

1996 04 16 Tuesday No Guest

Open Lines – “Bugs” phone
call re: Bigfoot

AB: “As an update, the fellow with the Bigfoot, um, fax has not yet come back to me. There is of course a great probability that he only listens on Sunday, so we’ll try then. We’ll see ... in the meantime, ah, the fellow who sent me the fax about Bigfoot – if you’re out there, ah, get back to me and we will proceed. Otherwise, I will presume, ah, if not hearing from him tonight, that he only gets to listen on Sunday, and we will do it then and see what happens.

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Aud: “Yes, um, I’ve been trying real hard, uh, the last couple days and I haven’t got a chance to hear that, ah, Bigfoot fax you’ve been talkin’ about.”

AB: “Well, I hate to read it again. I’ve gone over it so many times now. Ah, it is a man who believes he shot Bigfoot, would be willing to tell us where it is buried – actually two (2) of them – ah, but he wants, ah, before he’ll do it, uh, money for his defense should he be charged with murder.”

Aud: “Well, it sounds pretty interesting. Are you going to play it again sometime in the future here? Maybe on *Dreamland* next week?”

AB: “Correct.”

Aud: “All right, well ... great! Thanks a lot!”

AB: “Thank you.”

My feeling is he may only listen to *Dreamland*. Not everybody, uh, can go for all-night talk radio, so ...

You know, I ... I don’t even know where this occurred. There’s no hint of it in the fax. And I have no way of knowing what time zone ... he may be Eastern – that would make it, uh, three (3) hours ... wait a minute, maybe he did say in the fax ...

Ah, let’s see ... no, he really didn’t. He sure didn’t. So it could be as far away as the East Coast, which would make it coming up on three o’clock in the morning (3:00 a.m.) ... now.”

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Aud: “Listening to ... to you relay that fax, um, I think it might be ‘Trash.’ The ... it’s kinda hard to shoot somethin’ at nighttime at a hundred (100) yards unless you have open sight ...”

AB: "Well now wait a minute ... this was, uh, the next day."

Aud: "Well, at first he shot it at nighttime."

AB: "That ... that is correct."

Aud: "They was spotlightin' deer ..."

AB: "Yeah."

Aud: "... and so I figured – not that I've ever spotlighted deer, but I have night-hunted – that he probably ... he probably is kiddin' because once they have open sight-, you know, open sights on the rifle without a scope, it's gonna be pretty hard to pick somethin' out. And then the next day when he was sayin' he went into a plum thicket, it was like fifty (50) yards I believe you said he said ..."

AB: "All right."

Aud: "... and so it's gonna be real thick where he's gonna crawl on his belly. His buddies out in the open from fifty (50) yards, they're not going to be able to have that clear of a shot to shoot the, you know, other female in the head, I believe ..."

AB: "Well, I don't know how, um, how tall all the thicket was, uh, because the female, ah, was very tall, so maybe ..."

Aud: "Yeah, that's what you're saying?"

AB: "Yeah! So maybe she stood up above it when she stood up. He said he shot and she stood up at that point."

Aud: "Okay, that ... that could be. We'll give him the benefit of the doubt. I was just ..."

AB: "I don't know! Who knows! (?)"

Aud: "... curious about that ..."

AB: "Yeah, it's just an interesting fax, but I ... I got, ah, no response today, so ..."

I think the odds are pretty good that whoever this is listens on Sunday."

Aud: "Well, ah, I got my own business, so I'll kick in ... I'll get a hold of Bigfoot Research Center and I'll kick in a grand [\$1,000] there ..."

AB: “Ahh!”

Aud: “So you know, I’ll challenge anybody out there to kick in some money so we can go ahead and prove this once and for all!”

AB: “Well, they’ve ... they are already offering – based tentatively on some confirmation of what’s in here, ah, to help this person out, so ... You know, if that was his requirement, then, ah, we have met it. And so, we’ll see what happens.”

Aud: “Um-kay. Well, keep up the good work, Mr. Bell ...”

AB: “Thank you.”

Aud: “Talk to you later.”

AB: “All right. We’ll see ...

I really do understand why this person would feel that way, and it’s one of the aspects that made me lean toward believing the fax, was that he would have a natural fear of being charged with *murder*. The only part of it that doesn’t make any sense to me is, if this was a bi-ped creature – walking on two (2) feet – at a hundred (100) yards in bad lighting, why would you shoot at anything on two (2) feet? (!) How would you see enough of it to be sure that you were not, ah, shooting a human being?

And if it was on two (2) feet, I would think the automatic assumption at that distance would be that it might be a human being. And so, you would certainly err on the side of caution and not take your shot. Ah, that’s the one aspect of it that bothers me. But you know, who knows? I mean really, who knows?

Anyway, we’ll see. We’ll see if we’re contacted.”

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AB: “Well folks, you’re not going to believe this (AB laughs), but I have on the phone the author of the fax about Bigfoot. He’s on the phone with me. And I had to, ah, talk hard to try and get him, ah, to say a word or two on the air. And he’s going to.

You may recall the fax ... for those that don’t, I’m going to read it. I’m going to read the fax, ah and then we’re going to go and say a couple of words to this man. And I am dying as you are ... of curiosity.

[BEGIN FAX]

Dear Art Bell: I know where two (2) Bigfoots are buried. In 1973 two (2) friends and myself were out hunting at night using spotlights. Came across one (1) Bigfoot in an open field. He was about a hundred (100) yards away.

Two (2) of us shot and dropped him. He got up – we fired again. He went down a second time. He got up again and started for the river. This time he was about two hundred and fifty (250) yards out. We fired again, hit him, but he did not drop.

The next morning we returned to the area and started to track him. It was easy since there was a lot of blood (!) We followed him down the river for about a half mile, came upon a wild – excuse me – a huge, wild plum thicket. The blood trail went in there.

We flipped a coin and the odd-man went in. It was December. There were no leaves. I crawled in on my stomach, and about fifty feet (50 ft.) in – that's fifty (50) *feet* (50 ft.) – I met with the female. Thank God for the 44 Magnum – it took three (3) shots to bring her down. Each time I fired she went backwards. She stood up and my two (2) buddies each fired hitting her in the head. That was the end of it.

We found the male dead in the thicket. Female had the same body as that of a human – sex organs, breasts, and so forth. Male had the same type of organs as a human. The difference though was that of the face that looked like a cross between a human and an ape. The male was about seven and a half feet (7 ft. 6 in.) tall, his weight about three hundred and fifty pounds (350 lbs.). The female seven feet (7 ft.) tall and three hundred pounds (300 lbs.).

Since they looked so human, we decided to bury them. We felt that we might get charged with murder. All three (3) Vietnam vets were snipers, so we knew what we were doing.

We took ten (10) Polaroid photographs ... pictures. If you wanta talk to me, then I will fax you my number. Just say the word 'Bugs' and will fax the number to you. If I agree to show you where they are and if I need an attorney, your company will pay the bill ... That is the only way.

[END of FAX]

AB: "Well, while my company is certainly not, uh, prepared to foot the bill. Ah, the Bigfoot Society has indicated that, ah, with the right conditions, they are. They'll help. They have money. They have resources. They have

helicopters (!) They're very serious about what they, um, are doing with regard to Bigfoot.

Now, I just, uh, during this last break got a simple, ah, fax, ah, with a way to contact, ah, somebody with the pseudoname [sic] of 'Bugs'. He's on the phone right now and, uh, here he is, uh, from an undisclosed location. We'll just leave it at that. I don't even right now wanta know where you are. Ah, but I do wanta say thank you for, ah, getting back to me."

B: "You're welcome."

AB: "I was afraid that, ah, you only listened on Sunday evenings and, um, that you wouldn't be up this late."

B: "Well, I was already asleep. My wife was listenin' to ya and she woke me up."

AB: "Woke ... woke you up, eh? Um, all right, um, there's a lot of confusion – people misheard the fax. Some people thought it was fifty (50) *yards* in that you crawled. It wasn't. It was about – according to the fax – fifty (50) *feet*, correct?"

B: "Right."

AB: "Now ..."

B: "This ... this thicket was oh, I would say about, ah, fifty feet (50 ft.) by a hundred ... hundred fifty feet (100-150 ft.) long. It was, uh, in a draw or ravine, or whatever you wanta call it. And it ... you could not see down into it, but ah, you ... there was no leaves, so you could see what was in front of ya."

AB: "All right. Let me take you back, ah, before this if I can. Ah, the only part – and you may have heard me or your wife may have heard me mention this – that I had a hard time was ... with was that the, ah, shot ... the first shots that were taken, apparently were taken, ah, at night from about a hundred (100) yards?"

B: "Right."

AB: "And, I take it what you had in your sights, ahh, was a bi-ped of some sort up on ... ah, up on two (2) legs, right?"

B: "You ... right ... right, ah, well, when what first seen what it was, we seen the eyes. It was basically **reddish** – at first we thought it could be a deer. Ah, the eyes was similar, and as we got closer, ah, it was probably ... as

soon as in a crouch or kneeling position. And, when ... as we ... when we got closer, we ... we came around a bend in the road that went into this flat area that run alongside the river, and it was a plowed field.

And, uh, we were able to see ... as we got closer when we hit the lights ... The pick-up lights hit it first, brought the spotlights on it, ah, we're usin' five thousand ... five million ... five hundred thousand (500,000) candlewatt quartzstream light."

AB: "Wow!"

B: "We ... back in 1973 we did this basically professionally, because we were hunting coyotes, bobcats, coons, that sort of thing – because they were bringin' a lot of money."

AB: "I've got 'chu."

B: "And, ah, as we come around ... like I said, when the lights first hit it, we thought that it was a deer *with the eyes*. And as we got closer, we could see it was something crouched. And ... and when we stopped the pick-up, it was ... stood up."

AB: "All right, so, ah, at first it was crouched, ah, down on all-fours ... ?"

B: "I wouldn't ... I wouldn't say it was on all-fours."

AB: "Oh, you mean kinda crouched down like ..."

B: "Kneeling or something."

AB: "All right. I've got 'cha. I've got 'cha. Um-hmm.

And, ah, so then as ... as you got closer it reared up ... it got up?"

B: "Right. And ..."

AB: "How much detail could you make out of this thing?"

B: "At the point, ah, when we put the scopes on it, we could tell what it was."

AB: "Ahh ..."

B: "I mean there was no doubt in our mind ... Bird Dog and myself, both knew immediately, ah, what it was. That, ah, it was a Bigfoot, because, ah, the hair, the outline, the human form ... But, ah, it was so hard to ..."

the excitement, the adrenalin at that [time] was pumpin' like you wouldn't believe."

AB: "Oh, I believe it."

B: "And, ah, I ... I laid my rifle out my window and he come across the top of the cab with his, and uh, we both fired simultaneously. I mean, that's the way we did it when we hit coyotes, which are one side. [?] One of us fire out the driver's side or the window, and the other one come across the cab ... and we both fired. And we fired instantly.

He [Bird Dog] was using a 300, uh, Weatherby, which is 300 Magnum."

AB: "Um-hmm."

B: "I was usin' the 243."

AB: "Okay."

B: "Ahh ... he was shootin' a ... a, I believe, either 280 ... I believe it was a 280 grain bullet, and I was firing a, ah, 125 grain bullet.

And we both fired. He fell over, I mean, it's just like ... not really fell over ... like he was knocked over. I assume the 300 is what did that.

We thought he was down. And he come back up."

AB: "Okay, I'm not an expert, uhh, with guns. I know something about them, but I take it these are ... are, um ... uh, the caliber, um ... and um, velocity that would bring down any normal animal, right?"

B: "The 300 bring anything down in the northern United States ... in the North America."

AB: "Okay."

B: "The 243 ... no, it's not. It's more of a varmint [sic] weapon."

AB: "All right."

B: "But the 300 ... I mean, you could probably bring down an elephant with it."

AB: "Okay."

B: "It's probably the most powerful, ah, rifle there is, ah, in this part of the world outside of an 'elephant gun.'

And, ah, the animal got up, stood on his hind feet ... ah, started to run away from us, and we fired again. And again, it was just like somethin' pushed him down."

AB: "Um-hmm."

B: "We knocked him down (!) And, uh, again we thought he wasn't gonna get up. And we opened our doors – I did – and stepped outside. And Bird Dog come around the front. And he jumped up and he took off again, and this is when we fired the third time.

And we hit him again, 'cause, ah, he ... he kinda lunged forward, but he was full enough out that he went ... he hit the fence. And went ... and just rolled across the fence. And he got down into the river there and he was gone ... !"

AB: "Now this was all at about what time of night?"

B: "I would say probably about 2:30 ... 2:30 in the morning."

AB: "2:30. All right. Um-hmm. Ah, so that ... was that the end of what occurred that night?"

B: "Right. We didn't, ah ... we, ah, we didn't do anymore, ah, looking for him that night, because you know, this thing is bigger than both of us put together nearly."

AB: "Yeah, I wouldn't go in there."

B: "And, ah, we knew that he was hit and we knew that he was hit *bad!* And so ..."

AB: "You figured he wouldn't go very far?"

B: "No, he's not gonna go very far."

AB: "So ..."

B: "He's been hit at least three (3) times by ... or four (4) by both weapons. He's not goin' very far."

AB: "Right. And he didn't ... you came back, uh, when in the next day roughly?"

- B: "Aww, we ... actually we didn't even go to sleep. We just kinda drove around until sunlight."
- AB: "I see."
- B: "And I would say probably, oh, 7:30 – 8:00 [a.m.] we arrived back over there. We picked up a blood trail. Ah, Bird Dog was a ... was a tracker in ... in Vietnam. It was very easy for him to follow the trail. And, uh, we went down ... oh, I imagine about half a mile – somethin' like that ..."
- AB: "Um-hmm."
- B: "Come up on a thicket and, uh, that was when we went in after him."
- AB: "All right. You're the guy ... you flipped a coin to see who would go in – odd-man out, right?"
- B: "Yeah. I never was very lucky."
- AB: (laughs). "So in you go with a 44 Magnum?"
- B: "Right."
- AB: "And you got about fifty (50) feet in, and found what?"
- B: "Well, as I was goin' in, I was scared to be honest with you. But I ... you know, I never suspected two (2) of 'em. Ah, I got in and the sound that this thing made as it come up at me ..."
- AB: "What was that sound? You've heard me play I assume ..."
- B: "Nothin' like ... nothin' like what 'chu play."
- AB: "Nothin' like what I play ... ?"
- B: "Nothin' like it."
- AB: "All right."
- B: "It's more of a *scream*."
- AB: "A scream ..."
- B: "I mean, a woman can't scream the squealing sound the way this thing screamed. And, ah, it just ... I mean, it just put chills down your spine."

But ... I seen it move. I seen it comin' toward me."

AB: "Um-hmm."

B: "And it ... it was on all-fours comin' toward me. And I fired! And the 44 – I'm shootin' a 240 grain hollow point with an overcharge – literally knocked that thing back about three (3) or four (4) feet. It got up and it come after me again. And I fired again.

It didn't ... didn't ... three (3) times that away. And a fourth (4th) time, it stood completely up. And when it did Bird Dog and my other buddy cut loose on it, and they went through the head."

AB: "All right. I take it the thicket was low enough so that when this creature stood up all the way it was standing high enough so they could get a shot at it?"

B: "Right, right! Probably a plum thicket ... I imagine probably five feet (5 ft.), six foot (6 ft.) tall."

AB: "Okay."

B: "And, ah, something to that extent.

Well it dropped and didn't make more sounds, and I got closer and I seen it wasn't breathin', so ... I knew it was gone. And ... about another ... probably ten foot (10 ft.) on the other side of it, I seen the other one layin' there.

And so, it took all three (3) of us to drag 'em out – they were that heavy. And then when we examined em, we got scared. Because the organs ... *everything* ... **It was just like a human body with hair on it.**"

AB: "Oh! That was going to be my question. What ... it was covered with hair?"

B: "Right. It had kinda a brownish-red hair."

AB: "Brownish-red. And, uh, you estimated the weight – I think the male about three hundred and fifty (350 lbs.). The female about three hundred (300), huh?"

B: "Somethin' in that neighborhood."

AB: "And both of 'em over seven feet (7 ft.)?"

B: "Well ... at least. They were ... I can promise you that they were at ... at least seven foot (7 ft.) tall. They coulda been even taller."

AB: "No clothing, right?"

B: "No clothing."

AB: "Um, the head looking half-human?"

B: "Ahh ... I don't know how to really explain it. Ah ..."

AB: "Best ... best you can."

B: "The ... it had a nose similar to a human's nose, but the mouth similar to an ape. The eyes, ah, half ... half-human, half-ape looking. It had a large, ah, protruding type forehead."

AB: "Um-hmm."

B: "Where as ours, you know, kinda comes almost down on your eyes. This one hung probably half an inch or so out moreso than ... than ours would."

AB: "Did it have a neck?"

B: "Short neck."

AB: "Very short, huh?"

B: "Probably, if I remember right ... maybe three inches (3 in.)."

AB: "That's not much of a neck."

B: "I'll tell you the best way to describe the way they looked from the back side, you seen weightlifters where they don't have no ... no neck and it just goes off all up into muscles?"

AB: "Yeah, sure."

B: "That's the way it looked."

AB: "Like a no-necked NFL [National Football League] player."

B: "Right, right."

AB: (laughs). "Um, well look, I can imagine your fear. I mean, what did you guys do when you finally got the bodies? You dragged them out, you looked at 'em, what ... what's the conversation like?"

B: "Well, we started fight- ... talkin' about what are we gonna do? Shall we notify somebody or shall we bury these suckers or ... or *what?*"

AB: "Right."

B: "And, uh, we finally come to the conclusion that, ah, we might go to prison. And so we decided: 'Hey, let's put these suckers in the hole.'

And we buried 'em. Ah ... and then covered it where nobody'd ever know they'd been buried there."

AB: "All right, well I'm not an attorney. But from what you've told me, you didn't commit murder.

I mean, you were hunting and clearly I think if your description is even close to accurate, you did not kill what we think of as human beings."

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AB: "Back now to somebody identified only as 'Bugs.'

All right, Bugs, so you guys ... you sat around and you talked about it, and you figured: 'Look, we could get charged with something. Um, so ah, let's bury our mistake I guess, or bury our ...' Did you ... did you consider it a mistake at that point?"

B: "I don't know what I considered it. I just, ah ... bein' cautious, ah, is more than anything. Ah, we didn't know ... what would happen. Ahh, or what would go on. And it was just better that we bury it. We took, ah, photographs ..."

AB: "Oh, that's the other question. You took, it says here, ten (10) Polaroid photographs."

B: "Right."

AB: "Do you have those?"

B: "I don't have my three (3). They burned when my house burned in 1979. My friends still have theirs."

AB: "All right. Ah ..."

- B: "They's seven (7) ... they's still seven (7) photographs out there somewhere."
- AB: "Uh-huh. Ah, here's ... so you ... you feel you could return to the area, the site where the, ah, creatures are buried?"
- B: "I know exactly where they're buried!"
- AB: "Ah, your only request is that you would have assistance if, ah, it came to legal trouble, is that correct?"
- B: "Well, I don't want to go to jail!" (Bugs laughs with fear).
- AB: "Well, it's been a long time. You're coming forward now ... What made you decide to come forward?"
- B: "I ..."
- AB: "I mean even halfway-forward."
- B: "... have never told no one except my wife. And I told her about this probably a year and a half (1.5) – two (2) years ago."
- AB: "Uh-huh."
- B: "And I guess the basic reason I used to own every kind of weapon there was."
- AB: "Um-hmm."
- B: "Bein' an ex-Marine, you know, what the heck? Ah ... ah ... but after that happened, I don't even own a weapon anymore. It did somethin' to me."
- AB: "That makes sense."
- B: "And ... and, ah, I just, ah ... I don't know, I listened to you all talkin' the other night and everybody was tryin' ... laughin' about it, you know, Bigfoot. *But, hey, it's real, buddy!*" (laughs nervously).
- AB: "All right. Look, here's what I propose to do: I will, ah, with your permission, um ... uh, get you a telephone number that you can call if you want to. Now I'm the only one who knows how to get hold of you right now ..."
- B: "*And you keep it that way!*"

AB: "And I'll keep it that way ... I promise.

What I will do is, I'll contact the people at the Bigfoot Project. And, ah, if, um, if ... if you want to proceed, I will then give you their number and you can call them, and take it a step at a time with them. How does that sound?"

B: "Well, that sounds fine, but I'll tell ya, I still have to talk to my other two (2) friends. Ah, they no longer live here. One of 'em, ah ... well, let's put it this way – if I told you where they live ..."

AB: "Yeah, no, no, don't tell me. Um ..."

B: "They ... they no longer live in this town."

AB: "Well if you know how to contact them, why don't you go ahead and do that. And, uh, see if they feel the same way you do or not. And we'll proceed from there, Bugs.

Well, they'll ... it'll have to be unanimous with all of us ... all three (3) of us will have to agree to it."

AB: "I understand. I ... look, I appreciate your coming forward. I'm sure you'll hear some comment about it. And, ah, I appreciate your telling the story. So all I can tell you is ..."

B: "Ah ..."

AB: "... I will ... I will protect you."

B: "I will tell you this much, Art: They day I die, I will have a map where it's at."

AB: "Well, maybe ..."

B: "I'm ... I'm fifty-one (51) years old now (!) ... (AB laughs) ... so it's not gonna last forever."

AB: "All right, sir. I've got to take a break.

Thank you very much, Bugs."

B: "You're welcome."

AB: "Get a good night's sleep ... if you can.

Well, there ... Surprise, surprise, surprise.”

* * *

ADDENDA: Bugs' Follow-up Fax (later that same night)

AB: “Guess what? I've got one (1) more communication here from Bugs. And here it is, ah:

‘We knew what we were shooting at. Using two (2) five hundred thousand (500,000), uh, candlepower quartz spotlights, excuse me, quartz spotlights, we always knew what we were shooting at. These spotlights would light up the area for three hundred (300) yards to see with.

We used Weber nine (9) to fifteen (15) by (X) fifty (50) power scopes. If we could not identify what we were looking at, we would not shoot.

There were a lot of cattle in this part, uh, of the country and you sure didn't want to shoot a cow.

We were sportsmen in the true sense – *we lost a lot of money by not shooting.*

The weapons we were using were a ... were a Remington 700 BDL 243 caliber, 125 grain bullet. A Weatherby 300 Magnum, 280 grain bullet. The pistol I used was a Ruger 44 Magnum Blackhawk, 240 grain bullet.

The reason we hunted was that coyotes were bringing from fifty to a hundred dollars (\$50 – \$100) each. Bobcats – seven hundred and fifty (\$750) or more. On good night you could make four or five hundred dollars (\$400 – \$500).”

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AB: “So, um, there you are, ah, for whatever it's worth.”

2001 06 05 Tuesday “Bugs” Bigfoot Killing
Robert W. Morgan

AB: “Some years ago I interviewed a fellow named Bugs, who claimed that he shot two (2) creatures that he thinks might have been Bigfoot. ...

Bugs sent a map of the burial location of whatever these creatures are. I don't know that I like that kind of responsibility. We'll ask Bugs here in a minute why he sent it.

Robert W. Morgan, who is a premier Bigfoot investigator here in the U.S. and I thought he oughta listen to Bugs' story this time, as we listen to it once again, and maybe he has some questions that I forgot to ask.

Pretty serious subject ..."

* * *

AB: "All right. This should prove to be interesting I would say. Ah, first of all, ah, we've got a ... I've got a map to the very location of two (2) creatures. We'll decide as the program wears on what it is these creatures are.

I'm gonna introduce two (2) people to you right now. One is Robert W. Morgan. Ah, Robert are you there?"

RM: "Listening with both ears."

AB: "Ah, you are there. Okay, um, let's see, the first thing you wanted me to do was give out your phone number on the air, right?"

RM: "Ha, ha, ha, hah! Yeah, just like I'm gonna give out your home. (RM and AB both laugh). You bet 'cha!"

AB: "Ah, all right. So you're kind of in retreat right now. When you first, ah, wrote to me, you said: 'I'm kinda undercover with a pal.' So you've ... you've been, ah ... nobody's found you for a while, Robert?"

RM: "Yes, I'm ... I'm ... I'm, ah, living somewhere in Montana. And as you know, it's a pretty large state ..."

AB: "I know."

RM: "And, uh, I'm ... I'm here for one purpose, and , um, it's, ah, carrying on some things. We've had some rather significant successes with those, ah, audio cassettes that I had, ah, mentioned to you at one time."

AB: "Right."

RM: "And, uh, so far sixteen (16) people ... so far, ah, following that have had face-to-face, um ..."

AB: "Meetings?"

RM: "Yes ..."

AB: "Encounters?"

- RM: "Yes."
- AB: "With Bigfoot?"
- RM: "Yes. And so what I'm trying here is – since I found that, um, I needed an area where I wasn't known and where people would not waste their time, ah, playing nonsense. And, um ... ah, starting from scratch. And at the same time, of course, I love Montana! I've been in and out of Montana for twenty-some (20+) years, and it's absolutely fabulous!"
- AB: "All right. Ah, so your quest continues. And you've been researching Bigfoot for how long, Robert?"
- RM: "Well, ah, my first sighting was 1957, but I didn't start serious, uh, research until about ... I think it was 1969."
- AB: "And you have, ah, did you write a book?"
- RM: "No, I did an audio cassette. Ah, the book is incomplete because I haven't finished it yet, ah, for obvious reasons."
- AB: "All right. Well I may have another chapter for ya here!"
- RM: "Good! I'm all ready."
- AB: "All right, so you'll be doing a lot of listening, although you're welcome to ask a question as the, ah, story unfolds."
- RM: "Thank you."
- AB: "Ah, it was I don't even know how long ago. Bugs, are you there?"
- B: "Yes, I am Art. Good Morning!"
- AB: "Good Morning, Bugs. Um ... Bugs, you wanta tell us what state you're in?"
- B: "Yeah, I'm in Texas, Art."
- AB: "Texas, all right. Ah, how long ago, Bugs, did you tell me originally the story of what you did?"
- B: "Gosh, Art, it's been three (3) or four (4) years." [Actually a little over five (5)].

- AB: "Three (3) or four (4) years. Yeah, I thought it was quite a while. Hmpf. Time flies."
- B: "Yeah, I'm getting' older ev'ry day."
- AB: "Aren't we all? All right, Bugs, I've got a real expert here as you can hear, ah, Robert W. Morgan. ..."
- B: "Good mornin', Robert."
- RM: "Good morning, sir. How are you?"
- B: "Doin' fine! You?"
- RM: "I'm alive and kneelin' in cat dirt [?]"
- B: "Well, I keep tellin' everybody I'm still breathin', so I guess I'm ... we're all right!"
- AB: "All right, fine. Ah, Bugs, if you would, begin at the beginning. Ah, and ... by the way, Bugs, before we even start, why did you send me this map?"
- B: "Because Art, my days are limited on the Earth. And when I'm gone, my wife's gonna call you and say: 'Go for it!'"
- AB: "Really?"
- B: "And you can reveal to the world the map. I have not been back to that place since that day."
- AB: "All right. Let's start then with that day. Go ahead and tell it in as much detail as you want, Bugs."
- B: "Art, me and two (2) of my friends, ah, which I'll refer to as 'Bird Dog' and 'Jim' were coyote-bobcat hunters. Back in the, ah, middle seventies (1970s) those varmints was worth a lot of money! Ah ..."
- AB: "How much ... how much could you get for one?"
- B: "Well, an ol' bobcat would bring anywhere from three to seven hundred dollars [\$300-\$700] a pelt."
- AB: "Yeah, that's not bad."

- B: “And coyotes would bring like forty to fifty bucks (\$40-\$50) apiece. And we’d go out to be honest with ya and we ... it was a little more than a hobby. We were real serious about it.”
- AB: “Right.”
- B: “And we hunted many, many nights all over the country.”
- AB: “Were you making your living that way then?”
- B: “Ah, yes I was. I was farming at that time. I ... I, ah ... gotten out of the Marines and I came back home, and I was farmin’. And ... and in that part of the year – this is cotton country up here – so we, ah, didn’t have much to do in, ah, January and February ’cept kinda set around.”
- AB: “Um-hmm. ’Kay.”
- B: “And, uh, we hunted a lot in that period of time because you had to wait until the, ah, freeze came for those pelts to cure. For some reason – and I don’t know, maybe somebody can explain it to me – when an animal like a coon or coyote, or whatever ... if you kill ’em before it comes a hard freeze, when you skin ’em, their pelts are *blue* on the inside ... after they dry out. If you kill ’em after a hard freeze, they’re *white!*”
- AB: “Huh?”
- B: “And I have no earthly idea why that is.”
- AB: “That sound right to you, Robert?”
- RM: “Ah, yeah, I ... I, you know I’ve seen that multi-coloring, but I had no idea the reason ... I didn’t make that correlation. That’s interesting.”
- AB: “Okay.”
- B: “Ahh, so anyway, you know it was like in December, January and February that we hunted a tremendous amount. And then in late February you get into what they call a ‘ruttin’ season,’ and the animals will get mange and whatever, and they wudn’t worth huntin’. So about two (2) months you had primetime huntin’.

And me and these two (2) guys, we hunted a lot. We were all three from Vietnam veterans and, ah, very close ... very close friends. And, ah, we had ... one ... one night we had gone – I don’t ... I don’t know how to tell this to keep from givin’ the location away, but, ah ...”

AB: "Whatever words you want, it didn't matter."

B: "If somebody knows what I'm talkin' about, they can find out."

But anyway we had hunted and we, ah, back in the flatlands, so then we took this road back up, ah, north of where I'm at now. And it swung around, and I ... it run through ranch country. It probably ... twenty-five (25), thirty (30) miles of it ranchland."

AB: "So, in other words this location is within what? A hundred (100) miles of where you are now?"

B: "Oh, it's closer than that!"

AB: "Closer than that, all right."

B: "Ah, it's, ah, within thirty (30) miles of where I'm at right now."

AB: "Okay."

B: "So anyway, we ... we came around and we came across this, ah ... we were goin' across this creek. It's, ah, more than a creek. It's ... but it's ... it's name is Elm Creek. And we were gonna cross that ... that creek."

We come around back north and comin' down that, ah, county road through this ranchland and stuff. And these ranchers loved us, 'cause we'd get rid of the coyotes that were takin' their calves.

And this had to be four (4), prob'ly, three, four, five in the morning (3-4-5:00 a.m.). I don't remember the exact time."

AB: "Um-hmm."

B: "Come around the bend, and then ... and this bottom there just before you cross Elm ... Elm Creek ..."

AB: "So you're huntin' with lights then?"

B: "Oh, yeah, we're usin' spotlights off the top ... off the roof of the pick-up. Usin' a five hundred (500) watt, ah, halogen bulbs. It would light up anything from within half a mile, ah, you ... you ... you could see where you're standing ... see the ground good."

AB: "And anything with eyes lights up real well?"

B: "Aw, them were eyes ... the thing about it is, after you hunted as much as we did, you could tell by lookin' at a set of eyes what it were."

AB: "Um-hmm."

B: "If they were a cow, they were wide apart and they were red. If they were a coyote, ah, they were narrow and they were more blue-red. I mean it just ... after a period of time, Art, you just ... you know what ... you could look in that scope and you knew what was there."

AB: "I'm not a hunter, so I'll just take your word for it."

B: "Well ... (grins) ... it ... it was ... it was just thataway ... I mean ...

But anyway, we come around this bend and come up over this rise, and there was [a] wheat field out in front of us. And ... and just before we crossed this creek and it was a valley down there. And it prob'ly, oh, I'd say it's, ah ... ah, has wheat layin' right there, and it's prob'ly a quarter mile or so wide, to ... from that road to the creek. And it's prob'ly a mile, about a mile long, that runs alongside that creek. And it's flat and has a bend.

And we come around this bend and up and over a little hill and dropped into this valley. Well, just as we dropped into this valley, our ... our lights hit ... picked up a set of eyes. And, uh, I hit the brakes ... I was drivin'. And, uh, and Bird Dog, he come out from the side. He had a 300 Weatherby Magnum. And he come across the top.

And I said: 'Whaddya got?'

And he says: 'I don't know. It ain't somethin' I ever seen before.'

Well, he just sit there. And so I ..."

AB: "When you said ... you said a set of eyes. Did you mean two (2) eyes or four (4)?"

B: "Two (2) eyes."

AB: "Two (2) eyes."

B: "Two (2) eyes."

RM: "What color were they, Bugs, if you don't mind?"

B: "They were, ah, **furious red!** *The reddest eyes I've ever seen in my life.*"

RM: “Really? (!)”

B: “Under those ... under those lights.

Ah ... they ... it ... it was somethin’ ... we knew it wudn’t [sic] a deer, because, ah, of the eyes. And it was somethin’ ... and so I pulled my rifle out. I use a 243. I put my scope on it and I could see whatever it was was crouching. And, ah, so Bird Dog, he got out and leaned over the hood of the pick-up where he could get him a good shot. And Jim, he come over the top of the cab and he ... I don’t know ... I don’t even remember what kind of rifle ... I think he was usin’ a 270 – I don’t remember for sure. But he lined up over the cab. And I was just sittin’ there ...

And we just put these spotlights on this ... on this ... on this varmint there. And, ah, I said: ‘I don’t know what it is,’ and they don’t either. And I said: ‘Well, it sure ain’t nothin’ we know about – let’s take it!’ *And all three (3) of us fired at the same time.*

And all of a sudden this thing got up and it must have been seven (7) – eight (8) foot tall at least, I don’t know ... scared the heck out of us! Started running. And well, we all loaded and we fired again.

We knocked it down again. And then it run ... I guess, ah, it was prob’ly a hunnert (100), maybe a hundred and fifty (150) yards from ... from the point we fired the first time. So it hit the fence and went into that creek. And, ah, we knocked it down. It crossed twenty-five (25) or thirty (30) yards from the ... from the fence ...”

AB: “It fell into a creek?”

B: “No, not at this point.

And just as it was crossing the creek, we hit it again.”

RM: “Ah, was it ... excuse me, was it running on four (4) legs or two (2)?”

B: “It was runnin’ on two (2) legs just like a human being. And I mean it was ...”

RM: “All right, so it was running on two (2) legs ... ”

B: “Right.”

RM: “... *something you’ve never seen before, but you three (3) guys cut down on it?*”

B: “Well, we done shot *and we did not know what it was.* (!)

It was hunched over. (RM groans). It really wasn't, excuse me, front legs ... I mean ... its arm as much as it was, ah ... It wasn't standin' up straight.

We still thought it was ... what I thought it was at first – to be honest with you – was a bear.”

RM: “Yeah.”

B: “And that's *why* we fired.”

AB: “All right, so you ... you had ... three (3) of you fired initially, right?”

B: “Right. We all fired three (3) times.”

RM: “Okay ...”

AB: “So you ...”

RM: “... you guys are all 'Nam vets, right?”

B: “Right.”

RM: “And so you've had night combat, I'm sure?”

B: “Right.”

RM: “Okay, so you have someone ... something getting up on two (2) legs and running away, and you still cut down on it. Okay, all right, I have the picture. Go ahead, please.”

B: “Okay. So like I ... that's it. I originally thought it was a bear.”

RM: “Um-hmm.”

B: “I did not even ... I had no idea ... We had done fired on it at the point in time that it was settin' out there.

And, ah, once ... once we fired, I don't know, I guess we just got a little bit *gung-ho* ... and kept shootin'.”

RM: “Hmpf.”

B: “But anyway, the second time we shot it, it went over the fence.

Well, we went and looked, and we ... at this point in time we were all gettin' scared because we thought: 'Well, maybe this wasn't an animal ... (?)'"

RM: "Right."

B: "So, like I say it was prob'ly three, four, five in the morning [around 3:00 a.m. to 5 a.m.], so we decided to drive around a while. About five-thirty – six [5:30 a.m. – 6 a.m.], we went back over there. And we drove up there and we went down and we seen *blood*.

So, we seen some tracks. Ah, looked like, ah, a human foot and, ah, well [unintelligible] I tell ya now we done shot a human."

RM: "Um-hmm."

B: "Now I'm gettin' scared.

So we go on up and start followin' these tracks, and the creek runs, oh, from this point prob'ly fifty – seventy-five (50-75) yards east and then it turns back south some. These tracks are goin' down the creek and they came out, and they went, uh, straight on east, uh ... um, from where the creek turned back south. About another, oh, twenty-five (25), thirty (30) yards, there was a, ah ... plum thicket, and we were walkin' there and we heard somethin' in that plum thicket. I mean, it was a growl-type, ah, sound.

We kinda looked at each other, and so we decided: 'Well, who goes in and sees what it was?'"

AB: "A growl?"

B: "Yeah, and again, at this point we thought: 'Well, it's a bear. We done found a bear up here.'

So ... ah, I got elected.

I had a 44 Magnum pistol. I climbed into the plum thicket and I got in, oh, prob'ly twenty feet (20 ft.) at the most ... And Art, ha, this thing come up at me, I mean, it couldn't 'a been over I'd say six or seven feet (6-7 ft.) from me – I didn't even see it till it was there. And it raised up and let out a sound that just ... it's very similar to the one you have on your tape. And when it did ..."

AB: “You’re talkin’ about, ah, as he [AB] grabs for it. This one I presume ... [AB plays sound of a screaming Bigfoot ... allegedly].

Anything like that?”

B: “Yeah, just ... just the first one, not ... not a repeat, just the ...”

AB: “Yeah, that first scream is, ah, said to be an authentic a ... a Bigfoot sound. Robert?”

RM: “Well, that’s what they say. I ... I ... I have never heard them scream like that. I’ve heard them, ah, howl. I’ve heard them hoot and I’ve heard them *talk*. But I’ve never ... I’ve ...”

AB: “You’ve never heard a scream like that?”

RM: “No! Well, first of all, I’ve never, ah, challenged them, so they don’t perceive me as a threat of any sort, so they wouldn’t, ah, try to ...”

AB: “I understand.

All right, so anyway, Bugs, it sounded somethin’ like that.”

B: “Somethin’ similar to just the first part ...”

AB: “Right.”

B: “... it didn’t go on and on. It’s just one shrill.”

AB: “Right.”

B: “And I ... I’m basically on my all-fours in a crawl position. And I just brought my forty-four (44) up and I started poppin’ shells. And the first one, I ... I hit. It ... the first one hit it. I was just aimin’ right at the chest at it.”

AB: “Describe what this thing since you were seeing it now full on – what did it look like?”

B: “Ohhh ...”

AB: “Best you can.”

B: “At that point ...”

AB: “Six (6) feet tall ...”

B: "Probably. But it was not standin' up, Art, at that point. It was more in a hunched, squat-type position."

AB: "All right."

B: "I mean, it come up ..."

AB: "Would you describe this as human-looking?" As ... as ape-looking? Did it have hair covering it? Ah, what can you tell us about it?"

B: "It had reddish ... brownish-red hair. Ah, it ... it had hair on the face. Ah, completely coverin' the face. Ah ... the ... it ... its whole body was covered with hair."

At that point I just fired!

Ah, it dropped down ... it started back up ... I fired again. And it ... it ... it then kinda rocked and went backward. And it come back up, and I fired again. I hit it three (3) times with a two hundred fifty (250) ... two hundred twenty-five (225) grain, 44 Magnum hollow-point at prob'ly six (6) to eight (8) feet."

AB: "Umpf ... umpf ... umpf."

B: "And it went down."

Well, the other guys were standing guard up on top watchin' and they couldn't see nothin'. But they heard me firin' and they yelled ...

'Yeah, I got it.' [Bugs replied].

Well, they came ... they came crawlin' in there where I was at and they seen it, so we just decided we'd drag it out.

And we got to lookin' and the only thing it had was three (3) holes. And this was a female. You could tell – it had breasts similar ... similar to a woman. It had a sexual organ similar to a woman."

AB: "Really?"

B: "Facial ... facial features were different than a human being. Like I say, it was covered completely in hair."

Well, we went back in and we found the male prob'ly I'd say eight (8), ten (10) foot behind where she was at. He was dead."

AB: "He was dead?"

B: "Yeah. So we drug him out.

We'd laid 'em out side-by-side. Ah, the male was prob'ly six (6) to eight (8) inches taller than the female. Estimating the male, he'd prob'ly be eight (8) foot-plus ... female, ah, seven (7 ft.)-plus.

So we looked at 'em ... we got scared because like I said the male, he had sex organs like a human. Ah, we looked at their teeth – they were not human ... human-type teeth.

I can't say that they were an ape; I can't say that they were, ah, human. They ... they looked ... they had the features of a human overall, but ... ah, the details were not."

AB: "Okay."

* * *

AB: " Okay, so what do you think Bugs had just shot? Two (2) creatures.

We'll get more of a description. We'll get more of a story in a moment.

Robert W. Morgan, Bigfoot researcher, and Bugs, whose real name by the way I have along with a map to the location of the bodies of whatever it is you just heard was shot. Oh my! This is Coast to Coast to Coast [sic] AM."

* * *

AB: "Morning, everybody. I have two (2) guests: Bugs, who shopt a couple of 'creatures,' and Robert W. Morgan, a Bigfoot researcher. And we'll get back to them in a moment and, uh, the rest of Bugs' story.

And I'm getting a lot of interesting 'Fast-Blasts.' Ah, this ... a lot of them very judgmental. We'll talk about that in a moment."

* * *

AB: "All right, once again, ah, I want to cover this:

I'm ... I'm getting a lot of judgmental stuff. Ah, saying stuff like: 'You killed it after you knew it was a bear or thought it was a bear? (!)' Or ... 'Did it ever occur to him that maybe he shouldn't shoot it or at least have run the other way?' Or ... 'My God! Out shooting animals!'

Ah, you know, a lot of judgmental stuff, but ... ah, if I were to be judgmental, we wouldn't get the story. What I really want is the truth here. So I'm not going to sit in judgment of, ah ... of Bugs. Ah, there are a lot of people that were responding that way, Bugs, as you might imagine. Ah, but ... ah, I'm not interested so much in that as I am the truth. I want the truth, and if the truth is what you were doing, then that's what you were doing. And so I just want the truth, and you are telling us the truth, right?"

B: "That is correct, Art.

I wouldn't have sent you that map otherwise."

AB: "No, I believe you. And I believed you the first time and I believe you now. Ah, there are a lot of people who don't like it, but this is a very important story in view of the probable physical evidence that still exists."

B: "You got to remember somethin'. At that point in time we were makin' our livin' basically huntin'.

Art, it was many 'a nights that I went out and I made a thousand dollars (\$1,000) in a night."

AB: "Really?"

B: "I mean, there was ... there was one night – my biggest night ever – we killed three (3) bobcats, seven (7) coyote, and eighteen (18) coons, and we had twenty-four hundred dollars (\$2,400) the next day."

AB: "I ... I've got 'chu.

Ah, so again I'm not ... not judging you here, I ..."

Aud: "Somebody else would like to know ... well, they've got a five (5) year-old listening, and they would like to know really what these creatures look like (?) Now you said not exactly human, not exactly total animal ... like something in-between. Is there anyway you can describe the facial features, ah, of these creatures? It should be imprinted on your memory."

B: "Yeah, Art, ah ... (laughs) ... no, because I never seen nothin' on this Earth that looks like 'em.

I ... I ... I ... they ... their head ... they have a ... a nose similar to a human."

AB: "Okay."

B: "Ah, their mouth, appeared to be more ape.

Ah, their eyes are sunken ... back in their head more than human.

AB: "Yeah?"

B: "I mean ... I think if you take a human and cross it with a [sic] ape, you could probably come up with a reasonable facsimile of it."

RM: "Look, you know what I might suggest, ah, Art, if you don't mind?"

AB: "Sure."

RM: "Um, ah, Bugs, after we go off the air, if you would give Art your mailing address which Art ..."

B: "Art has my mailing address."

AB: "I have it."

B: "He has my phone number ... He has everything."

RM: "Okay, what I'd like to do ..."

AB: "Robert ... Robert, let me just interrupt. I promised him *anonymity* and ... and will explain why here, ah, shortly."

RM: "Oh, no, no, no, no ... what I meant by that ... what I mean is ... what I'd do is send a copy to you, Art, and have you forward it to, ah, Bugs.

The idea is this: Now on the cover of that is one of the best artist renderings I've ever seen ... I've ever seen, because I happen to be the artist myself."

AB: "On the cover of what?"

RM: "On, ah, the cover of the cassette ... ah, the cassette I have."

AB: "Of a cassette, oh, of your cassette. All right."

RM: "Right! And that way ... what I'd like to do is get a reaction from Bugs, when ... when he can tell that to you. That's Number One (1).

Number Two (2): Can I ask you something, Bugs? Um, what kind of soil, ah ... ah, were ... were these two (2) buried in?"

B: "Ah ..."

RM: "Was it sandy? Was it, ah, very ...?"

B: "This part of the country is sandy loam, and it was, ah, it wasn't , ah ... ah, silt sand, but it was a ... a sandy loam at that particular place where we buried 'em. They was ... it was more of a gravel-type, ah ... ah, of sand, because it was this, ah ... ah, it has rock in it, because that creek was prob'ly from the point we buried it there in the creek kinda, ah, went south, oh about prob'ly a hundred and fifty, two hundred (150-200) yards, and then it turned back east. And over a period of time when we have a lotta hard rains in this area of the country, it washed silt and such in there."

AB: "How ..."

RM: "Are you ... are you saying that, ah, that the creek would overflow into this specific area?"

B: "Yes."

RM: "Oh, boy! That'll ... that'll, ah, 'cause a ... a different type of decomposition.

Did you take a GPS reading?"

B: "A what?"

AB: (smirks) "Probably not, Robert. I would say not. A GPS."

B: "Oh, no, huh-uh ... don't have one of them animals."

AB: "Okay, yeah."

RM: "If we supplied one, would you get ... take the readings and send those to, ah, Art?"

AB: "Ah, well, he's ... he's given me an extremely specific map."

RM: "Ohh?"

AB: "Very, very specific."

B: "I mean that map is detailed down ..."

AB: "Yep."

RM: "Okay."

- B: “ ... to the foot. I ... I ...”
- AB: “You would know where to dig. Ah, listen ...”
- B: “To be honest with you, this happened thirty-plus (30+) years ago, *and I have not been out there since.*”
- AB: “Bugs, um, when you had these things lyin’ on the ground, what did you guys talk about and why did you decide to bury ’em?”
- B: “We thought they could be human, Art! And ... and we didn’t want to go to jail!”
- RM: (under his breath) “Yeah!”
- AB: “Um, but what you just described is ... is what Yeah, I understand, in other words, there were not ...”
- B: “Art, [unintelligible] when you were lookin’ at the ... at the sexual organs of two (2) animals that’s got identical to human beings, what do you think?”
- AB: “Um, Robert, you got ... with what you know about Bigfoot, um, do they have sexual organs, ah ... the reports you get – do they have sexual organs similar to humans?”
- RM: “Oh, yes ... oh, yes!”
- AB: “They do?”
- RM: “So far everything that, ah, Bugs has mentioned , ah, is something that I ... that I’ve observed myself, so, ah ... yes.”
- AB: “Oh!”
- RM: “Ah, ah ... he’s ... he’s right on the nose.”
- B: “Thank you, Robert. I appreciate that fact.”
- AB: “Have you ... Have you ever seen, ah, Bugs, any of the Bigfoot photos like the *Patterson film*? Any of those that exist?”
- B: “No, I have not, Art.”
- AB: “You haven’t?”

- B: "No."
- AB: "Ah, would somebody please send me a good Bigfoot, ah, photograph right away?"
- B: "I'm on a computer and I can look at it."
- AB: "Oh, you can? All right, well then send it to my webmaster ... right now."
- RM: "Well, it's too bad our website isn't up, because we have all of them on there."
- AB: "Oh, you do?"
- RM: "Yes, and it's ... unfortunately it's under, ah, reconstruction right at the moment."
- AB: "Okay. Well somebody will send us a photograph – depend on that – ah, in the next fifteen (15) minutes or so, we'll try and get it up for the next hour."
- B: "I ... I will give a little more detail as to the location of this, since that tease the people out there."
- AB: "All right."
- B: "Now, the biggest river in the state of Texas that, ah, I guess you might say is the Red River. This Elm Creek is a branch off of the Red River of the state of Texas."
- AB: "Okay. Um, that's the only sound ... actually you ... you heard that scream sound, but ... but other than that you heard a growling? Or you would describe it ..."
- B: "Art, I don't know what it was – a growling or a rustling, or something, but something got our attention in those bushes."
- AB: "Now when they moved, you said they moved on two (2) feet, ah, or seemed to walk on two (2) feet ... hunched over or straight up?"
- B: "He was hunched over. It ... it ... to be honest with you, when it runs, it looked like a bear. When it run away from us, it looked like a bear, and I'm thinkin' dollar signs – that's why I fired."
- RM: "Yeah, he was probably pretty badly injured, ah, by your first, ah, fusillade. And, ah, what he was doing I think is: Number One – escaping; Number

Two – he was going to the protection, ah, hopefully of his, ah, mate. And, ah, the mate may have picked him up and carried him, ah, to where you caught him.”

AB: “All right.”

B: “I don’t know that ... that that happened – it’s possible, because there was grass, ah ... ah, where he came out of the creek and, ah, headed, ah, east there.”

RM: “Um-hmm.”

* * *

Aud: “If you were hunting for money, why didn’t you all decide to bring these, ah, creatures back for a heluva profit? They’d be worth a fortune.”

RM: “Hmpf.”

B: “Yeah, and maybe go to jail for the rest of your life too.”

AB: “Yeah.”

RM: “Yeah, I think [that audience member’s] overlooking the fact that if these are humanoids, ah, then under the American Constitution they have civil rights, and, ah, Bugs is indeed correct. He could be charged with manslaughter, at least.”

AB: “You know what? By the time we did the original show ... by the time we finished the original show, Bugs was actually going to invite me out there ...”

RM: “Um-hmm.”

AB: “... and we were gonna dig these bodies up.”

RM: “Good!”

AB: “This was years ago.”

B: “And I assure you, Art – I ain’t diggin’ ’em up! (AB laughs).

Lemme tell you somethin’. I own a farm near this place.”

AB: “Yessir.”

B: “An’ Art, I won’t go out there at night, because about ... oh, a year or so ago I was out there late one evening with my dogs. They love to go out and swim in the creek.

And I heard that sound, and Art, I know they’s still one out there. And to be honest with you, I think they’re lookin’ for me.”

RM: “Well, I tell you what, Bugs: We could do something, ahh, this is, ah ... this is just a proposition here –

If you would, ah ... ahh, show Art where it is and, ah, if ... if I could be somehow involved, I could take the heat for you. Ah, I think I could get you off the hook on this.”

AB: *“I’m not sure you could take the heat.”*

* * *

Aud: “Is it even feasible to believe these bodies are still there?”

RM: “It’s pretty rough in that kind of, um ... um ... ah, sandy ... sandy loam, ah, because of the, ah ... if you have a lot of water running through there, they’re gonna decompose rather rapidly. And, ah, this would also, ah, the escaping gases would call in coyotes. And, ah, these ...”

B: “Now we buried ’em prob’ly ... they had to be at least four (4), five (5), six (6) foot deep, Robert.”

RM: “Oh, really?”

B: “Yeah. And let me tell you somethin’. Like our training – we were all Vietnam vets – we know how to cover our tracks.”

RM: “I’m with you ...”

B: “We walked away from thar, you couldn’t tell they wuz a hole dug there!”

RM: “Is that right?

It’s too bad you didn’t have a couple of body bags, huh?”

B: “Well ...”

RM: “That would have helped.

Ah, ’cause the idea is, ah, since the ... ah ... ah ... ah, Art, you know my feeling about hunting and using, ah, guns on Bigfoot. However, if the

deed is done, ah, there's nothing we can do, but we ... we wouldn't want them to die in *vain*. And if they can prove – ah, Bugs, listen to me, please! – if we can prove that they exist by issue of two (2) skeletons, then, in effect, you're protecting the rest of them! Because I'm very confident they're going to come out as humanoid. Ah, so an act on your part at this point in time would indeed, ah, help protect the rest of them.”

AB: “Bugs, what about your two (2) friends? What has their attitude been since ...?”

B: “You know somethin’? We haven't talked in prob'ly ... I guess ten (10) or fifteen (15) ... years. Ah, they both moved away from here. I think they both had kinda the same feelin' I did – it was time to pack up and go.”

AB: “So you mighta killed something as human or something human?”

B: “I mean, it wasn't that it bothered us that ... that we killed humans, because we had done that before. You know, I mean, to take out a person – that ... that was no big deal to us.”

RM: “But that was in war, and they ...”

B: “That's right. ...”

RM: “... were armed, and that is ...”

B: “... That is right.”

RM: “... a totally different thing.”

B: “Quite a different situation than what we're in ... what we were in today, ah, at that time.”

RM: “Yeah, you were doin' your duty, pal.”

B: “I know ... I understand that. But then, you know, when we got into this situation, ah, I woulda not shot a female once I saw her, except I feared for my own life.”

RM: “Sure. I suppose you had a right to there! ...”

AB: “Bugs ...”

RM: “... She would have attacked you.”

AB: "... Bugs, what about smell? Did you smell anything? Did these creatures smell?"

B: "Art, I can't remember. I really can't remember ... that. Ah ..."

AB: "Well, if it had been really distinct, I'm sure you would've."

B: "Yeah. It ... it would prob'ly have ... yep.

I tried to block a lot of this out of my memory. And it's ... it's tough tryin' to draw it back up. Because I know what I had done – I realized what we done – and I realized ... you know, there might be consequences. And the only reason I sent you this map and everything is because for three (3) years, I've never had one (1) phone call.

You knew who I was. You knew where I was. You knew my phone number and everything. And yet, nobody ever got it. So I trust you."

AB: "Ah, and you can trust me. Um, although I'm not sure I'm happy I have the map.

If you dug the hole four (4) to five (5) feet deep, shot them at four in the morning (4 a.m.), drove around, shot more ... they would have been digging and burying in the daylight, correct?"

B: "Right. This was, ah, it ... the sun come up prob'ly I'd say around six o'clock-six-thirty (6-6:30 a.m.) ... it was day- ... the sun wasn't up, but it was daylight enough for us to see.

And the ... when we found them we're prob'ly talkin' about the sun was just ready to peek over the top ... the top of the hill. Ah, we're talkin' prob'ly six-thirty (6:30), maybe six-forty-five (6:45), maybe even seven o'clock (7:00 a.m.). And after we found 'em and drug 'em out and everything, we're talkin' prob'ly eight o'clock (8:00 a.m.).

And ... it don't take very long to dig when you're scared. And prob'ly within an hour we had dug the hole and put 'em back."

AB: "Huh."

B: "And ... and we had left."

AB: "Did you bury them in one (1) hole or separate holes?"

B: "One! (1)"

AB: "One hole."

B: "On top of each other."

AB: "Yeah, that would make sense.

Um, after this was over and they were buried, did the three (3) of you talk?"

B: "Yep."

AB: "And what did you talk ..."

B: "We swore ourselves to secrecy, Art."

AB: "You swore each other to secrecy?"

B: "Yep."

AB: "Um ..."

B: "I never revealed it to anybody."

AB: "Except for, ah, years later ... many years later, you went on the radio with me and you told this story."

B: "Well ..."

AB: "And now you're telling ..."

B: "... well, when you get to be old I guess you start to thinkin' about some things you did in your life that ... that ..."

AB: "That ..."

B: "... I need to make some corrections about."

AB: "... that you weren't that happy about, huh?"

B: "Nope. That was one of the few things that I did in my life that ... that I'm still scared about today, Art."

AB: "You feel guilty about it?"

B: "Oh, yeah. Tremendous amount 'a guilt, because I don't know, I mighta took an innocent *human being's* [sic] life. Ah ..."

AB: “You know, maybe ... maybe for a hunter it’s not the same way, Bugs, but when, ah, when ... when you look into a human’s eye, you can see, ah, an intelligence. I mean, you know you’re dealing with an intelligent creature.

And I don’t know if you had enough eye contact before, um, or at all – it happened too fast in all probability – but I wonder if you had a chance to look into their eyes and whether you discerned anything from that ... whether you were dealing with an intelligence or something that was about to kill you?”

B: “No, Art, I ... I to be honest with you, it was quick, knee-jerk reaction and it was, ah, it was prior because I just ... I knew that I was in danger and I knew she was fixin’ to come after me! And I knew it was ... it was a matter of a millisecond – I either had to fire or I was gone. And I didn’t hesitate.”

AB: “Yeah, obviously, ah ... with the other one dead, I would think that, ah, that creature would have killed you pretty quick ... if it could’ve.”

RM: “Yes it would.”

B: “Oh, Art, it could’ve – believe you me, as big as this thing was. Art, I’m six foot one (6 ft. 1 in.) ...”

AB: “There’s a lot of peop- ... Bugs, there’s a lot of people that think that Bigfoot is some sort of paranormal creature, but it sounds to me like the creatures were *real dead*. Ah, you know like animals and mammals, and humans, who get shot dead.”

RM: “Yep.”

AB: “There’s nothing paranormal about that.”

B: “Nope ...”

AB: “They never ...”

B: “This was an animal.”

AB: “... they never disappeared on you?”

B: “Nope.”

AB: “Or ... nothing ever strange ... ?”

B: “Nope.”

AB: “What about ... what about *blood*?”

B: “Red blood, just like ours.”

AB: “A lot of it?”

B: “Ah, quite a bit. Quite a bit.

Epecially hers. I mean ... his. Ah, he ... he had a big pool, ah, where he was hit. And near the heart area, I would assume.

Ah, I imagine his ... the pool of blood – I’m tryin’ ta remember now, but I would say it was prob’ly, ah, where he was layin’, and he bled prob’ly a foot and a half, ah, circle diameter.”

AB: “So everybody swore everybody else to secrecy? Ah, forever ...”

B: “Right.”

AB: “... on this matter?”

Ah, Robert, if it happened that long ago and assuming that ... that the ... the remains have not been washed away, what might we expect to find, if anything?”

RM: “Ah, well you could finda probably, ah ... ah, quite a bit of the skeleton. Ah, you could, ah ... most importantly for us I think would be finding the teeth, because within the teeth, ah, no matter even after many years you could find, uh, viable DNA.”

AB: “DNA?”

RM: “Yes!”

AB: “All right. Well, I’ve heard that they found hair recently, and they do a DNA test on it and it comes back as hominoid of some sort ... unidentifiable, so ... what do we get from that?”

In other words, if you had a hair sample and ... and they say: ‘Well, yes, um, it was some sort of mammal or hominoid in some way, but it was, ah, it’s not identifiable and that’s the end of the story.’”

RM: “Right. That happened to us. We had that in 1974 and we had that, ah, also in 1972. *Ah, hair shows you, ah, quite a bit about the DNA, but it still will not convince science.*

Ah, if we can get a complete skeleton – especially if we have two (2) – male and female – ahh, if the bone ... if there’s sufficient bones there, they can be reconstructed and they can provide the proof that the Bigfoot:

- a) Does exist;
- b) While whether or not they are humanoid or whether they’re ponginae, or whether otherwise if they’re human or ape.”

AB: “Robert, ah, do you ... do you believe Bugs?”

RM: “Ah, everything that I have heard Bugs say has what I would call the ‘Ring of Truth.’

AB: “We’ll be right back.”

* * *

AB: “I think Bugs is exactly who he sounds like he is. I thought that the first time I interviewed him, the second time, and now, ah, the same deal folks. I think he is exactly who he appears to be. And I think the story is absolutely true.

My guests include Robert W. Morgan, a Bigfoot researcher, and ‘Bugs,’ who killed two (2) creatures in the, ah, the wilds o’ Texas. And it may well be they are Bigfoot ... or Bigfoots – I still haven’t quite figured that out.”

* * *

AB: “All right, we’re only going to have Bugs here for a little while longer, so on top of his seeing the photographs, I wanta ask him a few more questions, ah, with Rober before we lose him. I know you’ve ... you’ve ... you’ve got a really hard day today, didn’t ya, Bugs?”

B: “Ah, yeah ... yeah. (AB laughs).

I’ve got a couple questions I need to ask Robert.”

AB: “All right.”

B: “Robert, can these creatures know who I am and what I did?”

RM: “Yes ... yes.”

- B: "The reason why I say that is because like I said it was, oh, it's been six (6) months ... it was last, ah, summer I was at my farm late one evening, and it just got dark. And, ah ... I, ah, have a creek that runs into this ... this creek that I'm talkin' about. And I heard ... it was not a coyote howl ..."
- RM: "Um-hmm."
- B: "... and it just made the hair on the back of my neck stand up and I just ... I just felt in my heart that this had to be one of these creatures."
- AB: "Was it the same kind of howl or roughly the same?"
- B: "As what?"
- AB: "As what you heard originally?"
- B: "No, no. This was not similar to what you have on tape."
- AB: "No, no, no, no ... ah, to what you heard originally?"
- Well, that's ..."
- B: "I don't know, Art. I don't know. I just can't ... I can't place ..."
- RM: "How many stat- ... how many statute miles are you from the site?"
- B: "Well, that creek's approximately six (6) miles."
- RM: "About six (6) miles away?"
- B: "Yeah."
- RM: "And, ah ... okay now, this is gonna sound like a question: Does the water flow upstream or downstream from where you are?"
- B: "Downstream."
- RM: "Downstream."
- B: "It flows ... it flows down into this ... into this point ... place."
- RM: "Had you hunted that area before?"
- B: "Oh, yeah."

RM: “Okay. So the identification ... you think that if it identified you – and believe me, six (6) miles is a ... is, ah ... ah, a Sunday stroll for these people. So more than likely they have identified you. Thus, you’re ... you’re probably right ...”

B: “Uh-huh. Am I in any danger?”

RM: “I’d be very careful.”

B: “Am I in any danger?”

RM: “Ah, it’s been how many years?”

B: “This is 1976.”

RM: “Right. ’76? Ah, it’s possible. But prob- ... I ... I would say that ... you know, I’m gonna sound very, very weird here for a second.

If you would go out on the edge of that and hold your hands open, and open to your side, ah, where they can see you have no weapon whatsoever, and – now this is gonna sound strange to you – *talk to them*. Just talk ... whenever you have a feeling they’re out there, go out and just let yourself go. (AB smirks). Tell ... tell them what you think and what ... you made a mistake. You know, it’s gonna ... it doesn’t hurt anyone. It could help you, and God only knows, they might ... they might understand ... I don’t know. I certainly would try it.”

B: “I don’t even own a weapon anymore.

Ah, this ... when after this happened I quit huntin’. Like I say I couldn’t even pull a trigger now even prob’ly to defend myself.”

* * *

Aud: “I was wondering how heavy these creatures were?”

AB: “And he thinks you could judge this, because you all had to lift them to bury them, right?”

B: “Right. I wanta say they prob’ly weighed three hundred and fifty pounds (350 lbs.+) ...”

AB: “Oh, my!”

B: “... in that area.”

AB: “Oh, my!”

B: "They ... they ... it was always a due [?] to move 'em."

AB: "That's a lot of body mass!"

B: "Oh, tell me about it! A dead body is the *heaviest thing on Earth!*"

* * *

Aud: "The only thing missing is the grief that he hides. I bet he has nightmares of killing the female."

B: "Yeah, I did for a long time, Art. Did for a long time.

Ah, I ... I have woke up at nights [sic], ah, again in that position ... firing my weapon.

I mean, I went through some hairy things in Vietnam. I was a first Marine recon in Vietnam."

RM: "Good God!"

B: "Did a lot of LRRPs [Long-range reconnaissance patrols] – 21 days ... 12 days. Ah, I know what it's all about ... that don't bother me.

This ... this thing with her bothered me worse of all of 'em, 'cause it's as close as I've ever come to death."

AB: "Yeah, I hear you."

* * *

AB: "Um, you described that fact that, ah, the imprint of the feet seemed like a human footprint."

B: "Yeah."

AB: "Was it bigger than a usual human footprint? Judging by the weight I would think it would be."

B: "Oh, yes! I would say ... oh, idn't [sic] it Michael Jordan that has to have size eighteen (18) shoes, ... or what basketball player? I would say it's prob'ly in that size.

Ah, there is one (1) thing that I've never revealed to anybody about the foot of this animal."

AB: "What?"

B: "And that's why I am very reluctant, for a lot of these people talk about Bigfoot and stuff, but there's somethin' about their feet that is different than anybody else.

Robert, 'chu know what I'm talkin' about?"

RM: "Yeah, I ... I ... I think I do."

AB: "Well, let's not have Robert say, you say. What?"

B: "Six (6) toes!"

RM: "Oh!"

AB: "What!"

B: "Six (6) toes!"

RM: "Ugh!"

AB: "Six (6) toes! On both of the creatures? ... Both feet?"

B: "Both of the creatures."

RM: "That's an anomaly ... I think. I think that's an anomaly.

But, ah ... um, I'm going to take a wild guess here! You must be, ah, within a hundred (100) miles of the Arkansas border?"

B: "Nope."

RM: "And the reason I say ... well, in that case that family ... there was a family in Arkansas of Bigfoot that did have a six (6)-toed, um ... ah, genetic, ah, code."

B: "Okay."

RM: "And, ah, but ... and they may have spread into, ah, eastern Texas. Ah, that is possible, but that is not the norm."

AB: "All right. You ... you ... you ..."

B: "Okay ... I am ... I am in the Texas Panhandle. And, uh, this ... like I say, this creek ..."

- AB: "Don't say anymore, Bugs. Don't say anymore."
- RM: "Yeah, don't say anymore."
- AB: "The Texas Panhandle is close enough."
- B: "And, ah, everything ... everything, you know, Red River runs from Arkansas up to Texas."
- RM: "Um-hmm."
- B: "It's the border of Texas-Oklahoma. So I'm assuming that those animals come from that direction. Where they were going, I have no idea."
- AB: "Bugs, you said that in the light the eyes were red. What ... what about ..."
- B: "Spotlights, yes."
- AB: "Yeah. What about, um, when they were dead?"
- B: "Ahh ..."
- AB: "Did you get a chance to see ..."
- B: "... black."
- AB: "Black."
- RM: "Uh-huh."
- B: "I couldn't see any pupils or anything like that. Just black eyes. A little larger than human eyes."
- AB: "Okay."
- RM: "You know, Bugs, I'm ... I'm very sorry, ah ... I'm not a hunter myself. I used to hunt years and years ago, but I ... I came through the same transition that you did. I ... I, ah, I don't wanta see anything die anymore. I ... I have no time for it.

But at the same time I must say honestly I'm so pleased that you contacted Art Bell."

* * *

- AB: "Was there ... was there ... other than the sex organs was there any discernable difference between the male and the female?"

B: “That was it, Art. The male was a little taller – about like I say prob’ly six (6)-eight (8) inches taller. And prob’ly weighed, I’d say thirty (30), maybe thirty (30) pounds more, maybe forty-something (40+) in that neighborhood.”

AB: “Um-hmm.”

B: “Ah, they were both extremely muscular. Ah, they didn’t appear to have any what I would call human-type fat on ’em. And their, ah, their abdomen area – the mid-age bulge, whatever you wanta call it, they ... they ... they ... they appeared to be, ah, just very, very muscular-type peop- ... ah, I wanta say ‘people,’ but ‘animals.’

I still kinda feel like they’re people, Art.”

AB: “Really?”

B: “Yep.”

AB: “Um, you, ah ... in sending me the map, Bugs, you ... you said, ah, that you’re not gonna be around forever. Well, I’m not gonna be around forever either.

And I don’t know what to do with this. I ... I don’t know what’s right to do with it. I don’t know if it would result in both of us gettin’ in trouble. Even today, I’m not sure. Maybe, ah ...”

B: “Well, if you feel that you don’t need to have it, then burn it. I have a copy; my wife has a copy. Ah, she has the original. And everything that we faxed to you.”

AB: “And what did you tell her about this when you gave her ... when you gave her her copy of the map, what did you tell her?”

B: “Ah, she was in shock and awe when I first revealed it, but she knew nothin’ about it and we’d been married for years. She knew nothin’ about it till the night I talked to you on the radio.”

AB: “Oh! Then you all must have had a pretty big talk about it afterwards, huh?”

B: (grins) “Oh, yeah! (B laughs). She wanted to go see the place and I said: ‘We ain’t goin’ over there! They is no way I will go back to where that area is.”

- AB: "Why?"
- B: "I don't know, Art. There's somethin' scares me about it."
- AB: "Did you end up with any of the creatures' blood on your clothing, shoes ... whatever?"
- B: "Ah, not that I'm aware of, Art."
- AB: "'Cause blood too has DNA in it."
- B: "I know. Ah, it's ... it's possible in movin' 'em and everything that we did, but, ah, it wasn't something we noticed.
- And, my wife wouldn't 'a said anything because, you know, we handle coyotes and bobcats, and stuff like that – we get blood on ..."
- AB: "Okay."
- B: "... haulin' them out."
- AB: "I hear ya."
- * * *
- Aud: "Um, the hands, the feet ... would you describe them as leathery? Were the nails thick? Were the ears big? Ah, was anything weird about the teeth? Ah, did ... I mean, do you think you were looking at a meat-eater or a vegetarian? Any guesses?"
- B: "I would say, just offhand, prob'ly a vegetarian. But then a- ... again, Art, I don't know."
- AB: "Sure."
- B: "We're talkin' about a total time of me lookin' at these animals and buryin' 'em, ah ..."
- AB: "About how long ... ?"
- B: "About total time an hour, hour and a half, two hours [1-2 hrs]."
- AB: "As you guys try to figure out what to do, huh?"
- B: "Oh, yeah. Well, we knew what to do. We went and got the shovels, and started diggin'."

AB: "Yeah.

Um, what about the hands and feet? He's askin': 'Are ... were they leathery feeling? Can you remember any texture? Can you remember anything about it?'"

B: "Art, I can't remember, other than their ... their hands ... I don't know how to describe 'em. It would be like somebody that had a pair of, ah, cowhide gloves on, ah, with hair around 'em and then ... then in their palm area that just skin-type showin'. Kind of, ah, I guess you would say leathery-type, ah, hands. And their feet ... the bottom of their feet was the same way.

The only thing, like I say, the hands and the bottom of their feet were prob'ly the only thing that wasn't covered with hair. And their face ... their face didn't ... it wudn't completely covered with hair."

* * *

AB: "Since that's happened ... since you've been on my show, uh, the original time you appeared on my program, have you told anybody else about this?"

B: "Yeah, there's one other person who knows about it, 'cause he had an encounter here a while back with one.

Ah, he ... ah, he, (B laughs), he decided he was gonna follow his uncle and be a 'Great White Hunter.' Till one night he come across one about, oh, I guess it's been about a month and a half, two months ago. Ah, about ... oh, I'd say forty (40) miles from where this happened, and he come home tellin' me about ... about three (3) days later.

He was scared!

And then I told him."

AB: "Um-hmm."

B: "And then, he ... he said: 'That's exactly what I thought.'

And I said: 'Well, why didn't you shoot it?'

He said: 'Man, I didn't know what it was and so I got the hell outta there!'

Pardon my 'French.'"

AB: "Yeah, I imagine when you think back on your encounter, you probably wish you'd done that too, but by the time you'd shot the thing initially, ah,

so many shots, I guess you pursue it. You don't leave an animal out to die."

B: "No, no, you're right. Ah, if it's wounded, you wanta put it out of its misery.

And again, Art, we thought it was a bear! Ah, just to be perfectly honest with you, I mean ..."

AB: "Yeah, even up until the moment that you shot, ah, the ... the ... the final creature dead, you still really thought it was a bear, didn't you?"

B: "Oh, yeah! Yeah, and I thought it was a wounded bear in the brush ... bushes. And when that was goin' on [sic?] and laughin' about [?]:

'Who's goin' in ... who's goin' into the thicket to get ... to get the bear? (!)'"

AB: "Yeah, how'd you get elected?"

B: "I was the only one ... I had the most powerful pistol. (B and AB both laugh). Bird Dog, he had a 357, and Jim, he had a ... a ... a 22, and I had a 44 Magnum Ruger.

It's a ... so basically well, you got ... you got the *big gun*, you go in. (AB smirks). I said: 'Well, I wanted y'all ... !'"

* * *

AB: "A lotta people say that's what Bugs could do – make millions (\$) now ...

I just sense *truth* about this story and I don't know why. I always have since I first heard it ... I've sensed it was the truth and I think that now."

* * *

AB: "My guests are Robert W. Morgan, who is now back after having seen the photograph himself, and Bugs, who will remain identified [sic] as far as location beyond that which he's already given, and certainly not his real name. But it is his request I will keep it secret forever, if necessary, and I guess that's what we're gonna talk about in a moment."

* * *

AB: "All right, Robert W. Morgan back and, ah, Bugs, and we're not going to have Bugs much longer, so, ah, just a couple more questions, Bugs, and any Robert might have."

Aud: "Ah, you could – ah, you've given [Art] a very detailed map, but ... could you actually *walk* to the spot where you buried them – no problem?"

B: “Yep. I believe I could.”

AB: “But you wouldn’t.”

B: “No, I don’t wanta go back out there, Art.”

AB: “Not even with myself and/or Robert Morgan?”

B: (laughs nervously) “I’ll get ‘cha close, but I ain’t goin’ back out there!”

AB: “All right.”

* * *

Aud: “How many times did you have to shoot the creature? ...”

AB: “ ... which I think you already answered. And ...”

B: “I think we fired three (3) times at the first one, and I know I fired three (3) times at the female.”

AB: “Did it emit any kind of sound while the other one was shot? Was there any reaction?”

B: “Ah ...”

AB: “Or was it too hard to see?”

B: “We did not see the female, ah, until ...”

AB: “Oh, that’s right!”

B: “I went into the thicket.”

AB: “Okay.”

* * *

RM: “Ah, the younger ones have the reddish hair. The older they get, it’s the darker they get. And then when they get into old age, of course they become grizzled – just like us.”

B: “Okay.”

RM: “Yeah.”

* * *

AB: “All right, Robert, last chance. Any other questions, ah, for Bugs?”

RM: "Ah, no ... no other questions except that, um, I will provide, ah, through you, Art. And if anything I can do to assist, ah, either of you or both of you, I'll be more than happy to."

AB: "Well, ..."

RM: "I'm sorry that it happened ..."

AB: "... he's obviously not goin' back there."

RM: "Well, I ... I ... I ... I ... Believe me, Bugs, I ... it's hard to say, but if I ... if I went along, I think you'd be fairly safe."

AB: "I wonder ... I wonder if we don't identify Bugs, Robert, and we were to go there ..."

RM: "Yeah?"

AB: "... or we were to go there ..."

RM: "Yeah?"

AB: "... what our liability would be?"

RM: "None! None. There would be no problem ... whatsoever."

B: "But the problem is everybody in this part of the world knows who I am."

RM: "Well, we needn't, um ... ah, divulge where we got them."

AB: "Hmpf."

RM: "Simple as that."

B: "Heh, heh."

AB: "Have you, ah, I guess you've thought over the years you'd face maybe jail time for this, huh?"

B: "Right ... right. That's ..."

AB: "I doubt ... you certainly would never ... you would never be convicted of first-degree anything, 'cause there wasn't, but ..."

B: "Yeah, but I'm fifty-six (56) years old, Art ... now."

AB: “We’re the same ... almost the same age. I’ll be fifty-six (56) June 17th, so ...”

RM: “Yes, but you know, ah, what you did, ah, was not ... you did not know it was a Bigfoot. You did not fire on it as a Bigfoot. Um, I ... I don’t see ... if you had known what it was and you fired, that’s one thing.

The first one that you fired on was at such a distance. And it was, ah ... ah, an irrational – or not an irrational – an *irresponsible act*. But it’s done! What’s done is done!

Secondly, you did the other one in *self-defense*, and I doubt that anyone, ah, is gonna blame you for that. Ah ... ah, I’m sorry that it happened. Simultaneously, but I think the furtherance for, ah, for science and also the furtherance for the protection of the ... the, ah, children of these two (2) adults, that you ... that are ... that are dead. Ah, they could benefit by the protection that, ah, this discovery could ... could give them. ’Cause if they are humanoid, ah, we can ... we can do a *heluva* lot more than what we’re doing *right now!*

Ah, they’re in imminent danger despite the laws that I’ve been able to, ah, initiate.

Ah, it does happen, and, ah, you know, education and intelligence, ah, intelligent application of law is what we need.”

B: “Well, Robert, I ... I have one (1) question I would like to ask you.”

RM: “Sure.”

B: “You mentioned Arkansas ...”

RM: “Um-hmm.”

B: “... and, uh, they was [sic] creatures down in there.

Is it possible – because this happened I would say somewhere’s around the middle of February ...”

RM: “Right.”

B: “Is it possible that these animals are – whatever they are – *migrate* from that area ... “

RM: “Oh ... oh ...”

B: "... to Colorado?"

RM: "Oh, Bugs, they're all over! They're here in Montana. They're in, ah ... ah ... ah ... ah, Florida. They're in Ohio. They're in Pennsylvania. They're in New York state ... upstate New York. In Washington ... Oregon.

Um, the only place I've never had a ... a real report is in Pahrump, ah, Nevada."

AB: "SAY WHAT! (RM laughs heartily) Say what?"

RM: "But ... but ... in any case, they're all over the place and they do, ah, they do move quite a bit. Ah, they do have unfortunately, ah, predictable to some degree, ah ... ah, movement patterns. But this ... this is, ah, by virtue of, ah, weather and, ah, food availability. But, ah, they do have, ah, they ... they move quite a bit.

And what you have there are probably, um, offshoots from the Washington mountains, ahh, and ... and that area. Also, I must say in, ah, New Mexico – the highlands of New Mexico – you also have them there. And in Mogollon Rim ... Rim of Arizona, they're there also."

B: "Well, see that's what I was wondering. If they ... because if you take 'em out and you follow the Red River on ... you know ..."

RM: "Um-hmm."

B: "... it would lead from Arkansas to nearly to New Mexico."

RM: "Uh-huh."

B: "And I was just wondering if this was [a] possibility that ... that this was a route that these animals travel? And they go south in winter and go north in the summer?"

AB: "Hmpf."

RM: "Well, they ... they have their own routes, but they don't necessarily have to go by ... by virtue of the ... of the weather. They're perfectly adapted! Unlike you and I, ah, they don't have to worry about the weather. When they're cold, ah, in fact, the colder it gets – I think in a lot of ways – the better off they are. The ones that ... that I've encountered in Florida are much smaller and thinner, and scrawnier! Not anywhere near as healthy as the ones that I've seen up in the, ah, northern states."

AB: "That's a good question. Did these, ah, animals appear to you – other ... other than being dead – to be healthy specimens?"

B: "Oh, yes! Very healthy! They were very muscular."

RM: "Sure."

B: "Um, I would say they were younger ... younger animals than, ah, older ones. Ah, because they just appeared that they were younger.

I hate to make this ... ah, I don't know the word I'm lookin' for – but the equation of this two (2) ... what I would say in a human factor, and this is the one thing that scared us.

And I don't want anybody to take this wrong! But you have seen mentally retarded people – they're facial features and everything – that's what we thought we had done shot ... was some mentally retarded people that was livin' in the wild."

RM: "Um-hmm."

AB: "Yeah."

RM: "Very brutal, ah ... ah, facial features that are almost Neandertholic. Ah, and a little bit more so, I think.

Ah, but ... ah, gee, I wish I could reach out and help you somehow – I really do."

AB: "Let me ... let me be very straight on with you on a few things here.

Number One (1), Bugs: Ah, you don't want your identity revealed, right?"

B: "No."

AB: "Okay. Number Two (2): You don't wanta go back to the spot yourself?"

B: "Nope. I'll take you within, ah, I can take you up on a hill and show you where it's at. Within prob'ly, I would say maximum of a quarter to half a mile away."

AB: "Um-hmm."

B: "But I ... I just ... I have ... there is somethin' inside of me that just will not let me go back to that spot."

AB: “Hmpf. Yeah, I don’t ... I don’t think I blame you. And that’s where you gave up hunting too.”

RM: [sic] “Right.”

AB: “All right. Listen Bugs, thank you my friend for coming back on here tonite.”

B: “Oh, you’re welcome, Art. And I appreciate it and, ah ...”

AB: “So I will honor your wishes ...”

B: “I would like ... I would like to explain one (1) reason why I’m doin’ this.”

AB: “Yeah, sure.”

B: “It is because of you and what ’chu have done for all the people in this United States. *You are the one person that brings forth the stuff that everybody else laughs at.*”

AB: “Hmm.”

B: “And some day when I’m gone, you’ll get to laugh at them, because you’ll have the proof.”

AB: “Thank you, Bugs.”

B: “All right. Good night, Art. Good night, Robert.”

RM: “Good night, Bugs. Good luck to you!”

B: “Thank you. Bye-bye.”

* * *

AB: “Here’s my dilemma: I, ah, had no idea that Bugs was going to send me a map – Number One (1). Ah, Number Two (2), I have, ah, his real name and I’ve had it for years, and I’ve kept the secret for years. And I will continue to do so.

Ah, so here’s my dilemma: I have no illusions, ah, about what to this point has probably protected me from getting some sort of subpoena. And I’m sure it’s the fact that, uh, people disbelieve. You know, they disbelieve which maybe works for me in this case. Ah, maybe you can understand my thinking about this?

The authorities go aaghh! We got a lot more important things to do.
Good!

However, if I were to go down there, ah, and I were to dig up, ah, the area.
And I were to find, ah – actually it's identified precisely on the map – and I
were to find bones and I were to find, ah, the remnants of something that
had been hominoid ... I have no illusions about what would happen ...

The police would move in. There would be homicide detectives. I would
be under, ah, incredible pressure to, ah, turn over the information on the
ID, which I can't do – I promised I wouldn't – *and I won't*.

I can't really without, ah, permission turn it over to anybody else, because
Bugs entrusted me.

I probably oughta burn the map! Really ... when you get right down to it.
... I have no illusions about what would occur if I were to go down there. I
Find ... assuming that I found bones or remnants of these creatures, the
police would be there. *The police would be there!*

I would ... I would be questioned, ah, probably intensely by the police and
I'd probably get into a terrible row with them because they would be
demanding, ah, the full information that I have.

So on the one hand maybe it oughta ... let me preface this by saying that I
... I absolutely believe his story. Believe as you will, I believe it when I first
heard it and I believe it now, so I ... I think it's true. I think the can of
worms along with whatever's down there would be opened up BIG TIME,
if I were to go down there and dig up these bones or whatever is left ...
probably bones at this stage. Maybe skulls and teeth. Maybe enough, but
it would look somewhat human ... and then the rest would happen.

Maybe I'm wrong about that, but I ... I don't think so."

* * *

AB: "All right, back to Robert W. Morgan. ...

Robert, do you understand, um, the dilemma ... here?"

RM: "Oh, absolutely! I ... I think you're, ah, you're between a rock and a hard
space [sic] in one ... in one area. However, at the same time I think that
even if they would turn out to be, ah, humanoid, ah, under the
circumstances that it happened, um, I ... I doubt seriously the cause of the
circumstances. And, uh, I doubt seriously if ... if any prosecution would
take place."

AB: "Yeah, I ... "

RM: "It's when someone goes out and deliberately *hunts* Bigfoot and ..."

AB: "Yeah?"

RM: "... knowing what they know about the possibility."

AB: "There'd be homicide police there, I guarantee it."

RM: "Oh, there'd ... there probably would, but ..."

AB: "If you brought up bones that were hominoid, they'd ... there'd be homicide police there and there'd be all kinds of hell to pay that I'm not sure I can, ah, pay.

In other words, I know who he is. I have made a promise and so, ah ... ah, I'd go down there and probably be slammed in jail or some damn thing, if we got that far.

If I dug up bones, the police would be there guaranteed. It would have to be. There'd be an investigation, and the first question to come out of their mouths is: 'Who is he?'"

RM: "Oh, yes! I ... now as a reporter, um, and a ... a member of the media, how far does it go that you can protect yourself?"

AB: "I don't know. I'd have to ask a lawyer."

RM: "Ah ..."

AB: "I don't know if it includes that much protection for me or not. And I guess that would be a pretty key question, because if ... if there wasn't ... you know, they've thrown ... an awful lot of reporters have been thrown in jail for contempt. That's what happens. They, ah:

'Who is it?'

"Well, I'm not answering.'

They put ya in front of a judge.

'Well, okay ... fine. Sit in jail until you decide to tell us.' That's how it's done."

RM: "Yeah. It's, ah ... but even if, ah ... ah, you know, I ... I would appeal directly to Bugs, ah ... ah, to, ah, understand that if ... if these are humanoid, ah, that he would have to stand, ah, the charges. But the charges I ... as they say, I doubt seriously anything would happen under the circumstances."

AB: "Well yeah, but look at his thinking: He's fifty-six (56) years old now. That's my age. Ah, a second degree ... all right, even a manslaughter charge, which would be the ... the easiest thing I could think of ..."

RM: "Right."

AB: "... manslaughter."

RM: "Right."

AB: "Ah, that'd put 'chu away for some years! ... Some years."

RM: "I ... I ... well, again you have to look at intent. You know, there are hunting accidents all the time. And, ah, these things do happen. This man was a legitimate hunter. He made an accidental, ah, difference in, ah ... ah, differentiation. He made a ... a bad judgment call. No question.

However, he's coming forward and saying: 'Look, in the interest of science, I could ... I could have just left it out there. I doubt that a grand jury would return anything.'

AB: "You know, I ... yeah, you're probably correct, um ... ah, you're probably correct, but it would be a long procedure. It would be something ... an endeavor to do, I'll tell ya."

RM: "I ... I ..."

AB: "Right now if I ... if I could just hand the map out to ... to you, ah, believe me, I would do that. Uh, are you listening, Bugs? (AB laughs). If I could give the, ah, map to you, Robert, then ... ah, what would you do?"

RM: "Ah ... well then I would go down and verify that they ... that they exist and I would, ah, get the, ah, proper, um, science, ah, scientists behind me to make sure that we have a cross-index that nobody jumps any guns and we know exactly what the hell we're doing. And we'd, make a verification as to, ah, whether they are humanoid. Um, when, ah, from that point we would ... we would have to take it from there."

AB: "All right."

RM: "I, ah, I just can't hide ... it's gonna be such a ... ah, a monument ... a monumental, um, ..."

AB: "Undertaking?"

RM: "... undertaking, and a discovery for science ... worldwide. *It's going to rewrite history books.*"

AB: "Hmm."

RM: "And, ah, this man is making a ... a valiant, ah, confession that, ah:

'Okay, I did something wrong, but let me see if I can (A): cleanse my conscience and do something. These people that are ... that are buried out there are dead for no reason at this point.'

AB: "Hmm."

RM: "*But at least they would have died for a reason.* And, um, I ... I think there's ... there's just ... ah, you know what we could do is take this to a judge in advance."

AB: "You know what he's gonna say?"

RM: "And ask for immunity."

AB: "I'll bet 'chu, ah ... I bet we're not gonna get it.

In other words, ah, the judge would say: 'Look, what if this is just some set-up?' (He would have ... I'm putting myself in the judge's shoes, all right?):

'I'm not about to give immunity to somebody who may have killed two (2) human beings and buried them. And cooked up a story about Bigfoot, um, to avoid, ah, prosecution. I'm not going to give immunity, ah, based on that possibility and I ...' How do you get around that one?

RM: "Well, if we ... if they turned out to be six foot (6 ft.) tall human beings, um ... hell, you'd be right!

But what we're saying is *under the parameters* that they would be, ahh, they would fit the description of Bigfoot, ah, et cetera. If we actually drew the parameters, and the judge would say: 'All right, now look if it's found ... if they're found under these parameters, ah, then ... then there would be no prosecution.

I don't know! I ... it ... it ... on one hand the guy can just keep his mouth shut, then the hell with it! And nobody knows anything. He's offering ... he has already done that although he wants to wait until after he passes away.

But he's a young man! You guys are ... you guys are chickens! And I ..."
(both RM and AB laugh).

AB: "Yeah!"

RM: "What are you ... what are you guys talkin' about *gettin' old!*? This nonsense!"

AB: "Uh ... well, I mean, one never knows. Ah, forty (40) years olds drop dead all the time ..."

RM: "That's true!"

AB: "... Robert. Not everybody is Robert W. Morgan! (RM laughs). Some people realize mortality sooner than later. (RM laughs). And it does happen!"

RM: "Yeah!"

AB: "So ... hell, none of us know!

Ah, all right, well look ... I ..."

RM: "I'm ready to go down there in a heartbeat!"

AB: "This is ... yeah, I know you would. And if I could let you, believe me, Robert I would!

Ah, we'll see what Bugs decides to do. If he wants you to have the information, then Bugs, let me know. Otherwise, I don't know what the hell I'm gonna do! Let's leave it there for a second."

* * *

Aud: "Good evening, sir. Ah, my name's William and I'm in Texas. I'm a former homicide investigator.

Ah, I was wondering if there was something that I could do to help?"

AB: "Well, you've been listening, right?"

Aud: "Yes, sir."

AB: "So if you're a homicide detective, you tell us. Ah ..."

Aud: "Well ..."

AB: "... what are we ... what are we lookin' at here?"

Aud: "There's always ways around, ah, homicides like that ... if they do turn out to be hominoid.

It's ... it's kind of difficult, but in the event that ... that he described, I ... there's always a defense to prosecution in everything."

RM: "Um-hmm."

Aud: "Everything."

AB: "Yep."

Aud: "And if you had ..."

AB: "Okay, now let me ask you this, detective: If we, ah, if we proceed down there and dig up bones – and they're hominoid bones ... hominoid bones – um, the police are gonna be, um, you folks are gonna be, ah, involved right away, aren't 'chu?"

Aud: "Not necessarily. If you started out as an archaeological dig where it's completely out of our jurisdiction until we're called in to investigate a homicide, if the archaeologists think it actually is a homicide. Until then the police have nothing that they can do about it."

RM: "Okay, so under Texas law, ah, we would have ... we would, ah, we would be protected to go down, ah, exume the, ah ... ah, the bones, and turn them over to science to discover exactly what they are?"

AB: "Without interference from the law?"

Aud: "Without interference from the law.

That's pretty common in most states."

RM: "Hmm. Wonderful!"

AB: "I ... I tell you, most times I've heard, ah, when they turn up some kind of unidentified body – and it's obviously been human or looked human or they find a bone – ah, the police are almost there always right away. Um,

from what I ... from everything I ... you know, I watch TV ... what do I know?

But that's how a lot of investigations begin, you know? Somebody digs up a mostly decomposed body of some kind."

RM: "Detective, may I ask you if we were to go into that area, would it be to our advantage to, ah, alert the, um ... uh, the state and tell them what we're doing ahead of time?"

Aud: "Ah, no actually the only thing that you would need to do is set it up originally from the word 'Go' as an archaeological dig looking for, ah, what I would term as 'old remains.' That's the way, ah, they do it here in Texas when they're doing, ah, Indian burial grounds up in, ah ... ah ..."

AB: "Is there ..."

Aud: "... up in northern Texas."

AB: "Detective, is there a legal definition of 'old remains'?"

Aud: "No there isn't."

AB: "I mean, we're only talkin' about thirty (30) years here. We're not talking about previous civilizations."

Aud: "Ah, there is no direct definition of ..."

AB: "Old?"

Aud: "... ah, *old*."

AB: "All right."

Aud: "You could be digging up an Indian burial ground for all that we know, and you find humanoid remains, it would take scientists from ... from any university that does archaeological work, ah, sometimes months to determine how old the bones are."

RM: "Um-hmm."

AB: "Fascinating!"

All right. Thank you very much. Ah ..."

RM: "Thank you!"

AB: "... I ... I don't know. I don't know if I buy that. Ah, I ... I ... I tell you, Robert, I've watched so many TV prog- I suppose he could be right if we weren't already so public about this.

That you could proceed with what you would call an archaeological expedition ..."

RM: "Which we could under the ... under our American Anthropological Research Foundation, which I already have. We could do exactly that!"

AB: "You listening, Bugs? (RM laughs).

I'm not the one you gotta convince here."

RM: "Yeah. (AB laughs). Yeah. Well ... what we should do is take that detective along with us ..."

AB: "Ah ..."

RM: "... as an advisor." (RM laughs).

AB: "Yeah. That's right."

* * *

B: "Yes, it's me."

AB: "Bugs?"

B: "Yup."

AB: "It's you?"

B: "Yep!"

AB: "All right. Um, I wanta, ah, just say a few more words. I want to be absolutely certain it's you."

B: "It's absolutely me!"

AB: "Okay. I know it is, 'cause I dialed the number. He called me on a break on a special phone here and, ah, Robert, he said ..."

B: "Give him the map."

AB: "You ... you're sure you want me to give him the map?"

B: "Art, I've lived with it too many years, man.

It ... I don't know. I want ... I want it exposed so bad, Art. I don't wanta go to jail. I've got two (2) young grandkids. *I don't know what to do!*

Listenin' to that detective just now, listenin' to Robert ... I'm in a heluva dilemma!"

RM: "Yes, you are ..."

B: "I ... you know, I have not asked for one (1) dime out of this! I don't want no money!"

AB: "No, I know you haven't. You haven't written a book.

You haven't done anything in all these years. ..."

B: "No!"

AB: "... I know."

B: "And I don't know what to do!"

RM: "Bugs, can I make a suggestion?"

B: "Yes!"

RM: "Ah, sleep on it! Just ... just relax. Just relax.

Ah, you've already gone through a heluva lot of trauma here. Why don't we all take a coupla steps back and think this out? Ah, 'cause you don't want yourself ..."

B: "Robert ..."

RM: "... [separated from] your grandchildren. That's to be sure!"

B: "I have your email. And Art, you can go and tell Robert who I am and give him my phone no. We can talk. I can trust him."

AB: "You know what, ah, though? Listen, Bugs ... I kind of agree. Ah, why don't 'cha sleep on it and I'll call ya tomorrow, Bugs."

B: "Okay."

AB: "Cause, ah, there are, you know, there are ... there are possible ramifi- ... I won't kid you ..."

B: "I know ... I know that, Art. I know that.

But 'chu know, it's been thirty (30) years nearly. Pretty hard to live with somethin' like that.

And like I heard some of the listeners say – if this is what it is, then it's gonna rewrite history."

RM: "Yes it is!

Ah ... Bugs, just relax I think and just kick back, ah, look out for a little ... for a short time.

Ah, let me, um, do some research on my own and, ah, maybe we can even work an immunity situation."

B: "Okay."

RM: "I don't know ... let me think too. Let me do some thinking also."

B: "I would like ... I would like to show it. I would like for ... for you to have it, Robert, because I think you're a decent person. I think you're an honest person."

RM: "Well, thank you."

B: "And ..."

AB: "I think he is too, for what it's worth ... (AB laughs). (RM laughs).

Robert's a great guy!"

B: "And I know Art is ... I think Art would go to jail and spend the rest of his life in jail before he'd release ... release ..."

AB: "... release it."

B: "Yeah!"

AB: "Yeah, you're right, Bugs, I would."

B: "Before he'd tell who I am."

AB: "And I'd hate it!"

B: "And I ..."

AB: "But I'd do that.

I would never reveal your name – you know that."

B: "I know that.

But it's just, ah, one of them situations. I just ... I want ... I want it out so bad I can taste it (!) ... but I still have that fear. Just still have that fear."

AB: "Um ... now ... you're giving this, ah, to Robert under what conditions?"

B: "He talks to me first before he does anything!"

RM: "Oh! Okay. Well, I wouldn't ... I wouldn't, ah, obviously if ... if I had the map, I would not go there without ..."

B: "We got ... we have got to make sure that my ... that I am not going to be in trouble."

RM: "Right."

B: "I just don't wanta do that, because ..."

AB: "You know all this is really gonna do ... I'm with ya. I know you're fifty-six (56) and it would be years. Um ... and ... or could be.

And, ah, Robert, it's a consideration. All this is gonna do is shift the responsibility from me to you, Robert, if you get this, ah, if you get this map."

RM: "What are you talkin' about? I'm holdin' your hand." (RM, AB, and B all laugh).

AB: "Yeah, that's right.

But I mean that it is going to put you in roughly the same position I'm in. Because he didn't [sic] wanta get in trouble.

And if ... if after investigating, you ... you ... there's no way you can assure him he can't get in trouble, then there's no way you can proceed. Am I right, Bugs?"

B: "That's correct."

RM: "Well you know, I ... I ... I ... at my age I have this horrible thing happens. I have this [sic] terrible *memory blanks*. [sic] I have these things that happen – I just can't remember where I am or what I've been doing, see?"

AB: "All right, Bugs ... (RM laughs). All right, fine. Good! I'm happy!

Bugs, ah, thank you, brother!"

B: "Okay."

AB: "Take care!"

B: "I'll talk to you later. Bye."

AB: "See you later."

RM: "Keep well! Keep well!"

* * *