



BETTY HILL . . . she screamed a warning to her husband.



BARNEY HILL . . . he seemed unable to hear the screaming.

THE MOST fantastic flying saucer story of all time has only just been brought to light—a story that baffles even the scientists. It involves an ordinary American couple WHO SAY THEY WERE KIDNAPPED BY CREATURES FROM OUTER SPACE.

The story started when Barney Hill, a middle-class American worker, and his wife Betty thought they had encountered a flying saucer—but were too embarrassed and ashamed to talk about it. But they were plagued by a nagging feeling that “something more had occurred”—something they could not completely recall.

It was only under deep medical hypnosis that they relived, in horrifying detail, the extraordinary and terrifying adventure of their kidnapping.

Nonsense—or fact?  
JUDGE FOR YOURSELF . . .

ON September 19, 1961, Barney Hill and his wife Betty began a night drive from the Canadian border down Highway US3, through the White Mountains, on their way home to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, after a short holiday.

Just after ten, their car was winding along the flat ground of the Connecticut River Valley. Betty enjoyed watching the brilliance of the moon reflecting on the valley and the mountains in the distance.

To the left of the moon, and slightly below it, she noticed a particularly bright star.

Perhaps it was a planet, she thought, because of its steady glow.

Just south of Lancaster, she became intrigued by another star or planet, a bigger one, which had suddenly risen above the other. As she watched, the new celestial glow appeared to be getting bigger.

For a while, she said nothing to her husband. Finally, when the strange light grew brighter, she nudged Barney. He slowed the car and looked out of the right-hand side of the windscreen.

“When I looked at it first,” Barney Hill said later, “it didn’t seem anything particularly unusual, except that we were fortunate enough to see a satellite.

“It had no doubt gone off its course, and it seemed to be going along the curvature of the earth. It was quite a distance out . . . it looked like a star in motion.”

They drove on, glancing frequently at the bright object, finding it difficult to tell if the light itself were moving, or if the motion of the car were making it seem to move.

It would disappear behind trees, or a mountain-top, then reappear as it cleared the obstruction.

Delsey, the Hills’ dachshund, became restless, and Betty suggested they should walk her. At the same time, they could get a better look at the bright object.

Barney pulled the car to the side of the road, where there was reasonably unobstructed visibility.

Betty walked Delsey along the side of the

road. She was now sure that the star, or light, or whatever it was, was moving. When Barney joined her, she handed Delsey’s leash to him, went back to the car and returned with a pair of binoculars.

Barney was convinced that they were observing a straying satellite.

After a few minutes, they resumed their journey. The object continued its unpredictable movement. The Hills stopped briefly several times.

At one of the stops, a few miles north of Cannon Mountain, Betty said: “Barney, if you think that’s a satellite, or a star, you’re being absolutely ridiculous.”

AROUND eleven o’clock, they approached the enormous and sombre silhouette of Cannon Mountain. The Hills got out of the car.

“It’s got to be a plane,” Barney said. “A commercial liner.”

“With a crazy course like that?” Betty asked, following him with Delsey.

“Then it’s a Piper Cub. With some hunters who might be lost.”

“It’s not the hunting season,” Betty said, as Barney took the binoculars from her. “And I don’t hear a sound.” Neither did Barney.

“It might be a helicopter,” he said as he looked through the binoculars. He was sure that it wasn’t, but was reaching for any kind of explanation that would make sense.

“The wind might be carrying the sound in the

other direction,” he said. “There is no wind, Barney,” replied Betty.

Through the binoculars, Barney now made out a shape like the fuselage of a plane, although he could see no wings. He also saw a series of lights along the fuselage, blinking in a pattern.

When Betty took the glasses, the object passed in front of the moon in silhouette. It seemed to be flashing thin pencils of different coloured lights.

The object itself appeared cigar-shaped to her. It had increased its speed, then slowed down again as it crossed the face of the moon. The lights were flashing persistently, red, amber, green and blue.

Betty turned to her husband and asked him to take another look.

“It’s got to be a plane,” Barney insisted. “Maybe a military plane. A search plane. Maybe it’s a plane that’s lost.”

Betty gave the binoculars to Barney and took Delsey back to the car.

FOR THE first time, Barney felt that he was being observed, that the object was actually attempting to circle them.

Getting back into the car, he told Betty that he felt the craft had seen them, and was playing games with them.

They drove slowly on toward Cannon Mountain, catching glimpses of the object as it moved erratically in the sky.

As they approached the base of the mountain, the object suddenly swung behind the dark silhouette of trees and disappeared.

Barney increased his

by  
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