

Bigfoot

In The Backyard

The Ravings of a Bigfoot-Crazed Okie

By Charles E. Hallmark

Copyright © 2002 Oklahoma Hominid Research Group

Table of Contents

Bigfoot in the Backyard

Chapter 1		
Evidence		4
Categories		5
Habits and Habitat		6
Experts(?)		8
Chapter 2		
Remaining Ignorant		12
: Bigfoot footprint		12
<i>Photo</i> : Bigfoot footprint (juvenile)		13
Markers		15
<i>Photo</i> : Marker in tree		15
Trails		17
<i>Photo</i> : Bigfoot Path		17
Sounds		18
Chapter 3		
Outsmarted		23
<i>Photo</i> : Fingerprint with comparison		25
Strength		26
<i>Photo</i> : Overlook of roadside boulders		26
<i>Photo</i> : Boulder impression		27
<i>Photos</i> : Showing the size of the boulder		27
<i>Photo</i> : Boulder landing site		28
Theodore Roosevelt's Story		29

Chapter 4		
	Shelter	36
	Food	37
	Baiting	38
	Want Fries With That?	40
	Danger	42
	<i>Photos</i> BF in wooded area w/ close up	44
Chapter 5		
	Dexterity	45
	<i>Photo</i> Image of broken tree marker	46
Chapter 6		
	Fingerprints	49
	Footprints	50
Chapter 7		
	Sightings	56
	<i>Photo</i> Image of BF taken with camcorder	66
	<i>Photo</i> Trees taken with still camera	66
Chapter 8		
	Scientific	60
	Hair	62

EVIDENCE

Pretend you are a prosecuting attorney and the police came to you with the following case. The owner of a liquor store had just finished cleaning and polishing his countertop when a man opens the door. The man comes to the owner and leans on the counter and begins to talk with the owner about various wines and brandies. After a few minutes the man whips a gun out of his pocket, holds up the storeowner, takes all of his money, grabs an expensive bottle of fine liquor, and runs from the store, across a vacant lot and disappears into the town. The owner, of course, immediately calls the police. Here's the evidence they gather:

- (1) An eyewitness to the crime, namely, the owner of the store,
- (2) Surveillance camera photos of the man,
- (3) Fingerprints off both the door knob and the counter top and
- (4) Plaster casts of the footprints over in the vacant lot.

Now, as a prosecuting attorney for a city, what more evidence could you want to prosecute and put this felon behind bars? The only thing remaining is to successfully arrest the offender. When you get this person arrested, his fingerprints match the ones at the crime scene, the photos have him clearly identified, and the shoes he wore to rob the store are right there in the man's closet.

People are sent to jail for lots less good hard evidence.

Well, that's where we are in Bigfoot research. We've got eyewitness reports. We've got photos. We've got fingerprints. We've got plaster casts of footprints. We've got a full body cast of a juvenile. We've got photos of footprints. And we know how to get a body if we must. We just don't want to. I was taught never to kill something I don't intend to eat. I don't intend to eat a Bigfoot. The Bible tells me that I shouldn't eat things that do not chew the cud and have a split hoof. I don't know about chewing the cud (Bigfoot might!) but I know they don't have split hooves!

Now, the rest of this book relates our experiences and our research on Bigfoot.

CATEGORIES

People doing Bigfoot research seem to fall into at least two different categories - all except myself! There are those who sincerely believe that Bigfoot is simply a nocturnal, biped hominid. They have quite a lot of information that appears to support that position.

But there are others who believe that Bigfoot has been placed here on this continent by aliens from outer space and speculate on the possibility that they may be shock troops to help them take over this planet. Think about it! If there were a type of computer chip in these creatures' brains that could be reached and given commands, what a formidable ground troop they would make! Eight to eleven feet tall, weighing six to nine hundred pounds, capable of living off the terrain, fast enough to run down horses or deer, incredibly strong, with perfect night vision -- this is a general's dream!

I guess I fall into a category between for my mind is open to either possibility, or even a mix of the two. In other words, I really don't care!

At this present time, I have seen six of these behemoths of the forest. There are literally hundreds, maybe even thousands, of people researching Bigfoot in the United States. And there are just about as many, maybe even more, nay Sayers who claim they do not exist. They say there is no concrete proof they exist. As they so quickly point out, no one has ever brought in a body. Where are the bones of these huge creatures?

I know of no one who claims to have all the answers to all the questions. However, there are logical answers to most, if not all, the questions.

HABITS AND HABITAT

First, you must keep in mind that these are nocturnal creatures. They move about and search for food mostly during the night hours. It is my opinion that the Bigfoot sightings during the day time are of young, adult males looking for mates, or individual ones who did not find enough food during the night who are forced to forage during daylight hours in order to survive. So far in my research, the indications are that these creatures live in families or tribes somewhat similar to ape and gorilla bands in the wilds of Africa and other places. In order to maintain strength in the gene pool, the young males go out of the band to look for mates. I am sure there are lots of battles between a young male and adult alpha males who is jealous of both his territory and his females.

Research also indicates that, unlike deer, these family groups have a pretty large territory -- miles wide. The

need for a large territory for food sources is one reason that they are not often seen. Someone is out and sees a Bigfoot. By the time he goes and brings people to help him find the Bigfoot, it may be miles away. I understand many deer in good habitat will have a range or territory of about 40 acres. I would say that the Bigfoot has a territory of over ten miles in diameter!

Bigfoot's nocturnal habits and tremendous speed are two departures from the normal habits of monkeys or apes. First, normal monkeys are not nocturnal. Therefore they are much more easily found, as they are moving about in daylight looking for food in their range. On the other hand, Bigfoot moves around mostly at night. Like deer, they have tremendous night vision. We humans do not have such night vision. And it has only been in the past few years that night vision equipment has been available and inexpensive enough for people like myself to afford it. But in many cases this affordability has also created a problem because much night vision equipment depends on Infrared Illumination. This Illuminator is red, and easily seen at night. It is a tip-off that something is in the area that is unusual. So the Bigfoot leaves quietly! If you are going to be successful with this type of equipment, you must use it where people normally are and smoking cigarettes, as they mistake the IR for a cigarette!

Second, these creatures are capable of tremendous speeds, probably 45 miles per hour or more! I know several people who claim to have seen one 12 feet tall or more. Their legs are in proportion to their bodies in length. My nephew claimed to have seen one while deer hunting. He said it stepped over the fence, walked down the road a few yards, looked around, then stepped over the fence on the other side of the road, and disappeared down in a brushy draw. Now, most fences out here are around three feet tall and do a pretty good job of keeping most cattle in. To just step over such a fence, without effort, means the creature

has an inseam(?) of probably 45 inches. I am 68 inches tall (5 foot, 8 inches) and I have an inseam of 29 inches. This comparison would put this particular Bigfoot at over 8 feet tall!

Many people who have seen Bigfoot at night report red glowing eyes. Perhaps this quality is a type of Infrared Illumination. I know that raccoons have a type of illumination because I have watched them with a night vision scope that picked up the glow. I was watching two one night at about 60 yards, and when they looked toward me it was like a star burst - beautiful! At closer range it looks like a greenish flame radiating out from their eyes.

I can also honestly say that I have seen those red glowing eyes. But I have made many, many night Bigfoot excursions, and so I must also say that it has been my experience that they do not always have red, glowing eyes. Perhaps they can turn on Infrared in their eyes at will.

Many people who have been up close to these creatures say they have a very bad odor -- sort of a mixture between an aroused skunk and moldy, mildewed carpet. It is not known if this odor is something excreted during the breeding season or even if they have a season for breeding like deer and elk. I have only faintly smelled these odiferous emanations, and I should probably be thankful!

EXPERTS(?)

Let me say at this point that I definitely do not consider myself an expert on these creatures. There is much to learn. But the potential for research is tremendous because probably no other creature existing today in such large numbers has so little known about them.

Another problem that exists in the world of research today is caused by human nature. People want to be able

to point to an 'expert'. We had defense experts on Russia that had us scared to death about the power of Russia, and yet Russia was unable to subdue Afghanistan in about a decade of fighting. Our 'experts' were always coming up with statistics about Russian strength, yet they were wrong. Usually truth comes out in the long run, and our 'experts' on Russian might were sadly mistaken!

There are 'experts' out there in every field, and time proves the certainty of their claim. So, like the claims of other experts, the claims to being an expert in Bigfoot matters should not be taken as gospel by anyone.

One 'expert' says Bigfoot only travels on two feet, another states they travel on all fours. The home movie video clip made on Prince Edward Island shows conclusively that they do both, as this creature came out of the woods on two feet (bipedal), dropped down on all fours, bounded across the clearing, then stood up on two feet and walked into the woods. I speculate that they move mostly on two feet, as this brings them up higher, above the low brush, so they can look for prey better. But they are very comfortable walking on four feet, and this helps them move under low trees and brush.

The juvenile I saw one morning just before sunup bounded across the road on all four feet. It was long and slender, very dark brown, and about the height of a large dog (but without a tail).

We have the claim of a person who considers them extraterrestrial beings, and he points to the paucity of fecal matter and droppings as a proof of this. Researchers with me have found places where at least one or two of them commonly go to defecate, and quite a lot of different bowel movements are seen. But one must also remember that these creatures range over miles of territory. They do not suffer the same inhibitions as we humans. When the

urge strikes for a bowel movement, they do it right there, just as does a cow or a horse or any other animal. Scatter this out over a range of seventy-five square miles and you see how hard it is to find the individual bowel movements. The bowel movements are rope-like, as in all carnivorous animals. Unless they have been eating lots of juniper berries, the fecal matter looks a good bit like a raccoon or coyote. However, because they also eat vegetation, quite often their scat will look quite like that of a cow. The difference being that they cannot grind down the bits of grass as fine as cattle can. The grass will consist of pieces about ¼ inch long.

They have a very wide variety of foods they live off of, like grubs and beetles, juniper berries, roots, and flesh of animals from rodents up to deer, wild hogs and cattle. I'm sure they 'graze' on winter oats, wheat, alfalfa, and upon various kinds of nuts such as acorns and pecans. They love apples, but are not familiar with bananas, but will eat them if they are peeled back.

One person I know makes the claim that there is not enough food out there in nature to sustain a creature as large as a Bigfoot. It's a good thing for him that he probably will never have to learn to live off the land. Almost every plant out there is good for food. In Oklahoma we have drought quite often, and I have seen many times the land grazed to the ground by cattle. Sure, there are grasses and tree leaves cattle like better than others. But when the chips are down, almost every plant is a source of food. Here in Oklahoma one of the most plentiful sources of food is berries of Red Cedar trees. Just about Bigfoot's only competition for these berries are Mockingbirds and Cedar Waxwing birds! This person is living in a dream world when he does not believe there are literally tons of edible foods per acre out in the wild!

They love people food! We know they will eat burritos, popcorn, and snicker candy bars. They seem to like chewing tobacco. And now from last night's excursion, I can make the statement that they love dog food. This shows that they commonly go into towns and eat Fido's supper, just put out a few hours previous.

REMAINING IGNORANT

Ah, what a difference seventy-five years can make! Or even sixty! We in our modern society with our modern technology have insulated ourselves from nature. The Native American tried to help us and tell us many things, but we in our ignorant superiority complex did not listen. And so the Native American stopped trying to tell us things. There are literally thousands of stories about encounters with Bigfoot that we could hear, if we Caucasians started to listen.

We could also learn a lot from Caucasians who live in the countryside, if we would listen to them. But ridicule and disbelief has been the lot of almost all who had such a story to tell. We of the Caucasian birthright are very gullible and swallow the most stupid things and embrace them wholeheartedly, and an 'expert' who comes from some obscure profession makes a statement that something isn't so, and we'll give blind, unreasoning credence to it.



I was listening to a program on TV about Bigfoot. One of the 'experts' on the program said he had been researching Bigfoot for twenty years, and had collected five footprint casts. This makes him an 'expert'?! I know of two places

close to the town I live in that normally will have more than five castable footprints ever time we go there! We



have casts running out our ears! We have people who have never been in the forest passing 'judgment' on the physical spoor, the undeniable evidence -- and they are an 'expert'. What made them an expert?

We bring in blood to have analyzed, and they say in amazement, "Where did you get this?" We bring in hair samples to have DNA tests run on it, and they say, "We don't know what this is, it doesn't match anything we know of!" We bring in movie film such as Roger Patterson's film clip, and those diehards say it is a hoax.

They say, where are the bones? Show us a body! There are two major problems with this. How many people have ever seen the whole skeleton of a deer, a bear, or any other creature in the deep woods? It is not in nature, because all nature recycles. A deer dies of old age, and the turkey vultures, the coyotes, wolves, skunks and possums feed off the carcass. Bones with meat on them are carried off one at a time by animals and scattered over acres and acres of land. To the uninformed (and who in the world is informed about the bone structure of a Bigfoot?) the bones might be mistaken for those of a cow. There is no telling how many people, out hunting, have stumbled over a bone of a Bigfoot and thought it to be a bone from cattle.

I have heard of people who claim to have shot and felled a Bigfoot, just to have others of the band jump out, pick it up and carry it off. We do not know if Bigfoot is cannibalistic. We do not know if Bigfoot might even possibly bury their dead. I have seen evidence that Bigfoot breaks up bones to get to the marrow. If Bigfoot is

cannibalistic, they may destroy the big bones of the fallen to get to the marrow.

So there are credible reasons why no bones have been brought in, why no bodies have been recovered. Many people say that Bigfoot moves in a band of at least three. I have heard of bands larger than that. It would be extremely dangerous to be alone and kill a Bigfoot. You probably wouldn't live to talk about it.

But for those who grew up out in the woods, the evidence is there. It's there in the disturbed dirt where they have burrowed their fingers in to pull out an edible root or grub. There are not many animals that disturb the dirt. No good woodsman would mistake the rooting of a wild hog with that of an armadillo, or the digging of an armadillo with Bigfoot's digging out a root or grub.

MARKERS

Nor would they overlook the markers that Bigfoot leave. At first glance, to the uninitiated, many of the markers look like a limb from a dead tree. There are many types of markers. One marker, for instance, is a large, heavy



branch that is shaped like a big Y. The top two limbs of the Y are a little longer than the bottom, and it is draped, upside down over a limb, way up in a tree about nine feet from the ground.

So look more closely. Is there a tree anywhere close that limb might have fallen off of and draped across that limb? Is it even the same type of tree? For instance, we have been baiting an area some two or more miles from the home of one of our researchers. I do not live in the

territory of that group of Bigfoot, but my fellow researcher does. He decided to get in on the act and bought a burrito that we hung in a nylon stocking at the end of the wires we had placed up in a tree. Next morning that burrito was gone, but in his yard was a marker of bark off a dead elm tree. The second night the second burrito was also eaten and the next morning in the dead elm tree was hung a big Y branch marker over another branch at least twelve (12) feet above the ground! We believe it was a thank you. But the point here is that the branch was off a completely different kind of tree, the closest of which was clear across the street in another person's yard. These creatures found him, in town - actually clear across town from the side where the baiting was being done and went to the considerable trouble to make this marker in his yard.. There are three things we learned here of note:

- (1) these creatures commonly come into a town,
- (2) they show gratitude, and
- (3) many times they leave a token of their appreciation.

Additionally, this indicates that these creatures have a tremendous ability to know and remember people. They can identify people they have reason to from all the other people in town as well as their home! It shows the ability to reason and to remember.

TRAILS

No good woodsman will mistake the types of trails these creatures make, either. Their trails resemble those people would make. This was always something that puzzled me before I was made aware that Bigfoot lived in my environment. I would be out hunting, and I would see this trail that looked like a lot of people regularly traveled it, yet there was no reason why people would even travel it once, much less regularly. I now know that was the trail of Bigfoot.



SOUNDS

The evidence of Bigfoot in my life goes all the way back to the time I was about eight or so years old. Even though we only lived two miles from the edge of town at that time, we had no electricity. Even had we electricity, it was before air conditioning was invented, and lots of people moved their beds out side in the really hot summer weather. My older brother and I were sleeping in a bed under an oak tree in our yard one night when an unearthly scream pierced through the night, raising every hair on my head. It had hardly died out when I was through the door into the house. It came from the northeast of us. Within a minute or so another scream ripped through the night, this time due east, and then very shortly a scream southeast of us. At the time I thought it was a panther, but I now believe it was my first interaction with Bigfoot.

I believe it was not a panther, first, because of the distance it traveled in a short time. My subsequent education revealed that panthers hardly ever run more than about forty yards at a time. To the east of us was a railroad track. The creature making the hair-raising screech covered at least a mile in a very short time, along that railroad track. Secondly, big cats also spit and hiss, never just scream. The factors; covering a lot of ground quickly, and having a different type of noise has me now persuaded that it was Bigfoot that night.

Another episode of noise making came in the summer of 1956. My family was camped out on the Washita River just north of the Ardmore Air Base, a now closed Air Force base. This particular night my uncle Haskel and my Grandmother had joined us, so there were seven of us all told. It was about 10 o'clock at night when some awful screeching broke out, like the screeching of peacocks. However, peacocks do not call at night! My uncle sat bolt

upright in bed, exclaiming that there must have been a car wreck and a woman was in mortal pain. We reassured him that it was peacocks, and after a while we all went back to sleep.

Where we were camped, along the Washita River, I now know is prime Bigfoot country. It has lots of very large ranches, and deer thrive there. In many places for miles and miles there is not even a house. Many ranches have forty or fifty thousand acres, with only a headquarters. So, Bigfoot can flourish there. There is a ridge in the Washitas that is named Peacock Ridge. It is right across the Washita River from the old Dolese limestone crushing plant. I worked there for almost five years and never saw or heard a peacock call there, but old timers have heard the peacock calls there at night for years. Again, peacocks are not nocturnal! They don't call at night! And since that time I have heard those calls several times at night.

The latest time was the weekend next to the Fourth of July, July 7, 2001. We were out not far from town on a Saturday night hunt. Suddenly someone in town shot off a packet of small firecrackers sounding like a machine gun. Immediately there were several peacock sounds of alarm from several locations. Yet no one knows of a single peacock in that general area!

I have heard many different sounds that only a Bigfoot would and could make. Sounds like Barred Owls, the sounds of tree limbs rubbing together, but moving in a circle around you. Sounds like loons when there are no ponds or lakes around anywhere. Coyote-like yipping. And then there are the earth shaking roars. About January 5, 2002 at night I went out on my porch and heard a tremendous roaring and howling south of my house about three quarters of a mile. It went on for minutes and minutes. I even went back in the house and got my wife so she could hear it also. It was an amazing exhibition of

lungpower! Guess what!? I have five big dogs that always bark at coyotes. Not a single one of them made a sound!

Dogs normally are terrified of Bigfoot. Bigfoot kill and sometimes eat dogs as well as coyotes. So your dog is not going to bark and fuss if a Bigfoot steps over the fence to eat his dog food! The dog will be under the house or car with every hair standing on end! So don't depend on your dog to tell you about Bigfoot being in the vicinity. The animal shaking like a sycamore leaf in a high wind might alert you, but he probably won't make any noise, hoping that Bigfoot will miss him.

Two incidents that I feel are related actually happened hundreds of miles and almost seven months apart. The second weekend in November 2001 Tuklo and I went to an expedition in Mississippi. We got there about three in the afternoon on Friday. Some people were already there, and many others were expected through the day, that night and on Saturday. It was a clear but cold night, and the ones who were still awake were sitting around a big bonfire. I always try to listen to pick up any information I can to help me with Bigfoot research. It was about 11:30 pm when I began hearing a very clear voice behind me. The sounds were enunciated very clearly, I just couldn't understand the language! When it stopped, I sat there running through my mind both the sound of the voice as well as casting back in my memory what language it could have been.

I made a mental note to compare the sound of the voice to those at the meeting. I was unable to make a match! Neither was I able to match the words to any language. Every person at the meeting was from what is called the South; all had a slower, lazier speech. The language was not that of Spanish, for it is a softer, less concise language.

Just as I had come to the conclusion that none of the people there at that time had said those sounds, it happened again! This time I was fully aroused and I listened intently. Again I mentally compared the sounds to those people at the camp and tried again to decipher the language. Again I was unsuccessful! I had heard of this same thing happening to others before. Tuklo said he had heard words in ancient Choctaw spoken out in the forest, most probably from Bigfoot.

The second incident happened to my wife Danna May 3, 2002 at just before five o'clock in the morning. She was awake but had not gotten dressed for the day, sitting in her easy chair, when she heard sounds. She described them as being in an alto or tenor pitch voice and like someone in a no nonsense tone telling Jr. he'd better straighten up his act. But she said she couldn't understand any words. Then it happened again, so she got up and put her head in the window so she could hear better. It happened again. Fearing that something was wrong with a dog, she then went out on the front porch and an abbreviated form of it was heard again. She called and awoke me, and we went out to find out if something was wrong with the dogs.

Keep in mind that our dogs had not made a sound, which in it's self is unusual because they always bark at people or things. We live on acreage and the closest house is about 1/8 mile away from ours. If my neighbors to the east are talking out in the yard, my dogs bark at them. I have no close neighbors to the west. It's about 1/4 mile west to my brother's house, and he has one dog. It is miles on the south and north to a house.

I walked down to the clinic, about 150 feet north of our house, and I found all my dogs safe, but still not barking at all. There were no cars, no people to be seen or heard anywhere.

Two preliminary tentative conclusions come to mind. Is it possible these creatures actually have a spoken language of their own, and only seldom used in an incident where perhaps a juvenile might possibly be getting out of hand? Who knows? Perhaps as more and more research is conducted the answers to this may be forthcoming.

OUTSMARTED

A truism: you've got to be smarter than the critter you're hunting! First and foremost, booze and guns don't mix. Many of these so-called researchers just use an expedition for an excuse to soak up the liquor. Their chance of bagging a Bigfoot is just below their chance of winning the lottery. Then they want to mess up their shooting ability (which is questionable) by numbing their senses with whiskey!

Little things count a lot! The ability of Bigfoot to reason astounds me. Recently we were enticing them to a bait can. Painstakingly, for six weeks, we made the rounds at least once a day, usually twice, once after dark to put the goodies out for them, then in the morning early we would come back to make sure the bait had been taken.

The first thing that amazed me was how quickly these creatures caught on. In less than a week they would come to the bait can every night. We used apples, we used bananas, and we used Snickers candy bars. Chocolate covered cookies were taken and appreciated. Burritos were wonderful -- and the more jalapeno peppers the more they seemed to love it. Cheeseburgers were food from the gods! (However the juvenile took the jalapeno peppers off and piled them neatly).

Next we tried coming back about an hour after baiting. But you couldn't always count on the bait being taken. Usually it would be, but sometimes it wouldn't. Sometimes one trash can would be cleaned out quickly, but the other would be much later at night, even though they were only about 300 yards apart.

Then we thought we'd make some plaster casts of their footprints. So we brought in some dirt so it would be soft enough for their feet to sink in. Ha! Like I said before, you have to be smarter than the critter you are hunting! The difference in the color of the original fine gravel from granite crushed into aggregate to the new dirt was immediately apparent. It looked like a pool of motor oil around the can. Bigfoot stayed over in the leaves and pulled the can over there. With their long arms that was no chore! It hasn't stopped them from coming and getting the bait. They just won't step in the soft dirt to leave us a castable footprint. So our casting of footprints at the bait cans has not been a success.

But not so with fingerprinting!

My friend and fellow researcher is an FBI certified fingerprinting technician. So we are now collecting fingerprints! We've already got some pretty good ones. We need a goodly number though, so we've a ways yet to go here before we can come to any conclusions. Right now, my first thought is that these prints are going to reflect their life style in which the fingers play a huge role in both transportation and food gathering. In other words, the lines probably will not be prominent in the prints because constant usage, hard rough usage handling dirt, rocks and trees will keep the ridges worn down. There should also be lots of small wound scars.



The fingerprint on left is Charles Hallmark's right index finger (he wears a size 11 ring on his ring finger). The fingerprint on the right was taken from a plastic cup at a bait station.

In my avocation I use my fingers a lot in typing at the computer and other tasks. So does my wife. When we applied for our concealed carry permit to pack a weapon around in our investigations it took several tries to get defined fingerprints! The fingers were just worn down too much. Of course I could be wrong, and we may get some great, distinctive prints.

A week or so ago my fellow researcher told me that an acquaintance that also researches Bigfoot was going to shoot one in a barn some night. He asked me if I thought he would be successful. Besides being against such, my answer was no. When further pressed I gave him three reasons:

- (1) He was going to attempt to ambush it at night in the barn, but Bigfoot is nocturnal, and hunts for

food at night. The chances of it remaining in the barn come night were about one in a thousand.

- (2) So far I have not been able to determine any standard procedure they have for foraging for food. I am pretty sure each group has a big territory, but where they are going to be at any one time in that territory is anybody's guess.
- (3) Bigfoot has quite a fur coat and seems quite able to survive inclement weather. I would check the barn out only on very cold and/or wet days. I am sure they would appreciate a nice warm bed of hay, out of the wet and cold wind, but the necessity of food gathering would far outweigh their comfort.

STRENGTH

In dealing with Bigfoot one should keep the following facts in mind: these creatures are tremendously intelligent, their speed and agility are incomprehensible, and they have amazing strength.

On one of our night excursions, my friend and I found where a large boulder that had been used as a roadside barrier for years had been picked up and carried to a bluff above another road.



Overview of the roadside boulders

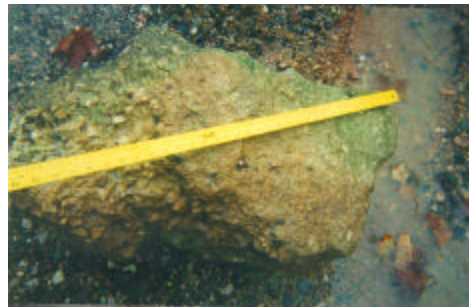
Keep in mind that this bluff was not completely vertical;



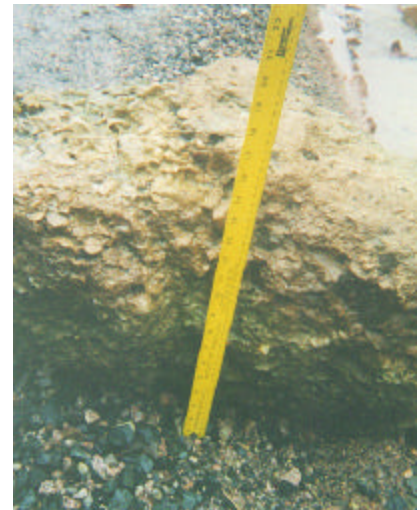
Impression left where the boulder was lifted up (Notice there are no scuff marks made by dragging or equipment).

in fact a person could clamber up it without too much difficulty. The Bigfoot had obviously carried this boulder about eighteen or twenty feet to the bluff edge, then had thrown the boulder down to the road below.

It was close to twenty feet horizontally where the boulder landed, something like twenty-five feet below. The boulder never touched the ground from where it was thrown to where it landed. We measured this boulder; it was sixteen inches thick, sixteen inches wide and thirty-six inches long. We estimate it weighed at least four hundred and fifty pounds.



Above photo shows the width of the boulder (longer than this yard stick). Photo to the right shows the height of the boulder (over two feet tall).





This view shows the landing site of the boulder seen from where it originated.

So the facts you should keep in mind are these beings could rip your head off in an instant if they wanted to! The facts are, you could never outrun one. The facts are that when it comes to woodsmanship, we are rank amateurs. The facts are you should never go into the woods alone. The facts are you should be packing a weapon, the bigger the better.

A story I was told (by people whom I believe) was about a man out hunting Bigfoot, trying to get photographs. He had spotted some out in front of him, his back was to a tree, and he was waiting for them to move into better view. While the ones in front of him held his attention, one had slipped up behind him, and reached around the tree, grabbing his head and twisting, attempting to break his neck.

This rendered him unconscious for a time, and when he became conscious he was being carried by the Bigfoot, probably with the intention of eating him. Luckily, he had a Ruger .44 Magnum in a holster on his hip. He slipped it out of the holster, stuck it against the Bigfoot and shot him. It dropped him and took off. The man who told me this story knew the fellow, and said he had yet to get completely over this terrible adventure. He was just lucky to have survived the neck twist.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S STORY

At this time I want to insert a story named
It was told by the late former President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt, himself known as a famous hunter, in a story from *The Wilderness Hunter*:

“I once listened to a goblin story which rather impressed me. It was told by a grizzled, weather-beaten old mountain hunter, named Bauman, who was born and had passed all his life on the frontier. He must have believed what he said, for he could hardly repress a shudder at certain points of the tale; but he was of German ancestry, and in childhood had doubtless been saturated with all kinds of ghost and goblin lore, so that many fearsome superstitions were latent in his mind; besides, he knew well the stories told by the Indian medicine men in their winter camps, of the snow-walkers, and the spectres, and the formless evil beings that haunt the forest depths, and dog and waylay the lonely wanderer who after nightfall passes through the regions where they lurk. When the event occurred, Bauman was still a young man, and was trapping with a partner among the mountains dividing the forks of Salmon from the head of Wisdom River. Not having had much luck he and his partner determined to go up into a particularly wild and lonely pass through which ran a small stream said to contain many beaver. The pass had an evil reputation, because the year before a solitary hunter who had wandered into it was there slain, seemingly by a wild beast, the half-eaten remains being afterwards found by some

mining prospectors who had passed his camp only the night before.

The memory of this event, however, weighed very lightly with the two trappers, who were as adventurous and hardy as others of their kind. They took their two lean mountain ponies to the foot of the pass, where they left them in an open beaver meadow, the rocky timber clad ground being from thence onwards impracticable for horses. They then struck out on foot through the vast, gloomy forest, and in about four hours, reached a little open glade where they concluded to camp, as signs of game were plenty.

There was still an hour or two of daylight left; and after building brush lean-to and throwing down and opening their packs, they started up stream. The country was very dense and hard to travel through, as there was much down tember, although here and there the sombre woodland was broken by small glades of mountain grass.

At dusk, they again reached camp. The glade in which it was pitched was not many yards wide, the tall, close-set pines and firs rising round it like a wall. On one side was a little stream, beyond which rose the steep mountain-slopes, covered with the unbroken growth of the evergreen forest.

They were surprised to find that during their short absence, something, apparently a bear, had visited camp, and had rummaged about among their things, scattering the contents of their packs, and in sheer wantonness

destroying their lean-to. The footprints of the beast were quite plain but at first they paid no particular heed to them, busying themselves with rebuilding the lean-to, laying out their beds and stores, and lighting the fire.

While Bauman was making ready supper, it being already dark, his companion began to examine the tracks more closely, and soon took a brand from the fire to follow them up, where the intruder had walked along a game trail after leaving camp. When the brand flickered out, he returned and took another, repeating his inspection of the footprints very closely. Coming back to the fire, he stood by it a minute or two, peering out into the darkness, and suddenly remarked: "Bauman, that bear has been walking on two legs." Bauman laughed at this, but his partner insisted he was right; and upon again examining the tracks with a torch, they certainly did seem to be made by but two paws, or feet. However, it was too dark to make sure. After discussing whether the footprints could possibly be those of a human being, and coming to the conclusion they could not be, the two men rolled up in their blankets, and went to sleep under the lean-to.

At midnight, Bauman was awakened by some noise, and sat up in his blankets. As he did so, his nostrils were struck by a strong, wild-beast odor, and he caught the loom of a great body in the darkness at the mouth of the lean-to. Grasping his rifle, he fired at the vague, threatening shadow, but must have missed; for immediately afterwards he heard the smashing of the underbrush as the thing, whatever it

was, rushed off into the impenetrable blackness of the forest and the night.

After this the men slept but little, sitting up by the rekindled fire, but they heard nothing more. In the morning they started out to look at the few traps they had set the previous evening, and to put out new ones. By an unspoken agreement, they kept together all day, and returned to camp towards evening.

On nearing it they saw, hardly to their astonishment, that the lean-to had been again torn down. The visitor of the preceding day had returned, and in wanton malice had tossed about their camp kit and bedding, and destroyed the shanty. The ground was marked up by its tracks; and on leaving the camp, it had gone along the soft earth by the brook, where the footprints were as plain as if on snow, and, after a careful scrutiny of the trail, it certainly did seem as if, whatever the thing was, it had walked off on but two legs.

The men, thoroughly uneasy, gathered a great heap of dead logs, and kept up a roaring fire throughout the night, one or the other sitting on guard most of the time. About midnight, the thing came down through the forest opposite, across the brook, and stayed there on the hillside for nearly an hour. They could hear the branches crackles as it moved about, and several times it uttered a harsh, grating, long-drawn moan, a peculiarly sinister sound. Yet it did not venture near the fire.

In the morning, the two trappers, after discussing the strange events of the last thirty-

six hours, decided that they would shoulder their packs and leave the valley that afternoon. They were the more ready to do this because, in spite of seeing a good deal of game sign, they had caught very little fur. However, it was necessary first to go along the line of their traps and gather them, and this they started out to do.

All the morning, they kept together, picking up trap after trap, each one empty. On first leaving camp, they had the disagreeable sensation of being followed. In the dense spruce thickets, they occasionally hear a branch snap after they had passed; and now and then, there were slight rustling noises among the small pines to one side of them.

At noon, they were back within a couple of miles of camp. In the high bright sunlight, their fears seemed absurd to the two armed men, accustomed as they were, through long years of lonely wandering in the wilderness, to face every kind of danger from man, brute or element. There were still three beaver traps to collect from a little pond in a wide ravine nearby. Bauman volunteered to gather these, and bring them in, while his companion went ahead to camp and made ready the packs.

On reaching the pond, Bauman found three beaver in the traps, one of which had been pulled loose and carried into a beaver house. He took several hours in securing and preparing the beaver, and when he started homewards he marked with some uneasiness how low the sun was getting. As he hurried

towards camp, under the tall trees, the silence and desolation of the forest weighed upon him. His feet made no sound on the pine needles, and the slanting sun rays, striking through among the straight trunks, made a gray twilight in which objects at a distance glimmer indistinctly. There was nothing to break the ghostly stillness which, when there is no breeze, always broods over these sombre primeval forests.

At last, he came to the edge of the little glade where the camp lay, and shouted as he approached it, but got no answer. The camp fire had gone out, though the thin blue smoke was still curling upwards. Near it lay the packs wrapped and arranged. At first, Bauman could see nobody, nor did he receive an answer to his call. Stepping forward he again shouted; and as he did so, his eye fell on the body of his friend, stretched beside the trunk of a great fallen spruce. Rushing towards it, the horrified trapper found that the body was still warm, but that the neck was broken, while there were four great fang marks in the throat.

The footprints of the unknown beast-creature, printed deep in the soil, told the whole story.

The unfortunate man, having finished his packing, had sat down on the spruce log with his face to the fire, and his back to the dense woods, to wait for his companion. While thus waiting, his monstrous assailant, which must have been lurking nearby in the woods, waiting for a chance to catch one of the adventurers unprepared, came silently up

from behind, walking with long, noiseless steps, and seemingly still on two legs. Evidently unheard, it reached the man, and broke his neck by wrenching his head back with its forepaws, while it buried its teeth in his throat. It had not eaten the body, but apparently had romped and gamboled round it in uncouth, ferocious glee, occasionally rolling over and over it; and had then fled back into the soundless depths of the woods.

Bauman, utterly unnerved, and believing that the creature with which he had to deal was something either half-human or half-devil, some great goblin-beast, abandoned everything but his rifle, and struck off at speed down the pass, not halting until he reached the beaver meadows where the hobbled ponies were still grazing. Mounting, he rode onwards through the night, until far beyond the reach of pursuit.

SHELTER

All critters have basic needs that must be met in order to survive. This includes man. We must have shelter, we must have food, and we must have water. We also have to have oxygen to breathe, but this can be found anywhere on the globe.

Many animals have hair or fur, which gives it a great deal of protection and enables it to live without a house, a den or cave. Cattle, deer and elk, for instance, carry their shelter in large part in their coats. Other fur-bearing rodents like squirrels need a den tree for winter survival. As yet we are not completely sure, but we feel that Bigfoot falls into the latter category, needing extra shelter like caves for wet, cold, sleet and snow. There are many caves in our area, and we also have huge numbers of red cedars, which offer lots of shelter from windy and cold conditions. In fact, cattle had rather back up to a thick cedar than to be inside a metal barn! However, researchers have quite a lot of evidence that Bigfoot utilizes barns and hay for places to get out of the wind and rain, and have a bed insulated by hay from the winter cold ground.

I have found one cave that is not one hundred feet from a heavily traveled hard surface road with leaves piled in behind some boulders that obscure one side of the cave. This is not a big cave, nor is it a deep cave, but it certainly

appears that at least occasionally our Bigfoot neighbors use it. In fact, I shot a few feet of video about the cave and I got a wide-open shot of a Bigfoot sitting or squatting on his knees watching me! This was about 9:45 in the morning of a bright, sunny Wednesday, the Wednesday just before Christmas Day, 2001! You will find a still photo taken from that footage in this book.

FOOD

Another necessity is food. Every creature needs food. From all indications, Bigfoot is omnivorous. He'll eat just about anything! Here are the conditions that I believe have doomed so many researchers to failure. Many men have looked for Bigfoot for twenty to thirty years and have never seen one. I heard a program on TV where a person stated he was a long-time Bigfoot hunter and had only five casts of footprints in his possession to show for all those years.

Obviously the man is an educated man, not a hunter. One can be both an educated man and hunter, but I've not found too many of them in this research. For castable footprints, I'd head for a river that has a fine sandy, flat bottom right next to the water. Vegetation does not normally grow along the rivers out here in Oklahoma, and there a person will many times find castable footprints. Again, you are using one of those vital things every creature needs -- water! They have to drink! Also, rivers are a source of food. Many sightings have occurred because Bigfoot was gathering food on the banks of a lake. So, if you are going to be successful, you have to remember the basics. We have found the bones of alligator gar where Bigfoot has carried them to feast upon the big fish in the timber out of sight in the first bottom.

Just some quick terminology I use:

- River bottom is the soil right next to the flowing water.
- First bottoms are areas along rivers that become submerged during floods, but will contain trees and vegetation.
- Second bottoms are not normally inundated unless a cloudburst/flashflood happens.

These are prime research areas - close to water, have cover and shelter normally, and are rich in food both of vegetation and of meat from fish, coyotes, rabbits, snakes, deer, squirrel and raccoons.

BAITING

Bigfoot likes taste treats just as we do. We began baiting three areas with food December 14, 2001. We are still baiting areas as of today, February 19, 2002. Boy, have we learned a lot!

Now, first, we knew that we would lose some of this food to raccoons, and anything like apples might be a delicious treat to a deer. So we devised ways to make sure that it was Bigfoot that was enjoying at least some of our tidbits.

At one spot, we cut a wire clothes hanger into two sections and, using a stepladder, we put these two wires on a branch so that the bottom ends of the wire were nine (9) feet above the ground. Too high for a deer to stand on it's back legs and reach it, and the wire, out on the flimsy limb, was impossible for a raccoon to get to. There were no branches below this branch. The stiff wire was impossible to pull up on the limb, and it hung down too far below the limb for a raccoon to reach. And unless someone as tall as Shaquile O'Neal was robbing our place, humans couldn't reach it off the ground unless they jumped or had a stepladder.

One of the first things we placed on one of the wires was a bag of popped microwave popcorn. We also left a banana. The next morning the popcorn was completely devoured, the sack on the ground and the banana was gone, so we assumed they had eaten it peel and all, or at least taken it with them. However, the condition of the popcorn sack was very revealing! If you have eaten microwave popcorn in the sack, you normally open the end by pulling on diagonal corners. But this sack was ripped or split apart, completely different from the normal way.

About three in the afternoon Tuklo called me and asked if I had taken another banana and baited the spot again. I said no. He then said, "Well, the banana is back!" So, that night we partially peeled the same banana, and they took it, for it was gone. A couple of days later the peel turned up, back at the tree! We can only conclude they liked the banana and brought back the peel to show they had eaten it and would like some more! At any rate, since then we have used many bananas. It appears they do not know how to peel them.

So, then, one of the preliminary conclusions we have come to is that, unlike monkeys from areas that have bananas, Bigfoot has not had access to bananas in America, at least in recent history. When we leave a banana, we partially peel it.

We have left many Snickers candy bars. But again, we found that we must open the wrapper.

Raccoons can be a problem for a researcher because they like Snickers candy bars, and they will eat apples. In fact, due to their lack of salivary glands, the food has to either have some moisture in it or it must be carried to water. So a good idea to beat the raccoon problem is to use

something dry, like breakfast cereal. And this leads us to another little story!

In our attempts to find out what a Bigfoot would and would not eat, we've tried lots of things. I bought some dry breakfast cereal that supposedly had bits of apple and cinnamon cooked into it. In one bait can I poured it out loose on some flattened out heavy paper, and in another I filled a slick paper cup that would hold about 16 ounces of liquid. The next morning the cereal was gone from both places. The paper on which the cereal had been poured was also gone. We haven't as yet found it! The paper cup was still in the other bait can - empty. But, since it was slightly flattened, we knew it had been in the grasp of Bigfoot, so we took it and fingerprinted it. We got some absolutely huge fingerprints off it! These prints were at least three times larger than my own, and I'm a pretty good-sized individual (I weigh about two hundred sixty-five pounds). Folks, I can tell you no raccoon ate the cereal out of that cup! If the size of fingerprints can be any indication of body size, my estimate that Mr. Bigfoot weighed in the neighborhood of eight hundred pounds! And since I have made a video clip with a male Bigfoot who looks to be over three feet wide not two hundred yards from the location of this bait can, it's probably a good estimate!

WANT FRIES WITH THAT?

Another experiment proving we are dealing with Bigfoot raiding these bait cans and showing their intelligence was done a couple of weeks ago. We bought two cheeseburgers with French fries, one burger and fries to a bag, and placed fries on top of each burger. We put one bag with that combination in each of two bait cans. **BUT** we put a cement building block on the can lids. I just

weighed a cement block on a balance scales in our clinic. It weighed 37 pounds.

The next morning Tuklo with his son Benji made the rounds. Tuklo told me he opened the first can and there was the bag with the food still in it. He took the food bag and the cement block, and went to the second can. There was the bag with the fries. As he lifted the bag out, he realized it was awfully light! He lifted up the fries and looked. The burger was gone! He went back to the van and checked the other bag. Sure enough, that burger was also gone!

Bigfoot had removed the cement block from the can lid, took the fries out of the bag without spilling them, took out and probably ate the burger, put the fries back in the bag, put the bag back into the bait can, put the can lid back on the can, and then replaced the cement block exactly as it had been! This was done not one time but twice!

Now, there is not another animal other than man that could do this. A raccoon might, just might, have been able to push the bait can lid off, carrying the cement block with it. I doubt it. But there is no way a raccoon could have lifted that cement block up higher than it's head and placed it back on the bait can's lid. And this is not to mention the treatment of the fries!

This I am writing to you is documented. I was with Tuklo when the burger and fries were bought, and when they were placed in the bait cans. Benji, Tuklo's son, was with him when he went to check the cans the next morning. Photos were taken of the sacks in the cans when we left them. We never have less than two people when doing research, first for veracity and secondly for safety.

DANGER

Danger exists. People are killed by domestic animals many times a year. I have lost two neighbors in three years due to cattle-related injuries. Many people are bitten and maimed by someone's dog. Horses kill a few people every year. There is a Bigfoot researcher named Robert Morgan who tells people not to carry a weapon while Bigfoot researching. I'm just the opposite! Don't go into the woods without packing a weapon. I carry a 357-magnum revolver. I wish a 44 magnum fit my hand better! I'd sure carry one! The truth is that there are thousands of people who turn up missing every year, in national parks and forests. I have friends who have had unpleasant experiences with Bigfoot, and so I'd rather they never saw a Bigfoot in their entire life, than to be at the mercy of an enraged dominant male weighting eight hundred to a thousand pounds, capable of carrying and throwing five hundred pound boulders with ease.

You should also remember that researching on private property could expose you to risk from people cooking up meth. Many times meth lab operators shoot at people who get close to their labs. This scenario also happens a lot on National Forest lands. So, my advice is get legal.

Get a permit if needed in your state to pack a weapon. Make sure you are proficient in its use. It's also whoopee (for lack of a better term!) that if you have a weapon you won't see a Bigfoot. Maybe that's so with a rifle, but not with a handgun. Every single time I've seen one; I've had a weapon on my person.

In November of 2000 my good friends Joe Hollenbeck, Tuklo Nashoba, and I went to a particular hotspot along a river. It had rained a day or so before so under the trees and the fallen leaves the ground was quite wet and soft. I was carrying a 357, Tuklo a 357 and Joe a 44 magnum. We

parked the car and walked about one hundred yards into the research area. We could see evidence that they had been in the area recently. As we got farther into the area Tuklo caught a fleeting glimpse of a juvenile. I was also carrying a video camera, Tuklo a regular camera, and Joe a digital camera that stores the images on a 3.5 floppy disk for later viewing by computer. Tuklo and Joe began to take random shots all about us. I had found a couple of trees that had been pushed over, and I was filming them and narrating into the camera, when I heard a loud but deep noise.

As I was filming, I idly thought that the sound I heard sounded like thunder, but there were no clouds in the sky - an absolutely lovely November day. It could not have been a cannon shot, because it was too long a sound in duration, and besides, there was no forts anywhere around that might be shooting cannons. Fort Sill was probably the closest place, and it was well over one hundred and twenty miles away.

We continued looking around the area, finding footprints of Bigfoot in the soft ground and fecal matter in places. Then the story began to unfold as we started out, back toward our car. We ran on to an extremely fresh set of footprints! The footprints were roughly following our path in. We saw where the creature making the prints had stepped over a downed tree, and then took off running. The print where it started running had thrown-up dirt behind it, and the second print was a little over seven feet away! A first stride of over seven feet!

The story was apparent. As we entered the area, we had come between this adult and some juveniles - at least two. The adult had seen us, and was coming with all due speed and caution to protect the juveniles. When she located us, she could see we had not threatened nor were we endangering the juveniles. She turned to her right and ran



Close up of BF in photograph shown below.

swiftly over a knoll down to the river's edge, turned left and ran past us to the juveniles. It was her roaring sound I heard and captured on the video film. Joe and Tuklo both got pictures of the juveniles, yet with all of this taking place, Tuklo was the only one who even got a glimpse of one. But when the films were developed, Joe had a shot of the two juveniles standing close to the side of a tree, and Tuklo had two pictures with a juvenile in each. One was standing right out in the open, and the other had his head up between two trees. In addition, Tuklo has a picture that looks like the face of the adult, seen through some brush.



In this full photograph (middle of photo) the horizontal folds of the skin of the Bigfoot can be detected and the difference in texture and color of the BF image as compared to the other textures of the woods area can be detected.

DEXTERITY

We just don't know how many of these forest giants there are. Ever time I go out anywhere I see the evidence that Bigfoot is about. They make markers of fallen trees and limbs, possibly to mark their territory. They also might be like signs. We put up all kinds of official signs along our streets. We have speed limit signs; we have information signs telling of cemeteries, of parks, of rest stops along our interstates. There are signs that towns put up, also. Why would we think it strange that Bigfoot might also have signs to direct traffic to a drinking hole, to a good place to find food, or to a meeting area?

All the evidence points toward there being simians with the ability to get hold and carry things. I mentioned previously about a huge boulder one had picked up, carried about eighteen or so feet and flung down to the road below, something like twenty-five feet toward the lake. Now, I know that I am not making the enormity of this feat clear. It would be a different matter altogether had the distance been 25 feet vertically. Basically, if that were true, it could have been dropped. But the distance was not vertical; it was horizontal!

That boulder lay there, on the side of the road, for about a week. Then it disappeared. Just the hole it made when it hit remained. Although we searched for the boulder, we

never found it! It was simply picked up and carried off. We examined the hole that remained. There was absolutely no indication that a front-end loader of any type had been used to remove it. No scrape marks as would have been made by the loader bucket scooping up, or even pushing the boulder just a little. No pry bar marks. Nothing. Only something with tremendous strength could have just reached down and picked it up and carried it away. All we were left with was the original hole where it had been for years, and the hole in the road. We of course have documented this with photographs.

I have seen trees that have been broken by Bigfoot. One of their tricks (or feats) is to take a tree about eight inches in diameter and break it over at a 90 degree angle about twelve to sixteen inches above the ground.



One of the most interesting feats I found practically in my backyard! About one hundred yards from my house is some brush and trees. I had noticed that a tree had died there, so one day I decided to look at it and determine if it were seasoned enough so I could cut it up for firewood. I have a wood burning stove with a glass front in my home and my wife and I like to sit in front of it, talk and watch the flames.

So I made my way to it, and my first impression was that it had broken off from the stump and fallen into another tree. But then, my powers of observation woke up! There

was no stump close to the tree. I finally found the stump, some sixteen or so feet away! I next realized that the tree was thrust into the other tree and it was not touching the ground in any way! The dead tree was far bigger and heavier than I could have ever thought about moving alone. It had to have been carried, for there was no indication whatever of a drag mark from the area of the stump, where it would have fallen, over to this tree. I estimate that this tree would surely have weighed over four hundred pounds. It had been carried bodily, and the limbs of the top thrust into the limbs of the second tree so that the trunk was suspended above the ground. I can only presume it was a marker, a sign of some sort. At any rate, I was duly impressed!

These creatures use trees and limbs to make all sorts of geometric figures -- Big X markers -- tree limbs hung in other trees. They even pick up and move huge, fallen trees. Perhaps it is to show their strength during mating season.

Yeah, when I go into the woods, I pack a weapon! I know it won't make us equal, but it will help!

One of my friends has an old abandoned quarry where stone to build with was commercially quarried in the past. It has an old powder house made of stone and cement. It was here that the blasting powder was kept for safety's sake. It had a cement 'floor', I understand, where a sort of safe was. This cement floor is about four inches thick and about four feet square. These creatures carried this cement floor over an eighth of a mile, to the east side of the quarry and beyond. Now that is a bragging feat!

I have a friend who has trouble keeping the sheet metal roof nailed down on his outbuilding - they keep pulling it up so they can look inside!

It is my opinion that they are very curious, and they are extremely observant, like other simians. People usually are not nearly as observant. I guess when your life depends on your powers of observation they are honed.

FINGERPRINTS

As I previously wrote, there are many people researching Bigfoot. As you might guess, there are people who want to make money off of Bigfoot -- lots of money. Now, don't get me wrong, there's nothing evil about money. As the Apostle Paul wrote to Timothy (1 Timothy 6:10), it is the *love* of money that is the root of all evil. So it is in Bigfoot research. There are those who believe they would prosper exceedingly if they could kill a Bigfoot. They believe they might receive monetary rewards of upwards of one million dollars or more. They might be right. Many of these people also attack the credibility and character of other researchers. This is bad, and can only backfire on those individuals. But it is the lengths they are willing to go to, to attempt to discredit others, that is the sad thing. For instance, it appears quite likely that some of them are attempting to deceive others by making 'feet' and using the fake feet to make footprints to fool the gullible. To me this is reprehensible. It is also quite dangerous to your reputation, because sooner or later, Bigfoot will be captured or killed, and then if they have been deceiving people, they will bear stains of dishonor for the rest of their life.

So, while our research group has casts of footprints and pictures that are extremely clear, we are also including

fingerprinting in our research. We know we are onto a small group of Bigfoot individuals - perhaps a family - because we have several different sizes of fingerprints.

All these fingerprints have been taken off paper cups, so these may not be as big as they might be if they were taken off of something heavy, where more effort in picking it up and holding it would be required. But some of these are absolutely huge, anyway! We have included prints of them and of humans in this book for comparison. And the marvelous thing about fingerprints is that they are impossible to fake!

Basically, we have been continuously putting out food in the same place, beginning December 14, 2001. Bigfoot has an incredibly keen sense of smell, and they found the food the first night. However, it was almost a week before they realized that food would be at that particular spot every night. And so, almost every night they would come and get the food at the bait area.

Now, when I say almost, they do not come when snow is on the ground. There are several explanations for this, however, until I personally make the acquaintance of Mr. Bigfoot and can communicate with him, this will remain conjecture. And this might be just a local matter.

FOOTPRINTS

One possible explanation for the fact that they don't move around when there is snow on the ground is that there are lots of humans in the area, so if they came in the snow and left these huge footprints they would immediately be seen and people would be looking for them. Another possible explanation is that the ice and snow hurt their feet.

This, of course, leads us into other related topics. For instance, in snowy, icy weather do they stay in a cave or a barn where loose hay would insulate them and their feet from the cold? What about food? It's been about a decade ago, but we have had some pretty big snowstorms here, with snowfalls of sixteen inches or so. The snow will stay on the ground for days in that scenario. What do they do for food if they do not forage? Do they store up food enough to survive for a few days like humans?

From some of the casts of footprints I have seen, it may be that their feet actually have as many as three joints front to rear. This would certainly explain their ability to race over rocks and cliffs, hardly slowing down. The ones I have seen running are extremely fast, almost as fast as a strobe light!

Today is March 4, 2002. We had a moderate snowstorm Friday night, March 1. It snowed on into Saturday until about noon. We had baited two of the locations as usual on Friday night while the precipitation was in unfrozen form. Saturday we learned that Bigfoot had visited our two bait stations. We put out a big red apple and some peanut butter on crackers in each station Saturday night (I have a front wheel drive automobile that is extremely good on snow and ice). As of Saturday night about half past eight they had not visited the bait stations. Tuklo called me early Sunday morning and said they still had not visited the stations.

What did this mean? Does ice and snow hurt their feet? If so, what about the many 'sightings' of the abominable snowman? Are we to disregard all these sightings of Bigfoot in the forests of the Pacific Northwest and elsewhere, where deep snow is normal during the winter months? Or is it because they have an innate intelligence that tells them not to be the first to make footprints in the

snow in heavily populated areas - where the very size and the obvious no shoes situation would show up.

I believe it is the latter. Which then leads to another question: does Bigfoot save back a certain amount of food in a safe place where in times of storm like this was they can have food to sustain them? If so, is it in caves, or perhaps in barns that are very infrequently used. Now that farmers have gone to large round bales they can handle by themselves with the help of a tractor, which saves a lot in energy and money for hay haulers, barns are not as indispensable as they were a few years ago. There may be weeks at a time now that farmers never enter their barn. As smart as these creatures are, surely they know whether a farmer frequents a barn to get hay from the barn or is using a supply of big bales.

Tuklo called about nine o'clock Sunday night and said there were some really good prints in the snow of the right foot of a grown female, and the right foot of a juvenile beside her, and he was going home to get his camera to take photos of them. I said wonderful, and settled back in my easy chair. But it remained in my mind that I should get up in the morning and take my Polaroid, a yardstick and take some pictures myself. First, a flashbulb at night onto the snow might be bright enough to wash out the details, and, let's face it, snow around southern Oklahoma is fleeting. What was there this morning probably would be gone by nightfall!

Sure enough, when I got up there this morning, there were the footprints! The right foot of each, the female, and right next to her, a much smaller footprint, about the size of an eighteen year old girl's bare foot. However, it was the print of the adult that was interesting, for either the big toe had been smashed and was over twice the size it should have been,

from side to side Everyone has seen the angel wings you

can make by lying on your back in the snow and raising and lowering your arms. This is a possibility, to account for the size of this digit.

I put my yardstick down just to the left of the print of the female. It measured 17 inches long! I then took a couple of shots with the Polaroid and waited for them to develop to make sure I had gotten them. If not, I was prepared to keep adjusting the camera until I got a good shot. Through blind chance, the first two shots were very good. And with the bifocal area on my magnifying glass you can see by the yardstick that indeed, it is seventeen inches long! How's that for some "land paddles"?

Of course, it is a mere shadow of the casts Tuklo and Chad Scott independently made. Tuklo's was made over two years ago, in the company of others. Chad's were made in the month of February 2002. His wife and child accompanied him, and the footprints were cast in Guy Sandy Creek, about ten miles or so from where Tuklo cast his. 24 inches long!

Now, previously, even though it was not my intention, I may have mislead the readers. *Once humans have gotten out in the snow and made prints, then Bigfoot is free to go where he wants.* They can loose their prints in among the humans. In the case of Sunday night, March 3, even though there was still snow, on the asphalt the snow was melted off. Neither Tuklo nor I was able to determine the exact route they took to arrive at the bait station. They came on the snow free asphalt and left the same way. Again, smart! The only footprints we were able to find were those right at the bait area.

As I said in the beginning of this book, I have been involved in this research for over two years. I have approached it from a hunter's viewpoint, not a city bred, college educated individual. As my old great grandmother

would say, "A lot of people have lots of school housing, but not much smarts." From the very beginning, I looked for the food. To a critter that will eat everything a human eats, it's only natural it would hang around people. And that's the reason for the title of this book, *Bigfoot in the Backyard*. These creatures are literally in the back yard of not just my house but also thousands of people's houses. The reason is food -- easy pickings.

This reminds me of my time in the United States Navy. I was on board the USS Shangri-La, CVA-38, a World War II and Korean War aircraft carrier. We people of the United States are used to good food. We really don't know how difficult it is to exist in some places. On the ship was lots of wasted food as well as worn out shoes and clothing that was sent over the fantail into what we called the garbage scow. But the local men manning the scow knew how precious that food was to the people of their villages, and they would go through each container, separating out food they thought good to eat, and all clothing and shoes were carefully saved.

The things the average housewife calls garbage, to Bigfoot are delicacies. Chicken bones are no match for their powerful jaws and teeth. They don't know that potato salad has been in the frig for five days. So what if that cornbread is dried out! And that light bread - that little bit of green mold, why, that's what penicillin was made from! Thanksgiving Day must be heaven to them with all the turkey and dressing that people are just tired of eating. So they just pilfer through all the garbage cans and Dempsey Dumpsters in town. With their keen sense of smell, there are plenty of odors to tell them which ones are good ones to look into.

So, why, I asked myself, are these researchers going way deep into the primeval forests, searching for Bigfoot? They drove past a dozen or more on the way to the forest!

I am expanding my thoughts on their range. For instance, again, we started baiting December 14, 2001. At that time I had no beaten Bigfoot paths on my farm. Now, two months plus later, I have a beaten Bigfoot path along the outside of my yard fence! Obviously at least one Bigfoot got my scent off some of the bait and recognized me. I wanted this to happen to get them to associate my scent with some thing good to eat. This was for possible photographic endeavors if we could find the correct setup for night photos.

I had no idea that the territory was large enough so that those Bigfoot visiting the bait areas six miles away would have been on my farm and around my house. But the evidence is as clear as can be - there are trails beaten to the bare ground coming to my fence, and there is not a single sign of a cow having walked them. They have no sharply delineated sides as cattle make in their trails. Bigfoot trails, pure and simple.

Now, it might make some people fearful, but they obviously do not mean any harm to me. With this much traffic to my yard, they have had much opportunity to do mischief if they wished.

SIGHTINGS



Image of Bigfoot taken from a



Photo of the same trees taken earlier with a still camera.

It was several years back when I saw my first Bigfoot. I don't remember the year, but I do remember the circumstances. It was in the Chickasaw National Recreation Area. I was in the parking lot of the swimming pool named Little Niagara. I can't even remember now why I was there, because it was night, and it was in the

wintertime when the leaves were off the trees and you can see between the tree trunks. I just happened to be looking toward the Nature Center, when I saw this upright figure run across the parking lot between the lights and me. The Nature Center is long, with lots of windows with light coming out of them.

The speed with which it ran across the parking lot deeply

impressed me. Two thoughts entered my mind at that time and remained there. The first was that this was the fastest human I ever saw, and the second was why he was running across the parking lot, rather than coming toward me. The figure quickly disappeared into the trees on the west side of the parking lot.

The mind is somewhat like a computer in that it stores data. Sometimes this data seems to have no connections to anything else. But perhaps even years later, it can make a connection to that data. That is the way this seemingly worthless observation was stored in my brain.

My second sighting was in the presence of several friends and fellow researchers. This happened in November 2001. It was a bright moonlit night. On nights like this binoculars work very well. We were overlooking an area where several people had seen, several times, a small family of Bigfoot. I might have seen this one without help, but I still wasn't thinking big enough! It was right on the tree line of the opening, at about 175 yards from me. My friends who have seen probably more than twenty over a period of three years, exclaimed, "There's one!" Well, blind me, I must have looked at it five or six times and never recognized it. So I asked them to give me some markers to help me locate it. It's right there, about 20 feet from the second tree from the big rock, they told me. Now I'm zeroed in on it, but it still doesn't resemble anything more than a big, rattan colored bush. But, as I watch it, it begins to move! Slowly, over about 15 seconds, it moves out of sight! I had seen my first (I thought) Bigfoot! It actually had it's back toward me, and it was squatted down on all fours, which kept me from distinguishing its features.

The next sighting was when I caught one out in the open at about sixty feet. I was filming a cave that appeared to be used by them some. I finished filming the cave, and turned

to face Travertine Creek. I was commenting on the road, which was about one hundred twenty feet from the opposite of the stream. This paved road parallels the stream here. As I was panning with my video camera, narrating details, the camera picked up a monster Bigfoot about sixty feet from me, and slightly uphill. It was a bright, sunny Wednesday morning, the Wednesday before Christmas Day, 2001, at about 9:45.

Bigfoot was right out in the open, a huge male. Because of the noise of the stream rushing over the stones, he obviously didn't know I'm anywhere around until I came around the corner of the boulders which make up the cave. He's right out in the open; his only chance of being undetected is to remain completely still. It worked, because even though I looked directly at him several times, I was so engrossed with the filming my brain didn't recognize him until I reviewed the film a couple of weeks later. He's huge, looks like he's three and a half feet wide at least, and down on his knees he looks to be about six feet tall! Every time I look at his picture, I'm amazed at the sheer size of him.

The next sighting was on Saturday between Christmas and New Year's Day. I was in the company of several researchers I know. Some live in Texas, two are from Mississippi, and the rest of us from Oklahoma. The man from Mississippi (I'll just call him Bear) and I were looking for sign, and there was some fecal matter from a juvenile on a big tree trunk. We both glimpsed a Bigfoot flitting between trees and brush. Every time this happens I am again amazed at how something so large, moving so fast, can move so silently! This, as I remember, was shortly after noon, on a lovely December day. It's always a pleasure to be out with friends and researchers, out in the woods and meadows that Yahweh gave us to enjoy.

The next sighting of a Bigfoot happened early in the morning just about daybreak, in January 2002. I was checking all our bait stations by myself that morning because Tuklo was busy. Basically, at that time we were attempting to establish a pattern with Bigfoot. I was in my Dodge pickup and a juvenile ran across the road in front of me. He actually bounded across the road in three bounds, like a cat. He was a little taller on all fours than a big dog and very thin. He was dark brown, almost black in color. I started to stop the pickup and follow him into the woods to attempt to get another look. But that thought quickly left my mind! A juvenile that small most surely was not far from his mother, and I certainly did not want to get between mama Bigfoot and her son! That would have been the height of stupidity!

Tuklo later saw this juvenile standing on two feet and said he looked about five and a half feet high. And fast!

The last sighting was exactly like the first. I once again was at Little Niagara with Tuklo doing some research and one ran between the Nature Center and us once again, toward the west. Again, there were no leaves on the trees, as it was in February 2002, and you could look between the trunks of the trees toward the lights of the Nature Center.

I consider myself to be very fortunate and lucky. Not only have I had some quite long looks at Bigfoot, I was also in the right place at the right time, with my camera to my eye. I got a very clear open film clip of Bigfoot right out in the open! As they say, it's better to be lucky than good!

SCIENTIFIC

Bigfoot knows I know they are out there. After all, I caught him right out in the open at about 60 feet. He may not know what a camera is, but he knows he was caught flatfooted. I was on one side of the flowing creek; he was on the other side and slightly up hill. So he knows I know he's there. He knows my scent; he probably does not know my sense of smell is sadly inferior to his, so he thinks we are intimately acquainted!

Let's think for a moment about scientific experiments. Basically, what we consider scientifically proven is an experiment that one can do time after time, and the results will be the same. You take a magnet, a paper clip and a glass. Put the paper clip in the glass, and the magnet on the outside of the glass, and you can move that paperclip all around inside the glass. No matter how many times you do this, the result will always be that the paper clip will move around as the magnet is moved. We have just 'proven' magnetism exists.

By this same absolute, we have proven Bigfoot exists.

Now that we have stopped the experiment of baiting areas, the truth can be told. We have been baiting in a National Park. We have been at it for three months and three days. We began it December 14th, 2001 and we finished it

March 18th, 2002. But where we carried out this experiment is immaterial. It can be replicated in dozens and dozens of sites across the United States - the world!

One of the researchers had already attempted to get a permit from the National Park Service to do research and had not been granted one. This is a sad thing. I can only imagine the warped thinking our bureaucrats have. The possibilities for harm to the innocent tourists increase with the number of bad management decisions the Department of the Interior makes.

For instance, the Department of the Interior decided to do controlled burning in some of the Parkland, to supposedly lower the danger of wildfire. They cut over 800 red cedars and allowed them to dry somewhat, then did this controlled burning.

However, herein lies the danger! Red cedar berries are a major source of food to Bigfoot. Almost every time I go out I find Bigfoot fecal droppings filled with the remains of the cedar berries. But the burning not only destroys this source of food, it also destroys all the sources! To keep from starving, the Bigfoot from the areas of the burning must invade the territory of other groups. This results in intense competition for food. The inevitable result is that the danger of face-to-face confrontations with the humans camping out, picnicking and swimming in the streams and lakes of the Park greatly increases. Talk to me! Give me the odds of a one hundred twenty pound human female winning over an eight foot tall, six hundred pound Bigfoot!

Scientific. No matter how many times you repeat the experiment, the answer will be the same. So, let's elucidate a little on the last experiment we did. March 17th just after dark we did a number of bait cans in a deliberate attempt to get fingerprints. This is the same

method we have used several times in the past three months. We got some extra butter microwave popcorn and packages of Fig Newtons. We had saved up a number of paper cups from various fast food places like Braums. We put Fig Newtons in the cups and set them in the bait cans. Then we placed a bag of popped corn on top so that would be the first food item Bigfoot came to. The oil in the corn would make their handling of the cups yield fingerprints. We got eight good fingerprints off of six cups. No matter how many times we've conducted this little experiment, we have replicated it. It has worked every time. Scientific.

Before you say these fingerprints are hoaxes, let's see **YOU** fake a fingerprint and make it credible! These fingerprints are double the size of mine. Tell me how to make such a hoax!

HAIR

Now, let's take hair -- specifically, Bigfoot hair. Want to know why there is such a big explosion of interest when a sample of Bigfoot hair has been sent to a lab? It's the makeup of the hair! Bigfoot is simian. All across the globe right alongside of man, it appears, is a hitherto fore unrecognized species of monkey! Tremendously intelligent, incredibly wary, nocturnal in habit, living within a couple of hundred yards of people, a whole specie that we, supposedly intelligent man, have ignored. Our intelligentsia, our 'educators', said that man has descended from the monkey, yet here is the living, walking, eating proof that such is not the case! It blows the theory of evolution into a billion little pieces!

The makeup of primate hair is completely different from that of man. Human hair is nourished on and through the exterior, the epidermis, of the hair. Primate hair has a

nourishing 'tube' right down the middle of the hair. Obviously if man had descended from apes, the hair would be the same. The hair is major proof that evolution is a myth. And, of course, the musculature of primates is completely different. I have heard it said that primates are twenty times more powerful, pound for pound, than man. (However, I have never heard of a weightlifting contest between a man and a chimp, either!)

Now, simian hair should only be available from zoos, etc. And for a redneck hillbilly to send a sample of primate hair to a lab for analysis, saying "I got it off my fence", really blows the 'intelligentsia's' mind! And that is the reason (one of them) why they never say what specie it came from, and their reply is almost always, "Where did you get this?"

Ah, science! Humanity's idol with the feet of clay! Science says if the facts don't match what science wants us to believe, you peons just ignore the facts. But on the other hand, science says it is true if it can be repeated time after time. Well, it can be repeated time after time. The problem has been that the supposedly 'educated men' are really not educated at all.

The deer hunter who, year after year gets his buck, is scientific. He has repeatedly used the same method, year after year. Year after year, the result has been the same. Take that Harvard or Princeton educated man and send him out in the field to get a buck. The odds are not only will he be unsuccessful, he probably won't even see one! He is not educated in that way and therefore cannot be scientific! Yet he prides himself as being 'educated' as well as being scientific! Let's all pause a minute and laugh!

That reminds me of what Mark Twain said. He said, "I have never let schooling get in the way of my education." I think that is a good maxim for us all to go by.

Now, at last, technology has made it possible for us to photograph these amazing primates. More and more photos of them are made every year. And guess what! Amazingly they all look a lot alike. In the past three years at least eight photos have been made. More and more people are carrying cameras with them, and the trend seems to be increasing. So we will undoubtedly see more and more photos as the years pass.

We are on the brink of being flooded with scientific photos. And again, by that I mean that we are on the verge of getting photos of Bigfoot anytime we want to. Repeatable. Doing the same procedure and getting the same results, time after time. But of course, forget about our government helping in this. After all, it will destroy the image we are force fed by the 'intelligentsia', that of being an evolutionary descendent of a monkey. Darwinism is dead, and the belief in a Creator God, Yahweh, is vindicated by the scientific. Repeatable photos, time after time, repeatable any time we want to do so.

With cooperation from our government, we could have great photos within a month. The camera equipment is out there to buy; we just must have electricity to make them work. The sites are plentiful. Unfortunately, government controls them. And it doesn't suit their agenda for proof to come out that evolution is a myth, and our 'god', evolution, has feet of clay.

It may well be that by the time this book hits the market we will have huge amounts of photos. But right now a site to photograph them from must have lots of foods available for them to eat or the endeavor may take months, perhaps years. The reason is simple, lack of cover and food sources. The lack of cover is the big problem. Most farms are simply that, farms. They exist for the purpose of

growing food to meet the demand of the cities. There is no cover for the Bigfoot to conceal himself in. In the growing of food crops, there are stages where the forage is too tough to be easily masticated. For instance, a corn stalk is certainly not too tasty when it's a mature plant an inch and a half thick. Wheat, oats and other small grain plants also get pretty woody when the stems shoot up to bear the grain heads. The grain heads are pretty tasty when they are green, but when they start to dry out the grain is pretty hard chewing. They can grow out of an edible stage in about ten days to an almost inedible stage. This is not conducive to getting Bigfoot trained to come to a baiting site every night, when your cheeseburger is the only tasty food source for five miles or so! Would you walk five miles just on the *chance* you might find a cheeseburger hanging from a tree on a wire? Probably not.

I would be amiss if I did not tell the readers that there is a huge network of Bigfoot researchers out there. I have been in meetings with people from Kentucky, Ohio, Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi, Texas and Oklahoma.

I believe that Tuklo has researched Bigfoot in half or more of all the counties in Oklahoma. I have been on field trips with him in Johnston, Carter, Murray and Love counties, as well as in Arkansas and Mississippi. I just returned from a trip from Louisiana, and I saw definite sign that Bigfoot is indigenous there also.

I hope that this book has been an enjoyable reading experience. I hope that you will marvel at the huge fingerprints we have put in this book, at the comparison of them to my own, at the pictures of footprints, and at the pictures of Bigfoot we personally have taken. There are many other pictures out there, but they are the property of others, and we have not their permission to use them.

I just watched a documentary of the Yellowstone Park. There a man enjoyed an excellent dinner, purchased a cigar for an after meal smoke, and strolled outside to enjoy the cigar. No part or sign of him has ever been found. I have read of accounts of Native American women being kidnapped, used as a sex object and who escaped to tell of their experience. So folks, when you go to a picnicking area, a camping area or a hiking area, are careful. Ladies, don't go wandering around alone. That even goes for men. Don't wander around alone, especially at night. You might never be heard of again. Bigfoot is out there. Primates are known to kill and eat other primates.