



Part 3: Elk Hunter Meets Non-Human

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*"I really don't know how a seven mag. could shoot 50 feet
and come out lookin' like that! It's just not feasible - not possible!"*

- Carl Higdon, his 1974 abduction while elk hunting

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October 25, 2007 Laramie, Wyoming - On November 2, 1974, Leo Sprinkle, Ph.D., then Prof. of Psychology and Director of the Division of Counseling and Testing at the University of Wyoming in Laramie, Wyoming, first conducted an interview with Carl Higdon in Carl's home, from approximately 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. In his original notes, Dr. Sprinkle wrote, "Those present included Carl and Margery Higdon, their children (Rose Bryson, age 15; Lilly, age 14; Michael, age 12; Lyle, age 11, and several relatives.) Visitors were: Mr. Rick Kenyon, Art Teacher, Rawlins Public Schools; Mr. Robert (Bob) Nantkes, Vocational Rehabilitation Counselor, Riverton."

The goal was to understand more about Carl's encounter with a non-human entity around 4 p.m. after he shot at an elk and saw the 7 mm bullet drop to the ground only about 50 feet from his rifle on October 25, 1974, in the Medicine Bow National Forest.

In the transcription of the interview, the code below indicates the names of persons during the November 2, 1974, interview:

CH = Carl Higdon
MH = Margery Higdon
RK = Rick Kenyon
BN = Bob Nantkes
LS = Leo Sprinkle
Son = Son of Carl Higdon
Rel = Relative of Carl Higdon

Carl Higdon was very puzzled about what happened to his pickup truck. It was found by Carbon County, Wyoming, Sheriff's deputies about three miles from where Carl remembered originally parking it. His wife, Margery, told Dr. Sprinkle that in the hospital after he was found in a confused state, not even knowing who he was, that he told his wife the non-human entity "pointed a gun at it (pickup) and it disappeared."

Dr. Sprinkle sought clarification and said, "So, it was not 'lifted.' It was 'dematerialized.'"

Rick Kenyon and Dr. Sprinkle asked Carl about his memory of seeing elk in the 'cubicle' of the space vehicle. Carl Higdon said the elk were in some kind of cage. Carl said he was sitting in a "big, high-backed bucket seat, like on a sports car. But it was real plush. These elk were behind me. Now, whether they were transported there before I was, and I seen 'em as I entered, or what? But I can't remember there bein' no doors or anything. It would be just like you was dematerialized here, flyin' through there, and set down there. I can't remember no doors bein' in this cubicle."

"RK: Did the elk appear to be normal size?

CH: Yeah, they were just out in the field there. Then (snaps fingers) inside this cubicle. I just can't recall how I seen them in there. But, I'd have to go along with that three people, six feet, and five elk can't fit into a five by seven cubicle and be the same (normal) size (we know). There's no way!

LS: Did you have the impression that these were real live elk?

CH: Yeah, they were alive, as far as I can tell.

Carl talks about running into another man around 4 p.m., October 25, 1974, on top of a hill.

Earthfiles, news category.

CH: I told him I was goin' to walk down the hill. He said, 'You're not drivin'? I said, 'No, I'm goin' to leave my pickup up here 'cause I don't know how the roads are. I'm goin' to check 'em out first before I try to drive down in there.'

And boy, I want to tell you, you go down and look at those roads and there ain't nobody would try to drive a two-wheel pickup down in there! There's just no way!

The last I can remember of the day was talkin' to him (named Eaton) up on the top of the hill and I told him I was goin' to hunt lower. I hadn't seen no elk on the side of that hill and I figured maybe they were down lower, like they were up in Lincoln Park.

So, I walked down over the hill and, of course, the trees and stuff were between five and seven feet apart and down over the crest. There was a clearing down at the bottom and this is where I seen the elk. There was five of 'em. One three-point bull. Naturally we have a license for those and I wanted to get me a bull!

I just raised my gun and shot. I could see the bullet move through the air and it went out about 50 to 60 feet and it just hit somethin' and it stopped. Now at this point, I didn't realize anything was wrong. Then I get to thinkin' back on it now (and realize) there was no sound or nothin', once I topped over the hill. It was just like you was in a void - no birds or nothin'. And I believe the guys (deputies) that come in down there that night said the same thing. They didn't hear no sound, didn't raise any kind of wild life when they went down through there.

I seen this bullet hit and then I heard a branch snap. Naturally I am careful with a gun anyway, but my gun went down then. See, as I turned around, my gun was pointin' towards the ground, other than towards maybe somebody that was standing up there, you see? I've read a lot of articles in books about these guys shootin', you know, and then lookin' later, and I just figured I didn't want to do somethin' like that. So, my gun was down.

When I looked up, here was this guy standin' there. He said, 'How you doin'? And I said, 'Pretty good.' And then he said, 'Are you hungry?' And I told him, 'Yeah, a little.' So, then he threw me this package of pills. There was four of 'em in this package. He told me to take one of them and that it would last me four days. So, I don't know why I did it, but I just tore it open. You know, it as the kind of package you get the two-way cold tablets in? More like Contac (packages). Then I took one.

He asked if I wanted to go with him. And I said, 'I guess.' The next thing that formed in my mind was, 'Well, we're inside this cubicle!' And this is where I'm kind of fuzzy. I don't know whether the elk were already in there when we entered? Or whether ...? But whenever I got in there, I don't remember standing up. The only thing I remember was setting in that chair with my hands like this, in this seat, and then these deals come out from this side, from the right and from the left. They come across my arms and hooked in this side. The same way across my legs. So, my hands were pinned down.

And I noticed the guy's (entity's) hands weren't pinned down. So evidently when they sat down, they were like this until these deals come around the body and then they had their arms free.

Then the next thing I can remember is looking down and there's this big ball, like a basketball, you know? You could see right through the floor of whatever this (aerial) vessel was. And then the lights were, when we landed. I presume we landed. We got into this area where the lights was so bad that I just couldn't stand it! How my hands got up around my face, I don't know, unless we had landed and these deals (arm locks) had released? I just told him (entity) the lights hurt me too bad. I just couldn't take it!

They said, 'Your sun burns us.'

They didn't say, 'Hurts your eyes.' He says, 'Burns us.'

And I can't remember those guys gettin' in the sunlight, whatsoever, unless it would have been on the takeoff, which I can't remember nothin' except lookin' down and seein' this big ball below me, you know? But the lights were all different colors, like they was on a pendulum. Oh, what's that cafe in Seattle, at the World's Fair? It turned, rotated.

LS: Space Needle?

CH: Yeah, but these were about a foot strips of light goin' up this deal - all different colors - and then rotatin', see? And I just couldn't stand the light, so they said they'd take me back.

LS: Not only was it bright, it seemed to actually hurt?

CH: It was just like looking at an arc welder, you know, only the next - well, whenever they got me into town - the lights hurt my eyes. But I didn't have - it wasn't like sandpaper - (not) like your eyes get arc burn. I've had my eyes arc burned before and it wasn't exactly like that. It was more like - if you can call it a soothing burn.

LS: Irritating?

CH: Yeah, irritating burn.

BN: Were you conscious? Or after you got back, were you burned around the eyes?

CH: No, just my eyes. I think somebody, I believe it was Roy (Flemming, Carbon County Sheriff's Deputy), said, 'God, look how red his eyes are!' But it was just the inside. I don't think the outside was so bad. It was just the white part of the eye was just all red.

BN: I've seen it like when you braise something, if you don't have some protection.

CH: No, it wasn't on the outside. It was on the inside of my eye and they watered all the time. I can remember laying there on the hospital emergency room and they had to put this washcloth over my eyes. Then they turned the lights off also. But my eyes - the water just poured out of 'em.

LS: Then what's your next recollection after they said, 'Well, we'll take you back?' Did you have the feeling of going back?

CH: No, I really didn't feel nothin'. When they said, 'Well, we'll take you back,' then the next thing I can remember is walking down this road, if you want to call it that. I would have called it a cow trail! But I was walking down this cow trail and then I seen the pickup settin' there. It didn't dawn on me that it was mine. But I had my gun and this is another thing that was funny. I don't remember takin' the gun with me, but I remember walking by the pickup and havin' the gun in my hand. So, what happened to the gun? I don't know.

Then I walked past the pickup and I looked at the road where just like I told Roy Flemming (Carbon County Sheriff's Deputy) over the radio, 'Anybody that drove a pickup down there had to be nuts!'

LS: Especially at night, huh?

CH: Well, this was in the daytime. Well, no, it was startin' to get dark about that time. But the pickup was already there. So evidently somebody drove it in there in the daytime, if it was drove in there! Just like I told them over the radio, they'd have to be crazy to drive a pickup down there 'cause the ruts were deeper than the wheels. You'd have to 'high-center' comin' down through there. And the trees were close enough to the road to where you almost had to stay in the ditch. And without a four-wheel drive, there's no way you could keep the front end up. You have to have somethin' pullin' in order to hold you up out of 'em. But the part - the gun - that kinda - well, ever once in a while, that kinda bothers me.

LS: How'd that happen?

CH: Yeah, where was the gun when we were in this cubicle? And how did I get it back? And how did I get approximately four or five miles farther east than where I was to start with?

LS: And the time - what time was it? Was it about 4:30 PM in the afternoon when you started hunting?

CH: No. Whenever I started down over this hill, it was just shortly after 4 PM, I'd say, probably 4:15 PM. No later than that, according to this guy that they found out there that I talked to at 4 PM. It couldn't have been over a 15-minute walk away from where I went over this hill.

LS: Yeah, and then the place where the pickup was. Do you remember what time that was? Was it just about dark?

CH: Well, it was about 6:30 PM. It would have had to have been around 6 or 6:15 PM because I'd walked about a mile past the pickup and it was startin' to get dark. I turned around and went back to the pickup, figuring that would be - if I had to stay out there all night, I'd be better off in the pickup than I would out in the cold. So then when I got back to the pickup, I heard this woman talkin' and so I started the pickup up.

Well, I fiddled around there and found the key, which was in the ignition. I wasn't sure where the key switch was in this particular pickup. Just as I told Roy, after talkin' to him, that even if the pickup wasn't stuck, I couldn't drive it anyway 'cause it had this funny-looking stick shift down on the floor! And I very seldom drive an automatic, usually always a four-speed. But at this time, I couldn't remember. The fact is, when I learned how to drive, it was a '35 Ford with a stick shift in the middle, you know? That's normal. But there...

LS: Did you ever figure out what it was that you were hearing when you said you heard a woman talking? Not over the radio?

CH: Yeah, it was over the radio. She was talkin' to, well, at that time, it was a guy by the name of John. And then I cut in on her and asked her if she could help me. I was somewhere down in the woods and I didn't know where I was and *I didn't know who I was*. I asked her two or three times. So, I figured maybe you can't 'send' (radio signal) in that area. Then pretty soon Roy Flemming (Carbon County Sheriff's Deputy) come on the radio. That woman would not talk back to me, but Roy did. Then I rummaged around in the glove box and found out what the pickup number was and told him so they'd know what pickup they were lookin' for.

RK: What time was it when you made radio contact? Do you have any idea?

CH: Well, according to Roy and Margie, it was around 6:30 PM, you know, made radio contact with Riverton.

RK: What time did they get to you?

CH: Oh, somewhere around 11:30 PM to midnight - somewhere in there.

RK: What did you think of in the process?

CH: Well, I didn't have much time to think because they left this woman up in the office there in Riverton and every five minutes or so, she'd call and make sure I was still there. 'Cause they didn't want me gettin' outa the pickup. They thought I'd fell and hurt myself. It was their response when I told 'em, I says, 'No, I ain't - I didn't feel like I fell and hurt myself. My back, my neck, my head hurt me, (but) I still don't believe I fell. Course they ain't nobody else says so either. (laughter) Anyway, the doctor, they took X-rays from about my knees to the top of my head. They didn't find no bruises, no marks.

LS: You said you had a tender spot on the head or back of the neck?

CH: Yeah, right on the top of my head on Sunday night. Last Sunday night there in the hospital, they had to give me some tranquilizers or somethin' so I could go to sleep. Then this guy there in the room said I had a heck of a time goin' to sleep, even with both those pills in me. He said I was tossin' and turnin' most of the night. So, I don't know what I was dreamin'. I don't remember.

LS: Now, as you think back on it now, do things come any different to you in terms of sleeping and dreaming? Do you get any flashes about those things?

CH: No. Just the only thing was the pickup. How did it get down in there? How the gun could shoot a bullet like that? Which I'm not goin' to say because I really don't know how a seven mag. could shoot 50 feet and come out lookin' like that! It's just not feasible - not possible! Unless you were shootin' into a pretty thick steel wall. I'm not too sure that the mag. wouldn't go through just a piece of quarter-inch steel 'cause it'll go all the way through a telephone pole at a hundred yards with no problem.

LS: And there was nothing in the way, no tree or anything like that?



Margery Higdon wrote on back of 1974 photograph she took: "Meadow (where) elk were when Carl shot at (one). (Ink circle marks) where Carl was standing."
 Photograph in 1974 by Margery Higdon.

CH: No trees or nothin'. Well, there's trees there, but you know, they were scattered out, five to seven feet apart. There was just no way that there was a tree or nothin' like that in front of me when I shot.

LS: Could you hear any sound when the bullet ...?

CH: No, it stopped. Funny thing, when the bullet went out, I heard a splat. But I really can't remember the gun goin' off, you know, like maybe...

RK: Was there a spent shell in the chamber?

CH: Yes.

BN: This wasn't one of the rounds that you carried that came out of the gun at that time?

CH: Yeah.

BN: This feels like it's got the ... this was the chamber and it feels like the rings of the lands of the rifle barrel. Feel the rough edge around the top of the case - a little under the chamber.

MH: Is that all of 'em?

BN: Well, it possibly could be just in the manufacturing.

CH: No, these - all these up here's the ones I was carrying in my pocket. These are all out of the same box.

BN: Yeah, that's in the manufacturing, where they crimped it.

RK: Do you have the empty chamber, the empty cylinder that the bullet came out of? Not the bullet itself, but casing. Is this the casing here?

BN: Yeah, that's just the crimping of the bullet.

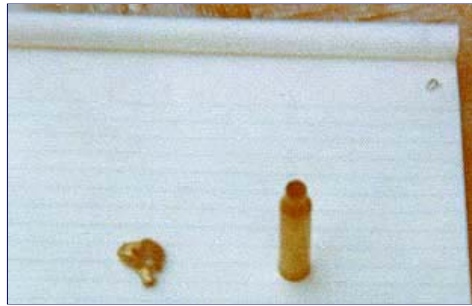
CH: These all came out of the same box. I've been tempted to go out and fire a couple of them and see if they'll move, you know? I'm kinda scared to do it, but all the rest of 'em did 'cause I sighted my gun with 'em.

LS: When did you pick up the bullet?

CH: Now, this I don't remember. I don't remember ever movin' from where I turned around with the gun to talk to this fella (non-human). I don't remember ever movin' from there. But this ended up in the same place that I would put a rock or somethin' that I'd want to keep and bring back to the house, which is in the canteen pouch.



7mm bullet that Carl Higdon saw drop straight down to the ground about 50 feet from where Carl shot his rifle at an elk around 4 p.m., October 25, 1974, 40 miles south of Rawlins, Wyoming, in the Medicine Bow National Forest. Original Polaroid photograph taken in November 1974 by Leo Sprinkle, Ph.D.



Left: Smashed bullet found about 50 feet from where Carl Higdon saw the rifle bullet drop straight down after he fired a shot at elk on October 25, 1974, in Medicine Bow National Forest, south of Rawlins, Wyoming.
Right: Spent rifle cartridge minus bullet. Photograph © 1974 by Carl Higdon.

RK: Was there anything else in the canteen pouch?

MH: I haven't looked. This (empty cartridge and impacted bullet) wasn't really in the pouch. It was just in the folds of the canteen belt.

BN: 'Course on that gun, if you're thinkin' in term of an underload - if it was, it wouldn't have deformed the thing (bullet) to that extent.

CH: I wouldn't think so, either, but traveling 50 or 60 feet, it don't look like it'd be that much damage. I've tried to come up with somethin' that if you walked down the street and told 'em your gun had done this - well, no way! Not in that area because there's no steel (plate) - there's nothin' out there that would cause that (discharged bullet to fall to the ground only 50 feet from rifle and be so bent up). If it (road ruts) wasn't real bad, I'd like to go out there and look again. In my own mind, there's just nothin' there except spruce trees, or whatever you call them white, spindly trees - aspen - and that's all there is there. And that stuff isn't hard enough to do that to a 7 mag. shell that was comin' outa there at 3600 feet per second. But normally, you don't see a bullet when it comes out the end of the barrel!

LS: Yeah, right. You were able to see this (bullet traveling through air) though?

CH: Yeah, well, you know, when you're lookin' down the scope and you pull the trigger and you can see the bullet come outa the end. But I can't remember no real loud bang. That thing sounds like a cannon when you shoot it right next to you. And I can't remember the noise. But I do remember hearing a - well,

you see the bullet go out and splat! Just like that. Then it fell. But I don't remember ever pickin' it up."

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To be continued in **Part 4** - Further conscious discussion details.

More Information:

For further reports about the human abduction syndrome, please see my books and documentaries in the **Earthfiles Shop** and other reports below in the **Earthfiles Archive**:

- 09/16/2007 — Part 5: Military Insiders Comment About Zeta Reticuli and EBENs
- 09/11/2007 — Part 4: Military Insiders Comment About Zeta Reticuli and EBENs
- 09/07/2007 — Part 3: Military Insiders Comment About Zeta Reticuli and EBENs
- 09/05/2007 — Part 2: Military Insiders Comment About Zeta Reticuli and EBENs
- 08/31/2007 — Part 1: Betty and Barney Hill: Captured!
- 08/31/2007 — Part 2: Betty and Barney Hill: Captured!
- 08/30/2007 — Part 1: Military Insiders Comment About Zeta Reticuli and EBENs
- 08/24/2007 — Orange-Red "Fiery" Aerial Spheres
- 08/01/2007 — Part 3, Non-Human Blonds, Greys and Big-Nosed, Cat-Eyed Lizards
- 07/31/2007 — Part 2, Non-Human Blonds, Greys and Big-Nosed, Cat-Eyed Lizards
- 07/26/2007 — Part 1, Non-Human Blonds, Lizards and Big-Nosed, Cat-Eyed Greys
- 07/14/2007 — Schofield Barracks, Oahu, Hawaii - Huge, Lime Green UFO Over Battalion Headquarters
- 05/29/2007 — Final Part 7: Eyewitness Links Animal Mutilations to Non-Humans
- 05/13/2007 — Part 6: Eyewitness Links Animal Mutilations to Non-Humans
- 05/11/2007 — CIA Origin of National Enquirer?
- 05/06/2007 — Part 5: Eyewitness Links Animal Mutilations to Non-Humans
- 05/05/2007 — Part 4: Eyewitness Links Animal Mutilations to Non-Humans
- 04/28/2007 — April 24, 2007 - Part 3: Eyewitness Links Animal Mutilations to Non-Humans.
- 04/19/2007 — Part 2: Eyewitness Links Animal Mutilations to Non-Humans
- 04/18/2007 — Part 1: Eyewitness Links Animal Mutilations to Non-Humans
- 04/20/2007 — 2006 Human Encounter with Translucent Entity
- 12/14/2006 — Abductee Jim Sparks's Encounter with Reptilian Beings: Their Warning and Agenda
- 10/28/2006 — Close UFO Encounter by USAF Eyewitnesses
- 10/11/2006 — Part 2: Time Travel, Insights from USAF Sergeant and UFO Abductee
- 10/08/2006 — Part 1: Time Travel, Insights from USAF Sergeant and UFO Abductee
- 09/29/2006 — Manipulation of Time and Matter by Non-Humans: The Experiences of Jim Sparks
- 09/05/2006 — Part 2: "Alphonso Lorenzo" - Military Visitor to Another Planet?
- 09/04/2006 — Part 1: "Alphonso Lorenzo" - Military Visitor to Another Planet?
- 06/18/2006 — Viewer Letters About NASA Airbrushing Photos; EBENs and Reptilian Humanoids
- 05/12/2006 — An Extraterrestrial School for Humans
- 04/28/2006 — Modern Warfare Applied to Extra-Terrestrial Invasion
- 04/03/2006 — Genetic Harvest in Cimarron, New Mexico?
- 02/23/2006 — Huge Boomerang Craft and Blond Beings
- 02/10/2006 — Crashed Disc Photos, "Ebens," and Area 51 "Anti-Gravity"
- 01/27/2006 — Part 2: Navy Physicist and USAF Geophysicist Discuss UFOs and ETs
- 12/02/2005 — Abduction by Grey ETs in Huge, Black Triangle
- 10/22/2005 — A Lifting Beam Technology in Colorado Human Abduction
- 08/11/2005 — Part 4: Two Men See Cow Mutilated in Light Beam
- 08/03/2005 — Part 3: Two Men See Cow Mutilated in Light Beam
- 07/26/2005 — Part 2: Two Men See Cow Mutilated in Light Beam
- 07/22/2005 — Part 1: Two Men See Cow Mutilated in Light Beam
- 02/04/2005 — Part 2: UFO Crash/Retrievals: Status Report V - Is The Cover-Up Lid Lifting?
- 12/22/2004 — Part 2: "Reasons Why U.S. Government CAN'T Release Truth About UFOs!" with Canadian Researcher, Grant Cameron
- 09/25/2004 — Part 6: "Clearview" Report on the Investigation of UFO Experiences on A Rocky Mountain Ranch
- 09/23/2004 — Part 5: "Clearview" Report on the Investigation of UFO Experiences on A Rocky Mountain Ranch
- 09/19/2004 — Part 4: "Clearview" Report on the Investigation of UFO Experiences on A Rocky Mountain Ranch
- 09/18/2004 — Part 3: "Clearview" Report on the Investigation of UFO Experiences on A Rocky Mountain Ranch
- 09/14/2004 — Part 2: "Clearview" Report on the Investigation of UFO Experiences on A Rocky Mountain Ranch
- 09/13/2004 — Part 1: "Clearview" Report on the Investigation of UFO Experiences on A Rocky Mountain Ranch
- 01/24/2004 — Oregon Man's Experiences with High Strangeness
- 10/28/2003 — Part 2 - U. S. Presidents and UFO Investigations
- 07/02/2003 — Corguinho, Brazil: What "Spinning Force" Created the Football-Shaped Stones?
- 06/21/2003 — Corguinho, Brazil Farmer, Urandir Oliveira, and Attorney Describe Harassments
- 06/13/2003 — Corguinho, Brazil: Only One Bed Sheet
- 06/06/2003 — Part 1 - Scientists Examine Samples from the Corguinho, Brazil Bed Sheet and Pillowcase
- 06/06/2003 — Part 2 - Textiles Expert Examines the Corguinho, Brazil Bed Sheet and Pillowcase
- 06/06/2003 — Part 3 - Infrared and Energy Dispersive Spectroscopy on the Corguinho, Brazil Round Stones
- 06/06/2003 — Part 4 - Geologists Run X-Ray Defractometer on Corguinho, Brazil Stones
- 03/15/2003 — Part 6 - Corguinho, Brazil: Microscopic Images from Body Pattern on Urandir Oliveira's Bed Sheet
- 03/08/2003 — Part 5 - Corguinho, Brazil: Large Light Explodes - Breaks Tree, Kills Calves
- 03/03/2003 — Censorship By Omission and Comments from MUFON's John Schuessler
- 03/01/2003 — Part 4 - Corguinho, Brazil: Chemist and Biophysicist Examine Samples of Urandir Oliveira's Bed Sheet

- 02/26/2003 — Part 3 - Corguinho, Brazil: Return from the Non-Human Craft on September 18, 2002
 - 02/25/2003 — Part 2 - Corguinho, Brazil: Inside the Non-Human Craft from September 15 - 18, 2002
 - 02/22/2003 — Part 1 - Corguinho, Brazil: Farmer Describes His Transport to A Non-Human Craft on September 15, 2002.
 - 12/21/2002 — Part 2 - Corguinho, Brazil: Close Encounters with Tall Red-Haired and Blond-Haired Non-Human Beings
 - 12/19/2002 — Part 1 - Corguinho, Brazil, Alleged Human Abduction and Photos of Body Marks On Bed and Ceiling
 - 04/16/2000 — A Close Encounter with a Disc in Wyoming
 - 10/24/1999 — A U. S. Army Infantryman's Abduction
 - 06/22/1999 — The Strange Story of J-Rod, An EBE
-

Websites:

Majestic 12 Documents: <http://www.majesticdocuments.com>

John E. Mack Institute: <http://www.johnemackinstitute.org/>

Intruders Foundation: <http://www.intrudersfoundation.org/>

OPUS: <http://www.opus-net.org/>

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