



Near Cannon Mountain the hills got out of their car. Ahead, unknown to them, was a rendezvous with terror . . .

# First, the mystery of two missing hours in the lives of Barney and Betty Hill

speed, and as the car moved past the blackness of the Old Man of the Mountain, the object appeared again, gliding silently, leisurely, parallel to the car.

It was now moving with them.

It appeared to be only a few hundred feet to the right, above the car and it was huge.

Earlier, it had seemed to be spinning; now, it was still, and the former blinking lights gave off a steady glow.

Through the binoculars, Betty saw a double row of windows. It was clearly a structured craft of enormous dimensions—just how large she couldn't

determine because both distance and altitude were hard to judge.

As she watched, a red light came out on the left side of the object, followed by a similar one on the top right.

"Barney," she said, "stop the car and look. You've never seen anything like this."

He looked through the windscreen and could see it plainly now. It was not more than 200ft. up, he thought, and coming closer. The atmosphere was silent, tomblike.

Barney stopped the car at Indian Head, took the binoculars and got out. The motor was still running.

The object was hovering silently in the air, not more than the length of a short city street away, not more than two tree-

tops high. Its full shape was apparent for the first time: that of a large glowing pancake.

"Do you see it? Do you see it?" Betty called. Her voice was rising.

Later, Barney admitted frankly that he was scared, yet he walked a few feet forward and looked again.

As he did so, the object—as wide in diameter as the distance between three telephone poles along the road—swung in a silent arc across, not more than 100ft. from him. The double row of windows were now clear

FOR a reason he cannot yet explain, Barney found himself moving across the road into the field, directly toward the mysterious object.

The great disc was raked on an angle toward him.

Two fin-like projections on either side were sliding out, each with a red light on it. The windows curved around the perimeter of the thick, pancake-like disc, glowing with brilliant white light.

Still—there was no sound.

Shaken, but finding an irresistible impulse to move closer, Barney continued across the field, coming within 50ft. of the craft, as it dropped to the height of a tall tree.

In the car Betty waited. Suddenly she was aware of Barney's disappearance into the blackness of the field. "Barney," she yelled, "Barney, come back! Do you hear me?"

There was no answer.

OUT IN THE FIELD, Barney put the binoculars to his eyes.

Behind the clearly structured windows, he could see at least half a dozen living figures wearing black uniforms.

They seemed to be bracing themselves against the transparent windows as the craft tilted down toward him. They were staring at him.

Betty, now nearly 200ft. away, was screaming at him from the car, but Barney has no recollection of hearing her.

On some inaudible signal, every member of the crew but one stepped back from the window toward a large panel a few feet behind the windowline. The remaining

one appeared to Barney to be a leader.

Through the binoculars, Barney could see appendages in action at what seemed to be a control board behind the windows of the craft.

The craft descended lower, a few feet at a time. As the fins bearing the two red lights spread out further on its sides, an extension began to lower from the underside:

It seemed to be a ladder-like structure, but Barney could not be sure. In terror, he tried to pull the glasses from his eyes, to turn away, but he couldn't. He remembers the eyes of one of the crew who stared down at him. He had never seen eyes like that before.

With every ounce of energy he could summon, he pulled the binoculars from his eyes and ran screaming back across the field to Betty and the car.

He was near hysteria. He jammed the car into first gear, spurted off down the road, shouting that he was sure they were going to be captured.

He ordered Betty to look out the window to see where the craft was. She looked, but the object was nowhere in sight. He yelled that it may have swung above them. Betty checked again, but all she could see was total darkness.

SUDDENLY, they heard a strange, electronic-sounding beeping. The car seemed to vibrate.

It was in irregular rhythm: Beep, beep-beep, beep, beep, and it seemed to come from behind the car, possibly from the boot.

"What's that noise?" Barney asked.

"I don't know," Betty said.

They each began to feel an odd tingling sensation. A kind of daze overcame them.

Sometime later—how long they were not sure—they were again aware of the beeping sound. They were alert now to a more precise pattern of beeps: beep, beep, beep, beep.

As the second set of beeps grew louder their awareness slowly returned. They were still in the car, and the car was moving, with Barney at the wheel.

They were silent, numb and somnambulistic. A

sign indicated that they were in the vicinity of Ashland, some 35 miles south of Indian Head, where the inexplicable beeping had first sounded.

As the daze dissolved, Betty Hill vaguely remembers saying to her husband: "Now do you believe in flying saucers?" And he recalls answering: "Don't be ridiculous. Of course not."

But neither could re-

member much detail, other than this, until they had driven on to Highway U.S. 93. There, Betty suddenly pointed to a sign reading: Concord—17 miles.

"That's where we are, Barney," she said. "Now we know."

Barney, too, remembers his mind clearing fully at this point. But he does not recall being disturbed or concerned about the

thirty-five miles from Indian Head to Ashland, about which he seemed to remember nothing.

It was nearly full daylight when they reached home. Both their watches had stopped, and never ran again. The kitchen clock read shortly after

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