



Radio DJ Lou Pate visits the museum

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Message from the Curator

Now that we've started the fifth year of this newsletter and have some evidence in house from the local area, its time to talk again about sponsorships and additional memberships. The past four years have brought a lot to light about our local research area.

We've discovered that people have been reporting bigfoot sightings and encounters around Santa Cruz County since at least the 1870's (judging by a San Francisco Post reference to "campers in Felton who were kept awake all night by the screams of a wildman.") To this day locals are reporting being awakened by screams in the night, in particular areas more than others. We've now recorded some examples of the nocturnal screams and evidence of coyote hunting packs, not a mile from the museum, on the ridge above us.

We've also uncovered tales of a locally named mystery primate called the "Dump Dweller" or the "Ben Lomond Dump Monster" that was seen frequently rooting in the landfill, and heard screaming in the night in a particular neighborhood off Newell Creek, below the Santa Cruz Watershed area adjacent to Loch Lomond back in the 1970's. We have multiple reports of sightings and prowler events in the same general area right up to the present day.

Another local "named creature" was brought to our attention last summer. A woman who has lived in a neighborhood west of Nisene Marks Park for a number of years asked if I'd heard about the "Olive Springs Howler." Well, there is a quarry near Olive Springs, and we definitely have had reports of apparent

bigfoot activity in that area including screams, instances of stalking and a man who was asleep in a camper on the back of a pickup truck that was shaken violently during the night. The woman said the neighbors figured it must be a wolf, because of the loud long cries it made at night. Well, I think it more likely it was a bigfoot, as there are not supposed to be any wolves in Santa Cruz County, and there are quite a number of fruit trees in that area near the quarry. It is interesting that both the edge of Nisene Marks and the area below Loch Lomond both have named unknown creatures, as they are the two areas with the greatest number of reports in the county.

In the last issue we revisited the spot where member Matt Bento found the large human-like tooth. This tooth has impressed several of the dentists we've shown it to. They agree it is human-like, but way too big for the average Homo sapiens. I sent photos to MonsterQuest, but apparently they were not interested unless the teeth resemble "Gigantopithecus teeth." Apparently they wanted Bigfoot to be a "Monster Ape" like Giganto.

Recently, while having lunch with Tom Biscardi here in Felton, I spoke with Melba Ketchum, the owner of a forensics DNA testing lab in Texas. She has already stated that a sample of purported Yeti hair that was collected in Bhutan in a "Yeti Preserve" by Josh Gates of the TV show "Destination Truth" is from an unknown primate. She said it's primate hair similar to human in terms of DNA, but morphologically speaking its courser than human hair yet less course than horse hair. She is

currently testing nearly a dozen other specimen samples provided to her by Biscardi and others, and apparently more unknown DNA is showing up.

She said she could attempt to test our tooth as well, but the process would likely destroy it as they'd have to bore into the pulp of the tooth for uncontaminated DNA. I've decided to hold back awhile longer as I've already noticed a lot of negative posts on the forums about this "unknown DNA." Before I take a chance on losing the tooth, I want to see how this new DNA evidence is received. What I can say, based on various biologists who have visited the museum, is that there are many more scientists getting involved in the research, but most continue to keep their interest a secret. So it may be possible to get our tooth and stool tested in the near future without having to shell out a lot of money.



A shot (captured off TV) of the "Yeti hair" collected by Gates and crew



Letters to the Editor

The following is an interesting account of a recent sighting (the reporting party and the place will not be mentioned at his request):

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Local FIELDWORK

Santa Cruz, Highway 1 at the southern border of Wilder Ranch



This is "Ric," a man who spends a lot of time bicycling up and down the California coast, on Hwy 1 on the edge of Santa Cruz, where he claims to have had a bigfoot experience.

A few years back Ric posted a sighting report on the BFRO web site about a sighting he had in April 2002 near Santa



Here is the view of the gully and the fence as it appeared from the "camp site."

Cruz. I contacted him by emails, to follow up on his report with a personal interview. Because Ric is a vagabond and on the road quite a bit, the best I could do was to get a message phone number belonging to a friend of his. As a result, I was eventually able to speak to him by phone and get additional details on him and his sighting, which compelled me to go to the outskirts of Santa Cruz to the area he described to see if the story made sense. In other words, could I find a location right on the edge of town where he could have had the experience he described in his report?

Sure enough, there is an area where a creek comes from out of the coastal mountains and passes under Highway 1, only to meander right down to the coast where it empties into the ocean at Natural Bridges State Park. According to Ric, this

is one of only two spots where the forest coming out of the mountains actually continues all the way to the ocean along the coast between Santa Cruz and Half Moon Bay. At least that was his impression based on the many times he's bicycled along that stretch of the California coastline. What's more he said that the particular area, right on the edge of town, is in sight of a blinking yellow light that hangs over the highway (at Western Drive) next to the beginning of Wilder Ranch.

According to his post he pulled off the highway after midnight and started to set up camp in this cozy spot that is just spittin' distance from the highway. As he was preparing to bed down, he became aware of something approaching, coming through the tall brush in a gully that empties out of the foothills. He heard it initially and thought perhaps it was deer until he heard a sound like something bulky breaking a limb, which made him think perhaps it was a cow approaching. Further movement of the brush and sounds of footfalls made him reconsider the source of the sounds as possibly a person attempting to sneak up on him. That idea startled him into action, so he scooped up his sleeping bag and jumped on his bike and started peddling up the highway to put some distance between



Here is the view of the foothills and gully from the highway during a driveby

himself and the approaching subject. As he wheeled past and looked down into the gully he saw what he first thought was a person dressed in white rags, cutting a swath through the brush with his arms swinging scythe-like in front of him to clear a path. Then as he watched incredulously, he saw the figure appear to just step over a fence without breaking stride, and at that point he decided he was looking at a heavily built being that - seemed to be about 8' tall and covered in white or grey hair (rather than rags as he first thought.) At this point he decided to peddle on out of there as fast as possible, not knowing the intentions of the creature, which was almost to the spot where he had been just moments before.



Ric points to the spot where he saw the bigfoot step over a four foot high fence.



Here is the view of the creek area on the opposite (ocean) side of the highway

On Oct. 31, 2009, at 11:42 AM, Ric wrote:

Mike

I've been to the place where I saw the giant "white" (maybe silver, maybe gray) Bigfoot by the blinking yellow light north of town,... Well it used to be north of town. Now it's within' the Santa Cruz city limits. I say living in Santa Cruz. I should say bicycle camping in Santa Cruz. However, I can take you to the exact spot and point out where everything happened where I was, where he (she?) was, etc., because though the spot is changed some over time, everything is still easily recognizable, and basically in the same place. I would be glad to point everything out on the exact spot if you'd like.

I'm getting dental work done here in Santa Cruz so I'll be here for a while, and at your service. It seems we also have some friends in common Jan Burke, and her husband Richard from Ben Lomond who have attended your lectures.

Sincerely,

Ricardo

A few days later I went to the location and did the interview right where the event took place. It turned out to be the spot I



This is the spot where the creek goes below the highway and meanders to the beach

had first discovered after his initial contact, based on his description. He seemed very sincere and demonstrated the movements of the creature as it swung its arms in a very particular pattern while pushing aside the brush.

What's even more intriguing about this story is the fact that it has been somewhat corroborated by another report I received in the museum a couple of years ago from a man who at the time was working at Lick Observatory. He told me that twenty some years ago he and several of his buddies were travelling near the Portola Redwoods up in San Mateo County. It was after dark when they pulled into the state park seeking a place to spend the night. They went to Ranger Station to get a camp site, but were told that the park was closed for winter, that no one was in the park. The men were insistent about getting a camp site and pleaded with the ranger, stating they were extremely tired, far from home, but had little money for a motel room. The ranger took pity on them and rented them a camping space.



Here you see the marsh-like creek below the highway that continues to the ocean

Well, since they were the only humans in the park that night they were amusing themselves by observing the antics of several raccoons who had come by hoping for a handout. Then they decided a campfire was in order and the man making the report (call him "Jim") and another man set off together in search of firewood. There was enough of a moon present that night so they could make their way up the trail without a flashlight.

As the story goes, they were a ways into the forest when they both stopped dead in their tracks, turned and headed back to camp in a



The creek is utilized by a homeless co-op garden on the ocean side of the highway 1

hurry. According to Jim's recollection, neither of the two men spoke to each other about what had prompted them to stop suddenly and rush back to camp. As a matter of fact he said it wasn't until many years later when he ran into the friend again and while reminiscing over some of their youthful exploits together, that night at the park came up and for the first time they admitted to each other they had both seen what appeared to be an 8' tall white bigfoot! Now this not the first time I've heard a story like this where multiple witnesses are reticent to admit what they saw for fear of ridicule.

But I think the description is even more telling, as I don't think it silly to suggest that one particular bigfoot might be seen in the coastal foothills between Santa Cruz and Half Moon Bay more than once over a stretch of twenty years or more. I would guess that a bigfoot could easily range 50 or more miles through an undeveloped forest area like that, probably traveling north and south in search of food and so forth.

--Michael Rugg



Meeting at the Round Table Pizza in Felton (L-R: Yams, Duffy, Ralph, Lance, Steve, Jerry, Mike, Mark and Joyce).

Mike

I have been reading Thomas Clark's Santa Cruz County Place Names with the idea of trying to find all the ghost towns. I didn't want to trespass on someone's land so I picked an area near a State Park.

On April 2nd in the afternoon somewhere around 3:00 PM I walked into the park and took a look around. I don't know what trail I was on but I saw some redwoods and headed towards them. Had to step off trail. I didn't walk too far. I saw a pile of stones which looked to me like a grave and walked over. The stones were the size of softballs. There wasn't any stream nearby and they seemed to be out of place. The pile was about 3 meters wide by five meters long by a meter high and they were at the base of an old redwood tree. I looked around and saw other piles. I didn't have a camera with me. Probably in hindsight I should have.

As I looked I got this intense feeling that somebody was looking at me and I should leave. I looked about but didn't see anything then a rock hit a tree near to where I was standing. So I left and started back the way I had come and another rock or stone hit another tree. The feeling of being in the wrong place was pretty strong and I yelled out Hello then Ha'yu Hakomi [Hopi for Hello Who are you?] thinking it was some homeless guy messing with me. Got no reply but heard footsteps in the brush to my left. I walked that way and a stone landed close to me from my rear. The Hopi have some words that basically mean "knock it off" and I yelled out Nohawk.

I was getting near my car and I heard a noise behind me and I turned around and saw two heads standing in the brush. One was black haired and the other had black hair with reddish highlights. Both had black skin and dark eyes. I didn't see any ears but did see heavy brows. Hair surrounded their faces. The heads were about at my height [7'01"].

I couldn't see any bodies and we stared at each other for about ten to twenty seconds but it seemed longer. All I could think of was "shit they do exist" and I got the hell out of there. As I drove home I had the

impression that the heads /bigfoot were just as curious about me as I was of them. I don't think they have ever seen a very tall human before and that's why they showed themselves. I still feel they think humans are about 5-6' tall.

My friend, Collin, said he has felt weird vibes within a half mile of his home and also near an area not far from the park. He said he has seen lean-to type structures which were put together but he didn't think they were made by people as there were no footprints, garbage, or fire remains nearby. The feeling of somebody watching him was intense and he heard noises in the brush when he walked back the way he came.

I mentioned that the Hopi and Cio [Zuni] both call bigfoot KONONPAIOCHI or the people from up north who don't cut their hair. If the kononpaiochi is doing bad things they refer to him as a TAHOHUNA which means the uncle of the ogre. A third name for bigfoot is CHA'KWAINA which means the one who cries and he is sometimes linked with the word CHA'LAWU which means the one who makes himself known. The Hopi don't believe that bigfoot can shape shift.

The Navajos speak about the bad medicine men who change into skin walkers and take on the shape of wolves. The Hopi, on the other hand, call them Pokos and they are not human like the skin walkers but animals. A poko is a creature that can assume any form i.e. bird or animal or reptile or insect but it only appears when there is dire trouble and it's only there to help you get out of your troubles. A poko is never evil.

Mike -- I am planning on going back and driving along the roads towards the summit. I plan on pulling off periodically and just use my binoculars to scope out the lay of the land so to speak. I will be getting in touch with Collin and see if he would be interested in meeting up with you.

Name withheld

This man has been in the museum... he is very tall and part Native American. Perhaps that's why the bigfoot made their presence known to him.

--Michael Rugg



Robert Leiterman speaks to Stanford journalism student Marie Baca (Center) and her mother at Bigfoot Discovery Day III. To see the article she wrote on Mike and the museum look here: www.stanfordalumni.org/news/magazine/2010/janfeb/pc/rugg.html

BIGFOOTER'S DATES

Ohio Bigfoot Conference
May 14-16, 2010
Salt Fork Lodge

14th 6:00 Dinner; Meet & Greet
15th 4:00-10:00 p.m. Presentations
16th 12:00 Noon guided Tour
Participants to date:
Jeff Meldrum; Bob Gimlin; Larry Lund;
Tom Yamarone; John Horrigan
\$5 admission
eobic@yahoo.com

Oregon Sasquatch Symposium
June 19-20, 2010
Lane Community College
Eugene, OR

Autumn Williams
Cliff Barackman
David Rodriguez
Thom Powell
Jeff Meldrum
Kathy Strain
Ron Morehead
Scott Nelson
Sali Shepard-Wolford
Jaime Avalos
Esther Stutzman