mately labeled "schizophrenic" despite "surprisingly good" reality testing?

Using its own poor methods of pursuing the truth, the Condon Committee wrote off the case as a psychological aberration. Additional proof of where their collective heads were at showed up in a little note on Craig's report for the files. He wrote, "the magnetic signature of the police car was determined and will be compared with that of other cars of the same manufacture to see if the magnetic signature has been changed." In the case file, Craig penciled in: "Where is it?" Well, I guess we didn't bother to do the scientific part of the investigation.

With this case as an example, it won't stun you to discover that the project had several other opportunities to respond to CE3 or CE4 reports and decided not to bother. Maybe this attitude was good judgment; then again, maybe not. In the committee's defense, we could suggest that it had hundreds of letters reporting sightings (true) and it could not possibly pursue them all. But someone thought the next three cases were interesting enough that they were retained in the committee's files after all the others were thrown away.

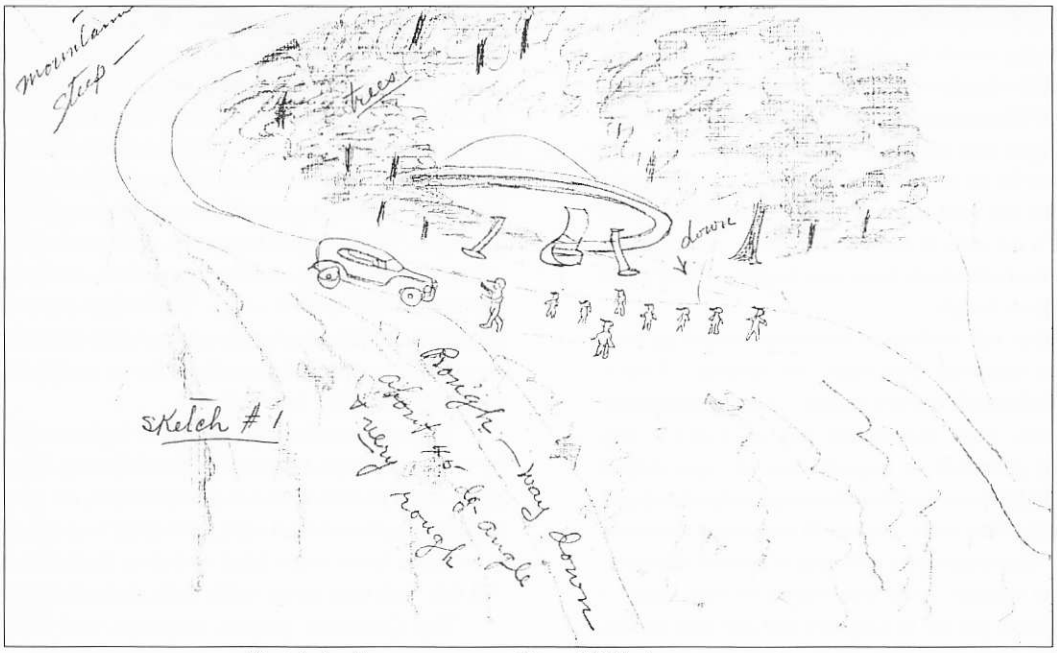
Roadside abduction?

In March 1968, the project received a letter from a woman in Texas who wanted to tell them of her experience and ask for some help in understanding it. She had read *Interrupted Journey,* John Fuller's book about the Hills' encounter, and this had goaded her into writing. She remembered her own encounter clearly and in detail, even though it had occurred over 35 years earlier, and she had been plagued with nervousness and nightmares since. Her doctor had recently told her family that her deteriorating health seemed exacerbated by having something on her mind that was a source of serious stress. She refused to tell them about her experience, however, for fear that her family would have "thought that I'd lost all my marbles."

The experience as she told it in her letter is suspiciously abduction-like. She had several hours of missing time. (In the following narrative, I have corrected the spelling and punctuation, and dropped the repetition in order to let the story flow.)

The experience begins as this young woman was driving in the family car in an isolated hilly area around 10 o'clock in the morning one day in 1930:

> I remember turning a curve on the road and running up to and under the side of a huge "thing" sitting by the road.
>
> I was within a few steps of it, almost under one side of it when I stopped. It was sort of shiny gunmetal color—round and shaped like two dinner plates face-to-face with a dome in the upper top side. It was about 100 feet across, about 15 feet thick. There was a small slender door, and the door chute let down to the ground with steps on the inside of it. The backside of the ship sat on the ground, but the downhill side was braced up with two slender legs with round plates on the ground as feet.
>
> There was one man of normal size; I'd say about 5 feet 10 inches to 6 feet tall and about 165 to 180 lbs. This person came walking in the road to meet me and forced me to stop while he talked to me. Or, *at least I think* he talked, although I did not see his lips move, and he turned his face away and looked down.
>
> While I seemed to hear him speaking, several other persons came walking up behind him—I'd say 8 to 10. I took these persons to be a troop of Boy Scouts, about 8 to 10 years old, average size. However, when near me, I saw that there was a big difference: they looked a bit like Japs or Chinese. They had very large slanted eyes, very large cheekbones, and very thin lips. And they did not look like children but adults. They smiled at me but did not speak. I had to smile back because they were sort of pushing each other around (horseplay), like each one trying to get in front to see better and acting like kids will.
>
> The clothing they wore I at first took to be scout uniforms—tan in color. But when they came up close to me, I saw that there were no pockets, buttons, edges, wrinkles, or pocket flaps. Very clean, neat, and nice. They wore little tight caps cut like baseball caps with little narrow bills. The larger man was dressed the same way. Offhand, the whole bunch seemed like a scoutmaster and his troop of scouts.
>
> We had some little argument. He said: "Lady, you'll have to leave the highway and go around as we have the road blocked here." I said: "What is *that*?" pointing to this thing (saucer). He ignored this question and said, "Never mind, you'll just have to go around. We want the road left clear and open and can't let you through here. You are a wonderful driver and you can make it all right." [The "man" was directing her to drive off the road down into a rocky gully and then up another hillside to rejoin the road some distance away—see witness sketch.]
>
> I still griped and argued and said: "I can't put this big car down through that creek and rocks, it'd tear my car all to pieces, and I could never get out the upper side, and besides you don't own this highway."
>
> But somehow I couldn't help myself, and dazedly drove very slowly and fearfully down into this creek and rough canyon.
>
> I realized that the man was walking right along the side of the car, at my elbow. I felt very safe [then] and was able to make the crossing and was no longer afraid. I wonder why?
>
> This was about 9:30–10 a.m., and it is the last thing I remember until I came to myself walking in on my home porch at about 12 o'clock that night—about 15 miles distant. Where I was, where I went, what happened to me those many hours, I have no idea. Neigh-



Sketch by Texas woman of her 1930 close encounter.

bors had driven along that area during the day, and [later] told my family that they saw my car parked on the hill beyond the canyon. My dad was forming a search party when I came in.

That I was taken aboard this saucer and carried away God Knows Where, I haven't a simple doubt. But, if this did not happen as I remember it, then what did? I want to know—*so badly that I'm sick*. Something did happen—what? I want to know the truth—the whole truth regardless of what it was.

The lady then offered herself for hypnosis and research, but the project ignored her. Condon filed the letter under the category "psychological." Conceivably it was. One thing we do know: The project and Ed Condon couldn't be bothered. And another thing is at least half-true: This is an old and sickly lady asking for some help, but nothing was done. This inaction was a type of sin of omission that reflects badly on Colorado.

Bedroom abduction?

Another abduction account came to the project early in its history. It could not be ignored because the witness was an engineer who owned a business in a local community and who insisted on seeing the committee and telling his tale. He was a repeater witness; his first UFO encounter occurred in 1913, and his CE4 in 1957. His decision to contact Colorado was also (like the lady from Texas) inspired by reading Fuller's book. The description of his case no longer exists in the project summaries, but a letter from the witness to NICAP (with a cc: to Condon) does describe his experience.

You are asleep. You suddenly wake up but are unable to move and are extremely conscious of an all-pervading prickly sensation. You recognize the symptoms because this has happened hundreds of times before. Something is about to happen. WHAT, is uncertain, but you KNOW, consciously as the result of past and precedent-setting experiences, that no longer need you fear the event to take place because at any time subsequent you can instantly terminate the experience at will, should it tend to become too obnoxious or terrifying.

Five dark-complexioned and uniformed individuals are present and gazing down at you. "A preview," one suggests with a smile. The others are silent. You agree, hinting that they can detain you only to the extent you choose. Nods and reassurances. They know it is true. Pajama-clad, you accompany them outside and seemingly zip into a portable medical examination room completely equipped. They switch to white smocks and gather around, two at each side and one at the head, as you are casually strapped down. They converse jovially in a language unknown and not even faintly familiar to you. "Blaze" (a hell of a name, you think secretly) advises you can talk through him. "Fine, what is the purpose?" you ask. He laughs, "Need to examine. Find out condition before flight. There are differences."

He scrapes considerable epidermis off your feet. "Interesting but rather unusual," is your thought, and "didn't realize so much could be scraped off." Conversation. The other individual on your left and one on the right meanwhile examine your abdomen and genitals. Curious. One now holds a six-inch needle poised over your abdomen. "Hey! None of that! It might hurt." Blaze reassures, "Relax; it won't hurt." "Well . . ." doubtfully. He is right, strangely enough. But what a needle!

Assisted by the other on your right, the medic at your