remember these particular encounters. Janice related that her grandfather never encouraged Lila, as he did her, when it came to helping out at the barn with the feeding or caring for the livestock. In fact, at times, Lila told me during the course of our interviews that her grandfather had sent her to the house even when she did tag along to the barn, especially when the livestock were acting up.

Both Janice and Lila made it clear that Janice was the daredevil of the two. She was the one that was encouraged by her grandfather to fear nothing and to perform feats that only made her get back on. He taught her to drive a dangerously big farm tractor by putting blocks on the pedals, taping her feet to them, in order for her to operate it. Janice confesses that she was up to the task because she believed herself to be a true tomboy and more daring than most boys her age. Wherever her grandfather was, you would find Janice. Therefore she learned about his compassion for animals and worship-fully followed him while he taught her his ways and what he knew about the farm's livestock. It's no wonder then that Janice, with her grandfather as her hero, became deeply involved with Fox and Sheba herself.

Bigfoot researchers have to be exceptionally cautious about persons who try to perpetrate a hoax. Each researcher has their own way of determining who is not telling the truth. By studying hundreds of reports and finding multiple similarities in them, researchers can say this certain trait or event happened here, but it also happened over here, and so forth. So when we hear the same things repeated persistently in numerous Bigfoot sighting reports, we are more likely to believe those who report the same behavioral patterns in the Bigfoot creature, and Janice was hitting on all cylinders, so to speak. Often, what she reported had already previously been reported by others who have had repeated contact with other Bigfoot in other parts of the world. Therefore I personally think that the importance of what Janice knows about the Bigfoot and the proof she is providing, and continues to provide, would be a loss to Bigfoot research in general if it was not presented in proper form.

This book is not a scientific presentation, but it is a most determined effort in strict honesty. Ongoing investigations may soon provide more physical proof that will be necessary to validate the material contained within this book.

## **Janice's Story**

Even before we could start our investigations, I was seeking all pertinent information the Carter family members were able to provide on the Bigfoot they had seen or interacted with. I also needed to compare, individually, what each of the girls had to say. If there were any discrepancies it would be obvious in their reports. Just the opposite would be true if no discrepancies were found, as this would simply strengthen their case and add considerably to their believability.

I can think of no better way to help the reader become acquainted with the two girl's personalities than by allowing you to read their responses to my request. I also felt strongly that their written contributions would place the reader a bit more intimately into their lives. Regardless of Janice's and Lila's experiences with the Bigfoot, they have grown up on a farm where work came first and play later, where each had to pull their own weight. Janice's account follows:

### **Grand-Papaw, Us, and Bigfoot**

**January 10, 2002**

I was seven years old the first time I remember a creature of the likes of Bigfoot ever existing. From that time forward I have had many experiences with them, for lack of a better description, an Ape-Human looking animal. I don't know whether you would call my exposure to them luck or misfortune. Before I tell my story I would like to include an essay I wrote in college as a tribute to my Grandfather. This will give a better understanding of the way I felt about him and the way he was to me. This is a paper that I received a grade on in college, and just for information purposes, I came out of college with a 4.0 average that I maintained throughout the courses I took there. I made the Dean's and President's list for each semester I attended. My reason for including this is to prove that I'm not a stark raving lunatic, a person who sees creatures that don't exist. Here is the tribute as is and in its original form.

### **The Person Who Influenced Me Most**

Of all the people, from movie stars to teachers and common acquaintances, I have had the pleasure of knowing and seeing, I would say my Grandfather Carter influenced me the most. My Grandfather was a man that ruled with an iron fist, worked hard, yet took the time to enjoy life and give praise where it was earned. A lot of my ideas, the way I think, were influenced by the way he acted and by the way he taught me. In his expectations he had for me, he never criticized me once, even if I fell short of them. Papaw, as I called him, taught me at a very young age to stand on my own two feet, and if defeated, to pick myself up and try, try again. To rely upon myself before relying upon anyone else was something else he taught me. He also taught me respect, not only for others but for myself, too.

Although sometimes I feel it has gotten me into more trouble than it was worth, Papaw taught me to stand up for myself, my beliefs, values and ideas. The man also showed me how to run a home, budget, be inventive, and survive no matter how hard things get. Thanks to Papaw, I can manage home and family and provide food on the table, even if it is wild game and wild vegetables, turn a nickel, do many odd jobs and survive. My Papaw never told me he loved me until I was 21 when I left the State. I moved to a remote little town in upper state New York called Middle Grove. My grandfather just always had a way about him that let me know he loved me anyway.

Papaw passed away this last October 13, 1996 at the age of 90. He lived just long enough to see his great-great granddaughter born. I sincerely miss him and long sometimes for his advice and understanding. I know he is somewhere still looking out for me and I can still hear his voice when I am in need. (*Originally written April 7, 1997*)

### **My Story**

We were around 7 and 3 at the time and I'm the eldest of the two of us, I remember that we were looking across the ditch line where we dumped our garbage and seeing a thing's face in the tree line that looked like a monkey. We called our Mom outside and showed it to her. She then called my Grandparents and Uncle out to take a look. This thing could not have been 30 feet away from us. I don't remember any details except the face at the time, but my sister remembers some of the body showing.

Mom kept saying, "Look! Look everyone! It is a giant monkey behind the tree over there."

We all saw it. My Papaw finally said it was just the way the light was shining in the trees and dismissed it.

This thing never moved a muscle nor did it blink an eye that I can remember the whole time we were staring at it. The next day we went back to see if we could see this unusual tree again and no monkey-face was there, nor when we decided to go explore the exact tree and climb it, did it have a face anywhere on the bark or branch of this tree. It was never seen there in that particular spot again, as best as I can remember, although many times we did feel its presence just watching us from across this ditch line after this episode.

Along about late June or July of 1972 my Papaw and I were on the back acre picking blackberries. We always carried a water jug with us as we picked, but for some reason it was empty, and Papaw decided I should run back to the house to fill it. I skedaddled back to the house and was returning with the full jug at a dead run to where I had left Papaw at. I could clearly see Papaw through some trees and underbrush up ahead of me. When bam! A big tree moved into my path! At least I took it for a tree at first. I hit it in the back of the knee area. This thing did whirl with lightning speed and backed off a couple of feet. It was a male Bigfoot. At the time I didn't realize it was male but do so now. This thing scared me so bad that I screamed and nothing came out. I wet and messed my jeans I was so frightened.

I tried to scream and move several times with no results. I was frozen stiff. I must have made some kind of noise, or something, finally, because Papaw did come to me and get between me and it after what seems to me now, and seemed to me then, an eternity. It had a staring match with Papaw at the time. Papaw just kept saying in a voice that he always used to calm our young spooked horses with, "Easy big boy, Take it easy." For me to back up, and then said again, "Easy" and some other things that he said that I can't remember now.

Papaw just kept talking in this soothing type way and staring at the Bigfoot in a meaningful sort of way. Fox turned and walked off, looking behind himself at us, until he could no longer be seen as he moved in behind the trees and brush. Papaw brought me back to the house after Fox left and Granny helped me get changed. We did go pick more blackberries that same evening. We sold the blackberries for extra money back then and someone had paid for them in advance, so we had to fill that order by the next morning. We continued picking berries on the top of the hill, away from the old barn where I encountered Fox, and hit him in the back of the knee earlier that evening. Old Fox may have come

from or went to this barn after he left us that day.

I have had nightmares for years of this particular incident. I can still wake up in a cold sweat. I have trouble sleeping at night, and God forbid anyone turning the light out on me. I sleep with a bright light on somewhere in the house at night and probably always will. Not that it is going to do me any good should one of these things decide they are going to come at me, but at least I will see it coming. I hope.

And yes, folks, they can enter the best built house should they desire to do so. At the time this male Bigfoot was covered in dried, red clay mud. He was around seven to seven and one half feet tall, but at the time he seemed to be taller to me. He has features like a man and in the face he looks like a prehistoric man except for a second ridge around his head above the first and under the hairline.

This is a very hard image to draw if you are an artist. The head is not coned on our Bigfoot. Fox and his mate, Sheba and family are the same in appearance except for variations just like any human or other animals are. No two people look exactly the same and no two Bigfoot look exactly the same, although there may be a family resemblance. Since I have talked to others, I have learned how to access the web and have viewed and read some of the Bigfoot accounts, but as of this time, I have not viewed a picture that would even remotely resemble our Bigfoot in its human appearance.

There are three to four inches of hair on the males at adulthood. The female's hair is slightly shorter. Young are born naked with a light dusting of hair and this thickens in a few weeks. The body of the male is covered with hair except the palm of the hand, the sole of the foot, the private part, and of course, the face. They have human looking ears, but these are usually hidden under the hair on their heads. The female has thinner hair in the face area and the breast. The genital area is covered in hair on the female and does not show like the male's privates do. The females and the young have brown eyes and Fox has striking blue eyes (which I am told is very unusual) like a dog's or horse's eyes, not much white of the eye can be seen.

They have teeth like ours, only larger, and the canines are longer than ours and sharp. I have observed them using their teeth to rip and tear meat off of animals they kill and also they use them to crack nuts. Someone asked me about them using tools to crack nuts with. They do this too and do use their teeth on the less hard ones. Their hands are like humans' and they use their thumbs like we do. All of the Bigfoot we saw had five toes, but the little toe is carried at an angle, or placed at an angle above and atop the one next to it, so this may be the reason the little toe does not show up in a print.

They are able to stand up as straight as a human and seem to like to move about in this manner. They also travel on all fours and use their hands or the knuckles of them to walk in this position. They are exceedingly fast either way they choose to travel. They can be extremely quiet or exceptionally loud when moving. If they don't want you to know they are there you won't. They have cunning and know how to use it. Be careful if you should run up on one or have it run up on you.

They use tools of rocks, logs, or sticks and use their hands and fingers to dig with. They also use grass blades to get some kind of bug out of its hole in the ground. I don't know the name of this bug. They also use rocks and clubs as weapons too. They are very apt to throw things at you if you get in their territory too close and they don't like it. They have tremendous strength and agility for their size. They are not sluggish by any means. They are able to think, or seem to be able to think, in much the same way we humans do.

They are protective of their family members. They do show affection toward each other. I never witnessed Fox striking Sheba or the young within the same family group. Fox did, however, lightly



push Sheba and try to lead her along. He did roar (for lack of a better word for it) at her if she did something he didn't care for or as a warning to get the move on it. They groom each other but not like monkeys or baboons. They are extremely gentle when it comes to their young. At least this is the way they always appeared to be to me.

After the blackberry picking incident it was a while before I took notice of these animals being around. In the fall of that year my Papaw took me to the top of one of the hills on our place to see Fox and Sheba, the one female, and she had two babies (twins) with her at that time. Papaw had been sneaking a plate of table scraps out to them each evening as he went to the barn to milk the cows. He told us that he had a pet fox at the barn that he was feeding. One evening, after he finished milking, he asked me if I wanted to see his fox. I had gone to the barn with him when he went to milk and do up the chores. Well, being the kid that I was, of course, I wanted to see the fox, pet it too if he would let me.

We went up under the old oak tree and Papaw had told me the entire walk up not to be scared of what I was going to see. I just thought this was nonsense, as I was not scared of any animal or fox at the time. When we got to the top of the hill, and to the tree, there was no fox there, just this really big something or another under the tree. There was another one on the ground with its back to me lying on my Grandmother's pink patchwork quilt that Papaw said he was going to use for the horses. The female was on the blanket. She had it sort of wadded up under her shoulder and head.

The male stood up and approached us. Papaw sat the plate of food or table scraps on the ground and talked to Fox in a gentle tone of voice and told him to come eat. Papaw backed away from the plate several feet so Fox would come and eat. He came and squatted down and picked the food up with his hands and ate every bite. It seems strange now and I never thought of this until just now, but Fox didn't share the food with Sheba at this time. After he ate, he stood up and backed up, then Papaw got the plate and waved by to him and we left. Fox did not wave back to Papaw at this time but in later years he would. He just made some chirping noises and grunts.

I do remember a sickening smell on them. My husband hit on something a couple of weeks ago so I think I can now describe the smell they have. They sometimes don't give off a smell at all. At other times it is really strong and sometimes it is a mild smell. The smell they do give off smells like rotten fruit with old wet dog smell and earth and a little skunk thrown in for good measure.

Back then, Papaw said that I was to tell that these Bigfoot were his fox and a stray dog he had that was wild and had puppies. They were just always there. I can remember Papaw feeding them nightly for well over twenty years. Years later, Papaw got so he just threw the scraps on the ground for them and they would reach out of the bushes, or from under trees, or out of trees, or just come out in the open to feed. Papaw always seemed to know where to find them and they always know where to find him. They stripped our fruit trees one-year and Grandma was extremely upset about it. It had been a hard winter the year before and we always put up fruit and vegetables and killed and dressed our own meat for the next winter.

They raided our food bins and would steal our food from our freezer and things like that. They once got in the cellar and broke every jar of food we had canned. Grandma was ready to kill them for supper that time. She said "Paw give me that shotgun now! We are going to have those varmints for supper and it isn't the way you think we are either. I'm going to blow them to kingdom come and dress them out to eat."

Well, Papaw got her calmed down finally and she gave up the notion of shooting Bigfoot for eating. I'd hate to have to try and dress one of them out and put it up for eating anyway. I think their meat would

be as tough as nails anyhow like an old rooster's or an old tough bull's meat would be.

I can remember them getting into a lot of things they should not have. They are either mischievous or curious about things. They like to explore like little children. In a way I think they think it is funny to scare the Be Jesus out of you, and play hide and seek with people too. They are sometimes comical in their behavior.

There was one time that my Papaw took Fox a pair of overalls to put on. It didn't seem to understand Papaw when he demonstrated the way they were to go on. Besides, I really don't think they would have fit him in the first place. Papaw did manage to get the male to put on a really big t-shirt one time. I have no idea where he got the shirt from but maybe Lila remembers. It was huge. The male wore this t-shirt until it was a rag hanging to it around the neck. It was like a flag on Fox. You could see it even in the dark. The shirt was white and plain with no other writing or colors on it. I don't know if Papaw finally cut it off of Fox or not. It did disappear after a while.

Papaw took them blankets at times and I never questioned why he did this, so I really don't know why unless he thought they were cold. The female carried the first one for over 15 years, a pink quilt, the one she was laying on the first time I saw her. She was carrying it in a picture (in the background) taken of a family member in 1986. She carried it for a long while after that too. That would mean she had the pink quilt for around seventeen years at that time. In the photograph it looked like there was not a whole lot of the pink quilt left.

I don't know if Papaw was ever able to touch the female or not. He did touch the male in later years. He would touch Fox's hand and pet him on the head sort of like he petted in later years. He would touch Fox's hand and pet him on the head sort of like he petted the dogs. Fox learned to accept Papaw, as he never hurt him.

Fox made noises in his throat that sounded more like they were made in his chest. He could say words in English that Papaw taught him but not like human speech, as we know it. The sounds they make when saying words in English are not like the way humans speak.

They may be a human or a very intelligent ape. I know I could never kill one unless it was going to kill me. Then I would try to kill it. Note I say try. It will take a very high-powered rifle or machine gun to do this. They are thick skinned and tough. I think you would have to be a dead shot and aim for the eyes or the abdominal area or some very tender part. Then you had better be ready to run because it might take a while for them to die and they would kill you if they could get to you.

The only time one of them tried to hurt me or did anything to get me hurt, was the female. Once when I was a teenager I was out riding my Morgan horse that weighed about 1300 hundred pounds at the time. We were running along beside the woods and all of a sudden Sheba came out of them and knocked my horse over on its side on my left leg and busted my left kneecap. I still have trouble out of this knee.

Sheba was just there and, wham, we were down before I knew what hit us. She didn't let me know she was coming or that she was going to attack my horse in any way until she did this. She didn't try to hurt me and didn't touch me at all. She just slammed the horse over on top of me, then ran back in the trees and was gone from sight before I could say scat, or could react to stop her attack on my horse. I don't know for sure, but maybe she had a little one at this time she was trying to protect or something and we got too close to her baby. She never did anything like this before or since that time.

Over the years Bigfoot did kill some of our cattle and at least two of our colts that I can recall. They break the cattle's hind legs and rip their stomachs open with something. I don't know if it is their hands or not. They do have fingernails and they also bite them. I do remember them biting their fingernails and their toenails.

Anyway, they would rip the stomachs of the cattle they killed open and lay the innards out on the ground beside the cow at the time. We had always put this type of killing off on devil worshippers or some sick-o trying to mutilate our cattle. I now know it had to be the Bigfoot. I do not know what they took out of the cattle to eat, or if they ate any part of them, because I left right after I watched them make their kill. I could not stand to watch them eat the cattle.

I do know they killed and ate our hogs on two occasions and Papaw was extremely mad then. They carried off three 300 hundred pound hogs to eat like they were rag dolls. They did eat all of the hogs except the innards and the heads and feet and bones. They also did kill and eat our goats the same way. We never could keep any goats around. They'd get them every time we bought some goats.

They hated our dogs and would kill them, just to kill them and rip them to pieces if they didn't die immediately from the attack. The dogs would usually hide or run from them and no amount of beating could get the dogs to go near them. Maybe the dogs had better sense than we did. Bigfoot could have done us the same way they did our dogs if they had wanted too.

My Papaw got sick with cancer in 1994 and had to have an operation that year in August. He never was able to go out and feed the Bigfoot at the top of the hill or the barn again. Fox and Sheba would come to the house from time to time to see Papaw. He would step out of doors and feed them or just talk to them so they would know he was still there and all right. They got so they slept under my Mom's trailer at times and I think this was because they wanted to be near my Papaw.

Once after my Papaw had his second and last operation and had suffered brain damage caused by a stroke, one of them hit the trailer so hard it left a great big dent in the top corner in the front of it. The blow broke one of the front tie-downs in two. It knocked the trailer off its blocks in front also. Our Uncle would not let us go outside or take Papaw outside that night and the Bigfoot howled all night long and kept coming back that night.

The next morning Papaw did go outside to see what Bigfoot it was. It was Fox and he seemed to be very sad because Papaw could not hear Fox or talk plain to him. (Papaw went deaf with the stroke.) Fox was not mean in doing this. He was very gentle and kept talking and even stroked Papaw's head like he sometimes did in the past. I don't know what Fox was trying to tell Papaw or where he wanted Papaw to go with him to, but Papaw kept shaking his head o at Fox and trying to say no. Fox eventually gave up and left.

Right after this Papaw went to the hospital for the last time. He went into the hospital in September and never came home again. For a long time we did not see these Bigfoot after Fox's attack on the trailer and last meeting with Papaw. In 1999 I moved back to the farm and the Bigfoot were still there. I lived there until 2000, approximately a year and a half in all. I would catch glimpses of them from time to time. The old male, Fox was graying up, and the female was not with him the last few times I saw him during this period. Maybe the female died or she was somewhere hiding. It was not until April 2002 before I saw Fox again.

He was a part of my Papaw to me. I don't want anyone to hunt for him or try to hurt him, and I don't want our home invaded by gun happy Bigfoot hunters. I'm not telling my story for fame or fortune. I

am telling it because it is the truth and I really would like to know from the researchers what these Bigfoot animals are. I do think i would have to prosecute anyone who hurt the old male Fox for murder in the first degree if it happened. He was a part of the family just like anyone's pet companion dog would be.

### **Lila's Story**

I grew up on the farm and was your typical country girl. I have had experiences with the Bigfoot since I was three years old. I have never considered myself to be mentally "off" or otherwise incapacitated in any way. I am partially deaf, but that is the extent of it.

As I said, these experiences started happening when I was three. The earliest one I remember is seeing this monkey-type creature. There was a ditch line in behind our house, and across it began a heavily wooded area with dense undergrowth. My sister and I were playing in the yard to the side of the house when she screamed, "There's a gorilla on the other side of the ditch!" We hollered for my mother to come take a look. She looked a few minutes and hollered for my Uncle and Grandparents to come out of the house and look at this gorilla. We all stood there staring at it for about twenty minutes. It never moved, blinked, or anything else. It was standing with one arm leaned against one tree and with its body alongside another tree. After about twenty minutes, my grandfather said it was just the way the light was shining on that tree, and he had us all come inside. The next day, my sister and I went outside to see if we could see this monkey tree again, but we never did.

Now, let me say a few words about my grandfather: Grandpa was a man that had a way with animals. He always said that, if you treated them with respect, they would respect you. He did not care for an animal or human to mistreat its young or peers. If you disrespected him, you could expect to be told about it and put on the straight and narrow. He just had a way with animals and could get them to do whatever he wanted.

Grandpa was also a very secretive individual in some ways. There were parts of his life that he did not talk about, and there is a period of about ten years before he met and married my grandmother that we knew nothing about, although every other stage of his life is known about. He never talked of this ten year period, and we knew not to ask. He died at the age of 90 having lived a ling and adventuresome life.

My grandfather knew these animals were there, but accepted it and never talked about it. He taught me that some things just are, and we were not to question it. He had the Indian idea of getting along with nature and just using what you needed from it.

The next time I encountered this creature I was four. My sister and our next door neighbor were friends, and both were around nine years old when this occurred.. I was the little sister and was considered a pest because I always wanted to do what they were doing. They took me into the woods and left me sitting on a log. After a few minutes, I started to hear something walking in a circle around me. I could hear it breaking branches and breathing. At first I thought that it was my sister and her friend. Then I realized that this was just too big for that.

Then I thought that it was a bobcat, as these were occasionally seen in this area, but even then I knew that a bobcat didn't sound like that. I jumped up and ran all the way to where my grandfather was

talking with the next door neighbor man. This was where our fence lines met in the fields next to the creek that was the border in between our two properties. Grandpa and the neighbor met there every day to talk about happenings on the farm and in the community, so I knew that they would be there.

When I got to them, Grandpa asked me what was wrong. I told him that Janice and her friend had left me in the woods, and something had chased me out of them. He looked back the way I had come, turned around to our neighbor, and said to him that he would see him later. He ran with me back to the house and bawled them out for taking me into the woods. I still believe, to this day, that he saw it and knew what had chased me. It wasn't until years later that I realized that what I had heard was too loud for any animal that I am now familiar with, such as wild cats, dogs, hogs, cows, horses, and bears. Also, this animal was on two legs, not four. I can remember hearing the footfalls from it, and the breathing was unlike anything that I had ever heard before. (Please read Addendum below with Janice's side of this occurrence.)

I can remember being in bed at night and seeing what I thought was someone looking in at me. At this time, the window in my bedroom was nearly on the ground and very easy for someone to crawl in and out of. My uncle and one of his buddies used to do this when my grandfather threw them out of the house. We complained about it, and Grandpa raised the window to where it was at the least six feet off the ground. But there was still someone out there looking in at night, and I could see this person from about his mid-chest up. At the time, I thought this person was wearing a coat and hat even in the hottest summer, which I couldn't understand. Looking back now, I realize that the hat was actually the brow ridge of this animal.

My grandfather used to take us up to the barn to feed what he called a stray dog that was too scared to come to the house and eat with the other dogs. He called this dog "Little Sheba." It would bark, but it didn't really sound like any dog I had ever heard and, by this time, we'd had at least a dozen dogs. This dog would never show itself but would hide from us always, or at least while I was along.

Where we threw the food out was also across a ditch line. On the other side of this ditch line was a big tree with branches that came down to the ground. The ditch line itself was also grown up with trees and bushes in it. Well, this dog had two "puppies" during the time that we were feeding it. One day, when we threw the food out, this arm came out of the branches and snatched the food off the ground. This arm was long, hairy and ended in a human-like hand. I remember asking Grandpa what it was, and he said one of Sheba's pups. I told him right then that wasn't like any dog I had ever seen. He just smiled and took us back to the house. We fed Sheba and her "puppies" for about two to three years, from the time I started school until about the second grade.

I didn't actually see anything again until I was about twelve. There are just some vague memories of things happening and me not knowing why. I can remember hiding in the house with my mother and my sister, and my mother would never tell me why we were hiding. She died in August, so I guess I'll never really know.

Grandpa cleared the land off, so that the woods wouldn't come right up to the house after Grandma complained about something watching her from the woods. There were times when I would be playing in the yard or the fields and feel like something was watching me too. The hair on the back of my neck would stand up at these times. There were times when Grandpa wouldn't let us go out the door to play. He would say that there was a bear across the way, but I only saw a bear once in the barn yard, and that was a mother bear with her cubs. (These bears, in actuality, according to Janice, were Sheba and her two young ones coming towards the house in a quadruped position.)

Around about this time, Mom bought a trailer and put it next to the house. The back doors of both were only about fifty feet from each other. There was an old smokehouse in between the two, with some peach trees to the side of it. These peach trees led up to the back steps of the trailer. I remember many a time running by these trees in the dark thinking something was about to leap out after me. I also remember Mama hitting that back door running a few times, too.

When I was little, someone told me that when you saw a pile of dirt that looked like an anthill, but with an indentation on the top of it, that it was a ghost hill. If you kicked this pile of dirt over, then you had trapped the ghost, and it couldn't come out of the hill which was its home. Of course, nowadays, I realize that there is a kind of bug that digs down into the ground that creates this, but at the time I believed them.

One day, when I was about twelve, I was in the carport playing. This carport was about 10 yards down the hill from the house. There was enough room off the road from it to park two or three vehicles. You then went across the road and up a bank, and there was a wooded area with a lot of undergrowth there. While I was playing, I thought of these ghost hills, and I started to kick them over to keep the ghosts from coming out. There were two vehicles in the carport, a Cadillac and a truck. This carport was basically nine poles, about the size of railroad ties thick that held up the roof. On either side of the carport, there were wood braces to strengthen the poles, except for the middle three poles.

Anyway, I was kicking over these ghost hills when I felt like something was watching me. I looked across the road and saw this thing that, at first, I thought was a man. He looked like he was wearing an allover fur suit. The next thing I thought was, 'Oh, no, a monster!' I immediately dropped down between the cars and rolled underneath the Cadillac. I remember I chose the car because it was lower to the ground than the truck. and I thought it couldn't get me underneath it, but it could crawl in underneath the truck to get to me.

I did not see where it went but I stayed underneath that car until some men came out the door and I could hear them talking. When I crawled out, the men were standing in the same general area that the creature was in. I estimated its height from them and it was a good two feet taller than the men were. I ran into the house, and mom asked what was wrong with me. I never would tell her. I never saw it again after that, just felt its presence from time to time. My impression of it was that it was a young male, anywhere from nineteen to twenty-five years of age in our maturity but probably only about ten to twelve in actual years of their maturity. There were times that I felt that I would be in danger if I walked through the woods and I would get that hair-on-the-back-of-my-neck-standing-up feeling. We built on to the house and made the front porch into a den with only a screen door on it. This door faced the woods, and I would sometimes feel like someone or something was watching me when I was watching television at night by myself. (I always was a night owl.) This feeling, in time, got to the point where I would sit on the door frame going into the main part of the house and kind of aligning myself with the chair that was placed beside it, so that nothing could see me when I was there.

We had several horses when I was growing up. We would ride the horses sometimes in the pasture behind the barn. This pasture was bordered on one side by the woods. Sometimes the horses would refuse to go near these woods and I would get that feeling again. Other times, when riding them around the farm, they would refuse to go into certain other areas. No matter how hard you tried, the horse would stop and stand there, or turn around and run away from the area.

Grandpa had built a pantry in the basement for Grandma and she used to can stuff and put it in there. She quit canning back sometime in the 50's or 0's, but there was still some stuff in jars when I was a kid. It seems like it was boarded up for a long time, and us kids tore the boards down so we could

make it our clubhouse. Although I don't remember doing this, just the boards were up and then they were lying on the ground. The first couple of times I went in, the shelves were still up and the jars were neatly arranged on them. It wasn't long until all of this was broken up, and there was glass everywhere in there, and I know us kids did not do that. I can remember being scared of this area of the basement after that.

At the age of sixteen, I was a camp counselor for a church camp. There was a group of people that camped on the other side of the lake that was harassing our camp and we called them devil worshippers. A lot of things happened that summer and we always put it off to being them that did it. Looking back, though, some things were out of the range of what a person would do. I can remember finding a bare footprint on a dirt road next to our camp. This print wasn't too much bigger than what mine would be.

We kept the foodstuffs in a pantry on the porch of the main building except for the frozen foods that were in a freezer in the kitchen. Someone stole the key at the first of the summer and we found it several weeks later. Because of this, we put a padlock on the door. Something broke this padlock and our food kept going missing. One night, I was going to the lounge from the main building after getting the kids in bed. I had to walk across a yard to get to it. When you came out of the main building you were on a cement porch with a roof over it. When you came off the porch there was a tree about five to ten feet from it that was quite large. After passing the tree, there was nothing between you and the building where we hung out.

This building had two doors on it. One door faced the road and had a stand in it where we kept the cokes for the coke machine and candy to sell to the campers. (We also had food missing from here). The other door was around to the side of the building facing the woods with a window in the wall next to it. This is where we would all gather and play music and games and talk. After stepping off the porch, I passed under the tree. Almost immediately I felt like someone was behind me on two feet following every move I made. The only thing I knew for sure was that whoever it was, they were a lot bigger than me. I tried to act casual as I thought that I would be grabbed if I showed any fear.

I walked to the lounge with it following me until I got to where i had to turn the corner. At the corner, I started running to the door and screaming. When I got inside everybody asked what was wrong. I told them and, of course, everybody thought that it was the people across the lake and wanted to go after them. I told them not to, to please stay with me. I felt it was watching us through the window and was standing just inside the woods. We stayed there for over two hours and when we went to bed, I made everybody leave together and had the guys walk us girls to our dorm.

Some of the campers (boys) claimed one night that something big came into the dorm while they were sleeping. They never got a good look at it. They slept in an old barn that had been renovated. Also my sister and one of our friends were out walking in the woods and found some cattle that had been killed. The cattle's back legs were broken and their stomachs ripped open. The owner hadn't killed them (we asked) and they were not shot and didn't have any knife wounds that could be seen. Also, those people across the lake picked up and left in the middle of the night one night and left a lot of their gear behind. They never came back for it.

On the farm, there was an abandoned house in the field next to ours. This is where the next door neighbors had lived before building their house across the creek where the main road was. One day my mother and sister were walking in the fields and heard something scream at them from this old house. They ran back to the house and mama said it sounded like a panther scream but higher and louder in volume, almost like a woman being murdered but that no woman could scream that loud.

There was an old woman and man (brother and sister) that lived on the other side of the woods that faced our house. They had a cellar, where they kept their food, built on the edge of these woods behind their house. I can remember her asking me if I could get her some green beans out of this cellar, and then saying, "Wait a minute. You'd better let me see if that damn thing is in there or not first." I refused to go in the cellar then, and my mother went instead.

The last real experience I had with them was when I was about nineteen. My mom had bought a double wide mobile home by this time and set it up a little bit farther from the house than the first trailer was but closer to the barn. We didn't have it underpinned at this time. It was the middle of winter and something kept tearing the duct work out from under the trailer and laying it where the heat would be coming out underneath on them, instead of going up and into the trailer. This went on for about two months. Just about every morning, Mom and I would crawl under there and duct tape it back together. Sometimes we could smell this really raunchy smell. Mom worked thirds and I was working seconds at the time. I would come in anywhere from one to four in the morning and I must have been walking right next to it.

Writing this, I remember something that I had almost forgotten about. I saw one of the Bigfoot one last time. I married for the first time soon after returning to school, and Mama had my husband underpin the trailer. He left a big door so that we could keep the lawn mower and other tools underneath the trailer. One day I was going to mow the lawn for them, and I went around to the back of the trailer and opened the door to get the lawn mower out. I saw what looked like a big pile of brown fur under there. I ran around to the front of the trailer and told Grandpa, who told me it was probably one of the dogs. The only dogs we had at the time were two blue tick hounds and the house dog, which was black. My sister also went down to duct tape the duct work not long after this and told Grandpa that she wasn't crawling underneath there either until he got that thing to come out and leave. Grandpa did what Janice asked and when he came back, he told her everything was O.K.

My mother bought a single wide trailer in the spring of '94 and set it up next to the double wide, with the front doors facing each other. But the single wide was set down about fifty feet instead of being even with the double wide. She had a sliding glass door on it and this faced the woods across the road. One night, right before she got ready to go to the little trailer, something hit the back end of the big trailer and knocked items off of the shelves.

My uncle claimed that one of the trucks he kept up in the barn or tool shed had slipped gear and rolled down the hill and hit the trailer. If one of them had, it would have taken the side out of the building they were in, and then rolled about twenty yards to the side of the building first, before being in a line to hit the trailer. The way it was situated, they would have rolled into the ditch line instead.

Uncle wouldn't let my mom go out and take a look and refused to go out himself even when handed a gun. He also would not let mom go spend the night in her other trailer. The next morning she went out to take a look. No truck, no car, no tractor, nothing to account for this happening. She did not look for footprints. After this occurrence, Mama got scared to spend the night in the little trailer by herself and always would stay with Grandpa, Grandma, and her brother in the double wide trailer.

There are other incidents that I can remember that did not happen to my family and me, but to others in the community. I remember one man finding his tractor rolled down a ravine. He did not know how it had happened since the emergency brake was still on and it wasn't out of gear. Other people complained about their animals being killed and not knowing how they were killed. They said that their animals looked like they had been stomped or crushed but found them back in the woods where a vehicle couldn't go. There are other instances that I can think of but I cannot say for certain they are



related to Bigfoot incidents.

This has been my life, and I hope you found something of interest in it. I hope that someday one of these creatures will be caught, and we will finally find out what they are. I don't want to hurt them, or take away their habitat and lifestyle. They have been here longer than we have and as long as they leave us in peace, we should leave them in peace. I do know that, although I haven't seen one lately, I can still feel their presence when I walk around the old home place. I am sufficiently afraid of them that I will not spend the night there and I always try to leave before dark. I don't know if this is because of everything that happened when I was a child or because it is the unknown. Probably, it is a little bit of both.

I do not want to run up on one of them by myself or in a group. They may not have ever really tried to hurt us, but they could if they wanted to, and that also scares me. I have kept my children far more sheltered than we were and they do not know what going out into the woods to play is like. I do not like going camping in the woods This causes conflict with my husband, as he really likes to go camping and wants me and the children to join him.

Anymore, I feel as if I'm being watched when I'm in the woods. It's like we are observed for a little while, and when they are satisfied that we are not going to bother them, they will leave. After that I can relax and enjoy myself but the first two or three hours I am a nervous wreck. The terrain around here is very good for hiding them. As a matter of fact, we have had people hide from the law in this area and not be found until they wanted to be found.

Thank you for listening.

Lila

Janice added the following information regarding Lila's abandonment in the woods:

#### **Addendum by Janice**

Loretta, Lila and I were playing over in our old woods, now cut down and cleared into pasture, when I and Loretta decided to go to this little cedar tree that had a robin's nest in it and get the eggs out of it, or the baby birds. It was eggs at the time, pretty blue eggs. Lila and Loretta could not climb a tree back then to save their skins. I could climb a tree or a greased pole with no problems. I won three times at the county fair climbing the greased pole of the Rangers for \$100.00 each time.

So I had climbed up to the nest and was getting the eggs out of the nest when I saw old Fox coming toward us down a cow path in our clearing there. We had told Lila to sit on a big, fallen tree over in the clearing while we went and got the eggs and that we would be back for her in a little bit. When I saw Fox coming down the cow path, I jumped down out of that tree (not high at all off the ground) and told Loretta to run for her life to the house with me as fast as she could.

Loretta even asked me about getting Lila when I had already forgotten her and we were crossing the ditch line behind the house. I just simply forgot about Lila when I said run for our lives to the house to Loretta. I was scared to go back after her and I was even more scared not to go back after Lila. By the time I came to the decision to try going back for Lila, I could see Papaw coming from the path leading to the creek with her. He called to me and Loretta to hold on there a minute you two, I got something to talk to you two girls about before you go off again.

He gave me and Loretta a big lecture over leaving Lila over there in the woods by herself, especially when both of us big girls knew what was out there in the woods, and that anything, not just our Bigfoot people, might get her, or hurt her, or carry her off somewhere, and we would never hear of her ever again, and things like that. He said if we could not do better than that, Loretta was to go home right then and we were not to play together for a whole week.

Loretta left for home walking and that was when we noticed Fox behind the lilac bush next to an old (now gone) plum tree next to the garage at the side of the front yard. Papaw told Loretta to keep on going on home and he turned to Fox who had come around the lilac bush by then and squatted down on his haunches in front of it. Lila was still squalling her eyes out from being scared so badly, and I was standing at the edge of the bank near the maple tree in the yard that leads down to the garage. Papaw walked down a step or two towards Fox and asked him why he scared us.

I do not know what he said, but he sure didn't mean to scare us, at least I gathered that much of it. Fox was not talking in English to Papaw, and Papaw was talking what I call Bigfoot words to him. Fox looked right at Lila and said, "Yoohhobt Papi Icantewaste Mitanksi," and pointed to himself and said, "Posa," and then said, "Ka Taikay Kataikay Tohobt Wabittub," which sounds like Yo-oh-hobt Pa-pi and was also Lila's name they had given her. Her name means "yellow hair" and "Icantewaste Mitanksi" which sounds like it is spelled and means "be happy little sister," and then, pointing to himself, meaning I or me. Posa means naughty or bad both or either depending on what the crime is, and the rest sounds like it is spelled, but with a click on the "t" at the end of Tohobt, meaning, "Don't cry blue eyes."

So to place this whole talk of Fox's together it would be "Yellow hair. Be happy little sister. I naughty or bad. Don't cry blue eyes." Lila's eyes were blue when she was little and her hair was a yellow-red which most call a strawberry red.

Papaw told Fox to go on, as he had stood up during Fox saying this, and told Fox don't worry about it in English too. So Fox looked over at me when he was leaving and sort of clicked his tongue at me and made this sound down in his throat that sounds like a grunting sound. I can make this sound myself. It is done without opening the mouth and it is made in the throat not the mouth. It is a scolding to them and I would just have to do it for someone to understand what it sounds like and the way they make it. I practiced the sound for years until I had it down pat.

Fox went over the fence and Papaw pushed us both into the house and would not let us back outside for the rest of the day. I had to stay in my room and not come out until suppertime. I didn't even get to go to the barn to feed that night with Papaw. This is all I can remember of that time and I don't know why Lila can't remember it.

I honestly think Lila does remember it, but she won't admit she remembers it. Lila can be funny that way sometimes. So there you have it. I was mean, but I did not really mean to be so to Lila that day. I just as so scared without Papaw that I ran. I would have left Loretta too had she not halfway kept up with me. That is all there was to that day's event..

### **Investigation of the Carter Farm**

On January 13, 2002, two Tennessee Bigfoot researchers, Joseph Bell and Stan Sosnowski III traveled to the farm and made an initial investigation. They met with Janice, Janice's husband, Paul, and Lila. They also conducted an onsite investigation of the cabin in another location where ongoing Bigfoot activity was occurring. Sharon, Paul's mother, had owned the cabin for several years and was allowing

us to check her place out as well.

Joseph and Stan were shown most of the farm and their reports are included in this chapter. Janice, Paul, Lila, and the rest of their family were hospitable and kind and they allowed Stan and Joseph to roam freely about the two properties in question. A day or two later Janice sent me a note which truly surprised me.

She told me that Stan and Joseph had left out apples and corn on the creek bank at the farm. She believed that at least one of the Bigfoot had gotten them. She had gone to the creek just to see what food, if any, the Bigfoot may have eaten. She found two prints of one of their tracks in the mud of the creek bank near the spot where the apples were taken.

The part of her note that surprised me the most was the fact that Janice said she was very excited and could jump up and down, knowing that the Bigfoot would still come and take food that was offered to them. She felt like maybe she was getting over some of her fear of seeing Fox and she hoped that he remembered her and also hoped that Fox wouldn't try to hurt her if she began to feed him again. She also wanted Fox to come out where we could all see him on our next investigation of the farm.

Janice's elation at finding the apples taken and tracks left by the Bigfoot was her first sign that Fox may actually still be alive. She had seen Fox a Couple of years earlier but did not visit the farm very often except to see her Uncle on occasion. I don't think she honestly knew if Fox was still alive when she first contacted me.

Having Paul, her husband, see their tracks was tremendously encouraging for her because at the time he had not seen the Bigfoot, only heard what he thought were sounds made by them. So Janice's sudden anticipation of seeing Fox again was a bit unexpected or seemed so to me.

In frequent talks with Janice, I had formed an opinion that her past Bigfoot encounters kept her away from the farm. Lila had already stated that she did not visit for long during the day and not at all during the night. Therefore, from the excitement portrayed in Janice's note, something had changed for her. Possibly the recent support Janice was receiving from others was giving her the incentive to overcome some of her fears. I have seen this happen before, but I must admit that Janice's case is most intense in nature and extremely rare in comparison to the more usual, one time sighting, Bigfoot cases.

Below is Stan Sosnowski's report after his initial investigation of the Carter farm and the cabin area on January 13, 2002.

When Janice said they had cleared some of the farm, they have really cleared it out. The farm is fairly big, but only about 10 acres and the creeks are wooded. Their neighbors have cleared a lot of property also. There are some large wooded lots near the farm, but this and the immediate neighbors' farms are mostly in pasture. I think there is enough cover to mask movement, just not enough to live in. That's the bad news. The good news is I think the Bigfoot are there, but just in passing. The man that runs cows on their property lost around 10 cattle last year and their neighbors have lost a few also. Janice also told me that some of the dead cows she found (back when her grandfather was still around) were wedged up under trees and she couldn't get them out with her horse.

There was something eating corn in the fence-row as there were cleaned off corncobs in the brush beside the cornfield. I think it was a small animal. It looked like each kernel was eaten rather than something big raking off a lot of corn at once. There was still corn in the middle of the field (the corn

had been cut for silage, which leaves a lot on the ground), so whatever it was might still be around.

Janice said there were a few places where the fence was in constant need of repair. One of these places was across from an adjoining wood lot going into the cornfield with a visible trail on the other side of the road. Another was in a gully on the other side of the cornfield and one other place was on the other side of the house near the creek. We left some apples and cracked corn on the creek, far side of the farm, where the cover is.

The cabin (in the other research area) has lots and lots of woods behind it. We climbed the ridge behind the house, and there was nothing but woods as far as you could see. The current residents in the cabin, Janice's cousins, have only been there since about Christmas, laughed us off. The man had seen a bear while barbecuing and is writing off everything to the bear. They heard a scream when they first moved in, and something had gotten into their garbage. (I noticed they were burning their garbage out front instead of in the back.) They have a young boy, a chicken coop and four dogs. If the Bigfoot are still around, they will be visiting.

Janice's mother-in-law also had one Bigfoot come into the living room and slap the walls. After the one came inside, first Janice's brother-in-law, and then her husband Paul stayed with her mother-in-law until she moved out. Janice and her husband lived there next until they also got tired of the monsters. The house sat empty for about 6 months and then the cousins moved in. That's about all. We told them if they hear or see anything to call us. Stan

An additional note on the situation at the cabin is the fact that Janice's cousins hastily moved out just a week or so after Joseph and Stan's investigation there. The cabin remained empty again until another couple with children moved into it. The new renters eventually began to complain about something beating on the outside cabin walls at night. They also told Sharon that they heard bears walking around the cabin at night on occasion. It was discovered shortly afterwards that the new renters had fled without saying a word to Sharon, leaving many of their children's toys and personal belongings behind just two weeks after they had moved in. This family said they were not coming back after their belongings either, so Sharon disposed of them and cleaned up the cabin once more.

After this, another family of four moved in and the father paid a considerable amount of money ahead on their lease and then they too deserted the cabin after a few weeks. This family left much more of their belongings behind than any of the other renters had. Sharon had to search for a while to locate this last family who were now living in North Carolina. When they were at last contacted, the father refused to go back to the cabin in spite of the fact that there were numerous boxes of items never unpacked. There were also new bicycles for the children, and new furniture along with two other vehicles left behind.

Sharon made arrangements to rent a U-Haul and deliver their possessions to the father in a certain location. On Tuesday, October 15, 2002, Sharon, along with Janice, met the father with the trailer loaded with all their belongings that they had asked for, but yet were unwilling to get for themselves.

Speaking to the father, Janice and Sharon again asked him why they had left so suddenly, leaving almost everything they owned behind. He told them that bears had been trying to get inside the cabin. Janice asked him if it was possible that these bears might have been Bigfoot creatures instead and he insisted that they were not Bigfoot, as he didn't believe in any Bigfoot. He also told Sharon that the bears tried turning the door knob to get in. I suppose it is possible, but obviously something very strange is going on at this cabin.

Next is Joseph Bell's report after his investigation on January 13, 2002.

I have no problem at all believing in Janice's and Lila's story. They are very sincere and very nice people. The area around the farm has changed quite a bit since the time that the grandfather was feeding these animals. Much land on the farm and other surrounding farms has been cleared, but as Janice states, perhaps they are using the creek bed to travel through this area. As Stan's report states we did find a fence that Janice said was always in need of repair that led out to a road with a well-traveled trail that led off into the brush on the other side. Perhaps Stan and I can go back and put up tree stands and see if we can catch them using this trail at night. I just don't see a lot of cover right on the farm for them to still be hiding out there.

The cabin is in a thickly wooded area with cover for as far as the eye can see. The cabin is set up next to a ridge that extends for miles and any Bigfoot could move very easily for long distances without being seen. The cabin had been vacant for about six months before the people that live there now moved in. Perhaps now that someone will be putting out trash the Bigfoot will return to rummage through it.

### **A Few Conclusions**

Stan and Joseph properly finished a preliminary investigation of the Carter farm and of the log cabin area in Tennessee and found certain signs that suggested Bigfoot activity. Their reconnaissance of the cabin property led both investigators to believe that there were strong indications that this area was more than capable of supporting the Bigfoot. Below is a report resulting from a telephone interview I conducted with Sharon, the owner of the cabin, who would rather that her last name be kept anonymous.

At first, Sharon allowed two women to rent the cabin from 1995 until 1997. These two reported hearing someone walking around close to the cabin and in the nearby woods many times during their two-year occupancy. One time, the women had gone to the store and when they returned, they noticed an unpleasant, strong smell (described as weird) that lingered inside for several hours.

Eventually they moved away and Sharon and her husband decided to move into the cabin themselves. While living there, the owners also heard sounds of someone walking around outside the cabin. At first, when they would look out, they did not see anyone responsible for making the heavy footstep sounds. They reported these steps as sounding bipedal in nature. During these ongoing incidents there were times when they would hear "voices" and walking in the leaves on the hillside by the cabin. The voices were indistinguishable in nature and it could not be determined what was being said. Sharon's husband yelled outside on several occasions and told the intruders that he didn't know what they were up to, but they had better get gone before he shot them. This never seemed to cause any hurried exit by the frequent trespassers. Eventually, these walking noises and voices would amble off and not be heard again that night.

Sometimes Sharon would be alone upstairs in her bedroom, and would hear the front door of the cabin open and slam shut immediately afterward. When she would hear the door opening, she would start downstairs thinking she had company and calling out to them to see who it was, but before she could even descend the stairway, she would hear the same thing, the door opening and slamming shut again. Try as she might, she never saw who was doing this, but the walking sounds again were bipedal, as if a heavy human were walking around downstairs. One time there was mud left on the carpet in the living room after one of these episodes. Sharon described the large muddy tracks as looking like somebody with rags on their feet walking around in the living room.

These types of episodes happened off and on at varying times throughout the period of time that Sharon and her husband lived in the cabin. It would also seem that since the cabin is situated at the end of a difficult, steep, rutty, dirt road, which requires a four-wheel drive vehicle to access, that any visitor's vehicle would be heard coming long before its arrival.

One incident that did puzzle Sharon concerns a large bowl of fruit she left outside on the front porch. She had placed it there one day during her grandchildren's visit and had forgotten to bring the bowl and remaining fruit back inside that night. She remembers that there were at least three or four apples inside the bowl and at least two bananas. In the morning, all that was left in the bowl was one apple. She never figured out who or what had taken the fruit from the bowl. I am certain if a bear was the culprit, the remaining apple would have been eaten also.

One evening, Sharon heard what she thought was a bobcat screaming outdoors. Upon looking out, she saw something running through the trees in an upright position. She said she knew it was not an animal such as a bear as it was running upright rather rapidly like a man would do. She did see it clearly and it was brownish in color. A few other times she saw this same type of creature running upright on two legs through the woods. Sharon said she moved out of the cabin after these incidents, but that she continues to own it and leases it on occasion to others who want to live in extremely remote areas.

Paul and Janice and their children lived in the cabin for a while and also experienced Bigfoot activity. They stayed there longer than some of Sharon's tenants, toughing out a most difficult year with knocking sounds on the outside walls and something lurking in the trees behind the cabin. Another episode that Paul and Janice experienced while living there was when the two of them, trying to sleep outside in the summer time inside a tent, were chased inside the cabin one night by a charging, growling creature. They did not see it, but heard it crashing through the woods with angry guttural cries. Janice had to wake Paul up and when he heard it coming, he also thought it best to run inside the cabin and lock the door. Paul thought it was bear, but Janice's opinion was that it could not have been a bear according to the type of vocalizations it was making.

Here are some added comments about the cabin, written by Janice Coy.

Paul thinks that his mother, Sharon, and others were too frightened to stay for long at the cabin. When Sharon's nephew and his girlfriend lived there, they kept saying they were having trouble with what they thought to be a big black bear. They never said it was a Bigfoot, just a bear, and they moved after living there for only 8 weeks.

I did talk to Nancy (withheld) the one that originally owned the cabin. Nancy said that she had heard the sounds and had problems with something that she didn't know what it was back at the cabin when it was first built and while they were living in it. Nancy is a reliable, decent, and credible person who doesn't lie. Nancy, Sharon, and I had something get after us that we thought was a bear back when we walked the property before the cabin was built. We were trying to decide the best spot to build it on.

We were walking with six dogs and twelve goats that had gone along with us. Suddenly the dogs turned tail and went flying back to the cabin. Those goats nearly chased us off the mountainside. They gathered around us and kept puffing and grunting and butting us to get out of there. I was the first one to notice the noise that sounded like something following us. I told the other two women to stop talking and then something behind me, very near, made a funny grunting sound like a huff, the hair all over me stood straight up. I leaned forward and whispered into Sharon's ear and asked her if she heard the same thing I was hearing and she said yes. She then asked Nancy and Nancy said yes, she had

heard it too. I said it sounds maybe like a bear and the other two agreed at the time.

We came off that mountain in a fast walking manner. We didn't even go toward the old cabin that Sharon lived in at the time. This cabin was down from the cabin she now owns. We just made a beeline for the road and came straight down off the mountain and onto the road. Whatever that was at the time was walking on two feet, not four. It would take steps when we did and if we all stopped to see if we could hear it walking it would stop also. I followed us to the road and never did come out of the woods while we were going back to the cabin. John, Sharon's husband at the time, and Paul's step-dad or Dad as he calls him, tracked it afterward. He found two footprints in the red clay dirt where it had crossed one little part of the one dirt road that lead to the house from one side to the other. He even commented at the time that this bear was acting really funny because it was walking on its hind legs all the way off the mountain. He also said that this "bear" must have really been after us and preparing to attack because it had remained on its hind feet. I did see one of the tracks at the time and that was not a bear track. It had five toes. It was a medium size track, however, about 10 inches from toe to heel and around 5 to 6 inches across the heel. At the time, seeing that track gave me the heebie-jeebies. I just knew it was not a bear but a young Bigfoot. Still, Nancy did say she had trouble out of something while living there and she called it a swamp-ape and some other name that I'm not sure of. Nancy is from Florida and they call Bigfoot something else down there.

Paul reports that his mother, Sharon, was in her car at one time after dark, parked outside of the cabin, when something got after her. She first claimed she didn't know what in the world was attacking her car. She simply stated it was some kind of big hairy animal, but could not tell the family exactly what it was. Paul also said that his mother's car looked as if a bear had been at it and after he told her this that was when his mother started telling others that it was a bear that attacked her car. Later, she changed her mind again and thought it might be a mountain lion after her. It wasn't until very recently, after I showed my mother-in-law pictures of a Bigfoot on my computer that she believed the creature that got after her actually was a Bigfoot type of animal. So now Sharon is pretty certain that what was attacking her car was a Bigfoot. Sharon didn't know what a Bigfoot was or what they really looked like before I had shown her the picture of one. Paul said that his mother did indeed have something attack her car that night and that maybe she really didn't know what type of animal it was as she did first say that she didn't. It is likely that Sharon didn't know what a Bigfoot was in the first place. All I know for sure is that the car was beaten in and heavily damaged when saw it the next day.

Janice Coy, March, 2002

Some of my final thoughts about Janice at this time were that she was trying to be as brutally honest as she could with me. I felt that she was exhibiting a true love/hate relationship towards the Bigfoot on the farm, which I believe came from early childhood involvement with such frightening creatures. Of course I am not a psychiatrist, nor anyone who could give an educated opinion in this matter. The Bigfoot were fascinating monsters that were extremely kind to her most of the time, with the one exception of Sheba, who attacked Janice's horse while she was riding near the woods.

I also thought Janice might have had a need (at least for a long while) to put everything concerning the Bigfoot behind her in order for her to cope with normal, everyday life. Janice did proclaim to me that she had been avoiding close contact with Fox in recent years due to a burgeoning fear of these creatures since she had moved away from the farm and since her grandfather's death. The same hold true for Lila. Lila stated in no uncertain terms her feelings about the Bigfoot, and that she did not intend to place herself or her children in any more danger from them. She does not trust them at all and her fear seems deeper rooted somehow. It remains to be seen whether Lila changes her mind in the future.

Lila told me that she had persistently urged Janice to report what she knew about the Bigfoot, which eventually toppled Janice's memories of them into one formidable heap of mental anguish. It seems that, again, Janice was trying to understand just exactly what these creatures are, ape or man? I say again, because she had been told by her grandfather what he believed them to be but she was never thoroughly satisfied with his explanation it seems. Janice was told that the Bigfoot were people just like she was, only they looked different and were much bigger. Knowing the Bigfoot had a way of communicating with each other by their own use of certain signals and vocalizations, Janice could not help but think that her grandfather may be right. After all, from what her uncle and Grandmother Carter told her, her grandfather was able to communicate with them even before she came to live with them on the farm.

Janice, when a child, watched from high above in either of two trees as the Bigfoot killed livestock in a most gruesome way. She watched as they killed her pet goats, chickens, cats, dogs, and other farm animals at times. On the other hand, she has seen the gentleness displayed between Fox and Sheba and their offspring and how they related to each other in a peaceful fashion. Janice reports that they never hit each other or tried to harm each other as human husbands and wives sometimes do.

When Janice would believe that the Bigfoot were gentle in nature, the next thing she knew they were killing her dogs and cats. I'm certain that it will always be a perpetual circle of mixed emotions for Janice while she tries to figure out just *what* the Bigfoot truly are. However, Janice is no different than others who find themselves in the same predicament as she, seeing manlike creatures that exhibit extremely intelligent behavior, yet look like a cross between an ape and a human.

When I visit with Janice, or talk to her on the telephone, she reveals that she thinks the Bigfoot are people and then, the next time we talk, she thinks the Bigfoot are dangerous huge brutes capable of injuring her or her children. She repeats over and over at times how easily they can kill with just one swipe of their strong arms and hands, or how they can throw a bucket sized rock with deadly accuracy. She knows too well what they are capable of and finds it most difficult to believe that she spent her childhood trying to play with some of their babies, especially Blackie, the surviving male twin who was born in 1973.

It hurts me to watch Janice's efforts to sort things out concerning the Bigfoot. Are they a human race of people with a gene that makes them giants with excessive hair or are they a long lost great ape, or maybe some other special hominid creature we've yet to discover? Are they Neanderthal in nature, maybe a genetic split-off? And why has no one ever been able to produce a live or even dead specimen or at least a skeleton of just one Bigfoot?

Janice has now put herself into a position of being forced to prove to a most skeptical world that these creatures survive in Tennessee. She does know that few will ever believe the Bigfoot exist just on her word alone. Even though her grandmother and uncle have provided some information, others in the family, friends, and neighbors are most reluctant to bring forth what they also know. They are working behind the scenes in helping Janice to document her statements and helping her to get necessary physical proof to go along with her claims. One neighbor has even held off building a new home near the property because he is afraid it will run the Bigfoot away before Janice can obtain all the physical proof she needs.

Having some education in the veterinary field, Janice does know what it's going to take to present proper physical proof of Bigfoot's existence and, once obtained, drop it into the laps of skeptical scientists. She knows that it may take years or perhaps the rest of her life to produce certain and unquestionable physical evidence for DNA testing. Will she and others in the neighborhood succeed in



their efforts? I hope so.

Currently, in Tennessee and in North Carolina, we have an excellent team of investigators who are doing their best to aid Janice with the right advice and equipment necessary to prove her case. More recently, Will Duncan has become involved and has provided video equipment for this project and I am truly thankful for his assistance. Will, and his friend and associate Russian hominologist Dmitri Bayanov, have invaluable experience to add of their own. Janice and I are truly humbled by their offers of help and advice, which have been taken to heart. Along with Will and Dmitri, Henner Fahrenbach has given staunch advise when needed. He has also been a blessing to this project.

Most Bigfoot researchers today would never say that the Bigfoot are capable of talking or mimicking human speech. To do so would set them apart from the rest of the more "serious" researchers who look upon the Bigfoot as a giant ape that is dangerous, or quite peaceful, depending on the part of the country you live in. The Pacific Northwest Bigfoot researchers seem to believe the Bigfoot are gentle giants, but some of the Southern Bigfoot researchers seem to believe the Bigfoot are gentle giants, but some of the Southern Bigfoot researchers believe their creatures to be quite aggressive and quite capable of killing you if given the chance. There does seem to be a very large number of aggressive encounters reported to researchers in the South compared to the more benign encounters in the Pacific Northwest.

Dr. Grov3er Krantz, a Washington State physical anthropologist, whose teachings and research covered all aspects of human evolution, advocated, up until the time of his death on February 14, 2002, that according to various indicators, the Bigfoot might have come from a primate called Gigantopithecus, which is perhaps not extinct after all.

Gigantopithecus was a contemporary of Homo erectus and lived during the Pleistocene Epoch, 1.8 million to 100,000 years ago. Gigantopithecus was essentially a very large ape, likely related to modern orangutans, but it was said to have stood from six feet tall (females) to nine feet tall (males), weighing from 600 to 1200 pounds. Gigantopithecus officially became extinct around 300,000 years ago, but some Chinese scientists believe that a form of the beast exists as the so-called Yeti, or Abominable Snowman.

Others believe another form of Gigantopithecus exists in the Northwest United States and is called Bigfoot. Dr. Krantz never saw a Bigfoot, although he was not afraid to speak out on behalf of its existence. For someone in his position, this was considered a dangerous and foolhardy thing to do. It has been said that doing so cost him professional credibility. Dr. Krantz was dearly loved and spoken well of by most Bigfoot researchers who appreciated his efforts to prove Bigfoot's existence. Dr. Krantz strongly believed that Bigfoot did exist, and he was featured in several Bigfoot film documentaries over the years.

## **Second Investigation**

On February 4, 2002 another field trip to the Carter farm was undertaken. While in Janice's territory, we conducted two lengthy interviews with both Janice and Lila and a systematic examination of their property. The weather was bitterly cold. The temperature outside hovered below 20 degrees Fahrenheit the two days we were there. We planned on staying longer than the two days, but a snowstorm was forecast and moving in on us the last morning so we had a limited time to accomplish our objectives.

The first night's interview with Janice and Lila lasted over five hours and the next night, an interview with Janice alone lasted even longer. During the second day we took a good look at the farm, but we

did not go on to the cabin to search there again. We simply had to be content to concentrate on the Carter farm alone.

My personal observations were a bit different than Stan's and Joseph's first analysis of the land features of the farm. As I've mentioned before in earlier chapters, I saw the rolling foothills of the Smoky Mountains with the deep, jagged ditch lines and heavy tree cover along these gullies and creeks as an ideal hideaway for the Bigfoot. They could travel freely at any time of the day or night in these gullies and waterways without ever having to be seen by humans. It was true that large amounts of tree cover in prior years was gone, and that formerly wooded areas had been cleared for pasture. Still, wide paths with dirt showing through trodden, worn grass were in evidence. Large creatures were using these paths.

Found also were additional paths leading across the main road or off into neighboring farm woodlands that also appeared well traveled. Strands of barbed wire on the fences were pushed down and in need of repair at the time we were there and on every other subsequent trip to the same location. Janice claims these places on the fences, where the paths lead up to, are in constant need of repair. Even though barbed wire is strung taut when replaced, a day or two later the wire is again bent downward or broken in the same locations. This has gone on for as long as Janice can remember. It appears that the Bigfoot are using the same trails and have not made any effort to change their patterns of access to their wooded areas.

I did think while looking around the farm that it was unlikely that the Bigfoot felt as comfortable and sheltered in more recent years with so much of the land cleared, because they would now have a need to be even more vigilant of human discovery. I also thought that the cave entrances along the creeks held a lot of interest for them. The deep-bedded creeks offered seclusion, travel ways, water and food sources. The insides of the caves are decently warm in the winter, cool in the summer, and offer shelter and protection from all adverse weather conditions. Caves have long been necessary for survival to several types of hominids and are often an absolute necessity for other types of wildlife and their survival.

I do realize that the Bigfoot are not as free today to browse the Carter farm for food as they once were during the daylight hours. There simply isn't enough cover left for the Bigfoot to hide in as in years past. It bothers Janice that so much clearing has gone on in recent years, not just on their farm, but the neighboring farmers are clearing off their land too. Janice once watched the Bigfoot family from her treetop during the day when there was only a small dirt path leading into a couple of houses. Now the road has been paved and a few newcomers are buying land and building homes nearby.

Because of Janice's respect and love for her grandfather and the respect he in turn showed for the Bigfoot, she has refused to clear her portion of the property. She has allowed the trees, bushes and weeds to grow in order to provide shelter for the Bigfoot. Since a portion of her land lies along the creek. I feel the cover remaining there has been an extremely vital and crucial necessity for the well-being of Fox and the remainder of his family that still roam the farm. So even though Janice proclaims she is horribly afraid of the Bigfoot now, she is evidently concerned that they be allowed what shelter she can provide for them...and the Bigfoot are still there.

After the late night interviews on February 4 with Janice and Lila, our team asked Janice to meet us at the local newspaper office in the morning. We spent several hours looking through archives for certain articles of interest concerning our case of Bigfoot's existence in this area of Tennessee. When we finished at the last newspaper office we went back to the motel and rested for a while. We had not gotten much sleep the night before. Janice returned home, but she and Lila were coming back in a

couple of hours. They were going with us to the farm for further investigations.

Joseph Bell, Anonymous, Janice, Lila, and myself looked for signs of the Bigfoot's presence when we reached the farm in the afternoon. We were shown the deep ditch line behind the barn and horse shed where Robert Carter Sr. had fed Fox and his family for over 20 years. The old tree is still standing, but its limbs are a few feet higher off the ground than they once were. This tree is rooted in the ditch line and that is why the lower limbs were so close to the ground when the Bigfoot were fed there by Robert Sr.

As Janice told us, the Bigfoot could actually sit or stand under the lower branches at the top of the ditch, and reach out and grab at the food poured out to them. Janice said that Fox and later Sheba came out in the open to get the food if Janice and her Papaw were the only two humans there at the time. If other Carter family members were there, the Bigfoot would remain hidden while they were eating. Fox was always the first to eat and had his choice of the offerings. Then Sheba would eat what he left and so on down the line from the oldest to the youngest. Janice stated that the babies rarely got any food due to this order of feeding that Fox imposed upon the other family members.

The only exception to this rule was when they were fed M & M candies. Each Bigfoot were then given a few M & M's, poured from the bag directly into their hands by Robert Sr. Fox was forced to share or he would not have been given any at all. Still, in their normal feeding habits away from the barn, Janice says that she never saw such a pecking order, that all shared in an animal kill or food find. The mother of the clan, Sheba, was said to eat constantly, even with a young one in her arms that she rarely let go of.

After looking around the farm for a while, searching for tracks, hair, feces, or other physical evidence, Janice and Joseph searched an area where Janice had watched the entire Bigfoot family bury Sheba's stillborn baby in 1977. Video was taken of this area and the exact spot of burial, as Janice was very sure of where she had seen them dig the large hole to bury the baby in.

Other video footage and photographs were taken of the house, trailer, barn, fields, fences and other land features before we went on to investigate the creek. Our visit during the coldest weather of the winter caused a few difficulties. Lila had not dressed warmly enough, wearing only a thin coat without hat or gloves. At least Janice had on a thick, warm coat but she also did not have on a hat or gloves. Our team members were a bit concerned that Lila was getting too cold. We didn't wish to make her sick or cause her any frostbite. Therefore we did not look around as long or as much as we would otherwise have done at the barn, other outbuildings, and dwellings or in the ditch lines.

Next, we drove to a small grown up field above the creek, where Joseph and Stan had left apples and corn out on their first visit a few weeks earlier. This is where Janice was going to make an all-out effort to call Fox up. She felt like she could do so and wanted us to view him as closely as possible. She explained that she was going to use the same type of calls that her grandfather had used over the years when calling the Bigfoot up for food or at other special times when he needed to talk to them.

This calling up for a "talk" was generally done when something Fox had done was particularly upsetting to Janice's grandfather. Janice said he called them in when Fox would start killing the livestock. She told me once that even though Fox would huff and be angry with her Papaw because he told him to leave the livestock alone, Fox never really challenged her grandfather's authority in this matter. Yet a few weeks would go by and Fox would again be chasing the goats or eying the cattle as food. A total of at least 60 goats were slaughtered by Fox and his family over a 20 year period according to Janice. She is allergic to regular milk and therefore the need of the grandparents to

replace the goats as they were taken. That averages out to three goats per year, so that is not too bad, considering the appetites of such creatures.

However, the neighbor's cattle, hogs, goats, and chickens were slaughtered at times and in impressive numbers and often on the same night. The kills in neighboring cattle herds were reported by the cattle owners as the work of coyotes or other types of large predatory animals. In discussing this with Janice, she explained that she hesitated to tell the other farmers what she suspected was killing their livestock. She didn't think she would be believed anyway. This past winter, Janice told us that some of the farmers were truly up in arms about the situation and were debating about hunting out and shooting whatever was killing their cattle but they were never successful in any of their efforts to locate the source of the predator. I'm sure Janice breathed a sigh of relief that Fox was not caught and killed for taking others' livestock, if indeed, he was the guilty party.

Janice let it be known that only one of the recent cattle kills could reliably be assumed to be the work of the Bigfoot. She states that she cannot vouch that any of the cattle were killed by a Bigfoot because she did not witness the Bigfoot actually doing it. I appreciate Janice's honest statements in this matter. It proves that her grandfather taught her the meaning of the word "integrity." It also says to me that she was taught the principles of honesty as a child. Because Janice did not actually watch Fox or another Bigfoot capture and kill any of the cattle, she was not going to state that it was actually a Bigfoot that killed them.

The killing of the cattle began in December of 2001, then other kills happened in January, again in March, with the last episode occurring in April 2002. One of the cattle that was pastured under a rental agreement on the Carter farm went missing without a trace. Its carcass was never found. Then a close neighbor had one cow that was reported by Janice to us as being more than likely killed by the Bigfoot. She bases this mostly on the way the cow was killed and the fact that this young cow had only its liver taken. This was what Janice had witnessed twice as a child; the Bigfoot killed the cow by breaking its neck, then sliced the stomach open, then took something from the inside to eat. She cannot be certain it was the liver that the Bigfoot were after on the two cows she watched them kill, as she did not stay around to see what they were eating. The remains were simply wasted and her grandfather had to burn the carcasses.

A neighbor later reported three more of his young cattle had been killed in the same fashion. Janice states she did not see the last three kills, as she was not living there at the time that the neighbor told her about the incident. Also, before the winter was over, a man whose property is behind the Carter farm reported two of his half-grown cattle killed in a most disturbing fashion. The slaughter of all these cattle occurred during the winter of 2001-2002 and all were killed in an unusual manner according to reports from the neighbors.

I think Papaw Carter may have kept many of the neighbors' cattle from being harvested simply for their livers by feeding Fox's family for over twenty years. It appears to me that the other farmers would owe Mr. Carter a deep debt of gratitude for saving so much of their livelihood. I lived on a farm for well over half of my life and know that the loss of even one cow can be devastating. In most states they are not cheap animals to purchase.

Once we were in the overgrown field above the creek, Janice appeared to be visibly shaken. Her voice quivered and her body shook, but I thought possible this was from the cold and not from fright. Lila was also a bit agitated and looked nervously around. Janice pointed to where she planned to call Fox out and brought out a beautiful new quilt she wanted to give to Fox. I don't know if this was because of the winter weather or if it was a peace offering of some sort, renewing their friendship in a strange

sort of way. I was taken aback by the beauty of the quilt and its newness. Surely she was not going to give this gorgeous new quilt to a creature such as a Bigfoot to wallow in?

How wrong I was. I asked Janice about offering this quilt to Fox and she replied, "Well, Fox is a friend and was my grandfather's friend. I could offer him no less. We always give our best to our friends."

Needless to say, I felt a bit ashamed. I had not thought of the Bigfoot as being very human until that moment. It struck home that Janice did feel the Bigfoot were humans of some sort and because she believed this so strongly, nothing was too good for Fox. With that said, Janice walked towards a grove of trees, which included some bushy cedar trees at the end of the field. There was heavy tree cover there and she had told me that is where Fox would come out from, if he was going to. She wanted to give Fox some decent cover up to a certain point. He would not have too many steps to go then in order to pick up the quilt. I thought this was a well thought out plan. Where Fox might not come out in an open area, he may very well take a few steps and grab the quilt before making a quick exit. It also proved to me that Janice knew what she was doing with Fox and wanted a successful effort.

Next, Janice and Joseph went to the creek to see if there were any tracks or other signs around the place on the lower bank where they had been deeding Fox the apples. Anonymous took a large bag of popcorn, heavily salted, to the area where the quilt was laid on the ground in the field in front of the thick cedar trees. Anonymous put the bag far to the right of the quilt, and it was our offering to Fox that day. Janice seemed a bit unnerved at this point and told us all that she was going to try calling Fox in so it was clear that she wanted us back beside her near the center of the field, but rather far away from the quilt itself. We all complied and by this time, Janice was shaking quite noticeable. I still could not determine if it was from fear or the cold.

Once we had cameras and bionic ear equipment at the ready, and also recording equipment set up near Janice, she made some extremely loud calls to the Bigfoot. At about that time, my video camera stopped recording and showed that the battery had gone dead. It was about 15 or 16 degrees Fahrenheit then, late in the afternoon under cloudy, darkened skies. In another hour the sun would set. Although this one video camera battery pack was fully charged when I had started out, I now had to replace it with a reserve one and continued taping as Janice made more calls of different varieties, several of which I had not heard before. It was unbelievable at how much Janice sounded like a real Bigfoot at times with some of her shrieks. I was familiar with their calls and knew that it had taken a lot of practice for her to do them so well. We waited and all were in readiness to see if Fox would appear to retrieve his new quilt. I continued to video tape until the other battery died in less than 15 minutes in the severe cold. I now was without a means to record Fox on videotape even if he did appear.

At last Stan arrived shortly thereafter with his video camera. He'd worked the night before and he'd driven down to be with us that evening after catching up on some sleep. I heaved a deep sigh of relief because none of us had any idea what was going to happen next. About ten minutes later, Janice was still trying to call Fox in. We had been hearing dogs sounding off in the distance in the direction of the quilt. We didn't know if the dogs were barking at Janice's calls or an approaching Bigfoot. These dogs most likely lived on a farm behind the creek but not within our sight.

It was then that I saw what appeared to be a very large black figure on the hillside above the cedar thicket. It was coming down the side of the mountain. It was moving in a quadruped fashion, on all fours, and advancing towards the cedar thicket. I clearly heard a loud huff and growl noise. I looked over at Anonymous who was also watching the same spot I was watching most intently. I whispered to her and asked her if she had seen the creature and she agreed that she had. From where we stood, the creature I saw was not a bear, it did not have a long snout that a bear has and although it moved

fluently, it was out of sight in seconds. Janice continued to call and in a few minutes Joseph also thought he might have picked up some growls on the bionic ear equipment.

Stan had told me that he had observed some movement also. Therefore I asked Stan for a more detailed report about what he had heard and seen while there. I am including his observations also.

That day at the farm, I remember seeing movement back in the trees. I saw it a couple of times and tried to get it on tape. I thought I had taped it, but when I got home and reviewed the tape--nothing. It seems like there was a dark shape where the movement was, but it never moved and I assumed it was a tree trunk. The movement I saw was just a flicker, not something I could say was a Bigfoot or not. Later that night, I thought I heard a long, low growl with the bionic ear. It never stopped and I assumed that it was some interference from the creek.

I did hear something that was not the creek. It was a swoosh sound (like a limb makes when a squirrel jumps on it) followed by a limb breaking and something hitting the ground (leaf litter noise). If I was in town I would have assumed that it was a cat (or raccoon, etc.) jumping on a limb that broke, and everything hitting the ground. The only problem was that there was no "scampering away" noise. In fact there were no sounds from there. And it came from the spot where we left the apples--not where the quilt was.

Joseph had on the bionic ear and it was pointed the other way and he didn't hear anything. We waited awhile. When nothing else happened we spotlighted the area and saw nothing. We waited it out for a while before we left. I can't say for sure on the movement--and in this business if you can't be sure, it seems best not to say anything. Not sure about the growl--although a return trip with the bionic ear might help prove what it was one way or the other. The limb noise I am pretty sure was the big guy. It sounded kind of like he reached out and snatched a limb off a tree real fast. There were trees and the creek bed to hide in. It just had that weird feel to it; when something odd happens that you are not sure is Bigfoot but you really think it is.

As Janice continued her calls, she grew more and more frustrated that Fox did not come out in the open. In fact, she began to cry. She said she was angry with him for not coming out and knew he was probably there. Janice had no idea that we saw a black creature heading for the cedar thicket behind the pasture where the quilt lay. I did not tell her either. I didn't want her efforts hampered or swayed by us telling her that we actually saw something.

Lila was beyond cold and looked like she was turning blue so I asked Joseph to start his truck up and let her sit inside and warm up, which he was nice enough to do. I asked Janice if she wanted to warm up also and at first she could not be swayed. She squatted once and began beating on a large dead limb with a stick. She was trying so hard to call Fox up that it actually hurt me to watch her efforts. Eventually though, she had to give in and warm up inside of Anonymous' truck right before we started back to town.

Daylight was rapidly fading and the sky was overcast. The temperatures continued to fall. Shortly after Janice's last attempts, all of the women climbed into Anonymous' truck and headed back to the motel, leaving Joseph and Stan to continue their surveillance of the area. Janice drove Lila home and returned alone shortly after supper time. The two men remained in the field next to the creek until after midnight. They then returned to the motel where they joined me in asking Janice questions about Fox and Sheba that they were the most curious about.

I can say one thing. None of us were happy to leave the scene and kept hoping that Fox would at least

come out and grab the quilt before retreating. Janice was extremely disappointed he didn't show and kept worrying that we would not believe her unless she could prove that he was alive and real. My thought during this time was why should Fox come out in the open in front of so many strangers? He had never displayed himself at the barn unless it was only Janice or her grandfather there to feed them. There does exist one other incident where Fox displayed himself to a stranger, but that was a short while before Robert Carter Sr. passed on. Janice has related this incident elsewhere in this book. I did not have any high hopes that Fox would actually walk out and pick up the quilt. Past experience told me this just could not happen, and it did not, of course. It took years for Robert Sr. to gain Fox's trust and none of us that day were going to do in a couple of hours what took a lifetime for him to accomplish.

I know that Janice was very hopeful and I think this is because her need to have us believe her was so strong. We assured her that these things take time. I felt that if anyone was going to get any videotape of Fox, it would have to be Janice herself. I wasn't too disappointed about what I heard and observed. That huge figure on the hill, on all fours, still stubbornly clings inside my mind and refused to be dislodged.

### **After the Investigations**

Janice had a traumatic face-to-face encounter with Fox in April of 2002. She had gone into the basement below the Carter farmhouse to retrieve a lawnmower for her uncle and unexpectedly found the Bigfoot there. The reason Janice was getting the lawnmower out for her uncle in the first place was because of an event that occurred a week earlier on Monday, April 8. Robert Jr. had been feeding his small dog at the basement door entrance on the rear of the house. This entrance was near the deep gully that skirted the back of the house. He'd just driven in from the motel to mow the grass and to feed his pup from a newly purchased bag of dry dog food.

I had petted this same pup, along with a large dog, when we investigated the farm in February. Janice had told me a few weeks earlier that the larger dog had been missing for a while. During the last week in June this pup was later found dead in a ditch by Janice and other Bigfoot researchers during a later investigation of the farm. It is surmised that it was killed by the Bigfoot due to the nature of the injuries it sustained. Janice knows first-hand how the Bigfoot kill dogs and she stated after finding the pup that she felt like the Bigfoot had most likely killed it.

So as Robert Jr. went to feed his pup he found the basement door standing wide open. He assumed that someone had broken in to steal some of the antiques that had been locked up inside the basement. This was proven true the next week as thieves had left the door open in the first place. A large number of antiques worth several thousand dollars were stolen. He worried about this at the time but proceeded to feed his puppy anyway.

While he was opening the dog food bag to pour some out into the feeding pan, Fox loomed from the darkness inside the basement and approached Robert Jr. at the open door and indicated to him that he was hungry. Fox had been given dog food to eat in the past and it was one of Fox's favorite foods. Shocked and in total terror, Robert Jr. handed the entire bag over to Fox, backed slowly away, then turned and fled up the hill to the front of the house. He told Janice later on that he jumped inside his Jeep and left immediately.

After this happened, and without telling anyone where he had gone, Robert Jr. went missing for about a week. I remember well how Janice and Lila were exceedingly worried about him. The sisters scoured the town and went to the motel to ask if anyone had seen him there. The motel clerk said that he had

been there on Monday, a few days earlier. The girls were also told that their Uncle appeared to be all right. Monday, as they later learned, was the day that Robert Jr. had his startling encounter.

The girls, now somewhat comforted and feeling like their Uncle was probably all right, discontinued their search and returned to their homes and families. Robert Jr. is in his fifties and quite capable of taking care of himself but he'd always checked in with them every few days before. This time, however, seven nights and six days went by with no further word on his whereabouts. All of the family members grew increasingly alarmed with each passing day. Where had he gone?

By the time he called Janice on the telephone the following Sunday evening from another part of Tennessee, Janice and Lila were extremely upset with him for not contacting them any sooner. Janice told me that she and her Uncle had a most serious telephone conversation, one that lasted for quite some time. Things were about to change in living arrangements for them all.

Once Robert Jr. was back in town, he talked Janice into going with him to the farm on Tuesday afternoon. He still wanted her to go inside the basement after the lawnmower. He knew she could talk to Fox as his father once did and he felt that she would have to be the one to try and get the lawnmower out for him, especially if Fox was still using the basement as a temporary shelter. Robert Jr. was much too afraid, it seems, to go near the basement door even with Janice along to aid in the situation. As Janice's letter explains:

On Sunday, April 14, Uncle called me from upper state Tennessee to say he was O.K. and to relate the incident where he saw Fox in the basement on Monday, April 8 of that last week. It was the next day after he called me on Tuesday that Uncle came out to the trailer and picked me up so I would go with him to get the lawnmower out of the basement for him, to feed the dog, and to take a look around. I called Mary Green immediately then and told her all about Fox being in the basement when my Uncle saw him, and she and Joseph Bell came the very next day on April 17.

We parked in the upper driveway and went down to the basement entrance. I, and not Uncle, went into the basement. That is when I heard heavy breathing coming from the cellar, or that room Granny used for canned goods. I had climbed around and over the junk and I call all those bikes, mower, grill, and bicycles and the like--junk--in there. I looked over at about two to three feet in front of me at the entrance to that room and there was Fox laying facing the far wall on that mattress thing out of what we now to be from a truck seat.

I started to back up, but for some reason, and I don't know why I didn't back up right then and there anyway, but I hesitated in getting out of there right away because Fox was making labored breathing sounds. I could clearly see him from the light through the window in that room there. Or at least I could see the back of his head and shoulders and part of his upper back. I almost let out a bloodcurdling scream at first. I, for some reason, asked Fox if he was all right. I honestly thought he was sick and might have been dying in there on me. He grunted something unintelligible at first back at me. It wasn't a growl sound either.

It was then that for some reason I came to think I had to get him out of the basement at all costs. I have no reasoning at a time like that. I just more or less acted on impulse. I started backing out of the basement door as he started to rise. At least that is what I took Fox to be starting to do, because my foremost thought was I did not want him to trap me there in one of the far corners of that basement and kill me or something.

I am not exaggerating when I say a million thoughts were running through my mind at once and none



of them sticking around for any length of time in those first fleeting minutes there in the basement with him. Not to sound mean or anything but, yes, you can bet your sweet hind end I was scared nearly to death. This was because I had not been this close to Fox in years and I just did not know how he would react to my being that close to him again after all those years. I know I started to lapse into the tone my Papaw always used with him when he wanted Fox to do something, that smooth easy tone one uses on a skittish colt or on a flighty, young, spooked horse.

I know I was talking the whole time, and Uncle started yelling at me from outside the basement too, and I was scared to raise my voice and answer Uncle for fear Fox would get mad and rush me in there. I just kept backing up over all that junk and almost stumbled over a bicycle.

It seemed to me like hours before I could get out of there when it was more than likely only a few minutes at most. I kept telling Fox he needed to come out of the basement and I said it like this. "Fox, old boy, you are going to have to come on out of there. I need to get some things out of here and so does Uncle and he is scared of you." I know at first that Fox only grunted at my telling him this, but I kept repeating it to him. When I could see him coming on all fours (it looked like out of the corner of my eye there at the basement door) I backed up to the side of the house there. I then peeked in the window to the cellar room to make sure he was coming out. By then, he was in the main part of the basement when I peeked in that window.

I know I said a lot more but I can't remember every word I said to him right now. I kept asking him if he was all right or if he was sick and if he would please come out of there after a time. I kept saying, "Fox, old fellow, if you don't come out of there right soon I am going to have to come in after you and you are not going to like it."

I kept telling him he needed to come out and that he was scaring Uncle to death and he could not stay inside the basement. I told him Papaw was dead and gone too and that Papaw was not inside the house anymore. I then told him that Papaw was not coming back to live in the house either. I even started to call Papaw the Bigfoot name for him, and I also referred to myself as the name they called me for all those years too.

While talking to Fox, I began to refer to my name as being Manita (Small Hand), and Papaw being Tunkansila (Grandfather), and I called the name Ara for my Uncle Robert Jr. (Ara for Uncle). Fox did not answer me at all and it seemed I waited on him forever to come on out of the main part of the basement. I could not hear him coming or even breathing at one point. It is beyond me how the hell he made his way out of there without making a sound coming around and across all that junk in there.

Of course, Fox could have been making all types of racket and my mid was just screaming at me so loud to run and get out of there and to run, run, run, that I didn't hear him. I don't now because I sure was waging war within my own self on what to do. I don't know why, but I finally did ask him if he was hungry. That is when he came on all fours to the door just inside the basement and waited for me to back up to the bathroom side of the cellar wall there, sort of back, but not all the way around the corner. He came on out and stood up on his feet then, but I swear he seemed to be shorter than he did when I was little. He never stood back-arching straight, however, so this might have made him look smaller. His hair was graying-too-black in color now with a lot of gray in his outer hair coloring and some white or silver colors in his hair too. He was not black as the ace of spades like he once was but a dark gray with the black.

Well, that old booger's first word was to point at himself and tell me "Hungry," for as usual, his stomach overruled his brain. He had only grunted at me in what I did not recognize as words up to this

point. He looked old and skinny, if he can be skinny, and sort of acted (I think it might have been an act now) sick and feeble. I asked him if he remembered Papaw and he did. He said Papaw was not gone but that Papaw was in his something or other, as I do not remember the word he used. It had to mean the heart or chest, because when he said this, he pointed to his heart, but pointed more between his chest (in the middle) than to the left side of it.

He said he was hungry again and some other things. I said some other things to him also. He said he was hungry a few more times, and Uncle was standing up on the little rise there toward the front of the house, and asked me to ask Fox what he wanted to eat right about then. I had a little disposable camera in my back pocket. I did ask him then if I could take a picture of him and he did indicate that he didn't want me to. I did also tell Fox that he was not to go inside the basement anymore and to stay out of there. I think I even asked Fox if he had killed Nicky (Uncle's dog) but I don't think he knew what I was talking about because I did not say it was the dog. I just used her name. Fox did look sort of puzzled when I asked him that, but he never answered me.

It was about then that Fox had come a step or so closer out of the basement towards me. It was then that I thought I could hurry up and grab my camera from my pocket. I had pushed the flash button on it and it was blinking red at the top little light there in my pocket. I really thought that I could get a quick shot of him. The instant I reached for the camera in my pocket, he went to all fours. Before I could get it out and up to my eye, he had ran lickety-split down that little bank and jumped over the fence. he had taken off at a dead run over there to the old spring area of the tree line in the field, over there along the front creek. And I say he jumped the fence because he did jump it and clear it! he half stood, half crouched to jump over that fence and landed on all fours and kept going like he did. He did come up to his feet (waked bipedal) once he started to enter the woods over there at the spring.

And that is also when I noticed while he was standing before me that I had been wrong about the pupils of his eyes being like ours are. They are not like ours. They are like a cat's eyes that are slit and they can get round, but the light makes the slit look like a cat's eyes.

Uncle and I went out to the Huddle House and got all that food and brought it back here and placed all of it on top of that old safe we have in the front yard. We left and went back to my trailer and I got out and Uncle went on his way. And it was right at 6:00 p.m., I think, when I got back home.

### **First Day's Interview**

The interviews conducted with Janice and Lila on February 4 and 5 follow in the next few chapters. Most questions were planned ahead of time in order to lead into desired areas of information with hopes of maximizing their results. As it turned out, several impromptu questions were necessary due to many surprising answers during the course of the interview session. Portions of this transcript that were not relevant to the case, but of a more personal nature, are not included except for a few necessary exceptions. The interview follows with needed notes, explanations, and comments interspersed throughout the transcript.

February 4, 2002

Persons in the room during the interview:

Mary A. Green, Field Researcher from Tennessee

Anonymous, Field Researcher from (withheld)

Janice (Carter) Coy, First eyewitness from Tennessee

Lila Carter, Second eyewitness from Tennessee

Mary - [To Janice and Lila] We were talking earlier about starting on a time line, such as when you first became aware of the Bigfoot on your grandfather's farm to the present. So to begin, you called your grandfather, Papaw or Pa?

Janice - Yes. I called him Papaw or Pa.

Lila - I called him Grandpa or Pa.

Mary - And his name is Robert Ireland Carter Sr.?

Janice - Yes.

Mary - O.K. And he was born where?

Janice - Natchez, Mississippi

Mary - How many children did your grandparents have?

Lila - Two

Janice - Mama was the oldest.

Mary - What was your Mother's name?

Janice - Melvina

Mary - And the other child?

Janice - Robert Jr.

Mary - And your grandparents moved into Tennessee when?

Janice - Grandpa moved here when he was 8 years old so that would have been in 1914.

Lila - Grandma didn't move into Tennessee though until she went to college so she would have been 22. She graduated high school at 21 and stayed at East Tennessee State the next fall.

Janice - I got that diploma where she graduated from high school. She graduated from college in 1930 and then she was allowed to teach.

Lila - So she moved here to Tennessee in 1927.

Mary - And then they moved to the farm here?

Lila - They moved here in 1946.

Janice - They moved into the state earlier.

Lila - Grandpa bought the farm in 1944 but they didn't move onto it until 1946 or 1947.

Mary - Janice, so your first sighting of a Bigfoot creature on your grandfather's farm was in June or July 1972 when you were seven and a half years of age?

Janice - No. Not actually. We had seen it, Lila and me, before. We saw the face in the trees, and Mom was with us. Mom called it a monkey-face. She called Grandpa and Grandma and Uncle outside and they kept saying, "Look at the monkey-face!" And the tree that made it look like it was a monkey's face over in the tree. Lila and I went over there the next day. It wasn't a tree, and it wasn't a face in the tree, or on the tree, or the sun shining on the tree that caused it. There had been something standing there in the trees.

Lila - I don't remember seeing an arm at all, but it was like it was leaned up against this tree with a hand on it and just looking at us.

Janice - And it didn't blink and it didn't move and we were like--from here to "Anonymous" from it. ["Anonymous" was approximately 20 feet away at the time.]

Lila - Yes, that's about right.

Janice - We were close to it.

Mary - Who saw this monkey-face first?

Lila - Actually Janice saw it first and she said, "There is a big gorilla over there!"

Janice - I was used to seeing Willie B at the zoo in Atlanta, Georgia and I thought it was Willie B who had come to see me.

Mary - So this is the first time you two saw the Bigfoot on your grandfather's farm? Do you know what date that would have been when this occurred?

Lila - I was three, so it would have been in 1972.

Janice - Yes. That was the first time and the next time would have been when we were picking blackberries.

Mary - Did your grandfather ever say what year these Bigfoot first appeared or if they were always there on the farm since they had moved there?

Lila - He never mentioned this to me.

Janice - He never mentioned to me either but I did ask my uncle. He told me I don't know but when I was a little boy one climbed in my bedroom window, reaching in. He told me it scared him to death-- and the window where he slept at was 15 foot off the ground. This window is right over a cellar where they raided it for food on occasion.

Mary - Was it during the night when the Bigfoot climbed in?

Janice - Yes, and back then our windows went all the way down to the ground on the house. Not the ground but to the floor part of the house. And it climbed in the window.

Mary - What did your uncle say the Bigfoot did then?

Janice - It went back out. It went back out the window.

Mary - Did he say whether he screamed out or not?

Janice - He screamed. His room was right off my grandparent's room. He said it scared him to death and he screamed. He also said that he thought he was about ten or twelve years old at the time. [to Lila] So that would have put it happening in what year?

Lila - He was born in 1944 so that would put the year at about 1954.

Janice - And he said that's the first time he ever remembered seeing them so it's possible they were there before that time. It traumatized him but [according to him] they are not Bigfoot, they are werewolves.

Lila - He says to him they look like Lon Chaney Jr. did in "The Werewolf>L"

Janice - Yes.

Mary - Do you know if the Bigfoot, when it climbed in the window, harmed your uncle in anyway?

Janice - He won't talk about it. I don't know what it did to him but it scared him to death. He doesn't like to talk about it and he says that everybody thinks he's crazy and he's nuts. He doesn't want to be interviewed by you either!

Mary - That's all right.

Janice - He says that everybody thinks I'm crazy and they've tried to lock me away for it. He says, I know what happened but I don't care anymore because nobody will ever believe me. And I said [to him], well, I've got somebody that's coming that does believe us, and he says, well, I'm just not going to tell anybody anymore because they will just put me down.

Mary - Maybe in time he will change his mind. We'll just wait and see.

Janice - He may...because I told him that you were coming and he said that's perfectly fine, but because he' taken so much ridicule from it he still didn't want to be interviewed by you. He said the things scared him to death and that he will not stay down there at the farm by himself at all. He said just as long as Pa was alive, Pa could handle them. That's what he called my grandfather, Pa. He said just as long as Pa was alive, he could handle "them" but he said when Grandpa died, he said...you know. Yeah, Papaw was a good person.

Lila - I have often wondered if Grandpa grew up in an area where he seen these Bigfoot when he was real little because I've been doing a little bit of research on the question of children's sightings. It seems that if children see them before they are five years old, they were not afraid of them or most children weren't.

Janice - I wasn't scared when I was little, but I'm petrified now! Really, I want Fox to come out and see me but I'm very scared now. I'm afraid I can't control him. I know my grandfather could have controlled him, but I know I have no control over these animals. Even if it's a wild man, it's a wild man...and your hear stories of these children that come in out of the wild that just tear you apart if they can get to you.

Mary - So now we are up to 1972 and you and your family have seen a Bigfoot leaning against a tree.

Janice - Yes. That is when we first saw the monkey in the trees.

So here we have reports from both Janice and Lila that they saw a Bigfoot at an early age. Both were with other family members at the time, and although two of the eyewitnesses are deceased, it does not make their reports any less credible. Janice was seven years old and Lila would have been three when they saw the monkey-face. It's a bit surprising that Lila remembers the incident, but her memory, although exciting, was not necessarily threatening in nature. The presence of the entire family during the sighting must have offered emotional support for the children. The girls did check out the area the next day and came to the conclusion that it was not just a tree they were seeing with a monkey-face, but some other type of phenomena. The grandfather might have very well known it was Fox standing there and he may have even felt ill at ease that his granddaughters were being watched so intently while they were at play. Since Janice later told me that they were all made to come inside afterward by Robert Sr., this could have actually been true.

I can just imagine the scenario of Fox had all at once decided to move or walk away during the time that all were watching him and wondering what he was. We have already established in earlier chapters that Fox fully trusted Robert Sr. and was comfortable around him, and later, with Janice's presence also. Yet, it might not be a stretch of the imagination to believe that Fox could have approached the family group as a whole. I tend to believe that Fox had unwittingly been discovered and found out by Janice. Perhaps he had been standing there watching out of curiosity and when he was seen, he could do nothing but stand still in the hopes he would not be as visible.

It's just a matter of conjecture that Robert Sr., at this point in time, may have become concerned over the interest that the Bigfoot were displaying towards Janice and Lila. The girls when younger were less likely to wander off too far and therefore could be safely watched. Now that they were older, their play areas expanded into the woods and ditch lines, at the creek, and other places where the grandfather could not keep as close a watch on their whereabouts.

Since I was curious if the two sisters ever talked to each other about their experiences, I asked Janice just how often they did discuss the Bigfoot. Her answer was that she hadn't talked to Lila about them to any great extent until they lived together in South Carolina. Janice claims that they would say something to each other once in a while but usually each steered clear from discussing the Bigfoot issue. It would seem then, that lesser acknowledgment when it came to the Bigfoot, the more comfortable the girls were in conducting their everyday lives.

As far as the uncle goes, it is extremely likely that he has been emotionally scarred by what he calls the "werewolf" that entered into his bedroom late one night. He will not allow me to interview him and seems greatly concerned that I will not believe him. Again, we return to the interview for more insight into the sightings of the Bigfoot in prior years.

Lila - And then you had the next sighting, Janice.

Mary - O.K. and now the next sighting was when?

Janice - I ran into one either in June, late June or in early July because our blackberries are ripe then and they have always been ripe at those times. I always helped Papaw pick the blackberries.

Mary - We've pretty well documented that already. How long was it after this incident that your grandfather took you to feed Fox?

Janice - I would say it was in October because the leaves had started to fall off the trees and it was cool and I had a jacket on. It was the first time Papaw took me up on the hill and Fox and Sheba were there under a tree.

Lila - Well, it seems like we were wearing dresses that day that you and Loretta left me over in the woods, Janice. So it was very early spring or late fall because it wasn't cold enough then for a heavy coat.

Janice - It was the next spring that we left you over there.

Lila - I was thinking it was the next spring because I was just three when we saw the monkey-face. And Janice and the little girl down the road...

Janice - We ran off and left Lila in the woods because we heard it. Shame on us.

Lila - [continues]...left me sitting on a log, four years old and they go running to the house.

Mary - That would be awful.

Janice - Well, I'm going to say this right now. I was horrible to Lila when she was little because I made her eat bugs and everything.

Lila - You also made me eat mud pies! [laughs]

Janice - Mud pies. Caterpillars. But Lila was my personal punching bag! Nobody else had better touch her.

Lila - But they left me over there! They told me to sit on a log and they'd be back soon. Fifteen minutes goes by and they're not back.

Mary [to Lila] - When did you first become aware that something wasn't right?

Lila - [Sighs] I know there was a time that I realized they weren't coming back, that something was there. It was dark in there too. I'd say they weren't gone five minutes when I started hearing it. I could hear it walk a couple of steps and stop. And I could hear it breathing the whole time. And it was just...UH...I can't even begin.

Mary - What kind of sound did you hear?

Lila - You know how a man snores at night? A really heavy, snoring type sound?

Janice - A real blow. That's what I call it, a blowing sound.

Lila - The first time I ever spent the night with my first husband, he snored like that...and I came out of bed screaming that one was in the house. He was saying what? Then it hit me. I couldn't tell him there's a Bigfoot in the house, so I told him there was a grizzly bear in the house. He goes...NO! It's just me. Go back to sleep! [laughs nervously] You know...O.K. ... I know I'm sitting there going ... I know what that sound was!

Mary - So you have been very traumatized by the Bigfoot creatures?

Lila - Well, I come out of the bed.

Mary - O.K. So you're sitting on the log...I.

Lila - And I'm hearing it just walking around and one minute it would be in front and like in no time, it would be back around in behind me. It was just going around in a circle. I thought at first it was just Janice and Loretta trying to tease me.

Janice - She was in a little clearing.

Lila - You know, a little clearing with the woods all the way around. And this log was kind of in the middle of the clearing.

Janice - Actually it was an old tree that we had cut down. Lila - Well...yes, but it was a log. Whatever was making those sounds wouldn't ever come into the clearing. I would just hear it. There were two trails from the clearing. I would just hear it. There were two trails from the clearing [Gestures with her hands.] One trail went down this way and one trail come off this way and they had apparently taken this one. The trail down this way went down to the creek where Grandpa and the neighbor man, Ralph (withheld), talked every day. I knew it coming around and I yelled and said, "Janice, cut that out! You aren't being funny. Just quit!" The sounds just kept going on and I knew...I just knew I would soon hear the girls giggling. That's what I kept listening for was giggling, but I never heard that giggle! So I got up and now I said, "Quit it! I'm going to tell Grandpa." It just kept on and I took off down this trail towards Grandpa and I could hear it, staying back behind me. When I got to Grandpa he says, "What's the matter with you?"... and I said, "Something is after me." And he just said, "What's after you?" I said, "I don't know Grandpa, there's just something after me," and he looked up in the woods and he turned around and said, "Ralph, I'll see you later." and he just hit it! [Hit means "took off" in this incident.]

Mary - Did you and your grandfather go back down the same trail you ran to your grandfather on?

Lila - No, there's all kinds of little trails.

Mary - Do you think that your grandfather knew there was really something after you then? Also, do you think he was just getting you to safety?

Lila - I think so.

Mary - Did he talk anymore to you until you got to the house?

Lila - No, he just grabbed me. He practically drug me to the house and he didn't say another word until we got to the house and he grabbed her [points to Janice] and Loretta and went after them, and he said to them, "You know better than doing that!"

Janice - And he gave me a blessing out because he told me that I knew what was in the woods, that I knew they were in the woods, and that Loretta knew they were in the woods, and we should not have left her over there because they might get her and take off with her.

Mary - Did he talk anymore to you until you got to the house?

Lila - No, he just grabbed me. He practically drug me to the house and he didn't say another word until we got to the house and he grabbed her [points to Janice] and Loretta and went after them, and he said to them, "You know better than doing that!"

Janice - And he gave me a blessing out because he told me that I knew what was in the woods, that I knew they were in the woods, and that Loretta knew they were in the woods, and we should not have left her over there because they might get her and take off with her.

Mary - So your grandfather said that he was afraid they might take off with Lila?

Janice - He knew that and he just blessed me up one side and down the other, but he never did cuss me, he just blessed me out and he left me the word that I had better not run off and leave her ever again. Of course, I did but...

Mary [to Lila] - Did you have any nightmares after this occurrence? Was that the start of your nightmares you told me you were still having?

Lila - Not at that time. I was about four. I think it was mainly because I didn't see it that time in the woods. I started having nightmares a couple of years later and by then we had already started complaining about someone who was looking in the window at us. The picture that I took of our cat on the dryer looks out into the area where our bedroom is just right on the other side of the wall. At the time, the trees came all the way up to the back of the house. I remember telling Grandpa there was a man looking in at me through that window. Janice had gotten lucky. Her bed was over next to the door. Mine at that time was scooted up underneath the window.

Janice - I'm going to say something now. Lila knows this...and I always put it down to somebody being dressed up. When I was three years old, and it's just like a dream now, but I had awful nightmares and temper tantrums in my sleep. It felt like something...I would be conscious...but it felt like something was holding me down and I was a slab of concrete and they [the Bigfoot] were ripping little itty bitty thin slices, paper thin slices off of me. That's just the feeling it was and I could not breathe. And it would scare me and finally I'd wake up and I'd come to myself and I'd scream for Papaw and Mammaw. But when I was three, I thought it was somebody that came in the house in a gorilla suit. Now, it may have been it that scared me that bad. Whoever it was, they were in the living room in the middle of the floor, and I always put it off as someone in a gorilla suit, but I'm not positive. I was so little. I did a lot of blacking out of this. I blacked it out for years. I still don't remember this incident very good, but I went and hid with the dogs in the dog house. I don't know why I did that.

Mary - Was anybody at home with you at the time, Janice?

Janice - Mammaw had to have been at home, but I don't know where she was. I just remember being in the living room floor. We used to have carpets on the wood floors and we had a carpet down. One of those square carpet things and I took dough...and we had an old screen door. I had taken four and put it down on the edge of the carpet and had a lovely mess on that carpet. This thing came in and I didn't know. I repeat. I didn't know who got it out of the house or what? I just...I went flying out the back door and around. I got in the doghouse with the dogs. Now that's the only thing I remember and like I

said, I always thought that it was something dressed in a monkey suit.

Lila - About a year before we saw the one in the tree line, and I could not tell you why we were hiding, but I just have a separate memory of hiding one day.

Janice - I remember that too.

Lila - You need to draw the door over a little.

Lila - That's the door to that bedroom and this was basically the bathroom right here and then this room was in behind the bathroom. ...And this was your kitchen and there's a closet in this hallway.

Janice - A very big closet.

Lila - ...And at one time this closet was actually not there. Grandpa built it in afterward. This was Uncle's bedroom from the time he was about ten years old until he was fifteen. And then they gave him a different bedroom.

Janice - The closet was built into a wall.

Lila - Yes. Something like that. Grandpa built a closet in it and took up half of it.

Janice - Because this was the original front porch here. [Points to it on Lila's sketch] Uncle was ten or twelve when "it" crawled into his window.

Lila - O.K. This was the front porch after that and now it's been enclosed. I know Mama grabbed us, threw us in the back door that day. Threw us through the door and into the kitchen here, through the hallway, stuck us in the closet in behind stuff and then she hid over here with me. She hid Janice over here on the other side of the closet and Janice was going, "What's wrong Mama? What's wrong." She would just go, "Shhhh...Shhhh! Don't say anything. Don't say nothing." And we were in that closet two or three hours.

Mary - Do you remember anything moving around or making noises in the house or hear anything at all once you were inside the closet?

Lila - It seems like there were noises out in the house for a little while.

Janice - There was a shaking of the house. I can remember the shaking of the house because of the fact that I was going to get up and come over there to Mama, because I was scared. Mama scared me to death, hiding us in that closet. It was pitch dark in that closet and I was going to come to her and she told me to be still and I said, "The whole house is shaking," and she said, "Shhhh! Sit there and be still because if you don't, I'm going to wear you out."

Lila - And we were in there until Grandma and Grandpa came home. I don't know where they were at on that day.

Janice - They were grocery shopping or somewhere like that, I assume.

Lila - We stayed in the closet until they came home. We heard their voices in the house, moving through the house, before Mama would let us come out. Now that's one of my oldest memories, but I can give you no reason why she did it. I did ask Mama about it before she died and she said, "Lila, I can remember hiding in the closet, but I can't tell you why." I said, "What do you mean?" and she says, "I can remember hiding, but I can't remember why we didn't."

Mary - Maybe she just didn't want you to know why she hid you?

Lila - I wonder.

Janice - Yeah! She always called them very hairy men.

Mary - So that was your mother's word for this creature, a very hairy man?

Lila & Janice - Yes!

Janice - It was never a monkey or an animal. It was a very hairy man...with no clothes on. [All laugh]

Lila - Or if he did have clothes on she would say it was very tattered clothing and she didn't know why he bothered to wear it. [This refers to a very large white T-shirt that the girl's grandfather had managed to get on Fox. Reportedly, Fox wore the T-shirt until it was in shreds, held on only by the collar of the shirt.]

Mary - If there's anything you girls need to do before we continue, please go ahead. We are taking a short break.



[Note: The tape recorder was shut off but the video camera left on during the break. When questioning resumes, I ask Janice about the trees she sat in as a child while watching the Bigfoot.]

Mary - Now these trees that you sat in to watch the Bigfoot, Janice, where were they located?

Janice - The tree I sat in was near the road. It was in this area, right here, and that's the one tree and the other tree that I used to sit in is over here near a big walnut tree. [refers to sketch Lila has drawn of the farm.]

Mary - We'll check your trees out when we go out to the farm.

Lila - It is a big tree.

Janice - It's a hard wood. The other one is a pine and still standing. I checked it the other day. I don't think I could get up into it now.

Mary - So the first time you decided to climb up in a tree. What year was that?

Lila - [Laughs] When didn't we climb a tree?

Mary - I mean to watch the Bigfoot?

Janice - It was in, let me think, 1973? Because that was the year Sheba had her babies.

Mary - What gave you the idea to climb the tree and watch the Bigfoot back then?

Janice - I climbed the trees all the time and when I got up there, I could see them.

Mary - So it was just a process of discovering that you could actually watch them?

Janice - Yes. It was.

Mary - And which tree was it that you climbed the most often? You mentioned two trees where you watched the Bigfoot climbing from in your e-mails.

Janice - I climbed the one across the road most often.

Mary - In which direction were the Bigfoot that you watched from this tree?

Janice - They were over here in the back field...over in here [points to sketch of Lila's] and also up here at the top of the hill by the barn. And also, they stayed down here next to the creek in that cave, or above the pine trees.

Lila - On our side or Ralph's side?

Janice - On our side where we played in the cave.

Lila - Well, there were some caves on Ralph's side too but we just didn't go there very much.

Janice - I know. We weren't supposed to go across the creek, but we did. We weren't supposed to go a lot of places we did.

Mary [to Janice] - So can you remember the first time that you actually began to watch them in a serious manner?

Janice 0 The first time that I seriously watched them...was ...when? [long pause] It was after I played with Blackie, so I was about ten, when I really, really, really started watching them very much, 'cause other times, I'd just climb up the tree and I'd say, well they are doing this, that and the other, and I wouldn't really pay attention to them. I liked to sit up in a tree and sing also.

Mary - Oh? That's nice. [chuckles]

Lila - We didn't know what you were doing up in that tree, Janice! [laughter]

Janice - Yeah, you did!

Mary - I think you two girls are half monkeys!

Lila - I don't remember not being in a tree when I was a kid.

Janice - Yeah. I had gotten Loretta in one and got her stuck and we couldn't get her down for hours.

Lila - Yeah. You got me stuck a couple of times too. So?

Janice - I could go where they couldn't go.

Mary [to Janice] - Let's make this easier on you. Please tell something that you thought was amazing that these Bigfoot creatures on your farm did that you watched while you were sitting up in your tree, just the very first thing that comes to mind.

Janice - That I thought was amazing that they were doing?

Mary - Yes.

Janice - They were on the creek bank and they were fishing...and they were putting their hands down in the water and they were throwing the fish, the older one, Fox was...he was throwing the fish up on the bank.

Mary - And Fox did this with his hands?

Janice - He did this with his hands...and he was standing in the creek and would reach down with his hand, and then all of a sudden, he would just throw one u on the bank.

Mary - Would the other Bigfoot be on the bank of the creek?

Janice - The others were on the bank, Sheba, and Blackie, and his little twin that came up missing were on the bank. They would grab the fish and start eating them. That's one thing that I forgot to tell you before. They don't gut the fish! They just swallow them whole! They eat everything of the fish. That's the only thing that they do not take and scale, gut, or anything. They eat the tail and all.

Mary - Do they bite it in pieces to eat it or honestly swallow the fish whole?

Janice - Yes. They bite it in pieces and eat it.

Lila - Now when Grandpa would take us to feed ....

Janice - [Cuts in on Lila] And Grandpa could tickle the fish like them and he could do that. He could fish with his bare hands and he could throw a fish up out of the water just like that.

Mary - That is amazing.

Lila - Where Grandpa would take us to feed them would be right here. [shows on map] They'd be back in under this tree right here.

Mary - Oh, so, Lila, you also got to go to the barn when you got older?

Lila - I'd say by the summer after I was chased out of the woods, I was being allowed to go out there too.

Mary - when was that now?

Lila - That would have been in 1973.

Janice - That was about the time he told you that Sheba had puppies.

Lila - Yeah, and he told me for quite some time that Sheba was a dog.

Mary - Did you know better?

Lila - Well, I never...the way the ditch line was, the tree was grew up out of the ditch line, trees and all was, and briars and everything...and then there was like a little space over across the ditch line and then this practically went all the way down to the ground at that time. The big and heavy lower tree branches are not as close to the ground now. As the tree grew taller, the lower limbs are further up on the tree right now. Yeah, it's more up now, the lower branches. I was five at the time I saw the little arm reach out of the tree after the food. I said, "Grandpa, that's not a dog!" He said, "Well, we'll just call it a dog. Don't worry about it."

Mary - Why do you think your Grandpa took you girls up there to feed the Bigfoot if he knew they were dangerous and that they might carry you off?

Janice - I don't know, but I followed my grandfather everywhere. I mean I followed my grandfather everywhere. I don't know why. It was more like he couldn't get rid of me.

Lila - On your part. I think with me, I think he finally got the idea that if he got them used to us, they wouldn't bother us.

Anonymous - I was wondering if your grandfather took you up there, and by doing so, he was showing Fox that you were his and for Fox not to bother you?

Janice - Possibly, because Papaw did tell Fox, or he did that time I ran into him. He kept a very calm tone, just like he used for the horses and I used it also with the horses when I break them. This is the tone he would use. [Janice talks in a smooth and easy, monotone sound.] Easy boy. Take it easy.

Everything is going to be all right. Now go along, boy. Janice back up. Stay in behind me, Janice.

Everything is going to be O.K. He was talking the same tone back and forth between me and Fox and then he just said to Fox. "Now you need to go on." and I was just like... I don't know what this tree was that had moved in front of me! I thought Fox was a tree at first.

Mary - In other words, Fox just stepped out in front of you when you were going to your grandfather?

Janice - Yes. I was seeing my grandfather through the briars and the brush, up ahead of me when I was coming back with the water jug. I thought it was just a tree stump, you know, or the top that had been broken out of a tree, a pine tree or something! I wasn't paying attention really. I was headed for Pa, Papaw, and I was going pretty fast, and then something stepped in front of me and I hit the back of its knee. Let me stand up. [Janice stands up and walks next to the door.] I hit Fox right here! That's where my face hit. [Janice shows on the back of her leg where she had hit Fox when she ran into him that day and Anonymous took a picture of Janice pointing to the back of her knee.]

Lila - And we had a way of estimating the height because we did know Andre the Giant and he was seven foot four inches tall. Janice once ran into Andre's kneecap one time at the Knoxville Coliseum one night. [laughs] And she said it was about the same place that she hit him was the same place that she hit it...the Bigfoot...Fox.

Janice - I hit Andre the Giant in the kneecap in the front but I hit it, the Bigfoot in the back below the knee....and I was right around the same age. My mother, our mother, used to date the wrestlers. She had a great big crush on the one they called Jimmy Goldman, which they have alias names too!

Mary - Yes, they do.

Lila - Our mother was with Jimmy off and on for fifteen years or so. She almost married him at one point.

Janice - We thought we were going to have him as a Daddy, but...

Janice trailed off, probably thinking of the past and the interview continued in a few moments, but we need to stop here and consider some things that were said about the Bigfoot. I was a bit surprised that Janice had actually watched Fox catching fish from the creek and throwing them up on the bank for the others to eat. I could only recall one other report about a mother Bigfoot who was doing the same thing for a small one she was tending to. It always delights me to hear reports of the same type of behavior from different s which confirms that, no matter what part of the world, they tend to have the same or similar behavioral characteristics.

As Janice has stated, they do care for their families and the females are gentle and most caring mothers. Such reports are truly humbling. We are sharing our planet with s that are so afraid of us, our weapons, and for the most part, hostility towards them, it leads one to believe that there will be a reckoning someday.

### **Interview Continues**

Again, I'm trying to establish how the feedings were started, the behavior of the Bigfoot when they were fed by humans, the Carter's level of commitment and involvement with them while feeding them, and how many years they did so, but especially at what cost this was to each of them personally. The questions pick up where we left off.

Mary - On feeding Fox that first time you went with your grandfather, you stated that your Papaw set the plate of food down on the ground and then backed up a few steps..

Janice - Yes.

Mary - And then Fox came and got the plate and ate the food scraps, then Fox backed up and your grandfather picked the plate back up.

Janice - Yes.

Mary - And then he would...?

Janice - He would either...but now there for a while, Fox would not hand it over to Sheba to eat, but then he got so after that, I don't know? How long? Maybe two or three years? Fox would let Sheba have what he didn't want to eat after him. He would get his food first, and then he would leave the rest for them to get, and they had an order of eating, an order established, but this was just with Papaw

now. Out in the wild they didn't do this, but with Papaw, whatever he had, then Fox got what he wanted. His pick was first, then Sheba, then the next one, whichever one was in line, whichever one was next to us, and on down, and then the babies. If there wasn't any food left, then the babies didn't get any.

Anonymous - What your Grandpa took up there to feed the Bigfoot, was it a big pan of stuff or just a plate?

Janice - Well, at first he took them a plate and then he got a five gallon bucket and he used to, well, my grandmother used to cook for farm hands so we always had a bunch of table scraps left. She cooked for several men at times who helped on the farm there and we had plenty of table scraps but then it got so we didn't have enough table scraps. So Papaw would go out to the restaurants and leave five-gallon buckets, and they weren't plastic buckets, they were metal buckets then. They would put their slop, scraping the plates off of what food people didn't eat, they'd put it in there and he could slop the hogs and feed the Bigfoot! But, now, if the slop had coleslaw in it, Papaw would make sure he didn't feed any of that food to the Bigfoot. Hogs will eat anything! Hogs will eat bone or whatever...but a Bigfoot won't. They will not eat coleslaw. They won't eat pickles but they'll eat cucumbers.

Mary - I've heard that the Bigfoot, won't eat cabbage out of a garden either.

Janice - It may be? I don't know, but I know they wouldn't eat the coleslaw. They spit! Oh man, they spit it all over the place. So they can spit!

Anonymous - So in other words, if the food would be in the five gallon pail and they'd reach their hand in the slop to eat with their hands, did he feed them like that?

Janice - What we were taking out there that day when Lila was with us then, was corn. When I saw a hand come out and grab a corncob and went back in, it was definitely one of the baby's cause its hand was about...almost about the same size as mine. I know at the time I thought it was getting a scolding for grabbing the corn because when the hand went back in the barks started. It sounded like a squirrel going.

Mary - Did you see them out in the open or were they always hid under this tree?

Lila - Around me, they tended to try and stay under cover of the tree.

Mary - Janice, what about you?

Janice - I think they got used to me. They stayed under cover at first but when my grandfather took me up there, you know to feed them and everything, then they came out if it was just him and me. They eventually got so they didn't care to come out in the open if I was there.

Mary - So they got used to you?

Janice - They got used to me, but now I don't know whether they ever came out for Lila or not. I have no idea?

Lila - The only time that might be for me was when I thought it was a bear and her cubs coming out.

It is needful to pause here for a moment and reflect on the wisdom of Janice's grandfather. When Janice said her Papaw had a way with animals, this line of questioning clearly shows that he did. What I am referring to in this case is where Robert Sr. took a plate of food to Fox. He sets the plate down some distance away, then backs up, showing respect for Fox's size and strength. Next Fox approaches the plate, picks it up, eats, then places it down and backs off, showing respect in turn. Each was allowing the other some necessary space to flee if the need presented itself. Fox, while Janice was present, ate all the food and didn't give any to Sheba who sat under the tree on the ground.

We can take this to mean several different things, such as; Fox wanting to make sure the food was good before allowing Sheba to start eating it; or Fox just didn't want to share such special food with anyone else. It does show that Fox counted himself dominant in all matters, which he was unmistakably the head of the family, and he was not going to tolerate any of the other family members questioning his rights as the dominant male. Therefore, his behavior seems quite normal.

Human males also do the same, they give each other space, they insist on their rights, and they are the protectors of their mates. I believe Robert Sr. recognized that in order to get along with Fox and his Bigfoot family, he had to make certain that he in no way challenged Fox's authority over the others. To do so, would certainly alienate Fox's trust in him. A few words from Janice establishes that maybe Sheba was afraid to eat anything offered for a good while. Here's what Janice related to me at another time.

Fox would not let Sheba have anything off the plate for about two or three years. Papaw took food that was meant for her in a bucket or separate plate. You know Papaw didn't give Sheba the plate either, he just sort of always threw the food out for her on the ground at first. Later Papaw would place the bucket down and she would get food out of that on her own along with the rest of them. At first Sheba didn't seem as friendly toward Papaw or me. She was sort of standoffish when it came to us feeding them for a long time. Maybe it was because Fox scolded her because she tried to eat before he did?

With these comments from Janice, it helps us to see that Sheba, as Fox's mate, was kept in her place. Sheba, it seems, was more afraid of humans feeding her than Fox was. Of course, Sheba did not grow up in the same area, nor was she present for many years when Robert Sr. and Fox first became, according to Janice, "friends." The two, Bigfoot and man, were said to spend hours together at the barn or in the fields learning each others' languages as reported by Janice's grandmother.

Next, I am including a part of the following night's interview with Janice regarding the Bigfoot feeding habits which developed through the years. We were looking through photographs she had brought to the interview session that were taken during various time periods of the Carter's farm when she spoke of this.

Janice - Here is a photo of me, and there's the tree. That's the tree that they reached down out of and hid inside its lower branches. I know you can't tell much with our horses in the way, but that's it.

Mary - Is this the same tree they reached out from under to grab the food?

Janice - Yes. Down under it, and when they reached down under it, I think it was the little ones, because the older ones would have broken the branches. It was the little ones, as the branch would swing up and down. They'd come down, and grab the food and go back up.

Mary - About Fox, you said he would stand up and walk out and get the food, if just you and your Papaw were the only ones there? In other words, Fox ate first.

Janice - Yes. Fox always ate first. He would come out, and Sheba would come out. When the babies were little and the twins were real little, she wouldn't come out. After that, she didn't care; she'd come out, too, and bring her babies with her, but only after the first several years had passed. That's where Lila thought the bears were coming to the house. I'm sorry, but it wasn't bears. Sheba was bringing her young to the house for food. However, when Grandpa threw the food out, if Fox wanted it, he would growl at them, not us, until he ran over there to get what he wanted. I remember one time that one of them reached and grabbed some pineapple upside down cake that Grandma had baked. A pineapple upside down cake! And Grandpa had taken it up there to feed to them! Grandpa hadn't taken any other thing that time, so he had gone to the crib to get them all some corn. Papaw took that cake, and Papaw was going to give it to the little ones, and not the store bought kind! Fox double dared them to come out and get it!

Mary - How would he do that?

Janice - Growled! Growling and clicking, grinding, and popping his jaw sounds. I don't know how to explain it, but somehow they made popping noises in their jaw. It's in their jaws in there some way.

Mary - You said clicking. Do they ever make a clicking sound then?

Janice - Yes. Like a chicken. If you've ever seen little chickens, you know, like a chicken sound.

Mary - Then that's not a sound like their popping of the teeth, it's just a true clicking sound?

Janice - Yes. Now that's the only thing I can think of that sounds like it. We used to get them little chickens when we were kids. It sounds like them. That sounds not exactly right, but it's close to the sound they make. [Janice hands next photograph to me.] And this is a picture of what I was talking about. This is a molasses lick. The cattle put their head in here, and the molasses would run down, as there was a hole up in the top of it to our the molasses in. The Bigfoot would reach their hand down in there and get it. The molasses runs down, and they can just reach in and get it.

Stopping again for a moment, we learn that Fox actually threatened other family members in order to get the best food. What he didn't want, or think was good tasting, he would finally let the others have it. Janice claims that Fox loved the sweets most, that he would horde them if there were any to be had. The molasses lick was also highly favored by the Bigfoot. It was put out to fatten the cattle and keep them healthy in the winter, but it also fattened the Bigfoot for winter. Janice wrote me once about Sheba's teeth being in such horrible condition, that they were rotting away. I do feel like this was caused by what food, we as humans eat ourselves, being fed to Sheba so often. But let us move on to the remaining questions and answers on the feeding of the Bigfoot.

Mary - How often did you go with your Papaw to feed Fox? Did you go with him every time he went out or just on occasion?

Janice - I went out with Papaw every night I could for years.

Mary - How long did it take to feed? Did you have to stand there while the Bigfoot ate or did you have to come back and get the empty bucket later?

Lila - What I remember is Grandpa just setting the bucket down. I seem to remember him just emptying that bucket and setting it over here at the side to grab and a lot of times, he'd go on in and feed the cattle and the horses and allowing us to trail on in after him. Then he'd come back and grab the bucket and go.

Mary - Then you didn't always stay there and watch the Bigfoot eat?

Janice - No. No. No. We didn't stand there. It was just a chore.

Lila - Just something else to be fed.

Janice - You fed the hogs first as you was going up. You fed the hogs, you fed the Bigfoot, you fed Susie Q. Susie Q was a pony that I had. You fed Trixie, a Tennessee Walking horse, and then you went and fed the old bull which was meaner than the devil, then throw things to the skunks that Papaw had. He had pet skunks and then he'd milk the five cattle.

Mary - For how many years did your Papaw continue to feed the Bigfoot?

Janice - He fed them until he had the stroke. I fed them for a while after he had the stroke for almost six months and then he went back to feeding them. He fed them up until he had to have that colonoscopy done.

Lila - He had the colonoscopy done when h was eighty-seven, so that would have been nine years ago. Well, nine years ago in October.

Janice - He fed them ever since we were little.

Lila - He was eighty-seven when he had to quit.

Janice - So that was in 1993.

Mary - So in October of 1193 is when your Grandfather stopped deeding the Bigfoot.

Janice & Lila - Yes it was.

A pattern was set then, between the Bigfoot and Robert Sr. with the daily feedings. Over the course of twenty years, Fox and his family were certainly assured of daily food. I find this most amazing to say the least. Only during the six- month period that Janice took over the feedings while her grandfather recuperated from a stroke did he get a vacation from feeding the Bigfoot.

I wonder if he ever tired of feeding them and wished for it to end. Even Janice realizes and has spoken

to me about the times she watched her grandfather trudge to the barn with food for Fox during the worst weather imaginable. She has talked with me about the times when her grandfather was so sick, that none of them understood how he made it to the barn and back. So for Robert Sr., there had been a tremendous price to pay. I cannot help but feel that somehow the rewards well outweighed the cost for this courageous man.

Continuing on with the interview the talk took off in another vein quite unexpectedly. All at once, Janice and Lila seemed to be at odds with each other and now they began to talk about some dangers involved with the twin, Blackie. Lila was wondering if maybe the Bigfoot had finally grown used to her when Sheba and the babies came down from the barn late one evening. Mr. Carter had been delayed in feeding them on time. Lila thought for years that it was a mother bear with cubs until the night of this specific interview. I believe out of a long ago suppressed fear for Lila's life, Janice is now more than a little agitated over a past memory and blurts out the following to Lila:

Janice - The only time the Bigfoot came out was on that day that you got mad at Mama and you was over there in the field and we was screaming for you to get out of the way because that was Blackie that was after you. He was right behind her and she's deaf, she can't hear a thing. And we were screaming bloody murder and he was like from here...just like you're sitting there...just right on her! [less than two foot apart]

Mary - That is really close. Was he reaching out for her?

Janice - Yes, he was and I thought he had her.

Lila [Lila takes ink pen and tablet, obviously a bit shaken.] The house and the trailer are here and there's a little barn here and a little shed there, and here is the ditch line.

Janice - She ran when I screamed.

Lila - And there were trees right here [continuing to draw] and another ditch line that goes back here.

Mary - How old were you then, Lila?

Lila - I was sixteen. There's a big bunch of trees here.

Janice - She was mad at Mama. Mom whipped her.

Mary - I need to ask this question, Lila. Were you on your monthly?

Lila - It's possible. I don't rightly remember. I do know why she whipped me. Why she made me so mad. It was because Mama finally told this poor little old boy that I could go out with him! She sat up, drank a cup of coffee, talked to me, talked to him, told me I could go. She'd been asleep the whole time and had no memory of it and when I came in and got out of the truck, she immediately started laying in with a belt. [Lila looks even more upset and Janice does too.]

Janice - Our mother would sleep walk and talk and I do too.

Lila - I ran from the trailer. There was a gate right here, going into the barn. And I ran this way and crossed over to this ditch line and went into the trees. I wasn't comfortable in those trees because basically these trees are the ones that black Bigfoot was walking to in that one picture. I never was real comfortable in those trees. Oh! I remember kind of looking around and I went through them and through the ditch line here and came around in that field and come back up in this ditch line and into these trees.

Janice - Like where it's waling from in the photograph.

Lila - Right...and Mama and Janice were basically both right here, yelling, "Get over here!" and I couldn't understand them saying there was somebody behind your or anything like that.

Janice - Lila didn't I come after you in the field?

Lila - No, you were standing next to Mama when I came in from the field. I had kind of kneeled down to keep them [Janice and mother] from seeing me. I remember I had my hands on the ground beside of me, and one knee down and one up. Kind of like a starter's position. And I was there and all of a sudden it was like, O.K., there's something in behind me...and I just went frrrrt!

Mary - Did you ever see what was behind you?

Lila - I never saw it but I knew something was there behind me.

Janice - She never turned around and looked back. She just kept a'coming.

Lila - All of a sudden, I knew it was there and I was whipped. I went as fast as I could git. And I made a B- line for them. Mama told me there was a man behind me.

Janice - It chased her to the mound. I call it a mound. I don't know. [asks Lila] You know where the mound is?

Lila - Yes, that's basically where this mound is. shows us on map] Right here is where the old [name omitted] home place is. And it's where the gate and everything is covered up over the foundation.

Janice - It chased her from there to here [points out location on map] and stopped because we were screaming the whole time.

Lila - There's a real heavy thicket right here.

Mary - How old would Blackie have been about then?

Lila - This would have been in 1985 or 1986.

Janice - So I'm not exactly sure how old he was but I know how he did.

Lila - I do know that the picture of the cat was taken nearly the exact same time, maybe give or take a month or two.

Janice - And they may have been living across the field then.

Mary - That would have made Blackie around twelve years old.

Janice - Uh Hum. Yeah he was old enough. He was already doing nasty things that I told Mary about by then.

Mary - Please go ahead and state what the nasty things were that Blackie was doing.

Janice - Playing with himself. Playing with his privates.

Anonymous - He would masturbate?

Janice - Yeah. In other words...yeah.

Anonymous - Did you ever see Blackie ejaculate?

Janice - Once, and that was the oddest thing. When he did, where he did it, was on a tree, on the roots of a tree that was up out of the ground, and the next day, the bumblebees would just swarm that place-- the honeybees. And I don't know what the deal was? I've never seen bees, well, I've never had a man to out and do that on a tree, but I mean, that sounds horrible, but they just swarmed to it--the bees did.

<umary< u="">- Did you just go back the next day or just how did you determine this happened?

Janice - Oh, it was close in the area where I climbed the tree. It was over in the side of the woods there because he was standing over there.

Mary - Were you outside when this occurred?

Janice - Yes, I was out when he done it. I don't know where Lila was.

Mary - How far away were you from Blackie when he did this?

Janice - I was in the front yard playing.

Mary - Were you the only one in the yard at the time Blackie masturbated in front of you?

Janice - I think I was the only one in the yard.

Mary - Was he watching you while he was masturbating?

Janice - Yes. I think he was watching me and he made me very nervous. I didn't trust him one bit when he started to get older. He made me very, very uncomfortable. He never tried anything, but then it was a little bit after that when he was about seven I'd say, when he did that and I wasn't that old. I wasn't 16. I'm sorry. I was maybe fourteen at the time I'm trying to think exactly when it was he did that on the tree. [Janice asks herself a question out loud at this time.] What was I doing and how old was I at the time? [long pause] I was playing with these horses in the front yard and I hadn't started my monthly yet. I do know that. I hadn't started and I was not pregnant. Gosh! I don't know what he was doing. He was standing over there and doing it and [sighs heavily and turns to Lila] When did we get them horses, because we didn't have them horses yet? It was a year before we got them. What year did I get Cinnamon?

Lila - We got the horses the year we moved back from town.



Janice - So I was thirteen. Blackie would have been six years old when he did that to give you a precise year when he did that.

Mary - So Blackie grew and matured very fast?

Janice - He grew fast. By the time he was three, he was as tall as me and I was four foot eleven inches for years. Actually, he was a little taller than I was. But when I was ten, he was three,'cause it was at that time that I played with him in Sheba's cave.

</umary<>

I found this information on Blackie a bit disconcerting, but not unnatural at all for a male entering sexual maturity. In fact, this is a common developmental trait practiced by preadolescence males. Blackie being only six years of age would make one question how old a Bigfoot male would be when they were able to produce offspring. Being as how the human male can become sexually active at a very early age, although lacks the ability to impregnate, this is not beyond the realm of believability.

So what are we to make of this situation? Blackie is seemingly very attracted to human females. Is this possible? Are other reports of this nature true? Only time and the availability of a Bigfoot in his natural environment growing up around human females can give us the answers to these questions. I do entertain strong thoughts that if a male Bigfoot grows up in close proximity and actually interacts with female humans his age, that he could eventually be sexually attracted to human females.

There is still more to consider. Early on in the investigation, Janice had hinted at not trusting Blackie on several occasions. I finally gathered some courage and asked Janice point blank if she was worried that Blackie would rape a human woman, as I sensed she might be referring to just such an incident. I was more than surprised to learn that there actually was an attack on a teenage girl on the road that borders the farm. Since the details are so gruesome, we cannot give out any names but suffice it to say, the young lady was eventually rescued by two neighbor men and brought to the Carter's home for first aid and help in contacting the authorities. The Carter's were the only family in the neighborhood with a telephone at the time. Janice remembers the girl very well that night, and she remembers the older women trying to clean her up as she was extremely bloody.

It is believed the young lady involved was around thirteen years of age when she was attacked and raped. She was often seen walking to her boyfriend's house during the day in the summer time. Her journey was quite some distance and she had to pass the Carter home on her way.

Late one afternoon, someone or something pulled this poor child off into the woods and raped her. She was heard screaming by the neighbor men who came to her aid. They found her in severe shock and not in her right mind. She was taken to the hospital and treated but never returned home that Janice knows about. She was sent to a mental institution, never regaining her mental faculties. The girl's parents later on told everyone that their daughter had died. It is not understood why they felt the need to claim their own daughter's death, but it is indicative of extreme emotional distress on their parts. The parents moved away for many years but have since recently returned to the community. It is now known that their daughter is still in the care of a distant mental health facility.

The boyfriend and another male friend of the teenage girl were arrested for the rape. After some tests were made, it was determined that the boyfriend and the other male were not responsible for the attack and they were cleared and released from custody. Later, the accused sued the newspaper for printing the arrest charges and all was hushed from that point on.

Janice has talked with the victim's boyfriend's mother and was told to let the matter alone. I find it distasteful to even include the incident, but Janice claims that the sperm was not identified as being

from a human, but from an unknown animal. She remembers this being reported at the time. How accurate Janice's information is, would depend on the source.

Here's a small portion of the interview concerning the rape case. <u.mary< u="">- So what about the rape again? Have we done all that we can do to verify it? You say the law called in the Forestry Services after the young lady was molested by a Bigfoot?

Janice - Yes, they did.

Mary - They were called in by the law because the law officers did not believe any of you and thought you were making it up. Is this right?

Janice - Yes.

Mary - Also, it was determined that some unknown type of animal did rape the girl out</u.mary<>in the woods?

Janice - Yes. That was determined through lab test procedures.

Mary - Do you feel uncomfortable about me including this rape incident in the book?

Janice - It doesn't matter in that way. I just want to be able to back up my claims.

Mary - Do you know for sure it happened?

Janice - Oh, I know it happened! I just can't prove that it did happen. I don't have any newspaper article to back me up, as I said. I don't have anybody to back me up on that. The neighbors are dead. Papaw's dead. Lila's too young to remember.

Mary - O.K.

We will just have to take Janice's word for what she knows about the rape incident. Unexpectedly though, her husband Paul did come to her rescue one day while I was at the farm with Joseph Bell, Janice, and Paul. I had asked Janice to show me the place where the rape was said to have happened at. She complied and I did a video interview with her as she described what she knew of the details while Paul waited in the van. It was an unbearably hot day for April, and I taped while Janice pointed out the place where the Bigfoot had pulled the teenage girl off of the road. She also pointed out the direction the neighbor men lived who came to the rape victim's rescue. This spot on the top of the hill near the Carter farm is almost a half of a mile from the old house and completely out of view from any neighbors at the time of our investigation. It is a remote spot in the road with woods on one side and a large cornfield on the opposite side.

Towards the end of the taping, I asked Janice a particular question and she called to Paul to get out of the van and come to her. In the ensuing conversation, he also related the rape incident, as he remembered it well, and vouched that it had indeed actually occurred. It seems the rape was talked about for miles around and brought much consternation to the county those may years ago.

It does seem like with the two young men turned loose, found not guilty of the rape, and the lab test results turning up as non-human sperm, and no other men were ever sought for the crime, that the facts speak for themselves. Something very unnatural did occur, something so horrid it seems to have robbed a young girl of her mental health.

### **We Learn Much More**

After the regular feedings were stopped because of Janice's grandfather's ill health and advanced age, there were some ramifications from the Bigfoot to deal with. The interview on the fourth of February continues where Janice tells of the Bigfoot being hardly pleased with the abrupt cessation of food he had relied on. I fear that Robert Sr. realized they had learned to depend on the feedings and that is the reason that he did not stop them until he was financially and physically unable to continue them.

Recent information from Robert Jr., suggests the probability exists that Robert Sr. also fed the Bigfoot at 4:30 a.m. in the morning. So this was a new revelation for Janice when her uncle informed her of this. Here is what transpired in this same line of questioning.

Mary - So in October of 1993 is when your Grandfather stopped feeding the Bigfoot.

Janice & Lila - Yes it was.

Janice - That's when he stopped feeding them and that is when they started coming to the house....a lot! And they would get under the trailer. Well, I call it the house but it was Mama's double wide trailer.

Lila - Well, they had been getting in under the trailer before that.

Janice - I know, but they were really getting in under it then.

Lila - What I really remember is about four years before that.

Janice - I know, but they still...they were there...that was when they hit the side of the trailer, one of them did, that night.,BR > Lila - They hit the side of the trailer in 1994 or 1995. It was right then around Christmas when they hit the trailer that night.

Janice - And put that...

Lila - ...big dent in the top of the trailer.

Mary - On the top of the trailer?

Janice - Yeah. It hit it way up.

Lila - The end of the trailer at that point was maybe a foot off the ground.

Janice - On one side.

Lila - It was above the window that it hit.

Janice - It was mad.

Lila - [sketches] There was a bathroom right there and it hit above the bathroom window. There's something else I need to draw.

Mary - That was my next question. Were there ever times that your Papaw did not feed them and were there any repercussions from Fox, because your Papaw had not fed them?

Janice - Yep! There were times that Papaw did not feed them. The time that it came to the house, my grandfather was already at my mother's trailer on occasion and well, they were back and forth at that time. [This means that the grandparents and the girls' mother were staying together either in the mother's trailer or the grandparents' home.] I don't know what the deal was. Any rate, Papaw was at the house that night. Mammaw was at the house that night. They were all sleeping and, Fox.... Papaw did not feed him that night. That's why I went. Fox put his face in the screen. We had the window up. Me and Chuck were sitting there [in the kitchen], playing Skip Bo or something. I don't know what and it was late. It was about 12:00 A.M., I guess, but we were sitting up and we were sitting there and that was in... When was that? OH, that was in 1989 because it was the same year they were having the war over there in Iraq.

Lila - No, that was in 1991.

Janice - Was it in 1991? O.K. It was in 1991 then. They were having a war over in Iraq and we went in the kitchen and started playing cards. Fox put his face in the window screen. Chuck had his back like you and I are sitting on this side of the table here and Fox was just breathing right down Chuck's back. Chuck jumped up, turned around, and went ballistic. He was just having a fit and when he started cussing and carrying on at me, Fox just pushed out the screen and everything come through. Fox reached right through and he was going... [Janice demonstrates how Fox was frantically reaching in the window to grab at Chuck with arms fully extended and hands grasping in the air.] ...like that, but he couldn't get in and Chuck was having a fit. Papaw told Chuck t shut his fussing up and he said to me, "Janice, go out there and take care of him." So I went out on the back porch and I handed a pail...it was a little...I call it a bucket...but it's actually a little pail. It's about that tall and it's got a little handle on it...and about that round. [The pail was about the size of an eight pound peanut butter pail.] And I just put it down in the dog food. I couldn't think what to give Fox, so I just put it down in the dog food. I just scooped him up a pail of that dog food and handed it out to him and he was there at the back

porch door. He was waiting on me. I handed it out to him, and he said, "Thank you." Now! They do talk. He said, "Thank you." and he turned around and walked off a ways. Well, Chuck had carried on for I guess a good hour. We had closed the window and everything, and he said, "I'm not staying here." And we came out here and stayed in this motel.

Mary - Chuck was your husband at this time then?

Janice - That was my husband at the time and he had Amanda in his arms when we went out the door and Fox was growling and snarling and carrying on. I believe if Chuck had not of had Amanda or if I had taken Amanda away from Chuck, Fox would have attacked Chuck. So Fox was obviously hungry and our Grandfather hadn't fed him. Well, he had not fed any of them as far as that goes.

Mary - So that was during the time they weren't being fed?

Janice - That was one of the times that Papaw had not fed them....and they expected that food! They got so they really expected him to give them that food. They would be waiting on him. If Papaw was an hour or two late for some reason, they would start heading down towards the house. Lila can remember. She can remember Sheba and the babies coming down towards the house one time.

Lila - At that time, I was so little that the closest thing I could associate them with was bears and I asked Janice the other day. I said, "Janice, I've got this picture in my head." I said, "That bear that came to the house with the two cubs." She goes, "What bear came to the house with two cubs?" I said, "There was a bear. I can see it plain as day. It came down the drive here." I can do a lot better by showing you. Down the drive, it was coming down through here, and it was right in here, and we were standing at an apple tree right there...and it was coming down...and I remember Grandpa said, "Git to the house." ...And I was just so little that to me it seemed like a bear and I remember him telling us to get to the house, but he didn't come into the house with us.

Janice - No. He went and fed them because Whit and Ruth had been there that night and he hadn't fed them on time.

Lila - Oh? O.K.

Janice - They didn't get to slop the hogs and feed the cows or anything else. Feeding time was a certain hour and if the food wasn't there, then.....

Anonymous - When you saw them coming down the driveway, Lila, were they on all fours?

Lila - Yes.

Anonymous - Is that what made you associate them with bears?

Lila - Uh Hum. To me they were on all fours. They might have stood up sometime during that. I don't know. They didn't come all the way down to the gate before Grandpa told us to get in the house.

Janice - Yes. She went to the house and I reluctantly went because i know it was only Sheba and her cubs.

Lila - Well, I thought it was a bear of course. I'd recently seen the "Grizzly" movie by that time, so I was hitting the house.

Not having any statistics to compare with in this instance, of the Bigfoot becoming accustomed to regular feedings at the same time each day, I can only refer to other animals that I do know about. That would be our pets, our cats and dogs that we feed on a daily basis. They soon know when feeding time is and they are Johnny-on-the-spot when their food is served. If you're are not prepared to feed them at the regular feeding hour they will soon get your attention by barking, whining, scampering energetically around, or sticking their wet noses into your leg or hands. They know it's time to eat and they want to make certain that you do also. One other activity that I am sure most pet owners are familiar with that pets use to get your attention at feeding time is pacing. I've seen dogs and cats both pace back and forth from their feeding dishes to the person who usually feeds them until they are fed.

Bigfoot are much more intelligent than dogs or cats but I would think they would resort to odd behavior to get your attention if you were not there at an established feeding time. So what did Sheba do when she wasn't fed? She came to the source, to the house, and received Robert Sr.'s attention by

doing so. This also seems a paradox to their former long term elusive behavior. Even though it took Sheba nearly two years to come out in the open when Janice was helping her Papaw at the barn at feeding and milking time, she suddenly threw all caution to the wind in favor of receiving food and having a full *belly*.

We can note that Sheba did not come to the house, or start to the house, until after the family's visitors were gone. Evidently Sheba was not quite brave enough to approach the home until that time. According to Janice, the moment Whit and Ruth were well out of sight, Sheba had waited as long as she was going to. Maybe food had been a bit scarce on this particular day? Sheba was not only coming to the house to see if she could get food for herself, but she was also bringing her two babies to be fed also. This proves to me that they can become very dependent upon humans for their food, the same as other wild creatures do. Compare this to a bear's habit of coming back to the same campground dumpster every night looking for food that has been thrown away by humans. Even though this is not a regular feeding per se, the dumpster is a persistent food source for large opportunistic omnivores.

Next, I asked about the horses that the girls rode on the farm.

Mary - Would the horses act up when the Bigfoot were around?

Janice - Oh yeah. They'd act up. But the day I got pushed over I was on Dan. He didn't act up then but I was running him. Yeah, and Sheba just came out...Bam!

Mary - Did Sheba run out on all fours? Or do you know?

Janice - I don't know. All I know is she was just there. She was in my face. Her face was dead even with mine and my horse was fourteen hands high. That's how tall Dan was. I could barely see over his back and I mean, wham, and she was right there in my face before I realized she was anywhere in sight, or even anywhere near me. But she went back into that same tree line. I was headed that way and she hit my horse! Boom! Over I went!

Lila - And this is basically where she was at when she got knocked over. [Points area out] And then this is where I was at when my horse threw me. It was the same horse, about a month later. He threw me and he had never offered to throw me or anything like that before that time.

Janice - He never acted up before then, before Sheba pushed him over.

Lila - And when he came around the trees, right there. I was going this way. Had him turned and started this way. Next thing I knew, I was on the ground and he was going down that way.

Janice - Midnight was the only horse that would not act up and throw you if one of them was around. Midnight would stop and not budge another foot. But now, he'd stop if a kid was on his back. He was a stud horse, but you could ride him without a saddle, bridle or anything, just by touch, for that is the way I trained him. And if a kid was on his back, he would not step in a mud hole anywhere that he thought he might stumble in with a child on his back. So he was the only one who never acted up around them if they were around, but Midnight wouldn't go anywhere if the Bigfoot were around. He'd just stop and look around at you like you were crazy.

The question of whether or not horses act up when the Bigfoot are around, was one that I had contemplated for quite a few years. Even though there are many reports suggesting that horses and cows are afraid of Bigfoot, I wanted to know whether or not the Carters had experienced any difficulties with their livestock when the Bigfoot creatures were nearby. Here is added information about this from Janice that she submitted to me several months later.

The cattle and the horses never paid much attention to them if the Bigfoot came in to eat after they were locked in the barn, or if they were there to be milked or fed first. If the Bigfoot were there before them they acted spooked and would bawl and neigh and tromp around and not want to go on into the barn. We have even had to cover the horses eyes with our shirts to get them to enter the barn if the

Bigfoot were near it when we wanted to ride them or feed them.

I remember once that I was training my young stud horse whose name was Little Black to let someone ride him, as he would allow only me on him at the time, and I had mounted him in the drive of the barn and old Fox was in that loft up over the front side of the barn facing the road. He let out a roar and Little Black came walking out on his hind feet with me rearing up and walked all the way to the gap going to the field I always rode young colts in until they were broke to ride.

Fox really spooked him. I just kept him on his back feet all the way to the gap because I knew if I let him flip backwards with me he could have jabbed me with the saddle horn and hurt me and if I had let him have his all fours he would have gotten his head down and have bucked something awful. I could not afford to have him buck or throw me at the time because I was pregnant with Jackie so that had to have been in 1987 in December or in January 1988 one. It took me three months to train Little Black to do what I asked him to do when I rode him.

The cattle would go up to the Bigfoot if they were away from the barn and or if the Bigfoot were not going to chase them and kill them. The horses sort of gave them a wide birth, except every once in a while, and they too would go up to them out away from the barn. That is, all except Dan, my Morgan horse. After Sheba knocked him over on his side he never would get near them again without acting up. Once Dan even sat down on his rump to keep me from leading him close by where Sheba, Blackie, and Toby were.

A horse named Cinnamon threw me once when I was 13 because Fox ran across in front of her while I was riding her on the top of the hill. He just darted out from the woods that used to be above the barn and ran into the corn field. It spooked her and she bucked and I came off. I did not have a saddle on her at the time as I was riding her bareback.

I really do not think the livestock acted too bad overall because of the Bigfoot's presence. They would run and act up some and did cause us some trouble. It was usually the new cattle and horses that gave us the most trouble when they first saw the Bigfoot. The old ones I guess got used to them and didn't pay them as much heed.

Now the goats were an entirely different story. They were scared to death of the Bigfoot. They would run you over to get away from where the Bigfoot were, and I mean run right up over the top of you, not around you. Goat hooves hurt and are sharper than what they appear to be.

The pigs and hogs didn't pay any attention to them at all unless they went to grab one of them. Then the fight was on, and hogs are the meanest thing on earth. The little pigs didn't stand a chance against the Bigfoot, but the full grown hogs would fight and squeal and slash at the Bigfoot with their old tusk. The old sow was a hateful gut and the Bigfoot didn't mess with her much. But Fox loved to tease the old boar Papaw had. Fox would slap at him over the wood fence and that hog would try his best to slash old Fox's arm or hand. The neutered full grown pigs are the ones that the Bigfoot got three of. Not the old boar hogs.

The chickens if loose ran from the Bigfoot if they could. But then an old chicken will run from everything anyway. I know once that we had turkeys here and they did not like the Bigfoot. The old gobbler got caught first because he tried to fight Blackie and flog him when he crept up on him in a belly crawl the Bigfoot do and grabbed him by the leg. Blackie took and got a hold on his neck and killed him and took him off to the top of the hill somewhere. I guess he ate him. We had four turkey hens and they all went missing too and Papaw said that the Bigfoot got them too.

An old bull Papaw kept never gave the Bigfoot any trouble, or Papaw either as far as that goes, after Fox knocked him out cold when he charged at Papaw one time.

The dogs and cats either learned to live around them peacefully or else they became Bigfoot bait. I do not think Fox and Sheba liked a yappy dog much. They would kill all our dogs that remained here that barked at them all the time. They did not bother the dogs that only barked once in a while at them. I remember once Uncle had a beagle he called Pluto and Sheba would even pet that dog. Yes, she would pet him just like you or I would pet a dog on the top of its head. That old beagle was here from the time I was 3 until he died at 16 years of age when I was 19 years old. All the Bigfoot seemed to like him. I hated that dog. He would take y other dogs off to hunt and leave them behind and I always had to go look for my dogs. Sometimes I think the Bigfoot and he had some type of agreement because I would find the dog he took hunting with him dead and by all appearances the dog had died at the hand of the Bigfoot.

Next, I wanted to know as much as possible about the Bigfoot's appearance, especially Fox's, so the next questions were mostly about him.

Mary - O.K. We're going to go on the questions about Fox's appearance. Did either of you ever get close enough to touch him?

Lila - No.

Janice - Yes.

Mary - How did his skin fee, Janice?

Janice - It was like touching saddle leather, is what it felt like, and that is the appearance it gives. And it felt thick, fleshy thick. Tough skin. That's about all I can say!

Mary - O.K. About his hair, how did his hair feel?

Janice - Silky and it's a finer, silkier feel than ours. To me it is.

Mary - What do you estimate Fox's height as?

Lila - Seven and one half feet.

Janice - Seven and one half to eight foot tall. Now I wouldn't say exactly. You'd be off a few inches.

Mary - What about his estimated weight?

Janice - Because Mom always told me how much Andre [the Giant] weighed and I remembered that, so I am going to put Fox at a 1,000 pounds. Approximately 800 to a 1,--- pounds. 'Cause Andre weighed 500 and what...?

Lila - He weighed 527 at his top weight.

Janice - And Fox outweighed him good.

Mary - And the hair color of Fox?

Janice - Black. It had a blue tint to it. It would show a blue tint to it with the sun on it before it would show a red tint. He was as black as an ace of spades except for the private area of his body which was brown. I do not know if his hair in that area was stained brown by urine or not.

Mary - What was the length of his hair according to where it was located on the body?

Janice - O.K. On the head, I would say 6 inches? Maybe 2-4 inches elsewhere except on the chest area where it thinned out to maybe an inch over the breast area and across.

Mary - What would you estimate the width was across Fox's shoulders?

Janice - Oh, my husband is 40 and he could dwarf my husband, I would say...

Lila - Now Bob is 56 as I have measured Bob, my husband.

Janice - Let's say go with 70-80 inches?

Lila - Easy!

Janice - Easy, because Grandpa bought Fox a [white] T-shirt one time and it was a 6X. I don't know where he got it and Grandpa wore a size 40 overall and Fox couldn't get them on whey Fox tried putting them on.

Mary - Well, now how did this happen?

Janice - It was Grandpa! Grandpa gave him a shirt and Grandpa took him a pair of this overalls and I call them overalls and they are big blue jeans material and Grandma would starch these things until they would stand alone...and they're not blue jeans. Grandpa wore a size 40. Well, he took them overalls up there and demonstrated...you know...pretended like he was putting them on and took them off over his own clothes...and then asked Fox to put them on. Fox put his leg down in them and couldn't get it. Grandpa did manage to get him a pair later on and I think that those were a size 60 something...and he got Fox to put them on one time and Fox wouldn't wear them, but he would wear the T-shirt!

Lila - I do know that Grandpa got the biggest pair that he could get 'cause I remember being with Grandpa when he got the pair. That place was at Knoxville in the old West Town Mall before they did all that building over and everything. They had a pair of blue jeans that had belonged to Haystack Calhoun in there. And Grandpa...

Janice - Is that where he got that pair at?

LilaUh Hum. And Grandpa asked Mama, 'cause she came home saying they had a pair of Haystack Calhoun's pants in there. That she had never seen anything so big. And he asked her where and she told him and I don't think he went himself. I think he sent somebody else to actually go get them. I think he made a deal with whoever owned the store to buy a pair of Haystack Calhoun's jeans. And that's what he got and Haystack weighed 700 pounds at the time. The man is still living at Knoxville and I see him every once in a while. He's lost a considerable amount of weight since then.

Mary - Were you there, Janice, when your Papaw tried to get Fox to put the jeans on?

Janice - Yes, I was there when he tried to get Fox to put them on.

Mary - Please describe what was going on then?

Janice - Well, Grandpa took the blue jeans up there. We went to feed and he took them to the barn with him just like he'd take the blankets, whatever he gave to them. He'd just take them right along. Uh...They were thieves, the Bigfoot. They would steal stuff but he took them up there and Fox came out and Grandpa talked to him. Sometimes I could understand what they were saying and other times I just could not understand a word. Grandpa could talk in a dialect himself that I never learned...and I don't know what type dialect it was. Maybe Lila Ruth knows this dialect? But Grandpa told Fox that basically he wanted him to put the shirt on. Well, Fox got the shirt on just fine, the T-shirt, and then Grandpa was wanting Fox to put the pants on. Grandpa showed Fox how. He put them on himself and then he showed Fox how to take them off. Well, Grandpa got the T-shirt on Fox and I was a teenager and I think I was becoming aware between a woman and a man is the reason Grandpa was trying to do this. You could not see Sheba's private parts except for her breast but now the males, you could. Well, at least their Tommy knocker...that's what we'll call it to be nice, but any rate, Fox put them on and he had them on, and when we left he had the bigger jeans on. Well, the next day Fox didn't have the jeans on but he had that T-shirt on. Well, he wore that darn T-shirt until it was rags. The only thing holding it on him was the collar around the neck. ...And he wore that thing for years. It was filthy.

Lila - O.K. When Mama saw him [Fox] jump the fence, all she could talk about was that T-shirt. She didn't know why they were bothering. Of course, she kept saying that big man. I don't know why he bothered to wear that T-shirt. You couldn't even make a rag out of it! [laughs]

Anonymous - So your Mother never actually said they were Bigfoot? She just thought they were hairy men?

Janice - m hum. She just said it. That's all she would ever claim that it was, a hairy man.

Lila - The closest Mama ever got to admitting it was a Bigfoot was the picture in the Weekly World News. Had it on the cover claiming that the Russian scientists had captured one.

Mary - I've got that copy.

Lila - That's it and she looked at that...she says, "I've seen something that looks like that." I said, "Mama, what do you mean?" She goes, "Something I've seen somewhere looks an awful lot like that." And I said, "Mama, have you seen a Bigfoot?" She says, "Oh! No. No. No. I just seen something that



looked like that. Somebody around here looked like that." I said, "Mama, you've seen a Bigfoot!" She said, "No, I haven't." She just argued you down she hadn't, but she says, I've seen something that looks like that.

Mary - So your Mother never was aware of the Bigfoot creatures there?

Lila - Oh, she was aware!

Janice - Oh, she was very much aware of them. She just did not admit what they were. And my mother had a very convenient way of forgetting stuff if she wanted to. She'd turn it around and Lila Ruth can testify to that. She'd turn it around and make it what it wasn't even if it was something that was horrible.

It is evident that the girl's mother, Melvina, also had a problem with admitting there were creatures that were unmistakably abnormal in nature running around in plain sight on various occasions. Melvina also appears to have used the "denial" malady that everything is all right, everything is normal, and that it's just an extremely large, hairy man running around with insufficient clothing on.

Trying to retain my perspective when I look at just how abnormal that is staggers the imagination. Yet, I also did this for many years until reality at last set in and I'm so glad it has. I no longer have to say to my children, "No. You did not see anything." "It's only your active imaginations. It must be that schizophrenic young man that lives across the creek on the backside of the property looking in your window at night."

I used every excuse in the book to rationalize away the Bigfoot also. They were just these huge, tall men in long black coats passing by the front of our house at night. Even though I would get my shotgun out and sit and wait for one of these things to break through the door, they never did. How ironic it is for me to meet with others who have done the same thing, but how very fortunate we are to have Janice to tell us about her experiences. She was not allowed to escape reality. She saw these on nearly a daily basis, and as only a child can do, she adjusted to them being a part of her everyday life.

By this time, we had strayed from the topic of how Fox looked but now we were back on track again. As memories popped up at random, I allowed Janice and Lila to continue with them in order to keep the spontaneity going during so many hours of grueling questions. Here is more information on the physical appearance of Fox and a bit more on Sheba.

Mary - O.K. Anonymous wants to know the answer to this question. Does the hair on a Bigfoot cover their buttocks.

Janice and Lila - [Both answer] Yes.

Mary - So they are not like some of the primates that have a bare butt?

Janice - No. The hair covers the butt and it covers the female's private parts. Remember that the penis is the only thing you can see on the male. You could not see the testicles. I've never seen the testicles (except for one of them that was light colored) just the penis part.

Mary - O.K. Also, what is the estimated length of Fox's fingers, if you have any guess?

Janice - The palms, their palms... O.K., I haven't grown since the last time I touched hands with Fox. His palms...with my hands out like that. [Janice holds up her hands, facing out from her face.] Fox's palms goes up and all the way over mine.

Mary - Have we got a tape measure? [Anonymous has one and goes to get it.]

Janice - Now I don't know how long my hand is. Let's measure. He can actually...if I placed my hand in his...his top of his hand can fold over mine. [Janice shows how Fox's fingers would go down to her wrist line. In other words, Fox could fold his fingers from the beginning joint all the way down over her hand and his fingers would touch her wrist line.]

Mary - Did he actually put his hands to yours and do that?

Janice - Yes, he did.

Mary - Were you communicating during these times when you were touching him with your hand?

Janice - Yeah. Just talking. But he would do that. I'd just put my hand up like that.

Mary - [I measure the length of Janice's hand.] That measures a good 7 inches.

Janice - That's just it. It's like I said, he could fold the top part of his hand, this part right here, over the tips of my fingers and then his fingers would come all the way down to my wrist right there when he did that.

Mary - So his fingers would definitely have to be ten inches long in order for him to do that?

Janice - [Janice checks my measurements.] Well, depending on how long...Yeah. Yeah. A good ten inches.

Mary - His fingers had to have been at least ten inches in length because you are going to have some curve here where his fingers are folding over the tips of your fingers and then down towards your wrist.

Janice - Right.

Mary - Allow some curve for his fingers to be able to come down a little past your wrist.

Anonymous - Yeah.

Janice - For him to be able to touch my wrist with his fingertips?

Mary - Yes.

Janice - Now Sheba's hands weren't that big.

Mary - Then Sheba's hands were smaller?

Janice - Her hands were smaller but her hands were still big compared to even a large human male's hands.

Mary - So we're going to say that Fox's fingers were probably ten inches long according to our measurements. with your hand.

Mary to Janice - Anonymous wanted to know the color of Fox's fingernails if you were even able to see them that close up.

Janice - The skin's sort of... They're dark...and they always looked dirty to me.

Mary - You told us earlier tonight that the Bigfoot were fingernail biters, but didn't you say that their nails were really thick?

Janice - Yes. They're thick and they do bite their fingernails. I've got thick nails. See, mine are...these are my real nails and they're thick and my thumbnails are thickest and theirs is thicker than my thumbnail

Mary - When they bite them, how far down did they bite them to?

Janice - They would bite them down just about even with their fingertips.

Mary - Did the Bigfoot ever use their fingernails like claws or to rip anything up that you have personally witnessed them doing?

Janice - Yeah! They ripped but I don't even remember their nails being excessively long.

<u<mary< u="">- O.K.

Janice - But you know, they weren't as long as mine, I wouldn't think, but of course, I didn't really pay attention. No...Sheba...I was trying to think. They just bit their fingernails along right here. But they could be sharp the way they bit them. Their fingernails were square.

Mary - About like mine in other words?

Janice - o. A little bit longer than yours. The nails were over the fingertips but not excessively long because they would bite them and they'd bite their toenails too.

Mary - Were any of their nails ever broken in appearance, scaly or flaky looking?

Janice - Their nails were broken. They were split, cracked up the middle. I can remember one of them...I don't remember if it was Fox or Blackie...had a fingernail one time that was split all the way up into here and into his finger. So they have injured their fingernails.

Mary - O.K. Now how about the Bigfoot's teeth. How thick were Fox'[s teeth?

Janice - Teeth? Yeah. Maybe the size of a horses teeth. Maybe a half an inch thick?

Mary - O.K. And you already said that none of their teeth protruded out of the mouth, but now the eyeteeth, you told me, were a little bit longer than a human's, but none of the teeth protruded out of their mouth or protruded outside of their lips.

Janice - Their teeth do not protrude out of their mouths.

There are reports from across the United States where the eyewitness states the Bigfoot have fangs. The few Bigfoot that I have seen and Janice has seen close-up, do not have any protruding teeth. What they do have is elongated eyeteeth.

We had now reached the part of the interview where certain, hope fully verifiable facts were needed. We were interested in the nature of the appearance, the breeding, and the birthing of the Bigfoot that lived on the farm for as far back as the two girls could remember. At the time of this interview session, we did not have any authenticating information from the uncle and grandmother that Fox was first seen in the year of 1947. This came later on in our investigations.

Mary to Janice - O.K. Well, going back to our timeline. Did you ever locate our records of the births of Sheba's babies.? I know you said you were searching through a few storage sheds for the little pocket notebooks that you kept records of Sheba's babies in and some words you had heard them say.

Janice - Not yet. First there was Fox. I remember the first two encounters. Then in the fall, that fall, Sheba was pregnant at that time.

Mary - So they had to have been together as mates?

Lila - They had to have been together when Papaw took me to feed them the first time. The next year Sheba had the twins. Now that was in 1973.

Lila - That is when Blackie would have been born.

Janice - In 1976, the one twin went missing and I can't, I've tried my best, to remember what Papaw called that one. Diamond it seems like. It was some gem, yeah, but I don't know if it was diamond, jewel or what? So it may have been a female one, but it went missing when it was three years old. That would be in 1976, O.K.? After that in 1977 she had Toby. He was a light colored one.

Mary - What color?

Janice - Tan. Dirty. I don't know if he was actually by Fox because he is a light color. A little bit more and he would have been a dirty dishwater white.

Mary Janice - He looked like what old shag carpet used to look like. When Toby was a baby, he was almost a white color, a cream white. He got darker as he got older. So that may have been contributed to, the darker color, by the red clay mud. That's what we have here. A lot of red clay mud.

Mary - Did Toby have hair on him when he was born?

Janice - They all have hair but it's...have you ever seen a puppy, a little baby puppy.

Mary - Yes. The hair is real short on most puppies when they are born.

Janice - Yeah. How they looked sort of naked? Then after a few days they look sort of fuzzy? Not fuzzy really but they get longer hair on them and then when they get about six weeks old, they get fuzzy, a puppy does. These guys don't have very much hair on them at all when they're born. But then it starts growing in and it grows in rather rapidly.

Mary - About how many months old are they when their hair starts growing in more?

Janice - I would say right about six weeks when it really starts growing in good and by the time they're a year old, it's thick, but it's not long.

Mary - O.K.

Janice - It gets longer the more mature they get and I do think that they break off the hair on their manes on their head. I don't think it keeps growing. It's shaggy. It looks shaggy. Sheba always looked shaggy because her hair was a different length.

Mary - Was Sheba's hair that shaggy too?

Janice - Yes, her hair was that way even when she tucked it behind her ear, like this. (Janice

demonstrates how Sheba took her fingers and smoothed the hair back behind her ears.) I mean it was different lengths on her head.

Mary = So Toby is light colored.

Janice - And after that Sheba had a female that died, so I think Sheba didn't allow herself enough time between them maybe.

Lila - See, the last one I remember is Toby.

Janice - Yeah...and Toby wasn't weaned and Blackie was, and Blackie tried to nurse on her when that baby died. And she wouldn't let him do it.

Mary - What color was the dead female? Did you get to see it at all?

Janice - I just remember them putting it in the hole and it looked brown. It just looked brown. I didn't see any facial features...face...hands...or anything like that.

Mary - Can you give any estimation of what size it was?

Janice - Maybe that big? I don't know.

Mary - That appears to be approximately three foot long.

Janice - Well, they're long but they're small, just long.

Mary - Are they thin or muscular looking when they're born?

Janice - They're thinner. They've got a thinner look to them. Sort of skinny looking.

Mary - O.K., so I guess we need to finish with the babies of Sheba.

Janice - O.K. In 1981, Sheba had another one because she had one in the same year as Amanda was born in. Sheba had a female then. Now this female went missing after she was about five. It's the one that came back later on and I don't remember what Papaw called her. [Sighs] Do you, Lila?

Lila - The last one I really remember was Toby.

Janice - I don't remember what he called her. She wasn't friendly. She would not come to you. She'd stand off. I never did get to touch her or anything.

Mary - Had you touched all of these others up until then?

Janice - Yeah. I've touched them. She came back because it... She went missing when me and Mama were having an argument over doodle bug.

Lila - That would have been in 1987.

Janice - Well, then she was missing that year so she was missing by 1987.

Mary - And then how long was she gone?

Janice - She was gone 'til 1992.

Mary - How did you know it was the same female that returned? Was there some way you could tell?

Janice - She was the one that got her fingers cut off in the next door neighbor's conveyor belt. Well, she got two cut off. She was left handed, because she got the two fingers sliced off in Henry's conveyor belt that lifted the hay up and into the barn. Besides, she was very distinctive and different.

Mary - What color was she? We didn't get to what color she was.

Janice - She was brown.

Mary - A normal brown?

Janice - No. A reddish brown. With the sun on her she had that red highlight, like a mahogany, a red-brown.

Mary - Did she ever go missing again that you knew about?

Janice - No. She stayed.

Mary - Do you think there was any interbreeding between them?

Janice - No.

Mary - There was none?

Janice - None. I never saw them interbreed and Sheba had one more after that...that I can remember. Now she may have had other ones. She had one young one when she came back after hurricane Hugo.

Lila - That would have been in 1989 when Hugo hit.

Janice - Mm Hum. And we came back in November and she had a baby.

Janice - It looked four or five months old. It was a tannish color like Toby.

Mary - Could you tell if it was male or female?

Janice - It was a female.

Mary - And did that one stay on the farm also?

Janice - It was there until Grandpa died.

Lila - Grandpa died in 1996.

Mary - And it did not go off?

Janice - No. It never went off.

Mary - Just your opinion here, but do you think they have trouble finding mates?

Janice - I don't know because Jim brought that up and he may have put this in my head, so maybe I shouldn't comment on what he told me. I think what they did, they would go off with other family members, or when they got to puberty, their puberty, they went off to find mates.

Mary - Do you think that the males were ever run off when they became sexually mature?

Janice - Blackie was never run off. Toby was run off a couple times, but he always came back. I think that the females went off because there were other males. There were more than one male that would come. The other males would come and I think that the females went off with them. But now, I don't know what happened to the one that had her fingers cut off. Her mate, if she had one, because when she came back, she didn't have one, but she did have her young one with her, and I assumed that was her baby.

Mary - What color was her baby?

Janice - It was brown, about the same color as her.

Mary - So really, Fox was the blackest one out of the bunch, wasn't he?

Janice - Fox was just black and blue eyed! The rest of them had brown eyes or charcoal dark colored eyes.

Mary - Oh. Did you know what sex this last baby was of the last female?

Janice - Her baby? No, because she wouldn't get close enough and you couldn't tell.

Mary - O.K.

Janice - She just would not come close.

Mary - Now. Is this all of Sheba's babies?

Janice - That is all of Sheba's babies that I saw.

Finishing with Sheba's babies, I decided to ask a few questions I had been wondering about since the beginning of the interview.

Mary - Did the males ever fight?

Janice - Toby and Blackie fought all the time.

Mary - O.K. What would they do to each other?

Janice - Punch, hit, bite and tumble with each other or what I call tumbling.

Mary - Was this serious fighting or just play?

Janice - Oh! One time it was serious because Blackie bit Toby's ear on off. They do have ears. You don't see them either.

Mary - Do their ears look like human ears then?

Janice - Yes they do and Sheba... Mary - Are their ears hairy also? I just thought of that. Do they have hair on their ears?

Lila - They're more like the hair covered their ears than the ears being hairy.

Janice - Yeah. And Sheba when...O.K. Her hair would be like this. [Janice allows her long thick hair to fall down in front of her face. She hangs her head forward a bit, pushing her shoulders up.] And she'd take her hair and pull it back. Now it was more down on her. More so than it is on males. She'd take it and pull it back over the top of that ear. Now there'd be hair in front, but that ear would stick out like an elephant's ear or something, you know, but it was human shaped and there was no hair on her ear. Now, I don't think there were any hair on the male's ears but the only time I've ever seen the male's

ears was the time that Blackie bit Toby and I had a time remembering which one bit which one. It was Sheba that swatted Blackie on the butt, so it was Blackie that had to of bit Toby. That was the ONLY time I ever seen her like...just like a person. Sheba had ahold of his arm and she went (Janice demonstrates a typical human spanking a child on the bottom, doing so by holding a child with one hand and smacking its bottom with the other hand.)

Mary - [In surprise] Just like a person would do!

Janice - Just like a person. You know, if you were going to whip a kid? She smacked it on the butt!

Mary - We're almost to the end of the tape. [tape stops]

By now, it was glaringly evident that there were unmistakably human characteristics displayed by the Bigfoot. It struck me then and it does now that I was hearing a lot of evidence that suggested the Bigfoot on the Carter's farm acted more like giant, super strong, albeit hairy, hominids than some form of great ape. They lived as a family unit. The females sometimes left with other males from other families. They buried their dead just as we humans do. No ape in history has ever buried its dead that I know about. Are the s living on the Carter farm more in the nature of cousins from our distant past? Why are there no bones found to support this evidence? Is this because they do take care of their own and bury their dead? There would be nothing then, no bones to be found in easily accessible places. With all of their kind buried in deep, unmarked graves, the chances of finding one of their remains would be astronomical indeed. One would have to visually see them burying their dead in order to find the grave, and Janice has already done do. She may be the only human who has ever watched an unknown species place one of their own deceased in the ground.

### **Many Things**

I had brought along the Tennessee hair sample that had been analyzed by Dr. Henner Fahrenbach to show to Janice. As we proceeded once again, I described to Janice and Lila the circumstances of its find and the process I went through in getting the hair analyzed. Bigfoot researchers regard Dr. Fahrenbach in high esteem due to his efforts to the cause of physically proving Bigfoot's existence regardless of one's affiliation. He never charged me for his services and for that I am most grateful.

My explanation to those present:

Mary - This is my sample of Bigfoot hair from Overton County Tennessee. Strands of hair from this sample were sent to Dr. Henner Fahrenbach, who has worked in the Primate Research field for many years. Dr. Fahrenbach has determined from his studies of other hair samples found in or near Bigfoot sightings in the Pacific Northwest, that a few hair samples have actually been determined by him to be from an unknown primate. The current tally of hair analyzed as being from unknown primates is currently set at fifteen on the BFRO web site. I was in touch with a friend of Dr. Fahrenbach, Jack Sullivan, back in 1999. We were comparing our personal notes about the Tennessee Bigfoot and the Pacific Northwest Bigfoot at that time. I had recently found this hair sample and Jack Sullivan requested that I send a few hairs to him to take a look at. He wanted to see whether or not the Tennessee hair was worth submitting to Dr. Fahrenbach. Jack had studied Bigfoot hair before and once he looked at my hair sample under a microscope, he asked if he could send it on to Dr. Fahrenbach for further analyses. So unknown primates in the Pacific Northwest. One difference in my hair sample compared to the Pacific Northwest hair samples was the Tennessee hair had a much darker pigmentation than ten other hair samples that Dr. Fahrenbach had studied [at that time] from the Pacific Northwest. This means that this Tennessee hair I found definitely belongs to an unknown primate living here in Tennessee.

[Janice takes the hair sample to look at.]

Janice - O.K. Yep. I think so, without taking it and feeling it. I think so, but there are no roots on that,

Mary. Nope, there is not one bit of roots on that. That is the hairs from the undercoat with some of the hair from the outer coat.

Mary - Janice, you can open the bag and reach in and touch it. There's no reason why you can't that I can think of at this late date.

Anonymous to Janice - So you are saying that they have two layers of hair?

Janice - Yes. I am saying that and also, there are no roots on this hair so the DNA couldn't be picked up anyway.

Anonymous - A shorter and a longer?

Janice - Yes. They do have an undercoat.

Mary - Now when you talk about an undercoat, as I don't know about dogs and animals like you do nor have I the training you have had in college, are you talking about two coats of hair in the same areas on the Bigfoot...or just on the belly... or just two coats of hair all over their bodies?

Janice - I'd say this is it. This is probably Bigfoot hair. Yeah. This is horrible but I'm going to do this. O.K. I'm taking a sample. [Janice picks up one of the hairs from the hair sample.] Yeah...that feels...yeah that feels like it. [hands it to Lila] Feel it.

Anonymous - Did you ever see them while they were wet? Did you see them wet when it was raining or if they were swimming?

Janice - Yes.

Anonymous - Like when you feel them in the rain, did it seem like the water repelled off their coats?

Janice Yeah. The outer coat... what I'm calling the outer coat...it would be sloppy looking, you know, but wet looking, but under that, a downy coat, that undercoat, it's softer. It's hair but it's softer. The undercoat was like goose down, I reckon. Water just rolled off of it. They didn't really get soaked to the skin unless it was a downpour. They'd get wet but now I have actually seen them thoroughly soaked when they're out in a downpour.

Mary - How did they react to the rain when it did rain?

Janice - Honestly, I don't think they'd get out as much but, of course, we didn't get out as much either in the rain, so I'm not really sure. Well, now, I did get out in the rain as I rode the horses in the rain and stuff.

Mary - Does this hair here look like the hair you have seen on them then?

Lila - That looks like what I've seen caught on the barbed wire fences and stuff around the house.

Mary - Does the color match what you've seen on any of the Bigfoot you've seen on the farm?

Lila - It's pretty close to what I've seen.

Janice - It's close to what Sheba's would be.

Mary - So this isn't the color that Blackie or Fox are?

Janice - Blackie and Fox are just BLACK! That's more of a brownish color to me.

Mary - Well, this hair was caught in one big wad on a top strand of barbed wire, about 4 1/2 foot high...and it didn't look like there was very much of it and it looked almost like human hair would be when its wet, only finer. I found it was soaking wet because it was raining and misty out, very foggy that morning. I put it inside a Kleenex inside my coat pocket [waterproof coat]. I didn't handle it except to pull it from the barbed wire fence and place it on the Kleenex. I took it to the house and transferred it into a plastic baggie and left it open until it dried. So then, after a sample of this hair was confirmed as coming from an unknown primate, we wanted to photograph it. I had this brand new cloth that came with my binoculars, a cleaning cloth, and I put it on that and I thought immediately afterwards, Uh Oh, and there it stayed. [The yellow background made it easier to photograph.]

Janice - It doesn't matter because there is not a root on there anywhere.

Mary - It doesn't matter now does it? But I have pulled hairs out of everybody and laid their hair next to a strand of it and the unknown primate hairs are always finer.

Janice - Do you know why? Because our hair...well, my hair is thicker than most peoples. I was fixing to say...I wish I had the calipers with me. I've got a metric caliper but my hair is actually .07 millimeters wide or round where most animals---[pulls hair from her head]. Now that's a real thick

piece of my hair. Most persons are .05 millimeters. Theirs are .03 millimeters because I have measure one of their hairs before and also I have measured the dogs which are .01 mm's.

Mary - Have you ever seen their hair with the roots or its follicle's intact?

Janice - It's the follicles. Yes, I have.

Mary - So what do you think has happened to this hair sample of mine?

Janice - It's just been jerked out. No. It's not been jerked out, it's just been broken off is what has happened. They have jumped over or climbed over, whatever, that fence and broke it off. Because you can take a strand of their hair, just for instance. Let me get one of mine. O.K. I pulled out two hairs, but it doesn't matter. O.K. Take hairs. Our hairs will take and pull before it will break. Theirs just comes out snapped. The thinner the hair, the easier to break it. I'm not trying to be a smart aleck, but that's just the way they have it.

Mary - No, of course not. I realize you have some training, you know, college level and also I keep getting these looks from you, like you are afraid I won't believe you.

I would like to comment on the hair sample before continuing with the questions and answers. I had received an e-mail once from Dr. Fahrenbach stating that the Bigfoot did not have any hairy undercoat. He said if I found hair that seemed to be from an animal with an undercoat that it could not be Sasquatch hair. It is also likely that Janice's perception of overcoat and undercoat hair is quite different from Dr. Fahrenbach's. Possibly there is not any undercoat hair, but until we have a body, I don't see how this can actually be determined.

Even though Janice has personally observed and actually felt the Bigfoot hair on Fox, Sheba, and on the babies, and has determined from her studies of their hair, that they did have an undercoat, she has not had the highly skilled training that Dr. Fahrenbach has had. It's confusing at best, but I can only state what the facts are as told to me from the specialist and from the observer. They each have their own opinions and I will leave it at that. I cannot conclusively say that the hair sample did include any undercoat hairs in the first place, or if the Bigfoot actually have two coats of hair to keep them insulated in the cold or the heat. I look forward to the day when it can be proven which fact is true.

Janice - Well. OK. I just. I do have a hard time because I want you all so much to believe me, Mary, and then, I'm like there's no way these people are going to believe what I'm telling them because nobody else would ever believe me.

Mary - I do believe you. That's one of the reasons I wanted to come talk to you in person, so I could be certain. I need to be fairly certain before I commit to a lot of hard work here. You know...before bringing yours and Lila's experiences with these creatures to the attention of the public and also to the Bigfoot research field in particular. Always there are those who will not believe, but that does not mean that we should not offer to the world the information we have gleaned about the Bigfoot over the years.

Janice - Well, that's one of the things though. I am going to be honest with you. In the back of my head, it's like...subconsciously, I'm thinking. O.K. They are just not going to believe me. They are just going to blow us off and put us down as a bunch of idiots or kooks, or say that we are making all of this up.

Mary - I had pretty well made up my mind that you were telling the truth a long time ago. From what I have learned about these creatures by studying them and their habitat it agrees with what you are saying to me.

Janice - That's just basically what's going on in my mind. It's just there. That you won't believe me.

Lila - May I say something. It's just a general reaction because my own kids say, "Mama! Again!"

Janice - Yeah.

Lila - ...And I tell them that I'm just glad that you [kids] haven't ever had to worry about this Bigfoot creature because they haven't. They've been in town since day one.



Janice - That's true. Mine haven't either.

Lila - Yours has. Well, Amanda has.

Janice - Yeah, but Amanda blows it off because she can't remember anything past seven years old anyway.

Lila - I know.

Mary - Did you ever attempt to talk about this with your school friends?

Lila - Yes.

Mary - Of course, you did say that one girlfriend of yours knew about them. Loretta, I believe.

Janice - Yes, and she moved to Georgia and I wish there was a way to get in touch with her. I don't know how in the world to. We've tried to discuss that, to see if we could contact her some way. I didn't know how to get a hold of her and she didn't live there very long. She lived there at the neighbors place.

Lila - She lived there 4 or 5 years.

Janice - Yeah. She lived there in the 4th grade and she left in the 7th grade.

Mary - What was her name?

Janice - Sharja LOretta [withheld]. She's married now but we don't know where she is.

Lila - We think she is in Alabama or Georgia at this point. Her parents live in Alabama.

Mary - Did you girls spend all night with each other and discuss the Bigfoot together?

Lila - Well, we would spend nights with each other.

Janice - We would argue over, me and Loretta, we would argue like cats and dogs. We argued over crickets saying that one of them was mine and this was its name and yaddah, yaddah, yaddah. So we argued over the Bigfoot in the same way too.

Mary - So you actually called them Bigfoot?

Janice - No. We didn't call them Bigfoot then.

Lila - We didn't call them Bigfoot until after we went to see the movie called "The Mysterious Monsters." It had come out at the theater then.

Janice - I didn't call them Bigfoot even after then, Lila!

Lila - I did after I watched that movie because that's what they called them in the movie or they called them Sasquatch.

Janice - I never could remember the word Sasquatch as a child.

Lila - I know Mama decided to go see that movie and to take us kids. Grandpa asked her why on earth she wanted to see that movie. I remember Mama telling him that I just wanted to settle something in my head. She took us and after she took us, it was like, O.K., that's what that is and that's when the nightmares started because up until then, I wasn't really that scared of them...and it showed the Bowman's story in it. I remember it being a part of that movie. To a seven year old kid, that was...well, this is going to sound funny. I still have nightmares and every nightmare I've ever had except for two has been about a Bigfoot. In the other two I was getting murdered. That was the only two nightmares I ever had that did not involve a Bigfoot. And it's chasing me through the forest or breaking in the house on me...until about two weeks ago. I had a Bigfoot dream that was not a nightmare. I dreamed the Bigfoot were all in a minivan driving down the highway with mama and papa Bigfoot in the front and the Bigfoot babies in the back and the cop pulled them over for speeding. [laughter from all]

Janice - She told me this! I liked to have died!

Lila - And the cop pulled them over for speeding and walks up and it just...[Lila shows her imitation of a surprised and horrified cop.] ...and it just...[more laughing]...and the cop goes, "Go on! Go on! Do what you want!" And I woke up and thought at least I dreamed of one without having a nightmare.

Mary - [after all laughter has died down] Do you two think that talking to someone now about your experiences with Bigfoot when you were a child helps either of you in any way?

Lila - I know when I really, really started reading about Bigfoot was about three years ago. ...And that's the first time I ever got on the Internet and started going anywhere. Of course, I put in the search

word and, of course, the BFRO was the first one [web site on Bigfoot] that popped up. I thought, hey! This has got a database! O.K. I'm not the only one seeing Bigfoot!

During the course of my research and especially in talking with eyewitnesses, I do make attempts to make those I am interviewing feel at ease. I have been in their shoes before myself and do know the problems associated with telling someone about what you have seen and heard. I don't know why there is such a stigma about the Bigfoot creatures or why it is that when one first sees one, disbelief immediately sets in. I guess maybe Americans have been told for too many years that there are no such things as a Sasquatch or Bigfoot. We've all seen in the television documentaries and newscasts about persons who have seen them, and we've seen how often they are looked upon as kooks, as Janice terms it.

Often the post traumatic shock syndrome sets in after an unexpected sighting and is difficult at best to deal with. On July 1, 2000 in Oregon Caves National Park, Josephine County, Oregon, Dr. Mathew Johnson, a psychologist, became well known for his sighting of a Bigfoot while out hiking with his family, but at least he knew how to deal with the trauma it caused. He talked to others and shared his experience regardless of the cost to him professionally. I can only imagine the field day nonbelievers have with a psychologist who claims he saw a Bigfoot!

However, he did talk to the press about his experience and became an instant, nationwide celebrity. Most sighting cases are never shared with the media. Janice and Lila had shared with friends and classmates when younger, but then found themselves to be outcasts; therefore they have been silent now for many years. My interest was in what, if any, relief they had obtained by talking about their own experiences.

Mary - Do you two feel any better now that you're starting to talk about your experiences with Bigfoot? I know how frustrating it can be when no one believes you.

Janice - I do, but my only worry is that people are not going to believe us.

Lila - It's not so much I worry about that, but if you found one [on the farm] would you get it?

Janice - Well, yeah, that's another thing. I worry about that. My heart is for the Bigfoot but my head is with the research part.

Lila - I just don't want to see them hurt.

Mary - I seriously doubt that you will have to worry about us hurting them. Do you have any idea how old Fox was when you first saw him?

Janice - No, but I think he's about 70 now. [Janice was wrong on the age as we later found out.]

Mary - That would be in actual years?

Janice - In natural years and I did do research, that gorillas can live to be 60-70 and into their 80's if they are well cared for. So...

Mary - Of course, Fox was fed a lot of food from your grandfather that he naturally wouldn't have gotten in the wild. Did the Bigfoot ever communicate with you at all about why they had killed the farm animals?

Janice - To eat. They were hungry, Grandpa jumped them. Jumped them! When they killed the cattle, after both of the kills [2 heifers]...and what I mean by Papaw jumping them, he raised his voice. And Grandpa was mad and if he started talking to you like this...[whispers as she speaks] you had better sit up and pay attention. He's fixing to get you. If he raised his voice...well, I don't know how far mad he was when he raised his voice but he was yelling at them!

Mary - Did he go to them or did your Grandpa yell at them when they came up to feed?

Janice - Oh, he went out and called them up that time.

Mary - Then he could call them UP? Please explain how he managed to do this?

Janice - With the chirps and the noises and I can mimic one of those sounds here, and I did it for Stan

and Joseph, and that is the one where the hawk came out when I did [the call] and answered me.

Lila - The hawk flew around and Janice kept getting a wild turkey calling at her really good.

Mary - Well, Janice, go ahead and mimic it. [Janice makes an excellent hawk scream.] Yeah, that does sound like a hawk. They answered to that and did your grandfather make that call also to call Fox up?

Janice - Yes. Grandpa could make it a lot better than I can because I smoke...and he could make it a lot louder and a lot deeper and a lot longer.

Lila - Grandpa knew a smattering of Navajo, Blackfoot, Cherokee, and Cree Indian languages. I know about the Blackfoot because he used to talk about it. He sold women's lingerie back in the 20's for Carson, Perry, and Scott out of Chicago. And he was a traveling salesman and went around to the different stores and I can remember him saying that he spent time on the Blackfoot reservation...and he learned a few of their words.

Mary - So possibly, he was speaking to the Bigfoot with some type of Indian dialect?

Janice - Lila has studied languages and she said she first thought that the Bigfoot were speaking an aborigine dialect.

Lila - The reason I believed that at first was because of the clicks and the whistles and such. That's in a book from around the Caribbean and Canary Islands. But, I do know Birdie, which was the old lady that lived next to us, spoke one kind of Indian language almost fluently.

Janice - Very fluently.

Lila - And what she called them...and I found the word. I know it's a word, but I don't know if I say it right. [Lila says "seelahtik" which sounded like sea-la-tick when she said it, but this is not necessarily the correct pronunciation.] That's what it looks like and I might not be saying it even close to the way it should be pronounced. That's what Birdie called them if she didn't refer to them in her own special way. [girls laugh]

Janice - Now write this down. This is the word for wandering... Nocona.

Lila - Nocona?

Janice - I don't know, but that was the first word that they called themselves meaning "wandering spirits" and that was the wandering part and that's what I referred to them as. Now, I don't know what language that is, what that translates to, but that is the first spelling.

Lila - I found this last night studying and the ...not the Iroquois, but it starts with an S, that's in the same area as the Iroquois? [The two discuss the different tribes.] I found it on a site in California and it says what language they are supposed to be. I know it starts with an S and it's a lot like the Iroquois but it's something like that.

Mary - So evidently then it's possible that they've had interactions with Indians for years as a lot of folks seem to believe.

Janice - Yep, and I believe they have.

For many years I have wondered also if the Native Americans had one over on us in understanding the Bigfoot. Is it possible that the Bigfoot have communicated with our Indian nations in the past?

Numerous references abound to just such a possibility. This is another white man's mystery to solve, if we ever learn how to approach the Bigfoot as Robert Carter Sr. did. He treated them as people and never referred to them in any other way. I believe his experiments and involvement has paved a new direction for future Bigfoot researchers. He never went after the Bigfoot with a gun, he tamed them with kindness and supplemental food that made their survival, at least while he lived, a bit easier for them.

### **Hibernation?**

The interview on February 4 took another unexpected turn. I was pursuing a line of questioning on the time of day the girls had seen the Bigfoot most often. I was seeking eyewitness evidence on the hours of the day the Bigfoot were thought to be the most active. It is widely speculated and generally

accepted by many researchers and specialists in this field that the Bigfoot is nocturnal in nature. The preponderance of evidence from thousands of eyewitness's reports points to this behavior on the Bigfoot's part. The majority of sightings are nighttime sightings, specifically where Bigfoot are seen crossing the road in front of vehicles bright headlights revealing the in the darkness that so often hides them.

At the time, I thought this was an excellent opportunity to find out just how much or how often the Bigfoot roamed around during the daylight hours as well. What I didn't expect was Janice immediately delving into another issue, and that is, she believed the Bigfoot hibernated during extremely cold and snowy weather, or at least they were not seen, nor did they come up to feed.

Mary - Do you think they move around more at night?

Lila - Yes.

Janice - Yes. They move around more at night, and when I'm saying night, I'm talking about 5:00 a.m. in the morning night. They didn't get up in under that trailer early of the evening of the night time. It was very early in the morning.

Lila - I was coming in anytime between two and four in the morning. It would be after I came in.

Mary - But yet, they would run around in the daytime too?

Janice - They'd run around some in the day.

Mary - What would be the period through the day that they would go missing and you wouldn't see them or when do you think they were sleeping?

Janice - In the morning.

Lila - I don't remember the morning. The time I would see them would be within two hours of dusk, every time that I saw them.

Janice - They would go in when the sun started getting hot, maybe eleven or twelve noon and then they wouldn't come back out until it cooled off in the afternoon. In the winter time it was more like four o'clock, and in the summer, it was more like seven when they were out again.

Mary - Now you're talking about noon until about seven at night in the summer?

Janice - Yeah...and I do think they can hibernate.

Mary - Really?

Janice - I do think they can hibernate. That they do hibernate to a certain degree and there's a reason for this too.

Mary - Tell me about that.

Janice - The reason for that is one time Grandpa did not take and feed them. It was real cold. We had the ice storm then. Remember the time we had the ice?

Lila - Yes, I remember that.

Janice - And nobody could get out, and fourteen inches, I think, of snow on top of the ice. That winter Papaw did not feed them. He went deliberately out in that bad winter storm. I remember him going out in that saying, "Well, Sheba and Fox probably don't have anything to eat." And they didn't come. They didn't come for it. The dogs ate it then. But now they were not out and about. I don't know where they went, but the reason I said I think they hibernate, at least I think they were in the cave, because we took the dogs hunting over there next to the cave and the dogs would not go near the cave.

Mary - So you think that's where they were?

Janice - I think that's where they were...and you could smell them.

At this point the conversation veered off into another area, but at the first opportunity I came back to the subject of hibernation. The part of the interview that I skipped here is included elsewhere. These portions are presented together out of courtesy to the reader, to avoid confusion and for greater understanding of the material collected during the interviews.

Mary - I am interested in why you think the Bigfoot hibernate, Janice. Did this incident of them sleeping in the caves during severe snowstorms happen only once?

Janice - Well, that one time in particular, because Grandpa didn't feed them and they weren't there and like I said, I know they were at that cave. We went back there with the dogs, and the dogs wouldn't go near that cave. I did notice the Bigfoot had fattened. I mean fattened, and that was the only time I would say that Fox was fat. They had fattened themselves up. Right before that, it was a very good crop year, good harvest of the nuts because we used to pick up the nuts. There were good berries and everything that year. Then they were gone. They weren't out during the daytime and they weren't out during the nighttime, then one time after that, they were gone for a month. And I can't remember...that was in the snow of 1993. They were gone right there before the blizzard and right there after the blizzard, and that was in April when we got that blizzard.

Lila - That was on April the 8th.

Janice - I know when we got that blizzard because of the fact that I had gone to the dog show and almost got stuck in Chattanooga. [laughs] I had to hurry and get back home but the Bigfoot weren't out then, and we had brought my Grandpa down last. I was living in the Birdie-Henry's old house as Birdie and Henry had died, and Uncle Strange and his kin were next door. I was living in their house and we took the tractor and brought Grandpa down last, but we had carried Grandma all the way down the road to the next door neighbor's house and then we went back after Papaw. He said he didn't want to go because Fox was going to be cold. He told me and Uncle that and Danny also. Danny was with us at the time. Danny was another one who went out and explored but that man wouldn't talk to us about anything. At any rate, Papaw said it's going to be cold and I said, "Papaw, Fox is not going to be cold because they are going to get the heat back on soon and he's going to be back up under the trailer here, and he's not going to get cold." Papaw said, "Uh Uh, he (Fox) is holed up somewhere." [Janice couldn't remember where her Grandfather had said that Fox was holed up at.] When I said, "What?" then he said, "Oh, they sleep." and that's why I think they hibernate.

Mary - But do you think this was a seasonal thing or just when needed?

Janice - Just when needed. I don't think they do it all the time. I think it's just whenever the weather is really, really bad or something.

Mary - Sounds like they might have some kind of capability to hibernate.

Janice - And that was also the same year that one of our cattle were killed.

For years I had believed that the Bigfoot did not appear to hibernate. This question is brought up often when Bigfoot researchers gather around to discuss their favorite subject, Bigfoot, of course. It's a most common question, equally as compelling as this one, do they migrate? I was absolutely stunned with this newest revelation from Janice. Do the Bigfoot know when a harsh winter is coming and fatten up for the event? Were they actually able to fall asleep and remain asleep to conserve energy?

In recent studies Dr. Matthew Andrews and his research team, geneticists from North Carolina State University have identified and mapped two genes for enzymes that play important roles in hibernation in ground squirrels. They have discovered that these genes are nearly identical to ones found in non-hibernating mammals, including humans. New knowledge of hibernation processes have led biologist to redefine mammalian hibernation simply as specialized, seasonal reduction of metabolism in response to the concurrent pressures of food availability and low environmental temperatures. Even though it has been long understood why animals hibernate, it has not been clear how this transformation has taken place, or exactly what genes control its onset. The five year genes are not just in species that hibernate, but also in those who do not. They are found in all mammals. Therefore, these findings have far reaching implications, far beyond the field of zoology, Andrews says.

If these enzymes can be identified that are responsible for preserving organs, reducing glucose consumption and maintaining muscle tone during deep hibernation, physicians could use this

knowledge to preserve human organs intended for transplants or other such strategies to preserve human life.

Therefore, one can conclude that since these two genes are present even in humans, then why would they not also be present in the Bigfoot? That does not necessarily mean that the genes work in the Bigfoot the same way they do, say in bears. I would not so boldly presume this was so.

Since we don't know what the Bigfoot truly is, where it lies along the evolutionary path, we can only speculate as to the possibility that they might be able to reach a sustained level of some type of dormancy during stressful times. I do find it extremely interesting that the year the Bigfoot were facing a harsh winter, they put on additional weight and appeared much fatter to Janice. That in itself is extremely suggestive of an unusually productive summer harvest triggering a biological need to fatten for a harsh winter. The uniqueness of hibernation has fascinated scientists for years and only now are they beginning to unlock its deepest secrets, as in the case of the geneticists discovering the genes responsible for it. To learn also that humans have these same genes also yet they are not "triggered" is another fascinating aspect. Maybe the Homo sapiens cleverness in obtaining food on a daily basis, no matter the season, has dulled the usage of such a lifesaving feature over thousands of years. We have evolved into such beings, whereas the Bigfoot, of unknown origin, may not have.

Next, the questions and answers covered quite a bit of ground. We discussed the cattle that were killed in Middle Tennessee and in Janice's area in East Tennessee during a harsh winter with blizzard like conditions.

Mary - I found a calf the Bigfoot had killed right after a 16-17 inch snowfall in February of 1998. [Evidenced by track finds.] I haven't found another calf since then, but we have not had any severe snowstorms or blizzards since 1998 either.

Janice - The first time they killed our cattle was during the ice and the second time, whatever the ice year was. The ice year was the year before Chuck went into the Navy. That would have been in 1984 so the year before, 1983.

Lila - Because he graduated in 1984 and went into the Navy that summer.

Janice - 1983 was the first cattle kill and the second one was in 1993, that's exactly ten years later. I'm not sure. I gave you the dates earlier. I was trying to remember the dates. This is the actual date that I was trying to remember when one of the heifers was killed.

Mary - I remember you saying they were both heifers, and both about two years old.

Janice - Yes, and when I say heifers, heifers are cows that have never had calves.

Lila - There was a gentleman that we would get heifers from. He'd bring them in about the time they were weaned and let them run until they were either eleven months or two years old depending on how he needed.

Janice - In 1998 is when they killed cattle of the guys whose cattle runs on the place. They also killed some of the neighbor's cattle in behind us, and some of the neighbors' cattle across in front of us.

Lila - They weren't getting fed by us anymore at that time.

Janice - No. They weren't getting fed at that time by us. These cattle that were killed, the neighbors kept putting it off to the wolves killing them, that they had killed them, and yes, we have had wolves. There were wolves at the time and coyotes, but these cattle were slit down the middle with their legs broken and the neighbors were raising cane. They said they'd never seen wolves kill like that...and...I said it's not wolves. [Wolves were introduced experimentally near the Carter farm during this time.]

Mary - But the Bigfoot never ate all of the cattle they did kill?

Janice - Nope.

Mary - What parts did they eat?

Janice - Something out of the inside but I don't know what. I cannot swear what because I didn't dig

through to find out what was missing.

Anonymous - Did you see where they were split? The part that they were broken into, was it more of a rip, a clean cut, or what?

Janice - A ragged, jagged type cut. Like maybe if you took a sharp rock or something and slit them open instead of using a knife. I mean you can take a knife and make a clean cut. This was more of a straight line for a little ways and then jagged.

Lila - And I know back then it seemed like we had more problems with the cattle going missing and all, when it was colder and more snow on the ground...and Grandpa would say that the wild dogs done it, the wild dogs done it, and, uh...of course, he called Sheba, to me, he always referred to her as being a wild dog too!

Mary - We were going to get into how the Bigfoot killed different kinds of animals for food.

Janice - Yeah. They would reach out and grab the goat by the leg. O.K.? Then the goats were actually taken and they pushed their heads backwards. The snake was the one I was trying to explain to you. They would reach down, grab it by the tail, pick it up, [snap] real hard, real quick, like a bull whip and that snake's head would come flying right off. They'd take their fingernails and peel 'em down [the snake's skin] and that hide will just peel right off. Just like there was the meat and they would...[Janice shows us how they would hold the snake with one hand and bite into the meat as a human would do after peeling a banana.] But they also...there was something there, in that meat, that they took out...down the middle of that meat. Uh. I don't know if it was a vein? I have never skinned a snake.

Mary - And how would they remove that in the meat?

Janice - Just slit it with their fingernails and pull it out. Whatever it was. It looked like a poop vein.

Lila - They could have removed something that was possibly the same thing like in a shrimp that you have to remove because I know a snake is supposed to have something like that, but I don't know for sure.

Janice - I don't know, but I like snake meat. The Bigfoot, once they do that, remove that vein, or whatever, then they just bite the meat off and eat it.

Mary - What about the chickens? How do they kill them?

Janice - [deep sigh] Chickens! They would do some cute things with chickens. Uh...they would pluck them bald, or they would eat feathers and all, but they never ate the wings.

Mary - The wings?

Janice - The wings...and they would split the chickens down the middle. They did not eat the feet, and they did not eat the innards of the chicken, and they did not eat the wings, but they would crunch up, head, beak, and all.

Lila - I have many times found the remains of the chickens, and I'm sorry, but the first thing I would cut off the chicken would have been the head. Now there would be no heads there in the remains, but I can remember seeing a mess of feathers and the legs would be there.

I would like to add that there is much more in the "Special Information Section" of this book on how the Bigfoot killed their food, and what foods they ate.

Mary - O.K. I would just like to ask this question now. Did the Bigfoot ever move around in the snow?

Janice - No. They don't like to move around in the snow. I think it's because they leave tracks and they can't cover them. They do something that I know they are trying to cover their tracks because they will take a cedar limb, and I'm talking about they'll twist them off out of the tree branch, maybe that long a limb, maybe longer than that. I don't know, maybe that long, and they'll drag them behind them.

Mary - You have actually seen them do that?

Janice - They do that! They'll drag them behind them and I know they're trying to cover up their tracks.

Mary - Have the Bigfoot on the farm ever thrown anything at you?

Janice = Hmm. I'm going to ask you if you remember something, Lila. Do you remember throwing

your ball into the bushes and the ball coming back ?

Lila - I have a very faint memory of that.

Janice - The one that had stars on it? The ball that had stars on it?

Lila - Yeah! That! O.K. Yeah.

Janice - You remember rolling it into the bushes and then something in the bushes rolling it back?

Lila - Faint memory, but I could have described the ball before you said it. Now, I've got the memory of the ball, but I don't have the memory of what threw it back, just the ball.

A long pause in the conversation ensued at this point. The two girls seemed enmeshed in past memories. One must always consider that eyewitnesses being questioned in this depth may have difficulty from time to time with emotions from the memories that are dredged up. I liken it to going through an emotional wringer myself. Finally, Janice speaks without prompting or being questioned.

Janice - I guess all kids will leave old pots and pans out when feeding dogs and cats and everything. And then we would find the pots and pans over in the field so we knew they were picking them up and carrying them off.

Mary - We used to go after our old pots and pans in the woods and fields too.

Lila - Out of everything we'd leave laying outside, the pots and pans, it seemed like they would be into them the most. The ball might be carried, maybe, up to the barn lot. [This was a good distance.]

Whereas, the pots and pans would be carried way off somewhere.

Janice - Way over on the next door neighbor's property. Wherever they decided they were going to carry them is where they got left and I don't know what the fascination was with the pots and pans unless it was that the pots and pans were shiny.

Mary - Did you ever see them carrying any water or food items in them?

Janice - Uh... It might have been, because I taught Blackie to do it, but Blackie would do it before any of the rest of them...because the time I made mud pies with him. We went to the creek with the pot, dipped the pot in, and got the water to make the mud pies. Or, I did it and I showed him how to do it, and I was trying to get him to go get me water while I was mixing. He got so when he was older, he would carry whatever was convenient, dip it, and use it just like a cup, a bucket, or whatever.

Mary - Would Blackie drink out of any of these things?

Janice - He would drink out of it and Sheba and Fox would too. And we used to have an old dipper down at the old spring. They would drink out of it and I wouldn't drink out of it because I thought they were nasty.

Mary - Well, that is a high possibility that they may have diseases that we don't know about.

Janice - And I wouldn't drink out of that dipper. I'd always save me a cup if I wanted to drink spring water.

Mary - What about Sheba's babies? Did they ever drink out of the dipper?

Janice - Not little ones. I don't really remember them doing much except nursing for about the first year of their life and then they would start eating.

Lila - Another time that I seen the arm come out from under the tree, the impression I had is that one was about two years old. [Lila is referring to feeding time where the Bigfoot hid under the tree because they wouldn't come out if she was there.] It wasn't a little baby. It was two years old before it ever got brave enough to do that much.

Mary - Which baby was that one, do you think?

Lila - Where the arm came out and grabbed that corn that day?

Janice - That would have been probably Blackie or his twin.

Lila - Blackie is the one I have the best memory of today...and to me he was dark enough so that if he didn't grin in the middle of the night...you didn't see him.

<Mary< u="">- How could you see Blackie at night when he grinned?

Lila - The teeth! If he was to grin, you'd see the teeth.



Mary - Did the teeth have any shine to them at night then?

Janice - No. Well, maybe not like we do. Maybe just a tad or like a dog or something, but their eyes, their pupils are huge! Their eyes are pretty or Fox's was pretty. I always thought that color was so pretty. I said if I ever found a man with that color of eyes, I'd marry him. [chuckles] I never have.

Mary - I think you have a real love/hate relationship with Fox, or an on again, off again deal due to what you have related to me so far.

Janice - My husband or what? [Janice missed me saying "with Fox" and laughter follows.]

Mary - No, the Bigfoot creatures, because one part of you, they seem to terrify you, and you have said you wouldn't care if a specimen was taken. The other part of you seems to want to protect them.

Janice - Yes, that's true.

Mary - Since you grew up with these creatures, you might actually have really loved them.

Janice - Well, in a way. I guess. Yeah, because they did scare... Uh... [takes deep breath] They didn't scare me then. I don't know what age I was when I started fearing them. They scare me now.

Mary - It's hard to believe that you went through all of that, isn't it?

Janice - It's hard to believe that I didn't have enough sense to be scared of them then, but back then, I didn't have enough sense to be scared of getting bucked off a horse or falling out of the top of the barn loft that's forty feet up in the air or whatever!

Lila - They were so... They watched the house and watched us so much.

Janice - It was just like a sacred habit of theirs.

Lila = Yeah, because I know on the house what had been the front porch when I was a kid, they watched us all the time, but see they [grandparents] enclosed it.

Janice - But you knew when the Bigfoot were watching you!

Lila - Uh Hum! They enclosed that front porch and they left a window right there [points to house sketch]. Grandma's chair set next to the window and she'd watch through the window and watch the TV out here...and you still had the door frame here.</Mary>

Instead of sitting in the chair in underneath the window to watch TV, all Grandpa ever put on this door right here going to the outside was an old screen door. He never put a heavy door on it, just an old screen door. I know that after a while, I wouldn't sit in any of the chairs because they'd be watching me from the woods across the road over here and ...

Janice - I thought they were standing right in the front yard a couple of times.

Lila - I think they might have been. Blackie was so dark in color I couldn't see exactly where he was standing and I can remember I got to the point, instead of sitting in the chair, that I'd sit in that door frame to where the chair would hide me. And I would lean back in that door frame and watch TV and the chair would be covering the rest of me.

Lila - If something was standing out there, it couldn't see me, because I know if I got in the chair, he definitely could have seen me..

[My Comment: My children lived with this also, seeing eyes watching them from the windows at night while they were watching TV. We had a very large picture window and no porch and rarely pulled the curtains at night.]

Lila - I know a couple of times that I thought he was right there at the door.

Janice - Yeah! I was fixing to say that there were a couple of times that they were right there.

Mary - Did they always breathe heavy? Could you hear them if they were at the door just by the sound of their breathing?

Janice - No. Sometimes you couldn't hear them breath, sometimes you couldn't hear them move, other times they make enough racket to wake the dead.

Mary - Did you ever hear any of the Bigfoot scream?

Janice - Yep, or whatever you want to call it, but yes.

Lila - She has. I haven't.

Janice - Yes you have!

Lila - If I have, I don't remember it!

Janice - The time that you thought the baby was screaming over in the woods, that time you thought it was a panther or something crying. Don't you remember that?

Lila - I thought it was the panther 'cause there were panthers all over there!

Janice - I know...but that wasn't the panther that time.

Lila - Well, O.K.

Janice - The real scream is deep, gurgle type [Janice mimics this.] It starts out in a low pitch and reaches a high screechy pitch. [Janice next demonstrates this type scream.] I can't get as high as they can or as drawn out. Then it will stop and start deep again.

Mary - Did you ever see one of them making this scream? Or just heard it from afar?

Janice - Fox did a short one, one time, but it wasn't a long one. When I'm saying short, it wasn't carried out as long, and he was fussing with Sheba when he did it. I don't know, but he grabbed her by the arm and that was the only time. He didn't hurt her, he just grabbed her by the arm and was making her go off...move...and they were chirping and chattering back and forth to each other. I don't know what they were arguing over.

Lila - One time that she says I heard it, I put it off to being a panther. It sounded exactly like a kid lost in the woods crying for its mother.

Mary - That's what drove me crazy for a year one time. That sound like a baby crying in the woods.

[To Lila] And that was an adult that made that sound.

Lila - I couldn't tell you which one it was making the sound.

Janice - Sheba did that crying a lot, and the time that you heard her doing that [she directs this at Lila] was when she lost that baby.

Lila - O.K.

Janice - That was her crying.

Lila - I can remember Mama commenting to. Every once in a while, she'd tell us kids to be quiet because she heard a woman crying or a baby crying and there was several times this occurred and I know a panther can sound like it real close.

Janice - Yeah.

Lila - And there are panthers down and around there so I figured panthers that...that was what it was all the time. A panther. I wouldn't investigate that in the middle of the night either!

Mary - O.K. I know there's a lot of questions I should be asking but it's very late at night and none are coming to mind. Is there anything else then you just want to talk about?

Janice - I don't know. I just hope that you all believe us. My mind is...there's just so much to tell. I'm letting Lila talk more tonight as I'm pretty sure we won't get to come back tomorrow night.

Mary - O.K. We'll just let Lila talk on what she likes then.

Lila - On the barn. I know there were times when we usually come in this way or that way. [shows us on the sketch] And the loft was built...the wall on the back side of the loft, right here, went all the way up to the ceiling, so you couldn't see the wall from this angle. You had to go underneath the loft, turn around, and look up on this wall. Now originally you could look from here over to here and see. These four lofts, or was at the time, four lofts in the barn, and I can remember sometimes when I came in this way, I could hear something moving around up here, knowing there wasn't anybody in the barn. And you could hear moving around up in here and I can remember one time on this top loft up here, I seen something laying and I couldn't get close enough to see, and it scared me enough to where I ran out of the barn. I couldn't tell you exactly what it was I seen, but something was laying up there. I know Grandpa that he used this loft, and this loft, and the people he rented it out to would only use these two. They did not go up on these two upper lofts and it was on the very highest loft, and that's a good 30 foot off the ground up there. We climbed up there one time and we never climbed up there again, or at least I never did. I think you did. [referring to Janice]

Janice - I did a lot of things that I thought we shouldn't of.

Lila - [at the old house] But this right here was the front porch. Vicki's bedroom window was right here onto the front porch. Where they had to build on or made the bathroom into the closet, it kind of jugged out this way from that. I know that when they were working on it that they had torn down the wall, and I don't know why, I thought that one had climbed in where they tore down that wall and was up in there that night, looking at it. I was ten during that time and could crawl up there, and it wouldn't have been nothing for it to have crawled up into there. But we kept the bathroom door locked at the time and I remember Vicki saying that it looked in her window over here first. It was on the porch and looked in her window, and she was the one that started screaming it was over here, and that it had climbed into the house. And she would not come out of that bedroom because her bedroom opened right up into that bathroom and she was just not coming out of that bedroom. She barred and locked the door and said there's something climbing in the house. Something's climbing in the house. Just woke us all up.

Mary - Vicki is who?

Janice - My first cousin. She is my uncle's daughter. She's a year younger than me.

Mary to Lila - Have you ever felt like one of the Bigfoot at that time had come into the house and touched you?

Lila - I know Janice did.

Janice - I know it was Fox that cae in. He crawled across you, Lila.

Lila - That's what I started to say, he crawled across.

Janice - He crawled across her bed at the foot of her bed. He came in and he was standing at my bed. He did touch me and I screamed at Grandpa because I thought he was going to pick me up and carry me out, but he didn't hurt me. I just thought he was going to pick me up and Sheba was at the window.

Anonymous - How old were you?

Janice - Eight.

Lila - She was eight.

Janice - It was when Sheba had the twins or right before she had the twins. I don't know why they would have wanted me.

Mary - That's what we are wondering is why they seem to be very curious about children or want to possibly carry them off.

Lila - I don't know! It's just the way a kid associates with what's known. I knew at the time, I thought it was a man with a trench coat. That's how I accounted for it being so bulky. To me it was a man in a trench coat and he was wearing a hat.

Mary - I have also encountered an eyewitness claiming that same thing before. That it was a man in a long trench coat. Even though the man was reported as being over seven foot tall and crossed the road right in front of her car and entered the woods, running at a very high rate of speed, never to be seen again.

Lila - Uh Hum, remember the fighting dog commercials? That same coat and the same hat. I don't know if that's because I have seen those commercials so that is why I associated that to what it should have been wearing, because that's how bulky it was. It seems I knew at the time that they eyes weren't right for a person. It didn't crawl over me but just that once though.

Janice - No. There were several times it came in the house but that was the only time he touched me.

Mary - Specifically, where did Fox touch you at?

Janice - My legs. My head was up this way on the side of this wall and my feet were down towards this window and he touched my legs at the end of my bed.

Lila - Yeah. I know.

Janice - And, I got the impression that he was going to carry me off so I screamed at Papaw. Papaw came in there and he shoved him out the door, didn't he? He shoved Fox out the back door!

Lila - Well, you know, I don't remember Fox crawling back out the window. I just remember him crawling in the window!

Janice - That's it! Grandpa put him out the back door!

Mary - Now I don't think your Papaw could have physically "shoved" Fox out. So was your Papaw actually shoving on Fox?

Janice - Papaw led him out the back door.

Lila - I don't ever remember Fox going back out the window at these times.

Janice - They'd come in the window, but they wouldn't go back out that way.

Lila - I don't know why they didn't go back out the window?

Janice - That's because Papaw put him out the back door. He had them go out the back door, onto the porch, and that's when he painted the windows and he built that window up so they couldn't crawl in anymore.

Lila - Yeah, he did paint the windows.

Mary - One more quick question on this, O.K.?

Lila - Go ahead.

Anonymous - I was going to ask, what was Fox's reaction when you screamed, Janice? What did he do?

Janice - His eyes got really big!

Lila - He jumped back.

Janice - Yeah.

Lila - I do know when I would scream I don't think they liked the sound.

Mary - I'm pretty sure they don't, as far as I know now.

Janice - Well! They scream! God awful screams!

Lila - And we don't like theirs either!

Mary - That's true.

Lila - I know there are sounds we make that they don't like.

Janice - Yeah, it hurts their ears.

At this point, I realized that Lila had suppressed far more than she was willing to admit, or she did not realize that she was admitting to seeing the Bigfoot more than she thought she had. I find this strange. She was very young, but seems to remember the night that Fox crawled across the foot of her bed and then approached Janice in their shared bedroom. She even tells Janice that Fox jumped back when she screamed for her grandfather when Fox grabbed Janice by the legs.

How many of these memories are true, I cannot determine at this stage. Lila says she remembers seeing the monkey -face in the trees across the ditch line, then she saw the young Bigfoot's hand come out from the tree, and she also had one other incident, already reported in an earlier chapter, of seeing what could only have been Fox standing in the road where she ducked under a vehicle in the garage. She did not come out from under the vehicle until male family members were also outside and she felt safe enough to run from the garage to the house.

She did see Sheba and the babies coming down the road, but thought they were bears,. Yet, I noticed as we went along, she seems to "know" things that she doesn't claim such as the Bigfoot underneath the trailer when she went to retrieve the lawnmower to cut the grass with. Usually it is the other way around. An eyewitness usually claims first and then exaggerates along those lines. It's as if subconscious memories are continually popping up for Lila during the course of the interview.

Lila - They didn't like my clarinet. I played the clarinet in high school. I played clarinet for five or six years with the school band. If I practiced, they'd be down in the basement and me knowing that's what it was, me not seeing them, but if I was practicing, they'd be [Lila makes knocking sounds] hitting the floor boards. They didn't like it.

Janice - Do you remember them smacking the rocks together?

Lila - We would mimic them. We mimicked them lots of times.

Mary - So they would smack rocks together?

Janice - Yes.

Mary - Did you ever see them hitting tree trunks with anything?

Janice - Yeah! Their fist, with rocks, with tree limbs, with pieces of wood they found laying nearby.

Mary - Did they have any certain way that they did this?

Janice - Well, they would tap and then it was like a, sort of like a hammer hitting something, and then it was like a clapping noise.

Mary - Did this sound anything like a carpenter hitting wood with a hammer?

Janice - Yes. At times. You know, like a hammer hitting a house and then nobody would be in a house over there in the woods. You know!

Mary - All right. Yes, I do know.

Lila - I don't know what that is but when it comes to them hitting something with their hand, like an open hand smack, not like a fist, but an open hand smack comes to mind.

Janice - And they don't beat on their chests like a gorilla. You'll never see them do that. And when they clap, you know, how most people clap? [demonstrates] They don't clap like that. [demonstrates how they do clap] It's like they are catching the wind.

On this demonstration, Janice clapped as we would do in a theater for a good performance. In her second demonstration, Janice made a slower, harder clap with a dull thudding sound, not as sharp a retort as a human hand clap. I was impressed with her ability to demonstrate this so readily.

Mary - So they do clap?

Anonymous - Whenever they'd beat on the trees or something, did you ever hear an answering knock or something else from a different part of the woods or anything like that?

Janice - Yes! There were answers.

Lila Yeah.

Janice - I don't know whether it was some sort of signal. I do remember this because of something they did when they were chasing one of our goats. This goat we had, they had cornered this one particular goat up in the barn loft. This goat could jump ten foot off the ground flat footed. It managed to get out of the hayloft door that goes to the outside up there and it took off and I don't know why, but it was Brownie that was chasing it to begin with. He jumped out of the hayloft after it, but they had been tapping. They herd them, the animals they want to kill. They herd them where they want them to go. He had been knocking on the wood or making tapping noises up next to the barn. I don't know if it was a tree, or just what he was beating on, but he was beating on something up there. One of the other Bigfoot was standing right down next to the trees where she...uhm [searches through Lila's sketches] "Is this the tree line?" she asks Lila.

Lila - This is the tree line that was right here and then you had to go down to the ditch and a tree line right here.

Janice - Where's the barn?

Lila - The barn is right here.

Janice - O.K. Here's the barn if you go down this way. There's a tree line down here. They were behind the mound. Well, anyway, from the barn, around the tool shed, down to that tree line, one of them was tapping in that tree line and one of them was standing at the spring over here. They chased that goat all the way to the tree line. Then Sheba took up the chase there, chased it down, out in next to the old barn...Ralph's old barn...and down and around into the woods. And Fox caught it right back there! Right in the back of the spring's woods!

Mary - That shows planning.

Janice - And hey all were tapping and knocking, making those knocking noises, so I think it's some sort of signal.

I would also like to add that these type of knocking sounds may be a way of confusing the animal being chased. Anonymous, John, and Susan and I had heard these sounds just two days earlier than the interview in Overton County, Tennessee and they are irritating to the nerves. They can create a mild fear to those who have never heard them before.

I have also witnessed a few times even stronger reactions by those who heard these knocking on wood sounds while with me that were more than just mild in nature. I have witnessed researchers who have never heard them before actually shaking and wanting to go back to the vehicle.

Only time in the field and experience can overcome the type of fear they produce in humans. I do not say this lightly either. I'm not referring to a few hard knocks deep in the woods and then stopping. It is the continual sound, repeated once, twice, three times or in a series, and finally the more rapid, more irritating, much louder knocks that continue the closer you get to the originating source of them. They appear to be warnings in this case and not the occasional farther away knocks when you first enter the woods. Many times they do sound like someone building a house and pounding in nails with a hammer.

I have had new researchers swear to me that someone is building a house deep in the woods and this is not a possibility. The areas the knocking noises derive from are in complete wilderness or on state owned property.

Anonymous - Did they have any sequence to the knocks, or a certain number of knocks?

Janice - I never counted or anything. There could have been, you know, certain taps.

Mary - ..But you didn't notice any being made in a series of any kind?

Janice - I wasn't paying much attention. I'm sorry. I just wasn't.

Lila - When I would hear knocks or slaps, they always seemed to be by two's or three's that I'd hear at once and I'd get the impression, every once in a while, that they were trying to imitate a woodpecker that was pecking right fast.

Janice - Yes. Sometimes.

Anonymous - Like the sounds would be in rapid succession?

Lila - Yes. Very rapidly, but you could tell it wasn't a woodpecker because a woodpecker didn't sound that loud.

Anonymous - It was real fast then?

Lila - Yes.

Janice - Yes. Just... [Janice demonstrates a sound which was a dit dit dit sound, made rapidly.] Anonymous - How did they do that?

Lila - I can't do like a woodpecker as that is just too difficult to do.

Anonymous - Now that was louder than a woodpecker?

Lila - Yes, it would be louder, a lot louder.

Anonymous - O.K. Thanks. I want to ask a quick question. Did your Papaw really know or even admit that these were actually Bigfoot creatures?

Janice - He didn't call them that.

Anonymous - He'd call Fox, Fox?

Janice - Fox and Sheba and that was the one time that I asked him what they were, he told me they were Edomites.

Anonymous - What is that?

Janice - Out of the Bible.

Anonymous - Did he ever tell you all not to tell anybody else about them?

Janice - He didn't tell me not to tell anybody else about them. The only thing he told me was to keep quiet about it because he didn't want the hunters to know that they were there.

Lila - Yeah. Well there were deer that come down that close. There were raccoons, 'possums, fox. The only ones he'd ever allow on the farm was the fox hunters and that's because they didn't shoot them, they'd just shine them. Grandpa would tell us not to mention what animals were on the farm because the hunters would be there. He was really against the hunters coming in.

Janice - And we had some people that came in one time who wanted to go back into the cave and explore the cave for Indian relics.

Lila - He had a T-total fit and said, "No way, Hosea."

Janice - And he would not. He would not! He even went to the lawyers and got a court order that they could not step a foot on the property or near the cave. And Grandpa told us... I don't remember for sure whether he ever told Lila, but he told me, that it was because the cave is where they [Fox and Sheba] stayed at a lot.

A short conversation continued then, where Lila told about an owl that had been shot and Robert Sr.'s anger over the matter. The girls told that he was against hunting on his property. Shortly thereafter, I called the night's questions to a halt. It was near two a.m. and we had a lot to accomplish the following morning. The next night's interview begins in the following chapter.

### **Janice Speaking**

The night of February 5, 2002 we interviewed Janice without her sister. Lila was very helpful during the first night of our interviews and the information that she shared with us was very much appreciated and enlightening. Still, it seemed necessary to go over prior information that Janice had related to me via e-mail and also to continue with any new questions that naturally occurred along the way.

During a very large portion of the first two hours with Janice, with Anonymous present also, we poured through many supporting photographs that Janice brought with her. Stan and Joseph were still at the farm, remaining on the premises because we had seen what we believed was one of the creatures earlier that afternoon. Remember, Janice was unaware of what we had seen. This information that the Carter family had been submitting to us for some time revolved entirely around their farm, so the photographs were very helpful in understanding what had occurred there in prior years.

Included in the photographs were pictures of family members, but more importantly, these photographs documented the locations of the areas on their grandfather's farm where the Bigfoot had interacted with them. The following information was taken during the interview on February 5, and repetitive information from previous interviews and e-mails has been excluded for brevity.

Mary - O.K. Now I have to ask you something from last night. When we were talking about Fox's chest measurements, were you talking about from one of his shoulders to the other shoulder?

Janice - I was referring to under his arms. From under one of his arms to under his other

arm.,BR> Mary - O.K. What about from the tip of one shoulder to the other shoulder?

Janice - He was enormous. BIG! Wait! Have you seen Lu Ferrigno the body builder?

Mary - Yes. I've seen him before.

Janice

Information on Lou Ferrigno:

*Q: What are Lou's top measurements?*

A: Standing 6'5" (195 cm), Lou's body weight fluctuates between 290 and 310 pounds

(130-140 kg). He has a 58" (147 cm) chest, 23" (58 cm) arms, 29" (74 cm) thighs, 20" (51 cm) calves and a 34" (86 cm) waist.

*Q: What are Lou's weightlifting records?*

Bench press 560 lbs. (254 kg), dead lift 850 lbs. (386 kg), squat 675 lbs. (306 kg). In the *World's Strongest Man* competition in 1977, he lifted a car two feet off of the ground, that totaled 2,600 lbs. (1178 kg).

Mary - So you still maintain that Fox's chest measurement, from under one arm to under the other arm, is 72 inches?

Janice - Yes, and I'd say his arms, his biceps...I mean they were unreal! BIG! ...And even his arms coming down from his elbows. I mean BIG! They were just huge! They weren't fat, they were just big. On the back of his lower arms there was a ridge, and you could see it under his hair, but coming down the back, then you could see that ridge under there..something..and it bulged. There was a V on Fox's arm, here on his lower arm, that went like this. One bulge went this way, and another bulge went that way, on the back of his forearm down from the elbow to the wrist.

Mary - Here? [I outline a V section of muscle on my own arm.]

Janice - Yeah. Well. Yours almost bulges something like that, but only it was in the shape of a V. Fox's muscles bulged. That and his upper arms were big too. I think that from his elbow down to his wrist was longer than the upper part. The forearm, I'm going to call it that because that is what I call it, the forearm on them is longer than the upper arm. His arms were extremely muscular and huge.

Mary - O.K. Well, the only thing I know to do right now is to try to get into the questions where we left off at last night.

Janice - Whatever you want to ask.

Mary - Let's go on then. In reading one of your e-mails to me, the part where your grandmother had tried calling you from the tree where you were hiding and watching the Bigfoot; and where your grandmother was very upset with you, because you didn't come when she called. I could relate to how frightened she must have been when you weren't answering her.

Janice - Yeah. She cut the blood out of me when I did come home. She used a switch!

Next followed a short discussion about Janice's grandparents' home. Joseph and Stan eventually came in from the farm and we all discussed any observations they made. The two joined us, then, for the rest of the interview. that night. Joseph and Stan had been to the farm a couple of weeks earlier on our first investigation and already knew some things that Janice had discussed with them before, some of which I was unaware of. There were also details that I knew from the previous night's interview with both sisters that Stan and Joseph did not know. The interview now continues, as Janice is asked about how the Bigfoot manage to walk on all fours.

Janice - They walk on their true knuckles when they are down on all fours. They walk on their knuckles by making a fist. Their feet and hands are like ours, only much bigger. When I would put my hand up to Fox's [palms touching], my whole hand would go in just his palm, and he could turn his fingers over mine, and this part and his fingers would reach here [to her wrist]. The top of his hand and his fingers would reach all the way down to my wrist. That is the way he held my hand, if I put my hand up like that. [Janice puts her hand up in front of her face, palm outward.]

Mary - O.K. When would he do this to you?

Janice - This was when Fox was up there with Papaw, at the barn and at the old hickory nut tree, at the top of the hill. Papaw would hold his hand, shake his hand, hold his arm, and talk to him. Grandpa taught him how to shake hands, but when Papaw greeted Fox , a lot of times...maybe it's some sort of greeting they would do...because I've seen them do it with each other. But they'll come up...one of them will hold their hand out, and the other one will put their hand in the other ones hand, like this. [Janice puts both her palms together with fingers straight up.] Sheba's hand was a little bit smaller than Fox's, and he would like... well, it's got to be some sort of greeting.

Mary - I t would seem so.



Janice - Papaw would do that, but then Papaw taught Fox to shake hands. I don't think Fox ever really grasped that though. I'm sorry, but it was just a trick.

Joseph - Did you say, at one time, that your Papaw would pat Fox on the head, and Fox would turn around and pat your Papaw on the head?

Janice - Yes. I don't know if I told you that, Mary.

Mary - No. You didn't.

Janice - Yeah. It's like it would be...like Papaw had a habit of patting, and they'd pat back. ...And they'd groom each other. I told you that. They do groom each other, but they don't groom each other like a monkey grooms. You know, like looking for fleas or something. They just sort of ...[demonstrates]

Mary - So they kind of petted each other, and ran their fingers through each other's hair?

Janice - Yes. Like an affectionate type of feel.

Mary - Did this occur just with Fox and Sheba, that they petted each other?

Janice - Just all of them. It didn't matter if it was her and her baby, or her baby and Fox, or the two babies! I don't know what they were doing, whether trying to get tangles out of each other's hair or what. Their hair does get tangled.

Joseph - Now did Fox groom the subordinates, or did the subordinates ever groom him?

Janice - Fox would groom them too. It was just like family. You know. Lie if my Papaw was putting my hair up. Of course, my Papaw put my hair up only two times, and never did get it up right. You know. Like if you had a hairbrush. They don't have a hairbrush. So Papaw would be brushing my hair. You know. Maybe trying to get the tangles out, and Papaw wasn't good with a hairbrush. So it would be like him trying to get the tangles out of my hair with his fingers. The Bigfoot all interacted with each other. It just wasn't one who does it for the babies, or the other, they all do this for each other. You know.

Mary - Did the children romp around and play together?

Janice - Yes. I think I already told you that. They rolled, tumbled, fought! [laughs] They punched and gouged each other too!

Mary - Did I ask you what was the angriest that you ever saw Fox?

Janice - No. I don't think you did ask me that one. [long pause] One of the times was when the bull charged Papaw. That was a time when I saw Fox very angry. Fox came out, and he hit the bull and knocked the bull flat. Fox was protecting Papaw. Fox was mad, and I believe he was protecting Papaw. See. Grandpa had been charged before by a bull, and had some problems because he was seriously injured.

Mary - Yes. Well, we will not divulge Mr. Carter's former injuries from a vicious bull. Let's just say they were extensive and very serious injuries, and private in nature.

Janice - I don't know whether Fox knew that about Papaw or not, or if he picked up on that or something.

Mary - That would be hard for Fox to have known that, don't you think?

Janice - Well. Think! Maybe they have some senses like that. A dog senses when you have your monthly. Maybe Papaw gave off some sort of fear scent of something like that, but my Papaw could take his fist and ...bull....horse...whatever...and just wham! And they'd go flat out whenever he would hit them. Papaw said there is a soft spot on any cows or horses or some other animals. If you don't hit this soft spot too hard, it will drop the animal, but if you hit it too hard, it will kill it. now he killed one of the horses that way, because the horse was rearing up with him. He hit it too hard! This soft spot is located between the eyes on the forehead of an animal. [Janice's grandfather suffered a goring to the groin area by a bull, and Janice speculates that this may have hormonally changed his scent.]

Mary - I've never heard of anyone doing that before.

Stan - I hadn't either. Janice was talking about that the last time we were up here.

Mary - O.K. I'm all out of questions for now, so if anybody else has any?

Joseph - Janice, you said the Bigfoot ran on all fours, and that they were never flatfooted while running on all fours. You also said that they were up on the balls of their feet while they ran in this

position.

Janice - That is right.

Joseph - Did you ever see them on all fours with a flat foot then?

Janice - Nope. Not while running or moving about, but when they rest they will place their feet down if on all fours.

Joseph - What we're thinking is, we see a lot of tracks sometimes that you just get the front part of the foot, you know, and maybe that was when they were on all fours, and we would say, well, maybe the Bigfoot didn't put his foot down all the way, or whatever. You see a lot of tracks that you only get the forward, front, part of the foot. When your foot is forward, your little toe raises off the ground. Did you know that?

Janice - Oh! I didn't realize that!

Joseph - Yes. Your little toe is not on the ground; that may be why we get a lot of four toed tracks, because they are on all fours, and their feet aren't flat on the ground.

Janice - Oh gosh! I am going to take my shoes off. [takes shoes off in a hurry] My feet look horrible, maybe even dirty, but I don't know. [points to her foot] That little toe lies beside the other toe. That toe will then lay up and curl when the foot comes up. That's why I don't think that you can get a print of that toe when they are running on all fours.

Joseph - Even if they were flat footed, if the toe is laying up on the other toe...

Janice - It lays up. Mine won't lay up.

Joseph - That may be why we only get those four toed tracks, and why we are not picking up that fifth toe.

Janice - The fifth toe is there! It lays up on top of that other toe.

Mary - Why do the toes of the Bigfoot look so human in the Pacific North West? You see this on some of their track casts. Have you ever noticed that? The tracks they leave there look much more human than the ones I have found here. You know. The tracks in the photographs from there that I have seen on the Internet, their toes are all lined up like a human's track. But the Bigfoot tracks I find here...

Janice - Maybe these guys here just have some kind of deformity with their little toe? I don't know.

Mary - I'm just brainstorming, but it seems like the tracks here...you have the big toe, and even though the rest of the toes graduate down a little bit, but not as much as they do as you see in the Pacific Northwest track photos. The tracks I've noticed in Tennessee, the three middle toes are more uniform in length, but not necessarily uniform in size. [What I am trying to say here is the gradient toes slope less noticeable on the Bigfoot tracks I have seen in Tennessee. The portion of the foot beneath the toes, the widest part of the foot, is wider in proportion than Pacific Northwest tracks published on the web. Also, the toes are spread more, larger in size, but about the same in their length.]

Janice - Mary! My toe next to my big toe is longer than my big toe. I can't put my toes together unless I put my foot down.

Joseph - What Mary is saying, though, is the four toes in the tracks that we get are pretty much the same length.

Janice - I haven't paid enough attention to their feet to know whether their toes here are different or not. I do know they bite their toenails. [At the time of this interview, Janice had not looked at any of the casts or pictures of the tracks from the Pacific Northwest left by a Bigfoot, but stated since then, that she does see the differences now.]

Mary - In the tracks we see, the big toe always has more of a space between it and the rest of the toes, especially if we don't find the heel print with it. Also, the other toes are more uniform in length. The heel looks very narrow compared to this wide area beneath the toes and across the toes themselves. It is very hard to describe, but there are some obvious differences between Pacific Northwest tracks and Tennessee tracks; but of course, this is only my own personal observations.

Janice - Right. O.K. See. When I put my foot down flat, I've got a space there which I can try to draw together, but I have to lift my toes up to do it.

Joseph - Our foot is conditioned by eve how old we are and by wearing shoes for that long, so we're

talking about an animal that has never worn shoes at all.

Janice - So when I'm talking about them not putting their heel down, it's like this part is what you get, or maybe that part, but not...they don't put this part down. [demonstrates]

Joseph - They are on the balls of their feet?

Janice - They are on the balls of their feet!

Stan - Janice, did you ever see them run real fast on two legs?

Janice - Yes!

Stan - Do their heels touch the ground when they run on two legs?

Janice - Yes. Some of the times, when they run on two feet, they can run on their toes that way, or they can run like I said before. I think they put their toe down first and then their heel...toe and their heel...toe and their heel...instead of their heel and then their toe. It's when they lift...when they put their toe down when they are running...maybe before they lift it up again, the heel goes down. Now, on just the two feet, I think they have more balance than when they've got their knuckles down and running on their toes, but they can go faster that way.

Mary - When they're running on two feet, do they swing their arms?

Janice - What you mean is, when they are running upright?

Mary - Yes. Up on two feet. Yes.

Janice - Yes. They swing their arms when they run upright. This means swinging the opposite arm to the foot, like a runner does, with arms bent and with this swinging motion.

Joseph - When Sheba had the young ones, did she ever let any of the older siblings baby-sit, or did she always watch them herself?

Janice - She watched them until they were a certain age, and then their siblings could hold them. Even Fox couldn't hold them when they were little-little. Sheba wouldn't let Fox hold them. She'd let him near the babies, but she wouldn't let him have them.

Mary - Did Fox ever try to take the babies away from Sheba in any way?

Janice - No. Not really.

Mary - I was wondering if he even actually tried, and what the consequences would have been.

Janice - She wasn't going to let him have them anyway. She even snapped at Papaw, and I mean snapped. [Janice demonstrates a popping bite with her own teeth.] She snapped at Papaw when he reached for one. I think it was Toby he reached for when Toby was too little. She held Toby against her while she was squatted down, and she just came forward with her mouth, like a snapping dog or something. She didn't kick. She didn't do anything like that, but she squatted. She just come forward and snapped at Papaw.

Mary - Do they squat a lot?

Janice - Yes. When they squat, they do that in two ways. That's another thing, they can squat with their legs together, and they can squat with their legs far apart.

Mary - Hmm. Did you ever see them crawl around on their hands and knees?

Janice - Not crawling like we do but, Sheba, when the apples were on the ground, she would sort of sit. [gets up from chair] Let me get down here on the floor with my hands. I'll demonstrate this. O.K. Say this bed is the trunk of the tree. She was right like this under that tree...[Janice squats and leans against the bed as Sheba would lean against a tree.]...reaching out...and when she went to move forward, she moved this knee down, and brought the other one up like that. Now that's the only crawling, or what I would call crawling, that they did, but they would go around like that.

Joseph - Did you say they had a belly type crawl, that they did a weird belly type crawl?

Mary - Now, you don't have to demonstrate that crawl, Janice, if you don't want to.

Janice - I can do that, I think. When they are like this [on their belly], they put this arm out [fully extended.] They put this leg up [one leg], and then the other leg up, but they're still down [on their belly!]

Janice could not keep her stomach on the floor when she brought each leg up underneath her, but out

to the side in order to push herself forward. She was trying to demonstrate how they brought each knee up in a pushing motion of the leg, when it came forward and somewhat out to the side. She explained that they took one leg at a time, and more or less, shoved themselves forward; and would be reaching an arm out, to pull themselves along, at the same time, pushing with one leg to move forward. Still, when they did this, they would remain on their stomachs. A human is not capable of making the motion she described and tried to demonstrate.

Mary - O.K. Now, your butt is up a little bit, was theirs?

Janice - No. They are not off of the ground at any time when they crawl on their belly, but I just can't do it as they did it.

Mary - You mean their butt would not rise up as they moved along in a belly crawl?

Janice - No. It doesn't! They are flat out on the ground.

Mary - How fast could they belly crawl like that, then?

Janice - Not fast-fast, but fast enough to get where they needed to get to, or to sneak up on something they were hunting, like birds and rabbits.

Mary - Now that is sneaky!

Janice - It looks funny. It looks like a sidewinder (rattlesnake), or something.

Joseph - Just think. If they're in tall grass, they could move through an area and you'd never see them, if they crawled on their belly like that.

Mary - That would be right. Unless you saw the grass moving, you would never know anything was there.

Janice - And they could stay on their belly like that! I can't stay on my belly trying to bring my legs up like that.

Mary - Just think, they can keep their bellies down and still bring their legs up like that. They've got more pivots in the pelvis than we do, I can tell you that!

Janice - Yeah. I guess. Maybe they don't have joints like we do?

Mary - Looks to me like their hip sockets would have to be freer moving to do that. Maybe their hip sockets are more pivotal in nature?

Janice - Yes. But see? I took ballet for years, and acrobatics, and everything. I used to be able to put my foot behind my head, but I can't do that crawling maneuver, [belly crawling as the Bigfoot did]; but when they would run, they would run like ...and it's like opposite gait. These limbs! [Janice was frustrated with trying to make the moves as the Bigfoot did, so she is referring to her own limbs.] I can't do that run. On the toes, and run...run...run...run. [She is demonstrating this as she speaks, but anyone would have to see this to understand it.] They can run, be down on all fours, and come up on two feet, then go back down on all fours, and run...like up, down, up, down, always running.

Joseph - And they would not miss a step?

Janice - Not miss a step!

Stan - When you...like when the Bigfoot kids were fighting, or Fox was scolding one of them, did you ever see them kick at each other, or did they swing their arms?

Janice - They tumbled, they played, they wrestled, tackled each other, rolled. I don't really remember seeing them kicking each other. They might have kicked, but I did not witness them doing so.

Mary - What about hopping? Did they hop any?

Janice - You mean jumping or hopping? Or like two foot hopping?

Mary - Yes, the two foot hopping.

Janice - They can do that, but they don't go very far when they do.

Mary - Maybe this is because they are so big and heavy?

Janice - But how to explain this one? When they hop, if they run and leap, they can cover some ground. But it's different, and not a flatfooted run.

Mary - Did you ever see them leap over anything?

Janice - Oh yeah! Lila and Mama saw that one. That is the one we were talking about, the one that

took off down there. It came across the road, right slap in front of her in the car! This hairy man did. He jumped over the six wire, barbed-wired fence of six feet. It wasn't five wires then! It was six wires back then. Up the hill it went, over the fence and down through the pasture it went, with the ragged shirt that it need not even wear! Mama said it's just a hairy man.

Joseph - When they jump the fence, is it like a runner jumping over a hurdle?

Janice - Yes. Yes, like jumping over a hurdle, except I did see one of them...it was...I don't know which one it was. It leaped like it nosedived over [the fence], because it was running on all fours that one time.

Joseph - It was running on all fours, and then actually dove over a fence?

Janice - It just leaped like a dog or something jumping over a hurdle. It never missed a stride, just kept on going. I think they can run possibly 35 or 40 miles per hour that way. Either way, really, but I think that they can travel a longer distance, depending on what they are after I guess...running after or running from...on two feet, and upright.

Mary - Well, I know you've mentioned watching them running after animals and catching them. Actually, you mentioned they were doing relay running in order to catch their prey.

It was amazing to watch Janice do the moves the Bigfoot made. Just seeing these moves was convincing in itself. The demonstrations and explanations flowed naturally, with only slight pauses between questions. If she was lying or making things up as she went, she had to have been the most talented habitual liar in the world. I find it impossible for anyone to lie about such details on the Bigfoot. It was a real treat for our team to visit with her and talk with her. Having question after question answered by her without hesitation was also exceedingly extraordinary. Whatever I was looking for in the way of any possible deceit never presented itself.

### **Last Interview with Janice**

The questions and answers continue. Stan and Joseph were still present and wanting to learn as much as possible. Both men are excellent researchers, intelligent, quite knowledgeable and a valuable part of our Tennessee team. Stan works as a professional camera man at a television studio, while Joseph is an airplane inspector and travels worldwide in his type of occupation.

Mary - I know, Janice, you've mentioned watching the Bigfoot running after animals and catching them. Actually, you mentioned they were doing relay running in order to catch their prey.

Joseph - When they were killing those goats, would they disembowel the goats? Would they consume the rest of the goat, then?

Janice - They would eat at the goat. They ate the goat but they didn't eat the head parts, the bowels, or the upper part. They would eat the upper leg part, but they wouldn't eat everything of the goats. The cattle, they would just take and split them, and I don't know what they got. I have no idea what they got from the inside of the cattle.

Stan - They wouldn't eat the meat?

Janice - They would just take and rip the hind quarters off the goats, to eat the thighs. Also, I saw something else. I just now remembered that. The back spine, if it's on a deer it's tenderloin. I don't know what it is on a goat, because I do not eat goat, but up next to the spine.

Joseph - That would still be considered the tenderloin.

Janice - Tenderloin, I guess, then. They always ate that on the goat.

Mary - Do they just use their hands to rip the meat out?

Janice - Yes, and the meat, and everything. And they do not! They do not get down when eating. They use their hands. [This means the Bigfoot do not get down like dogs, bears, etc. to eat their kills and rip the meat off with their teeth.] If Sheba reached and got some animal's leg, and twisted it plum in two until the bone comes out, then you know darn well they've got strength!

Mary - Definitely.

Stan - How do they kill the goats?

Janice - How do they kill the goats? Goats they take a lot of time. They like to do that. The cattle they did different, but they'd reach out first and get the back leg. They always...on anything...it's the back leg, if it's running from them. It's the back leg, and they'll take it and shake the goat. Most of the time they would shove the goat's head backward.

Mary - Would they be holding the goat at their side when they pushed the goat's head back?

Janice - They still had a hold of the goat's back leg when they done that.

Joseph - Basically, they just broke the goat's neck.

Janice - Yes. They broke its neck, but they did it by shoving its head backward. Cattle they did a different way, a totally different way. They hit the cattle, and sling their heads around.

Mary - That's pretty gruesome for a little girl to watch!

Janice - Well. I saw my dog bite my cat in two when I was three, so?

Stan - Life on the farm!

Mary - Yes, life on the farm. I've seen dogs rip cats apart, too.

Janice - I learned real quick not to cry over a bunch of spilled milk.

Mary - Didn't you tell me one time that the Bigfoot would eat the rats in the barn?

Janice - Uh hum. Yeah. They'd eat the rats in the barn. They'd eat every one they could get to.

Joseph - How did they eat the rats?

Janice - They gut it, and they don't eat the tail. They don't eat the feet, but they'll eat the meat off the rat. After they take it and take the innards out.

Stan - You would think something that would eat a rat wouldn't be that picky!

Janice - Yeah. I know! Honestly. After they take the...now, the rats! I'm not talking about the little bitty rats that you get in the pet store. I'm talking RATS! The size of a cat. I call them wolf rats, but I don't know whether they are barn rats, wolf rats, but they are big rats!

Stan - Serious rats.

Janice - Serious rats! [all laugh] They could put a cat to shame. A cat don't mess with them, not if it's got any sense. That's the way they kill and eat the rats. Now mice and stuff, they pop them in their mouth like a morsel. They didn't bother with a little mouse.

Joseph - Like them M&M pops!

Stan - So that's what that M Stands for? [laughter]

Janice - Yeah. [More laughter as it's late and we're all pretty tired.]

Mary - Well, I know we are talking about M&M pops, and that is a good one, but Janice, didn't you tell me that they did actually like the candy M&M's?

Janice - Mm hum. Papaw would pour them out of the bag. He'd get them bags, and you didn't get them in big bags back then. You got them in little bags, and Papaw poured them out of the bags and gave them M& M's in their hands. And they held their hands, wee, they held their hands funny. They didn't cup their hands to get some.

Joseph - Probably because of the long fingers?

Janice - Mm hum. And he'd give the M&M's to them, and they did share. Fox didn't get his was then. He had to share, because Papaw wouldn't give him many, and he'd let the rest of them have them.

They did like M&M's. They'd just crunch and pop and smack their lips and teeth and stuff with them. [laughs as she states this] They liked sweets, I think, is what it amounts to.

Stan - That's probably why you said Sheba had bad teeth.

Mary - White man's diet?

Janice - Mm hum!

Stan - That's the problem in the Smoky Mountains with the bears, when they get in the sugar, it just goes right through their teeth, and they just start rotting away.

Janice - Yes, that's true.

Stan - They just aren't used to any pure sugar like that. For some reason, it's real hard on their teeth.

Janice - And I know another thing. I know they had to be the ones getting them, because a horse can't reach across into the feed bin and get them. We used to keep a box of sugar cubes to give the horses a treat. Don't you treat your horses that way though, but they would get in there, and the entire box of sugar cubes would be gone.

Joseph - Sounds like they were having a party.

Janice - ...And they would tear that box to pieces getting to it, and i know it was them doing it, because the rats didn't bother them, and the thing of it is, we would put it down in an old cigar box...no, Prince Albert, whatever that was that Papaw used for smokeless tobacco, cigarettes, cigars, whatever...and he put them sugar cubes in them. So it got so I'd put them down in that, and a rat, if it would have been a rats, a rat wouldn't have gotten it. You know who was getting them, because a rat doesn't take the top of a can off like that.

Mary - No, they don't.

Janice - Rats are smart, but they aren't that smart! The scugs!

Joseph - How many times do you remember the Bigfoot coming into the house? Did he reach through the window and grab you?

Janice - Oh no! He wouldn't grab me! Which time?

Joseph - You said that Fox came in the bedroom?

Janice - Oh, he climbed over the top of Lila's bed and came in. Sheba was standing outside the window that time, and he just...like..I was laying on my bed. I got to where I'd never sleep on my back because of that. I don't sleep on my back to this day, and Fox got me there, and there, about mid-calf. You know? Shin bone.

Joseph - Grabbed you?

Janice - Grabbed me. He didn't grab me hard, just grabbed me. You know. I had on a nightgown. I was a kid.

Joseph - Did you scream?

Janice - Yes. I was screaming. I woke up. I was screaming, "Oh! He's got me!" I don't even think I said Papaw. I just said, "He's got me." That is what I ended up hollering. I was screaming bloody murder!

Mary - I would have been too, if I could have even screamed.

Janice - But Papaw don't put Fox back out the window! Well! He didn't put him, it's like you said, he didn't put him anywhere, but he took him out the door. I don't remember Fox going back out the window, but I do remember him coming in the window. I just don't ever remember Fox going back out the window. He always went out the back door, down there at the house, and he reached through the screen window for Chuck that time. Of course, Chuck was responsible for that. [pause]

Mary - I think I did ask you if their eyes glow red at night?

Janice - Yes, you did. I said Fox's did, but the rest of them, their eyes didn't glow red. Fox's only glowed red when the light caught them a certain way. The rest of them, they are a yellowy-green type deal, or they'll sometimes look like they have a little blue tint to them...but Fox was the only one whose eyes glowed red, and the light had to catch them just right. If you do that, shine light on animals' eyes, with a dog that's got the folds in the eye, because I've got a Collie that's got folds in the eye...if you flash that flashlight, and turn off all lights, and it's dark, and flash a flashlight a certain way, the eyes will glow red; but flash it another way, and they will glow that yellow=green color.

Joseph - So the angle seems to affect it?

Stan - Yeah.

Janice - So it's just that way, but I don't know as Fox was the only one whose eyes did that. The other ones' eyes didn't do that. Uh... The girl remember I told you about that? Them holding the boy and girl parked over in the field back there, where we were at today? That's where this couple was parked, and where they claimed that the Bigfoot was holding on to the back of their car and got them stuck.

Mary - Yes, you mentioned it on the phone during one of our earlier conversations but we never really went very deep into the occurrence.

Janice - That field, right there, you know, like we pulled in? Right there. They were parked in that

little place there, but they didn't pull in very far. That's where the Bigfoot bounced them up and down in the back. They were making out in the backseat and one of them, I'm saying "he," but i don't know. It might have been a "she?" One of them got after them, bouncing them up and down and everything, in their car, and it got them stuck. It was dry, too, that was the thing, the ground was dry. They had slung dust. It must have held on to the back of that vehicle, because they had slung dirt, just dry, red clay dirt, just dust every which way, but they had buried that car. The back of that car is rear drive. You could tell that because they had to pull it out with the tractor.

Mary - Did the Bigfoot go off and leave them alone after they got stuck?

Janice - Yeah. Eventually it went off and left them alone, because they come to the house walking. We always thought, and this is the thing I didn't tell you...this boy beat on this girl. She's his wife now. He's beat her, and I just wondered if they weren't back there fighting is what caused that. Maybe he was hitting on her in some way, and one of them heard it, come up and said, O.K. Let's put the fear of God in you! Because they claimed that it followed them all the way down to the house, but I just wondered if the girl wasn't the reason, and they came to to protect her.

Stan - Did you ever see them out in the snow?

Janice - I have seen them, but they don't go very good in the snow. They don't get out and move around a lot in the snow. I was telling Mary last night that I think that they can hibernate, because there were two times that we had severe snows, and we didn't see any of the Bigfoot for a while. Papaw would go feed them, and they wouldn't be there.

Mary - How many days, or weeks, would they be missing? Oh, I think you said two to three weeks.

Janice - Yes, two to three weeks. It was during the blizzard of 1993 they didn't come, right before or right after the blizzard of '93. Of course, that snow was on the ground for what? Two weeks or better?

Mary - Yes, it was and, I can confirm that myself. I'm still a firm believer that they can, and do, store up food in the caves, and that's where they go. They may not be hibernating. They may just be in there eating and sleeping.

Janice - Yes, but it looks like they'd be pretty bored, just sitting there.

Mary - Well, we are bored, too, when we're snowed in, you know. [laughs]

Now the interview moves in a completely new direction:

Janice - Mary, let me ask you. Did you tell Stan and Joseph about them [Bigfoot] talking?

Mary - I told Joseph. Yes.

Stan - What?

Janice - They can talk intelligently.

Stan - You said it sounds different.

Janice - It sounds different, but you can tell what they're saying, and Paul [Janice's husband] can mimic that. I tried to get Paul to come over here and just do that one little part for you. He can mimic it perfect, and he has never heard one of them talk. But he can do it! It's down here and out your nose type of talking, and very rapid talk.

Mary - Didn't you say that they could talk some English? That your grandfather had taught them some English? Also, you said that they could talk a dialect that you couldn't recognize?

Janice - Right, and some of it is supposed to be Indian. Old Indian. Different.

Mary - And your grandfather knew several Indian dialects, and he did talk with them?

Janice - Yes.

Mary - Did your grandfather ever tell you anything the Bigfoot said to him?

Janice - Yeah, and like I said, I can't find that book, Mary. If I could find that book, it's got to be in that storage building or something, because I did not throw it away. If I could find that, I will send it to you, because it's got the words written down, in the way I thought they were spelled and what they were supposed to mean. But most of it was in Sioux, Cheyenne, Cherokee... [pause] I'm trying to remember the various languages. Cree? I think there were some Ute words, but several different



words. [Janice did find her book and several little pocket notebooks where she had written down the words with the help of her Papaw as a child.]

Mary - We were working on some words last night.

Janice - Yeah. What was that one word?

Mary - I'll find it, if I can find the right notebook.

Janice - Maybe they [Stan and Joseph] know what it means, as I don't know what it means. I don't even know where it comes from.

Mary - Seelahtik? or Nocona?

Janice - That's the one that says, or Nocona is the one that stands for "wandering," the "wandering spirits" is what they said they are. I don't know, but this is what Lila said Birdie called them. Birdie was that woman that lived down below us.

Mary - And she was Indian?

Janice - She was. I don't know which that woman was. If she was Indian or what? They didn't believe in electricity. They didn't believe in indoor plumbing. They didn't believe in anything like that.

Stan - Is she dark skinned?

Janice - Yes. She's dark skinned. So was her brothers, and they would not ride in a car. They took a horse and buggy up to the day they died. They took the horse and the wagon, hitched the mules to the wagon or whatever, and went to town. They did not believe in a road either. They had a fit when the road came through. Just that dirt path, like in that picture, is all they ever wanted on it. Melungeons, maybe?

Mary - Maybe your grandfather's ability to communicate with the Bigfoot was the reason the reason the Bigfoot on your farm were so gentle and, possibly, trusted you. They really exhibited a lot of trust towards your grandfather, it seems.

Janice - They must have trusted Birdie too. Or Birdie trusted them. Birdie was a funny old woman.

Mary - She was the one where the Bigfoot would get inside her cellar?

Janice - They would get in that cellar, and she'd say, now gals, let me make sure, 'cause she cared for us, you know. The woman cooked, and I would have loved to have that stove, as it would have been worth a fortune, but she had that old-timey cook stove. It was a wood burning stove, with the bread oven up above. That's where she cooked in the kitchen, and she made bread and everything in there. She would, well, she'd baby-sit us some. We'd be down there aggravating her to death. We called them Aunt and Uncle and they weren't kin, but she'd go out there, and she'd go with us to the cellar and she'd say, "Now you let me make sure that damned thing ain't in here." That damned old thing is what she called it, but she called it that word "seelahtik," [siyuhk is another way of spelling seelahtik] now that's what she called it. Now, that word "Nocona" is what Papaw said they called themselves. Now that one means "wandering," but I don't know what the word for "spirits" is, or "spirit" that the Bigfoot use. I can't remember that right off in my head.

Mary - I'm going to ask a few people I know that might be able to interpret those two words, and see what I can find out for you.

Janice - O.K.

Mary - If you can ever find your book of their words, that would be great.

Janice - I will find it. I've got to go out there and clean that storage building out. I've got to get a lot of that out of there anyway.

Joseph - Janice, did the Bigfoot ever skunk you, spray you? I know you've smelled that smell before, but have you ever caught them off guard, surprised them, and had them gas you?

Janice - Nope. I told you up there at Mount Elkmount, up there by Cades Cove, that time we though the skunks had sprayed the bears. And I was deathly sick after that. I mean about everybody in the whole groups was, and the doctors, they couldn't tell what we had even...I asked one fellow in the hospital, when I was in there after the episode, about what they thought was wrong with me, and he said they thought I had tuberculosis.

Mary - It was just because several of the children there at camp at that time couldn't breathe, right?

Janice - Uh hum. We could not breathe. It felt like somebody was sitting on my chest. It was like someone crushing in my chest, and as if you were to fall on your back and you can't catch your breath at all. Really scary, and it hurt to breathe. I coughed a lot, and remember spitting up blood. I had a temperature of 104 degrees (F), and it just went higher. The doctors said it went to 106.2 degrees, and that I was near death. I didn't die, thank God.

Joseph - Did you ever see the Bigfoot stack rocks?

Janice - Stack rocks? Yeah. From big to little. Like building blocks.

Joseph - Or like a pyramid shape?

Janice - Yes, and they did that a lot with slate rocks. That is what I know these rocks as. I don't know what name you know them as. We've got a bed of it. There were several down there on the front side of the front creek, but they'd get down there and they would take these big platter sized rocks as the first one. Then the next one would be a little bit smaller. O.K. It's like they'd build it up, and sometimes they'd get them up maybe that high, and sometimes they'd get them up maybe that high. [approximately two to three feet tall]

Mary - Do you think they were playing by stacking these rocks.?

Janice - I don't know if they were playing, or what they were doing, but I know the little ones did a lot of the pounding of the rocks together. They were playing, just banging them together to be banging them together.

Mary - We're trying to understand the significance of this. We know that they make tepee-like structures and pyramidal shapes a lot.

Stan = Did you ever see them make any of the limb formations? Any kind of limb formations?

Janice - Yeah. What you're calling tepees, I mean. We've seen that. They did a lot of that down there next to that spring, the old spring. I've seen them bend trees, get branches.

Mary - How would they bend them, in what way?

Stan - You have any idea why?

Janice - I don't know why. Don't have any idea why. They just didn't. I don't know what they were doing. I know that they were making the shelters out of some of the branches and the tree limbs and the stuff that they got, but now, just to set them out there for no apparent reason? I don't know that they were making the shelters out of some of the branches and the tree limbs and the stuff that they got, but now, just to set them out there for no apparent reason? I don't know what they were doing it for?

Mary - How did they do the branches from the trees when they were making the tepee formations?

Janice - They used one that had a fork in it. A lot! they used one with a fork, and then the other ones, it's like it could be just... O.K. So this is your...

Mary - Do you want pencil and paper, or just another pen?

Janice - Just a pen, or whatever. Say, this is the one with your fork in it, and this is the one without the fork. Say, it may have branches on it or it may not. It may be a fresh tree. It may not be a fresh tree. It may be a limb out of the tree. They would use that fork, and they'd stick that other one in it, and here they would go.

Mary - When they got that done, what would they do then?

Janice - They just walked off.

Mary - Would they seem to construct them in any certain areas?

Janice - Like I said, they liked to do it around the spring a lot. And I know they built something one time, and I don't know, a tepee, or whatever you call it. They built some structure one time, and that was when they were fishing and getting fish. Those fish that they didn't eat, Mary, they took them over there, and put the fish on top of that shape, with funny limbs. What they were doing, drying it or something in the sun? They didn't scale them or anything.

Stan - Did they go back and get the fish later?

Janice - Yes. I think they did. They were gone later.

Mary - [To Stan and Joseph] Well, Janice told me last night that they ate the tail, head and everything

of the fish they caught.

Janice - Yes. Everything on the fish.

Joseph - Guts and everything?

Janice - Everything. Everything on the fish they ate. They didn't pay any attention to the scales or anything, just chomp, chomp, chomp, and the fish was gone! That's the only thing, because they will take something out of the innards of a bird, and the chickens, and the rats, but they would not do that with fish, and I don't know why.

Joseph - How were they killing the chickens? Did they just wring their necks?

Janice - They'd just twist it, throw it, and sling it, and carry on with it until it basically died. Until it died. It would have been a lot easier if they had just done this and wrung its neck. They just killed them however they could kill them. It didn't take much for them to kill them either. I have seen them hit the chickens in the head with something. I can't remember what it was, but it was something that they had in their hand. I don't know if it was a rock, or what it was, but it was something that they had in their hand. I don't know if it was a rock, or what it was, but something they had in their hand that they hit the chicken with as they did do that. They were sneaky. They could reach up in the hen house. Well, inside, you seen the wire cages, and the hen lays the egg, and here comes the egg, and it rolls out the tray. They would not tear those cages, those wires. They'd reach up for that egg to come out, and snatch it, and jerk that chicken on out from in under there! I know that sounds crazy, but that's what they did. They didn't bother with tearing up the cage. They might bend up the bottom of the cage, the wire, but you could still use it to put another chicken in.

Mary - Amazing.

Janice - Yes. It was amazing to me, to begin with, that they were running around on our property. It's amazing to me, to begin with, that my grandmother didn't move!

Mary - It sounded like your grandfather enjoyed messing with them though, doesn't it?

Joseph - They were pets. Big pets.

Janice - They were pets, but they could be mean pets, especially when Papaw didn't feed them! That's what I was telling Mary last night. If they expected Papaw to feed them, they'd come to the house when he didn't. He had better feed them, and he did! And he would. He'd go out. It didn't matter if it was raining, sleeting, snowing, icing, sunshine, 110 degrees above or 110 degrees below. You did the chores every night, and you fed every night. Whether you were sick...well...in the hospital. I mean the man went to the hospital with a stroke. Fell out with a stroke. We took him to the hospital ten days later. We couldn't get him to go the first ten days! The hospital calls us up over there at Sweetwater. Remember the road where you come up here to The Farm on? That's where they found him, dragging his left leg. [long pause] He was coming home. He had to feed. [another long pause]

Mary - Don't you guess that was on his mind? That he was worried about what they would do to the rest of the family if he didn't feed them?

Janice - I don't know, but I know they did come to the house when he didn't feed. Like I said, they banged, knocked on the trailer, whatever. You knew. They got your attention! And if they could, they'd come in that back door.

Mary - Oh, they could if they wanted to, I'm very sure of that.

Janice - Well. I know they did it a couple of times. All I remember when they would come in that kitchen a lot, and there was one time they had gotten into all the cereal boxes, the four bins. They had made the most awful mess in that kitchen ever was, and Mama blamed it on me.

Mary - Oh, my.

Janice - She thought I had been in there making a mess, and I hadn't been in there making a mess. I was 18 years old! Why in the world would I want to go in there and make a mess then?

Mary - I don't think any 18 year old is going to do that.

Janice - She said she was going to switch me then, and I was mean, really mean, and I shouldn't have done it. She got the switch, and she was going to switch me, and I said if she was going to switch me, I was going to throw a glass at her.

Mary - Throw a what at her?

Janice - Throw a glass of water! I had a glass of water, and I just had that glass and said you are not going to switch me Grandma.

Joseph - Did your grandmother know that your grandfather was feeding these animals every day?

Janice - Yes. She knew. I know she knew.

Joseph - She had to have known he was up to something.

Janice - She had to have known he was. He carried out her quilts. He carried out her pots and pans! She accused him of even stealing the pies off the window sill, and the cakes! We had a window sill there in the kitchen, and she accused Papaw of stealing them, and the dogs of stealing them, and whatever them damned things are you have of stealing them!

Joseph - He'd hand them out pies?

Janice - Oh! She'd get mad! The worst she was mad was when they stole everything out of the deep freeze, and I told you that, Mary, and the more I think about it, the more tickled I get. She was going to go out there and kill it! She was going to kill it and ...

Joseph - ...And can it!

Janice - ...Can it, or put it in that deep freeze, because we didn't have anything to eat because of them darn monsters and that's what she called them, those darn monsters, only she didn't say 'darn!' [all laugh] The monsters had been in there, and she was a'gonna kill it! I can just see her! I mean she was having a fit. And they had! They had strewn everything in that deep freeze between the back door up to the barn. When I am saying deep freezer, it was not a little, itty bitty deep freeze. It was a big, big deep freeze. You could put five cattle in that thing when they were dressed out! Mary, she was going to shoot the Bigfoot, and dress him out, and we were going to have Bigfoot meat. I can just see grandma having this fit and it still makes me laugh at her saying she was going to dress out a Bigfoot and eat it. Yuck!

Joseph - Didn't you say they got in your cellar one time?

Janice - They got in our cellar by the hatch. We should have gone down there today, because me and Lila Ruth thought about it. [To Mary] Do you have to go back in the morning?

Mary - It depends on the snow system moving in. We may have to leave very early in the morning. Maybe Stan can go out and go down in the cellar in the morning? (I said this while grinning broadly. I was volunteering him, even though I knew he had to go back to Knoxville that night.)

Stan - [Stan shakes his head 'no,' and laughs at me. None of us wanted to get caught in the snowstorm headed that way from East Tennessee later on in the night.]

Janice - Well, if you go, O.K. If we can go around there. We should have thought to do that, because me and Lila Ruth got to talking about that a couple days ago. The way they busted up all of them canning jars. Nobody has ever cleaned that up. The last time they got in there, they busted up all of Grandma's canning goods. They didn't bust anything that didn't have something in it. There is no way they could walk, or have gotten around that mess and gotten back out, without getting cut! They had to have gotten cut.

Mary - It looks like it to me.

Janice - 'Cause I'm talking...there is one holy mess in that basement n that cellar part!

Mary - I'd like to have gotten a photograph of that mess in the cellar.

Janice - In addition to that, there are a few other things I forgot to do today. We should have thought and gone on around there and gone in that basement, and gone in that shelter near the cedars. [Janice is very tired at this point and sighs.] We should have done that, and well, it wouldn't have done any good to have looked in that smoke house now, because it's piled up with junk that Uncle's got. We should have walked over there to that spring, also. We should have walked down there because I'd say some of those things are still standing, unless the cattle have knocked them down. There were several of those things down there. [Tepees] The cattle are always going through there and being there tough. I don't know whether everything would still be the way it was, or not. At least we did go over there to the grave of that baby of Sheba's. You couldn't tell anything now, nothing at all about the grave. I do

know it's the exact spot where they buried it.

Joseph - The only way you'd be able to go in there is to go in with a machete or something and cut the brush back, and then try from there.

Mary - Is it that thick in there?

Joseph - In some parts, yes. Some parts it wasn't, but the area Janice was pointing to was quite thick. You'd have to go in there with a machete.

Janice - But it's more underbrush than anything. It's not really a whole lot of big trees, it's just underbrush.

Joseph - Yes, just go in there with a machete.

Mary - It's like I said, if Fox is still around, then you are all welcome to dig it up. [laughs]

Janice - I don't know if I want to if any of them are still around. I don't know whether they remember the baby being buried there.

Mary - Possibly it might be a sacred thing to them? Who knows?

Janice - I don't know what Joseph thought about those limbs in the trees and things, but that one, like I said, used to be an archway. One went this way, and one went that way.

A lengthy pause ensued. After a while I started talking about your investigation along the creek where Janice had left the quilt for Fox. This was where she had also tried calling Fox to her to receive it.

Mary - I thought it quite odd down there along the creek, where all those buzzard feathers were. Those were buzzard's feathers, or whatever you call them in this part of Tennessee. Buzzards or vultures?

Janice - Buzzards?

Mary - Yes, a bunch of buzzard's feathers were laying down there by your creek.

Janice - Down along the creek bank? I forgot about walking down there.

Mary - Also, to the right of the buzzard feathers, and I forgot to tell Stan that, there was a twisted limb, fresh twist up above on a small tree along the high banks on our side there. What that means with the two of these Bigfoot signs together, I have no idea?

Janice - Well, I guess they would eat a buzzard, if they could catch a buzzard!

Mary - I know it's hard to believe but it was there, and all that remained of the bird were the wing feathers. They were not crow feathers either. When they ate a bird, you said they didn't eat the feet?

Janice - Well, not all birds, did they leave their feet. The chickens, they left their feet and their wings, and when I'm saying wings, Mary, I'm not saying the upper part of the wings, like the tip of the wings. You know how you get buffalo wings? O.K. This part is thicker and this part has skin and feathers on it. This part with the skin and feathers is the part they didn't eat.

Mary - I think you told us they did consume the feathers at times also?

Janice - Yes, on the rest of it. The beak, heads and everything, but not those particular feathers on the end of the wing.

Mary - Did you say they cracked nuts with their teeth?

Janice - Yes, they did that with their teeth.

Mary - I bet that made a loud pop when they did this.

Janice - I guess. I don't know. Mary, their teeth are thick. I mean ours aren't like that. They have teeth like a horse, or something.

Joseph - They have big jaw muscles, too.

Mary - I just figured, when they cracked the nut with their teeth, it would cause a pop of some sort. How did they pick out the meat, or did they eat shell and all of the nuts?

Janice - They got them scooped out some way? I don't know how. Well, I've seen them use a twig, what I call a twig, and digging at the nut with it, and with their fingernails too, just digging at it. I don't think they ate the hull.

Mary - Seems to me, that would take a lot of doing for an animal as big as they are. They couldn't just sit and eat nuts all day, as they'd never get enough nourishment that way.

Janice - But now I know that they will eat the hull off a chestnut, eat the sticky part. You know the hull? The outer soft part? And they'll eat flowers too. They got Mama's azaleas, and she had a fit. They pick up the bush and they eat the flowers off of it. Another type of bush, and I don't know what kind of bush that is, but there's an old legend behind that bush. The legend is if you plant one of those, and it gets big enough to cover and shade your grave, you'll die. I don't know what kind they are. They're a funny looking bush, but the Bigfoot will eat those. Mary - Did you ever see them pull up and eat the roots of any certain plants?

Janice - They won't eat peanuts, and I don't blame them because I don't like peanuts.

Mary - How about grass? Do they eat any grasses?

Janice - Yes, they'll eat grass, hay, munch on straw, and...

Stan - Sounds like they eat a lot of roughage.

Janice - Yes. I do think that. I don't know if they eat all kinds of grass, or just certain types. I know they do eat clover. I've seen them eat the pink clover.

[Janice later added that they eat a type of plant that she knows as bitter weed. It looks like a shamrock plant, but grows out in the wild, with a little yellow flower on it. She says that it tastes bitter, like lemon.]

Mary - Did they eat just the flower part of the cover?

Janice - The flower? I don't know whether that is sweet to them, or what it is.

Mary - I can just imagine in my head a big old Bigfoot picking up a little pink flower to eat.

Janice - Actually, that's sort of like...I'll mimic this one, as I used to play like a horse or whatever!

They don't pick that, it's like this...picking with their hands a whole clump.

Stan - They take a whole bunch at the same time?

Janice - Yes. A whole bunch at one time, what they want, and a lot of times they pull clods of dirt up with it.

Mary - That's something to look for then, isn't it? I mean when we are out doing field research, and there is a lot of the red clover growing in sighting areas. I call it red clover, even though it is a pinker color.

Janice - What they don't want of the clover they throw back down.

Mary - You have definitely seen them eat a wide variety of foods.

Janice - I think they'll eat almost anything and everything, except coleslaw. [laughs]

Joseph - I wonder why they didn't like the coleslaw.

Janice - I don't know what it is. I like coleslaw. Uh...I just remembered that they don't eat onions. We planted them. I was trying to think what all we planted. I know they got the carrots, and I know they didn't get the peanuts. I know they'd get the cucumbers, and they would eat them. I don't think they ate pickles, because I'm sure, when Papaw handed them a hamburger that it had pickle on it. they didn't eat the pickle. Now they were awful with tomatoes! They'll take a bite or two of a tomato, and throw it down and get another one off of the vine.

Mary - [There was a sudden realization that I had encountered this same thing for many years in my own garden.] I often thought, when I found tomatoes with a bite or two out of them in my garden, that the terrapins or my children were doing this.

Janice - The what? [Terrapins are land turtles, and in some areas, they are called box turtles.]

Mary - I'd find the tomatoes with a large bite or two out of them, and I would accuse the children of doing that! We grew a lot of tomatoes. I canned an awful lot of tomatoes, and I'd go out there and find the best, the prettiest, ripest, ones with a couple of bites out of them laying there on the ground. I'd asked the kids why they did that and they'd say, "I didn't do that, Mama!"

Janice - They'll do that. They take the tomato, get the tomato, take a bite or two, chew it up, throw it down and then get another one. And they have gone through and gotten every ripe tomato on our tomato vines!

Mary - How often would they do this at your farm then?

Janice - Oh! Not every day. It was not every day they would come by. They'd get the corn, or whatever they wanted.

Mary - Then you would get some tomatoes? I know I did, but few. [We had to buy most of the ripe tomatoes that I canned. This was extremely frustrating when we set out as many tomato plants as we did in our garden.]

Janice - Yes. We would get some tomatoes, but I remember one year we didn't get any tomatoes, except fried green tomatoes!

Mary - O.K. Well some years, then, you did not get any ripe tomatoes.

Janice - Some years we didn't get any, and we had 35 plants out that year, and I'm talking about the big boy tomatoes.

Mary - Your poor grandmother just didn't stand a chance!

Janice - And they ate the rhubarb. They ate leaf and all, and the leaf is poisonous to us.

Stan - A rhubarb pie on occasion is good.

Janice - Yeah, Stan. Put some sugar in it, and it is good. I guess I grew up liking it. Hmm. Now what are those? We used to call them cow squash. They're green, and they look like the goose neck yellow squash, but they're green and they got a lot of stripes and a greenish yellow color. I don't know what those type are, but they won't eat those.

Mary - They look more like a huge gourd to me, than they do a squash.

Janice - They're big. They don't eat those, because Papaw used to raise them, and he had watermelons, cantaloupe. I'm trying to think how the rows went. We had carrots and peas. They'd eat the peas right off the bush. They'd eat beans and corn, of course. They wouldn't dig for the potatoes, but if you got the potatoes out, 'cause there were a lot of times the whole row of potatoes were dug, and we'd just leave them there. You know. We'd come back and pick them up the next morning. And they don't dig them up themselves.

Joseph - Then, if they are on top of the ground, then they'll get them?

Janice - Oh yeah! They'll get them if they are on top of the ground.

Mary - What about sweet potatoes?

Janice - I don't know. They'll do the same thing with the cucumbers that they'll do with the tomatoes sometimes, they'll take one bite or two, and throw it down and get another one. Now I don't know why that is?

Mary - I don't know why either.

Janice - Are the first two bites out of something better than the rest of it, or what?

Mary - Just because they could do it, I guess? I have no explanation.

Stan - Well, they got plenty of food, so they didn't worry about it.

Janice - And two years ago, no three years ago, when I was down there while me and Paul was split up for that little bit, I did put out a little garden down there, and you know they got in the oregano, because I put out a lot of oregano. I couldn't keep that oregano!

Stan - Italian Bigfoots!

Janice - [laughs] Italian Bigfoots! Yeah.

Mary - While we still have some time, you said that when you lived in the cabin you moved out or had decided to camp out with Paul, you were run into the house by what you thought was a Bigfoot?

Janice - Right.

Mary - Were you attempting to live up there again at that time? And how long ago was that?

Janice - What we done. Now this is crazy. We were going to go over to the dam and camp. We had the tent.

Mary - Where were you living at the time then?

Janice - We were living up there next to that cabin. [This is referring to Janice's mother-in-law's cabin.] And something came down. You could hear it tearing down through there, or a bear, or whatever. It didn't sound like no bear to me! The bear don't walk on two feet coming down hill, or

down a mountain side for a long distance on their back feet, they will go down to all fours. This is not saying a bear doesn't walk on its hind feet, it's just saying they don't do it fast and for a long distance.

Janice - We had put the tent up. The kids were in the cabin, and we thought, O.K., we'll sneak out, and we'll stay the night in the tent out there, because we got it up anyway. It's airing out, and we're fixing to go camping the next day. Well, that ruined the camping trip and everything!

Mary - So you went out there to sleep in the tent after dark?

Janice - Yes, it was after dark.

Mary - O.K. Then how long were you out there before you heard something?

Janice - We'd been asleep. We were out there maybe at ten o'clock, as that is when we decided to go out there. The reason I know it was ten was because it was on a Saturday night and "COPS," I always had to watch "Cops" and "America's Most Wanted," and we went out there right after "America's Most Wanted" went off at 10:00 p.m. We got to talking, so maybe ten or ten-thirty, right somewhere in there. We'd been asleep for a while, maybe it was one or two a.m., somewhere around in there.

Mary - So what did you hear?

Janice - First off, I heard a growl, and I woke him up. He snores like a darn bear anyway. I woke Paul up. I said, "Paul. Shut up! Listen! Something's coming down through the woods." It sounded like it was stepping on every leaf and stick and everything possible coming down through there and it was growling. Paul said, "Oh, it's a wolf." I said, "We don't have wolves." He said, "Listen a minute!" I said, "I was listening." I'm sorry, but I was cussing him. He said, "Oh, it's a bear coming! Come on! Let's get!" I said, "It ain't no bear! It's a Bigfoot!" He said, "Aww!" But we went inside and locked the doors.

Mary - O.K. It's very late, and I think we should call it a night!

Janice - All right!

So ended the two interview sessions of both nights, the fourth and fifth of February 2002. We had gathered a lot of evidence in only one month on this case. I would like to point out that this is probably the most unusual case ever recorded. It is known as a habituation case and by that, it simply means a Bigfoot or Bigfoot(s) have become habituated to a human through the course of many years of being fed by humans.

There have been very few of these cases known to exist. Possibly it is the only one in existence of this kind, and this is all due to the courage of one man. It does not end here. Our Tennessee researchers are considering other ideas and pursuing several avenues of action in order to bring in the necessary physical proof to establish their presence. We realize it will be like starting all over again with the feedings. There has to be a trust established once more between Janice and Fox that she will feed him each and every day, just as her grandfather had done. This is a task I do not envy her in the least. It may take several years before any surviving family members again become bold enough to show themselves to her if and when they come in for their food. We can only hope this will happen. Fox's advanced age is another factor. Once he dies, will the others be as friendly and as willing to be fed by humans?

Of course, there is the danger that poachers, hunters, money seekers will try to locate their farm and kill any Bigfoot they may find there. Heaven forbid if they do! There are many more Bigfoot throughout the United States, so hopefully, those of you who may be reading this book right now and are thinking of trying to locate Janice and the Carter farm, please think again. How much sport would it be to harm a creature that has trusted a human for so many years that they may possibly be an easy kill for you? I would also like to caution any of you that are even considering doing such a thing, that the area is secure and armed.

It's true that Fox is very old and he may not last much longer. There is certainly little hope of obtaining



his body when he dies. However, he has remained on their property, possibly knowing that he would not survive in more remote areas. Fox has also approached family members in the years since the death of Janice's grandfather to ask them for food. Let's hope that the feedings that Janice has started up again will give him a few more years of quality life.

Fox's ability to relate to a human and the skills he has acquired might certainly make him a great risk to others of his kind. In fact, we will never know what that risk is, if any. A Bigfoot that can speak and say human words, a Bigfoot that dares to get close to humans he trusts would possibly cause other Bigfoot that associate with him some major problems.

It's sad that Fox has survived the death of his benefactor, but we know he continues to live and to stay near Janice's family who has returned to the property to care for him. This is not something that Janice wanted to do or chose to do but it's something that she now feels that she *must* do in order to wake the world as to what is living amongst us in the woods. It's time we all did our part in getting the government to recognize this species of hominid, or , whatever one chooses to think of them as being. Are they humans or are they another one of the great apes that have successfully evaded us while we ripped their forest down and built homes on the land that once protected and fed them?

#### **A Westerner, Robert Carter, Sr.**

**This by no means the only ABSM that has been caught, but it is the only one that I know of that was caught by what we must call for lack of a better phrase, "Westerners," and it is this culture that is the most skeptical, the most stubborn, and at the same time the most interested.**

(Referring to the capture of Jacko in Yale, British Columbia, July 3, 1884, in Abominable Snowman: Legend Come to Life, by Ivan T. Sanderson, Chilton Company, 1961)

I find Robert Carter, Sr. to have been the most amazing man in that he dedicated so much of his time befriending what he called the "Edommites" or "People of the Wandering Spirit." Truly, he must have believed that Fox and his family were also quite human in nature and that they were capable of becoming friends with mankind. One of my conclusions is this: I feel that the closeness and trust that was developed with Fox happened because of this man's courage to deal with an unknown type of hominid, a trust that started from the moment the tree fell on Fox in 1947. How many men would have been compassionate enough to care for something so foreign? Most would react negatively towards what looked to be a severely deformed or at the very least, quite unusual looking, hairy, ten year old child that was pinned beneath a tree that you just cut down on your property.

There are a few reports of feral children in this world where mothers, for one reason or another, had to abandon their deformed infants to the elements. Society has never been able to successfully deal with such freaks of nature. Somehow feral children were said to survive because other animals took care of them. This book is not about feral children or feral adults and therefore I will not go into reporting these types of phenomena. We must remember that Robert Sr. at first believed that Fox was a human child. His inquiries within the community as to who and what Fox was, and then the appearance of Fox's true parents who freed Fox from the stall in the barn presented a formerly unheard of situation that had to be dealt with in as logical a manner as possible.

Robert Jr. said he could remember Fox being the age of a young teen, or at least appearing to be a young teen in terms of human growth. He told that Fox's parents chased him and a friend off when they were camping in the woods on the back of the farm. It is believed that Fox is about 56 or 57 years old (in 2002). Robert Jr. also states that Fox's parents never came near his father until after Fox was

hurt. He also stated that Fox's parents never approached his father as closely as Fox himself did in later years. Robert Jr. also verifies the fact that after Fox's wounds were attended to by his father, that both of them, Bigfoot and man, became close "friends." He has also told Janice that Fox had been put in an old stall in the front part of the barn after attempts to keep him in the house failed. He remembers that Fox's parents tore open the barn door and ripped into the stall, breaking it all to pieces in order to get Fox out a couple of nights later. Janice backs her uncle up because she remembers that when she was really small, there used to be an old stall at the front of the barn that was good for nothing except to place the tractor under or they sometimes used it as a storage area for tools.

In considering such an unusual event of aiding a Bigfoot under a fallen tree, a more normal response for Robert Sr. to make might have been to call the Sheriff to investigate the strange "human" he had found. It seems he would have, in the very least, reported the injury to the authorities. Instead, we must believe that he was already suspicious of the type of he was dealing with. Perhaps he had caught glimpses of Fox's parents on the property before. If Robert Sr. truly felt this was a human and reported the child as being injured, taken him to a hospital, or called any other number of persons in authority that he might have called, Fox would have been, at the very least, locked away in some institution that studied such "freaks" of nature.

One could speculate from here to eternity about the implications of such a find handed over to a mental institution, research clinic, or hushed up in a secret government investigation. Maybe Fox would have ended up in a science lab, a most unfortunate and unhappy circumstance for any living creature, regardless of whether the Bigfoot were ever proven to be human. Grandmother Carter claims that at first her husband actually did believe Fox to be a human child that was deformed. Also, she told Janice that her grandfather had gone to the neighbors' houses to find out if they knew where such an unfortunate child had come from. So the grandmother's testimony corroborates with the rest of the surviving family members.

Maybe this is where the mystery of the "excessively hairy, deformed child," was solved? A neighbor, Birdie, might have known Fox for what he was and informed Robert Sr. that this was not a human child, but a being that had to live in the wild, and most certainly free, in order to survive. This could also explain why Fox was taken to the barn after he nearly bounced off the walls when locked inside a heated structure. Fox reportedly wrecked the house when Robert Sr. tried housing him inside the home while tending to his cuts. Maybe Birdie already knew that a house was not the proper place for such a creature and that keeping Fox inside would have been inappropriate. It's clear by Janice's answers during the interview that Birdie was well aware of what Fox was. Birdie even called them, the Bigfoot, those "damned things."

It might also explain Fox's inclination to re-enter the house on various occasions in later years, gaining entrance several times into the uncle's and the granddaughter's bedrooms. Also, years later, Fox did on occasion enter the kitchen through the back door in search of food while the occupants were gone or off in another portion of the home.

It's also important to consider why Janice and Lila's mother, Melvina, hid herself and the girls inside a closet while the grandparents were away for the day. The three females huddled in opposite corners and Janice tells us that the house was shaking. She asked her mother why this was so. We do not know if it was Fox inside the house looking for food at the time, but clearly there was something quite terrifying occurring inside the home.

We can also add to all these speculations the fact that Robert Sr. was able to speak in as many as five different Indian dialects through earlier work in Indian villages when he was a young man. this facility

with languages probably was a direct factor in his communication attempts with Fox. Janice has said that her grandfather and Fox spoke to each other in a dialect that she did not recognize or understand. She believes that this particular dialect spoken between her Papaw and Fox stemmed from a Native American language; but which one?

Since the words she discerned had several different tribal sounds and meanings, it may be a mixture of these or one certain dialect that they used. Janice was never told, and therefore another secret lingers that will never be revealed. We can only wonder now which tribe and dialect, if any, the language derived from that Fox and Robert Sr. communicated to each other with. We also have to contend with the nature of the vocal communications that Janice says are completely the Bigfoot's own, and whether they may comprise a true language for the Bigfoot or are simply Indian dialects from the past.

It is evident to me that all the right conditions existed for this friendship to blossom between man and beast, and with fortitude, intelligence, great compassion, and understanding for "critters," as Janice puts it, Robert Sr. forged through to the end. He created lasting bonds that no one could take away between himself and an unknown species. It remains to be seen whether the Bigfoot are human or not. Janice intends to continue to gather any and all evidence in order to allow science to determine just what the Bigfoot are. Are they relict hominids, or some other super intelligent great ape, or as Janice contends, a different variety of humans that possess a soul?

The period of time that Robert Sr. and Fox interacted with each other was said to be from 1947 through Robert Sr.'s death in 1996. Given the fact that Fox had been human-fed since shortly after being rescued, we cannot say for sure that another male Bigfoot would normally live to such an old age. Janice noticed the signs of aging in Fox in 1996. She was able to catch a long glimpse of Fox during his unexpected visit while she was out in the back yard burning brush.

In the past, Robert Sr. had built fires to burn brush and the and the Bigfoot would sometimes come to them, seemingly fascinated by fire, according to Janice. They would turn portions of their body towards the fire if it was cold outside just as a human would do to warm themselves or they would stay a good distance away if it was hot instead. Sometimes the Bigfoot would even pick up sticks and drag them from the fire. Janice remembers a time when it was suspected that one of the Bigfoot had dragged a stick from the fire through their field and caught it on fire. She tells that the fire had to be put out by the forestry service.

It was not too long after Robert Sr.'s death when Fox approached Janice while she was tending to a similar brush fire. He appeared unexpectedly, stepping into the light where she could see him clearly. Fox approached Janice directly across from where she was standing. She had no idea that he was near at first. So this was the time when Janice really noted the graying of the hairs around Fox's mouth, and on the sides of his face and upper body.

Later in April 2002, when Fox was found in the cellar underneath the old house, Janice was truly appalled at the changes in him. Fox had considerably more gray hair by this time and had lost a tremendous amount of weight. He did not seem steady in an upright position and was visibly shaking and stood stooped over to a much larger degree than he did back in 1996.

One astonishing thing of note, Fox's eyes looked particularly strange to Janice when she saw him in strong sunlight. She did not remember his eyes looking so strange in her earlier years of daylight sightings of him. Now there seemed to be a notable difference. At first she thought Fox had grown cataracts over his eyes, but now she believes his eyes had a feature that she had not noted as a child. She now questions what she remembers about Fox's eyes when she was an 8 year old girl. It is a fact

that she had long been an admirer of Fox's eyes and had even joked to me of marrying a man, if she ever found one, with the same color of eyes that Fox had.

Now his eyes appeared to be slit vertically like a cat's eyes would be. Fox was coming from a very dark cellar and into broad daylight at this time, because Janice had convinced him that he should not remain inside the basement. She'd been asking him to come out, which he eventually didn't. Maybe the reason she noticed this seemingly new feature about his eyes was because he came from sudden dark to sudden light. It's left her quite puzzled and a bit flustered to this day and now she believes Fox could have some very unusual features to his vision.

In a general description of the eyes on April 2002, Janice has said that their eyes are like ours except they are almond shaped and huge, yet not out of proportion with their faces. The eyes look large like a bigger human's would. There is very little white that shows in the corners of their eyes and the eye is similar to ours except the pupil and the iris seem to be constricted more during the daylight hours. She noted that during the evenings when the sun is low or going down that much more white shows in the eye than it would in daylight with sunny conditions in years past. So on this particular date in April 2002, Janice noticed for the first time that Fox's eyes acted like a cat's pupil would when the light hit them. It was like Fox's eyes shrank as a cat's eye would do when they get excited. This so called "shrinking" was from side to side and not in a round fashion like ours will shrink. By this, she means that the pupil of their eyes and not the iris was acting like a cat's would. So whatever this strange observation is about Fox's eyes, Janice is hoping to see him up close once again so she can be certain about what she saw this year. It was a shock to her when she noted something different than what she remembered in years past or failed to take note of about his eyes.

I would also like to reflect a moment on Robert Sr.'s fears, which he must have had. After all, he was only human and I'm certain there were times he was afraid of creatures so much more powerful than he was. So is it likely that he was afraid to stop the feedings of the Bigfoot after his debilitating illnesses? He would certainly have taken notice when he was not able to feed the Bigfoot that they would come to the house to find him when they were hungry. Was he able to communicate to Fox the reasons he had to stop the feedings at the time when he did? Would there have been any understanding at all from Fox and his family? Would they realize that their friend wasn't able to feed them when the feedings stopped after so many years of relying heavily on the extra food day in and day out? It is not likely, in my opinion, that the Bigfoot would ever understand why they were no longer receiving food. Even our domestic dogs and cats realize when a human is ill, however, and it may very well be that Fox knew that his friend could no longer feed him. It could also be that Fox felt like Janice should have continued to feed him after the grandfather's death. He seems to bear her no ill will for not doing so, however.

We know about the time when her grandfather would not leave home when the electricity was off because he was afraid that Fox would freeze. Robert Sr. didn't seem to worry about the fact that he also might freeze to death if he stayed alone in a house without heat. He was more concerned about Fox freezing to death than for his own well-being. This does indicate an extremely strong bond between the two of them. At this point in time Robert Sr. was elderly, but he definitely was not senile. He told Janice, before agreeing to go with her to her home where heat was available, that Fox "slept" but still he seemed worried about Fox getting too cold. This in turn makes one wonder if Robert Sr. was concerned about the Bigfoot becoming too cold to survive for a specific reason and perhaps one of the Bigfoot died in an attempt to stay warm or "sleep" once before. Was or is there any danger to the Bigfoot falling "asleep" then?

Also, could one of Robert Sr.'s secret fears about stopping all feedings been a grave concern for his

human family members? If anyone knew how strong or how upset a Bigfoot could get, it had to be him. He had stood up against the Bigfoot when they chased or slaughtered his goats, chickens, pigs, and cattle. He called them together and scolded them once in Janice's view because they had killed one of the heifers. He "talked" to Fox and told him not to kill any more of the animals on the farm. Janice claims this did little good because in a couple of months they would all be back chasing and killing the livestock once again. She remembers Fox as always being hungry. He often asked repeatedly for food, and would approach Janice or her grandfather at the barn or at the house for even more food if he was hungry during the hours between the regular feedings. Janice has said many times when we were discussing this most unusual blue eyed hominid, "Fox only cares about his belly!"

I can understand why this is so because the type of food it would take to sustain an estimated 800 to 1000 pound male Bigfoot has to be either very highly caloric in nature or consist of larger amounts of less caloric foods consumed throughout the day. I believe the scientific analyses of caloric intake needs of a creature as large as a Bigfoot has been formulated to be somewhere around 5000 calories per day just to sustain them. During high energy or stressful times the amount of required calories could increase dramatically. So when Janice tells us that Sheba browsed for food continuously and ate constantly during her waking hours, we can see how time-intensive it was for Sheba to consume the amount of calories she needed to remain healthy and produce offspring.

Certainly the amount of food or calories necessary to sustain a nursing Bigfoot mother would also increase. Therefore it would seem that Sheba would have a more difficult time obtaining the necessary calories per day than a juvenile or even a huge male such as Fox would. Sheba had the baby to take care of, or babies, as the case may be, at times. Janice had seen Sheba nurse her young for as long as three years unless another baby presented itself. Her oldest one tried to nurse from Sheba while she sat on top of the stillborn's grave mourning its loss. However, when Sheba gave in and allowed the previously nursing male baby to suckle, the one that was nursing before the new birth, she pushed him away in a most harsh manner Janice tells us.

In order for Sheba to eat while caring for her young, she would carry her baby in one arm while reaching for grasses, clover, apples, roots, nuts, or whatever she found to consume while browsing. She would move along as described in the last chapter, in a squat position and bring one knee up and then the other one down while keeping her balance with the baby still held in her free arm. Sheba has also been seen by Janice laying her babies down in the grass while she fed or groomed. Janice tells me that some of the Bigfoot right handed and others are left handed, just as seen among humans. One wonders if this would give any clues in determining just what species the Bigfoot are if they had a preference for using one hand over the other?

Also, Janice has found other people in her area that know about the Bigfoot being in the county in the earlier part of the last century. There is a 98 year old man in a nearby town who recalls reports of the Bigfoot being seen during the 1910's. Other sightings have been reported nearby in 1920 and then again in 1960.

So when you ask why hasn't the Bigfoot been proven to exist before now, here we have a partial answer. I'm certain hunters have shot at them, injuring many, killing several, which is more than likely the reason they remain so elusive. It is also a fact, as stated by Janice, that Robert Sr. took tremendous precautions in order to protect the Bigfoot on his property. He is to be commended for this as I believe all of his efforts have or eventually will lead the way into more productive Bigfoot research. He' left us a legacy with his granddaughter by teaching her so many things about the Bigfoot's nature and their ways.

Janice also is to be commended for her efforts towards this book, for at last breaking the bonds of silence and presenting the world with much information previously unknown about these s. Lila, Robert Jr., and the grandmother have all provided invaluable information which have helped to place many of the pieces of this puzzle together. It's time then for us to examine what physical evidence we have concerning this case.

## **Physical Evidence**

### **Science operates through experimental observation and not through simple opinion or belief.**

In order to prove something, you need to have sufficient articles of documentation, better known as evidence, which can consist of a variety of elements. To date, the research field has documented miles of large barefoot tracks, a wide variety of what is known in the Bigfoot research field as "fuzzy" photographs, audio recordings, along with feces samples, hair samples, and I know of one blood sample sent off for analysis that was never heard from again.

As far as the "fuzzy" photographs go, these are pictures taken of the Bigfoot hiding in the woods peering through dense brush cover looking at or running from the photographer, or they are photographs taken from a considerable distance away of an unknown creature in the open. Most photographs with Bigfoot s in the background are taken by chance and the Bigfoot later discovered in the picture once the film is developed. This seems to be happening with increasing frequency since the 1960's.

Although we have a few photographs of the Bigfoot on the Carter's farm at this time, they are not as clear as they could be. There is one with Sheba in the background sitting in the wood line holding the pink quilt up to her face, her brow ridge the only thing discernible. There's also another photograph of a black shape running across the field near the wood line that Lila took. Lila was taking a picture of her cat on the dryer, and through the window you could see the distant outline of a black, upright creature running in a bipedal position.

There have been videos of the Bigfoot on the Carter farm taken this year. One such video footage was filmed by myself and two others were filmed by Gene M., but none are of a presentable, crystal clear quality at this time. However, efforts are continuing and we hope to produce the second video tape (first was the Patterson film of Patty) ever taken of a Bigfoot with such clarity there will be no doubt of what is presented.

Next in the form of evidence we have found much fecal material. Since feces is so difficult to analyze and must be extremely fresh in order to obtain DNA or reveal parasite, we have not attempted to have any lab tests run on these findings. What is amazing is the fact that there is a tremendous amount of fecal material present on the Carter farm. This feces is not associated with any of their livestock or other known wild creatures that could ever deposit such large size scat in such copious amounts. Most of this type of feces is found around an older barn out of sight on the back part of the farm. The researchers allowed to investigate the property so far are absolutely amazed at the amount of feces up in the barn loft where it is theorized the Bigfoot sleep. It has long been known by the Carter's that Fox has chosen this barn to hide and sometimes sleep in. This is also the area where Janice ran into the back of Fox's leg while taking water back to her grandfather who was picking blackberries.

The next piece of physical evidence we are reporting here is hair samples from the Carter farm which were sent to Dr. Henner Fahrenbach for analysis. He has been studying such hair samples for many years and has reached some conclusions as to their authenticity. The Tennessee hair samples we have

provided to Dr. Fahrenbach have proven to be matches to all prior hair samples in Dr. Fahrenbach's collection from an unknown primates collected to date. Dr. Fahrenbach has stated on the BFRO web site that he now has around 15 such hair samples that all match and all of which have been collected near purported Bigfoot sighting areas. The ones he has analyzed thus far from Tennessee, all have the same hair profile, all coming from a species not yet classified by science. The one unique claim we can make from all of this is one of which Tennessee is currently the only state east of the Rocky Mountains that such hair samples have been matched with the ones taken from the Pacific Northwestern States.

The recent hair samples (3) from the Carter farm taken on two different dates were obtained by Susan Bilbrey, my youngest daughter, who is also involved with the investigation and by Janice herself. Below is the statement provided to us by Dr. Fahrenbach concerning these hair samples.

#### **Statement received from Dr. Fahrenbach on November 15, 2002**

Between 1999 and 2002 I have received several hair samples from Mary Green and Janice Carter Coy. Of these, three sets matched the appearance of hair that I have identified as originating from Sasquatch for compelling circumstantial reasons.

the submitted samples measured on the average 1-3" in length and had a diameter between 35 and 75 micrometers. They were uniform in diameter and color, ending in a bluntly worn or frayed out tip. Color of the hair was dark brown to black to the naked eye, but reddish brown, often densely pigmented under the microscope. Melanin pigment was finely distributed without substantial masses in the cortex. Cuticular scales formed an irregular waved mosaic with smooth scale margins. The medulla was either totally absent or, quite rarely, for the first millimeter above the root, fragmentary and cellular or amorphous. The root measured about 200 micrometers in length and 50 in diameter. By appearance the samples did not seem to originate all from the same animal, but were consistent with belonging to the same species. DNA sequencing has been attempted on several other samples of Sasquatch hair and has yielded uniformly negative results, even in the hands of experienced hair DNA experts. -- W. H. Fahrenbach, Ph.D.

So as far as this book is concerned, that is all the collected physical evidence we wish to offer at this time. I believe this book has invaluable merit alone because it contains the first hand testimony of a lady who broke through her fears of being ridiculed and offered to the world an opportunity to take a most intimate glance at the Bigfoot she has known from childhood. I believe many will owe her and her grandfather a deep debt of gratitude in years to come.

We cannot always provide science with all the evidence necessary to prove that the Bigfoot is real. Maybe someday a good tissue sample will be taken or a body will be found that will satisfy the primary needs of today's scientists.

Many years ago, Janice and Lila had been taken to see a movie by their mother that included views of a Bigfoot . This is when Janice first learned that the "Edomites," as her grandfather called the Bigfoot, were called entirely something else by the rest of the nation. Dmitri Bayanov, the preeminent hominologist from Russia, has asked Janice as a personal favor to describe the differences between the female Sasquatch Patti and the female, Sheba. These comparisons are included in Janice's Chapters.

Another thing that needs to be remembered is that Janice has never owned a computer or accessed the Internet until late in 2001. Therefore Janice did not have any prior outside influences up until that time. This is remarkable in itself.

Janice has told me repeatedly that she wished to completely forget about the Bigfoot and hoped to never have to fear their nearness again. Yet she now finds herself thrown right back into the arena of trying to prove such an awesome is still alive today. She knows they are alive, I know they are alive, simply because we have seen them with our own eyes. We have been around them, noticed their aggressive and passive behaviors, but my own personal experiences can never, and I repeat, never be as intimate as Janice's were.

I find it impossible that Janice could have ever concocted such fantastic claims in a lifetime. The information flows from her naturally as she speaks about the Bigfoot. She never crosses herself up but she has withheld evidence a time or two because she felt like her answers would be so unbelievable we would walk away from her case in disgust and never come back again. I was skeptical at first but after months have passed and more and more tracks are seen, the Bigfoot are seen, more hair samples are found, there can be no doubt that the Bigfoot live on the Carters' farm and have probably lived there for many, many years.

I would like to include here a few portions of e-mails from the hundreds that Janice and I have exchanged through the course of many months. Her words ring true and their meaning is special to me. This was written shortly after she moved back to the farm in April 2002.

I think it has helped jar my memory some to move back here to the farm. I go out and look around the farm for more signs of them and their doings now. I noticed a fresh tree twist over next to the old tree cave the other day. I also saw at the nest there at the old spring that there is a tree twisted about eight feet up and it looks like it has been twisted about four times around and bent down to the ground. That old spring area is a number one place for me to look for foot prints as the earth is moist over there and if they don't step across it at the bottom side they will leave a print for sure. Not even they can step across at the upper side where they used to like to get the lizards and crawfish out at.

Is this a new beginning for Janice? She has the opportunity to bring forth all of the information and physical proof necessary to prove the Bigfoot exist. This is a tall order but she does believe she can, or at least states she is going to make the supreme effort to do so. Perhaps she is now the only person alive that would stand a chance of doing this. She is alone in this pursuit since her grandfather's death. If Robert Carter Sr. had wanted the world to know at any time what lived on his farm, he could have easily brought forth the proof, yet he did not.

He is truly the man responsible for habituating the Bigfoot when all others who have tried to make such an effort have failed. He left a granddaughter to follow in his footsteps, a determined and honest woman who has made an impressive start in her quest of proving that the Bigfoot are living creatures of awesome intelligence and power. I can personally vouch for the fact that she has made much progress towards her final goal.

In conclusion I would like to add these two portions from other e-mails Janice has sent to me. I think it proves she is an extremely insightful woman, with deep thoughts and concerns about the Bigfoot.

I do believe we try to forget details about them (Bigfoot) and try to block it out. We sometimes push it to the back of our minds because it is just too unbelievable to believe ourselves. I don't know if there is any real help out there for us, however.

Others tend to place us in a world all of our own. They either don't believe us or we are made out to be using drugs and drunks that hallucinate or we are laughed out of the community or worse yet.



I don't have all the answers either. I just wish that someone did for all of us. We survive it, but do we ever realize ourselves as the same person we once were before it ever happened to us? It is like losing one's innocence. We are never really the same after seeing one of these Bigfoot beings. Our subconscious memory has more information than our conscious memory ever holds.

I just feel that it will be a lot for the general public to comprehend, but so will the fact that the Bigfoot exist at all in the first place. So many things the human race never knew to be, have been and will be again. I do not think that we were placed here on earth to know everything there is to know. God did not mean for all things to be known. Just like the Bigfoot, or the ape's discovery before them. Think about all the years that have passed here on earth, and folks are just now starting to discover things that no one know existed before. All things will be revealed in the end as the Bible says, or as Papaw used to say, 'in their own good time.'

## **Special Information Section**

### **Bigfoot's Features**

The Bigfoot's hair is like a collie dog's hair that is silky looking and soft to the touch. The shorter, under hair coat's texture is softer than the texture of the longer over hair on their bodies. When clean, the Bigfoot's hair flows as naturally as a Collie dog's hair does, and it is 3 to 4 inches long in some areas on their bodies, especially on their heads on what is considered to be their "manes." Actually the Tennessee Bigfoot do have long head hair as most humans do. Their facial structures are not monkey looking at all except for the hair on their bodies which is associated with the great apes. Fox, the old male, may have been a foxy man in the Bigfoot species. The female and the young ones were not as pretty or as intelligent looking as the old male was. He may not have had any inbreeding in him and then again, he might have.

Bigfoot skin is black like old saddle leather. Their skin is not oily and they don't have wrinkles or pock marks on them. The skin is also dry looking to me, but I'm not meaning, in any sense of the word, that the skin has any appearance of flakiness. It is a good bit like our skin is and will show highlights in the sun. They don't have a ridge going to their ears. They do have a ridge above the pronounced brow ridge that goes around the skull under the hair on their heads. It doesn't show well because of the hair.

It is necessary to clarify that Fox's hair is black and shiny in color and in the sun exhibits some blue highlights around the upper portions of his body. However, Fox also had dried mud of the red clay type on him that time I ran into his leg. This is the sole reason I had posted he was black and brown, not because he had a lot of brown hair on him which would have possibly resulted in reddish highlights to his hair and not blue highlights, as that is the correct way he appeared to me at the time I first saw him. I apologize for confusing the report but it was not done intentionally. Fox was often covered with the red clay mud and this would act like a camouflage to his true, deep black color. I had honestly thought that I had told he had some dried mud on him at the time and that the hair on his butt and privates were discolored due to this factor.

All of the Bigfoot, or at least those I was privileged to see on our property, have this same discoloration around their butts and privates and i have always assumed that this is because they don't wipe themselves the way we do and they get very filthy in their hair around these areas. The Bigfoot do pee and poop on themselves from time to time, especially the females, as they have to pee running stains on them. They do not always squat to use the bathroom. It just runs down their legs and this seems to have the ability to discolor their hair in these areas. I have even seen fecal matter hanging from the butt hair from time to time. They do bathe in the creek and i think this helps out with sanitary

measures to some extent.

Their jaw is akin to a strong jawed man. The head and face are Neanderthal looking except for the one ridge around the head itself. This ridge, felt by the hands and not visible to the naked eye, is underneath the skin and feels like a raised ring about a fourth of an inch out and an inch wide which circles the head above a sloping forehead. It is terribly hard to describe without touching it and seeing it. Since it is under their hair maybe their skull is simply made that way. They really do have this one inch ring all around the top of their head, under the hair and above the ridge of the forehead. That is why I think people think the Bigfoot are cone headed. From what I have witnessed their heads are not coned in any specific sense of the word. The back of the skull is more round than our heads, but not round like a basketball, as our heads are more flat in the back than theirs are.

Now like I said before, the babies do not have much hair when they are small. It grows in on them. They look like a human child would at first, or at least they did, when Sheba brought them out for the first time. The babies may have been a few weeks old at the time Sheba would bring them out, but they didn't have much hair at all for several months after birth. Sheba's babies did have necks that are longer than an adult's appear to be too, because for some reason their necks look as if they shrink with age. The older their babies get, the less prominent the neck appears. I have no answer as to why this is so.

The Bigfoot here have eyes that are like ours except they are almond shaped and huge. They are not out of proportion with their faces and their eyes are large just like a big human's eyes would normally be. There is very little white that shows in the corners of their eyes.

Their eyes seem to function like ours do, except the pupil and iris dilate more during the daylight hours. This appears to me like their iris can actually dilate too and looks quite strange. I have noticed that during the evenings when the sun is low or going down, that much more white shows in the Bigfoot's eye than any white part of the eye will show during sunny daylight hours. The last time I noticed Fox's eyes, they sort of acted like a cat's pupil would when the light would hit them, just like the pupils shrink, similar to the way a cat's eye does when it gets excited, like from side to side, not round like ours do.

I had never noticed that before until now as I had remembered their eyes being like ours in appearance,. I had never before this taken note of their eyes shrinking a bit like a cat's pupil will. Here, I'm talking about the pupil of their eyes, not the iris, which seems to act like a cat's eye does. The iris appears to act like our pupil will when shrinking. Their pupils are definitely black and reflect light like we do in the eyes and sometimes making their pupil's look a dark charcoal in color.

The females around here were always shorter than the males and they don't look to weigh as much except for old Sheba as she was a bit fat. Sheba was funny looking compared to the rest. Maybe females just look the way Sheba did, but she was different in many ways and in her appearance from others I saw. It would be hard to draw her correctly and I would not ask anyone to try it.

Sheba looked like she may have been in a fight at one time or another with a big cat of some kind. She was badly scared in her face. There were deep scars from gashes on her cheeks and she had scars like this on her right arm also, where no hair grew over the scars. Something must have tangled with her at one time or another, this is certain. It didn't appear to affect the use of her arm at all, or if it did, she could use her right arm as well as she could the other arm. Sheba's teeth were horrible.

Two of her teeth are missing on the left front side of her mouth. Her other teeth are somewhat decayed

and in general, her teeth looked like they were stained a grayish yellow color. Sheba would be hard to sketch right without doing her teeth correctly. When Sheba opens her mouth it makes her look more like an animal than any of the others. From a distance she looks like any other Bigfoot, but up close, she is a real frightening sight to behold. The scars are bad enough without her teeth in such bad condition.

Sheba was not much taller than my Papaw and he was 5 ft. 11 in. tall, so she must have been close to 6 ft. 6 in. tall, or thereabouts. Blackie was the tallest one at almost 9 feet the last time I saw him and Toby was around 5 ft. 8 inches tall the last time I saw him. The other females are between 6 to 7 feet tall. I may be off by a few inches on each of them but it is close enough to get them right without actually measuring them. I can just see me out there with a tape measure trying to get their height and dimensions!

Fox's teeth have a slightly yellow tinge to them, unlike Sheba's which are really horrible looking. Her face always looked like it was in a frown and that should help anyone visualize what she looked like with those awful scars. When she smiled, it was always a lopsided smile. I would not like anyone to draw Sheba as she truly looked because she would look almost nightmarish in appearance.

People want to think of the Bigfoot as they do an ape. One should think human and hairy, not ape and hairy. Therein is the problem. They don't look like an ape as much as they do a bear in the hair department. They are bear humans in a way.

There were other Bigfoot that appeared almost hairless. They are the same height as the other Bigfoot. The females are birth-a-butts too and look made for child bearing. These hairless ones are the same in height and weight as the ones with hair. Their necks appear to be shrunk in too, like they have no necks at all. As best as I can remember, but I can't say for certain it is a fact, but the hairless ones seemed to ripple with bulk and muscle or at least one flaky-looking male did. He looked like a body builder would with the rib cage really tight looking and the muscles rippled over his stomach area. Also, his head was not pointed in the least as he did not have hair on it, but I remember something that looked funny to me.

His back skull looked bigger and longer than humans do. It looked like it sloped out and curved around to the back of his short neck. It was like he had a larger brain than we do or something? That is about all I can remember of him. I didn't know him so I never really got a great look at him. He was here only a few weeks to a month or so and he never really showed up much until dusk anyway. There was only one time that he came out in daylight where I could see him clearly. Also for the record, I never saw any Bigfoot eating each other not even the hairless ones.

**Janice wrote twice about the hairless Bigfoot she saw and here is her second description of what the male looked like.**

The hairy and hairless Bigfoot are sort of odd looking in their own respect. I've only seen two in all the time we have had them around us close enough to see what they looked like. To me one looked to have a cave man type look. It was one of the strange males that showed up here once and it took Cheeco as a mate, I think, as that was when she went missing. She was the young female of Fox and Sheba's that had her fingers cut off in the hay lift belt. She went missing about the time that odd looking male showed up that had no hair on him.

Maybe he had mange or something else wrong with him? All I know was that he didn't have hair except in the ordinary places that a human man would have, but the hair in those places was longer

than a human mans were. He had a funny shaped head too as it did not have the hair on it either and he looked sort of flaky in the skin, like a person with a severe case of dandruff would. Maybe this is the best I can think of as a way to describe him.

He was naked too and his skin tone was sort of like a cross between a black persons and a brown type of color with some pink splotches in and around the shoulders and all as best as I could see him. He was maybe 200 feet or better away from my tree over in the field there and I was up in the tree too. I could not see his privates and only made out parts of him when he got closer.

He never came past the area where the old tree line ended. He was on the side that he Bigfoot is crossing in the cat picture there about at the same area, but just a bit closer. He looked flaky as his skin looked like it had a scaly appearance. Sort of off color scaly look with a dull color of a brown pink white type coloring to parts of the flaking areas. I've never seen one like he was before or afterwards so I can't really describe him to well.

The other one was a young female that showed up with the clan once and stayed for only a few weeks. She looked like the others except she didn't have a lot of hair just hair on her upper arms and across her shoulders and on her legs and privates and under her arms and on her head. She had a light type of hair dusting is the best way to describe her. There was hair but it was much shorter and a lot less thick in appearance, like a hairy type woman that maybe has never shaved except for the hair on her upper arms and the shoulders. Her legs had hair too, by the way. She looked almost exactly like the man in the picture of the Neanderthal Stan sent that time to us that is in the book he gave us that night at the motor lodge.

The only difference was the shape of her head which was like Fox and Sheba's and the groups and that she was big and more long armed and sort of funny looking for one of them. I always wondered if maybe she could have been a cross between a Bigfoot and a human. She looked more like one of us as far as the hair went and she was just plain human looking, if you know what I mean. She was wild and Papaw didn't ever attempt to get any closer than maybe a few 100 yards away from her.

She would pick up things, and I say things, because it was just whatever happened to be handy, and would throw them at you with deadly accurate aim. She hit me once with a rock in the center of the back, and once with a clod of dirt in the top of my head. I don't know if she intended to hurt me or not, but that rock stung like crazy and I had a synthetic fur type coat on at the time. It was in the winter or the late fall she was here because it was colder weather. She was not around for too long like I said, only a few weeks or a month or so. Don't know where she came from or where she went to. I never saw any of the males do anything with her but Sheba and Cheeco did not like her at all. They would take every type of opportunity to hit her and run her off from the group. They threw things at her.

The males didn't bother her at all as they would let her near them. Blackie even gave her some of his food once and shared with her. He had buried something from the scraps

Papaw gave them and then dug it up and gave it to her. They do bury some of their food at times. What they buried was mostly the meat Papaw gave them and they would dig it back up after a few days and eat it. And they always buried it in the edge of the woods under the moss that is a bright green color. That is the only two I ever seen that did not have hair like the rest.

### **Descriptions of Individual Bigfoot.**

When I was young Fox was the picture of health. He stands at 7 and 1/2 feet tall when fully erect. Starting with his face and working around. Fox has a high forehead and a ridge brow that sticks out over his eyes. This ridge brow does not slope but continues around to the sides of his head in a straight line. There is another ridge under the hair on the head that is about an inch wide and sticks out about a fourth of an inch. This ridge circles the head. This second ridge cannot be seen with the naked eye under the hair, but I know it is there because I have felt it. Fox does have eyebrows that are thick and bushy.

His hairline starts above his ridge brow on the upper part of his high forehead and circles around next to his temples area and down sloping to his beard. His cheeks are circles around next to his temples area and down sloping to his beard. His cheeks are exposed and he has high cheek bones. He has pudgy cheeks like a chipmunk's when they are packed full of food. His skin is a flat leather black in color. The skin does not show shiny or flaky. The only time it is sort of shiny is when he sweats or he is in direct sunlight then it will have a shine to it. The skin is not marked with any wrinkles or pock marks in it.

However, there are worry lines in the forehead like a human will have. His skin coloring is much darker than a black persons is. Fox has almond shaped eyes that set to the sides of his nose like any humans does. His eye's irises are a pretty clear blue color, the clearest blue I have ever seen on a human or an animal before. He has a slit of a pupil like unto that of a cat's that opens to roundness in sunlight. In the eye is something that works like a reptile's membrane that will close over the eye and open when he gets excited. This extra eyelid, as I now call it, is transparent and one can see the eye under it. I do not know what its actual function is except to guess that it may help keep sunlight and dust out of the eye.

Fox has a big nose that is in proportion with the rest of his build and the bridge of the nose runs straight into the brow ridge. The nostrils are big and spread out over the face somewhat like that an aborigine's will, only wider. Fox's lips are big but give the appearance of being rather thin. His teeth are like a human's and the eye teeth on top are longer than ours but are not pointed. The teeth are about the size in thickness to that of horse's teeth. They are just like ours and do not hang out of the lip when the mouth is closed or out of the mouth when it is open. Fox has a thin upper lip hair of a whiskers type. Not whiskers like an animal but like a man's, only thinner over the upper lip. These whiskers slope downwards toward the beard. The beard is full and about 4 inches long but it does grow and I think he may keep it trimmed by breaking the hair off at times to a certain length.

The beard covers a strong lower jaw that has a roundness except for coming to a chin that is round and not as pointed as a humans, but there is a chin. When I was younger and Fox was younger too, his hair on his body was a shiny black that cast a blue tint in the sunlight. It must be said that the first time when I ran into his leg at the back of his knee that he did have dried red clay mud on him giving him the appearance of being black with a brown hue to his hair. These blue highlights are only on his upper body around his head and shoulders. Fox and all of our Bigfoot would cake themselves in the red clay mud upon occasion and this works very well as a camouflage when they stand next to or behind trees in the woods.

However in the privates there is some slight discoloration caused by the fact that the male and female Bigfoot urinate upon themselves at times. This causes the hair in this area to look a reddish brown if the Bigfoot is black or brown. The tan Bigfoot we had, Toby, had a yellowing in his private area from urinating on himself. The back skull is more rounded than a human's on Fox and all our Bigfoot, but not round like a ball.

Humans have more flatness to the back of the head than do our Bigfoot. Fox has a mane around a very short neck. This mane adds texture to his neck and allows one to say that the head does not sit flat on the shoulders of Fox or any of our Bigfoot here as all have this mane.

Fox has long arms. The upper area is very strong and has muscles that bulge but is shorter than the forearm that also has muscles that stick out in back and looks very human except for the length of it. The hand is exactly like that of a human's with long fat looking fingers that have fingernails like humans except they are thick and are colored dark under them and are dark at the ends that overhang the flesh.

Fox displays a longer body with the muscles over the chest very strong looking and what I term as last over the ribs and stomach area. All males look like this in the body. The females are not of the same body build at all. They do not display chest muscles and rib muscles and stomach muscles at all, they are rather plump and have human looking breasts.

Fox has long legs with a flat behind leading into the upper leg. The upper leg is thick and displays muscles. The knee of Fox is exposed and has some calluses on them like whitish black colored calluses. Like someone that crawls on their knees a lot. The lower leg is longer in appearance than the upper leg and has bulging muscles in the calf area.

The ankle is the same as a humans and connects to his foot the same as any human's connect to their foot. The ankle bone on the inside and outside of the foot sticks out. His foot is long and is wide at the front and tapers some to the heel. The bottom of the foot is flat and has calluses on it on both feet. The toes are fat looking and long too, looking like a human's very much. However the toes do not descend exactly like ours will. They are all more even with one another. The little toe is carried on top of the one next to it most of the time but when it touches the ground it sort of rolls to the outside in a track.

After so many years Fox now looks more like an older man will with more face wrinkles and he appears to be sunken of cheeks and his upper lip droops. He has lost some of his head hair and facial hair but not to the extent of going completely bald.

All male Bigfoot look pretty much the same here in appearances body wise. The facial features may be a little different but they are pretty much of the same look. Blackie was leaner than old Fox ever was and Toby was a bit plump in the stomach when he was little but he developed a flatter firmer stomach as he grew up.

All Bigfoot hair lines on their hands and feet stop at different places. Some have hair that cover the feet and top of their hands. Others have very thin hair on their hands and feet, while yet others have very little hair on the hands and feet and some even have no hair on the hands and feet.

The females are heavysset once they have children and when they are of child bearing age their hips are built for birthing. The young female is very slender and has flatter hips. Some females have hair on their breasts and some don't. Sheba did not have hair on her breasts and none of her children did either when they developed. The young female before she develops breasts has hair that is rather thick on her chest and over her breast area.

this is about all I can think to add to descriptions. If you will use this and the descriptions given in comparisons with Patty and the ones I sent before we should have them all described pretty well.

## **Undercoat Hair?**

Bigfoot do have two coats of hair, an outer and an undercoat. They do and I know this for a well-known fact. I know from experience what a Bigfoot's hair is and feels and looks like. I don't care who tells you that a Bigfoot don't have an undercoat of hair, if it is the real thing, I'll know it.

(Dr. Henner Fahrenbach on undercoat hair.)

An undercoat is NOT defined by just having a thick, soft, wooly hair cover, but it means there are TWO anatomically distinct types of hair present in the coat. The distinction is sometimes visible in hand, but usually requires microscopic examination. The guard hairs are thick, moderately long, with a long taper, with a medulla, often with predictably located constrictions or expanded sections and often color banding. The comparable undercoat in that animal would have hairs about a fifth to a tenth as thick, all the same type, no longitudinal variance and a minute medulla of a practically generic type. Thus, mammals can be generally distinguished by their guard hairs, but if you had only the undercoat, you would be unable to identify the origin.

Primates do not have that distinction between guard hairs and undercoat. It could possibly be said that ALL the primate hair represents undercoat, because hairs are largely the same in any one species. They will vary in thickness, length and color, even in medulla on one and the same individual animal, but they are the same from one end to the other and are NOT guard hairs in the zoological sense.

So if the Sasquatch has a nice, soft, wooly coat of hair, it should be called just that, because the term undercoat implies the presence of guard hairs. Needless to say, all the samples of presumptive Sasquatch hair that I have collected over the years consist each of only ONE type of hair and I have yet to see anything to indicate the existence of guard hairs. When I get a big sample of hair, I will pay some special attention to this, but hardly think that a Sasquatch would deviate in that fashion.

## **The Male Bigfoot's Sexual Organ**

A Bigfoot's penis is like a human man's. On Fox, his was about 8 inches long when limp and hung downwards in his hair on his groin area. It is bare of hair from the base to the tip of it. It is noticeable even when it isn't erect. You can see the testicles if you are close enough to one of them. Their sexual organs are the same as a human male's would be, but covered in longer curlier-like hair than a human male's are. If you stand off up to twenty or so feet away from them, then the male's sexual organs are not that noticeable because they blend in with the color of their hair. The penis also looks like a human male's that hasn't been circumcised. It has a foreskin in other words.

I don't know for sure but I say it is about 3 or 4 inches around at the base and tapers off just a bit at the top when limp. It looks huge even when limp. The one time I got a really good look at Fox's penis was when it was erect and this was right before he mated with Sheba. It looked like it was maybe 12 to 14 inches long at that time and about 5 inches at the middle and 4 inches around at the top of the tip. It was really long and about as big around as my arm is at the wrist at its tip.

Upon reflection I used a tape measure to measure my wrist and it is 6 inches around. So therefore Fox's penis was that size around when he was erect. I know it looked like he would kill a woman with it if he had ever tried to rape one. I can only say that Fox was huge all over. Blackie, on the other hand, had a much smaller penis. His looked about the size of a large man's, around 8 inches long when erect and no more than 4 inches around, tops. He was not that noticeable when it was limp because it drew

up to a 2 inch maximum length and looked about 2 inches around. When I say that it drew up, I mean that it looked like it drew into him or something. It is most difficult for me to describe exactly how this looks. It stood up when limp instead of hanging down next to his groin. Maybe he was a bit deformed or something? Toby's was like Fox's and not as long as maybe it was 10 inches erect and 4 inches around and when limp was around 4 or 5 inches long and hung down too. Toby's testicles were the most noticeable because he had rather white looking skin there that showed through his hair. Toby was the tan baby of Sheba's.

The more I think about it the more I think Toby was by some other Bigfoot besides Fox unless they are like the horse in genes. If you breed two black horses together you get a light gray, white looking colt, not a black one. If you breed a brown horse with a black horse you get a brown colt or a dark bay. Only by breeding a white horse to a black horse will you get a black colt. Anyway, the strange males that came around those few times looked the same as Fox and the rest of the males on the farm from afar. I never got close to them enough to exactly tell how large they were, but I could tell from a long ways that they were definitely males.

### **Other Notes of Interest on the Bigfoot's Appearance**

This isn't about the boys but it may interest you to know this. Sheba's breasts were bare of hair starting at her chest. The other female that Blackie had as a mate, she had hair on her breasts except for her nipples. I know that Sheba's daughter that had her fingers cut off didn't have hair on her breast when she got older either. Just that mate of Blackie's had hair on her breasts. I don't know what made the difference in the three females' breasts, and if it is some inherited trait or not for some females to have hairy breasts and others not to have hair on their breasts.

(Added Note: Janice has stated that the Bigfoot females' breasts that she has seen are not as ample as "Patti's," the famous female Bigfoot in the Patterson/Gimlin film footage. Patti was filmed in the Pacific Northwest and her breast look very full, heavy, and pendulous, but not at all out of proportion for her size. I wonder then, if Patti was actually nursing at the time she was filmed, thereby showing a much fuller breast. However, Janice still contends that all of the adult females she has seen on their farm were not so well endowed in their breasts and she has certainly seen them breastfeed many times throughout the years.)

I did not see them defecate but a few times and they just do so whenever the notion hits them. They squat like we would to do this and they don't ordinarily wipe. Once I watched Sheba wipe with some type of leaves. They do seem a bit embarrassed about letting it fly in front of people. They will pee in front of you. The males hold their penis like a man would and sort of aim it out. They are the ones that let it drip on them when they finish peeing. They pee a blue stream. The females squat to pee and sometimes it will hit their legs and drip down on them. Once in a while the females won't squat to pee, they will stand up to do it and it runs down their legs unless they spread their legs wide apart.

Before mating, the males will smell and lick the female's privates at times. They seem to couple when the female is coming off of her monthly most of the time. Then in between the times of her monthly they will also mate, and yes, the females do have monthlies. They let this get all over them on their bottoms and legs. I don't know if you would call it a monthly or not as it usually happens more like ever 6 to 8 weeks than every month. They do try to hide when having sex and they do it in the missionary position and from behind, doggy style.

(Note: I questioned Janice again about the females having a monthly cycle as human females do. I wanted to be positively certain of this fact for several different reasons that I won't go into here. This is



her return answer.)

Yes, I am positively certain they have a monthly. I always thought it was odd that they did not have sex or even mess around with each other so to speak when the female was on her monthly, because every other animal I know of gives off an arousing smell to its mate during this time except us humans. Also, except for heat cycles when the male animals are enticed to female animals, they do not show interest in the female of their species except during their heat cycle and not immediately afterward. I don't think monkeys even show interest in the female monkey unless she is in heat but since I do not know this for certain, I can't state this as a fact. As far as I know, only humans show interest in the female when she is just doing her everyday thing. That is one reason I said they are human. Think about it. They have to be real close to us, or at least be some sort of human beings. The end of Sheba's cycle. She also described to me at another time the "horrible odor" of Sheba's that was similar in smell to a paper mill factory in operation. Allowing that Janice was quite young when she watched their sexual behavior for the most part, she now reflects as to the reason why Fox showed no interest in Sheba and has come to the conclusion that this was a sign of hominid activity, therefore the Bigfoot must be very close to human in their sexual behavior.)

### **Breeding**

Sheba would breed throughout the year as there didn't seem to be any certain time of the year that she wouldn't allow Fox to breed her. She would either accept or deny him if he showed his intentions to breed with her. She would always try to lead Fox off into the private areas of the woods to copulate as seldom did I watch them breed in the open. I have seen Sheba absolutely refuse to give in to Fox's demands and at other times, she seemed quite willing to go into the woods with him. At the times when she was willing, she did not raise any fuss at all. There were a few times that she unwillingly gave in though and was even unable to stop him from breeding her in the open where I could watch them. I have no way of being certain on that though.

I did keep track of when Sheba had her babies when I was younger. She usually had the young in the spring most of the time, but once she had one in November in her later years. I do know that once when I knew she had bred to the male (Fox) that I wrote it in the calendar and the little one showed up with her, being born exactly 11 months later from that date. This is only a thought, because I'm not sure, but they may carry them the same amount of time that we do or a month longer. Just because I saw Sheba breed with Fox and eleven months later the baby was born, does not make it true that she carried the baby a full eleven months. It is highly possible that she did though because Sheba did not bring the babies out for Papaw to see until they were a few weeks old.

Sheba had seven children over the years that I know of. Most of them didn't stick around after they were around eight years old. Young males kept coming for the females at around the eight-year mark so this should mean without a doubt that the females are sexually mature by that age. I do not know where these males came from, however, or how close by they were to us.

Only two of the young males born to Fox and Sheba ever stayed on the farm for any amount of time with their mother and father. The first males that actually stayed with Fox and Sheba were one of the original twins, Blackie, and also, Toby, a light tan male. Toby was with Sheba the last I saw her. The other young male did have a female come to him and join their group.

We, Papaw and I, never did get up to close to her. She was aggressive and the old male, Fox, had to keep her in line. He did the bossing not her young mate, Blackie. We never named that female either. She got so she would just stride off if we approached the others after a while. She never would eat

anything we put out for them either. I was really scared of her. She was very nasty acting and always had that bad odor to her. We should have called her Stinky. She was brown like the old female, just a little lighter than Sheba.

There was another male that didn't belong to Sheba and Fox that hung around with them and was friendly enough for us to get near him but not near enough to touch him. He would not allow Papaw or I to get close enough to him to touch him as Fox and the others did from time to time. He was almost a rusty-white tan in color. I think he may have died after a few years because he was awfully ill one winter in the middle 1980's and he was gone the next spring. That winter he coughed a lot and would bend double in the middle. Papaw called him Shaggy and he was that all right. He was matted when he was sick that winter. I think he was the one Lila saw under the trailer that summer or fall curled up in the fetal position and acting awfully sick, now that I think of it. I had almost forgotten about him.

He was only with the group from 1984 until maybe 1988 or early 1989. He liked one of the young females of Fox's and Sheba's but she wasn't old enough or just didn't like him. She wouldn't let him mate or have anything much to do with him. Fox may have hurt him in some way because he liked to try to fight Shaggy away from the family and his daughter. Shaggy would cow down to Fox or at least hunch down and look up pleadingly at him. Anyway, that is all of them I can think of except the one that tried to steal Sheba away from Fox every now and then. This male was not around except once or twice and he didn't stay long enough to get her away from Fox either. He got the crap beat out of him once. The whole gang jumped him the last time. He never did come back after that. He was big and brown and younger than Fox was in appearance but he also was nasty smelling and not groomed well. It is also possible that Papaw injured him because he took his shotgun and shot at this intruding male twice in order to help the family run him off. Fox had gotten hurt pretty bad during the ensuing fight. This intruding male even hit Sheba and that is what caused the whole gang to jump on him. (NOTE: See "Bigfoot Fight Over Sheba" and also read "Information From the Past")

### **Appearance of the Babies**

The young females went missing at around the age of 5 years old. They are about five-feet to five and one half feet tall at this time and they don't have breasts yet. The females would just turn up missing. Old two fingers, as I'll call her, returned without any obvious mate with a baby at around ten or so years old. I'm not sure how Papaw would have spelled her name but this is the way I would spell it. Her name was Chico and it is pronounced as Chee-Co. I don't know what language it is but it means something-flower. It is an odd sounding name when they say it and when you say it too, if you ask me. So I'd say that the females are in a stage of puberty at age five or six as to the males being at puberty when they reach eight or nine years of age. The females seem to develop faster than the males do.

One thing I don't think I have mentioned before and I just now thought of this, the babies have a hard head when they are very small. In other words they don't have a soft spot like a human being baby does. Their heads are just round and hard as a brick. But then again, they are really rather small when the mother gives birth to them. It looks or seems to me that a child's head that does not have a soft spot in it would not give enough for it to come down the track of the birthing canal very easily. It seems to me like its skull would not give or cone, so to speak, for it to be born. The more I think about this the odder it seems for the Bigfoot to have hard heads when they are babies. Their necks, and they do have necks when they are small, are so flimsy it seems like they would break if the head did not cone for them to be born. It may be that a female Bigfoot is big in the private parts too so she can give birth easier than we can to a hard headed baby. I know that Sheba and the females on the farm were what I always called birth-a-butts, built to have babies so to speak.

(Note: Obviously the female Bigfoot have very widespread hips and large bottoms for Janice to call them birth-a- butts. It's an odd description, but probably an apt one.)

### **Bigfoot Walking on All Fours.**

When our Bigfoot walked in quadruped fashion, down on all fours, their knees bend in under the body, not out to the side, and they are not level in the body carriage but their butts go up and down while they move, as in the nature that ours would if we were to go on all fours. They do not turn their elbows out and their arms don't look that ling when in this position because they keep their arms slightly bent too.

### **Fight Over Sheba**

I can't remember the exact date this happened but I was around twelve or so. This other wild brown Bigfoot came to the property and was snooping around Sheba. Fox would run him back from the rest by charging at him for a while. This other male looked younger than Fox. He was taller too, but not heavier. Fox would have outweighed him by a good two hundred pounds I think. Sheba wouldn't have anything to do with the other male. She ignored his advances as best she could. The thing that started the fight was when Fox was off sleeping, hunting somewhere or doing something else, as he was not with Sheba, Blackie and Toby at the tie.

I may have been thirteen years old at the time. Anyway, this strange brown male sneaked up on Sheba while she was sitting at the outside edge of the field and woods. She was nursing Toby and making cooing noises to it. I guess she didn't hear the other male coming up on her. Blackie was in the field playing army man or at least that is what he looked like when he was crawling on his belly through the high grass. (Note: Blackie would have been four or five years old at this time.)

This other male grabbed Sheba by the upper arm really tight it looked like and jerked her to her feet. Sheba had the baby in her arms and the arm that this male grabbed let loose of the baby. She was sort of fraying that arm and jerking it with her body away from the male. He then hit her in the head with his free fist or hand. I'm not sure which it was as I was in my big tree in the field behind the house at that time. I was not in my pine tree across the road from the house, but in the one in the same field they were in.

All I knew was he hit her hard because I could hear the lick when it made contact. She let the baby fall to the ground and she acted like it nearly knocked her to the ground when he hit her. He started dragging her by her arm, it was her left arm, and she sort of came too and let out a scream that sounded like a woman that is being murdered.

Blackie must have come running from his place in the field, I guess, as I wasn't paying any attention to him at that precise time. He was screaming too. All of a sudden Fox came charging at top speed from the trees on all fours and hit the other male in the lower legs like a football player would do by rolling into someone's lower legs. That is the closest thing that it looked like Fox did to what a human would do. The force of the hit took the other male down and knocked Sheba down too.

I don't know if it pushed the strange male into Sheba or if Fox hit her too. It all happened so quickly I could not tell you how Sheba went down. Fox didn't make a sound as he came out of those woods either. Not one peep. I couldn't hear him coming or else Sheba's and Blackie's screams were drowning his charging out one.

Fox was going so fast he actually ran and rolled past the other two before he got stopped. He raised up on his feet and turned to fight. The other male was on all fours by now and Fox jumped him from behind and wrapped his arms around the other male's neck, just like a wrestler holds on to someone. That is what it looked like and Fox had one arm under the strange male's neck and Fox's other hand was locking the arm around the neck tight.

They went down on the ground and were rolling around and struggling with each other. I decided to get out of there and was climbing back down out of my tree by then. When I reached the ground they were hitting each other with their fists and lower arms. I stood there with my mouth hanging open for a while I guess and watched like I was a frozen dummy.

I just couldn't believe the noises and the loud roars and screams. All of them were screaming. Sheba had gotten her baby back from the place it fell and was out of the range of the fight but she was still screaming wildly. Blackie was running in with some club of a tree limb he had gotten from somewhere and he was hitting the other male and trying to help Fox out.

I think Blackie hit Fox too by mistake a couple of times. Blackie got hit too or else he stumbled while I watched as I saw him go down twice too. The dirt, tufts of ground and fur were flying. The noises they were all making were ungodly. Those screams sounded like a bunch of sirens all going off at once. They were hitting and screaming and kicking.

I ran to the house as fast as I could get to it. It scared me to death. The screaming was what scared me so bad, not the fight. The males were making this deep roaring sound and their hits sounded like thunder. I've never heard anything that loud and that brutal before or after. I didn't watch more than this as I sent inside the house.

Papaw had the gun in the yard when I got there and as I went inside he was headed to the field with it. I know he shot twice before he got to the Bigfoot, as I heard the report from his shotgun. I don't know if it is so or not but Papaw said he shot the other male twice in the middle of his gut. I do know that particular male was never around anywhere ever again. Papaw said later that he and Fox ran him off for good and he'd never be back. I don't know if Papaw and Fox killed the other male or not. They may have just messed him up really bad.

Anyway, the next thing any of us knew, two law officers in separate vehicles showed up at the garage. Papaw went out to greet them and they told him that the neighbors, who live at the highway, Ruth and Whit, called them. Ruth and Whit heard all the noises coming from our place and thought that someone was being murdered. Papaw told the law officers that nothing was going on. One of them left but an officer named Stump Hicks stuck around for a cup of coffee. Papaw told him what really happened then and confessed that he shot the other male. That is how I know Papaw did shoot the intruding male because he told Stump that he did.

Stump is the one that I don't know his first real name as he and his brother went by Stump and Pop (withheld). Stump just said that he and Papaw should go look and make sure that Papaw hadn't killed the Bigfoot he shot at. The two went off over in the field and the woods and looked around and when they came back Stump shook Papaw's hand and left. That was all there ever was to the incident as far as the law being called went.

After Stump left, Papaw gathered up some things to fix Fox up. He gathered up some iodine and this purple type of spray medicine we used on the horses when they got cuts on them, and some bandages, and this stuff that is called Bag Balm that we used on the cattle for chapped teats when milking them.

He then left the house and went and doctored old Fox up.

One thing I should mention here is that my Papaw swore by Bag Balm and claimed it would heal anything up that you put it on. They now sell it as an antiseptic and wound dressing today in pharmaceutical stores. I know that years ago, Papaw wrote the FDA and told them that it was a "cure it all" type of salve and it should be marketed for things other than cattle. Papaw used it on me a lot of times and I have used it since to help deep cuts heal faster. I know that comfrey will heal you up too. (NOTE: the herb comfrey has long been noted for its healing powers.)

Papaw gave Fox special treatment for around three or four weeks after that and kept him doctored up. In the fight, Fox received cuts on his right arm and also on his legs. I won't swear to this but I think Fox also broke the middle portion of his forearm. I know Papaw said it did and he placed a splint type of thing on that arm for Fox. This too was when Fox got really friendly with Papaw.

What I mean by this is that he would let Papaw do anything he wanted to with him. Papaw could always touch Fox on the hand before this but after Papaw attended to Fox's injuries, he could touch Fox any place he liked too. This was also when Sheba let Papaw start touching her really good too. The Bigfoot then started grooming Papaw too. When I say groom, they would brush his hair with their fingers. Bigfoot never groom as the apes do, picking off insects and stuff, they simply run their fingers through the hair on each other's heads and bodies.

Fox even let Papaw take out big splinters in his hands after this with a needle we used on the cattle to give them shots with. Papaw and the Bigfoot became closer after this fight with the strange male. They were close before but they really got friendly after that. I think too that this is when they really started coming to the house a lot more often. I know the time Papaw was in the road and Fox was watching over him that he wasn't going to let anything happen to Papaw. Fox liked Papaw really well. More like a relationship between brothers than between an animal or beast and a man. That is about all I can give you on this incident.

### **Questions Submitted to Janice**

1. Did you ever see the Bigfoot building or using nests on the ground or in trees?
2. Did you ever see them building or using shelters?
3. Did you ever see them climbing trees?
4. Do you know of any caves near the farm?
5. Have you ever seen the Bigfoot swimming?

Janice's answers:

The Bigfoot young were more apt to climb trees and play in them. I never saw Fox in a tree except on the lower branches of an old oak tree once. Sheba could climb one in a minute if she was after a bird. Yes, she would catch and eat birds and steal their eggs out of the nest if she could get to them. If the nest was too high for her to reach safely in the tree because of her weight, she would send one of the young Bigfoot up to get the eggs. They climb really well but use their hands and arms to hoist themselves up like people do. One time Blackie broke the eggs he went after before he got down out of the tree and Sheba scolded him for it, or at least that looked like what she was doing. She was shaking her fist at him.

I did see them make a nest and use them to sleep in and set in. One was under two cedar trees that

grew over a large rock and they piled up branches and brush at one side of it and used the other side as an opening. They put straw and dried leaves in it to sleep on. They built another tree limb place down next to the old spring and it sort of was in the shape of a teepee. Fox used this shelter a lot more than the others did. They had one built but I didn't see them build it, in the top of the hay loft on an overhang that was higher up than the hay loft itself. It was made of straw and cedar branches they drug in. Lila and I used to play in the shelter they built between the two cedar trees over the rock when we were little. They finally let us have it to ourselves. They were building things or should I say placing tree limbs n different shapes all over the property. I don't know if these were markers of some sort or they used them as shelters. They liked to bed down in the hay a lot of time that was in the old barn. This was not on our property, but at the neighbors, Birdie's. Fox used her cellar and had placed sticks and leaves and corn husks in the far corner of the root cellar there and was down there a lot when Birdie went down to get the vegetables she kept there. He had a regular bed made there in the dry. He may have used it like it was a cave, I don't know.

There are or were three caves on the farm when I was young. Two entrances over the years have fallen in. The third is still accessible by a low entrance. It opens up after you get in it. I know it goes for miles because some of the kids around the community and I went exploring it when we were teenagers and we went back for two miles and didn't find the end of it. It has areas that branch off from the main tunnel too. There is or was a lot of old Indian stuff down there. We brought out some pottery and arrowheads and spear tips. We even found an arrow in there once. There are also paintings of horses and things on the rocks and walls. Just that cave is interesting enough without a Bigfoot being in it. I don't know why I've never gone back down in it after I grew up. Sort of spooky to try it without someone along with you I guess, is probably why I haven't gone back in it.

There is a cave about a mile from the old farm that is on one of the other neighbor's property that I know of. I also know that hunters complain that their dogs won't go after anything that goes near that cave. They say the dogs turn tail and run back to them or for their trucks. It is near the creek in the woods near a cane break in there, wild sugar cane that is.

At the cabin in Tellico there are a bunch of caves all over that mountain and the bear use them too, so you need to be careful. There is one over on the other side of where we walked back in the woods behind the cabin, that a mama bear uses a lot. As for them swimming, I seen one of them in the creek and I could not tell you which one because I didn't stick around long enough to tell, they raised up from under the water and it scared me and I ran. I was fishing at the old baptizing hole at the time and this Bigfoot must have swam under water for a good way for me not to have noticed it going in the water. It just jumped up from under the water in front of the place I was fishing and really startled me. I did see them bathing and swimming at other times. They are good at holding their breath. They mostly swim under water. they float on the top of the water on their backs sort of and their feet and butts keep sinking on them when they do this. I have never seen them doing any swimming like a human person would do. They swim and dive under water but don't do the stroke.

They grab fish with a lightning quickness if they get them with their hands. They miss the fish a lot of times. Fish I guess are faster than they are. I know they are faster than I am. Papaw used to claim you could tickle the fish on their stomach and they would be paralyzed so you could pick them right out of the water. He could actually do this feat, but I have no idea how he did it. He never used a fishing pole or a rod if he took me fishing. He'd do this a lot on the river, just wade in up to his thighs and stand there with his hand and arm under the water for a while, all of a sudden he'd throw a fish up on the bank for us to clean and take home. He loved to trout fish this way. Said he learned this from some old Indian he knew. Whether he did or not, Papaw knew how to catch fish with his bare hands.

I'm sorry, but the truth is that my Papaw had some highly unusual traits and ways about him. He would tell what you thought was the biggest lie you had ever heard of, and then he would show you he could do it and try to show you how it was done. Most of the time he had me so confused trying to teach me how to do something that it's a wonder I learned anything at all.

You should have seen him teaching me to drive the tractor and the old straight shift Ford pickup at 8 years old. I couldn't reach the pedals or see over the dashboard in the truck. He tied wood blocks to my shoes and sat me on some old thick books to drive the truck. I had to stand up on the tractor and bend down to apply the brakes on the thing. It is a wonder I had not fallen off headfirst and that the tractor didn't run over me and kill me.

Papaw did get me hurt a couple of times. Once I fell from the top of the barn while I was hanging tobacco up and I landed in the manure spreader. Thank God I didn't hit the steel spokes on the back of it and that it was full of fresh manure or I would have been killed. I broke my arm. The other time I was caught in the stirrup of the saddle on my horse and it was bucking and I went under her stomach, and she drug me for a mile through a six strand barbed wire fence and back all over the field. Instead of stopping her or trying to catch her, he waited until I finally got loose and then went and got her and made me climb back on and ride her for 30 more minutes. Told me I'd be all right and to get back on that horse and learn how to hang on no matter what. I guess it did teach me to hold on to one that is cutting a shine pretty good, because I've only come off of two others since then.

I broke and trained horses for a living for a long time. I worked for some of the top race horse stable owners around the country, until I had my back broke three times. The third time i lost my T-12 vertebra and I don't fool with breaking other peoples horses any longer. I will break one every once in a while if the price is right. I gentle them, not cowboy them, and it takes around 3 or 4 months to break a good horse this way. It is the way Papaw taught me to do it and the way to keep a horse that has spirit under hand without breaking that spirit which makes a better riding horse.

Yep! Papaw was a sight for sore eyes at times. It is no wonder he was friends with a bunch of Bigfoot. Papaw could be closed mouth at times too. He used to bite the blood out of his tongue if he got mad at something or someone instead of saying something he might later regret saying. He did a lot of other odd things too and pulled some real stunts over the years, too many to mention. Well, I think that answered all of the questions and then some. I do rattle on at times. I am sorry for doing that and not just sticking to the straight and narrow and staying on the point. My mind just starts drifting and I just put it down.

### **Burying Their Dead**

The way I know the Bigfoot bury their dead is because I saw them burying one. They would take food to the grave of the little one they buried for a long time, laying it on top of the grave. I thought this was odd. That is why I said they bury their dead. At least they did that one. They dug a very large hole, or else I thought it was large when I was a child, to place the little dead one in. This baby belonged to Sheba and Fox and it was the third one born to them. They had the twins first and then this one female was born dead.

The dead female was born on the 25th of May, as I know the exact date she came into the world and was dead. No, I didn't see Sheba have her, but I did hear Sheba scream and then scream and whimper a lot right before she showed up with the dead baby. This may sound gross but Sheba still had blood flowing heavily from her privates down her legs.

I'm telling you it seemed to me that they dug that hole at least ten-foot deep and around five-foot long by about four-foot wide. This hole was so deep that I was unable to see the bottom of it from up in an old pine tree where i was watching them from. I was at least forty-feet up in that tree in the very top of it.

The Bigfoot dug that hole mostly with their hands at first, then with pointed sticks they had chewed on. they chewed on those branches for a long time it seemed. they then wedged them down in the ground and dug with them. One would dig and the others threw the dirt out of that hole. They all scooped arm loads up to fill it back in and tromped on the ground and jumped up and down on the grave after they buried it.

I don't remember them crying like we do. I know they howled a lot that night and for a few nights after that about something. I also know that Sheba sat on the grave and threatened the others to come near it for a while thereafter too. The only one she let near was the young one that is Blackie the twin when he needed to nurse her. He was still little I guess at that time. He seemed too big to me to still be nursing, but he was around three or four I think. After he nursed she'd push him away too, and hard. It knocked him down once or else he tripped over something I couldn't see. You have to remember I was in a tree at the time. I'd sit up there and watch them for hours on end.

I know once I went up there at around 9:00 in the morning and Grandma called me all afternoon and I didn't answer her because I didn't want the Bigfoot to leave and I didn't want to go inside to eat. Grandma got a switch to me when I came down at 7:00 that night to go feed the Bigfoot with Papaw as we did every night. She wore me out. I wore stripes for a week that time. I deserved it for not letting her know I was all right. It didn't teach me much at the time as to not going up the tree for hours. I did answer her almost always after that. I can't think of anything else that they did to mourn the little one except they left food on the grave for it. They did this for a long time.

They also would mimic birdcalls and other animal sounds. They also screamed and howled too. They like to do eagle or hawk screams and bob whites (quails) and owl and dogs, pig grunts, hissing sounds, horses whinny, and cattle lowing sounds. Other noises too, just too many to list here. They are good at this mimicking too. If they talked much when they buried that baby I didn't hear them, but you have to remember I was up in the top of an old pine tree. I may not have been able to hear them if they were chatting away to each other. This pine is around 100 feet or better away from that burial site. It was the tallest tree over there at the time so I used it.

The question of how they packed the soil over the grave. they jumped on the ground and stomped on it upright and on all fours. Just jumped around on it really good. I remember thinking that they were going to crush the baby to doodle dust. I thought they were going to kill it for sure if it had not been already dead at the time. I did know what death was at a very early age and did realize the baby was dead. I had to help Papaw find and bury the cattle that died from black leg and also other animals like our dogs, chickens, and cats too. So I knew that it was dead and not going to come back.

### **Covering their Tracks**

They do drag branches to cover their tracks. they dust the tracks out with them. You asked me about the big guys covering their tracks with the tree branches. Once they were traveling around the property and we had hunters coming in the mornings to dove hunt in the fields back then. I t was the night before that they did this. The Bigfoot went into the barn that evening and hid. I don't think they came back out that night, but they may have. Anyway, they had some cedar branches and drug them behind them form the woods and field all the way into the barn. That was around 1979 or 1980 as best as I can



remember. I know it was before I got a certain horse of mine in 1980 so it had to have been then.

Once before this, they did this same thing when they crossed the dirt road that we had at that time in front of our house. It was a long time ago and I don't remember what they were after on the other side of the road. One morning, they just came to the edge of the woods and broke off these pine or some other type of tree limbs (can't remember which kind) and crossed the fence on our side and the fence on the other side. They had walked down the road from the big hill there and came towards the barn. They went over into the neighbor's field and back towards the neighbor's woods, then back toward and near the cave the neighbors have on their property.

Sheba used a tree limb off of an old poplar tree to cover her tracks late one afternoon around maybe one or two when it was hot and in the summer time. She used it to sweep after herself while walking backwards. She walked backwards all the way to where she slept at under the two trees that were over the rock that we called her cave (even though it isn't a real cave). I don't know why she did this but it did make the grass stand back up where she had just stepped on it.

By the way, when she walked backwards she didn't take long strides to do this. Her steps were a lot closer together and she went really slow. I thought it was odd and funny as I remember laughing at her. It looked funny because she kept stumbling around while she walked backwards. Now it seems to me like maybe they don't know how to walk backwards very well. I never thought about it that way before. I don't think they are adept enough to walk backwards and watch where they are going at the same time.

I don't remember her looking behind herself to see where she was going at all. She just sort of stepped on everything and anything and bumped into the trees and all. That was why I thought it was so funny at the time. It looked funny the way she was doing it.

I know they drug branches behind them on several other occasions but don't remember the dates or what they did it for. They did carry them up in their hands at times and they would carry sticks and branches and logs holding them up off the ground and used them for digging in the ground and into old rotten logs and stuff.

from time to time, they used some of the bigger sticks or small logs to hit them against trees as they moved around in the woods. Sometimes they would just hammer on things with them. At other times they beat on the trees like it was a signal to the rest of the clan. The reason I say this is because, if you waited a few minutes, another one of them that was off somewhere else would beat an answer to the one that beat first. Sometimes more than one would beat an answer to the one who beat first. They did this a lot when they did a clan hunt and running down of the cows and goats so that they would know everyone was in the right place before the first one started chasing the animal they were after.

Sometimes they got lucky and the first one to give chase would catch the animal they were killing. Sometimes they never did catch one old goat we had and would give up and try again at a different date. It took them nearly two years to catch and kill that Billy goat and we thought we would actually get to keep him, but they got him too in the end.

I can't think of any other times they tried to cover their tracks except the time I asked what they were doing and they told Papaw and me that they were hiding their tracks. That was when I found out why they drug the branches after them. I may have been ten or younger when I found this out. I'm not sure how old I was at the time. It just seemed that it was natural to see them doing this from time to time and I never gave it much thought after that. I guess they have their reasons for doing it.

Another excerpt:

Yes, I have seen the Bigfoot walk backwards before in their tracks to cover them up. Sheba did this once and was brushing them away with a tree branch. Fox did it too, but didn't brush the footprints away. They would just go up to some spot or another and start backing up in the exact same place they had placed their feet at while backing. It made it look like the tracks stopped in the middle of nowhere and that they vanished into thin air. They do this and I don't know the reason except they are trying to cover their tracks as to where they have been or that they are trying to cover their tracks up for the real direction they are going in. Sort of like a fox backtracking on its own trail to cover its scent.

### **Foods**

The Bigfoot would eat berries and fruit off the bushes and trees. On blackberry bushes they would wait until almost all the berries were purple and ripe before eating them and they don't eat the red ones. They had a funny way of doing this picking or eating of the blackberries. If nearly all of the berries were ripe in a cluster they would just put their mouths over berries, briars, leaves and all, and they would only come away with the berries, not the leaves or the briars.

I thought I could try this once and got horribly stuck inside of my mouth and lips, plus I didn't have much luck with just getting berries. The leave's stickers and all came off in my mouth. I guess this requires a skill I yet do not know about? I never tried to eat berries this way again. I know you will laugh at me but it wasn't funny getting my mouth stuck and scratched. I did some weird things when I was a kid.

The Bigfoot would eat corn on or off the cob when fed to them or would eat it in the cornfields if they could get to it. They raided the livestock feed bins for it too. They would get into the corncrib at the barn. Fox scared me once when he jumped up out of the corncrib. I was getting the horses some feed from the old 55-gallon drum barrel that we kept it in next to the corncrib. Fox also caused me to get bit by Papaw's black snake he kept in the barrel to keep the rats out of the feed. Papaw called the snake "Old Charlie" and I jumped and startled the snake and it bit me on the arm.

I don't think I ever told this but Papaw kept all kinds of critters around the barn and the house. We had a raccoon named Ricky, the snake, "Old Charlie" and skunks that Papaw had four of in total. He also had a screech owl and the regular animals too. I even had a pet hog named Ernie that thought he was a dog and would chase cars with the dogs. Papaw had him dressed out and I cried and wouldn't eat him until Papaw whipped me for the first time in my life. Papaw only whipped me twice and both times over pet animals he had given me to raise and he had killed for food. He shouldn't have let me make pets of them. The hog I raised on a bottle and the calf was the other one he let me have to raise.

I thought the world of the hog Ernie. Papaw had me load him in the back of the pickup truck and told me he was taking him to town to have him dressed out. Being a kid of five or six, I had it in my head that Papaw was going to come back and Ernie was going to have on a coat and tie with a black top hat on his head and really be dressed out. That is how stupid I was at the time.

The Bigfoot ate tomatoes, cucumbers, squash, lettuce, broccoli, cabbage, potatoes and carrots out of our garden each year. They wouldn't eat the peanuts and I don't like peanuts or anything peanut either so I can't blame them for not eating them.

They ate apples, plums, cherries, and peaches out of our trees. They liked blackberries and

strawberries so much that they never left us any when we set out the plants. They ate muscatines, grapes, persimmons, and pokeberries a little and I don't know the real name of these berries. (Note: Pokeberries are considered poisonous to humans, but are often used for a dye by Native Americans.) They also ate gooseberries, and blueberries. We had all of these bushes and trees in a fruit orchard Papaw had for a long time on the place. The blackberries were wild and so were the dewberries. They ate them, the dewberries too. They would eat Grandma's rhubarb plants, leaves and all. Grandma always said the leaves were poison to humans.

They ate turnips and the turnip greens when we planted them. I also saw them strip bark off the trees and eat it, dogwood and apple trees mostly. They would chew on the maple trees too every now and then. It may be that the bark is sweet on these type of trees, I'm not sure. They liked to raid the wheat field too, but they never ate any of the wheat that I saw as they would just run through it and knock the grains off of it. They acted like a kid in it, just like you would have if you put your arms out and ran through the wheat fields to play.

Although I never seen them eating it, I know they got some of the cattle and some of the hogs and killed and ate them. I did see them eating one of the goats we had once or at least eating its liver or heart and its thigh part. They must love to eat goat meat because they would kill every one we got which was around a total of sixty plus goats over the years. We never got to keep a one of them. I think they were eating a part of a cow once, but it may have been something else so I won't say I ever seen them eat one because of this. I did see them ripping two of them apart to eat on two different occasions but didn't stick around to watch them eat them.

When I saw them killing the cows, I went both times to tell Papaw they had killed them. Papaw would be very upset about them killing his cows but he let them have them until they were done with them. Then Papaw would bury the rest of the remains of the cow. I remember that once Papaw burned one of the cattle carcasses on a bonfire he made because he said they had sprayed it when they killed it and I do mean he said the Bigfoot had sprayed it. That was funny he would have burned it but I am not certain what he means by "the Bigfoot sprayed it." I can only assume they sprayed it with some kind of odor or other natural body wastes.

of her. The Bigfoot ate the grass in the fields next to the woods and they ate bugs too. They would get a blade of grass and stick it down a worm's hole and get the worm out of the ground and eat it. They ate grubs out from under rocks and dead trees and out of old tree bark by breaking the bark apart. They used their hands to pick up most of the food they ate, but come to think of it, I did see them just use their mouth to get at something in the dead logs too.

They love honey and molasses. We used to have a molasses lick that was for the cattle to eat in the winter to keep them fat. There was a hole big enough to put your arm down in and the lid would lift up on the opening. It was about twenty or more inches around the opening and the Bigfoot would just help themselves to the molasses. I have watched them lick the molasses off their hands.

I know they ate a lot of things and it is a long list of stuff to remember, so let me get to the things they would not eat. They refused to eat coleslaw or anything that touched it if Papaw put it on the plate or in the food he gave them. They wouldn't eat pickles or onions if he gave these to them. They didn't touch chow-chow made from cabbage and bell peppers, or anything hot or hotly spiced. Oh, they love spaghetti and sauce. I just remembered that. They just stuck their mouths in it to eat it after trying to get it with their hands the first couple of times Papaw gave it to them.

they didn't eat some types of meat he gave them like hamburgers and hot-dogs if they were cooked.

They won't eat seafood like oysters or lobster or shell fish if it was in there with the rest of the food. They picked this out. They don't eat a dog either but they will kill them.

I know that they are capable of spitting things out on the ground because Papaw had them try the coleslaw once and they spit and sputtered it everywhere and tried to wipe it out of their mouths with their hands. That was a sight to see.

Even though the Bigfoot ate gooseneck squash they didn't eat butter squash, cow squash, or zucchini squash. I don't know the name of the cow squash but it is green and has stripes of lighter green on it and it has a crooked neck too. They don't eat pumpkins much, but will if it is broken open and the seeds are taken out of it. They love melons like cantaloupe, watermelons, honeydew and muskmelons.

They eat rodents and are very good at catching them. They will eat a snake too if it is in their reach and they can get it. They did suck eggs and kill and eat our chickens too. They don't like cornbread, but will eat fresh corn or hard corn. They liked bread and biscuits, and cake too, as Grandma used to put them out to cool on the windowsill. They stole several cakes along with some pies too. Grandma blamed the dogs for jumping up there and getting them for a while but it was simply too high for the dogs to get at them. She even accused Papaw of eating a whole pie at one time when they went missing like that.

I know they ate and became fat looking in the summer and in the fall of the year. This made me always think that they may ordinarily hibernate in the winter because of this. Ours didn't hibernate, however, except for a couple of times when I thought they did. They didn't come around when it snowed sometimes for several weeks if the snow was deep. They did sleep a lot more in the winter and they didn't roam the fields in the mornings as much as they did in other times of the year.

I can't think of anything other than plants that they would eat and I don't know the names of all my plants. They ate some type of potatoes that grow on a vine that are really small in the wild. I don't know what these are but Grandma dug one up and planted it beside the old house and it is still there. They only grow in the summer. Oh, they ate Grandma's geraniums once. I think it made them sick because the young one Toby threw up afterwards.

They did eat rabbits and squirrels except for the guts and the head and the feet parts. I don't know about how they skinned the squirrels but they do skin a rabbit like this. They skinned it from the butt upward, not from the neck downward like I do it when I skin a rabbit. It looks really odd the way they do it. They didn't eat the bones either of the rabbit or squirrels.

Sheba ate birds and bird eggs. They ate cover, pulling it up by large handfuls and eating the clover's flowers with their mouth, then threw the rest of the greenery down, before doing a repeat of the same procedure. The Bigfoot young were more apt to climbing trees and playing in them. I never saw Fox in a tree except on the lower branches of an old oak tree once. Sheba could climb one in a minute if she was after a bird. Yes, she would catch and eat birds and steal their eggs out of the nest if she could get to them. If the nest was too high for her to reach safely in the tree because of her weight, she would send one of the young Bigfoot up to get the eggs. They climb really well but use their hands and arms to hoist themselves up like people do. One time Blackie broke the eggs he went after before he got down out of the tree and Sheba scolded him for it, or at least that looked like what she was doing. She was shaking her fist at him.

Fox fished in the creek with his hands for fish, throwing them up on the bank for the others to eat. If any was left, they would build a teepee type formation with tree limbs and lay the fish on top of these

type structures. Later it would also be taken and I don't know whether they would eat it themselves or let other creatures dine on the offering. They also ate lizards and crawfish from the creek. They would also eat the large rats in the barn. They peeled snakes to eat them. To kill the snake they would grab it by the tail and pop their heads off. This is about all I can think of for now.

### **How Does Bigfoot Kill What He Eats?**

Question: How do the Bigfoot kill a cow, a goat, a hog, a cat, or a dog? Have you ever watched them kill anything?

Answer: I have seen them kill two cows of my Papaw's. These were young heifers, not more than two years old at the most. The first year the Bigfoot family killed a cow I believe was in 1978, then 3 years later, they killed another cow in 1981. What they would do is run after the cow they were planning on killing on all fours. They ran on all fours with their knuckles (literally means knuckles and NOT on knuckle joints on the fingers) and their toes down, heel up. When they ran on all fours they never touched their heel to the ground and could obtain unbelievable speeds for short distances. I do believe they could go as fast as 45 mph on all fours. If they ran on two feet they could run for longer distances without tiring as easily but they could never go any faster when running upright than my estimate of 20 mph.

They would stay on all fours until they caught up with the cow. They hunted like a pack of dogs in the woods would do. They would chase the animal in relays if needed, like they show lions doing on television, where one would lay in wait and the other Bigfoot would chase it to them, then the next Bigfoot would give chase, but the primary male, Fox, would always do the kill. The way Fox would catch the cow, he would reach out with his hand and grab the cow by the hind leg while running after the cow on all fours. He would then twist the cow's hind leg with his hands in one big swift movement and pull backwards and snap the cow's leg bone and all. This got the cow down but it wasn't dead.

Fox would then take his hands and pull the cow's head straight back, bending it all the way back to the cow's spine and the cow immediately died. The neck was broken and the cow never moved after that. I was too far away to know if Fox had any kind of tool but I don't think so. I think he slit the cow open with his nails as his nails were very tough. He would slit it right down the middle. Then he would take everything out of the cow and lay it to the side, not pile it on top of the calf.

As far as that is concerned, Fox and the other family members, including Sheba, if they killed even a smaller animal, they always took the guts out before consuming their kill. I can't understand that on why they didn't eat the intestines because when we would empty the kitty litter, they would sort through that and get out the cat poop and eat that. So I don't understand the reason why they ate cat's poop and then didn't eat the intestines of that cow. I never thought to look and see on any of the animals the Bigfoot killed if the liver was missing, so I don't know about that part of it.

We had to have goats because I was allergic to cow's milk, so Papaw always had to buy goats to milk. We never could keep a goat because I believe there were about 60 of them killed over the years that I can remember. I can't be exact on this but I honestly believe they killed about 60 goats.

The way they would kill the goats is they would run after them on two feet. I don't know why they did this as seems to me that the goat would be faster than the cow but that is what they would do. They would also catch the goat by grabbing its hind leg in their hand. Some of the Bigfoot were like us, some were left handed and some were right handed. Usually they would catch the goat with their left hand though, as far as I have witnessed what they did. They never did break the goat's leg but they

would use their fist to hit the goat on the side of its head very hard. This would kill the goat instantly when they did so. Their strength was incredible and they killed the goats very swiftly in this manner.

They would also take the guts out of the goats too and lay them aside and all would feed on the goat. They would usually leave it where they killed it. After they ate their fill they would simply walk away and go sleep a couple of hours before coming back to it. They would sometimes eat more of the carcass when they came back but sometimes not. They would pick up the remains and carry them off and shove the carcasses under trees, into other hidden places, packing them in tightly. They seemed to use the spring a lot by throwing the remains of the goats into this muddy area and it would sink so far but not all the way.

I would see animals they killed thrown up into trees, and we had to try and get the goats down out of the trees. That was no easy task. If you've never tried to get a goat out of a tree, I can tell you it's very hard to do. Their favorite place to hide the carcasses was in the spring in the mud though. Usually it was about an hour later when they would take off the carcasses and stuff them up under trees, etc. They would never eat any more of the meat after the meat became rancid.

### **Taking Food From the Freezer**

The first time the Bigfoot took all the food and scattered it everywhere on the property was when I was 12 years old and my grandparents had taken a trip to Arizona right before this happened. They had returned home and it was a week or so after that this happened, and the date was March of 1977.

The Bigfoot took the food out of the freezer at night and had left the back porch screen door standing wide open. There was never a wooden door going onto the back porch back in those days, only a glass screen door that didn't latch very well. I could just jiggle it and it would open even when it was locked.

Now Papaw noticed the Bigfoot had taken food from the freezer when we went to milk the cows at 4:30 a.m. in the morning. So they had raided the freezer between 9:30 p.m. and 4:00 a.m. that night. I also remember hearing them doing it as Lila's and my bedroom was right next to the porch room. I think it was around 2:00 a.m. in the morning but I can't say for sure. I just remember them making a lot of racket out there on the porch. I didn't even pay that much attention to the racket as I rolled back over and went back to sleep. By then I was used to them making racket and banging on the side of the house or either live with them or move out and we had to live with them.

My Papaw wasn't about to move out. I swear, they never really tried to hurt us and they did scare me a lot of times but I got used to them being there and just carried on with my life. They got into the deep freezer on one or two other occasions and took things like meat and frozen vegetables out but then they didn't clear everything out of it the other two times. I remember the Bigfoot taking frozen TV dinners once and not eating them.

The second time they got into the freezer we were not at home because we had gone on a trip to Six Flags Over Georgia. The last time we were home and Papaw caught them in the act of raiding it. He made them give some of the food back and they did this during the night at about 10:30 p.m. We had just gotten settled into bed for the night and it was in 1983 they did that.

One other time was in 1979. Papaw heard them banging around on the back porch and that was what they were up to, stealing food. I do know that Sheba would scream at you when you made her give food back and she screamed loud that night on several occasions. All I can say is that Papaw never

bought their bluffs or showed any fear of them. He could handle them some of the time and get them to do what he wanted them to do. Still, most of the time, he had to go through Fox to get the others to do what he wanted. Fox was boss.

### **How Bigfoot Drinks Water**

When they drink out of the creek or somewhere else if they do not have a cup or anything to dip up water with, they cup their hands and scoop it up to their mouths. They will lie on their bellies once in a while and place just their mouth down to the water to drink. If they have a cup or bucket or dipper they catch up the water in that and drink from the object just like we do. Sheba would scoop a handful of water up and place it to her little ones mouth and let them drink this way. She got them quite wet at times doing this. I have seen her with a rag that she would wet and let the babies suck the water out of it. They just drink like us.

### **Bigfoot Talking**

They mostly talked in old Indian and used chirps and whistles and grunts and growls and such when they talked to each other. They would alternate this with English when they spoke to us. I think they didn't know some of the words in English for some things because they would substitute an Indian word or a gesture or a grunt for some of the words when they talked to us.

### **Sierra Sounds**

As for the Sierra sounds I think that there are some real noises and vocalization of the Bigfoot on the recording there, but also some of it sounds like people talking much gibberish too. It is either this or the fact that the ones out there are quite different than ours in their vocalizations. Some of the sounds are like ours make but many other sounds are way too different and not in the least high enough to be what I would consider to be coming from a Bigfoot.

That is the way I feel and I can't help saying what I think. Mary, you too should know what ours sound like and the difference on that recording, but given the benefit of a doubt that Patty is a real live western Bigfoot; then I would have to take into consideration she is very much different from the way ours look except for the hair and a few other characteristics. So it may be possible they would sound much different too in other places around the world. So make what you will of it and you can say that I said this much about it if you like, I just don't recognize all of the sounds being like the sounds the ones make around here in some portions of the Sierra tapes.

They can make sounds at the level of silence around here. They can get so high-pitched and it will appear silent to the human ear unless you are very close and can hear the whoosh of the sound while they get so high with certain sounds. It is just like silent whistles, even higher, like a whale does at times in possibly a sonar sound level. I think that other Bigfoot can hear them for miles at the level they achieve.

I have never questioned their sounds before as I just thought of it as part of their makeup and ability to communicate. I know that the ones around here would be making these high level sounds because they would start out at a level at which you could hear but then it would get so high you could not hear the sound. I don't know why they did this except they seemed to be excited about some unknown thing or something that I did not know about at the time.

They would become really wild acting. Most of the time it was over the sound of a train whistle coming down the tracks about two miles away. Maybe they were trying to mimic the train whistle or something during the evening at about 6:00 in the winter time. There was and is only one train that blows its whistle at this time of the day. The rest are generally quiet and never blow the whistle except if they come to a crossing at night here.

## Fire

Once in a while when we would be burning deadfall or other wood in a brush fire or pile of brush the Bigfoot would come up and watch us. They sometimes would reach down and grasp up a stick or limb and walk around with it for a bit. They would wave it in the air and talk about it among themselves or they would ask something about it to one of us. They knew it would burn them, but they had this strange fascination with it. They have seen us out in the yard or down on the creek bank here in front where my Grandparents used to have an area for picnicking and they would come and watch us roast hotdogs or marshmallows over the open fires.

Fox and Sheba loved roast marshmallows. Papaw even showed them how to hold a stick over the fire and place the marshmallow on it and roast it. They always made a mess of doing it all. They would try to place a wadded up, smashed bunch of marshmallows on the stick at one time and the marshmallows would fall apart when they did this, then fall into the fire. They finally got the idea that it could only be done one at a time, placed on the stick, and not a mashed up bunch of them. They always burned the outside of the marshmallows, not just toasted them.

The Bigfoot would come up on cold days or nights and get close enough to the fire to warm themselves, just like we will, turning from front to back, like first warming your front, then warming your back. However, in the hot summer they would not venture near a fire. Only during the fall into the spring would they get close. They do sweat and that may be the reason they do not like to be near a fire in the hot summer. They do not like the smoke to blow into their eyes or face either. They slap at it when it does this.

I have been out burning brush after dark a lot of times and they would come to the fire and stand on the other side of it. This was after Papaw had died. They would watch me and the fire. Fox came up on several occasions and his old eyes would always glow red in the fire light. The rest of the Bigfoot's eyes always glowed yellow, blue-green, or green.

In 1997 or 98, Fox came up down here one night over the bank from the house by himself and stood on the ditch line side while I was burning the trash and brush. He looked at me and said his word for fire and I told him fire and he said burn. I will not say for sure but I think he was remembering Papaw and the times he burned things and roasted marshmallows for them. He never said any more and when it burned low I told him I was going into the house and not to get between me and the house, but he could watch the fire if he wanted until it went all the way out. I turned on the outside light and when I went out on the back porch an hour later to check to see if it was totally out, it was, but Fox was sitting there still watching where it had burned at. That was the last time he ever came close to a fire that I know of.

None of the rest of the Bigfoot have been here to come close since and these new ones don't come near a fire so far. I don't honestly know what they think about fire, but I do know they do not use it to cook with or for anything else that I know of. Papaw always said they had no need of it.

Blackie once caught the field on fire when he picked up one of the burning limbs and carried it off to



the back of the property. We had to call the fire department to get it out over in the woods and brush thicket next to the field, there next to the back creek. That is when it was in pasture and not the way it is now. The babies never messed with fire until they were older.

### **How Bigfoot Takes a Bath**

As to bathing, they will get in the creek here and scoop up the dirt off the bottom of the creek and rub and scrub it into their bodies and then wash it off. They will use what I know as the plant yellow root and dig up the roots, break them and squeeze the juice out in their hands and lather it in their hair and body, then rinse it out. They like to pick the deepest place in the creek to bathe in and we used to have a deep spot here that the locals used to be baptized in. they used this hole a lot.

They can and do hold their breath and will go under the water. They have a time getting all their hair wet to the skin but they do it anyway. They have to rub their hair in order to get it all the way wet. Sheba would plunge the little ones under and I honestly thought she would drown them. She just held them under for a second or so and commenced rubbing them with the dirt from the bottom of the creek or with the juice of the yellow root. They will bathe even in the coldest winter on the coldest day. They do not do this every day either just every now and again, like once a week or month, or when they get really nasty, except for Fox. I think Fox likes or liked water and being clean. He was in there a lot more bathing than the rest of them.

I have seen them break the ice on the creek to get in and bathe. They don't lick the blood off of themselves after killing something they wash it off in the water. That is why I have seen them in the creek so often because they were either getting the blood off of them because they did not want it on them or they were trying to conceal the fact that they had killed one of our livestock or goats, etc. That is, saying that they had killed some of Papaw's livestock and wanted to get rid of the evidence. The new ones here do this now of the night time as I have heard them splashing around down there at night when they call to each other and come down the ditch line here of the night.

### **Janice & Blackie**

I really only played once with Blackie to amount to anything. The rest of the time he would roll a ball or take off with a toy if I tried to play with him. When I played with him that one day I was almost 10 and he was around three or four. I may have been 11. Anyway, I had gone down to the old tree cave with some of Granny's discarded pots and pans and a little bucket and a few old chipped plates. Sheba and Blackie was there in the tree cave and I ran Sheba off as she moved over into the woods that were once here near the spot right across the ditch line from the back of the house. Blackie stayed and played with me.

I decided to make mud pies and get these little flowers that are purple that have little bead blooms like peas on them to play with as peas and some poke berries and things of that nature to play like it was food. I took Blackie with me and tried to show him how to collect water for the dirt with the buckets and pots I had with me. He didn't do this very well as I kept sending him back to the creek to get more water and he kept dumping it before he got it back to me.

I showed him how to mix the mud and pat it out into some old jar lids I had and make mud pies. We let them dry for a bit in the sun and I had him taste one. He stuck the entire thing in his mouth and tried to chew it. He didn't like the taste I guess as he tried to spit it all out. He looked sort of funny doing this and had a funny expression on his silly face at the time. He did eat the poke berries and they did not hurt him at all. Papaw and Granny always told me they would kill me if I ate them.

I had gone back to the house for one of my dolls and brought it back with me and Blackie was to be the daddy and me the mommy of her. We were playing like two children will when he took off with my doll and ran to Sheba sort of whimpering as I was mad at him and trying to get my doll back. Sheba did not let me get my doll away from him and she would not give it back to me. She didn't hurt me; she just out ran and moved in front of me when I tried to snatch it from Blackie. Papaw had to get her to give my doll back later that day. Blackie could not talk any English at this time either but seemed to understand what I told him and what I wanted him to do and all. He was also limited in his speech of the Bigfoot vocalizations too. I think he only said something like "mom" trying to say mommy as that doll did at the time. She was one of those dolls that if you tilted her she said mommy with one of those round box things inside her. I can't think of what they are called. That is about all there was to it. We just played and made mud pies and things like that.

I did play once with him like I was Tarzan and he was Cheetah or however her name was spelled, and we swung on the old muscadine vines down here next to the old spring and swung out into the creek and dropped in it. He did not do this dropping into the creek but twice. He liked swinging on the vines better. He was the only one I played with ever, because I was older than the rest of them and had given up playing when they were old enough to play. However, they would steal all our toys that got left outside and carry them off and play with them. Once in a while they carried our toys off and dropped them more often than they played with them. They all liked to play with balls, but they would eventually fall on them and bust them.

### **Various Information**

As for the Bigfoot running from the cars that passed our farm, they never paid much mind to them. Most of the time, the Bigfoot would hide in the woods if we had company, but they didn't go out of their way to hide if a car passed on the road. There was hardly any traffic on our road when I was young as it was just a dirt road until I was fifteen. Then it was graveled until I was in my early twenties. They paved it then and three years ago put down the blacktop. So really the Bigfoot didn't have much to fear from being spotted by a passing motorist.

They hate the sound of a motorcycle, however. Uncle and I both had motorcycles and if we started them up they would start howling if they were near. They didn't like them and would run from them if I road mine in the fields. They never tried to attack them though.

I've seen them do a funny looking belly crawl for some reason, but could not say for sure that they were trying to sneak up on something. They would go down on their bellies to hide in the tall grass in the field and the young would play a game together like hide and seek and tag combined where they hide on their bellies in the grass and in the woods.

There were many times that I woke Sheba up in her shelter and in different places when she was sleeping. She just either stared at me or got up and left. Fox was a different story altogether. He either was really in a deep sleep or he ignored me a lot of times when I came upon him sleeping. He wouldn't move except for Papaw. When he took to sleeping under the trailer, Papaw would have to call him out of there for us as he didn't pay a bit of attention to the rest of us calling to him. Once I tried to get him to wake-up and move away from a teepee type place he was sleeping in. I even threw rocks at him and he just flinched and kept on sleeping. I finally just gave up. He liked to bury up under dead leaves and at times I couldn't tell he was there unless I looked real good. They use dead leaves like a sort of camouflage to hide under. When they do this it just looks like a big pile of dead leaves.

Fox hid in the old corn crib under the corn husk a lot of times. He also hid in the loose hay that we

kept in the hay stack in the open hay room of the barn. I know that once I was playing in the hay loft and didn't know he was there and jumped on top of him. Papaw wouldn't allow me or the kids to play in the loose hay much like that as he claimed the cattle wouldn't eat it if we got it dirty. Imagine that getting that dusty old hay dirty. He also said he didn't like for the Bigfoot to sleep in it as the horses nor the cattle would eat it if they slept in it because it had their smell and the animals wouldn't come near it.

I have seen them build shelters out of sticks and out of cedar tree limbs and place the trees, small ones they pulled up or broke off, in funny shapes and sleep in these. Fox's eyes would at times glow red in the flash light at night. The rest of them glowed a green color or a yellow type of color. He may have had some type of night blindness due to having blue eyes. I don't know that as a fact, I could just see us taking a Bigfoot for an eye exam. I don't think that would go over very well with the eye doctor. If Papaw was alive I wouldn't put it past him to try if someone mentioned it to him. Papaw was a case at times.

The way they killed the snakes is going to be hard to describe to you without showing you the motion in person. They would catch the snakes by the tail and whip it out real hard and it would just snap the head right off the snake. They then would peel the skin off of it in one piece and take out some nasty looking innards or some part of the snake and then they would eat it. This was done by taking a bite off of the snake. one bite at a time.

I don't know what uncooked snake taste like but one that is cooked has a really good sweet taste to it. I'm sorry but I think snake meat is good. It is a white meat. We used to eat rattlesnake and black snake that Papaw caught and cleaned and cooked for us. He used to make rattlesnake soup. I don't think Lila liked the soup very well and as far as the cooked meat went she likes it too. My oldest daughter and my middle girl do eat and love snake meat. Paul and his kids won't touch it and think we are disgusting and nasty for eating it. It is the best meat you can ever eat if you get past the thought of it being a snake. Everyone should try it sometime if you don't know what it taste like already, really you should. Put a little lemon juice on it to cut the sweet taste and mmmm good.

As for the Bigfoot doing anything about or to mine and Lila's old boyfriends, they never did anything that I know of. They did give Lila the heebie-jeebies once when she was going to park with one of her old boyfriends over on the back side of the property one night. She made that boy bring her on to the house because of it. Fox scared me and my ex-husband one night by putting his face in the window of the kitchen we were sitting in front of and were playing cards on the table. We had the window up and Chuck had his back to the window and it spooked him when Fox was breathing down his back. He jumped up and we seen it was just him and I went out on the back porch and handed Fox some dog food out for him to eat. He would come to the house at night to get food if he got hungry and couldn't find something to eat at times. He would eat dry dog food and canned if he was given it to eat. Other than that, they never bothered anyone or any of our boyfriends. Chuck and I had been married for three years before they would show themselves to him or around him. I guess they are shy in a way.

They do shed in the spring and the summer. They have a double coat of hair like my collies do to the best of my knowledge. They like to pull or pick the hair off of themselves and each other and will bunch it up and use it in their sleeping places to rest on. It is soft and looks like sheep's wool to a great extent.

The only gross thing and unusual things I can think of, maybe I shouldn't mentioned, but you asked me so I'll tell you, and I don't mean to sound nasty, so remember you asked. They pick their noses and will eat it. They will scratch their butts and smell their hands after doing so. They will eat cat poop if they

find it. When it was time to mate Fox would sniff and lick Sheba like a dog will a female dog. Blackie would play with himself when and before he raped that girl and before he had a mate. That is the main reason I never trusted him after he was a teenager. I'm glad I never trusted him before he raped that girl or it might have been me or Lila he had raped instead

### **Fox Hits Melvina's trailer**

Old Fox did knock my mother's trailer off its foundation and did break a tie down on the back side where he hit it that time. That is the truth. He hit the upper back side corner of the trailer with a lot of force that night, and it's a million wonders he didn't put his fist through the trailer wall. He also broke the two by four beam in the trailer as they had to replace it in the corner of the inside of the trailer.

### **The Rape**

I know they rape women because they raped a girl from here in our area, at least the young one, Blackie did. It caused her to go crazy. She is in Moccasin Bend in Chattanooga still and may never be right again. It happened over 20 years ago.

The girl the Bigfoot young male raped didn't have a baby, I don't think. If she did, no one ever said anything about it. I cannot give you her name even though I know it. I'd get into some serious trouble there. She is in a mental institution and they would have me imprisoned for releasing that type of information. All I know was that she was around thirteen at the time and used to walk up and down our road to go see her boyfriend who lived behind our place. She was on top of our hill and the young male grabbed her. It dragged her into the woods on the neighbor's side and tore her insides really bad having sex with her. She was never in her right mind after that.

It was Uncle Strange and Bill his brother that found her. They took clubs and got the young male away from her or so they told afterwards. It was just awful. They brought that girl to the house to help her clean up a bit and called her parents and the law about her. The Law called the Forestry Service because they didn't believe any of us on the matter. They thought we were making up one big story to save the boyfriend from being prosecuted. It never came to her boyfriend being prosecuted on any of the charges of rape against him because it was determined that some animal did rape her out in the woods.

It must have been near 1980 or so but it happened so long ago and I was probably around eight years old, so I can't be certain. I don't think they put anything in the paper about it being an animal that raped her either but I could be wrong. I know they did a write up on it as being the boyfriend who raped her at first. Her boyfriend still lives in the same old place next to his parents. They dropped all of the charges against him when they arrested him after lab tests proved that he was not the one who raped her. I heard the lab tests proved that it was an unknown animal's semen, and not a human's.

Uncle Strange and Uncle Bill died a long time back. They were the brothers to Birdie and Henry and all of them are dead now so therefore I do not have any real proof in this matter. It may be written up in the newspaper though about the boyfriend raping her and then possibly about the charges being dropped against him.

### **Touching the Bigfoot**

I'm sorry I did not go into greater detail before now on how I got to touch Fox and the babies and all. I

was around ten or eleven, I think, when Fox started taking my hand in his the way that I showed you. (Palms out to each other and touching, Fox's fingers going down over Janice's entire hand where the end of his finger would reach near her wrist line.) He had done this and the petting and grooming and all with Papaw for quite some time before I ever got to touch him. When I was about twelve, he would come up and I started touching him too. That is about all there was to it. I had to do what Papaw did. I took old Fox's face in my hands when I was around twelve and a half and I just felt it all over as it felt so strange to me and he had such soft hair and this was so even when his hair looked messy. Yet his skin felt like old leather, tough and sort of rough, much like old saddle leather.

On the babies, I got to hold Toby when he was about one year old and I don't know why but Sheba had handed him to Papaw and Papaw handed him to me after I sat down. I got to hold the last female and this very well may have been Nicky when she was around 6 months old because by then Sheba and Fox just let us do what we would with them and around them. They trusted us. I noticed on the female that their heads were hard and didn't have a soft spot. I did not notice this with Toby as I was not yet a mother myself and did not know a child had a soft spot back then.

The reason I held the last female of Sheba's and Fox's, probably Nick, was because one of the fool stud horses went berserk and kicked me and Papaw while we were feeding it. It ran out of the barn and jumped the fence into the field from the barn lot. This was Blackie our horse out of my old Midnight. Yes our horse's name was Blackie too. I was going to run after him and Papaw and the Bigfoot went instead. Sheba just sort of tossed the little female to me and went in pursuit of the stud with Fox and Papaw. I can remember this little girl just staring at me with her big brown doe sweet eyes and sort of cooing in a doves sound. She seemed happy at the time. She did not cry on me and I only held her for about 15 minutes until Papaw and the Bigfoot came back to the barn.

Papaw was leading the stud not the Bigfoot. He was still having a fit but Papaw was talking to him so that he would calm down and be soothed. I think he may have started acting up in the first place because the Bigfoot were too close to him, but we did have a mare, Betsy, in season at the time too. So he may have just been feeling his oats instead. the studs will fight to the death over a mare in season and ours would fight if we did not keep them all locked away from each other.

That is about the only thing I can tell you about my holding the little ones. It was just one of those freak moments where things were happening so fast that it just happened. I never thought much about it at the time. I just took the babies when they offered them to me to hold. The last one the female, that I held was when I was about 24 or 25 years old after I had Jackie.

I have held the others in between these two but did not take much note as to them not having soft spots before this last female. And Toby was the first one I held when he was little. I had already played with Blackie his brother by then and I guess Sheba sort of trusted me with her little ones by then. I don't know for sure but she did not object to my holding them from time to time. Fox could have cared less what I did as long as I did not hurt them. Sheba was the one I had to watch around the little ones. She could be like a mother bear with them.

### **Information From the Past**

Sheba is the only female Uncle remembers Fox ever being with and they did have young ones five times before the twins were born in 1973. Uncle can't remember the sex of these early children of theirs but they all were single births and only the once with Blackie and his twin did they ever have twins. Uncle says that he thinks one of them was a male baby and it was a white color when it was young. Yet he does not remember the years they were born in and I sure don't know as I was not

around at the time to know. So who is to say how many offspring they had over the years here.

He said that Fox's parents had what he thought were a few young ones besides Fox themselves and that Fox's siblings hung around here too for a while even up to the 1970's but I don't remember any of them myself. He said he thinks it may have been in the early 60's when the parents of Fox never showed up again. He also thinks that the one I thought was a strange male that Fox got into the fight with over Sheba was actually Fox's brother and not a strange one at all. So here we are again with more questions than we can shake a stick at and no answers to them. I do not know how to approach the fight incident now because what if it was Fox's brother and not a stranger Bigfoot to the clan? Then I would be totally wrong about saying it was a strange male Bigfoot that hit Sheba and that old Fox got into the fight with. He was a strange outsider Bigfoot to me at any rate.

Uncle does remember more females being here too but he doesn't think Fox was a mate to any of them and he said the parents of Fox, or at least his Dad, had three females he had offspring by and not just Fox's Mom. Like a harem or something of females. And Uncle laughs at it, for the old man he says, having that many females because he was downright ugly. I guess this is a never ending story we are dealing with here and it all began long before I was ever born. I know this sounds crazy but I think I had better look up old reports of this place and see if any of the owners reported anything that had the place before my grandparents did. The (name withheld) owned it right before my grandparents, and (name withheld) right before them, and his daddy right before him, and the Indians before the (name withheld).

Here is another thing, and it may or may not tie in with the Bigfoot, but back years ago it is reported that a team of mules and a wagon and the driver went down into a sink hole over here next to the old spring on the front side creek of the property. The wagon was the only thing found of the carnage after it happened. That sink hole was filled in for years by my Papaw and (name withheld) bringing loads of dirt in here by big dump trucks and until this day it still has a sink in it.

The story goes that the team of mules was spooked by a wild man. Yet another version is that it was Sue (last name withheld) daddy that had this wreck and that some folks thought Sue scared the mules and ran them off into that hole to kill his dad for naming him Sue, a girl's name, and that the mules and wagon were found down in it but not the daddy of Sue's. It would be nice to know if the truth of the story is around anywhere because I know for a fact that (name withheld) was a Judge of a town at one time and a governor too. I don't see folks around here letting a fellow that killed his daddy be a judge or a governor without saying something if he had killed his daddy or they even thought he might have had a hand in his killing. And I now have to get a hold of a few of Uncle's friends to back up what Uncle tells me about the Bigfoot as he says three of his friends have seen the ones that were here before I was born. I am honestly beginning to think that this family has told more people than I ever dreamed possible about our Bigfoot, and that it is a million wonders we have not had people running around our place for years investigating their story. This is all beginning to become a big and long puzzle to me as to how long the Bigfoot have been on this old property of ours. I also know that the Indians once had a village right back here in our front far field along the creek banks.

### **Sheba's Fit**

It was in 1984 because I hunted to find a picture of that goat and her kid with Amanda in it so I would know the year we had her here. The Bigfoot had been chasing the goats and killing them quite often at this point and we had three at the same time here, one Billy, a nanny, and her kid and all were Nubian goats.

Papaw had gotten onto the Bigfoot (mainly old Fox) for chasing and trying to kill the goats either the day before this happened or a few days. I was out in the yard and sort of behind that building out here that is the old smoke house that is still here. But Mom's trailer she had at the time sat in front of it and to the side of it a bit. We had this nanny tied behind Mom's steps to where she could eat the tall grass out from around the smoke house and Mom's back steps area. I went to milk her because Amanda and I are allergic to regular milk.

I do not know why, but as I was coming back toward the house Sheba came out of the ditch line and up through the yard here in back to where I now stood dead even with the front of the smoke house, and said she indicated she was hungry and pointed at the goat. She wanted me to let her have the goat to eat.

She begged, if you can say a Bigfoot will beg a person for something they want. Sheba in other words kept insisting I let her have that goat or just hand it over to her. I kept telling her no she could not have the goat. Sheba was a bit intimidating because she was beginning to bare her teeth and do that popping sound they do with their jaws and teeth when they get upset at things.

I think what triggered her fit was the fact I told her that if she touched that goat I would tell Papaw on her and she would get in trouble. I do remember saying this exactly. "If you don't leave the goats alone, Sheba, I'm going to tell Papaw on you and he will get you for hurting them."

I kept telling her no. She was pointing at the goat with her hand with two fingers out, the index finger and the middle finger and the other two fingers were curled up like if we point with two fingers and curl our other two back. She meant to have that nanny goat to eat. She just would not take my telling her no for an answer.

She at least did ask that time in her own way if she could eat the goat which is more than they would usually do. Most of the time, they just got after the goats and killed them any old way, whether we told them they could or not. After I told her I would tell Papaw on her, she all of a sudden fell over backwards first and I cannot tell you how in this world she did this. It was just like she dropped straight back and then straight down onto the ground with such a force behind the drop that it would have knocked the wind out of me if I had tried to mimic the way she hit the ground.

I think at the time I had thought she had a heart attack on me for a second there because of the way she did this drop. I do not even know why I would have thought a Bigfoot could have a heart attack but at the time I did. I was just in shock I guess.

Sheba started to making a lower, but still God awful, screaming sound and she was kicking her feet and legs and slapping her arms and hands on the ground. She was pitching a royal fit on me. She got up onto all fours and did a jumping up and down move, fell back down on her back again and kept hitting and kicking and screaming getting louder with her screams too.

I just stood there like a dummy with my mouth hitting the ground in stark astonishment. She did get back up on all fours and she did this thing I call a front flip over. Like a somersault only different from us because her arms came out to the sides and so did her legs. She didn't tuck her head either as best I can remember but she did this so fast I really did not see whether she tucked her head or not.

Then she hit the ground on her back not coming back to the beginning point of the flip over but staying on her back and started in with the hitting and kicking again. She eventually got up and I got by her

but I think Papaw was on the way out the door by now or else he was already coming out of it. I met him on the sidewalk near the back door to the house, and he asked me what in the world was Sheba doing. I told him she was having a temper tantrum as far as I could tell, because I would not let her eat Brownie (the goat's name) and she wanted me to.

I know Papaw stood in the yard out here and talked to her but I came on into the house and I do not know what he said to her at all. I know she didn't get the goat that day. But they did kill the nanny a month or two after this. they killed the Billy first and then the nanny and they got her spotted kid too about six months later, in the summer so this had to have happened in the fall.

Sheba was screaming the whole time she was pitching the fit and she made this other crying sound too that is similar to a child with whooping cough and that was the gasp cough thing that accompanies the whooping cough. She also picked up some of the peaches that were on the ground there at the time and threw them while she was on her back hitting and flopping her arms and hands around, and if I'm not mistaken she had smashed some of the peaches under her into her hair on her back.

I can tell you about this all day, but until you see a big old Bigfoot acting like this you have never seen anything in your life like it. I haven't ever seen anything in my life before or since like the shine she pitched that day. This is just my personal thoughts about this, as since I do remember this rather more than clearly, I feel I must say this to you.

When Sheba did that flip thing she did, it did look like a flip I have seen an ape on television do this before come to think of it. It looked more ape than human in action. She did jump up and down like an ape will on all fours too, between being on her back hitting and kicking. This looked more ape than any human behavior I can think of. I do not think a human could do these two moves of a flip and jumping up and down on all fours like she did, but an ape can and it looks about the same.

### **Elk Mount, Tennessee Episode**

when I was 15 I went camping at Elk Mount, Tennessee in the Smoky Mountains with a group of church friends for a week. Skinks came into the camp every night and one got in our tent, another girl's and mine, that we shared. The skunk curled up on her chest and went to sleep. Needless to say we both got sprayed and she got bit trying to get if off of her. She had to take the rabies shots because of her bites.

This is going to sound really crazy, but one night the men and boys in our group left out some food after supper (it being their night to cook) and something big and nasty came into our camp after it.

Now, I'm not making this up. Two big animals that we thought at the time were bears tore our camp to ribbons. One of these animals sat on a heavy man's tent and on top of him lying inside of his tent. He weighed 350 pounds and stood 6 foot 5 inches tall. "Big Jim" is what we always called him, but his real name is Mike.

Anyway, the things stunk and we thought it was the skunks that had sprayed these two bears. These things, (bears?) tore our back packs down out of the trees. We had hung them on a rope between the trees at a height of 15 feet and they didn't loosen the rope to get at them or to take them down. These back packs had metal bars on them and the metal bars had been snapped like toothpicks clean in two.

They only took our fruit and our potatoes we had with us at the time. They didn't touch the meat and



the leftover hamburgers the guys left out on the table, nor some unwrapped bacon in a baggy that was left opened. We had bacon burgers that night for supper with roasted potatoes.

I never gave it another thought that it may have been anything other than a bear that night until now. I always thought it strange these two "bears" didn't take the meat, but the Forest Rangers said the next day that bears didn't eat meat that they did not kill themselves. The neighboring campsite of people got the Rangers that night for us because they heard all the screaming and the racket we were making and thought we were being killed.

The Rangers did come fast, but they didn't find any bear or bear tracks that night or the next day when they came back. It was a long time before any of us slept that night and we had sung songs around a camp fire before going in for the night the first time. None of us rested after the bear things came into the camp that night because we were afraid they would come back. Some of the men took turns staying up and standing watch the rest of that night.

The next evening the grownups decided we would call off the camping trip two days early because of this happening. Do you know that the next week after that a young teenager (the child was at least 10 years old) went missing from that same camp spot? They sent out search teams and dogs and all and never found hide nor hair of that kid! I don't think they even found a trace of his clothing. I wonder now if it is possible that a Bigfoot could have taken the child? they always find evidence if a bear or wolf or other animal has killed people, or at least most of the time they do.

the year was in 1980 and it was in August or maybe September of that year, I think, that this happened. It may have been earlier, but I will see if I can locate those pictures and find a date on any of them. What if it was some Bigfoot that took that child? That might explain why they never found him. I am pretty certain that it was a boy that went missing. It was all over the newspapers and on television. There was a big hunt for that child. They said on one channel that a cat may have gotten the child, but cats leave remains to be found and so do bears. They don't eat human clothing. I do know that a bear will dig a spot out and lightly cover their kill and return to eat it after it starts to decay. They also do this for several feedings on the kill. They won't eat a human ordinarily even if they do kill one. That is just a big myth on someone's part. They don't like our taste none too much. They will maul us.

I have a good friend that raises lions, tigers, cougars, bobcats, along with bear, wolves and monkeys for the movies. He lives in North Carolina. They are his animals, all of them. Anyway they eat calf's he puts in with the bear and he has to let the bear kill them their selves. They won't touch them if he kills them. The lions and cougars and other cats eat the ones he kills and cuts up for them. The wolves eat the killed ones too. None of these animals eat cloth and none of them except the bear eat the bones all the way. The wolves are the only ones that will eat any of the intestines and the others won't touch them at all. None of the animals eat the head parts.

I wonder if it may have been a couple of Bigfoot that came into our camp that night on Elk Mount? I do remember having a hard time breathing and having to be in the hospital after I came home the next day. I was very, very sick and the doctors didn't know what was the matter with me and thought i had pneumonia or something. My fever was also very high. The X-rays didn't show any pneumonia and blood tests didn't show any other types of diseases. My grandmother thought I was going to die one night because the doctors could not do anything more for me. I feel like God intervened and spared my life that night.

One boy was the same way and the doctors called his breathing problems mononucleosis. Almost all of us children from the church camp had to go to the doctor that went on that trip. I was in the hospital

for a week and sick for at least two weeks after that. I missed the beginning of school that year and had to go to summer school the next summer to make it up. It had to have been in August of 1980. It is all coming back to me now. I had not thought on it in years.

I wouldn't have paid that much attention to the smell anyway up on the mountain, as I was used to smelling our Bigfoot on the farm from time to time by then. They do have that smell that is really annoying at times. Hey, I remember something else before and I forget to mention it. They do give off this odor and the female gives off a sickening odor at the time they mate with each other. It smells like nasty female odors and blood when she is ready to mate. You can smell it for a good ways off when she is ready to breed. It is overbearing then. It smells like a combination of a nasty old paper plant and a slaughter house full of blood at the time. Strong! There was also a sea salt smell that went with their smell too, a really yucky, very nasty smell!

At one time I thought it was a paper plant stinking when it was only Sheba making that kind of smell. We didn't and don't have any paper plants around here for at least 50 miles away. The smell of them would not reach us that strongly even if the wind did blow the right direction and all conditions were just right.

I enjoy discussing the Bigfoot and their habits and the way they look. They are very interesting to me. I do wonder sometimes if they are human or I at least feel that they are in many ways. I don't know why they strike me as being so like us. It is a major thought of mine and it's scary for me too to think this. I don't like the idea of them being human because they could then really be dangerous if they are. We humans are dangerous to each other and to other living things. No other living thing that I know of beats or kills the female of its kind out of anger or because it wants to.

### **Grandfather Carter's Word**

When I was ten years old I asked my Grandfather Carter what Fox and Sheba and their babies were. His answer to me was that they were humans just like us. Seeing with my own eyes that they did not look like us, because they appeared human enough, but with all that hair were quite different, too, I didn't quite believe my Grandfather was right.

Questioning him once again I asked, "Well, Grandfather if they are human like we are, then who are they and where do they come from?" Grandfather said, "They are from God like we are and they are the true Edomites."

Grandfather Carter told me that the Edomites were descendants from Esau of the Bible. Granddad got the Bible down and read to me the whole story of Esau and the Edomites which consisted of several chapters in the Bible. So I took this explanation as the truth from my Grandfather for many years.

At the age of fourteen years I decided that I was not totally satisfied with this being the answer as to who our Bigfoot were. By the way, my Grandfather never called the Bigfoot by the name "Bigfoot," he always called them "The People of the Wandering Spirit." I then began to look for another answer for what these odd-looking people might be. The only thing that I found that came close was the movie our Mother had taken Lila and me to see when I was around eleven and Lila was seven. They called the creature in the movie Bigfoot, so that is what I now call them.

I found a book in our local library containing some stories of the Bigfoot and one local sighting in our own county back in 1910. As inquisitive as I was at the time, I still did not have any true answers as to

what the Bigfoot were, or where they came from, and half a dozen other questions I came up with at the time. I still have many unanswered questions. I have no other answers except what my Grandfather Carter had told me. Most of my other questions aren't answered, as I never had the chance to ask them all.

At that time in school we were studying the subject of prehistoric man. I made the crucial mistake of pointing out that we had a family of Bigfoot on our place that looked a lot like Neanderthal man except much hairier. I will never forget the consequences for this slip of the tongue. My teacher told me I was a liar and my classmates made me out an outcast. I was considered quite the lunatic and was never accepted again in any social events, nor was there a single soul that would be my friend after this incident. I ended up changing schools and attending another high school for two years thereafter.

Neanderthal man was the closest thing at that time that compared to our Bigfoot. So I started studying human evolution and the development of mankind after that. Still, after reading many a book I did not come to any decisive conclusions about what a Bigfoot was. If it was a prehistoric man, what was it doing living in our back yard in today's time frame? Nothing came together clearly and little of it made sense enough for me to understand in the first place. Our Bigfoot just simply were Bigfoot. So for a few years I let the subject of what the Bigfoot were go, and accepted what my grandfather told me they were. Plain and simple, his explanation was and still is as good as any I or others can come up with, at least until the time one is brought in dead or alive for science to study further.

For several years, because of job related issues, I lived away from the old home place. I visited as much as possible and at one point for two years made a 900-mile trip every weekend to be with my family in Tennessee. In 1990 I moved back to Tennessee for good, having been away for nearly six years. During the time I was away from home our Bigfoot stayed on at the farm and interacted with the family, or at least with my Grandfather.

Many were the times when I would come home on a weekend that Fox or Sheba or one of the young Bigfoot were near the house. I remember Grandfather still feeding them nightly and my going out to see one of the young with him a few times while it was little. Yet somewhere during the time away from home I developed an unfounded fear of our Bigfoot that could not quite be placed to rest in my soul. Why I developed this fear at that point in time, I will never fully understand. None have ever hurt me except for the time Sheba knocked my horse over on top of my left leg and busted my kneecap. Other than that incident our Bigfoot have been and are always, of a gentle nature and just a bit on the playful side of life.

For now, however, let's go on to what I believe the type of creature a Bigfoot is. Let us first look in the Bible for a few facts that could support the legend behind these things we call Bigfoot. In it we find mention of both giants and hairy men. In Genesis 6:1-4 it mentions the first existence of giants and from where they were derived. Genesis 6:1-4 reads: 1. And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them, 2. That the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose. 3. And the Lord said, My spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also is flesh; yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years. 4. There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bore children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown.

In the first book of the Bible we have established that there were giants and it tells us where they came from to begin with. Who were these giants of the Bible and where did they live? Just to give a few examples of their whereabouts and who they were and what they may have been, I have included a

few books and chapters from the Bible for the reader's benefit. We all know the story of David and Goliath but the Bible is riddled with mention of other giants and their kind being here on earth. You can find the description of some of the giants of the Bible in Genesis 6:4; Genesis 14:5; Numbers 13:28-33; Deuteronomy 1:28; Deuteronomy 2:10, 11, 19, 20; Deuteronomy 3:11; Deuteronomy 9:2; 1st Samuel 17; 2nd Samuel 21:16; and 1st Chronicles 20:4 just to mention a few.

When we cross-reference into mythology and take a brief look there, we find mention of both monsters and giants. Monsters, in the language of mythology, were beings of unnatural proportions or parts, were usually feared for their immense strength and ferocity, which they used to frighten mankind. Giants in mythology were beings of chiefly larger proportions than man, but of the same makeup as normal man, only larger. The Cyclops, Antaeus, Orion, Tityus and Enceladus among others, must be supposed that they were not altogether disproportional to human beings in their looks. They did mingle in love and strife with humans.

If we look closely at mythology from different lands we can even tie the stories in with the stories of the Bible as they are very similar in context. For instance, we have the story in Genesis of the sons of God marrying the daughters of men, and of their bringing giants into the world. In most mythologies we find stories of giants. Another example of mythology tying in with the stories of the Bible is of the people of the generations of Noah building a city with a tower reaching into the heavens. In mythology, the giants of earth attempted to climb up to heaven by placing the mountain Ossa on top of Mount Pelion. They were at last subdued by thunderbolts sent down from heaven. In Pandora and the box of good and evil being unleashed upon the earth, we find that only hope was still in the box when all of the rest had escaped. In this mythological story, by tying it to the story of Eve in the Bible, we can compare the two and discover that Eve and Pandora must have indeed been similar in many ways.

At one time the giants of mythology gave the gods so much trouble that the gods fled into Egypt and hid themselves under various forms. Did not some of the people of the Bible also flee to the land of Egypt? Jacob took his people to Egypt when his twin Esau took his people to Mounts Sier and Edom, where giants were known to live. This list goes on and we could tie different stories from mythology to the Bible's scriptures from now on.

Let me make a statement here of a little known fact before continuing with more supporting evidence of the existence of Bigfoot. The Bible and the languages in which the originals of the Sacred Scriptures have come down to us are three in number, namely; Hebrew, Biblical Aramaic, and Greek. One of the better known mythologies is written in Greek and is referred to as Greek mythology. All of the books of the New Testament have come down to us in Greek only. The Septuagint Version, including the Apocryphal Book of the Old Testament, is written in Hellenistic Greek, this being the most ancient translation of the Hebrew Scriptures. The original books of Greek mythology were written in the same manner, and there again we find the mention of giants and hairy men in both the Bible and mythology.

What is mythology? It is the handed down, verbal telling of stories of old, that were later written down for all the people of old to read and keep for their history. How much truth can be given to these stories of mythology? If one should wish to do a little research, one can find facts for many stories of mythology, myths, legends, and fairy tales. They are no more than the retelling of true stories passed down by word of mouth from one generation to the next for years and years of history. They may have been blown up into sometimes hard to believe proportions, but the truth can be found in each telling of the story down through the ages.

In more facts from the Bible, Abraham and his wife Sarah had a son by the name of Isaac. Isaac

married at age 40 to a woman named Rebekah. When Isaac was sixty years old Rebekah had the twins, Esau and Jacob. The story I wish to mention mostly deals with Esau and his kind. Please pay careful attention to the description given, in this text of the Bible, of Esau and what he looked like.

genesis 25:21-28 reads: 21. And Isaac entreated the Lord for his wife, because she was barren; and the Lord was entreated to him, and Rebekah his wife conceived. 22. And the children struggled together within her, and she said, If it be so, why am I thus? And she went to inquire of the Lord, 23. And the Lord said unto her, Two nations are in thy womb, and two manner of people shall be separated from thy bowels; and the one people shall be stronger than the other people; and the elder shall serve the younger. 24. And when her days to be delivered were fulfilled, behold, there were twins in her womb. 25. And the first came out red all over like a hairy garment; and they called his name Esau. 26. And after that came his brother out, and his hand took hold on Esau's heel; and his name was called Jacob: and Isaac was threescore years old when she bare them. 27. And the boys grew: and Esau was a cunning hunter, a man of the field; and Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents. 28. And Isaac loved Esau, because he did eat of his venison: and Rebekah loved Jacob.

Now we have established that in this book of the Bible, in this chapter, that there was a red, hairy man born. We also learned that he was a man of the field and a very cunning hunter. He gave venison to his father Isaac to eat. If we look for a hidden meaning here we could come to the conclusion that Esau didn't live in tents, but rather dwelled out of doors in the fields. The main thing here is that Esau was a red hairy man. Now I could stop right here with facts from the Bible to support my theory for the existence of Bigfoot or Sasquatch. Yet I will give you a few more facts from the Bible before I go to other supportive information. By reading on in the scriptures we find out just how hairy Esau must have been in life. He must have been very hairy indeed, because when his father Isaac became blind, his mother and brother set out to fool Isaac into thinking that Jacob was Esau so that Isaac would give Jacob his blessings instead of Esau. genesis 27:11 reads: 11. And Jacob said to Rebekah his mother, Behold Esau my brother is a hairy man, and I am a smooth man. Reading on down in this chapter we are about to find out how hairy Esau was.

Genesis 27:15-16 & 21-23 read: 15. And Rebekah took goodly raiment of her eldest son Esau, which were with her in the house, and put them upon Jacob her younger son; 16. And she put the skins of the kids of the goats upon his hands, and upon the smooth of his neck:.

Reading on in the same chapter a bit: 21. And Isaac said unto Jacob, Come near, I pray thee, that I may feel thee, my son, whether thou be my very son Esau or not. 22. And Jacob went near unto Isaac his father; and he felt him, and said, the voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau. 23. And he discerned him not, because his hands were hairy, as his brother Esau's hands: so he blessed him.

Think about how hairy Esau must have been in order for his mother and brother to use the skins of kid goats on Jacob's hands and neck in order to trick Isaac into thinking he was Esau. We all have seen goats, at least on television. Some of us have seen goats in petting zoos or on farm, or at least in passing farms, while traveling the many roads that transverse our nation. I have had the pleasure or misfortune of raising a few goats in my past. I have raised many different breeds of goats with the exception being the Angora goat. The Angora is an excessively hairy critter with hair reaching lengths of up to twenty inches. I am talking about your average goat in this instance. The kid of the goat family is born a very soft, fuzzy little creature. Its coat of hair can be as long as three to five inches up to the age of nine to twelve months of age. When the goat begins to mature, it generally loses this coat of baby fur or hair. It grows in a much thinner, but coarser, shorter coat of hair averaging 1 to 2 inches in length. Given these few details on the look and feel of the kid goat, take a few minutes to think

about just how hairy Esau must have been. In order for Rebekah to use these skins from the kids of goats to make her son Jacob look and feel like her firstborn, Esau had to have coarse skin and fairly long hair on his body. Given that Rebekah covered Jacob's hands and neck with the hide from a kid goat it indicates he was excessively hairy.

My point? Well, I'd say at least that Esau had the look of a Bigfoot or Sasquatch from the description given in the Bible. If we take the fact that God told Rebekah that two nations and two manner of people would be separated from her bowels, or in other words, come from her womb; then we could take this to mean that two very different looking types of people came forth from her and Isaac. The Bible does not say that Esau looked like you or me in appearance. It tells us that Esau was a red hairy man of a different appearance altogether. A new type of man if you will, that is hairy and maybe just a bit scary to behold. He may have been an outcast in his own time from other nations and people, as he did trade his birthright to his brother Jacob. He took his wife and his people into a land that was inhabited by giants prior to their coming to Mount Seir in the land of Edom. A rare type of human that is very hairy and dwells in the field, a man who is a cunning hunter, these descriptions better fit that of our Bigfoot or Sasquatch than any type human we know of that is on the earth today.

I'm not going to quote the Bible word for word, on and on in this chapter just for my own amusement. Let me just tell it in brief, that God gave Esau the name of Edom, and when he was older and married, God gave Esau or Edom the land of Mount Seir in the land of Edom to live in with all his people. If the reader wants to read the Bible for themselves to check this out, that I'm telling all as it states therein, they may do so with my blessings.

Before Esau led his people to Mount Seir giants inhabited it. The Bible does not tell us if Esau and his people killed off all these giants and their kind. So who is to say they did not intermarry with them and have children of tall stature? The Bible also does not tell us if all of the descendants of Esau and his people were hairy or not. It just tells us that Esau was. So saying that Esau married a giant and that he was hairy and they had children that had both these two traits, then we definitely would have cause to think of them as hairy giants or Bigfoot-like in nature. Maybe even some of them looked like the classical Neanderthal man of our past. Who is to say for sure, neither you, not I, as we did not live during Bible times. One thing to note is the fact that hair is genetically passed down to future generations, so it is very likely that Esau passed the gene down to his children's children for hairiness. Bear with me for a little longer regarding the story of Esau and his people. I did my homework, so to speak, and wish to include it here before I continue with my theories and facts to support my claim that there is such a thing as Bigfoot or Sasquatch.

Esau, or Edom, was the father of the Edomites who dwelt in Mount Seir. By turning to Deuteronomy 2:4-5 & 20-23 we find out what type of people the Edomites were and where they lived. Deuteronomy 2:4-5 & 20-23 reads: 4. And command thou the people saying, Ye are to pass through the coast of your brethren the children of Esau, which dwell in Seir, and they shall be afraid of you: take ye good heed unto yourselves therefore; 5. Meddle not with them; for I will not give you of their land, no, not so much as a foot breadth; because I have given Mount Seir unto Esau for a possession.

Reading on down in the same chapter: 20. That also was accounted a land of giants: giants dwelt therein in old time; and the ammonites call them Zamaummins; 21. A people great, and many, and tall, as the Anakims; but the Lord destroyed them before them; and they succeeded them, and dwelt in their stead: 22. As he did to the children of Esau, which dwelt in Seir, when he destroyed the Horims from before them; and they succeeded them, and dwelt in their stead even unto this day; 23. And the Vims which dwelt in Hazerim, even unto Azzah, the Caphtorims, which came forth out of Caphtor, destroyed them, and dwelt in their stead.

Reading then in Joshua 24:4 we find mention of where Esau and Jacob lived also. Joshua 24:4 reads: 4. And I gave unto Isaac, and Esau; and I gave unto Esau Mount Seir, to possess it; but Jacob and his people went down into Egypt.

Assuming that all the Edomites were hairy people and that they may have intermarried with these giants that once lived in the land where they moved to, we could draw the conclusion and the possibility that there were hairy giants born to the Edomites or vice versa. This is where I believe you can see what I've been leading up to in my theory of what a Bigfoot is and where they came from in the beginning.

In studying the history of the land of Edom, I found an interesting fact mentioned, that at one time the people of the land lived and dwelled in caves that abundantly littered the land and its mountain ranges. Little is known of these cave dwelling people of the Seir Mountains in the land of Edom, but archaeological excavations have been done and are still being done in order to study the culture of a people from ages gone.

The country of Seir was and still is mostly made up of mountain forest and desert. The forest mountain range may have allowed enough rain to give a nation a small supply of water for its survival year round. However the desert, being the very arid and dry place that it is, does not allow for enough rainfall to sustain but the hardiest of creatures requiring the least amount of water necessary for survival.

Today we find that the mountain range is so steep that it would be hard for a normal man to live there and move about freely. In many places, one would have to travel for at least 65 miles in order to find a trace of water to drink. Again, given the fact that giants lived there at one time, and that a giant would normally have a longer stride than the average man, we can see that the giants would perhaps be able to move freely in the mountains. Should a giant need water and have to travel to get it, he would have the stride to cover more ground in a day's time than the average man in order to get to that water.

Then we have the harsh climate of desert also in the terrain of the land of Edom. A desert has one of the cruelest climates by being extremely hot during the day and then plunging sharply by many degrees to freezing temperatures at night. Surely one would drink or for any other usage during the day time.

By nature, the mountains are cooler in temperature during both day and night. So with these facts and the possibility that the hairy Edomites and the giants of the land married and had hairy, giant children, we could see how this type of being would be better equipped to live in this environment. They would be better able to make trips for water and live in the mountain range where the land is rugged and the nights and days are cold and harsh. Being giants with hair, they could better endure their domain and also be properly equipped to move freely about in such an environment. Hence, nothing short of a Bigfoot or a Sasquatch constitution would best survive such extreme elements of this type, be they classified as human or beast.

Another example is one I take from a case mentioned in the Encyclopedia of Monsters. Whether this man is a monster or not remains to be tested. Surely, he and his family represented a change in the gene pool as we know it. The case entitled "The European 'Wild Man'/The Encyclopedia of Monsters" tells of a man born with a rare or not so rare hair disorder. I say not so rare hair disorder because during my research on the subject and the people with this disorder, I found that thousands of documented cases of people that have had and have this hair rarity do exist.

The European 'Wild Man?' What lies behind this popular and persistent myth? Some have suggested that the wild man stories were inspired by individuals suffering from hypertrichosis, an condition in which long hair grows all over a person's body, including his/her face.

Fact or theory, here I have listed some very strong evidence supporting the existence of humans born with excessively hairy bodies and of great and tall build. I leave it for the reader to form their own opinion of what they wish to believe. I think I have stated enough evidence to back up my theory or my belief as to what a Bigfoot or Sasquatch is in its true form. Simply a hairy giant human, who because of people who never took the time to try and understand any of them, have decided to live their lives apart from others of our kind.

The only other fact I can give for my belief and theory of who and what a Bigfoot/Sasquatch truly is and where they came from in the beginning is from what I was told by my Grandfather Carter. I cannot give you my grandfather for the proof that he told me this and I cannot give you a Bigfoot to back this up yet either, as I have no control over them.

Grandfather told me when I was a little girl, that their kind, Bigfoot, were the real true Edomites. He told me the history of Fox's kind and where they were from and who they were and why they wished to be left alone in the world. Some of his words are the ones that I have just used in the explanation of my facts and theories in this chapter, and the stories of the Bible. I would not have actually read the story of the Edomites in my Bible otherwise if Granddad had not gotten my curiosity up enough to check out the facts behind them by telling me this. I believed him to be telling me a fib to begin with.

People hand their history down by word of mouth. For what is a history of a people except what the generations remember and have handed down by words through the years of a people's existence? You, the reader, will most likely put me down as the biggest liar you have ever heard of, but I can only tell you what I myself was told. I cannot prove this to any of you. I have no proof except my saying it is so. I would gladly give you my Grandfather Carter if he were alive and in good health. I wish so many times that I could turn back the years and could spend just a few hours with my dear grandfather one more time. I cannot. Those days are gone forever and the only thing I can possibly do is to tell his story and Fox's to those who will listen.

At the very least, this was what my Grandfather Carter thought the Bigfoot to be. He thought that they came down from the Edomites of the Bible. He did not question this as true or not, he just believed it to be so. Of all the times I questioned him on the subject of where the Bigfoot came from, he never changed his story or his answer about them to me. Whatever else he thought of the Bigfoot we had and still have on our place, he did think them to be the real descendants of the Edomites.

I for one do not think my grandfather would have lied to me or to anyone else about what they were to him. He was not of a nature to make up lies or half-truths. He walked the straight and narrow and he shot from the hip and was straightforward in his beliefs and his ways. Sometimes I may have thought him rather harsh with his reply to some of the things I ask of him or for him to do or get for me, but he never lied to me about anything I asked of him.

If he said he would do something, he would. If he thought you didn't need something, he would straight out say so with no bluffs. If he did not like you at first sight he never liked you. He was dead set in his ways and he was an honest man that provided for more than his share of the family and other creatures he took care of in his time. He led a full and adventurous life. I hated to give him up when the time of his passing came. But he grew tired of this world and went to live a better life far from these worries and troubles here on earth. There will never be another like him in my book. You would



just have had to know him in order to understand what he was to all of us. Truly, he was a great man, father and grandfather. I miss him dearly.

I do not wish any harm to our Bigfoot or others of their kind. They are very scary in their appearances and stature. They can and are at times very dangerous. Yet our Bigfoot on our property had a very special relationship with my Grandfather. I have absolutely no control over their comings and goings myself. They do as they like. I cannot stop them from doing as they please. I am 5 feet 3 inches tall and weigh in at 135. The smallest of them was around 6 feet 7 inches tall as an adult and weighed close to 600 pounds, if not more. They are huge and powerful, yet they can be gentle giants when they wish, but extremely dangerous when they are crossed.

I have lived in a half fear state of mind now for so many years with these Bigfoot people. I had a very hard time revealing my story about them to anyone at first. I'm no great writer and I look to others for the guidance I need in telling about them and my Grandfather. It does seem to help to be able to get this pent-up bunch of emotions off of my chest after I tried to talk about our Bigfoot.

At first, I didn't want to talk to or show Mary and her co-workers where our Bigfoot were located, let alone ever go back to our old home place and try to look for them, for fear of running up on one of them. Then I began to think that these Bigfoot had never really given me cause for the fear I had inside of me of them. They were always around our place and on our property and they never really gave me any trouble except the time that Sheba knocked my horse over on his side with me on his back, breaking my kneecap.

What did I have to fear except fear itself? I decided, with more than a little bit of encouragement from Mary, to go out looking for Bigfoot once again and to relate my story to her and the rest of the world. Mary, I can never thank you enough. You have been a true Godsend for me.

Through the years I learned from Fox and Sheba and the rest of their group that Bigfoot are as scared of us as we are of them. They fear being killed by hunters with high-powered guns. They can and do get shot and some do die from their wounds. They fear the cruelty they know of that exists in the human race.

They are not accepted as being part of the human race, therefore they live as humans lived in days of old. They do not wish to be noticed in the forest therefore they do not use fire, and if they do use it upon occasion, they are limited in its use. They know that smoke is a dead giveaway of their location to other humans.

They hide in the most remote forest and mountain ranges they can find to live in so mankind will not take notice of them. They only come into more populated areas for food when the going gets tough in the wilds. Only then do we notice their kind, and usually the end result is one of their kid getting shot or at least shot at. Many hunt them with a vengeance for blood and glory, or they are wanted for research in some God forsaken laboratory where, if they are not dead when they get there, they will wish themselves dead after a short stay. They know this is the way they must live. It is the only way their kind will survive, out where they have evolved and adapted to their environment for the sake of being able to exist.

### **The Interweaving of Ancient Stories and Reports of Today**

I have already made an effort to explain why my Grandfather Carter believed the Bigfoot to be

descended from Esau of the Edomites in the Bible. In this chapter I wish to look at some old and new Bigfoot sightings reports from the Americas and around the world.

Bigfoot sightings in Tennessee are very important to me. I have found that even people who believe in Bigfoot, or those in the northern tier states who have seen them and believe as a result of their sighting, have a certain disbelief that the Bigfoot exist in Tennessee. I've heard numerous claims that Bigfoot are seen only in other states or are seen primarily in the upper regions of North America. I do not know why this is?

Better yet, is the position held by certain non-believers that in East Tennessee we do not have the vegetation or natural resources it would take to provide a creature as large as a Bigfoot with enough sustenance to survive. My answer to this assumption is always the same, that we do indeed have enough forest and vegetation in this state to support a large number of good-sized creatures and animals.

I can walk around in my back yard and look across the hills for about a mile's distance and see the mountains of the Cherokee National Forest. The forest on two sides practically back up to my backdoor. I cannot count on my fingers the times I have walked out the door and seen all manner of wildlife in my yard. This includes a mating pair of mountain lions (cougar), deer, bear, and wolves, which is another story in itself.

We once had a rather large pack of thirty wolves residing here in a cave on the neighbors' property back in 1999 that decided to kill the local wildlife which consisted of raccoons, an abundance of rabbits and squirrels, just to mention a few. The wolves were an experiment by our government that went awry.

For miles around, in the summer, we have field upon field of growing crops and this harvest of produce offers a feast fit for a king should the Bigfoot decide to dine in any one of them, which they often do. The forests and woods have an abundance of nuts, wild fruit, and vegetation that most people are not aware of. These are just an example of the resources a group of Bigfoot would have access to, all within view from my backyard.

National Forests do offer enough food for many large groups of Bigfoot creatures. As far as necessary shelter goes for the Bigfoot, these eastern hills, valleys, and mountains are riddled with caves and countless overhangs that would provide any wild life or mankind alike plenty of secure, dry and comfortable quarters, if one only knows where to look for it.

There are numerous reports coming out of Tennessee to contend with, where the Bigfoot have been seen by a diversity of different types of people past and present. All too often, there are those who put these reports down as nothing more than tall tales, old wives tales, or legends, myths, or folklore. Perhaps a few deny Bigfoot's existence out of fear because of a tendency of the "normal" population of our world to disbelieve and refer to them as mythical creatures only. I have found that, should one look hard enough, that most of our folklore today stemmed from true-life stories before they were handed down as merely entertaining stories.

Mostly, such legends were passed on by word of mouth. With each successive telling the storyteller may have inserted some of his or her own exaggerations. Yet, most Tennessee folklore usually has a simple or explainable origin. There are several accounts of hairy wild men of the wood that have survived to the present day. These type of tales and reports come from all over the state of Tennessee and also from many different cultures and nations around the world. Annually, hairy reports have also

come from people living continents apart.

In such, tales and reports the stories run along the same lines. Unless people of foreign nations on different continents and from different races all stem from one place, with the same tales being told for many centuries, why do we have the same type of stories along the same guidelines coming from so many different places around the world? My belief is that these accounts are told because, regardless of what other nationalities may call Bigfoot, there are many of the same or similar type species living in suitable habitat in various countries across the world.

I for one do not believe that thousands of different people worldwide are having hallucinations of hairy wild men running around in their midst. There has to be a firm foundation for such reports to even be told. I do not think that sightings of wild men are from our subconscious minds playing tricks upon us either. Nor do I believe the theory that we see them because of some hidden instinct from our past playing games with our minds. Nor that these are images spawned from an era when Neanderthals and Homo Sapiens (humans) lived and battled with each other for the survival of their species.

However, above and beyond anything else I might mention as an argument for the existence of such things as Bigfoot, I can only state that I have had firsthand experiences with them and know they are real flesh and blood s. I can tell the readers of this book that these Bigfoot are real beings from now on until forever, yet my problem would be to convince you, the non-believer, of their existence.

This I simply cannot accomplish unless I have a Bigfoot to hand over to the world for study. I do not believe in the killing of one of them on my property and I do not think the person who kills a Bigfoot, once all is said and done, will like the end results of having done so. Whatever the Bigfoot may or may not be, I stand firm in my belief that they are some sort of human being. I do not like to think this, or to even admit to myself that they are of the human race. It is hard for any sane adult to grasp that such a creature survives, let alone that such an odd looking something has to be a part of the human species, albeit an unknown variety of a hominid species.

Many are the times I have asked myself unrelenting questions about the Bigfoot. I do not have answers for myself as to who they actually are and what they are doing here and where they came from. I only have my own theories and ideas as answers to these seemingly simple questions. I could be wrong, but I doubt it.

I do second-guess myself a lot in my own questions about them. This leaves me with the dilemma of how I can possibly answer questions that others may ask me about Bigfoot when I do not have the answer for my own questions all the time. The only way I know to answer questions asked of me about Bigfoot is to answer as I know the Bigfoot to be and act. I only know for a fact, that they are of this earth, flesh and blood, human in many characteristics and ape-like in others with an intelligence all their own.

They are sometimes aggressive and horrible to view, and then again, paradoxically, they are often gentle and caring of their own kind and of humans and other animals. This is all I know to answer about them. Their story is fascinating in itself, so why add some far-fetched lies to it just to be called crazy for my efforts?

I believe that given time and tireless effort on researchers' parts, that someday soon we will have a Bigfoot for the scientists to study and observe. Maybe now is the best time for me to relate my knowledge to others whether they wish to believe me or not. Only time will prove the truth of what I claim to know about the Bigfoot. And I do have that time, there is certainly no other way of proving

one's self to others that refuse to believe. I know what I say on and about Bigfoot is entirely real. I've lived around these creatures most of my life and I don't know whether that is a curse or a blessing. I know what I have seen and experienced and am finally in a position to share what I know with the world. So with forgiveness from you for my being a prattler at times instead of a writer, let me get down to the reports and tales of hairy wild men and Bigfoot-like creatures.

Our Bigfoot here in America are mostly reported as being of giant form with excessive hairiness of the body. While in other places around the world similar creatures are even said to be of a rather short appearance. Many wild man reports are of hairy people that are like the everyday appearance of humankind in height and in proportion. While this does not explain where Bigfoot got his muscular build, it does give us a benefit of doubt that he may be suffering from hypertrichosis.

The reason I bring this subject of hypertrichosis up at all is the fact that I have seen two Bigfoot that were of basic human appearance without all the excessive hair on their bodies. If two such creatures can be born basically hairless except in their extremities, then why not others, and why not consider them carrying a gene for hypertrichosis that does not always play true to characteristics of their species? Otherwise I have no idea why two Bigfoot would appear differently in their body hair appearance.

While many will argue that hypertrichosis is a recessive gene among humans, I find fault with this belief. There are several reports of humans and their offspring having this deformity and it's being passed down for many generations in the family tree. If it were such a recessive gene in our makeup than why would we have any humans born with excessive hairiness of body in the first place? Simply, it comes more into play than science would like to acknowledge. It can be dominant and in many cases it is a gene of dominance. While they may not be called Bigfoot, or anything of the sort, there have been many reports and documented cases of humans suffering from hypertrichosis down through the ages of time.

Before recent years many people suffering from hypertrichosis were turned out to survive as best they could. Most were considered wild men of the woods as few dwelled in houses. They were often turned into the wilds to learn to survive in caves and such shelter as they could find in the wilderness. There were probably some of these sufferers that perished from the elements of the wilds, yet there are other reports of those who survived. Being captured and returned to civilization, they did not act or live in the way normal humans.

The medical books of science are riddled with these reports dating back as far as the 1100's. Science did not really start studying those afflicted from hypertrichosis until the 17th century. The first reports of such people were simple reports about their appearance.

In researching this subject I found that there are reports through several generations of mankind passing hypertrichosis on to their offspring and to their children's children. So could it not be possible that Bigfoot may be some mutation of this hypertrichosis deformity that has survived in the wilds for many generations?

For instance if we were to turn out a hypertrichosis child into the wilds and then turn out others of the same deformity because we did not accept them, what might happen? Then perhaps they meet up and marry or mate over the years and produce offspring of their own. Would not, after some generations, this trait of hypertrichosis be dominant in the humans of its breeding? I believe it would, after a number of years, become a dominant characteristic among people of like conditions.

Eventually it would seem that hairiness would be bred into their makeup. Being as it is natural for any given species to want to mate and have offspring, why would these humans suffering from hypertrichosis not wish the same? They would seek out others of their kind to mate with since normal humans may not want to marry or accept them as they are. This would be the fuel for the fire in the deformity of hypertrichosis becoming a dominant gene in such individuals. One excessively hairy human mating with another excessively hairy human for years down through the generations would, I fee, give us eventually only a species of human that produced hypertrichosis among their kind.

Make of it all what you will. In these chapters I shall tell of my own thoughts as to what I feel the Bigfoot truly are from my life long observations of them. I will include such information as was given to me, and a few supporting reports of people that have passed the gene of hypertrichosis to their children and on down for generations in their families. This is because I have a shadow of doubt that persists in my mind that Bigfoot may have evolved as a species of humans effected with none other than hypertrichosis. This is a nagging and foremost idea for me, as I have studied medicine and find that the reports of people from our past that have suffered this deformity of excessive hairiness were turned out into the wilds. When they were recaptured after a length of any given time they showed themselves in many of the cases to act and respond to humans they came into contact with in much the same way as our Bigfoot do.

Here I shall begin by giving you a report of two individuals captured back in the early 1200's for an example. This report is of hairy men living in the wilds. Two, male and female, forest dwelling hairy "monsters" were captured in Saxony. They resembled humans in shape except for their hairiness. The female died after a while of blood poisoning due to a dog bite. The male lived on for a while and did come to speak a few broken words of the human language. This report came from Albertus Magnus (1193-1280). This may or may not be a report of humans suffering from hypertrichosis as this report came from a book of reports for Bigfoot and stories of creatures like them.

In the exploration of the Americas there are reports of man coming into contact with wild hairy men of the woods. One of the first of these I was able to retrieve was from the exploration of Newfoundland by the Viking explorer Leif Erikson, or Leif the Lucky, son of Erik the Red, and his crew of Norsemen. This took place in the year 1000 AD. Leif reported that he and his men had several sightings of a hairy tribe of men in his journal. These hairy men were described as being of huge proportions, towering over him and his crew, living in the woods with a rank odor and emitting deafening shrieks. What did Leif and his crew encounter? We can only take a stab in the dark at an answer to this question.

Were these hairy men a tribe of Bigfoot? Or were they simply tall, giant, hairy, native Newfoundlanders of the time? From the written description of these men that Leif and his crew encountered one would be inclined to believe them to be none other than a tribe of Bigfoot like creatures. Either that, or Leif came across some very foul smelling giants that were very hairy and liked to make loud shrieks and play games to scare the Norsemen away. The only other solution as to an answer would be to call Leif a liar and say that he was a fabulous teller of tall tales.

Some of our first reports of people encountering Bigfoot here in America come down to us from Native American Indian tribes. While most will put these down as simple folklore, myths and legends of the Indians, I believe them to be the truth. There are thousands of such reports and stories of Indian tribes encountering Bigfoot-like creatures over the years. These passed down reports come to us not from just a few Indian tribes but from many different ones ranging from Canada to South America.

The American Indian lived here for many years before the first white man ever set foot on this

continent. The Indians did not do as the white man does with his land. The Indians were as one with their land. Our Native Americans dwelled in the plains, forest, and coastal regions of the United States alongside his animal brothers. So who better to encounter a Bigfoot than an Indian?

I only wish to deal with a small number of reports from a few Indian tribes. I have several Native American family members that gave me these and all did not want me to mention their beliefs of Bigfoot, as Bigfoot tends to be a sacred being or belief to them. None wish me to reveal their given names with their reports, as it would affect their good standing with their elders and council members. I understand fully their wishes to remain anonymous as I have Indian blood coursing through my veins and have been brought up with many of their beliefs. This is not saying the white part of me is not dominant most of the time. I have my own beliefs and religion and know the creator and God to be one and the same. This first report comes to me from the Cherokee tribe of North Carolina.

According to Cherokee traditions, all tribal dances and songs came in a single event. This was the slaying and the sacrifice of a monster called Nun' Yuni Wi (translated by early white settlers as being Stone Coat or Stone Man); so named for his skin of solid rock appearance. He is reported as being big of stature. My source tells me that this monster was hairy all over and that he was covered in dirt the color of stone, hence the name, by way of appearance from being caked in this dirt.

As old Nun' Yuni Wi burned in the fire made for him by the people, there issued forth from him songs of success in hunting and warfare and medicine for all kinds of sicknesses for the people that were sacrificing him in the fire. He blessed the people with a gift to aid them in their walks through life. The songs were used at social gatherings as preparation before going on a hunt, or to a war, or for a sick member of the tribe.

The Eastern Cherokee believed that an animal killed by the hunter that had used a song of Nun' Yuni Wi's will come back to life again, thus preventing the decline of game in a hunting area or a place of their dwelling. Another report is of a similar type of creature the Cherokee called Kecleh-kudleh (pronounced Chickly Cudly). Kecleh-kudleh was a hairy man and dwelled in the forest. He is reported as carrying off small children and of eating them, given the chance. By the way, in Cherokee, Kecleh means hairy, and Kudleh means man, or Indian or savage depending on the teller of the legend of the story. The Cherokee called the lands of Tennessee and parts of Kentucky the "Dark and Bloody Ground" because of wars waged here and also because this land was where they first encountered Kecleh-Kudleh and his kind.

The Cherokee even built fort like structures to keep old Kecleh-kudleh from entering the village and stealing their children. Personal thought on this report is why on earth would an Indian tribe have cause to build a fort-like structure to keep out another tribe of Indians? That would seem to be a useless effort to me as arrows and spears of our early Native Americans would surely fly right over these walls and still kill several people before anything could be done. Besides, there are too many reports of a Nation wishing to keep out the hairy wild man of the woods. The Cherokee would not even venture across the mountains during hunts for fear of these creatures. To do so was considered stupidity on the adventurer's part and a stupid Indian was a dead Indian. We as whites were considered to be the stupid ones as we had no better sense than to settle here on Tennessee and Kentucky lands where the Kecleh-kudleh lived.

So please forgive these rather short versions of these two Bigfoot legends here; my sources, the tellers, got quite off track in their talks and went on to relate many other stories of a different nature to me. I did not ask them to elaborate more on the Bigfoot as I was utterly fascinated with their stories of past events and creatures.

This next Cherokee legend I am going to relate has taken me many an hour to get to the bottom of, as there are so many different versions of it. This is the whole story as it was told to me by two Cherokee Elders. There were many other Cherokee's who related this story to me, including a few white people, and I wish to thank each and every one of them. Yet, I find the most believable of these reports coming from two older men of the Cherokee Nation. Both men are well into their eighties so I think they would remember the true story better than a young man would of this legend. Neither man knew the other and only by intertwining what both related to me can the whole story be told.

Their stories were very much alike in the telling, except one claimed the creature ate the whole body of a person starting with the liver and the other said that the creature only ate the liver of a person. Neither of these two men claimed that this creature was what we know as a Bigfoot. Yet, of the twenty-five people that gave me their versions of this story no two matched up like these two old men's did in the telling of it. The reader may decide for his or herself what this creature may have been, be it a Bigfoot, or a human gone mad, or a witch or what. I found of great interest the fact that when talking to the Cherokee's that all twenty-five persons told me of the creature eating the liver of humans. I for one know for a fact that a Bigfoot will and does eat the liver of many animals and then eat nothing else of the animal's body. The main reason I include this story is because of the creature's similarity in their eating habits to that of the Bigfoot.

### **U'tlu ta (Spearfinger)**

Long, long ago there lived in the mountains a terrible ogress or spirit that was strong in earth medicine and whose only food was human's livers. This creature was a woman monster that was also a shape shifter, meaning she was able to turn herself into any shape or form she chose to suit her own purposes. In her right form she very much looked like an old woman except that her whole body was covered in a skin as hard as stone or rock. No weapon could penetrate this skin covering so another name for her was Nun Yunu Wi which is the same as the Bigfoot creature of that name meaning covered or dressed in stone. On her right hand she had a long forefinger of bone, like that of a spearhead, which she used to stab and to slay her human prey and rip them open. She could carry large boulders and rocks and often liked to strike them against each other. The people thought she was trying to cement the rocks together by the way she would strike one rock against the other.

At one time she undertook the task of building a bridge of rock from the Tree Rock on the Hiwassee over to the Whiteside Mountain on the Blue Ridge side of the mountains. She had this bridge well underway when lightning struck it and scattered the rocks all along the ridge and all over the mountains and about the streams and in the passes of the Nantahala. She would range all through the mountains but her favorite haunt and hunting ground was on the Tennessee side of the mountains near the gap where the Chilhowee Mountain comes down to the river. She liked to use the stream beds and darkened pathways to travel by during her journeys, often as not going along these on all fours.

She would sit aloft for hours in the high places far above a trail and observe the activities of the people below her as if frozen in stone and was said to blend in with her environment most naturally. Unless one was to look closely about they would never know she was near them at all. When from her lookout post she happened to notice a lone Indian or a small group of Indians coming into the more remote areas of the mountains she would be sure to sneak close and try to get one of them for her meal. She would approach them in the guise of an old woman.

The people never liked to let their children play in the forest or go out alone because Spearfinger liked to eat the livers of children the best. If she could find young girls berry picking, gathering chestnuts or picking wild flowers she would be sure to call to them with what sounded like "Uwe'la Na' tsiku Su sa

sai," sung to a child- like pretty tune. Yet those that got close enough to hear the words of her song would feel a cold chill down to their bones.

The elders all said that the words to Spearfinger's song meant "Liver. I eat it." or at least that was what they made the words out to mean. She would lure the children out with her song and when they were near her she would pat and stroke their hair until they fell asleep. Then she would carry them off and kill them by stabbing them with her long bony finger and take out their livers and eat them.

After a while she became bold and she got so that at night, under cover of darkness and in the guise of an old woman, she would come to the village and enter the homes there. Again, she would carry off the children from their beds and kill them and eat their livers. The last time she entered the village to get a child for her feast she was caught in the act by the father of the child while she was still in the home. The child was saved but the father was stabbed by Spearfinger and his liver removed so quickly that before he could chase her off, he did not realize she had killed him at first. He still walked around chanting for a while after she ran off. Then he dropped over dead. As Spearfinger was running from the village she went screaming the whole time the words of her song, "Uwe'la N' tsiku Su sa sai."

This was the final straw. Council met and it was deemed time to rid the village of Spearfinger once and for all. A plan was placed into motion. The Cherokee dug a deep pit in the ground to trap Spearfinger in, digging it along the trail to the village. Then they sent out some of their best men to set fire to the mountains leading down to the village and to this trail. Spearfinger was afraid of fire.

After a while the people could see Spearfinger running along the trail in front of the fire leading to the village. The people remained silent until Spearfinger fell into the pit they had made to trap her in. When she realized she was trapped she showed her true form and set up a howl, and was screaming and trying to fight and to find a way out of the pit. She displayed a true fit of rage for all to see that stood around the pit watching her and trying to decide what to do next. Some of the men stabbed at her with their spears, but the spears would not penetrate her skin, and she grabbed one of the spears and dragged a man in the pit with her and ripped him to shreds.

Next they used their arrows on her, but these just bounced off of her, not causing her any harm. The people were becoming more concerned by now because Spearfinger was now reaching for rocks and boulders that were in the pit with her and throwing them at the people and stacking them to provide herself a means of escape so she could climb her way out of the pit. The people began to pray to all the spirits that they could think of to call upon for help in killing Spearfinger.

Finally a little chickadee flew down and swooped against the inside of Spearfinger's hand. The villagers took this as a sign to wound Spearfinger in the hand. So they speared her in the hands, and after she was speared deep against the wall of the pit, they cut off her fingers.

After a while she bled to death and died there in the pit. The people came to believe that Spearfinger's heart was in her hand after this, as they had tried to kill her in every way possible up to the time the little chickadee told them to spear her hands. The chickadee is a sacred bird to this day with the people and considered strong medicine and a great spirit helper because of his truth in telling the people how to kill Spearfinger.

This is the story the two Elders related to me of the legend and story of Spearfinger. The reader may come across many other variations of this legend as I did while researching this story. I believe these two old men as they seem to me to be more honest in the telling of it than any others I have run across. They did not call Spearfinger a Bigfoot or Stone Man as the Bigfoot are known in Cherokee. They



simply let it be known that what some called Spearfinger, others called Bigfoot. Whatever she may have been, the people believe this story to be the honest truth and not just a legend handed down for the entertainment of telling it around the campfire late at night simply to scare folks. I do not know what Spearfinger was, but be that as it may, she shows the signs of being related to a Bigfoot in her habits and characteristics and of eating the liver of a kill.

the Native American's legends, folklore, myths, and stories of old have suffered much in their translations by the white man and his retelling of these stories. Just because the Indian did not have a written history that our white ancestors could read and understand, did not mean that they were telling our ancestors lies when telling of their legends and relating to them their Native beliefs. These legends, stories, myths, and tales were handed down through years of the Indians' history by word of mouth and the telling of it changed little over the generations of time. Pointing out that many shield, tent and hide bundle paintings held a history only the Indian could read, white men chose to place these histories in the categories of fairy tale, myth, folklore and legends. If only we could turn back time and understand a race different from ours, what discoveries we would find. We would have to rewrite every history book ever published.

This next report comes from long ago here in the valley that lies between the Great Smoky Mountains and the Mount Eagle Mountains of Tennessee. This is from a written history book on the Madoc tribe. This Native American tribe once had roots in the Tennessee Valley region near what is now known as Chattanooga, Tennessee. This tribe of Indians was known as one of the three white Indian tribes of North America studied by George Catlin. There are but a few lines of material on anything resembling a Bigfoot-like creature in their legends. I was asked if I could find or locate any reports or tales of a creature known to the Cherokee as an E'woh. I did not know a single legend about it. Therefore I do not believe this name for a Bigfoot, and a legend of it, to be from them at all. I can only guess as to where this tale originated and why it was confused with the Cherokees beliefs.

As a matter of fact I could only find one mention of anything resembling the spelling of E'woh from any Native American tribe. And this was a tale mentioned in the ancestry of the Madoc tribe. So, in short, here is a bit of their history and where this word comes from. The Madoc Indian tribe is alleged to be descendants of the Welsh explorers that came here in 1170 AD with Madoc ab Owain Gwyedd. There were many that came over during his second trip to the Americas, but only around 120 people survived the trip across the Atlantic and up the Mississippi River from the Gulf of Mexico. These people settled for a while in the area now known as Chattanooga. One can still see many of the remains of their work from Lookout Mountain. After a while, having lost all means of ever returning to Wales, and forced from their own interbreeding to do so, they intermarried with the local Indian tribes here. Now I'm not even going to go into great detail about the descendants of these people and their history because the history book I read was over 1400 pages long. If one wants more information on this Native American tribe and the Welsh Explorers a search at your local library will probably find this same history book.

It is mentioned that way back when these people settled here in Tennessee that a few of them ventured into the woods near a place by the name of E'who. It is said that the local Indians told them not to go there because that was where a tribe of big giant hairy Indian, half-man and half-beast lived. This is the only mention of anything I could find with the E'woh or E'wah. If anyone does know the legend or story of such a thing as the E'woh or E'wah I would appreciate them posting the information on the web or presenting it in a book so that I can stand corrected and know the story for myself.

These next documentations were taken from an early report given in the "Encyclopedia of Monsters," The European "Wild Man." What is behind this popular and persistent myth? Some suggested that

individuals suffering from hypertrichosis inspired the wild man stories. In 1556, the earliest report I came across with mention of a person suffering from hypertrichosis was an individual named Pete Gonzales who was born in the Canary Islands. Peter was sent to King Henry II of France, whose court already housed a collection of dwarfs, giants, and other malformed individuals, who always seemed to amuse kings and their courts throughout history. Gonzales apparently was thought to be a wild man because the good King had a cave constructed for him to live in at court. This cave was built so Gonzales would not become homesick for the cave he had left behind in his native country.

Being one of the Kings favorites, Gonzales was permitted to marry, and had several children from his union, with the children inheriting the same trait of hairiness as their father. Gonzales' children were also sent to different European courts to entertain Kings. Could this case be one that mankind has used for a basis to their belief in hairy men of the woods? Yes, it does give credit to the legend behind hairy wild men of the woods. It even gives credit to the legend of Bigfoot.

Just to touch base on a few more, there was the case of Jo Jo and his father discovered in 1873 when Jo Jo was only three years old. Jo Jo's real name was Fedor. He, in later years, traveled with P. T. Barnum and Ringling Brothers Barnum and Bailey Circus. Jo Jo was replaced in later years by an impostor that wore a suit of thick fur covering his body in order to deceive the public into thinking he was Jo Jo himself. Mr. P. T. Barnum collected many deformed and wondrous people from around the world to include them in his circus acts and side shows. Many were sufferers of the disorder of hypertrichosis. It seems that wherever there was a report of a rarity of the human body and appearance, Mr. Barnum would assuredly sooner or later show up and contract these individuals to perform in his show for the public to view.

Another early case of this disorder is that of Teslichew, the elderly Russian "Dog Man." I viewed a sketch of Teslichew in the book and found the sketch quite striking in its resemblance to those sketches now drawn by present day Bigfoot artists. In this sketch the man is depicted as being covered from head to foot with long flowing hair. The hair is even growing around the eyes so as not to give an appearance of eyelids or eyelashes. The animal appearance of this sketch is more striking than any sketch or picture of someone suffering from hypertrichosis, or of the resemblance to any living Bigfoot, that I have ever encountered.

This man truly gives the appearance of a dog; like an Old English Sheep dog more than any other animal I can think of to compare him to. Maybe this is just an oversight of the artist and his true appearance was somewhat more human than it is in this sketch. Yet the report given with the story on his condition of hypertrichosis tells that his hair did indeed cover his entire body, even the tops of his eyelids and the palms of his hands somewhat. The only place the hair was not growing on him was upon the soles of his feet.

This report was made during the 1800's but the report does not give an exact year. In the 1800's a Burmese family with hypertrichosis had an eventful history entertaining in the courts of Ava. The younger generations from this family were in a sense also into show business because they were widely exhibited for money throughout Europe. With all of the family throughout their generations having excessive hairiness of body, they drew much curiosity and attention from the public and scientists alike.

The family was reported upon for four generations and every one of them in descending line from the first father displayed hairiness upon their bodies in some great degree or another. Most were covered from head to foot with hair in varying stages of length in its growth. In 1929 both Crawford and Beigel, doctors of science at that time, reported that the grandfather, his daughter and her son, were all

covered from head to foot with long hair. On each one the hair is covering their entire faces, and neck areas and even their eyelids are covered with long flowing hair. Each also displayed long flowing locks of hair growing out of both sides of their nostrils and out of their ear canals. At the time they were believed to be the missing link by these doctors and scientists studying them, but they were later placed on the list as being just another family affected with hypertrichosis.

These reports and documents bring to mind a few other farfetched tales I have heard and hold place in my mind as being made up stories. While these are of no importance whatsoever to reports given of Bigfoot and people with hypertrichosis, I find them somewhat interesting, so I will include them for the reader's enjoyment only.

From the past comes a few odd tales of the Ainos or hairy Kuriles and the Picts. The Ainos and Kuriles were believed to be the remaining race of the Aborigines of Japan. They now live in the northern parts of the Island of Yesso and the southern parts of the Island of Saghalien. First reported as being as hairy as our wild man or Bigfoot, because of some extra hair length on their bodies, these people appeared very different in their makeup from other people inhabiting the country side where they lived. A much more accurate report and information of these people has been discovered along with a skull found from one of them. They are just a race of people like any human being with the exception being they have hairier chests and lower extremities than the average person.

The growth of hair on these two peoples are not of anything peculiar at all compared to that of the average man except that the hair is longer and thicker on the face, chest, and lower regions of their bodies. The women are not hairy at all on their face or chest but are reported as having extra length and hairiness around the lower areas of the body and the underarm. This Picts were a race from Ireland discovered back in Roman times. They were described as having an ape-like appearance and also being covered in long hair in many early reports.

There is little known about the first and true race of Picts of Ireland, but from history and statues now depicting them, they are considered simply as individuals displaying long beards and normal hairiness for the area of the world they lived in at the time.

Could there have been two races of the Picts to begin with? I for one cannot say without any accurate knowledge of this race. Many of the older reports of the Picts give mention of them as being two separate races of people. The hairy, ape-looking ones were reported as rock climbers and wilderness dwellers, living out their lives in the open without shelter. They would sleep only during the daylight hours and prowled about at night. They were also noted for eating corn, which I for one know for a fact did not grow in Ireland until it was introduced there in the seventeenth century.

Maybe the old reports and folk tales about them are nothing but stories for entertaining an audience of listeners. I do not give much consideration to the old reports of these three races of humans but thought I would mention them here should the truth of their origin ever be discovered and tested as being something other than that of mankind as we know it. I certainly would not want to be thought of as being left sitting in the dust for an oversight on my part about them.

I am also going to list some of the Bigfoot sightings reports from the State of Tennessee. I think by now the reader has the general idea of what a Bigfoot, or whatever one wishes to call these human-like creatures, look like. They may vary in weight from what I would consider as being very skinny for such a large creature, 300 to 350 pounds, to those more accurate reports of them weighing in at close to 1000 to 1200 pounds. They range from 5 feet high to the extreme cases of 14 feet high and there are even a few reports of Bigfoot creatures being 18 feet in height. I find the ones over 9 to 10 feet to be a

little bit on the extreme, speaking only from my observations and experiences, especially when they are reported as being 14 feet and weighing in at only 350 pounds. This just doesn't seem reasonable. Either one has the misconception that Bigfoot is a really heavy looking, weightless, tall creature or the person giving the report has no idea about weight/height ratios.

If Andre the Giant stood at 7 feet and weighed in at 526 pounds, then a fourteen-foot Bigfoot must weigh at least twice as much as he did. Either this or the person giving the report of an extremely tall Bigfoot has been scared out of their wits by a telephone pole in the dark while their mind played tricks on them.

No, the really extreme cases of Bigfoot being over the average reported height and weighing a mere 350 pounds tend to send me to the trash can with the report before it is even glanced at. I have no time for this nonsense. I want the real report of the real Bigfoot, not some wild made up tale just to get some sort of kick out of reporting it to someone who hasn't the time to glance at it because it is so preposterous in its descriptions. Believe it or not, some people seem to get a thrill out of reporting Bigfoot sightings and hoaxing a report and picture of a Bigfoot for their own unknown reasons. The Internet is cluttered with these types of reports, which is why I feel that the true reports are not taken more seriously.

Those who hoax give every reason for our officials to not believe and then fail to assume responsibility of looking for the truth of Bigfoot existing here in the united States. Yes, those who hoax discredit everyone, including the Bigfoot themselves. The true researcher of Bigfoot has to expend time and effort weeding out false reports and hoaxes before a report can even be posted on a web site as truth.

There are a few reports from over the years from people in Tennessee who have sighted a Bigfoot or what they termed to be a Wild Man of the Woods. I will ask the reader to remember that the word termed "Bigfoot" is a rather recent word, given to these creatures by Americans. Before the 60's, these creatures were called everything from Sasquatch, Yeti, Wild Man, Abominable Snowman, to Ape-Man, and Dog-Man. Wherever they were seen, people had their own name for them. I have a book dated in the 1920's that was written by the author, Albert Payson Terhune, a famous journalist and author of excellent dog stories. In this book he comments that his dog stories lacked human interest when compared to the stories of the "wild men" carried in the newspapers.

Myself, I never used the name "Bigfoot" for our creatures until recently. I was taught that they were "The People of the Wandering Spirit" and I always called them "The Wandering Spirit People" or "The Wandering People."

MY own Mother always called them the "big hairy looking man over there" or the "big hairy man running through the field over there" when she happened to see one of them. Only one other time did my mother call one something else, and that was an ape or monkey-face. This happened the first time we saw a Bigfoot standing with its face exposed in the tree line across the ditch line from the house. My Uncle Robert Jr. always has called them werewolves up until the last three months because of some movie he saw years ago where some actor portrayed a werewolf in the film. Uncle Robert Jr. thinks they look like the actor that was in the film. So whatever one may call them, here are some early reports of them here in Tennessee and some from more recent times that report the creature as a Bigfoot.

It is reported, a bit vaguely, in the Louisville, Kentucky *Courier-Journal* of 1878, October 24 issue, that a "Wild Man of the Woods" was reported to them as being captured here in Tennessee on the

Kentucky/Tennessee border. In the report it said that the creature would be displayed for public viewing in Louisville soon. The writer gives its description as being 6 feet 5 inches tall with large eyes and having long hair on its body. It was also reported as having patches of skin showing through its hair that looked as if they were the scales of a fish. Is this a Bigfoot? I don't know for sure, but at least part of the description given sounds like it may have been a Bigfoot.

In 1957 a 15 years old boy named James Meachan alleged he had shot a small ape running in the woods near Jackson, Tennessee. While he is pretty certain the shot hit the creature it ran off without showing any ill effects from being shot.

In 1959 a Bigfoot was shot at when it came near a home in Knoxville, Tennessee in September of that year. In 1960 in January another person reported the same type of creature coming down the middle of the road toward her home. It was running off in the side of the road's underbrush. Then in 1961 this same type creature was reported as being seen by several citizens of Knoxville and was seen coming into a less populated part of a housing area, then fleeing when spotted. This was the last time one was noticed in Knoxville, Tennessee.

In August of 1965 four individuals in Rutherford County, Tennessee encountered a 7 foot tall, reddish-brown Bigfoot that was reported to have 3 inch teeth and a pug looking nose.

In the spring of 1968 a woman, Brenda Adkins of Monteagle Mountain, Tennessee encountered a 7 foot tall Bigfoot with a nauseating odor while she was out walking. It is reported that the Bigfoot came to within 6 feet of this woman and stood before her staring at her for a few seconds before leisurely walking away into the woods.

In 1975 a farmer from Giles County watched a Bigfoot enter his barn and kill a calf by throwing it upon the ground.

In April of 1976 two teenagers out walking near Flintville, Tennessee saw a Bigfoot climbing a bank at night. This was the start of many reports from the area of Flintville that later inspired the legend of the Flintville Monster. Several teenagers out parking at night had a Bigfoot come up to their car and bang it around a bit, while others from around Flintville saw this same creature or Bigfoot doing other odd things around the area. Finally, this Bigfoot tried to abduct a four-year-old little boy, the most famous report about the Flintville Monster. A posse of six men, which included three Deputy Sheriff Officers, chased and shot this Bigfoot. This is about the last time that this particular Bigfoot was reported to have been seen in the area.

In the early part of September 1979 near White House, Tennessee, Bill Cook reported that while he was out farming he had a Bigfoot with slanted eyes attack him. He wrestled with this animal, as he calls it, for a while and eventually managed to escape from its grasp. The Bigfoot then ran off into the woods. In the meantime, locals from the area had been reporting strange animal kills to some of their livestock by an unknown animal.

However Mr. Cook did not make comment upon this matter of killings, and no one really knows for sure if the Bigfoot was doing the killing of the animals found dead.

On January 30, 1980 a report was sent to the Willow Creek, California "Klam-Itty Courier" paper of a sighting here in Nashville, by a Don Roberts having seen a broad-shouldered Bigfoot type animal with a rubber like face running through a field on two legs. I wonder why Mr. Roberts did not call this

sighting into his local paper? He may have done so, but I cannot find any report of it from that date here in the Nashville paper. This just goes to show that when people see these creatures, they do not know for sure who or where to report their sightings to. Many report them in another state or another area's paper because they do not feel comfortable reporting it to local officials for fear of being made fun of. Also, since California is notorious for Bigfoot sightings, possibly Mr. Roberts thought his report would be taken more seriously. Yet, most do want to let at least someone, somewhere, know that they have seen such a creature.

Sumner County, near Goodlettsville, Tennessee had a sighting by some children and their two aunts while out in the field near their home gathering nuts in 1953. The children and their aunts gave chase and the Bigfoot ran and swung through a hole in the pasture's fence, vanishing into the woods behind the home.

Two witnesses, both men, in the summer of 1987 while walking out in the woods, reported seeing a Bigfoot of six and a half to seven and a half feet tall walking across a clearing in the woods near Percy Priest Lake, in Rutherford County, Tennessee.

During late March and early April of 1974 or 1975 near Leiper's Fork, in Williamson County, Tennessee two young teenage brothers reported seeing a 5 to 6 foot tall Bigfoot in a field gathering May Apples. They both gave the same description of the Bigfoot when questioned about it separately. Both said that it was between 5 to 6 feet tall, of a medium brown color, built stocky with a lower looking forehead like that of a gorilla and a square looking jaw. They also both said this Bigfoot looked like a cross between a man and an ape and that it had long arms.

I have just listed over a dozen reports and legends or stories of the creature presently know as Bigfoot. Should one ask about Bigfoot being here in Tennessee, most people would respond that we do not have an environment suitable for as large a creature as a Bigfoot where they could live in peace and enjoyment and not be seen or captured. All I ask is to please take a look at all the evidence that points toward there being such a creature and then decide what is real and what is not real for yourself.

### **Through the Eyes of the Beholder**

In my prior chapters I have mentioned a few reports and given a few facts and thoughts the Bigfoot are real and where they may have descended from. Be it from mythology, old wives tales, legends, reports of today, the scale of evolution, of descendants of Esau from the Bible, however one may view the possibility of who and where Bigfoot came from, the fact is they are here among us. This chapter is about my own personal thoughts and theories. It is also about the fact that Bigfoot do speak a language. You may think I may be totally wrong, but as this chapter is titled, this is through the eyes of the beholder, and I am that beholder.

Let me start by saying that I am a God fearing woman. I was raised up in a church where I was told that we came from God our Creator and where we did not evolve from any other type of human except Adam and Eve. This was what I believed to be the truth for many years. I am older now and facts point to a different beginning for mankind from archaeological finds of today. Be that as it may, I do believe there is a God out there somewhere, and that no matter what we came down from or up from in our world's past, God created us one way or another. Even if we were just a one-cell organism or what have you to begin with, God placed us here on earth. If one were to break the body down to its simplest form, we are only a ray of energy, after all. Everything in its simplest form here on earth, including the earth itself, is energy.

So saying this, here is the way I believe we are here on earth. I believe everything, including the earth, was created by God. I believe the Bible was given to us as a history of mankind as we now know it, and that it is not meant to be totally understood by man. I do not believe we are the only intelligent hominids here on Earth. This just does not make any sense to me, that we humans are all there is of our family. Every other biological canine family consists of the wolf, jackal, fox, hyena, dog, and so on. The same can be said for the feline family, along with any other family we can think of. They all have many species and sub-species. Man is the only one that is not supposed to have more than one living species. Why? Because this is the way man wishes to believe. We like to think we are the only intelligent life form that is here on earth or anywhere in the entire universe. I do not believe this is the way it is. I believe God placed many different types of people or hominoids here on earth.

We talk in evolution about trying to find a living missing link. So far no conclusive evidence has been found that can place us in a direct descending line with our ancestors the ape man, cave man or what have you. There is one missing link yet. Why? Because I believe our missing link or links are living among us in the here and now of today. This is our Bigfoot, Yeti, snowman, almasty, etc. They have been living here with us all along. Until someone finds skeletons of Bigfoot or the others to study, or until one is captured or killed to study, we are not going to find our missing link or links. They are walking around in the wilds of our forest and woods, living as they have always lived down through the ages. We do not find their remains because they bury their dead like we do. They live their lives to their choosing. They are the thinkers of old, not the civilized citizens of our town.

For years I have walked among the Bigfoot that are here on our property. I have learned from them what no one taught me in school or in any church. Fox was my foremost teacher, with the rest of his family filling in the little details. Here is some of what I learned, that I know from and of him and his family. These are my feelings about the Bigfoot and I strongly believe them human. I will say that I believe Fox and his family are probably more closely related to the humans we are now than some of the other Bigfoot species in our wilds. There are too many accounts of less human looking creatures of the Bigfoot species reported from different sources all over the world. The ones we have here in Tennessee are different from the ones we would see in other parts of the Americas and other foreign lands. Those I have interacted with seem to be more advanced than most others that I have personal knowledge of from other states or foreign countries. Yet, I have little to compare with as I know of no one else at the moment that has been as fortunate as our family in caring for the Bigfoot.

I was thirsty for knowledge in the beginning to learn more about them and their doings. With the aid of my Grandfather Carter I learned to communicate with them quite well even at eight years old and when I was ten, I could understand some of what Fox was saying quite well. I could not communicate with them nearly as well as my grandfather did, but he spoke an Indian dialect I had not learned, or so I believe that he did. I had to be satisfied with learning their words a few at a time and by Fox's ability to speak broken English words back to me. I will cover their language here in a little while.

We as humans have an appendix. We have no need of this appendix. Yet before we became what we are now our survival depended on this appendix, which acted as another stomach and digestive tract for the breaking down of raw food such as raw meats and raw vegetables. Over time, and with the ability to cook our food, our second stomach, the appendix, shrunk and now we have very little use for it. The Bigfoot still have their large appendix, I believe, and this being the case, they are well able to eat and digest things that the average human would otherwise not be able to eat. The Bigfoot will eat cooked foods and did eat them when we fed it to them, with the exception of coleslaw.

I do not know why they do not like coleslaw. They eat cabbage and carrots raw, and even eat mayonnaise on other things, but they will not eat it mixed as coleslaw. They easily digest fruits with

the seeds in them and wild plants and raw meat of any animal they kill. The seeds and bones will pass right through them, which is something we as humans cannot digest well ourselves.

They do not use fire. I do not know the why of this either. They fear fire but not to the extent that they will not come near and lift a burning stick from a fire and carry it about for a while, and then place it back in the fire. They will warm themselves on cold days by a fire. In the hotter months they will not even venture close to a burning fire. They do not really have a need for it and this is the only reason I think they do not use fire.

Fox and his family can communicate with each other in a language of their own. I know some of this language but not all of it, by far. To learn the little of it I do know, it took me hours of sitting up in the not so comfortable treetops of a pine and an oak and observing them. Along with this, I went daily with my Grandfather Carter to visit and feed them where they would say something, and either my Grandfather, Fox or Sheba or one of them would have to translate the words into English for me.

I took notes in a little note pad of the words I would hear them say out in the woods or fields and brought them to my Grandfather Carter when I got the chance. I would ask him what they meant. Some of them are likely not spelled right, but the word, as they said it, was how I tried to spell it, with my childish spelling ability. I also learned to be a good mimic of the words I heard them say, so that if I did spell it wrong, and Grandfather Carter did not know what the word or words were that I had written down, then I could at least utter them and he could tell me what they meant.

This is the way I learned from Fox and his family how to speak in their Bigfoot language. It is a practiced skill, one might say. It is also very hard for a human to speak in Bigfoot. A lot of times I cannot reach the level of frequency they use when speaking their language no matter how hard I try. The Bigfoot use a higher pitch than we do with some grunting sounds and nasal sounds combined. I cannot say for sure, but I believe their larynx to be placed lower in their chest area and not up in their throats like ours are, given the pitch of voice they use at times.

While all of the Bigfoot here on our place could speak their own language fluently, they can only speak a mixture of broken English. Fox was the most fluent in the English language. Sheba struggled with it a lot. Her English was very limited, and spoken in four to five word sentences. Fox could speak much more clearly and used longer sentences than any of the rest of his family when speaking in English. There are words in Bigfoot I do not know the meaning of, and there are words in English that the Bigfoot do not know. I would also like to add, as it may be of some importance to someone. I always thought that my Grandfather Carter had taught Fox how to speak English, and that between Fox and Grandfather they had taught the rest of Fox's family how to speak English.

Nicky and Bo seem to be our newest members of Fox's family. If Nicky is Fox's daughter, then Sheba or some other female had to have born her. Nowadays it appears that it is just Fox, Bo, and Nicky that are here on our property. I do not know for sure what has happened to Blackie, Toby, Quail, Cheeco and her son or any of the older members of Fox's family. Sheba has not been around since 1997 that I know of. Sheba was older than Fox in looks and I had assumed in age too. Given this, she may very well be dead.

Other than a few examples that I have demonstrated to Mary Green and her team of Bigfoot researchers upon occasion, and the one time she recorded and videotaped me doing this type of interaction with Bigfoot in her area, I have no proof, other than my word, that Bigfoot can communicate. I have no proof that I can understand their language, and that they understand mine. Even though Mary has seen first-hand and recorded me doing this, she does not understand what is being communicated while I



have talked to the Bigfoot in her presence. She has heard them talking back to me only in her research area and not here on the farm. It is also highly unlikely that anyone has ever gone into Mary's area and honestly tried to talk to any of the Bigfoot there in their own language before I did do. Mary told me that she did not even know what was said between me and the Bigfoot there. She did say that she knew what I was calling to them was obviously words of some nature, but she has never expressed an interest in learning the Bigfoot language until only recently.

Here is what I said to the Bigfoot and what the adult male, two females, and one teenage male said back to me the time I was in Mary's research areas in Overton County, Tennessee. Upon our arrival in this county and exiting the truck, Susan (Mary's daughter), Mary, and I went to examine a rather large deep hole in the ground that appeared to be in the shape of a beginning grave site. There were bear tracks around this hole, but no Bigfoot tracks were visible. We heard what sounded like birds chattering a few times. I think Mary and Susan thought little of these birds calling. I know differently and recognized them for what they were.

The Bigfoot there knew we were in their territory and were calling to each other to let one another know where we were. I was a bit nervous at first because one can't ever tell if a Bigfoot is going to be friendly or not. Unexpectedly, I had a calm feeling come over me and then felt reasonable safe to go ahead with my experiment. I wondered if the Bigfoot there would know the language of our Bigfoot here on the farm at least 150 miles away from each other. After all, this is what I had come so far to do. For some reason, Mary had started back to the truck and Susan was standing in front of me, when I decided to walk up on top of the mound of dirt piled next to this grave-like hole. This was a decent sized mound of dirt. I could only think of the first thing that popped into my head to call to the Bigfoot with. This was not by any means a wise choice on my part but it would work, I knew, if they could understand me.

So I said, "Hello, I am a female looking for a mate." The two females, an adult male and young male answered back all at once. One female asked me who I was. I answered that I was "Small Hand." Then she said she was "Quail." The adult male said he was available and one of the females said he was hers. The young male said he needed a mate. They all started advancing toward us so I thought I had better tell them that I was not one of their kind before I placed us all in danger from them. I told them I was a white woman and I had two white women friends with me. The one female said something about "why was I there?" I answered her and said, "To see if you would talk to me." The adult male told her to be quiet and the others to be quiet and that was the last they said and they did not come any nearer to us.

The adult male was advancing toward us the whole time while continuing to talk with me. He wanted to know how I knew his words. I told him that Fox told me them. He then said he wanted to see me. I told him I did not want to scare my friends and we were friends to him and his kind. He had gotten rather close by this time and I honestly thought he might come on out on Mary, Susan, and me. I did not know if he would take kindly to my lying to him at first about being a female in need of a mate, so I then said to him we were friends, and I had to go, and he needed to leave us. I asked him to leave us twice and said I was a friend of his and he a friend of mine. We were all the Bigfoot's friends, including Mary and Susan. In Bigfoot, he said "friends" and "bye" and started to move on back down into the gully of the woods where he had come from. After he was gone and no more vocalizations were heard, and most certainly when we were over the shock of the encounter, we all got into the truck and left.

That was all there was to it and nothing more happened there. We did not see any of them. Mary taped me on video and recorder. She does not know what was said between me and the Bigfoot as she cannot

yet understand their language. For all she knows, I was out there making monkey creams back and forth to them and them to me. I cannot prove a thing other than the Bigfoot there did make calls back to me. I cannot give proof of their words. I cannot prove my being able to speak to them, especially to someone who has not heard them over a long period of time and knows how to speak their language. The observer would have to decide for themselves on whether or not I can talk to the Bigfoot. Mary, Susan and the rest of the research team gave me their trust in this matter, and I thank them for it.

Another side note to our trip, Mary had taken us to an area where the Bigfoot had been reported being seen there since 1997. Mary had personally never received a response to her calls or observed anything back but an eerie silence in this place. The dirt and gravel road winds all around a mountaintop for miles and in the past, Mary had inspected every possible place she thought a Bigfoot might be hiding in. It had yielded only a couple of odd teepee markers that once were found, that went missing a few days later. Not a stick was left in place nor found in the immediate vicinity, a fact that Mary thought was extremely strange.

One might conclude that the Bigfoot might actually have been watching her photograph the markers at the time. These photographs of the strange formations were taken in 1997 and are on the Tennessee Bigfoot Lady's web site to this day. Mary told me before I started making my calls on top of that mount that she had only heard bird calls in the vicinity but only on rare occasions, or at least what she perceived to be bird calls. Out of all the days and hours she spent there listening for sounds the markers and the bird sounds were the total sum of her experiences in this place up until that time.

Mary had hoped to find further signs of the Bigfoot living there but had never given up, and after these most recent results, I doubt she ever will in her search of this area. Mary also stated to me that this was the only time she had ever witnessed a response since investigating there. She does know a lot of their Bigfoot sounds they make, but she has no idea whether or not they are speaking in a certain language. Hopefully, I will be able to teach her a few of their words given the time and opportunity.

So, having said that the Bigfoot have their own language, I shall give some of the words and their meanings for all to view. Mary asked this of me as a special favor and believes it will much improve others' understanding of what the Bigfoot say within their own language. I cannot make the sounds nor demonstrate how they are said in this book. The only thing I can do is give them and tell what they mean. So let me start and give the words, as I know them. I have listed them below in numbered format.

Some are Comanche Indian words used by our Bigfoot along with Sioux, Chippewa, Mescalero Apache, Lenni Lenape, Kiowa, Arapahoe and others.

\*Please Note: Where the source of the word is known, it is included in brackets [ ] after the meaning of the word.

1. Adeca = Deer [Comanche]
2. Asa Habbe = Star Road (Or Stars to Bigfoot) [Comanche]
3. Asa Nanica = Star or Star Name
4. Awoominot = A little less
5. Dert Sa Nau Yu Ca = Those who move often. (One that the Bigfoot referred to themselves as being)
6. Ekarero = She Blushes [Comanche]
7. Ekakrero = Blushes [Bigfoot]
8. Esa Habbe = Wolf or Wolf Road (Awoolf's way of walking)

9. Esa Nahubiya = Echo of a wolf's howl
10. Esa Tai = Coyote dung or dog poop
11. Esa yo ho Hobt= Yellow wolf or name for a dog
12. Hahki = Blocks the sun. (Name of Fox in his own language)
13. Haista Amawau= Little Apple (name of the female born in 1989 or thereabouts)
14. His oo San Ches = Mexican people (Spaniard)
15. Ito Is = imber people (Sheba's parents group)\* Sheba's People
16. Kauoyo = Name Giver (What they called my Papaw from time to time.)
17. Kesua = Hard to get along with (Note: Not sure this is a word in any Native American language but they used this to describe Blackie from time to time and this is its meaning according to them.) I could not find this word or its spelling in any language.
18. Kianceta = Weasel [Comanche]
19. Kuyusi = Quail [Comanche] This is Blackie's twin's name and his twin was a female.
20. Kwasinabo = Snake [Comanche or at least it is close]
21. Eka Na Pe = Red Foot (Cheeco's real name)
22. Kwasinabo Wabituh = Snake Eyes [Comanche or close to it]
23. Manita = Small Hand (Name for Janice given to her by the Bigfoot) [Comanche]
24. Mo Cho Rook = The Cruellest ONE of All (This refers to the strange male Fox fought with one time. Not sure of this being from any Native American Language.)
25. Mookwarruh = Spirit Talker (What they call telepathic communications to each other and to people.)
26. Mo Pe = Owl [Comanche]
27. Nabehkakun = Many fight or many battles. (Referring to how many times Fox was in a fight with another Bigfoot.)
28. Naduah = Keep warm with us or to hug.
29. Nakahtaba = Pecan nut [Comanche]
30. Narabe = Gets to be an old woman or Bigfoot (referring to my Papaw's age and looks.)
31. Nenepi = The malevolent little people (in reference to all humans, their words for human men.)
32. Nerमतeta = People Eaters (Bigfoot that eat people.)
33. Nermenuh = People [Comanche]
34. Nocona = Word for part of Fox's family band's name. [Comanche for the word "wandering."]
35. Nayiya - Slope [Comanche] (What their head eyebrow is.)
36. Nuepi = Wind [Comanche]
37. Ooetah = A big bowl
38. Oti = Hunting a wife [Comanche] Refers to time Blackie was gone.
39. Pah mo = Smoke or smoke from a fire [Comanche]
40. Paroni = Skinny or ugly? This is what they called the neighbor woman (*Birdie*) and it meant one or the other, but I am not sure.
41. Pena = Honey, Molasses, Sweets
42. Penateka = Hospitable ones [Comanche] or = Honey Eaters in Bigfoot
43. Piam Em Pits = Cannibal in Bigfoot but means cannibal owl in Comanche [Comanche]
44. Po Hawe = Medicine in Bigfoot [Comanche] Refers to the medicine my Papaw used to doctor Fox after his fight with the Mo Cho Rook = The Cruellest One of All, the strange Bigfoot that came to the farm and seemed to be after Sheba.
45. Pohebits Kwasu = Word used by Indians somewhere for what they called Bigfoot [Comanche] in Comanche it means Iron Shirt or Iron Suit.
46. Potsana Quoip = Cow pee (Buffalo Piss in Comanche)
47. Sac-on-eber= Some river of the Bigfoot (This is the name that is close to the Comanche spelling for the Little Wichita River.)
48. Sarai Na Pe = A dogs foot print mark. (Close to the spelling of dog foot in Comanche)

49. Sibepapapi = Shaved head [Comanche] or bad head in Bigfoot
50. Tabbe Nanica = Sun Rise [Comanche]
51. Tabbenoca = Sun Rise [Comanche]
52. Tabukina Naki = Rabbit Ears [Comanche] Ane = rabbit for Bigfoot or at least the Tabukina part does.
53. Tah-Hah-Net = She Laughs [Comanche]
54. Tahkobe = Broken
55. Tahkobe-Ano = Broken Cup [Comanche] Bigfoot do not use the ANO part of this word. Why?
56. Kuyanai = Turkey
57. Tasura = That's it. [Bigfoot for that is what they are looking for (*or also*) for what they want.] [Bigfoot]
58. Tekwapi = No Meat Eaters. [Is Comanche for = no meat band.] [Bigfoot]
59. Tso-me = Gathered up [Comanche]
60. Tosa-amah = Silver Rain or something like that and is Toby's name in Bigfoot. [Bigfoot]
61. Pookuh = Horse
62. Tosi-Tivo = White People {Almost the same in Comanche} [Bigfoot]
63. Tsa-Wa-Ke = Looking for something good to eat.
64. Tuhani Huhtsu = Blackbird [Bigfoot and Comanche]
65. To oh Kar No = Night [Comanche] & Night time [Bigfoot]
66. Wakare = Turtle [in Comanche] [Bigfoot - possibly spelled with what sounds like two ee's.]
67. Tse-Ak = [Comanche for lance] Blackie's name in Bigfoot
68. Tsetarkau = Terrible Snows [Comanche] & The time of our blizzard in 1993 as referring to the snow we had then in Bigfoot language.
69. Weelah = Bear Cub [Comanche]
70. Yamparika = Root Eaters
71. Yo-Oh-Hobt Pa-Pi = Yellow Hair [Comanche] or Red Hair in Bigfoot (This is what the Bigfoot called Lila when she was little.)
72. A-He = I claim her [Comanche] Bigfoot for wife.
73. Ahtamu = Grasshopper
74. Ara = Uncle (What the Bigfoot caalled my Uncle.)
75. Arikara = Tobacco [Comanche = Twist of tobacco from Mexico]
76. Bhi-Hee-Duh = Three or at least two finger and a thumb on Ceeco's hand.
77. E Samopma ==It's a girl. Reference to one baby girl they had that died.
78. E-Hait-sma = Your close friend
79. (El Diablo) = The Devil (Note: This sounds like the Spanish word for devil and I don't know if Bigfoot got this word from the Mexicans or where they got it from.
80. Ella Cona = The Fire Rods of the White Men or Humans (Guns)
81. Ha-Itska = Where is or Are (used as both in Bigfoot)
82. Ha-Itska Ein? = Where are you? Call they use when locating each other while hunting along with the wood knocking.
83. Hakai? = What? This just sounds like the word they say for what when they want to know what you said or asked them, or if you asked them to get something for you or take something from you and they don't understand what you want of them, or what you have said.
84. Hah-Ich-Ka Po-Mea? = Where is she going? (Asked twice to my Papaw about where I was walking off to.) Papaw told me this one's meaning.
85. Herbi = Woman (With an S sound added at the end or what sounds like an s on the end, it means women.
86. Hibpa = Drink, Drunk
87. Hi Haitsi = Hello women friends (Referring to greeting used towards Lila nad me as children. It may mean hello girlfriends.)

88. Hi Kaku Nei Mataoyo? = How are you granddaughter, my little one? (Papaw said this was Comanche and the Bigfoot referred to me as granddaughter of my Papaw and not their granddaughter.)
89. Hi-Tai = Hello Friend (Grand Papaw's greeting to Fox and Fox's greeting to my Papaw) [Supposed to be Comanche]
90. KaKa = Onion
91. Kaku = How
92. Ka Taikay, Kataikay, Tohobt Wabitub = She Don't cryh, blue eyes [Papaw said this is supposed to be Comanche] Lila was crying whenb we left her that time and Fox said this to her. I don't think she remembers.)
93. Keemah = Come
94. Madrina = A mare as in a female horse.
95. Mea Dro = Let's go
96. Me-Pe Mahtaoyo = Poor little one or little baby [Refers to what Sheba kept chanting over and over the time her baby died and they buried it and she was sitting out there on its grave crying and chanting this.]
97. Na-Bo-Ne or Na-Boo-Ne = Look
98. Namasi-Kohtoo = Quick, Quick [reference to running on all fours and the way they go fast.] [Close to Comanche]
99. Ob-Be-Mah-E-Yah = Get out of here; get out of the way, leave from here. (This is what Sheba said when she knocked my horse over with me on it, along with telling me to leave and get out of here in English. I asked her later what she was saying to me and she came back in English with the same thing. {Note: If I never remembered another sentence they utter again in my life, I will always remember these words.})
100. Pia = Mother (or) Run (or) Stop
101. Posa Bihia = Naughty boys, mischievous boy or boys. (Refers to the time Sheba scolded Blackie for breaking the bird eggs that he was sent up the tree after.)
102. Semah = One
103. Suvate = That is all [Bigfoot] It is finished [Comanche]
104. Tabbe Bekat = Sun and also Killing in [Comanche], but it means cloudy and rainy in Bigfoot.
105. Tah-Mah = Brother
106. Tao = Powder [Comanche for same]
107. Toopa = Coffee
108. Toquet = It's a girl (or) It is well (or) It is good (or) all right
109. Wa-Hah-Duh = Two
110. Topsana = Flower [Close to Comanche]
111. Han = Yes. [Sioux] [I know it means yes in Bigfoot]
112. Hanke-Wasichun = Half blooded (as in if a Bigfoot and a human have a baby together.)
113. Hlya = No
114. Hunwi = Moon, The Moon [Sioux]
115. Icantewaste, Mitanksi = Be happy little sister (Again when we left Lila and she was crying, Fox said this to her. I still do not think she remembers this for some odd reason. Fox didn't mean to scare her, I don't think.)
116. Inankni Yo = Hurry. (Sounds like a Sioux word for hurry.)
117. Inila = Silence (or) e Quiet (or) Shut Up
118. Iyeciciye Sni-yelo = I don't recognize you. [Papaw said this is Comanche but the closest thing I found to it is in Sioux. Either way this is what Fox was yelling at Chuck that time and this is what Papaw said it meant.] \*Same as the words below in 119.

119. \* Ki-Ci-E Conape = I'm going to kill you. [In Bigfoot but means The Death Challenge in Sioux]
120. Kikta Vo = Wake Up.
121. Kola = Black (color) in Bigfoot [and = Friend in Sioux]
122. Lel Usi Yo = Come over here.
123. Mi-Cante = Wife in Bigfoot [spelled Micante = Wife in Sioux]
124. Lakoi Wicoh An = The traditional way of life.
125. Loracin Sni = I am hungry (or) are you hungry. The words are spoken Hungry I am.
126. Mahpiya = Cloud in the Sky
127. Makakin = Earth
128. Mihigna = Husband
129. Nanpi yuze Sni Yo = Take your hand or hands off of me you. (The yo is their word in English for you, as they don't quite have the u sound of the word down pat.) (Sheba said this to the strange male Bigfoot when he grabbed her.) [It is Sioux for sure. It is Oglala Sioux]
130. Napi = God, The Lord God. [It is also Sioux for Great Spirit]
131. Ni-Ye Mitawa = You are mine. [It is Ollala Sioux] This is what Fox yelled at the strange male he got into the fight with.
132. Nicinca Tonape He? = Do you have children? (Fox asked me this and I asked him to repeat the question in English, as I didn't know what he asked me.) In 1990 I was 25 at the time and this is when he asked me this question.
133. Niksapa Hantans Ecanu Kte = If you are wise, you will do it. (Refers to the time Sheba told me to leave after knocking my horse and me over.) [Papaw said it was Sioux]
134. Nituwe He = Who are you? [Sioux]
135. Nituwe Hwo = Who are you? [Bigfoot] Fox asked chuck tis in the window.
136. Petanl = Smell [Sioux for smell too.]
137. Pilamaya = Thank You
138. Slolwaye-Sni = I do not know [said: not know I]
139. Sunka Ska = White Dog (Buffy, my German Shepherd was white) [means White Dog in Sioux]
140. Tanyan Amaye = I feel better [Is same in Sioux]
141. Tan-Yan-Yaun-Nunwe = Good-bye
142. Tunkansila = Papaw or Grandfather in Bigfoot
143. Waniyetu Nitona He = How old are you?
144. Wakan Tanka Ni'Ci Un = May God go with you.
145. Wanuwun Wacin = Water or in water (swimming)
146. Waste Ce Dake = I love you [Papaw and Fox both said this to each other when Papaw was in the road that time right before he died. Papaw said it means or meant I love you in Bigfoot.]
147. WI = Day
148. Ah-Bee-No-Gee = Children [Chippewa is close]
149. Ah-Szhee-Gway = Now [Bigfoot]
150. Ah-Szhee-Gwah = We must talk [Chippewa]
151. Anim-osh = Dog
152. Chee-mo-ko-man = A white man hunter or intruder [Bigfoot]
153. Chee-O-Gee-Mah = A powerful Leader [In Chippewa]
154. En-Dah-Yen = Home
155. Gee-Ah-Bi = More (or) Give me more (Food)
156. Gee-Ba-Ba = Father [Bigfoot]
157. Gee-Seen-Ah = Cold or I am cold. [Chippewa = Cold]
158. Gee-Nah-Wind = Us in the wind. (The Bigfoot Clan)

159. Gee-Wee-Do-Kah-Wahn-Mah-Shee-Chen-Gavd = That's what you two have proven to be. (Friends and refers to me and Papaw as being us.)
160. Gee-N = You or us
161. Ish-sko-Day = Fire
162. Mah-Gay-I-Ee - Evil or Bad [Bigfoot]
163. Mah-nah-Dud = Evil or bad [Chippewa]
164. Manomin = Berry or Good Tasting Berries
165. Neen-Swaygiseed-Wayauay = Lady or Woman Unafraid [of the Bigfoot] when I was older.
166. Nush-Ska-Wee-Zee = Strong and capable [Chippewa] Sheba's name sounded like this for real but we called her Sheba for short.
167. Wah-Nayn Dumgee Mah-Szay Dun..ee Nayn-Sum = Only think good thoughts when you are with me or us. [Bigfoot] [It is close to the same in Chippewa]
168. WE-E-E-E-E-E, Ho-Ho-Ho = Weenehoho? This is some sound of words they make but I don't have a clue to what it means.
169. Zee-Gag = Skunk, Polecat, A Skunk
170. Mingan = Apple [In Bigfoot] (A yellow apple)
171. Mingan = Gray Wolf [In Mescalero Apache]
172. Tolaala = Cedar (tree) [Algonquian Indian sounds the same as Lenni Lanape]
173. Maata = No
174. Uishamehgela = Run Away
175. Daanus = Boy
176. Giis = Girl
177. Kihiiila = Grass [is grass in Lenni Lanape]
178. Tuulke = Breast (Boobs)
179. Won = Rose (or) [Rosebud in Lenni Lanape]
180. Mekollaan = Hawk
181. Tipaakke = Fox [is Night Fox in Lenni Lanape]
182. Fuego = Flame from a fire
183. Kijika = Spirits [Bigfoot] [in Lenni Lanape & Kiowa & Sioux it means Night Walkers]  
 \*Major Note: Place Nocona = Wanderer or Wandering with Kijika = Spirits or Night Walkers = Bigfoot = Wandering Spirits which they call themselves. Indian = Wanderer Night Walkers.
184. Almanzo = Black Horse (my horse Midnight)
185. Niatha = Spider
186. Eoyta = The Greatest [Bigfoot] [Ewah = Bigfoot in Chippewa]
187. Kiri = Bear [Bigfoot]
188. Kiri-Kuruks = Bears Eyes [Pawnee]
- 189.
190. Zetapetazhetan = Big Mean Strange Bigfoot [Bigfoot]
191. Zet-Ape-Taz-He-Tan = Squaw Killer [Cheyenne]
192. Mihu = Bigfoot [Bigfoot]
193. Mihu = Monster that rises from the Dark River and roams the land at night [in Cheyenne] (A Cheyenne legendary monster?)
194. Katam = Hide [Bigfoot]
195. Mohktaen = Turnips
196. Nonuno = Rainbow
197. Siyuhk = Soul [Bigfoot]
198. Natona = My daughter
199. Nekaim = Sister
200. Katum = Damn [Bigfoot and Cheyenne]

201. Peraaohe = Sweet [Bigfoot]
202. Peraaoche = Pretty [Cheyenne]
203. Eyoreseahyo = Yellow Root [a plant in Bigfoot]
204. Eyoreseahyo = Yellow Medicine [Cheyenne]
205. Tohave = Wilderness [Cheyenne]
206. Tow-ha-ree = Wilderness or in the wilds [Bigfoot]
207. Mahkimins = A little red colored berry [Bigfoot]
208. Mahkimins = Whortle Berry [Cheyenne]
209. Seyan = Heaven ]Bigfoot]
210. Seyan = The place of the dead. [Cheyenne]
211. Nestava Roomatse Na = I will see you again [Bigfoot]
212. Ne-Sta-Ra-Roomatse-Na-Htataneme = I will see you again my brother [Cheyenne]
213. Ein = you
214. Ka = Her and she
215. Tai = Friend
216. Nawk = We are friends
217. Yelo = You and Yo is you in their English.
218. Sni = I
219. Hwo = Who
220. So = To and sounds like sue.
221. Is Wa Is A To = Come visit or come and visit me.
222. Yo Ha Coo = You are funny
223. Okla = Rope

These are just a few examples of the words they use and the languages they speak in Bigfoot. The sounds of some of the words are carried out, yet other words are chattered so fast that it is hard to catch what is being said. Only with my Grandfather's help and his understanding of the Native American languages he spoke, was I able to learn what the Bigfoot had to say in their language to me. It took years for me to halfway understand them. I still do not know all of their language and at this point probably never will.

So here I am once again talking to the Bigfoot in their own language. Again I am interacting with them as best I can for right now. Fox does not trust me as he did my Grandfather Carter and I do not trust him as my grandfather did. I fear him and he fears me to a certain extent. It is not anything we have done bad to each other that causes this lack of trust. It's just that we have not entirely established knowing what the other is going to do next, and whether or not we will have a peaceful interaction between the two of us. I could bring people here to the farm that would want to kill Fox and his family. Then he and his family could surround me and kill me. However, I do not feel Fox would do me any harm and I do not think he feels I would do him any harm.

Mary asked me if I have or have had a love-hate relationship with Fox and his family. I never answered her truthfully. It is hard to explain the way I honestly feel about the Bigfoot. Fox is my friend and therefore so are any that he chooses to have in his family group. I do not think I hate old Fox in any way. Yet I do and did hate Blackie with a passion once he had raped the girl and done the things he did in front of me. I was sure that, given a chance, Blackie would have tried to do the same to Lila or me or any girl or woman he happened upon. I was scared to death of him. I will say this. If Blackie were to ever return to our property here I will not hesitate to call in the best big game hunters there are to kill him. Blackie has never done anything to Lila or me, but the fact remains in my mind that he has done things in the past that causes me not to trust him. I do not want a repeat performance by Blackie by giving him the chance to harm anyone he can get his hands on. I do not want my family



placed in any danger from any of the Bigfoot, let alone having a walking menace such as Blackie around to have to constantly keep my eyes open for and upon. Let us hope for his own sake and ours he never comes back even for a short visit.

As for Fox, he is special to me because he was probably my Grandfather's best friend. He followed my Grandfather Carter about and interacted with Grandfather on a daily basis for over twenty years that I am aware of. I will let him stay on here at our property until he dies, if that is what he wants to do. Once Fox is dead or gone, I will not keep the land in tree cover for the two young ones that are here with him now. I plan to clear the trees off the land, and to fill the deep gullies and ditch lines up, and to open this place up so that I can see for miles. They will have to move on into the mountains from here. I will not interact with these new Bigfoot on my property. I have had all of them I want to have of them.

I have stood all of their thieving ways, their chasing us out of the woods and fields and running after our cars and trucks when they happen to notice us driving by, that I will put up with. I do not want to have to worry, with these new ones, about them peeking in our windows, taking and eating small bites off of everything in our garden in the summer as soon as it ripens I have truly had it with their leaving the remains of the food they didn't eat lying on the ground to rot. I am tired of them killing our livestock just for a few small innards to eat, of having to constantly worry with them killing my prize winning collies or chasing my cats until they fall over dead.

But above all else, I do not want to have the fear of the Bigfoot doing something to my family. I don't want to have to worry over Bigfoot carrying my children off if I let them out in the yard to play. I do not want to worry that one of them might be standing behind a building ready to grab one of us when we walk out to our cars, vans, or trucks at night. I do not want to worry if they are hungry and need extra food to eat, but I still have a bad habit of feeding them from time to time. I certainly do not want them entering the house ever again to obtain food or even banging on the house just to get my attention so that I will go outside and feed them. I definitely do not want them scaring my children to death in the process of doing this. I do not want to lay awake at night for fear that one of them might enter my home and get into something or if they are going to be standing over me if I fall asleep and don't open my eyes before dawn. I simply do not want to fool with them any longer here on our property. I am over them and the worries they cause me. So yes, I do have a love-hate relationship with them.

Until one has been in the same shoes over the years that I have been unwillingly placed into, one does not know the half of what I am going through. Things have forced my hand on whether I would ever move back to this home place and land of mine. I had to come back or lose it to someone else. So here I am, dealing with and worrying about the Bigfoot each and every day my family and I remain here. I am as stubborn as the day is long. I will not give up my land and home to anybody, Bigfoot or otherwise. It is mine! My grandparents put a lot of blood, sweat, fears, and tears into making this farm what it is today. It is also my birthright to be here.

Yes it is Fox's land too. He also has every right to be here on the property. Fox was more than likely born on this land in one or another of the caves. Fox grew up here the same as I did. He was a part of my Grandfather Carter just as this land was a part of my Grandfather. This said, Fox belongs here.

These two new Bigfoot do not belong here in my opinion. I will not interact with them or attempt to befriend them and encourage them in any way to stay here once Fox is gone. I do care about what may happen to them in the future, but I feel they are able to take care of themselves. Fox is old and they are young. They have their whole life ahead of them. They can move on in reasonable peace and leave my family and me alone. I'll visit them in the wilds if I want to see them. I am not my Grandfather Carter.

I don't have his understanding of the Bigfoot. Grandfather Carter was truly a special person.

### **Speak When Spoken To**

Now that I have told about the Bigfoot being some sort of hominid and that they do talk, let us look to the east so to speak and give some examples of ones reported captured and what the cost was to them. I shall add my own theories as to what I believe the end result would be should we capture a Bigfoot. This chapter shall also cover a few examples and ideas for Bigfoot speech and of what a few of my well thought of new friends have to say as leading authorities in the field of hominology about our Bigfoot. What their ideas are for the success of proving that another type of hominid does indeed exist here with us on earth today. Along with Mary Green my confidant and co-author, both of these men, Will Duncan and Dmitri Bayanov have been very helpful to me. I thank all three of these people from the bottom of my heart for all the trouble I have put them through and for all the hours of questions I've asked of them and their answering each one as best they could for me. I wish to thank the two men for letting me use their well-written information about these hominids we know as the North American Bigfoot.

Let me turn first to Dmitri Bayanov on one of his latest essays from the book *Crypto. Hidden or Secret, from the Greek kruptos meaning hidden Hominology Special Number II: Being and Examination of Unknown Bipedal Creatures* written in 2002 page 48 and 49.

### **The Second Signaling System**

Speech can be defined as verbal communication through air vibration. Non-verbal communication through air vibration is not speech neither is verbal communication without air vibration (telepathy for example). Thus speech is an exclusively human faculty and function. Non-human speech makes as much sense as non-human poetry. Speech cannot be inarticulate. Inarticulate speech is as good as inarticulate eloquence. There is no speech without words and it is words that make speech articulate. Proper names for inarticulate vocalizations are mumbling, gabbling, babbling, and gibbering.

Speech has evolved from non-verbal animal communication, termed by Ivan Pavlov the first signaling system, while speech he called the second signaling system. The two systems have much in common, a fact stressed by me in *Current Anthropology* (December 1974, p. 455) as follows:

There are many points on which man's speech and the communication systems of animals coincide, but there are others on which they are as far apart as heaven and earth. By the communication means at their disposal animals can greet, warn, threaten, frighten, order, tease, invite, entice, deceive, ask for, beg, give consent, and show indifference, surprise, bewilderment, respect, contempt, contentment. A bee through her dance can indicate to her sisters the direction and distance to nectar-laden flowers, which the instructed bees don't fail to find. Thus both animals and humans do use symbols to influence their counterparts' behavior in their respective kingdoms, but what animals can't do, what is the sole prerogative of man, is to engage in a symbolic give-and-take which we happen to be performing right now and which is called discussion. Animals can "argue" with paws and claws, but not with symbols.

The difference between the first signaling system and the second is not just a matter of degree, but of kind. The secret of speech is in the secrets of the word, its meaning, formation and combination. Isn't it wondrous that a mere alteration in the order of sounds turns "dog" into "god?" Words have the capacity to evoke mental images. Saying "dog" or "cat," one evokes a corresponding mental image in the mind. The word "dog" has nothing canine, the word "cat" nothing feline, so most words are arbitrary sound symbols. But, it may not have been always like that. If I say "bow-wows growl, meow-

meows hiss," you probably understood what I mean. The linguistic term for sound-imitating words is "onomatopoeic" (the Greek for "name making").

Many words in various languages are onomatopoeic, for example in English the words hoot, zoom, buzz, whisper, whistle, bang, rumble.. Such names as "mumbling," "gabbling" and "babbling" are also onomatopoeic. From ancient times to the present, scholars have shared the view that sound imitation was indispensable in the origin of language. Onomatopoeia is perhaps the "most fruitful mother of language." One of the most detailed works on the subject, that the author has come across, is by A.M. Gazov-Ginzberg, published by the Soviet Academy of Sciences in 1965, entitled *Is Language Imitative by Origin?*. The scholar comes to an affirmative conclusion.

There is a parallel between the development of spoken language and written language in the emergence of abstract and arbitrary symbols from the initially imitative (iconic) and non-arbitrary. As one reference encyclopedia says: "Early Man draw rough sketches in order to convey his ideas to another. This method was succeeded in the course of time by a system of hieroglyphics." Hieroglyphics in turn gave rise to alphabetic writing, with its abstract and arbitrary signs and sounds in the form of letters. To be able to write, man had first to learn to draw. To be able to speak, he first had to be able to imitate sounds.

Now, let us note that of all mammals, presently recognized by science, man is the only one capable of sound imitation. Curiously enough, man shares this faculty, as well as bipedalism, not with primates, but with evolutionary distant birds. The lesson of the parrot is, first, that sound imitation is in the nature of biological things, and, second, the faculty is not necessarily a precursor of speech or eloquence.

Our primate ancestors acquired hands not in order to enable us to clutch a steering wheel or hold a mobile phone. And they became bipedal not in order to waltz or skate. So, is it not possible that they developed their vocal and sound imitative abilities in advance of speech and not for that purpose at all?

An infant prattles before talking or speaking. A pre-human primate must have mumbled and gabbled before turning human. Thus, the antiquity of speech, the temporal aspect of the problem is of special importance both for hominology and anthropology.

So now given the information of speech and how it developed in humans where would one place the Bigfoot in all this as to their ability to speak and mimic the sounds of others? I would personally place a Bigfoot somewhere right in the middle of all of this. They can mimic different sounds. They also use sign language and what one would call gibbering. Yet they can speak a given language also. Therefore, I would call them human. They are some type of human.

### **Wanted Dead or Alive!**

Many scientists, and other researchers alike, believe that the only solution in order to prove the existence of such a hominid as the Bigfoot requires us to kill one in order to study it and determine exactly what it is. I do not share this belief. I feel that we would better come to understand the Bigfoot should we make efforts to study them in their natural environment, to learn their habits and traits this way. Should we kill one for science and its body be studied; we will only be able to confirm that it is a slightly different human than we are. A dead specimen is not going to teach anyone of its habits and ability to survive in the wilds or of its capability of speech. The dead do not talk and they certainly do not walk. Besides, the killing of just one Bigfoot will never be enough. The killings would continue until we drive the Bigfoot to near extinction. Just like we unknowingly did with the Panda and the

California Condor, along with other species we have studied and sought in our past to understand.

We need to study closely any accounts and reports of their behavior from the past about the Bigfoot and like specimens that have been captured. We need to go a field and study the Bigfoot and like creatures in their own habitat. Only in this way will we ever know the truth about the Bigfoot. So the answer for me is to try to obtain a well-documented video film of the Bigfoot as they are in the wild. I aim to accomplish this with any given luck and also through the help of others that are willing to help me. We need to habituate the Bigfoot, not kill them in order to study them.

This method will take some doing and require a lot of understanding of how the Bigfoot live their lives. I do not recommend that the average uninformed person go out and try to approach these wild hominids. It will take someone with an understanding of the Bigfoot's need for space, someone who can show an understanding of their other specific needs to try this act. You will need to know exactly when you're are invading their personal space. One also has to know when they are really going to charge at you with intent to do you harm, and when they are only bluffing in their act of aggressiveness to get you to leave them alone. I won't even mention the fact that one will first have to find a Bigfoot that is prone to stay in a given area. It is true, according to what I know and have learned about them that you will have to keep trying to approach their kind over hours and years of time before they are even halfway going to accept the fact that you are there to observe only. I know this from past experience as it took my Grandfather Carter years to be able to touch and interact with the ones we had and have here on the farm.

Only through old Fox am I able to get within forty foot of the new young ones that are here now. They either run or sneak away on feet of air when I get in their territory. Through years of training and knowing to listen for the slightest sound do I know when I am upon one of the new ones. They can be as quiet as a mouse. They also do have their giveaways. In their case you have to listen to the voices of the wind and for the least rustle of a tree leaf if they do not want you to know they are near, as the untrained ear will never hear them and know they are close.

Should we capture a Bigfoot and lock it in a cage, which by the way would have to be pretty strong in order to hold it? We are not going to establish anything toward the way they act or interact with each other or us to cage one. Only when they are free and have the ability to interact with their own kind and humans in general will we accomplish anything or gain much insight into their behaviors. A caged human or animal does not act the same as one that has its freedom.

So now let us turn to a well-documented story of our past and look at just what the consequences were and exactly how the captive acted in captivity. Let us study this case and see if we can come up with a plan that will work in habituating the Bigfoot of today instead of capturing them or killing them. While there are but few cases of Bigfoot ever being captured in the America's that were ever documented to any extent, there are a few in other countries around the world that have been well documented in the past. I turn to one of these now.

I wish to present to you the story of Zana as this one appeals to me more than any other report of a captured Bigfoot creature I know of at present. I can and do sympathize with her for the cruelty she endured and her will to survive no matter what her conditions in captivity. I believe she is the hero herein.

### "ZANA"

From: *In The Footsteps Of The Russian Snowman* by Dmitri Bayanov. (1996, Moscow, Russia:

Crypto-Logos, pp. 46-52).

In Abkhazia, Western Caucasus, relict s are called abnauayu. While collecting reports in 1962, a colleague of Boris Porshnev, zoologist Prof. Alexander Mashkovtsev, heard and studied the story of Zana. Subsequently, Pordhnev took over where his late companion left off. The following information is borrowed from Porshnev's work "The Struggle for Troglodytes\*".

Zana was a female abnauayu who had been caught and tamed and who lived and died within the memory of a number of people still alive at the time of the research. She was buried near the village of Tkхина in the Ochamchiri District of Abkhazia in the 1880s or 1890s.

The manner of her capture is vague. Some said it was not a chance catch. Hunter familiar with an age-old technique tied her up, and, when she furiously fought back, hit her with cudgels, gagged her mouth with felt, and shackled her legs to a log. Probably she had already changed hands by sale when she became the property of the ruling prince D. M. Achba who was the titular head of the Zaadan region. She passed into the possession of one of his vassals, named Chelokua and still later she was presented to a nobleman, Edgi Genaba, who visited the region. He took her away, still shackled and chained, to his estate in the village of Tkхина on the Mokva River, 78 kilometers from Sukhumi.

At first Genaba lodged her in a very strong enclosure and nobody ventured in to give her food, for she acted like a wild beast. It was thrown to her. She dug herself a hole in the ground and slept in it and for the first three years she lived in this wild state, gradually becoming tamer. After three years she was moved to a wattle-fence enclosure under an awning near the house, tethered at first, but later she was let loose to wander about. However she never went far from the place where she received her food. She could not endure warm rooms and the year round, in any weather, slept outdoors in a hole that she made herself under the awning.

Villagers teased her with sticks thrust through the wattle-fence, and she would snatch them with fury, bare her teeth and howl. Her skin was black, or dark gray, and her whole body covered with reddish-black hair. The hair on her head was tousled and thick, hanging mane-like down her back.

She could not speak, over decades that she lived with people, Zana did not learn a single Abkhaz word; she only made inarticulate sounds and mutterings, and cries when irritated. But she reacted to her name, carried out commands given by her master and was scared when he shouted at her. And this despite the fact that she was very tall, massive and broad, with huge breasts and buttocks, muscular arms and legs, and fingers that were longer and thicker than human fingers. She could splay her toes widely and move apart the big toe.

From remembered descriptions given to Mashkovtsev and Porshnev, her face was terrifying; broad, with high cheekbones, flat nose, turned out nostrils, muzzle-like jaws, wide mouth with large teeth, low forehead, and eyes of a reddish tinge. But the most frightening feature was her expression which was purely animal, not human. Sometimes, she would give a spontaneous laugh, baring those big white teeth of hers. The latter were so strong that she easily cracked the hardest walnuts.

She lived for many years without showing any change: no gray hair, no falling teeth, keeping strong and fit as ever. Her athletic power was enormous. She would outrun a horse, and swim across the wild Mokva River even when it rose in violent high tide. Seemingly without effort she lifted with one hand an eighty-kilo sack of flour and carried it uphill from the water-mill to the village. She climbed trees to get fruit, and to gorge herself with grapes she would pull down a whole vine growing around the tree. She ate whatever was offered to her, including hominy and meat, with bare hands and enormous

gluttony. She loved wine, and was allowed her fill, after which she would sleep for hours in a swoon-like state.

She liked to lie in a cool pool side by side with buffalos. At night she used to roam the surrounding hills. She wielded big sticks against dogs and on other perilous occasions. She had a curious obsession for playing with stones, knocking one against another and splitting them.

She took swims the year round, and preferred to walk naked even in winter, tearing dresses that she was given into shreds. However, she showed more tolerance toward a lion-cloth. Sometimes she went into the house, but the women were afraid of her and came near only when she was in a gentle mood; when angry she presented a scary sight and could even bite. But she obeyed her master, Edgi Genaba, and he knew how to bring her to heel. Adults used her as a bogey figure with children, although Zana never actually attacked children.

She was trained to perform simple domestic tasks, such as grinding grain for flour, bringing home firewood and water, or sacks to and from the water-mill, or pull her master's high boots off.

But she became the mother of human children, and this is the wondrous side of her life story, very important for the science of genetics. Zana was pregnant several times by various men, and, giving birth without assistance, she always washed the newborn child in the cold water-spring. The half-breed infants, unable to survive these ablutions, died.

So, when subsequently Zana gave birth, the villagers began taking the newborn babies away from her in good time, and reared them themselves. Four times this happened, and the children, two sons and two daughters, grew up as humans, fully-fledged and normal men and women who could talk and possessed reason. It is true that they had some strange physical and mental features, but nonetheless they were fully capable of engaging in work and social life.

The eldest son's name was Dzhandan, and the eldest daughter was Kodzhanar. The second daughter was named Gamasa, and the younger son Khwit, who died in 1954. All had descendants of their own, scattered across Abkhazia.

There were rumors that the father of Gamasa and Khwit was in fact Edgi Genabal himself, but in the census they were put down under a different surname, and their family-name became Sabekia. It is significant that Zana was buried in the family cemetery of the Genabas, and that the two youngest children of Zana were brought up by Genaba's wife.

Gamasa and Khwit were both powerfully built, had dark skins, but they inherited scarcely anything from Zana's facial appearance. The complex of human features, inherited from their father, was dominant in them and overruled the mother's line of descent. Khwit, who died at the age of 65 or 70, was described by his fellow-villagers as little different from the human norm, except for certain small divergences. He was extremely strong, difficult to deal with and quick to pick a fight. In fact, he lost his right hand after one of the many fights he had with his fellow-villagers, but his left hand sufficed him to mow and do other work on a collective farm, and even climb trees. When old, he moved to the town of Tkvarcheli where he eventually died, but he was taken back for burial at Tkhina.

\* Boris Porshnev. *The Struggle for Troglodytes*. In the *Prostor* magazine, July 1968 pp. 113-116 (in Russian).

The next stage of the Zana case was taken up by attempts to find her grave and skeleton. Here is what Boris Porshnev says about his first effort in that direction:

In September 1964, the archaeologist V. S. Orelkin and I made our first attempt to find Zana's grave. The cemetery was wildly overgrown and only the ten-year-old mound over Khwit's grave could be picked out among the bracken covering the hillside. Nobody else had been buried since then.

Zana must be somewhere near. We asked the old residents and the last scion of the Genaba clan, seventy-nine-year-old Kenton. He was clear that we should dig under a pomegranate tree. What was found there turned out to be the remains of one of Zana's grand-children who had died early, for the profile that we established from the skull was extraordinarily like the profiles of Zana's two living grandchildren whom I myself had met.

After two more expeditions the search party had still not found Zana's bones, though in a third attempt in October 1965, they found what are probably the bones of Gamasa, as they present slight, but definite paleoanthropic features.\*

After the passing of Porshnev it fell to my (Igor Bourtsev) lot to continue the search. I headed three expeditions to Abkhazia in search of Zana's skeleton, in 1971, 1975, and 1978, which merits a separate story. Our difficulty was that by that time the last scion of the Genaba clan had passed away and nobody knew exactly where Zana's grave was. We put in a tremendous amount of spade work on that hillside, digging sticky clay earth under almost daily downpours. During the second expedition I was taken seriously ill with an illness which doctors failed to identify. We never found a skeleton that would fit Zana's features as described by witnesses.

It was then decided to exhume the skull of Khwit, Zana's younger son, whose grave was still well indicated. Professor N. Bourchak-Abramovich assisted me in that digging. I brought the skull to Moscow where it was studied by two physical anthropologists, M. A. Kolodieva and M. M. Gerasimova. The results of the study were reported by me at the Relict Research Seminar and the Moscow Naturalists' Society and published in 1987.\*\*

Anthropologist M. A. Kolodieva compared the skull of Khwit with the male skulls of Abkhazia in collection of the Moscow State University Institute of Anthropology and found that Khwit's skull was significantly different. Indicating it as the Tkhina skull, she writes:

The Tkhina skull exhibits an original combination of modern and ancient features... The facial section of the skull is significantly larger in comparison with the mean Abkhaz type... All the measurements and indices of the superciliary cranial contour are greater not only than those of the mean Abkhaz series, but also than those of the maximum size of some fossil skulls studied (or rather were comparable with the latter). The Tkhina skull approaches closest the Neolithic Vovnigi II skulls of the fossil series...

On her part, anthropologist M. M. Gerasimova came to the following conclusions:

The skull discloses a great deal of peculiarity, a certain disharmony, disequilibrium in its features, very large dimensions of the facial skeleton, increased development of the contour of the skull, the specificity of the non-metric features (the two foramina mentale in the lower jaw, the intrusive bones in the sagittal suture and the Inca bone). The skull merits further extended study.

\*Archaeologist Yury Voronov, who later became Vice Premier of Abkhazi and was killed in September 1995, participated in the search at the time (I.B.)

\*\*I. D. Bourtsev, M. A. Kolodieva. Results of a Preliminary Investigation of a Skull from the Village of Tkhina, Abkhaz ASSR> In: Papers of the Moscow Naturalists' Society. Moscow, 1987 (in Russian).

So the bottom line of the Zana case today (1996) is this: we have nothing but the words of witnesses to describe Zana's peculiar nature, but the hard and specific evidence of her son's skull goes a long way in making the testimony of witnesses more solid and trustworthy. (D.B.)

So here is the whole story of Zana and the way she lived. I think there is a lot to be learned from this example of Zana being habituated through the course of many years. She did suffer at the hands of man. Even though she never learned to talk her master native tongue, she could perform tasks and did know what was required of her after she became tame. The fact that she could perform any tasks asked of her is remarkable information as to her humanness and reasoning abilities. The fact that she bore human children from men of the village gives the best evidence I can think of that she indeed was human of some sort, just like the Bigfoot here in Tennessee on my farm are and all Bigfoot like creatures all over the world appear to be.

The given description by witnesses of Zana's looks is none other than that of a Bigfoot creature's looks. In every account she appeared almost exactly like our North American Bigfoot are reported to look. I for one see a lot of similarities in her actions reported in this documented account comparable to the actions of my own Fox and his family. Fox may be less tame, but he too displays a lot of the same characteristics and actions as Zana did over a hundred years ago in this report.

So saying this: I wonder what would be Fox's reaction should I capture him and hit him over the head, gag, shackle, and cage him and ask of him to become docile and tame. I feel he would either kill me or else it would break his spirit and he would never be the same as he would appear to be out in the wild with his freedom intact. I know too that should I or anyone try capturing any of our Bigfoot they would not be easy to tame down and once they were tamed they would never be the same person again. They are used to the way they live now. They have chosen this way of life over captivity. Let us place any given human in the same predicament and see how fast that persons actions and outlook on their life would change. They would not be their normal self after a while.

Zana had the will to live and therefore adapted to her changed form of life. She adapted to her forced new environment. Just think what her sufferings must have been; especially when she had children and they died or someone took them away from her. The motherly instinct is strong in the mother Bigfoot. I know, I have watched the females with their young here on our farm. They are gentle, caring, protective, and loving mothers toward their young. I watched Sheba grieve over her lost baby she had that was stillborn. She knew her child was dead, so did the rest of the family. No other animal I know of except mankind grieve lie this over their dead. Sheba grieved for days and nearer to two weeks after her child's death before she resumed any normal activities.

Yes I do believe that the answer is to leave the Bigfoot to their way of life as they choose to live it. We should only be an observer of them in their true environment should we truly wish to know all that we can about them. Here is another report with not so pleasant an outcome as Zana's was in the long run.

Again I borrow from and with his permission a well written text from Dmitri Bayanov. This too is from "*In The Footsteps Of The Russian Snowman*," pages 15 to 18, Titled "Testimony By Lieutenant-



Colonel Vazghen Karapetian."

In 1966, a Soviet popular-science magazine Tekhnika Molodyozhi (Technology for Young People), No. 8, carried the following information:

In December 1941, Vazghen Sergeyevich Karapetian, a Lt. Col. in the Army Medical Corps, happened to observe a strange hairy man in the Caucasus. Our correspondent asked Karapetian to tell our readers about that incident and his attitude to it, 25 years on.

"The man I saw', said the army doctor, "is quite clear in my memory as if standing in front of me now. I was inspecting him at the request of the local authorities. It was necessary to establish whether the strange man was an enemy saboteur in disguise. But it was a totally wild creature, almost fully covered with dark brown hair resembling a bear's fur, without a moustache or beard, with just slight hairiness on the face. The man was standing very upright, his arms hanging down. He was taller than average, about 180 centimeters. He was standing like an athlete, his powerful chest put forward. His eyes had an empty, purely animal expression. He did not accept any food or drink. He said nothing and made only inarticulate sounds. I extended my hand to him and even said {Hello}. But he did not respond. After this inspection I returned to my unit and never received any further information about the fate of the strange creature."

I [D.B.] heard Karapetian's story many times, as told by him at our seminar and to other audiences that invited him. Here's what should be added in summation. Karapetian stressed the fact that the whole thing happened during the war with Germany, in fact at a critical moment of it, which explains, firstly, why the authorities (a group of local home guards) became interested in the creature, captured and investigated it (suspicious of an enemy ploy), and secondly, why there was no follow up, the records of the incident having been lost or concealed: nobody at the time gave a thought to the potential scientific value of such freaks of nature.

Looking back, Karapetian mused that besides its beastlike hairiness, the captured subject differed from humans in three respects. Firstly, he was resistant to the cold, in fact he preferred cold to the warmth of normal room temperature. The creature was shown to Karapetian in a cold shed and when he asked why it was kept in such cold conditions the answer was: because he seats very much in the room. Secondly, the subject's eyes and face held a non-human, animal-like expression. Thirdly, the army doctor noticed that the creature had lice of a much bigger size and of a different kind than found on humans. As a result of the medical check-up, Karapetian gave the home guards his conclusion to the effect that it was not a man in disguise but a really {very, very wild} subject and {all that hair is his own.}

He asked the guards what they were going to do with the captive, and they answered: {We shall report your conclusion to our superiors and, depending on their order, shall either dispatch him or set him free.}

Subsequently, proceeding from the possibility that the hairy man was shot by a firing squad, my colleagues addressed the Minister of the Interior of Daghestan where the incident took place, with the request to provide information on the case. The Minister's reply was to the effect that after so many years of Soviet power in Daghestan the entire population had become fully civilized and it was pointless to search for any wild men. The captive was, according to the Minister, just a saboteur, to which the law of war-time had been applied (i.e. he was executed). No details were supplied.

In 1958, when the USSR Academy of Sciences set up a commission to investigate the problem of the

snowman, Karapetian was one of the first to supply information, which took the commission by surprise since nobody at that time could accept the possibility of such creatures in the Caucasus (the idea was considered just as absurd as snowmen in California).

Following Karapetian's report, and some others, as well as initial trips to investigate the situation on the spot made by Marie-Jeanne Koffmann and zoologist Dr. Alexander Mashkovtsev, the Caucasus, of all places, became for many years the main site of our fieldwork.

Given all the information of the investigation of Dr. Karapetian during his examination of the creature caught and the variations in appearance to that of normal humans we can only consider the hairy man to be none other than a Bigfoot hominid. We may excuse the fact that times were rough during war time and give accurate justification that this captive was executed because of the threat of enemy invasion should word leak out of the army's whereabouts and proceedings. Be that as it may, we certainly need to think also of all the possibilities of study that were lost when this creature was killed. Had times been different in nature and close scientific study been given to this case of capture just think of what the world would have learned from this one Bigfoot/Snowman. After all of this time we will never know exactly where the body may be buried; and in all likelihood it was placed in a mass grave alongside others of war times. Yet, I think should we happen upon the whereabouts of any remains of any type of Bigfoot creature it would offer the ultimate answers to so many questions concerning this type of species not unlike our own human species.

During my research into the reports of captive Bigfoot hominids I have found that many were killed during their captivity. Some were let go free after a while, while others escaped back into the wilds. Yet there are a few cases of these hominids being placed into asylums to live out the remainder of their lives. Given the fact that a few did make their way into asylums, I ask would it not be beneficial to examine further these rare types of cases to see if we could come up with any results and conclusions to our questions of what they are? The reason I propose this question is because of the fact that when I was younger I worked in an asylum with handicapped people and we kept excellent medical records of each individual housed at this facility. If one could locate these records of possible Bigfoot individual's whereabouts or find information as to where they were institutionalized, would there not also be medical records kept on them also? I believe there would be. However, it is a known fact that these asylums do not give out information on any individual they house at the present time. But could one not obtain records of individuals now dead and study the end results of these medical records? I think we could get these type of medical records of individuals of the Bigfoot type if only we worked together in our research and obtained some type of release form stating we could examine the records. This might require an act of Congress or permission from some type of government official, but I do not think that it would be out of the question to seek this sort of information.

There are many more cases of captured snowmen and Bigfoot s. A few reports mention the fact that these individuals did display abilities of articulate speech. In the ones that do mention them as being able to communicate in any given language it is usually the native tongue of the persons holding them captive or of the persons they choose to interact with at the time. There are a few reports here in American that offer some facts about the Bigfoot being able to speak in different languages (i.e. mankind's language) than their own. Given these facts that some Bigfoot are capable of spoken languages, and the fact that in other reports the Bigfoot did not have any articulate type of speech, I feel we are indeed dealing with several different species of hominids here.

However, Fox and the rest of his family group did and do speak in certain languages including English. Maybe Fox and his family are of a higher intelligence than some other types of hominids observed in the past. I do not know this as a fact, but evidence points to this being the case. I feel that I

would definitely not want someone to kill Fox or any of his kind, because in the back of my mind remains the idea of "what if" all the species of hominids are able to speak articulate languages, and we just don't understand them. We would be killing our own species, so to speak, if they are all capable of speech and are eventually proven to be human of some sort.

If we wish to classify the Bigfoot as a great ape, I still ask, why kill them? There is an act in progress right now asking for the great apes studied in captivity and laboratories to be given human rights. This does not give them the right to vote like we humans do or anything of the kind, but it does give them recognition as a species close to our own. It also gives them protection from the cruelties of mankind in our never ending quest for knowledge of things or beings we do not as of yet fully understand. In short we would not be able to kill these great apes. Therefore, could we not ask for the same to be done for the Bigfoot? We could if only the world would come to acknowledge the fact that there is something more out there in our wilds that resembles the human species; namely Bigfoot creatures. The Bigfoot is of a higher intelligence than any given great ape in their simplest form of being wild hairy men, whether human looking or ape looking in their facial features. They have to be more intelligent than apes because they have eluded capture by mankind for longer than any other given species. This in itself gives us fact about their intelligence. They simply are the smartest hominids other than mankind itself.

After all, we do need to study the Bigfoot more closely. I do not think we need to capture, or kill them in order to do this. We need to seriously try to habituate a few of them around the world with people willing to work with them that have an understanding of who and what we are dealing with here. This will take time and much effort, but only by these means will we ever know the Bigfoot, almasty, snowman, Yeti, wild-man, or Sasquatch for what they really are and the way they relate towards each other and humans in their natural habitat. I'm sure there will be many defeats at first before attempts at habituating the Bigfoot succeed, yet the rewards will be great in the long run should others also choose to try this method. Understanding comes with knowledge, knowledge comes with learning, therefore we need to learn from the Bigfoot in order to understand them and their kind.

### **Comparisons Between Sheba and Patty**

At Dmitri Bayanov's request, I have been asked to make a comparison between the female Patty that Patterson filmed in California and the female named Sheba that I have observed here in Tennessee. I have gone into as much detail as possible and hope this will be of some aid to others. This will read as a letter that I am addressing to Dmitri himself.

I'm going to start with the two old girls' backs and work my way to their fronts. The back of Patty's head seems to have a hump on the top most of it. It then looks to run straight into where her neck would be, should she have one. The back of her head looks flat to me in the pictures, as much as I can make her out. Sheba's head did not have this hump on the top as her head was round but not coned, nor did her hair give the illusion of her having a coned head like Patty. Sheba's head rounded and then rounded more leading to the back of her rather really short neck area. Sheba's head was round in back, not flat like Patty's looks to be.

Patty does not display what I call a mane around her neck area. Sheba and all our Bigfoot do have a mane around the neck area. The females here have a heavier mane than the males do in appearance and it is fluffier too. Not long, but fluffy and thick. However the back of the neck can still be given credit as showing. The mane of hair only makes it stick out more. I do have to go on the males' neck area here and not the girls' as all our ladies have long head hair not short like Patty's looks to be. The hair of the head on our Bigfoot ladies is long and sticks out over the back of their manes.

This mane I'm referring to extends to the upper shoulders and arms of our Bigfoot here and shortens only after reaching the upper blade of the shoulder on their backs. Patty does not have this feature at all that I can see. Patty's upper arms seem shorter to me than any of our Bigfoot's arms do, but this may only be because of the way she is carrying them in the pictures in your book, Dmitri. Sheba's forearm from the wrist to the elbow is much longer than her upper arm and Patty's is not longer than her upper arm. Patty's arm is in better proportion than the Bigfoot's arms are on our farm.

Sheba's back was heavy like Patty's, but with curves like, (what I call love handles) around her middle at her sides. Sheba was just an old fat lady. The young females here have a curve, but more like a slender woman would have as opposed to a fat heavy set

Bigfoot like Sheba, around their middles. Patty's looks indicate that she looks to have these love handles but not as much as what Sheba had. Both ladies display a ridge or line in the middle of their backs that is over the backbone and where the muscle mass meets. All the Bigfoot do have this ridge that I have seen. This look of a seam going down the middle of the back over the backbone and to the butt is because of our Bigfoot here having shorter hair along the center of their backs. This may be the same way Patty is because I clearly see this seam down her back along her backbone too.

Sheba and all our adult female Bigfoot here that had children display wider butt cheeks and fatter in the back hip areas than what Patty has and displays, hence me calling them birth-a-butts. Our young adolescent females have a flatter hind end like Patty does and are not as wide like Patty is in the hips.

Sheba had big upper legs too. The two girls are about the same in the upper legs length. However Patty's lower leg does not seem to look long and her calves' muscles do not stick out the way our Sheba's did, or any of our other Bigfoot's legs calves stuck out. Sheba's lower legs were longer and so are all others here that I have viewed.

Patty's hair line seems to stop at the soles of her feet as best as I can tell. It also seems to cover her entire foot on top along with her toes too. Sheba's hair stopped right around the side of her feet about an inch above were the sole and the top of the foot meet. Sheba had hair on the top of her feet that thinned and only a little short hair on the tops of her toes. Sheba had toenails the color of a funny looking yellow, dark brown color like and Indian would have that had bad toenails. Sheba's toenails were flat and she bit them straight across at the ends of her toes. None appeared to be what I know as being ingrown. Sheba's feet were colored brown in skin color like that of saddle leather. Now let me make mention of this. Not all the Bigfoot here have hair stopping at the same areas on their feet and around their feet or the sole of their foot. So here we go.

Fox has hair that covers his feet only on the very top of his feet and he has hairy toes. His hair line stops right below his ankle and does not go onto his heel or the sides of his feet. They are bare of hair and they look to have calluses all along the sides, inside and outer sides of the feet, and around the heel. Sheba did not display these calluses on the sides of her feet under the stop of her hair line. Fox's feet are black in skin color. Fox's toenails are black and flat except on his little toe and then the toes nails on them curve around. Hard to explain. Not around the top of his toe but around with his little toe. Fox too bit his toenails straight across at the ends of his toes.

Blackie's hair line stopped at right above his ankle so at least on him I could see the ankle bone and it was big and stuck out on both the inside and the outside of his ankle. Blackie's ankle or leg did not set forward on his foot and neither did any of the rest of the ones that didn't have hair on their ankles. They are just the same as our leg meeting our foot. He only had a little thin hair on the tops of his feet and none on his toes. His feet were black-like skin on top and around the ankle and on the sides he too

had these calluses with them showing a rather bad discoloration of gray flaky appearance to the calluses. His toenails were black and clean looking. Again, he too bit his toenails straight with the ends of his toes. I cannot see Patty's toenails in any of the pictures of her. Also in her picture I cannot make out the bottom of her feet very well. They just look flat and white and round with toes showing.

Toby's hair stopped above his ankle too. This must be mentioned here. Toby was our tan Bigfoot. His hair was a light yellow-whitish tan color. Say like, if I took a white piece of shag carpet out into red clay mud, and drug it through the mud, and let it dry, and dusted the mud off of it, and it was stained a white color that had yellowing and tan stains to it, a light tan color. Toby was the only Bigfoot with white skin like a white person's skin coloring. Toby had absolutely no hair on the tops of his feet, not even any light dusting of any hair like a person does. His feet were just bare of any hair at all. Again his ankle bones stuck out inside and outside on the ankle like Blackie's did and were placed on his foot like a humans are. He had clear toenails like we humans do and the tips that grow out. He had very healthy looking toenails. I do not ever remember his toenails looking dirty or yellow and he never had splits in the nails like the other Bigfoot had in theirs from time to time. Toby was just clean looking with his toenails and his fingernails too. I'll get to Sheba's fingernails here in a bit.

Cheeco's hair did come all the way down to the soles of her feet and her feet were very hairy when she was young. I never was able to get close to Cheeco after she had her fingers cut off in the neighbors hay lift's belt chain thing that lifts the hay into the loft of a barn that the old farmers used to use. I know her toenails were a dark brown when she was little.

There were others here too, but I never viewed them long enough to be able to tell where their hairline on their feet stopped at. That is, except the two hairless ones I seen here twice while I grew up, and they did not have hair on their feet, and what little hair they had on their bodies was sparse. These two hairless Bigfoot are a different story altogether and they were not really hairless, but just did not have hair covering all of their bodies like our Bigfoot do.

Now for the fronts of the girls and our Bigfoot. Let it be said that Patty never apparently turned all the way forward to give me a great view of her from the front. At least if she did, I did not see any pictures of this in your books.

Patty has a sort of solid look to her stomach and it is round around her middle all the way around to her back. She has a short body from what I can see. Sheba had a fat stomach. I mean Sheba was very heavy set. However, Sheba was longer bodied than what Patty appears to be. So are all our Bigfoot here, female and male alike, they are all longer bodied than Patty.

I cannot see Patty's private parts in front. Sheba had long hair over her privates that kept one from viewing them. All the females have hair over their privates when older. When the females are little and basically hairless they have the same privates as we humans do. But until they are a couple of months old they look swollen in the outer labia's. The male babies expose the same features in this area as a human male child and they are swollen in the testicles for a few months.

Their behinds are also like ours are. They are not, and I repeat, not like a monkey's or ape's of any kind that I know of, they are human looking in their privates. The males do not have covering over the penis and it is their flesh color. For example, Fox's is black like a black man's, so was Blackie's, Toby's was white like a white man's. These lay limp unless the male is excited then they too have an erection like an uncircumcised man. The testicles do not show on Fox or Blackie, but you could see these on Toby, as he was lighter in color and thinner of hair in that area and his was like a white man's would be and hung down when relaxed like a man's will

Sheba had large breasts only when nursing her young. Her breasts drooped like an older lady's will but were not flat when she was not nursing her young. Sheba did not have hair on her breast. Her hair stopped on her chest right as the breasts started and she had hair between the breasts in the valley there. Patty has huge breasts, full in looks. (This gives me the idea that maybe Patty could have been a nursing mother.) Patty has hair all over her breasts and I can't make out if it is on her nipples or not. None of Sheba's and Fox's daughters had hair on their breasts like Patty does in her picture. Only one female here ever had any amount of hair on her breast and that was one that Blackie took to mate with in later years, an outsider female he brought back to the family as his mate from somewhere. She had some hair on her breasts, but it stopped above the nipples. The young females around here had small developed firm breasts until they had their first young. Like a teenage girl will have. None of our female Bigfoot had huge breasts like Patty. Patty is well endowed to say the least.

From the front, and from the side view, Patty does not look to have a neck at all. It looks like her head sits right on her shoulders and upper chest. She does not have a mane. Sheba has a neck and a mane that surrounds the neck. All the Bigfoot here have a short neck with a mane.

Patty has a strong looking lower jaw bone with a short beard. Her lower jaw looks round like an ape's, more than a human's. Sheba and all our Bigfoot have a strong looking lower jaw, but theirs aren't as round looking, giving more of a point to their chins, but not as pointed as the human chin is. All have beards. However Patty's lower jaw and her upper lip is covered in a beard and upper lip hair. This runs straight across and onto her cheeks and on into her hair line. Patty has just the tops of her cheeks showing and the hair curves around to the right above the eyes and comes straight across to the right above her eyes. Sheba had hair on her chin, but this was not long. All the females here have short beards.

The males display long, sometimes shaggy looking flowing beards, varying in length. Fox's beard was always the shortest in length, as his was like a trimmed man's would be, except it was not all the same in length of hair like a well groomed man's beard is.

Sheba had only a light dusting of hair on her upper lip that slopes down toward the beard. All our Bigfoot here have upper lip hair only it varies in thickness. The females' hair is thinner than the males' are on the upper lip hair. While Patty's upper lip hair looks like the rest of her hair, all our Bigfoot here have more whiskers than hair on the upper lip. All slopes to the beard except this new young male's (Bo) that is here now. He has a very long beard and very thick upper lip hair and it is longer over his upper lip. Still Bo's upper lip hair slopes to his beard.

Sheba's lower cheek area was exposed. So are all our Bigfoot's cheeks here. All including Sheba had round pudgy cheeks. like a chipmunk's that has his cheeks packed with food. Sheba's cheek bones were high set, like an American Indian's. All our Bigfoot have high cheek bones, except again, with Bo's, his are right under his slope of his funny sloping brow ridge. And Bo's cheeks are pudgy but not as much as the other Bigfoot's I have seen here now or in the past.

Sheba's hair line around her face shows her cheeks and her forehead. All our Bigfoot have this same thing of their foreheads showing. Patty's is covered in hair and does not show at all. Patty even looks to have some hair on the top of her nose. one of our Bigfoot have hair on their nose and none have hair on their brow ridge or their foreheads like Patty does. Sheba's face was hairless compared to Patty's and so are all the rest of our Bigfoot's faces.

I cannot make out Patty's lips at all. Sheba's were thinner than a human's and wide, but in accordance with her face. All Bigfoot here have thin wide lips. I hate to keep saying this but once again I cannot

make out Patty's nose well in the picture. Patty's nose looks like a white person's nose with a hawk's beak end on it as best as I can make it out, her nostrils are not as flat and big. Patty's nose runs right into her hair line above her eyes. Sheba's nose and all our Bigfoot here noses are like that of a black person's and the nostrils are flatter and spread out more on the face like an African black person's nostrils, again in proportion with their faces. Patty's mouth area looks more protruding than ours do. Ours have very human looking faces. Their mouths are not sticking out like an ape's, and their noses are not ape or monkey, but just like a big, large black person's are. The nostrils are human looking, not ape or monkey in looks.

Sheba's forehead protruded over her eyes and did not have hair on it. It looked like a human's only protruded over the eyes and the nose runs into the brow ridge. All Bigfoot here are this way in the face. Patty has a funny looking forehead and what looks like a sloping brow ridge that leads backwards into that high head top of hers. Sheba just had a high forehead over a bump of protruding brow that stuck out over the eyes. Her forehead was high in nature and then her hair on her head started.

The same with all our Bigfoot here is true, except for Bo and his is more sloping with the slope of the almond shaped eye and runs toward his temple area then around his head maybe. I have not seen the back of Bo's head really good yet. The top of our Bigfoot's heads that I have touched has a small ridge around the top part of the forehead right where the hair starts. This ridge is only maybe an inch in width and runs all the way around the head. You cannot see this ridge because it is under the hair but I know it is there. The tops of our Bigfoot's heads are round and not top notched at all like Patty's. They are not coned on top of their head either, just slightly rounder than the top of a human's head. Sheba's face color is brown, a little darker than an Indian's, like brown saddle leather.

The eyes on both girls look about the same. Set in accordance with the nose and Sheba's and all our Bigfoot have almond shaped eyes.

Now for the hair and the hands. In the picture Patty looks to have a long funny looking thumb. I cannot make out how many fingers she has, or any of the fingers. All our Bigfoot have hands and thumbs and fingers like any human has. All have fingernails like humans and they do bite these fingernails and even bite them sometimes into the quick. They all have fingers and fingernails the color of their skin accordingly and the same color as their toenails except Sheba's fingernails were not yellowed like her toenails were. However, the fingernails will sometimes split into the area above the fingernail into the skin there. The fingernail can be damaged like any human's can and they have even lost a fingernail or two over the years due to injury.

he fingernails and toenails are very thick and look like ours except they go with the rest of a Bigfoot's big large body. Our Bigfoot all have hair on the tops of their hands and some short hair on the first joints of their fingers. None have hair on the outer sides of their hands and none have hair on their palms. The palms are usually calloused in areas, like a farmer's are, only thicker calluses. Fingers too display callused. The bottoms of their feet are heavily calloused and do not appear as rounded as Patty's. And the soles of our Bigfoot's feet are the same color as their skin tone coloring, not white like Patty's with the exception being Toby's soles which were white like his skin in other places.

Our Sheba always looked like a big cuddly teddy bear from a distance. Patty's hair is much shorter looking all over her body than any of our Bigfoot here. Our Bigfoot have long hair on their heads. The length varies and the males hair is usually shorter. Although I have never seen them do it, I honestly think they break the hair on their heads off at certain lengths as it always looked to be growing longer, then it would end up shorter again. The mane around the neck is thick and fluffy. Patty does not have a mane at all. The mane extends to the upper arm around the top most muscle there on the arm and

across the back right above the top of the shoulder blade if you can turn your arm around and feel the very top of your shoulder blade right below the collar bone area. This mane stops in front on the males in a V shape at where the neck and chest muscles come together over the chest. On the females it extends to the tops of their breasts and comes to a V between the breast. The hair is shorter across the male's chest, say about an inch long or so in covering. It is not thick in the chest area either. The hair on the back and the rib and middle of the body is maybe an inch to three inches long and it is as thick as can be.

The females have long hair of say four inches to six inches which cover their privates. Note here also. Sometimes on at least one female here, as best as my memory serves me, this private hair on her was sort of curled and wavy. Not like a person's but sort of like a person still. The males do not have as long hair in their privates as do the females. Theirs is only about two to three inches long at most. The leg and arm hair is different on each but all have at least two inches of thick hair on their arms and legs. It thins some over each calve area and appears a bit shorter there. All of our Bigfoot have what I call shaggy butt and hip hair, as it grows longer the closer yo get to the tailbone and the buttocks dividing line. Excuse me for this, but the crack of the butt cheeks is what I am referring to here.

I have more than likely left out a lot of information about appearances but at this point I can't think of much else to tell right now. I refrained from comparing the walking abilities of the two girls just yet. All I have ever seen of the Patterson film was just small clips of Patty's still picture. I have read of the way she moved, but until I actually see how she did this it is very hard for me to compare the two old gals' gaits right now.

I will say this much. It always seemed to me that when any of our Bigfoot walked or ran, they placed their toes down first and rolled back to the heel coming down last in a step. They do too keep their knees bent at times to walk, although they can walk with straight legs too. Their walk and run looks like a person waling or running backwards.

### **Gene McCauley's Observations**

Supportive Chapter written by Gene McCauley

I would first like to start out by saying that I have always had a fascination with the creature known as Bigfoot/Sasquatch. I, like so many other, had my doubts though, and wondered if the stories were really true. There was always that little voice in the back of my mind telling me that with so many reports over the years, and so much physical evidence found, that there must be something to this legend. And now, after my own experiences with these creatures, I am a Bigfoot researcher myself with no doubts whatsoever about their existence.

I live in East Tennessee, about fifteen miles from Janice, even closer the way the crow flies so to speak, and I too have these creatures living on my property. I first discovered evidence of them one morning while investigating a loud "snap" that I had heard behind my barn the previous night. I went into the woods looking for the big limb that had broken, as it was a loud snap, and found no broken limbs, period. I noticed on the ground though, a trail of deer tracks meandering through the woods, and followed them.

As I was tracing their path, the deer tracks suddenly stopped, and to my astonishment I realized I was looking at a giant footprint. It was plainly a footprint, as I could make out the entire outline of the foot, toes and everything. The footprint measured seventeen and one half inches long, and ten inches across



at the tip of the toes. As I kept looking around, I noticed another one leading in the direction of a wet weather creek that we have down in the bottom of the hollow on the property.

Needless to say, I was excited. I hurriedly went to the house and got my camera to take some photographs of it. I snapped a few of the footprint and the surrounding area. When those photographs were developed, I was amazed to find that in one of the pictures, I had actually photographed a Bigfoot squatted down behind some brush about thirty yards away.

Since this happened, I have found much more evidence in the form of limb formations, scat that is not indicative of any other animal in this region, (I am a lifelong outdoorsman with much experience in the native species in this area) vocalizations, many footprints, and even actual sightings. There are reports from my neighbors of fences continuously being broken, screams in the night, and livestock being frightened. I have been in the woods and heard the tree knocks that they so often use, grunts, growls, and roars.

There is no doubt in my mind that these creatures spend a lot of time in this area, as the terrain lends itself to concealment of their movements. There is water very close by in the form of Tellico Lake and wooded ridge lines that run for miles, along with several caves in the immediate vicinity.

There is one incident in particular that had really gotten my attention. At the time of the first evidence being found, we had a rabbit pen set up on a high metal frame close to the edge of the woods. One morning when my wife had gone southside to feed them, she came back in and told me that one of the rabbits was dead. I went out to have a look, and noticed that the rabbit was lying with its back up against the rear of the cage, right up against the wire.

What was strange, was that its head was bent straight backwards behind its body, also up against the wire. After taking the rabbit out, I noticed that its neck was broken. Upon further investigation, I found that the wire had been mashed in at exactly the same spot that the rabbit was laying.

Many times we have found huge piles of scat in the area much too big for any dog, and almost always it was full of some type of seeds and grain. Another peculiar incident involved some plastic lawn chairs that we had in the yard. One morning we noticed that one of these chairs had been turned over, and something had left some very large scat deposited on the back of the chair. (I might note that this was before the discovery of the footprint). So thinking it was some animal, we dumped the scat off of the chair and left it where it was. The next morning we found that there was yet another scat pile on the back of the chair. So we dumped that pile off of the chair, and this time, we stood the chair back up.

Curious, we checked the next morning, and found that whatever it was had left yet another pile on the bottom step leading up to the rabbit pen. It was around this time, that I discovered the footprint, and contacted Mary Green through her website. Prior to this however, I had reported an experience from several years ago to a researcher in California, Bobbie Short, who posted it on her website.

Now up until this time, I had no knowledge of Janice, or any of her family. But immediately after Bobbie posted the experience I had written her about, Janice's sister, Lila, contacted me. Lila was surprised to learn that someone near them (Carter farm) had also had experiences with the Bigfoot. Shortly afterward, Janice contacted me as well. So it was then arranged through Mary, to have Janice, and Stan Sosnowski to come out and investigate my area also.

One week before their arrival, I was standing at the kitchen sink looking out the window at the rain coming down; when out of the corner of my eye I caught movement. I turned just in time to see something very big, and covered with hair, run off on two legs at a very high rate of speed. I went outside to see if I could see it again, and found in the yard, another huge footprint with freshly turned up mud around the outer edges of it.

Having no knowledge of how to make a plaster cast, I had to let it get ruined by the heavy rain. About a week later, Janice and Stan showed up to investigate the area. We found several more footprints, and other characteristic signs of Bigfoot activity around the property.

Since then, I have studied every available bit of information that I can about these creatures, and I have been on several outings in search of them. I have been with Mary in her areas. I've been to Janice's farm many times and have become very close friends with

Janice and her family, and with Mary also. I have personally witnessed the Bigfoot on Janice's farm on more than one occasion, and I can say without any possible doubt, that she definitely has a number of these creatures on her property.

At one time I have been within twenty feet of the Bigfoot at Janice's farm, and they indeed looked more human than animal. We are not sure if the Bigfoot on her farm and the ones on my property are related, or even possibly from the same group, but in both cases, the creatures seem to be docile, and very curious.

In no instance, have they shown aggression, or violent behavior toward me, and they have not displayed the destructive behavior that the creatures elsewhere in the country seem to exhibit. I firmly believe that if the mystery of Bigfoot's existence is ever going to be solved, this farm is the place it will happen.

### **Afterword**

The Carter Farm does not easily surrender its secrets. Over the decades, many individuals have spent time there, but not everyone has come face-to-face with the more reclusive inhabitants. Calling in the authorities will never be a way to prove the existence of Fox and his clan. Likewise, intensive efforts with highly technical equipment, sound and image recorders, tend to make Janice's creatures evaporate like fog.

The existence of these beings seems to be a not-so well kept secret in the region where Janice lives. The neighbors in her immediate vicinity all appear to have a long held understanding about them. Nobody wants them shot, and nobody wants armed Bigfoot hunters on their property. There is also a deep concern about them, and perhaps a lingering embarrassment: Janice's grandmother describes them as "abominations" despite her husband's contention that they are human, the Edomites of the Bible. There is a suspicion that they may in fact be discarded human monsters, or the unholy result of human congress with animals. These are old attitudes, predating the current "Bigfoot" myth by generations. They are the persisting attitudes in an insular region, despite the advent of the Internet and speed of light communications.

Janice's grandmother has also stated that old photos did at one time exist, although present efforts have not revealed them. The theft of much family archival material along with various antiques may be the reason the pictures cannot be located. Current efforts verify that the creatures are extremely camera-

shy and adept at avoiding close-range photography. They are primarily nocturnal, stealthy in the extreme and rarely break cover, especially when it may be to human advantage. They seem to recognize camera traps and either avoid or destroy them. They probably spot infrared illuminators and do not come near. They are high-end and intelligent predators and are sensitive to stalking behavior on the part of humans. It is difficult to understand how Mr. Carter could have successfully taken their pictures at all. Just the same, we do have poor-quality pictures that captured their images while the photographer was intent on other subject material. They can be photographed. Janice's continued habituation attempts are developing the trust that aggressive photographic schemes discourage. Time is on our side.

Will Duncan, November 2002

### **Janice's Credits**

Along with Mary Green my confidant and co-author, both of these men, Will Duncan and Dmitri Bayanov have been very helpful to me. I thank all three of these people from the bottom of my heart for all the trouble I have put them through, for all the hours of questions I've asked of them, for their answering these questions to the best of their knowledge. I especially wish to thank Will and Dmitri for letting me use their well-written information about the North American Bigfoot and others.

Will has been very helpful to me and he has been to our farm to seek the Bigfoot out here. So far we have not had much success in getting them to come near, much less talk with us. Even as I write this, Will is on his way to my home this evening. We plan another investigation tonight and tomorrow to see if we can entice our Fox and his family to come near in order for Will to understand the way they speak and how they sound articulating words, in English and also in their own special form of speech. I am also sure that if Dmitri were to find the necessary finances to come to America, he too would be helping in our research concerning the Bigfoot's ability to communicate in articulate speech.

Dmitri has a most impressive list of accomplishments and I feel this chapter would not be complete without passing a partial list of these along to you.

Dmitri Bayanov is a veteran of hominology. He has been researching the subject and has taken part in numerous searches for hominids since the 1960's. He was a founding member of the International Society of Cryptozoology and has also acted as chairman of the Relict Research Seminar at the Darwin Museum in Moscow, Russia.

Dmitri has authored numerous articles and books over the years. These include entries in such publications as *Cryptozoology*, *Current Anthropology*, *Hominology & Cryptozoologie*, *BIPEDIA*, and *Pursuit and Crypto Hominology Special Number II*.

His books, in English, are *In the Footsteps of the Russian Snowman* (Crypto-Logos, Moscow, 1996), *America's Bigfoot: Fact Not Fiction* (Crypto-Logos, Moscow, 1997) and *Bigfoot: To Kill or to Film?* (Pyramid Publications, Burnaby, 2001). Any of these or all of these books and articles are worthwhile purchasing and reading for the serious student or the novice, either one wishing to learn more on our hominid friend the Bigfoot.

Also, Will has supplemented the field of hominology here in America with a list of insightful articles published in recent years.

Will Duncan has investigated Bigfoot events in North Carolina, California, Ohio, and Colorado since the 1970's, and is currently investigating Bigfoot events here in Tennessee. He acts as a committee member of the web site [www.cryptozology.com](http://www.cryptozology.com) and resides in North Carolina with his family. Will has authored a number of articles in the past, including "A Childhood Encounter? - Why I Pursue this Enigma: in the Bigfoot Co-Op of February 1998, "Bigfoot: The Question of Humanness" in the Bigfoot Co-Op of December 2000, "What is Living in the Woods, and Why it isn't Gigantopithecus" in the Hominology Special Number I (Crypto, Frankestown, NG=H, USA 2001) and "Predictability of Homin Behavior" in the Hominology Special Number II (Crypto, Frankestown, NH, USA 2002). All of Will's articles are worthwhile reading as are the books they are included in. Please visit the web site he is a committee member of for a most interesting adventure into the field of Cryptozoology.



Janice Carter Coy



Mary Green, a ranger, Igor Burtsev.



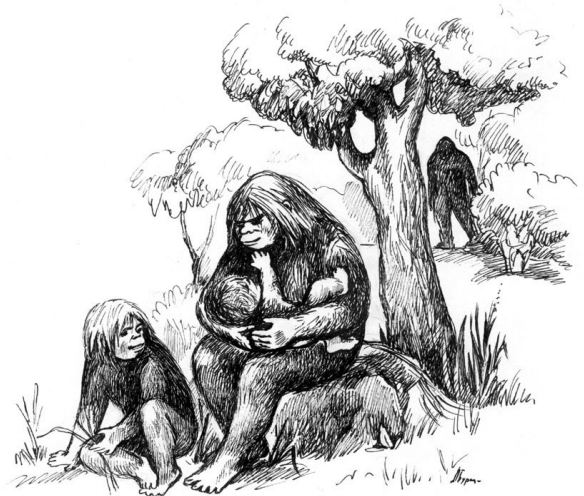
The Carter farm house. Janice is standing in front of the glass and screen door to the back porch.



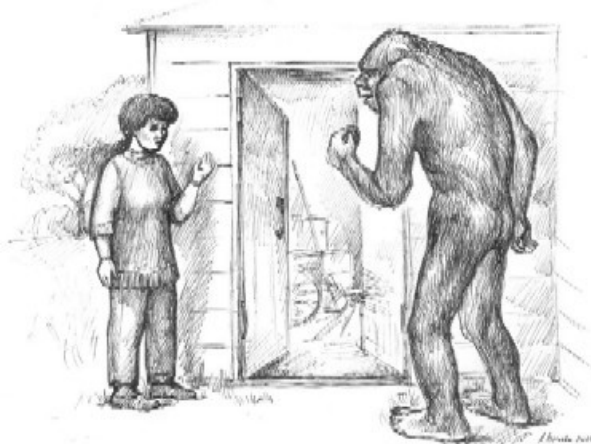
The first meeting with the Bigfoot.



Fox battles with the stranger over Sheba.



Sheba with her children. Fox stands in the background.



Janice confronts Fox at the basement.



Papaw showing Fox how to roast marshmallows

!





Here is Igor Bourtsev's re-creation of a meeting between Janice Carter and the alleged Tennessee Bigfoot named "Fox," in March 2004, when she allegedly pulled out hair from the creature's hand when giving him some garlic. This montage was made by using a photo of Janice, with Bourtsev standing in for Fox. Janice was standing in the same dress and position as she was in March 2004.

## Bibliography

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Some of the links listed in this bibliography did not work when I loaded them into my browser. Therefore, I have not hyperlinked these links, but simply show them here as they appeared in the original text. Those links below which show as hyperlinked worked when tried in my browser.)

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### **Brief Index**

EDITOR'S NOTE: Hey, this is the computer age, right? So who needs an index to an online book when you can just click on the keyword search engine on your browser (Edit + Find)? That sure makes things a whole lot easier, now don't it?

Enjoy!

**The End**

