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December 17, 2006 Volume 2 Number 8

Message from the Curator

Now that another year has passed without the definitive proof of bigfoot, let's pause to consider the chances for next year being THE YEAR. October 20, 2007 will mark the 40th Anniversary of the Patterson/Gimlin film, which in my estimation still reigns as the best proof of the existence of bigfoot. (As stated on our web site, we think of the film as a virtual "type specimen" for the Pacific Northwest bigfoot.) Contrary to what the news media will tell you, the film has never been successfully de-bunked.

Next year there will undoubtedly be a bunch of media attention to the subject, as a group of professional skeptics have already begun a major media assault on the film, and have vowed to "lay it to rest once and for all." Due to the terrible job done by journalists in reporting the claims that Ray Wallace was Bigfoot—without reporting arguments and facts to the contrary—and further muddying the waters by associating the Wallace family claims with the P/G film, many people whose minds were open to the possibility of a real unknown primate are now convinced "it was all proven to be a hoax."

This has led to other skeptical media flaps such as the recent attack on Jeff Meldrum, associate professor of anatomy and anthropology at Idaho State University. When his book came out the AP ran a story about a couple of his peers at the university who were complaining that his research would bring a "bad name" to the school.

Earlier this year there were the antics of Tom Biscardi, which have given the media excuses to be skeptical, as his premature announcement of a "captured BF" and his much ballyhooed "hand of unknown origin" have been shown to be prime examples of "PT Barnumism" and hyperbole at it's worse. Another major flap that got blown out of proportion involved claims of photos of a group of BF that had been the object of long term observation and study in Malaysia. This story was covered on a day to day basis by the blog Cryptomundo, and concluded with proof that the whole thing was a hoax.

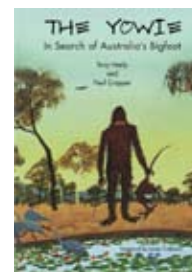
One of the objectives of our museum is to present the FACTS about bigfoot lore, and to eliminate the "noise." There are a few other organizations, groups and individuals out there attempting to do the same. For example, there's the Cryptomundo blog site, with contributors such as Loren Coleman, Craig Woolheater, Rick Noll and John Kirk. Coleman is well-known in the cryptozoological community for his web site, and has a background as an author of a number of books on "paranormal" subjects. Coleman has a Cryptozoology Museum in his home in Portland, Maine (open to the public by appointment.) Craig Woolheater is the head man at the Texas BF Research Organization, and has plans to open a BF Museum in Jefferson TX next year. He has had very well-attended conferences there for several years, and they are planning a conference next year to coincide with the P/G Film Anniversary.

I've had communications with both of these men, suggesting that we pool our efforts in presenting materials to educate the public with the facts concerning the film. Craig Woolheater has plans to be in San Francisco visiting in January, and intends to come to our museum for a visit. It is my hope that we can form some sort of alliance to spread the truth about BF evidence next year to counteract the skeptical assault that has already begun. I met Craig briefly in Willow Creek a few years ago and am looking forward to our meeting in January. What I envisioned was a sort of "BF Museum Association" that would include Coleman's Crypto Museum, Woolheater's Texas BF Museum, our museum, the Willow Creek Museum and hopefully the Mysteries Museum in Seattle WA as well. This is in the fantasy stage at this point; time will tell if such an alliance is to be.



I already mentioned a couple of highlights from the past year—the Biscardi "hand," the Malaysian flap and the Meldrum incident. Some other memorable events from 2006 would be:

- The Penn & Teller fiasco (aka Sonoma Video)
- Our Grand Opening
- Several new BF movies released— Clawed, the Legend of Sasquatch, Bigfoot, Sasquatch Mountain, Bigfoot at Holler Creek, Abominable
- Thermal image of BF taken by Pine Ridge police near Sioux Reservation in South Dakota
- "Messin' with Sasquatch" ad campaign
- Sci Fi Investigates bigfoot segment
- Bigfoot Discovery Museum Fund-raiser Yard Sale
- Bigfoot Discovery Museum camp out in Butano Park
- Local recon work in Nisene Marks, Loch Lomond, and other areas
- Field work by other members in Northern CA and in the Sierras
- "Digger Indian" controversy on Cryptomundo: MK Davis states his theory that BF in the P/G Film is human.
- Bigfoot Discovery Project "My Space" page is started (thanks to Hillary)



Recent acquisitions for the Reference Library:

Yeti Researcher: The Magazine of the Society for Cryptic Hominid Investigation- Vol 24, Number 8 August 2005

The Yowie: In Search of Australia's Bigfoot by Tony Healy and Paul Cropper. Anomalist Books, San Antonio, NY, 2006.

Abominable DVD by Anchor Bay Entertainment

---Michael Rugg

'Tis the Season to Look Back on 2006 - A Quietly Eventful Year

by Tom Yamarone

It's always good this time of year to take a moment and touch base with the folks you know in the bigfoot world. I like calling people on the phone – sure, email is very effective but it's nice to just say “hello” now and then. Winter can be a trying time in the bigfoot world – no long-term outings are planned, some of our areas are snow-bound and there's just not a whole lot going on. I've noticed in the few years I've been actively searching for bigfoot that Winter can produce some wacky ideas, discussions and theories – all very much like spinning your wheels in snow – and it seems to me the best solution is to just relax and enjoy a good bigfoot book, documentary or movie. A day trip is also a great way to alleviate the symptoms of “bigfoot cabin fever.” Just to get out and set foot in the forest is a great way to recharge the batteries and keep the heart content until that first warm spell of March arrives.

I did just that the other day when I paid a visit to see my friends Kathy and Bob Strain. Bob and I took a drive to explore some areas in the Stanislaus National Forest that we had never seen. We focused on roads and areas that would (most likely) remain accessible throughout most of the Winter – elevations ranging from 3,000 to 4,500 feet

above sea level. As is common in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, many of the lower elevation areas are private land with mountain residences. There are pockets of National Forest land here and there and some might be good areas to go and check out some night.



Museum member Bob Strain inspects the roadside along Forest Service road 24.

We drove into the backcountry outside of Twain Harte, CA after making a brief visit to a neighborhood where I was investigating a vocalization report. We wanted to have a look at the area and quickly determined that Twain Harte is just the right place for a late Fall or Winter encounter with a sasquatch. The town is built up right within the conifer and mixed hardwood habitat that is found at that elevation. Sure, there are many residences and such, but who knows what goes on between 1 and 5 am. The encounter I am investigating involves a young man who took his dog outside at 1 am on November 20th of this year and heard “somebody walking through the trees in my backyard.” He decided not to call out at that hour but rather wait and see if he'd catch a glimpse of this person. Sticks were snapping and brush crunching underfoot as the “person” walked along in the dark without any flashlight about 80



Forested neighborhood in Twain Harte, CA where the November 19, 2006 vocalization event occurred.

yards back in the woods. His dog finally couldn't hold back and growled which caused the “forest walker” to stop and respond with a low, deep growl. At this point, the witness' German Shepherd barked and now the response was a loud, long howling scream. The witness describes it as starting out as a guttural howl and becoming more high pitched as it went on – and he estimated it lasted nearly 15 seconds! As you might imagine, the witness retreated indoors and was able to hear the backyard intruder walking away through the forest – an open bathroom window afforded him this opportunity to



Snapped fir tree in the Stanislaus National Forest. New growth at the break indicated it was broken a year ago.



Fire lookout tower and trees are silhouetted on this summit near Twain Harte, CA.

hear what was going on out there, but he was unable to ever get a visual on the creature. He is familiar with the sound of a mountain lion screaming (he's heard that twice) and this was much too loud and long to have been of human origin. It's a compelling report and the drive through the neighborhood seemed to confirm the fact that it's quite possible it was a bigfoot walking through Twain Harte at one in the morning.

We headed out of town on South Fork Road toward the north fork of the Stanislaus River. After passing a number of homes, we were soon back in the forested gorge along the



View from mountain top overlooking the Stanislaus National Forest.

river. We explored a rough side road towards Lyons Reservoir and were soon back on track following Italian Bar Road in a long loop that would eventually take us to the gold rush era town of Columbia, CA. We took another side trip once the map indicated that we were in the national forest and found some very interesting locations to check out. At one location that I would describe as a natural pass along a ridgeline between Deer Creek and the Stanislaus River, we found an area where something had snapped the trunks of several small hardwood trees and another spot where two adjacent pines had been pushed over. Nothing would indicate these were recent events and all we would gather from this sort of circumstantial evidence is that this is an area that very well could be an active pathway, a habitat boundary point or just a place where there are 'squatches.

We spent the better part of 6 hours exploring the backcountry and came upon several areas with homesteads. So, it's not an ideal place to be spending a lot of time, but is certainly an area to check on from time to time throughout the coming months. There are many such roads and even many county roads over in that area that will provide you access to possible bigfoot areas should you want to take a drive sometime this Winter. Be sure to have a good map of the area and have the proper emergency supplies in your vehicle and then have fun exploring. It's a good way to beat the Winter bigfooting blues.



The Strawberry Store along Hwy 108, Strawberry, CA.

Bigfoot Destinations: the Strawberry Store, Hwy 108

If you're looking for a place to go in the Sierras, the Strawberry Store on Hwy 108 is a good place any time of year. It's just a mile past the turn off for Pinecrest Lake and is right along the highway – you can't miss it. There you'll find a bigfooter's photo opportunity with the bigfoot log carving out in front of the store. You'll also find some bigfoot knick knacks and possibly the latest info on sightings or encounters in the area.



In summer you will have a myriad of places to explore nearby such as the forest service roads behind Dodge Ridge, just up from Pinecrest Lake, or just

about anywhere further along Hwy 108. There are also a couple of snow play areas nearby for Winter fun. You will find that you can also stock up on food stuffs, drinks and other basic supplies should you need them. If you stop in, tell them the Bigfoot Discovery Museum sent you!





The Wild Man Interviewed

There has been so much talk about the mysterious wild man" out there in the West for some time, that I finally felt it was my duty to go out and interview him. There was something peculiarly and touchingly romantic about the creature and his strange actions, according to the newspaper reports. He was represented as being hairy, long-armed, and of great strength and stature; ugly and cumbrous; avoiding men, but appearing suddenly and unexpectedly to women and children; going armed with a club, but never molesting any creature, except sheep, or other prey; fond of eating and drinking, and not particular about the quality, quantity, or character of the beverages and edibles; living in the woods like a wild beast, but never angry; moaning, and sometimes howling, but never uttering articulate sounds. Such was "Old Shep" as the papers painted him. I felt that the story of his life must be a sad one - a story of suffering, disappointment, and exile - a story of man's inhumanity to man in some shape or other - and I longed to persuade the secret from him.

"Since you say you are a member of the press," said the wild man, "I am willing to tell you all you wish to know. Bye and bye you will comprehend why it is that I wish to unbosom myself to a newspaperman when I have so studiously avoided conversation with other people. I will now unfold my strange story. I was born with the world we live upon, almost. I am the son of Cain."

What?

"I was present when the flood was announced."

Which?

"I am the father of the Wandering Jew."

Sir?

I moved out of range of his club, and went on taking notes, but keeping a wary eye on him all

the while. He smiled a melancholy smile and resumed:

"When I glance back over the dreary waste of ages, I see many a glimmering and mark that is familiar to my memory. And oh, the leagues I have traveled! The things I have seen! The events I have helped to emphasize! I was at the assassination of Caesar. I marched upon Mecca with Mahomet I was in the Crusades, and stood with Godfrey when he planted the banner of the cross on the battlements of Jerusalem. I -"

One moment, please. Have you given these items to any other journal? Can I -

"Silence. I was in the Pinta's shrouds with Columbus when America burst upon his vision. I saw Charles I beheaded. I was in London when the Gunpowder Plot was discovered. I was present at the trial of Warren Hastings. I was on American soil when the battle of Lexington was fought when the declaration was promulgated - when Cornwallis surrendered - When Washington died. I entered Paris with Napoleon after Elba. I was present when you mounted your guns and manned your fleets for the war of 1812 - when the South fired upon Sumter - when Richmond fell - when the President's life was taken. In all the ages I have helped to celebrate the triumphs of genius, the achievements of arms, the havoc of storm, fire, pestilence, famine."

Your career has been a stirring one. Might I ask how you came to locate in these dull Kansas woods, when you have been so accustomed to excitement during what I might term so protracted a period, not to put too fine a point on it?

"Listen. Once I was the honoured servitor of the noble and illustrious" (here he heaved a sigh, and passed his hairy hand across his eyes) "but in these degenerate days I am become the slave of quack doctors and newspapers. I am driven from pillar to post and hurried up and down, sometimes with stencil-plate and paste-brash to defile the fences with cabalistic legends, and sometimes in grotesque and extravagant character at the behest of some driving journal. I attended to that Ocean Bank robbery some weeks ago, when I was hardly rested from finishing up the pow-wow about the completion of the Pacific Railroad; immediately I was spirited off to do an atrocious murder for the benefit of the New York papers; next to attend the wedding of a patriarchal millionaire; next to raise a hurrah about the great boat race; and then, just when I had begun to hope that my old bones would have a rest, I am bundled off to this howling wilderness to strip, and jibber, and be ugly and hairy, and pull down fences and waylay sheep, and waltz around with a club, and play 'Wild Man' generally - and all to gratify the whim of a bedlam of crazy newspaper scribblers. From one end of the continent to the other, I am

described as a gorilla, with a sort of human seeming about me - and all to gratify this quill-driving scum of the earth!"

Poor old carpet bagger!

"I have been served infamously, often, in modern and semi-modern times. I have been compelled by base men to create fraudulent history, and to perpetrate all sorts of humbugs. I wrote those crazy Junius letters, I moped in a French dungeon for fifteen years, and wore a ridiculous iron mask; I poked around your Northern forests, among your vagabond Indians, a solemn French idiot, persona ting the ghost of a dead Dauphin, that the gaping world might wonder if we had 'a Bourbon among us'; I have played sea-serpent off Nahant, and Woolly-Horse and What-is-it for the museums; I have interviewed politicians for the Sun, worked up all manner of miracles for the Herald, ciphered up election returns for the world, and thundered Political Economy through the Tribune. I have done all the extravagant things that the wildest invention could contrive, and done them well, and this is my reward - playing Wild Man in Kansas without a shirt"

Mysterious being, a light dawns vaguely upon me - it grows apace - what - what is your name?

"SENSATION!"

"Hence, horrible shape!"

It spoke again:

"Oh pitiless fate, my destiny hounds me once more. I am called. I go. Alas, is there no rest for me?"



In a moment the Wild Man's features seemed to soften and refine, and his form to assume a more human grace and symmetry. His club changed to a spade, and he shouldered it and started away sighing profoundly and shedding tears.

Whither, poor shade?

"TO DIG UP THE BYRON FAMILY!"

Such was the response that floated back upon the wind as the sad spirit shook its ringlets to the breeze, flourished its shovel aloft, and disappeared beyond the brow of the hill.

All of which is in strict accordance with the facts.

—by Mark Twain

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