

Whether one holds any brief for the late George Adamski and his claims is not the point in question here. The unpalatable fact is that frantic and uncontrolled publicity-seeking by over-enthusiastic enthusiasts has done a gross disservice to those who seek to promote the serious study of UFO reports. As a direct result of Mr. Rogers' activities there must now be millions of people who, because there were so few retractions of the original reports, *know* by imp-

lication that all UFO reports are hoaxes. As an indirect result many others who did see or hear the retractions will have concluded — and who can blame them — that chairmen, and others, of UFO Societies, are all “bits of fools.”

All this at a time when the climate for the subject has been improving, and witnesses of UFO events are being encouraged to come forward freely to tell of those events.

A PRELIMINARY REPORT ON THE INVESTIGATION OF AN ALLEGED UFO OCCUPANT ENCOUNTER

R. Leo Sprinkle, Ph.D.

Dr. Sprinkle, who is Director, Division of Counseling & Testing, and Associate Professor of Psychology at the University of Wyoming, Laramie, makes a welcome return to the pages of *Flying Saucer Review*.

THE following is a summary statement of my investigation of the case of Carl Higdon, copies of which have gone to APRO, MUFON, and NICAP. I had hoped by this time to have a more extensive statement on the investigation of the case; however various circumstances, including the end of the semester rush and the bothersome weather, have prevented a more thorough follow-up. I hope that these summary statements will serve the purpose of providing information for FSR readers, with the understanding that further investigation may lead to a more extensive statement for publication.

On Tuesday, October 29, 1974, I received two telephone calls: one from Mr. Rick Kenyon, Art Teacher in the Public School of Rawlins, Wyoming; the other from Mr. Robert Nantkes, Vocational Rehabilitation Counselor of Riverton, Wyoming. Each man is known to me personally, and each is a person of high intelligence and integrity.

The telephone calls dealt with the same topic: the UFO experience of Carl Higdon, as reported to Sue Taylor of the Rawlins Daily Times (Vol. LXXXVII, No. 204), Tuesday, October 29, 1974 (see full text of press report at the end of this statement).

According to the newspaper article, Carl Higdon (an oil driller for the AM Well Service of Riverton, Wyoming) had been hunting elk on the north edge of the Medicine Bow National Forest (40 miles south of Rawlins) at 4.00 p.m., Friday, October 25. Then, approximately at 6.30 p.m., he called on the radio of the pickup truck which he had been driving. By talking with his boss, Roy Fleming, Carl was able to give directions about the approximate location of the pickup truck. He said that it was parked approximately three miles from where he parked it initially; it was in a “mud hole” where no one would drive a two-wheel-drive vehicle.

A rescue party (Sheriff Ogburn, Deputy Sheriff Ed Tierney, Roy Fleming, Bob Rosacker, Dave

Martin, Harold Schutz) drove several four-wheel-drive pickup trucks into the area. With difficulty, they found Carl and the truck (approximately at 11.40 p.m., Friday, October 25). The truck was towed out by the four-wheel-drive trucks.

Mrs. Margery Higdon, Carl's wife, was with Mr. and Mrs. Don James; they were waiting about two or three miles from the area where Carl was located. During the rescue operation, they observed a flashing light for about 20 minutes — changing from red to green to white, in a pulsating pattern, and moving in an arc which was described as “three feet”, at arm's length.

When Carl was found he was described as dazed and confused; he had difficulty in talking, and in recognizing his wife. He said he was taken to Carbon County Memorial Hospital, approximately at 2.00 a.m., Saturday, October 26, for observation, and released around 10.00 a.m. Monday, October 28.

During his hospitalization, Carl said that the physician, Dr. Tongca, had X-rays taken. Carl was told that the films were OK. (However, he had been hospitalized for “TB” at one time in Kimball, Nebraska. Chest X-rays in 1958, and 1970, had indicated there were scar tissues on his lungs, according to a Kimball physician.) During his hospitalization, the physician, Dr. Tongca, told Carl that he was “OK,” and his blood was “OK” — in fact, it was “super”, “very rich.”

Carl is hopeful that information can be obtained from medical personnel which will support these statements. However, the Sheriff has made some public statements which raise questions about his acceptance of the report, [*which involved a UFO and Occupant encounter, as will be seen* — Editor].

Rick Kenyon said that he had interviewed Carl Higdon and obtained the basic description of his experience, plus some drawings of the “man.” Carl had agreed to other interviews, plus the use of hypnotic techniques, for the purpose of obtaining further information about his experience.

On Saturday, November 2, Bob Nantkes and I met with Dr. Rick Kenyon, who had arranged an afternoon appointment with Carl Higdon, at his home. From approximately 1.00 p.m. to 5.00 p.m., we talked with Mr. and Mrs. Higdon, their children, and several relatives about their reactions to the events of October 25. The pendulum technique and other hypnotic procedures were utilized to obtain more information from Carl about his UFO experience.

Then, on Sunday, November 17, 1974, Rick Kenyon and I talked with Carl Higdon, his wife and children, from 11.30 a.m. to 1.00 p.m., including an hour of hypnotic procedures. Also present for a short period was Mrs. Marilyn James, who described her reactions to the experience of observing a flashing green-red-white light over the area where Carl was waiting for the rescue party.

During the interviews, photographs were taken of the map area (Section 5, 87 West, T14 North) where Carl had been elk hunting. Also, photographs were

taken of the bullet which Carl had retrieved and placed in his canteen pouch. He was willing to release the bullet, so that Dr. Walker, APRO Consultant, might examine it. However, he asked that it be returned after the examination.

Carl indicated that he was willing to have his name associated with the UFO report; however, he wishes that his address be omitted from any publication of the report. He believes that most people accept his story, but he wishes to prevent any "crank" calls. My impression of Carl Higdon is that he is a man of integrity, with average education, but a keen sense of curiosity about the world around him, he is an outdoors man and seems to have developed good skills of estimating size and distance.

Although the sighting of a single UFO witness often is difficult to evaluate, the indirect evidence supports the tentative conclusion that Carl Higdon is reporting sincerely the events which he experienced. Hopefully further statements from other persons can be obtained to support the basic statement.

* * * * *

The article which appeared in the *Rawlins Daily Times* of Tuesday, October 29, 1974, was under the signature of reporter Sue Taylor. It ran as follows:

"Everyone will think I'm a quack; but it really happened," Carl Higdon said on Monday.

"He was referring to his elk hunting trip on Friday, which turned into a bizarre experience for him. "Higdon was hunting south of Rawlins on the north boundary of the national forest about 4.00 p.m. on Friday when his 'experience' began to unfold.

"I walked down over this hill, and saw five elk," Higdon said. "I raised my rifle and fired, but the bullet only went about 50 feet and dropped. I looked over to my right and there, in the shadow, was this sort of man standing there."

"Higdon said the 'man' was about 6 ft. 2 in. and weighed about 180 pounds. He was dressed in a black suit and black shoes, and wore a belt with a star in the middle and a yellow emblem. He was quite bowlegged and had a slanted head. His forehead and facial features were similar to humans, but he had no chin. His hair was thin, and stood straight up on his head, Higdon said.

"He asked me if I was hungry and I said yes," Higdon said. "So he tossed me some pills and I took one. I don't know why I did it — I never take pills of any kind unless a doctor prescribes them, not even aspirin."

"Higdon said the 'man' then pointed what resembled a long finger at him, and the next thing he knew was that he was in a seven-by-seven foot cubicle, with two 'men' and the five elk.

"He asked me if I wanted to go with him, and I said "yes." I told my wife a long time ago, when these stories about UFOs and strange creatures were coming out, that, if I ever got a chance, I would talk with them or go with them." Higdon said the 'men' placed a helmet on him, with a



Rick Kenyon's impression of the entity, based upon the oral account given to him by Carl Higdon, and published with Frank Bourke's article in the *National Star*, Lafayette, Indiana, of March 22, 1975, and other papers.

strap around his neck. Six wires were sticking out from it on three sides. The 'men' then told him they were going 'home,' which was 163,000 miles away.

"In no time we arrived at this tall tower similar to a rotating restaurant, like the Seattle Space Needle," said Higdon. "The lights there were so intense and hurt my eyes a lot, and the 'men' said our sun affects them in the same way."

"Higdon noted that the 'men' were never in the sunlight, but always in the shade.

"Because the light was so intense on his eyes, Higdon said that the 'men' said that they would take him home.

"The next thing I remember," said Higdon, "was talking to Roy Fleming on the radio." Fleming is manager of the Maddox Well Service, and Higdon is employed by AM Well Service of Riverton.

"My truck was about three miles from where

I had parked it," said Higdon. "It's only a two-wheel drive, and was in the mud-hole where no one without a four-wheel drive would attempt to go."

"After Higdon was rescued by the Carbon County Sheriff's officers, he was taken to Carbon County Memorial Hospital for observation.

"My doctor said there were no bruises on me and I wasn't bleeding anywhere, but I'm still suffering from headaches and a backache."

"Higdon's wife said that she and two friends went looking for her husband when he failed to return home on time, and as they approached the area they saw a bright red, white, and green light resembling a large star. Mrs. Higdon said that it was too high for a helicopter but too low for an airplane.

"Higdon said that he does not drink and does not take drugs of any kind."

APPENDIX TO THE PRELIMINARY REPORT ON CARL HIGDON

IN view of the extraordinary nature of this case, it seems likely that readers will also wish to read the full text of the following further press report, which appeared in the *National Star* (published, we believe, in Lafayette, Indiana) for March 22, 1975, under the signature of writer Frank Bourke. We are indebted to FSR reader Mrs. Arnold Lazarus of Lafayette for sending us the report.

While admittedly repetitive in part, this version does include a number of features which seem to be possibly of considerable importance and which were not in the *Rawlins Daily Times* story sent us by Dr. Leo Sprinkle, and given above. At the same time this fresh account does not appear to be at variance with the earlier one on any point of substance, apart from the matter of "the distance to their home planet", here given as 163,000 light-years, which sounds no more convincing, and just as daft, as the 163,000 miles of the *Rawlins Daily Times* version.

Gdn. Creighton

The National Star item appeared under the headline:

I WAS KIDNAPPED BY A UFO BUBBLE

"Laramie, Wyoming — A hunter's account of contact with beings from outer space and a kidnap voyage aboard a craft from another planet was termed 'legitimate' this week by a University of Wyoming psychologist.

"Dr. R. Leo Sprinkle, Director of Counseling and Testing at the University, made this conclusion after a thorough evaluation of experiences recounted by Carl Higdon of Rawlins, Wyo.

"Higdon, 40, is a veteran oil driller for the AM Well Service Co., of Riverton, and his eerie encounter with outer space occurred last October 25 while hunting in a secluded area of nearby Medicine Bow National Forest.

"Higdon gave the *Star* this account of that day:

"Life has not been the same since I met that "man" out in the woods I wish the whole thing hadn't happened but since it did I think it's my duty to let folks know about it.

"People may talk behind my back — saying I'm going crazy but I swear I'm telling the truth!

"Around 4.00 p.m. I noticed a group of five elk huddled together at a distance of several hundred feet from me, in a clearing. Raising my Magnum rifle and getting one of the animals into my sight, I proceeded to pull the trigger.

"Normally the firing of this type of gun would cause quite a jolt. Therefore, you can imagine my surprise at what took place next.

"Instead of hitting one of the elk with terrific impact, as it should have done, the bullet left my rifle very slowly, almost as if it were coming out in slow motion.

"In addition, the projectile dropped into the snow only 50 feet away. I thought to myself: "What can be going on?"

"Higdon received his answer seconds later.

"Immediately, I sensed a peculiar tingle in the air, like you feel before an electrical storm. Turning quickly, I spotted a "stranger" standing behind me in the shadows.

"At first, I thought he was just another hunter, until my eyes became accustomed to the glare of the bright sunlight on the freshly fallen snow.

"The "stranger" glided noiselessly towards me. If he had been human, I would certainly have heard his footsteps on the dried twigs and branches which covered the snow. Standing all of six-foot-two, he was dressed in a snug-fitting black jump-suit, which covered him from the region of the neck to his toes.

"Around his mid-section he wore a wide belt, in the centre

of which was a six-pointed star, and a mysterious emblem.

"He had coarse hair that stood straight up like bristles on a broom. They were spaced about a half-inch apart. Sticking out from the top of his head were two antennae-like rods.

"His face was eerie, because he had no chin — his head ran straight into his neck. His eyes were unusually small, and he had no eyebrows. And, while I was in his company for several hours, at no time during this period did I ever see his hands — if he had them. The sleeves of his one-piece garment were long, and in place of hands he seemed to have two tapered, rod-like appendages, which he would point in order to make things move.

"It was as if he could control the force of gravity with these appendages. The possibility arises that they may have been part of his body."

"The being approached within several feet of where Higdon stood frozen in his tracks.

"He asked me if I was hungry, and without waiting for a reply, tossed me a small envelope or packet containing four pills. I took them, although normally I don't like to take even an aspirin when I know I'm coming down with a cold. It's like I was being controlled — made to take them."

"The next thing Higdon remembers is being inside a cube-shaped, transparent craft, which moments later lifted from the ground and apparently transported him to another world, somewhere in the limitless void of outer space.

"I recall noticing this transparent object — presumably the ship in which my new friend had arrived — resting on the ground a short distance from where we met.

"All I know is that he pointed his "arm" at me and *zap!* before I knew what had hit me, we were inside this strange contraption, with the five elk — all paralyzed and off in a separate compartment.

"Also on board were two additional beings.

"Without any audible sound, we lifted off into the air. I was told we were going to their home planet, some 163,000 light years

distance. Together, the three of them placed a helmet upon my head, which had wires sticking out in all directions.

"It was fastened to my head with a strap under the chin. They never explained what the purpose of doing this was.

"Shortly thereafter — my conception of time was thrown off entirely — we arrived at our destination. I don't consciously remember leaving the ship, but through its clear walls I could make out a giant tower with revolving lights all around its upper rim.

"If anything, I could best compare it to the giant "space needle" constructed for the Seattle World's Fair.

"At this point my eyes began to water. The light here — whether it was artificial or natural — hurt my pupils, and it became very uncomfortable for me to keep my eyelids wide open. These people told me that our sun affects them while they're on earth in the same way."

"After this, Higdon is hazy about what took place. His next conscious memory is of wandering around in the cold air, back on Earth, in a state of hysterics.

"My mind was cloudy. I didn't seem to know my name or even where I was. All I knew is that I was cold and terrified.

"Somehow I stumbled upon my truck, which I had earlier left parked in a clearing, before going off to hunt. Now it was stuck, smack dab in the middle of a mud bog.

"I managed to struggle through the thick mire, eyes tearing, head reeling, in an effort to call for help on a citizens' band radio unit which I have mounted on the dashboard."

* * * * *

"A party consisting of Sheriff Ogburn and Deputy Sheriff Ed Tierney showed up a few minutes before midnight — more than eight hours after the start of his experience — to rescue the distraught Higdon.

"The vehicle had to be towed out of the bog.

"Margery Higdon, Carl's wife, who joined the rescue team a

short while later, told the *Star* what happened that night.

"When I first saw Carl, he was obviously in a state of panic and unable to say a word. Only after I asked him if he got any elk, did he come alive and start looking out the windshield up at the sky. With this he began shouting: "They took my elk!" His face looked so strange, it scared me, and I told one of the Sheriff's deputies to get his rifle and take it out of the pick-up — and out of his reach.

"I wasn't sure what he would do. All the while Carl kept telling me not to touch him. Finally, I put my coat around his shoulders, and we drove to the Carbon County Memorial Hospital.

"At the hospital, my husband kept talking wildly, making no sense: "They took my elk...where are the pills? the lights — they hurt! the pick-up is gone...they pointed the gun and it's gone."

"The normal hospital lights were apparently so bright to Higdon that his eyes reddened, and began to cause him considerable pain.

"The nurse on duty," Mrs. Higdon continued, 'eventually folded a damp cloth and laid it over his eyes, because they were watering so profusely.

"Finally, the doctor arrived, and turned out the overhead lights."

"A thorough examination showed no trace of alcohol or drugs in Higdon's bloodstream.

"The biggest puzzle is the fact that X-rays taken of the patient's chest indicated a lack of scar tissue on his lungs, which had been there in previous examinations. The attending physician, Dr. Tongca, remarked: "It's like something out of a science fiction movie!"

"Supporting evidence for what might otherwise be a totally incredible story came from Mr. and Mrs. Don James, who claim that they 'watched a flashing light for about twenty minutes — changing from red to green to white, in a pulsating pattern — and moving in an arc of three feet at arm's length,' on the night of the episode.

"Also, the 7 mm. Magnum bullet which Higdon says came

out of his gun 'in slow motion' is being rigorously examined by a team of investigators led by Dr. Walter W. Walker, a consultant in metallurgy to APRO of Tucson, Arizona. To the human eye, the bullet looks as if it were 'turned inside out.'

"The Carbon County sheriff's office 'found no scientific explanation for the condition of the shell.' Normally, it was pointed out, the bullet would explode entirely, and would travel too fast for the human eye to see where it eventually fell.

"Higdon's explanation is that he was in some kind of 'force field,' which slowed everything down!

"Dr. Sprinkle subsequently contacted Higdon and asked if he would be willing to undergo hypnosis in order to determine the validity.

"Higdon readily agreed.

"Over a period of four hours, on two separate occasions, Higdon was put into a hypnotic state by Dr. Sprinkle and asked to re-live the episode in front of responsible witnesses.

"In a summary statement of his findings, [see previous article - ED.], the University of Wyoming professor acknowledges that Higdon has been most cooperative in extending the necessary time to have his story cross-examined.

"Says Dr. Sprinkle: 'My impression of Carl Higdon is that he is a man of integrity, with average education but with a keen sense of curiosity about the world

around him; he is an outdoors man, and seems to have developed good skills of estimating size and distance. And although the sighting of a UFO by a single witness often is difficult to evaluate, the indirect evidence supports the tentative conclusion that Carl Higdon is reporting sincerely the events which he experienced.'

"While under hypnosis, Higdon revealed that others besides him have previously been contacted. Higdon even recalled seeing other Earth people while he was on the aliens' planet.

"When asked why the space-beings were travelling over vast light-years to reach the Earth, Higdon said he was told that they needed wild game and fish to use as food.

"Such a statement may offer, at long last, a solution for the disappearance of cattle and other livestock recently being reported across the United States."

COMMENT by Gordon Creighton

I AM very willing to accept that animals - *and humans too* - are vanishing mysteriously, never to be seen again, and need only mention the famous incident in which a UFO swooped down and seized a steer from a ranch in nearby Idaho. This occurred on the week-end of September 8-9, 1956, and an account of it will be found on page 7 of Vol.2, No.6 of FSR (November - December, 1956).

That the whole Universe teems with life, much of it intelligent, I have little doubt, but, as I said once about the capers of some other denizens of Magonia, if these creatures - described by Carl Higdon as "Beings from Outer Space" - then I'm a fully paid-up member of the Vietcong!

Readers will no doubt call to mind many cases that seem to present some of the features of the Higdon affair. Personally those that I have in mind are the recent abduction at Bèbedouro (see FSR Vol.19, No.6) in which the entities also thrust an irksome helmet upon the head of their wretched victim, and the case of the "Salzburg-Mars express" (FSR Vol.13, No.4) which one may feel has something of the same flavour and in which, so far as I recall, while they did not slam a helmet on to their victim, he did have some sort of metallic plate set against his chest.

As for the location of the home of these weird gentry, I suggest that it is becoming more and more evident who and what they may be, and that their habitat could well be none other than planet three of our Solar System.

Naturally they would be delighted if they could persuade us (as they have been trying to do for the past quarter century) that they hail from Cristofix and points beyond. As for me, I say I'm sorry: I don't buy it.

Let them go and tell it to the *Naval Landing-Fighting Forces*, as the Chinese would say.

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