

In my hands, the Saucer

DRIVING through the White Mountains of New Hampshire, USA, on the night of September 9, 1961, Barney and Betty Hill stopped their car to observe a strange light and shape in the sky. Horrified, they recognised it as a flying saucer.

They both felt a tingling sensation and went into a daze. When they came round they were 35 miles away—and two hours had passed they could not account for. There were after-effects: a pain in Barney's groin, and radio-active spots on the car.

Worried and embarrassed, they eventually told authorities of their experience and were referred to a Boston psychiatrist, Dr. Benjamin Simon, during the war chief of neuropsychiatry at a US Army psychiatric centre.

Under hypnosis, Barney told of being taken aboard the saucer and examined by its alien crew. His answers to Dr. Simon's probings were tape-recorded.

Now it was Betty's turn to be taken back to relive those two lost hours . . .

WITHIN the first moments of her trance, Betty told a story that was remarkably similar to the one Dr. Simon had heard from her husband.

After she and Barney made a number of stops in an attempt to observe the object more clearly, she said, they reached a point in the road where she saw "men standing in the highway . . . and these men started to come up to the car.

"They came in two groups. . . . At that point, a kind of daze" overcame her.

The men took them both from the car, she said. . . . And I turn around, and I say: Barney! Wake up! . . . And he doesn't pay any attention. He keeps walking."

One of the men walking beside Betty said: "Don't be afraid. We're not going to harm you."

DOCTOR: These men spoke good English?

BETTY: Only one spoke. . . . He had sort of a foreign accent. . . . We kept walking, and we came to a clearing. . . .

The object was on the ground. . . . I think it was the same one I had been watching in the sky. . . .

And they're taking me up to the object. I didn't want to go on it.

The man beside me says

to go on. . . . So he and one of the others each take my arms.

I GO inside, and we go up a corridor into a room . . . I turn around, and I'm waiting for them to bring Barney in.

But they lead Barney right past the door where I'm standing.

I say: What are you doing with Barney? Bring him in here.

And the man says: No, we only have equipment enough in one room to do one person at a time. And if we took you both in the same room, it would take too long.

Another man comes in. . . . I think he's the doctor.

They push up the sleeve of my dress, and they look at my arm. . . . they have a machine, something like a microscope, only a microscope with a big lens. I have an idea they are taking a picture of my skin.

Then they take something like a letter-opener

—only it isn't—and they scrape my arm.

You know how your skin gets, dry and flaky sometimes, like little particles of skin? Well, they take a piece of Cellophane or plastic or something like that, and they scrape and put the flakes on this plastic.

The examiner opens my eyes and looks into them with a light, and he opens my mouth, and he looks in my throat and at my teeth and in my ears.

Then he takes like a . . . oh, a swab . . . and he puts it in my left ear and he puts this on another piece of plastic material. . . . they also pull out a couple of strands of my hair.

He takes something and he goes underneath my fingernail, and then he cuts off a piece of nail. Then the examiner tells me to take off my dress. I slip my dress off and lie down on the table on my back, and he brings over this. . . . oh, how can I describe it?

They're like needles, a whole cluster of needles, and each needle has a wire going from it. They touch me with the needles. . . . It doesn't hurt at all.

He puts it on my knee, and my leg jumps. And then on my foot. He does it around my ankle. And then they have me roll over on my stomach and they touch me all along my back. . . .

Then they roll me over on my back and the examiner has a long needle in his hand. . . .

And I ask him what he's going to do with it. . . . and he says he just

wants to put it in my navel. It's just a simple test.

And I tell him, no, it will hurt, don't do it, don't do it. And I'm crying, and I'm telling him: It's hurting, it's hurting, take it out, take it out!

And the leader comes over and he puts his hands, rubs his hand in front of my eyes, and he says it will be all right, I won't feel it. . . . The pain goes away. But I'm sore from where they put that needle.

DOCTOR: Did they make any sexual advances to you?

BETTY: No. . . . I asked the leader, I said: Why did they put that needle into my navel? And he said it was a pregnancy test.

I said: I don't know what they expected, but that was no pregnancy test. And he didn't say any more.

DOCTOR: All right. We'll stop here now.

THE HILLS returned to the office for Betty's second session on March 14, 1964.

BETTY: I put my dress on. And I was going to zip it up. And he took hold of the zipper and zipped it up.

And then—oh I said: I can go now? I can go back to the car?

And he said: Barney isn't ready yet. . . . He said that they were doing a few more tests with him, but he'd be right along in a minute. . . .

I started talking with the leader.

And I said to him that this had been quite an experience. . . . That no one would ever, ever believe me. . . . And that what I needed was some proof that this had really happened.

He laughed and said what kind of proof did I want? . . . And I said well, if he could give me something to take back with me then people would believe it.

And so he told me to look around and maybe I

KIDNAPPERS FROM OUTER SPACE

by John G. Fuller

THE UNIVERSITY of Colorado has been given £140,000 by the US Air Force to make a major investigation into flying saucers. This follows mounting pressure from the public and Congress. Now more than 100 scientists will study the evidence. Their report is expected early in 1968.