

ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER

The adventures of two "kidnapped" humans

Nightmares and crippling anxiety drove Betty and Barney Hill to the office of Dr. Benjamin Simon, the distinguished Boston psychiatrist and neurologist. During World War II, Dr. Simon was Chief of Neuropsychiatry and Executive Officer at Mason General Hospital, the Army's chief psychiatric center. He had extensive experience and remarkable success with hypnosis in the treatment of many psychiatric disorders among military personnel.

The Hills were deeply disturbed by the haunting memory of an incident that occurred several years before, outside the village of Lancaster, N.H. They were plagued by a nagging feeling that "something more" they could not recall had occurred. Fearing ridicule and scorn, they had kept their experience relatively secret until the strain began to affect them physically and emotionally.

Dr. Simon accepted them as patients. During the months that followed, the Hills began—under individual psychotherapy, including periods of time regression under hypnosis—to relive their "adventure," which proved more terrifying than either of them consciously recalled. Their words were recorded on tape, and their words are transcribed here, with some of Dr. Simon's analysis and comment.

A Boston newspaper, in a series of articles, had disclosed Dr. Simon's participation in the Hills' case. The doctor says, "I never saw the reporter, refused to be interviewed by him, or to discuss the case with him, which he acknowledged in the articles. Nevertheless, I felt that mentioning me in these articles could cause me to become identified with certain statements and conclusions by the reporter about the Hills' experiences, with which I strongly disagree." The Hills, who had also refused to be interviewed, were "considerably distressed by the articles" and asked Dr. Simon to release the tapes to John G. Fuller so that an authentic version of their story might be told.

"I decided," says Dr. Simon, "that the emotional health of the Hills would best be served by releasing the tapes, provided I would have complete approval of their use and of any medical data: an insurance that the records would be used accurately and not detrimentally to my patients."

Some readers will find the Hills' account incredible. Others will find the story vivid and persuasive. Neither Dr. Simon nor Mr. and Mrs. Hill will state that their "adventure" cannot be

challenged; but neither has Dr. Simon an incontrovertible assessment to discredit the Hills' alleged "abduction."

After seven months of psychotherapy and hypnosis, Dr. Simon, who began by doubting the possibility of their claims, now comments:

"Some aspects of the experience are unanswered, and, perhaps, unanswerable at this time. Nothing is finally settled. Nothing is absolutely proved to me regarding the alleged 'abduction.'" He also points out that "neither patient is psychotic, and both consciously and under hypnosis told what they believed to be absolute truth. The charisma of hypnosis has tended to foster the belief that it is the magical road to Truth. In one sense, this is so, but it must be understood that hypnosis is a pathway to the truth as it is felt and understood by the patient. The truth is what he believes to be the truth, and this may not be consonant with the ultimate and non-personal truth. Most frequently it is."

On the following pages, LOOK presents a condensation of John G. Fuller's forthcoming book *The Interrupted Journey*, an extraordinary human document.

THE EDITORS

BY JOHN G. FULLER

ON SEPTEMBER 19, 1961, Barney Hill and his wife Betty began a night drive from the Canadian border down U.S. 3, through the White Mountains, on their way home to Portsmouth, N.H., after a short vacation.

Just after ten, their car was winding along the flat ground of the upper 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, who slowed the car and looked out the right-hand side of the windshield.

"When I looked at it first," Barney Hill later said, "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 at the bright object frequently, finding it difficult to tell if the light itself were moving, or if the movement of the car were making it seem to move. It would disappear behind trees, or a mountaintop, 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 the light, or whatever it was, was definitely 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 still convinced that they were observing a straying satellite.

After a few minutes, they resumed their

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Barney pulled the binoculars from his eyes, and ran screaming back across the field to Betty.

FLYING SAUCERS *continued*

Air Force lethargy?

The National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP) is a nonprofit organization incorporated in the District of Columbia. Its main purposes are scientific investigation and research of reported unidentified flying objects, and encouragement of full reporting to the public by responsible authorities of all information that the Government has accumulated on this subject.

The U.S. Air Force is charged with the official investigation of UFOs. NICAP contends that the Air Force has practiced a questionable degree of secrecy, keeping the public in the dark about the amount and possible significance of evidence it has been given.

There have been thousands of sightings throughout the world by Air Force pilots, navigators; by military personnel in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps; by commercial pilots, aviation experts and private citizens. One of the many current myths about UFOs is that no trained observers have reported seeing them. Skeptics ask: "If UFOs are real, why haven't astronomers seen them?" They have, on many occasions. But a significant number of scientists have told NICAP privately that it would be professional suicide for them to discuss the subject openly.

FROM NICAP REPORT. BY PERMISSION.

Dr. J. Allen Hynek, chairman of the Department of Astronomy of Northwestern University, has no connection whatsoever with NICAP. He was in charge of the optical satellite tracking program of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, Cambridge, Mass. For 18 years, he has been scientific consultant to the Air Force on UFOs and has screened over 10,000 cases in their files, investigating many of them personally.

"UFOs demand serious and immediate scientific attention," he told a meeting of scientists recently. "The myth is *not* put to rest, and the scientific fraternity must now take cognizance of them. We can no longer dismiss the subject. When I started to investigate this phenomenon in 1948, I thought the whole thing would go up in smoke. It has taken till now for *serious scientists* to begin to look at the phenomenon with care and caution."

In August, the Air Force said it hoped to contract with a leading university to undertake a program of intensive investigation of certain UFO reports. Teams would include at least one scientist familiar with atmospheric physics, and a psychologist with clinical experience. The initial budget would be \$300,000 to cover an 18-month period.

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."

"It's a commercial plane," Barney now concluded. "Probably on its way to Canada."

Around 12 o'clock, they approached the enormous and somber silhouette of Cannon Mountain. Barney parked the car in a picnic area that commanded a wide view to the west. He looked again at the strange moving light and noted that it swung suddenly from its northern flight pattern, turned to the west, then completed its turn and headed back directly toward them. 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."

"There is no wind, Barney."

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 an alternating 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 colored 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."

He was irritated by Betty's refusal to accept any natural explanation. Several years earlier, Betty's sister and family had told about seeing an unidentified flying object in Kingston, N.H., and Betty tended to believe the story. Barney resisted the idea that such objects existed.

The dachshund was whining and cowed. Betty gave the binoculars to Barney and took Delsey back to the car. Barney focused the glasses on the object and strained to hear a sound: the throb of a propeller-driven plane or the whir of a jet. He heard none. For the first time, he felt *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 speed, and as the car moved past the blackness of the Old Man of the Mountains, the object appeared again, gliding silently, leisurely, parallel to the car. It appeared to be only a few hundred feet to the right, above the car. Earlier, it had seemed to be spinning; now, it was still, and the former blinking, multicolored lights gave off a steady, white 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 right.

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

He looked through the windshield and could see it plainly now. It was not more than 200 feet in the air, he thought, and coming closer.

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 a short city block away, not more than two treetops 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 the road, not more than a hundred feet from him. The double row of windows was now clear.

For a reason he cannot yet explain, Barney found himself moving across the road into the field, then across the field, directly toward the mysterious object. The enormous disc was raked on an angle toward him. Two finlike 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.

What is a humanoid?

The term is anthropological, indicating a creature with some, but not all, of the facial and physical characteristics of human beings as we know them. Barney Hill, who was "abducted" by humanoids and taken aboard their flying ship, remembers that, "The men had rather odd-shaped heads, with a large cranium, diminishing in size as it got toward the chin. And the eyes continued around to the sides of their heads, so that it appeared that they could see several degrees beyond the lateral extent of our vision. And something that I remembered, after listening to the tapes, is

the mouth itself. I could not describe the mouth. But it was much like when you draw one horizontal line, with a short perpendicular line on each end. This horizontal line would represent the lips without the muscle that we have. And it would part slightly as they made this mumumumming sound. The texture of the skin, as I remember it from this quick glance, was grayish, almost metallic looking. I didn't notice any hair—or any headgear either for that matter. Also, I didn't notice any nose, there just seemed to be two slits that represented the nostrils."

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

In the car, Betty waited. Suddenly, she became aware of Barney's disappearance into the blackness of the field. "Barney," she yelled. "Barney, come back! Barney! 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 directly at him.

Betty, now nearly 200 feet 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 the sides of the craft, an extension began to lower from the underside. It seemed to be a ladderlike 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 the one crew member 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, 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 with it. It was in irregular rhythm: beep, beep—beep, beep, beep, and it seemed to come from behind the car, possibly from the trunk.

"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 somnambulist. 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 remember much detail, other than this, until they had driven on to Route 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 35 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 five a.m. They had expected to reach home by three. Two hours of their lives were unaccounted for—yet neither seemed aware of the loss at this time until it was pointed out to them months later.

Barney unloaded the car. Picking up the binoculars, he found that the leather strap that had been around his neck the night before was freshly and cleanly broken in half.

During the silent drive, both Betty and Barney had looked to the sky at regular intervals, wondering if the strange object would appear

again. Even after they went into the house, they found themselves occasionally drifting to the windows to look up into the morning brightness.

Also, inexplicably, each had a strange, clammy feeling. Barney went into the bathroom to examine his groin and lower abdomen, which seemed to bother him. After he came out, they reviewed what had happened and resolved not to discuss it with anyone.

Nearly three that afternoon, when they awoke, Barney again began reviewing the experience of the night before. He was baffled and confused by the total lack of sound during the extended encounter. The figures he had seen aboard the craft he shunted quickly out of his mind. He did not want to think about them.

As Betty awakened, one of her first acts, why she never fully knew, was to take the dress and shoes she had worn during the experience and pack them in the back of her closet. She has never worn them since.

Barney went over to the clothes he had worn the night before and was surprised to discover that his best shoes were scuffed along the tops. He wondered why only the *tops* were scarred. He concluded that somewhere in that field he had dragged the tops of his shoes along some rocks.

CHAPTER 2

A talk with a skeptical investigator

THE HILLS' RESOLUTION to keep the experience quiet began to waver during their afternoon breakfast session. Betty telephoned her sister, Janet Miller, and told her the story. Janet, who had no reservations about the possibility of a UFO sighting because of her own earlier experience, confirmed Betty's feeling that the car might have in some way been exposed to radiation if the object had hovered directly over it. Janet reminded Betty that a neighbor of theirs in Kingston was a physicist, and said she would check with him. In a few moments, Janet was back on the phone to tell Betty that the physicist said any ordinary compass might show evidence of radiation.

Barney's skepticism stiffened, but he finally relented and got the compass for his wife. She went outside and ran the compass along the sides of the car. The needle did not react to any appreciable extent, but as she drew near the trunk of the car, her attention was drawn to a dozen or more shiny circles scattered on the trunk's surface. Each was about the size of a silver dollar. They looked as though they had been buffed on through a circular stencil.

Carefully, Betty placed the compass on one of the spots. The needle immediately reacted sharply. She then moved the compass on the side of the car, where none of the shiny spots appeared. The needle reacted normally. She shifted the compass back to the shiny spots. The needle jumped out of control. She ran back to the house.

"Barney," she said, "you've got to come outside and look at this with me." Barney reluctantly agreed to take a look while Betty called her sister to report her "findings." Janet had talked to the former chief of police of Newton, N.H. He had suggested that the Hills notify the Pease Air

Force Base at Portsmouth, a Strategic Air Command installation.

"How did the compass act for you?" Betty asked, when Barney returned.

"Just like any compass," he said. "Oh, it might have jumped around a little when it got near the tire in the trunk. Things like that."

"What about the shiny spots?" Betty asked. "Did you see those?"

"Yes," said Barney.

"Well, what about them?"

"Oh, probably something dropped on the trunk."

Betty called the Air Police at the base and gave an officer the facts in bare outline. When she mentioned the fins, which apparently separated at the sides of the craft, with the two red lights on either side, the officer suddenly seemed more interested. When she explained that her husband had a better look at this part of the craft than she, the officer asked to speak with Barney.

Barney avoided mentioning the figures he had observed on the craft, or the shiny spots on the car. But the phone call was reassuring. From the discussion with the officer, he learned of other reports, some similar to his, and he no longer felt so concerned about the possibility of being considered irrational.

Still struggling to find some correlation between fantasy and fact, Barney suggested to Betty that they each draw a sketch of their impressions of the object. Sitting in separate rooms, they roughed out two sketches. When the sketches were compared, they were remarkably similar.

Some ten days after the sighting, Betty began having a series of nightmares. They dominated

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nated her waking life during that week and continued to plague her with anxiety afterward. But the dreams themselves stopped abruptly after five days and never returned. Years later, under Dr. Simon's hypnosis, she recalled in detail:

She had dreamt she had encountered a strange roadblock on a lonely New Hampshire road. A group of men approached the car, and as soon as they reached it, she found herself slipping into unconsciousness. She awoke to find herself and Barney being taken aboard a wholly strange craft, where she was given a complete physical examination by intelligent, humanoid beings. Barney was taken off down a corridor, apparently for the same purpose. They were assured that no harm would come to them, and that they would be released without any conscious memory of the strange happening. At that point, the dreams ended.

A few weeks after the nightmares ended, another disturbing incident occurred. The Hills were driving through the countryside, on a road in a sparsely populated area. Up ahead, a car partially blocked the road. A group of people were standing outside the car, and Barney began to slow down. Betty felt a sudden, cold wave of fear. She could not explain it. "Barney," she begged, "Barney—keep going. Please don't slow down! Keep going, keep going!" She started to open the car door, feeling an almost uncontrollable impulse to jump out of the car and run.

Without questioning, Barney drove the car as fast as was practicable. Betty's panic subsided, and she recovered her composure. She could not explain her panic.

On October 19, 1961, Walter Webb, lecturer on the staff of the Hayden Planetarium in Boston, received a letter from Richard Hill, now assistant director of the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena in Washington. Webb, a scientific adviser to NICAP, occasionally investigated the more serious and puzzling UFO reports in the New England area. Hill's letter included a copy of a letter Betty Hill had written him. He suggested that Webb might want to investigate the Hill case.

Webb was not impressed because the case involved a report of the movement of beings on a craft. He was extremely skeptical of this type of sighting. There had been a rash of similar "sightings" in the past from highly irresponsible people, none of whom had provided any kind of rational documentation.

Webb drove to Portsmouth on October 21, 1961, with his skeptical attitude unchanged. He thought it was possible that the Hills might be seeking publicity, perpetrating a hoax or suffering from a mental aberration.

His interview with the Hills began shortly after noon and continued with only occasional interruptions until after eight that evening. "I was so amazed, impressed by both the Hills and their accounts," Webb said later, "that we skipped lunch and went right through the afternoon and early evening. During that time, I cross-examined them together, separately, together, questioned them again and again. I tried to make them slip up somewhere, and I couldn't; I simply couldn't. There was an iron-clad story."

At the close of the session, Webb suggested

to the Hills that they actually drive back over the trip step by step, to try to pin down the exact spots where the varied events happened. They agreed.

Five days later, Webb prepared his report for NICAP. He reviewed the incident in the minutest detail, including compass directions, position of the moon and planets, weather and detailed description of the object, including the sketches the Hills had given him. He concluded his lengthy report: "It is the opinion of this investigator, after questioning these people for over six hours and studying their reactions and personalities during that time, that they were telling the truth, and the incident occurred exactly as reported except for some minor uncertainties and technicalities that must be tolerated in any such observation where human judgment is involved (i.e., exact time and length of visibility, apparent sizes of object and occupants, distance and height of object, etc.). Although their occupations do not especially qualify the witnesses as trained scientific observers, I was impressed by their intelligence, apparent honesty and obvious desire to get at the facts and to underplay the more sensational aspects of the sighting."

It wasn't until after the holidays that the Hills thought about the suggestion of returning to the scene of the encounter. In February of 1962, a series of pilgrimages began that were to continue over many months, in all seasons. They would drive along Route 3 and along several back roads branching off the main road. They bickered about where they might have traveled or on which of the byways off Route 3 they might have made a turn. Nor could they account for the inordinate length of time it took them to reach Portsmouth the night of the incident.

The trips were fruitless. Always, the same curtain of darkness descended for Barney after the critical moment at Indian Head. Always, the same veil of darkness obscured Betty's memory after she heard the strange series of beeps as they drove frantically away from Indian Head, with Barney, apparently in great emotional distress, at

the wheel. Always, there was the blank between Indian Head and Ashland.

Barney's daily commuting drive from Portsmouth to his job in Boston, his night work schedule, the gnawing doubts about the Indian Head experience, the discomfort of an ulcer all began to take their toll. His condition was further complicated by the recurrence of elevated blood pressure. Then, another disturbing symptom appeared, contributing to his general distress. In January of 1962, a series of warts developed in an almost geometrically perfect circular ring in the area of his groin.

By the summer of 1962, Barney's exhaustion and general physical illness prompted him to seek medical aid for his overall condition, entirely aside from the traumatic experience in the White Mountains. The physician treated him for elevated blood pressure and ulcers and finally recommended the possible need for psychiatric assistance. Barney agreed, and a long process of therapy began during the summer of 1962, under Dr. Duncan Stephens, of Exeter, N.H.

At first, the incident at Indian Head was ignored altogether by Barney. Later, he discussed it with Dr. Stephens, but did not emphasize it. He felt it was at most only a minor cause of his anxiety. He concentrated on his personal emotional and social problems.

Dr. Stephens indicated to Barney that there were many unusual and interesting facets to his case, including the circumstances of Barney's interracial marriage. During the therapy, Barney became more and more aware of the subconscious conflicts and problems arising from his being a Negro, a member of a minority race.

(All through his family background there was a record of interracial relationships. His great-grandmother was the daughter of a white plantation owner. She was raised in the owner's house and cared for by his sisters, even though she was legally a slave. When she married, the plantation owner gave her and her husband 250 acres of land, to be handed down to their children.)

CHAPTER 3

What happened that September night?

FOR A FULL YEAR, Barney continued with Dr. Stephens. One day, during a discussion of hypnosis, Dr. Stephens indicated to Barney that simultaneous hallucination and simultaneous amnesia were highly unlikely, although there is a rare psychological phenomenon known as *folie à deux*, wherein two people develop a psychotic condition in which their beliefs and delusions are similar. This seemed unlikely in the case of Barney and Betty Hill's experience, since most of the conditions for this phenomenon did not seem to be present in the Hills' day-to-day relationships as husband and wife. But Dr. Stephens suggested that it would be advisable at this point to have the opinion of Dr. Benjamin Simon, the eminent Boston psychiatrist and neurologist.

Dr. Simon is a graduate of Stanford University and the Washington University School of Medicine. During his psychiatric and neurological training, he developed proficiency in tech-

niques and procedures of hypnosis. In World War II, he found it a remarkably useful adjunct in the treatment of military psychiatric disorders, first as consultant psychiatrist to the General Dispensary in New York, later on a more extensive scale as Chief of Neuropsychiatry and Executive Officer at Mason General Hospital, the Army's chief psychiatric center in World War II. When John Huston directed his outstanding motion-picture documentary on psychiatric treatment, *Let There Be Light*, at Mason General Hospital, Colonel Simon served as adviser and personally did the scenes involving hypnosis and narcosynthesis.

After leaving military service in 1946, Dr. Simon maintained his interest in these special procedures, though their place in civilian psychiatric practice is much more restricted.

On December 14, 1963, Mr. Barney Hill, accompanied by his wife, arrived to keep his appointment for consultation. At Mr. Hill's request,

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the doctor saw the couple together and soon realized that *both* needed help. They had brought with them a copy of the NICAP report written by Walter Webb.

Dr. Simon's attitude toward the subject of UFOs was neutral. He was willing to accept whatever authoritative sources said about it.

At the close of the session, Dr. Simon decided that one of his objectives was to open up the amnesia, if this was what the condition turned out to be. This symptom usually responds particularly well to hypnosis.

He planned to begin the therapy with an attempt to penetrate the amnesia, through hypnosis, and to proceed from there as indicated by developments. Dr. Simon also decided to tape-record the therapeutic sessions, to preserve an accurate record and to have the tape available for probable later use in bringing the material into the consciousness of the Hills under controlled conditions.

Barney's and Betty's knowledge of hypnosis was fragmentary. Dr. Simon explained that the Hills would be brought into a condition somewhat akin to sleep, although not identical to it.

In a lecture some years before to The New York Academy of Medicine, Dr. Simon discussed hypnosis and its function in medical and psychiatric practice:

"Who can hypnotize? Who can be hypnotized?" Dr. Simon asked in the lecture. "Any intelligent adult with appropriate knowledge of technique can hypnotize.... Psychotic individuals and the mentally retarded are very resistant to hypnosis. Most of these cannot be hypnotized....

"Will plays no part whatever in hypnosis, and the belief that hypnotizability is a manifestation of a weak will is false....

"Hypnosis has gone through many periods of enthusiastic acceptance and then ensuing rejection, as have some of our 'modern trends' in psychiatry. There is no doubt that these symptoms (those removed by hypnosis) tend to recur or to be replaced by more distressing symptoms, unless the underlying emotional conflict (of which the symptoms are manifestations) is resolved. Unless the physician can be sure that he will be able to continue treatment of the patient after the removal of the symptoms, the symptoms should not be removed by hypnosis....

"Many question whether a forcible breakthrough of resistance (such as that which is provided by hypnosis) is a desirable approach. In a variety of conditions, hysterical, psychosomatic and others, hypnosis may help to shorten the time of therapy by facilitating the approach to unconscious conflicts.... Hypnosis has dangers, and yet it is not dangerous. The essential dangers lie in its use by those not bound by a professional code of ethics and who are not adequately trained."

As the Hills were to discover, they were in cautious, medically conservative hands. They were to run into a stiff test of whatever beliefs they now had as a result of their experience at Indian Head.

At eight in the morning, on Saturday, January 4, 1964, the Hills arrived at the doctor's office for the first of three sessions in which the doctor would repeatedly induce hypnosis as a conditioning process.

They responded well. The doctor was satisfied that they could attain the depth of trance desired. In exploring the amnesia, both the doctor

and the patients would be going up a blind alley, and the reinforcement of the hypnosis would make it possible to maintain firm control in the face of possible emotional disturbances.

Barney's nervousness increased somewhat as he prepared to undergo hypnosis for the first time. Dr. Simon placed him by the large desk in the office, his hands at his sides, and stood near him, in front of the desk and just in front of a comfortable chair.

"Dr. Simon began talking to me," Barney recalls, "telling me that I was relaxing, and he had me clasp my hands together, and that they would be tight, tight, very tight, that I couldn't open them no matter how hard I tried. And I was standing there, feeling very, very foolish, because I thought if this is hypnosis, there is nothing to it. I'm just humoring the man. I didn't want to hurt his feelings. I think he stopped and placed his hands over my eyes so that they would close. I said to myself that I wasn't really hypnotized, and when he told me that I couldn't pull my hands apart, I knew that all I had to do was open my fingers and I could do it. But I just didn't feel like opening my fingers. I didn't even feel I was asleep, but then I was aware that he was waking me up, and asked me how I felt. And I felt very, very good, very calm and comfortable. And I no longer had any fear of hypnosis."

The opening up of amnesia requires the use of time regression, wherein the patient's memory becomes vivid and exact, where details long forgotten to the conscious mind emerge sharply. It is not unusual for a person in hypnosis to recall the names and color of the eyes of everyone at his fifth birthday party if so requested. There is also the tendency to relive, re-create, reenact the time segment being recalled, so that the subject actually experiences emotions involved in the original experience, a process referred to as abreaction. The physician must always recognize the danger

in bringing to light unconscious memories and feelings. These may be intolerable to the patient and can lead to serious after-reactions.

"After the first test," Barney Hill recalls, "a curious thing happened. As I got ready for the induction into hypnosis, I looked at my watch. It must have been five minutes after eight. And he gave me the key word, and I was hypnotized. And as far as time was concerned, I thought he was waking me immediately. But I looked at my watch, and it was after nine. Yet it seemed no time at all. I recalled also, just at the beginning of what must have been the trance, that he had poked my hand with something that felt like the bristle of a brush. I asked him if I could see this done. So the doctor put me in a trance again, and told me to open my eyes, and that I would remember this part of it. Then he took a needlelike instrument and pushed it against my hand, and there was no pain, except perhaps like a bristle of a brush. He put considerable pressure on it, and I could feel no pain. The needle had penetrated my skin, and there wasn't any blood. So I began to realize that there were two things that could happen here: One, I could be hypnotized and made to forget that I had been hypnotized at all; two, I could be hypnotized, and if I was told I could remember, I would retain a knowledge of all that had taken place under hypnosis."

Dr. Simon decided to take Barney first, hoping to regress him to the night of September 19, 1961, and have him reveal every detail of the trip from Canada to Portsmouth. Since the trance would provide details of marked clarity, and since there was a reasonable expectation that Barney would bridge the amnesic gap under hypnosis, the blocking off of his memory after each session would permit Betty to give her own story in later sessions without being influenced by Barney.

On February 22, 1964, Barney was ready to make his excursion into the unknown.

CHAPTER 4

"I am scared. God, I'm scared!"

BARNEY TOOK HIS SEAT in front of the doctor's desk. He started to reach for a cigarette, but upon hearing the key words from Dr. Simon, his eyes closed, and his head nodded. His hands were folded across his lap, and he gave the appearance of having dozed in an easy chair. The deep trance was induced. The doctor began the session:

DOCTOR: You are deeper and deeper asleep. Deep asleep. You will remember everything now, and you will tell me everything. And I want you to tell me in full detail *all* your experiences, *all* of your thoughts and *all* of your feelings, beginning with the time you left your hotel....

After retracing in precise detail the visit to Montreal, the trip into Canada and the upper part of Vermont and the drive down U.S. 3, Barney then mentioned the object in the sky.

BARNEY: I look up through the windshield of the car, and I see a star. That's funny, but I said: Betty, that's a satellite. And then I pulled over to the side of the road, and Betty jumped out her

side with the binoculars.... And I look towards the sky.... And I'm saying, hurry up, Betty, so I can get a look. And Betty passes the binoculars to me. And I see that it's not a satellite. It is a plane. And I tell Betty this and give the binoculars back to her. And I am satisfied.

DOCTOR: What kind of a plane was it?

BARNEY: I look—and it is to the right. And it does not go where I thought it would go. It does not go past me to the right, my right shoulder. I think it will pass my right shoulder, off in the distance, going to the north. I am facing west, and my right is to the north. And it does not go to the north.

A faint trace of amazement comes into his voice. From his tone, it is apparent that he is reliving, not retelling, the story.

DOCTOR: Does it have propellers?

BARNEY: I cannot tell. And I think this is strange; I cannot hear a motor, to know if it has propellers:

continued

FLYING SAUCERS *continued*

: : : And this object that was a plane—was *not* a plane. It was—oh, it was funny. It was coming around towards us. I looked up and down the road. And I thought: How dark it is. What if a bear was to come out? . . . I returned to the car, and said: Let's go Betty. It's nothing but a plane. And they're coming over this way. They're changing course. Probably it's a Piper Cub.

DOCTOR: A Piper Cub would only have one or two windows, wouldn't it? You saw windows in this plane?

BARNEY: This is what I said, and this is what I saw when I returned to my car. A Piper Cub. . . . And I drive, and Betty is still looking. And she said: Barney, this is not a plane. It is still following us. And I stop and I look, and I see it is still out there. Off in a distance. So I search for a place to pull off the road. And I see a dirt road to the right of the main highway. And I think this is a good place where I can pull over. And if any car comes, it won't strike me. And I get out of the car, and I am thinking: This is strange.

He returns to the car. His tone reflects the strangeness now.

BARNEY: 'Cause it is still there. And Betty said—I *think* she said, I am mad with her. I say to myself: I believe Betty is trying to make me think this is a flying saucer. . . . And I am wondering why doesn't it go away. And I stop, and I look again. And I see where it has gone up ahead of us on Cannon Mountain. And I think when I get past Old Man of the Mountains, it will be a good area to look and see this thing. And I am going to report it.

DOCTOR: Do you still think it was a Piper Cub?

BARNEY: I am wondering why these pilots are military. And they shouldn't do that. They will make some person have an accident by flying around like that. And what if they dived at me. And the military should not do that.

DOCTOR: You are looking for a place where you can stop and observe this. And Betty has been constantly egging you on.

BARNEY: I want to wake up!

This is the reaction of a subject who is about to experience a painful event, an event that he can't face even in the trance. Dr. Simon is alerted at this point to the likelihood of a strong emotional reaction.

DOCTOR: You're not going to wake up. You're in a deep sleep. You are comfortable, relaxed. This is not going to trouble you. Go on. You can remember everything now.

BARNEY: It's right over my right! God! What is it? [His voice begins to tremble.] And I try to maintain control, so Betty cannot tell I am *scared*. God, I'm scared!

DOCTOR: It's all right. You can go right on, experience it. It will not hurt you now.

BARNEY: [Breaks into breathless sobbing, then screams.] I gotta get a weapon!

He screams again. His sobs become uncontrollable. The doctor must decide whether to impose an amnesia and bring

him out of the trance or to keep him moving through the experience for the purposes of abreaction, the therapeutic discharge of feeling.

DOCTOR: Go to sleep. You can forget now. You've forgotten. You're calm now. Relaxed. Deeply relaxed. You do not have to make an outcry. But you can remember it now. Keep remembering. You feel you have to get a weapon.

BARNEY: Yes.

DOCTOR: This is going to harm you, you felt:

BARNEY: Yes. I open the trunk of my car. I get the tire wrench . . . part of the jack. And I get back in the car.

Again, his panic is rising.

DOCTOR: All right. Just keep reasonably calm:

BARNEY: And I keep it by me. And then I get out with the binoculars. And it is *there*. And I look. And I look. And it is just over the field. And I think, I think: I'm *not* afraid. . . . I'll fight it off. I'm not *afraid!* . . . And I walk across the road. There it is—up there! Ohhh, God!

He again breaks into a scream.

DOCTOR: It's there. You can see it. But it's not going to hurt you.

BARNEY: Why doesn't it go away—*Look* at it! There's a man there! Is—is—is he a captain? What is he? He—he looks at me!

DOCTOR: What does it look like now?

BARNEY: It looks—like a—big—pancake. With windows—and rows of windows and lights. Not lights, just one huge light.

DOCTOR: Rows of windows? Like a commercial plane?

BARNEY: Rows of windows. They're *not* like a commercial plane. Because they curve around the side of this—this pancake. I've got—I've got—this can't be true. This *isn't* here. Ohhh, it's still there. And I look—up and down the road. Can't somebody come? Can't somebody come and *tell* me this is not there? It *can't* be, but—

The doctor feels that Barney may be dreaming this. He explores this point.

DOCTOR: You'd had no sleep that evening?

BARNEY: I pinch my right arm. . . .

After a brief exchange, the doctor is satisfied that Barney was awake.

DOCTOR: You're clear now. Relaxed.

BARNEY: It's still there. If I let my binoculars fall, and dangle from my neck—and start over again, maybe it won't be there. But it is. Why? What do they want? One person looks friendly to me. And he's looking at me . . . over his right shoulder. And he's smiling. But . . . but. . . .

DOCTOR: Could you see him clearly?

BARNEY: Yes, I could.

DOCTOR: What was his face like? What did it make you think of?

BARNEY: It was round. I think of—I think of—

a redheaded Irishman. I don't know why. I think I know why. Because Irish are usually hostile to Negroes. And when I see a friendly Irish person, I react to him by thinking: *I will be friendly*. And I think this one that is looking over his shoulder is friendly.

DOCTOR: You say, "looking over his shoulder." Was he facing away from you?

BARNEY: Yes. He was facing a wall. . . . And there is an evil face on the—he looks like a German Nazi. He's a Nazi. . . . He had a black scarf around his neck, dangling over his left shoulder.

DOCTOR: He had a black scarf around his neck? How could you see the figures so clearly at that distance?

BARNEY: I was looking at them with binoculars.

DOCTOR: Oh. Did they have faces like other people? You said one was like a redheaded Irishman.

BARNEY: His eyes were slanted. Oh—his eyes were *slanted!* But not like a Chinese—Oh! Oh! I feel like a rabbit. I feel like a rabbit.

DOCTOR: What do you mean by that?

BARNEY: I was hunting for rabbits in Virginia. And this cute little bunny went into a bush that was not very big. And my cousin Marge was on one side of the bush, and I was on the other—with a hat. And the poor little bunny thought he was safe. And it tickled me, because he was just hiding behind a little stalk, which meant security to him—when I pounced on him and threw my hat on him and captured the poor little bunny who thought he was safe. Funny, I thought of that—right out there on the field. I feel like a rabbit.

DOCTOR: What was Betty doing all this time?

BARNEY: I can't hear her.

DOCTOR: Did you make any outcry to her the way you did to me? You would remember if you did.

BARNEY: I did not. I know this creature is telling me something.

DOCTOR: Telling you something? How? How is he getting it to you?

BARNEY: I can see it in his face. No, his lips are not moving. And he's looking at me. And he's just telling me: Don't be afraid. I'm not a bunny. I'm going to be. . . . I'm going to be safe. He didn't tell me I was that bunny.

DOCTOR: Did you hear him tell you this?

BARNEY: Oh, no. He didn't say it.

DOCTOR: You *felt* he said it?

BARNEY: I *know*.

DOCTOR: You know he said it?

BARNEY: Yes. Just stay there, he said. It's pounding in my head!! I gotta get away! I gotta get away from here!

DOCTOR: All right. All right. Calm down. . . . How can you be sure he was telling you this?

BARNEY: His *eyes!* His *eyes!* I've never seen eyes like that before.

DOCTOR: You said they were friendly.

BARNEY: Not the leader's. I said the one looking over his shoulder.

DOCTOR: How did you know the other one was the leader?

BARNEY: Because everybody moved—everybody was standing there looking at me. But everybody moved. These levers were in the back . . . or they went to a big board, it looked like a board. And only this one with the black, black shiny jacket and the scarf stayed at the window.

DOCTOR: He had slanted eyes. What did that make you think of?

BARNEY: I don't know. I've never seen eyes slanted like that. They began to be round—and went back like that—and like that. And they went up like that. . . . I'm driving.

DOCTOR: You're back in the car now?

BARNEY: Yes. . . . I'm getting a hold on myself. I'm saying to myself: Remember, you've got fortitude. You can drive a car. And I told Betty to look out—and the object was still around us. I could *feel* it around us. I saw it when we passed by the object. When I got in the car, it had swung around so that it was out there. I—I *know* it was out there. Yeah—it's out there. But I don't know where. That's funny. Ohhh, those eyes! They're in my brain! Please can't I wake up?

DOCTOR: Stay asleep a little longer. . . . You'll get through this all right. Follow your feelings. Tell me. They won't upset you so much now.

BARNEY: They're *there*. Isn't that funny—all the woods. That crazy dog. She stays in the car all the time. Isn't that funny?

DOCTOR: She doesn't bark at anything?

BARNEY: She just stays there. I don't understand.

Are we being robbed? I don't know.

DOCTOR: What makes you think you're being robbed?

BARNEY: I know what's in my mind, and I don't want to say it.

DOCTOR: Well, you can say it to me. You can say it now.

BARNEY: They're—men! All with dark jackets. And I don't have any money. I don't have anything. I don't know. Oh—oh, the eyes are there. Always the eyes are there. And they're telling me I don't have to be afraid. . . . I'm not even afraid that they're not connected to a body. They're just *there*. They're just up close to me, pressing against my eyes. That's funny. I'm not afraid. . . .

After a few more exchanges:

DOCTOR: All right. We'll stop there. You will be calm and relaxed. You will forget everything that we have had in this period together until I ask you to recall it again. You will forget everything we have talked about until I ask you to recall it again. It will not trouble you, it will not worry you. You will remain comfortable and relaxed and have no pain, no aches, no anxiety. All right, Barney, you may wake up now. You'll be comfortable and relaxed.

BARNEY: Wow! Nine-thirty. Didn't you bring me in here at five minutes after eight?

DOCTOR: Yes.

BARNEY: Where was I?

DOCTOR: Right here with me:

BARNEY: Where are my cig—was I about to reach for a cigarette?

DOCTOR: Go ahead and have one. We'll continue this next week. A week from today. . . .

CHAPTER 5

The door to the past begins to open

ON FEBRUARY 29, 1964, the Hills arrived punctually for their appointment. Betty sat in an outer office. After asking Barney a few questions in review, Dr. Simon put him into trance. Barney again relived many of the experiences of his previous trance. Then:

BARNEY: . . . And I thought: How interesting; there is the military pilot, and he is looking at me. And there were several others looking at me, and the men lined up at the window of this huge dirigible and were looking down at me. When they moved to the back, and I continued to look at this one man that stood there, and I kept looking at him and looking at him.

DOCTOR: Is this the man you call the leader?

BARNEY: He was dressed differently. And I thought of the Navy and the submarine, and I thought the men that moved back were just dressed in blue denims. But this other man was dressed in a black shiny coat with a cap on. . . . And I thought: This is not going to harm me. And I wanted to get back to Betty and discuss this

interesting thing we were looking at. And I kept looking, and he looked at me, and then I came back to the car. And I said: Betty, were you excited? And she said: Why didn't you come back? I was screaming for you to come back. I could not understand why you were going out across the road.

DOCTOR: You hadn't heard her scream?

BARNEY: No, I did not hear her scream . . . and begin driving down the highway. And I drove quite a few miles, and noticed I was not on Route 3. . . .

Here, for the first time, the door to the forgotten time period begins to open. Barney's memory block had always obscured what occurred on the field at Indian Head. Betty, also, had never been able to bridge this point—unless, as she thought, her dreams were based on reality.

BARNEY: And I could not understand that because it is a straight highway. And I looked, and

I was being signaled to stop. And I thought, I wonder if there has been an accident. I do have the tire wrench. I'll put it near my hand. . . .

DOCTOR: What was it you saw down the highway?

BARNEY: I saw a group of men standing in the highway. And it was brightly lit up, as if it were almost daylight. It was not the kind of light of day, but it was brightly lighted. . . . And they began coming towards me. And I did not think after that of my tire wrench. And I became afraid if I did think of this as a weapon, I would be harmed. And if I did not, I would not be harmed. And they came and assisted me out of the car. I felt very weak, but I wasn't afraid. And I can't even think of being confused. I am not bewildered, I can't even think of questioning what is happening. . . . My feet are dragging. . . . And I am not afraid. I feel like I am dreaming.

DOCTOR: Where is Betty through all of this?

BARNEY: I don't know. I'm trying to think. I don't know.

DOCTOR: Are these men part of your dream?

BARNEY: They are there, and I am there. I know they are there. But everything is black. My eyes are tightly closed. I can't believe what I think.

DOCTOR: Is there anything else that you think that you haven't told me?

BARNEY: Yes.

DOCTOR: You can tell me now:

BARNEY: I am always thinking of mental pictures because my eyes are closed. And I think I am going up a slight incline, and my feet have stopped bumping on the rocks. That's funny. I thought of my feet bumping on the rocks. And they are not going up smoothly. But I'm afraid to open my eyes, because I am being told strongly by myself to keep my eyes closed, and don't open them. And I don't want to be operated on.

DOCTOR: You don't want to be operated on. What makes you think of an operation?

BARNEY: I don't know.

DOCTOR: Have you ever been operated on?

BARNEY: Only for my tonsils.

DOCTOR: Does this feel like that time?

BARNEY: I think like that, but my eyes are closed, and I only have mental pictures. And I am not in pain. And I can feel a slight feeling. My groin feels cold.

DOCTOR: Is that any feeling with the operation?

BARNEY: I'm not being operated on. I am lying on something, and I think of the doctor putting something in my ear. When I was a boy, the doctor put something in my ear, and I looked up at it, and he explained to me that you could peek into the ear and light it up with this thing. And I think of that. . . . And I feel like the doctor did not pain me, and I will be very careful and be very still and will cooperate, and I won't be harmed.

DOCTOR: Where were you lying down?

continued

FLYING SAUCERS *continued*

BARNEY: I thought I was inside something. But I did not dare open my eyes. I had been told to keep my eyes closed by the man I saw through the binoculars.

DOCTOR: Was this one of the men in the road?

BARNEY: No. These men in the road . . . they took me and carried me up this ramp.

DOCTOR: Carried you up the ramp?

BARNEY: I know I was going up something, and my feet were dragging.

DOCTOR: These are the men who flagged you down?

BARNEY: Yes.

DOCTOR: How many were there?

BARNEY: I thought I saw a cluster of six men: Because three of them came to me and three did not.

DOCTOR: How were they dressed?

BARNEY: They were all in dark clothing. And they were all dressed alike.

DOCTOR: Were they white men?

BARNEY: I don't know by the color. But they did not seem that they had different faces from white men. . . .

DOCTOR: Did they tell you why they were stopping you?

BARNEY: They didn't tell me anything. They didn't say anything.

DOCTOR: Were these men holding you?

BARNEY: They were by my side, and I had a funny feeling because I knew they were holding me, but I couldn't feel them. . . . I felt floating, suspended. . . . I opened my eyes.

DOCTOR: What did you see?

BARNEY: I saw a hospital operating room. It was pale blue. Sky blue. And I closed my eyes.

DOCTOR: Do you remember the operating room when you had your tonsils out? . . . Was that operating room in the hospital blue?

BARNEY: No. It was bright lights. . . . But this room was not like that. It was spotless.

DOCTOR: Did you feel you were going to be operated on?

BARNEY: No.

DOCTOR: Did you feel you were being attacked in any way?

BARNEY: No.

DOCTOR: You said your groin felt cold. . . .

BARNEY: I was lying on a table, and I thought someone was putting a cup around my groin, and then it stopped. And then I thought: How funny. . . . If I keep real quiet and real still, I won't be harmed. And it will be over. And I will just stay here and pretend that I am anywhere and think of God and think of Jesus, and think that I am not afraid. And I am getting off the table, and I've got a big grin on my face, and I feel greatly relieved. And I am walking, and I am being guided. And my eyes are closed, and I open my

eyes, and there is the car. And the lights are off, and the motor is not running. And Delsey is under the seat. And I reached under and touched her, and she is in a tight ball under the seat, and I sit back. And I see Betty is coming down the road, and she gets into the car, and I am grinning at her and she is grinning back at me. And we both seem so elated, and we are really happy. And I'm thinking: It isn't too bad. How funny. I had no reason to fear. And we look, and I see a bright moon. And I laugh, and say: Well, there it goes.

DOCTOR: You mean this object was gone?

BARNEY: Yes. . . . It was going.

DOCTOR: Going. Could you still see it?

BARNEY: It was a bright, huge ball. Orange. It was a beautiful bright ball. And it was going. And it was gone. And we were in darkness, and I put on the lights of the car, and looked down the road. And we began driving, and I could see a slight incline, and then I drove and came back to Route 3, because I was on a cement road. And Betty and I feel, I feel real hilarious, like a feeling of well-being and great relief.

DOCTOR: What were you relieved about?

BARNEY: I am relieved because I feel like I've been in a harrowing situation, and there was nothing damaging or harmful about it. And I feel greatly relieved.

DOCTOR: And the flying object was gone?

BARNEY: Yes. Betty is giggling, and she said: Do you believe in flying saucers now? And I said: Oh, Betty, don't be ridiculous. Of course, I don't. And we heard a beeping, and the car buzzed, and I kept silent.

DOCTOR: You heard a beeping.

BARNEY: Beep—beep—beep—beep—beep.

DOCTOR: Did they sound like some of these beeps you get on a radio, when you have code signals? Or what did they sound like?

BARNEY: Beep—beep—beep. . . . I thought it was strange. . . . And at the first beep or two, I touched the steering wheel with my finger tips because I thought I felt a vibration when I heard the beep. And as it continued, Betty looked to the back, and I slowed the car down and stopped. And I said to Betty: Is there something shifting in the car?

DOCTOR: Did she say anything about hearing the beeps?

BARNEY: She said: What is that noise? And we looked in the back, and Delsey had climbed up on the back seat, and her ears were popped up, and the beep, beep, beep. And I said: Oh, oh, do you think the thing is still around? I called it a thing; Betty called it a flying saucer. And we had no answer. . . . I wonder if I can make the car do

that. So I drove the car fast and then would decelerate, rapidly. And I swerved over to the left of the highway and back to the right. And I came to a complete stop and accelerated rapidly. But I could not seem to get that sound. And we drove down the highway. And I saw the road for the expressway: 17 miles to Concord. And I drove to Concord, and down Route 4. . . .

A few minutes later:

BARNEY: . . . She asked me did I believe in flying saucers. And I did not want to say what I really believed.

DOCTOR: What did you really believe?

BARNEY: I believed that we had seen and been a part of something different than anything I had ever seen before.

DOCTOR: Did you fear you had been kidnapped?

BARNEY: I didn't use that word. I did not feel that I had been kidnapped. But I think of kidnapping when you are being harmed.

DOCTOR: And you weren't harmed?

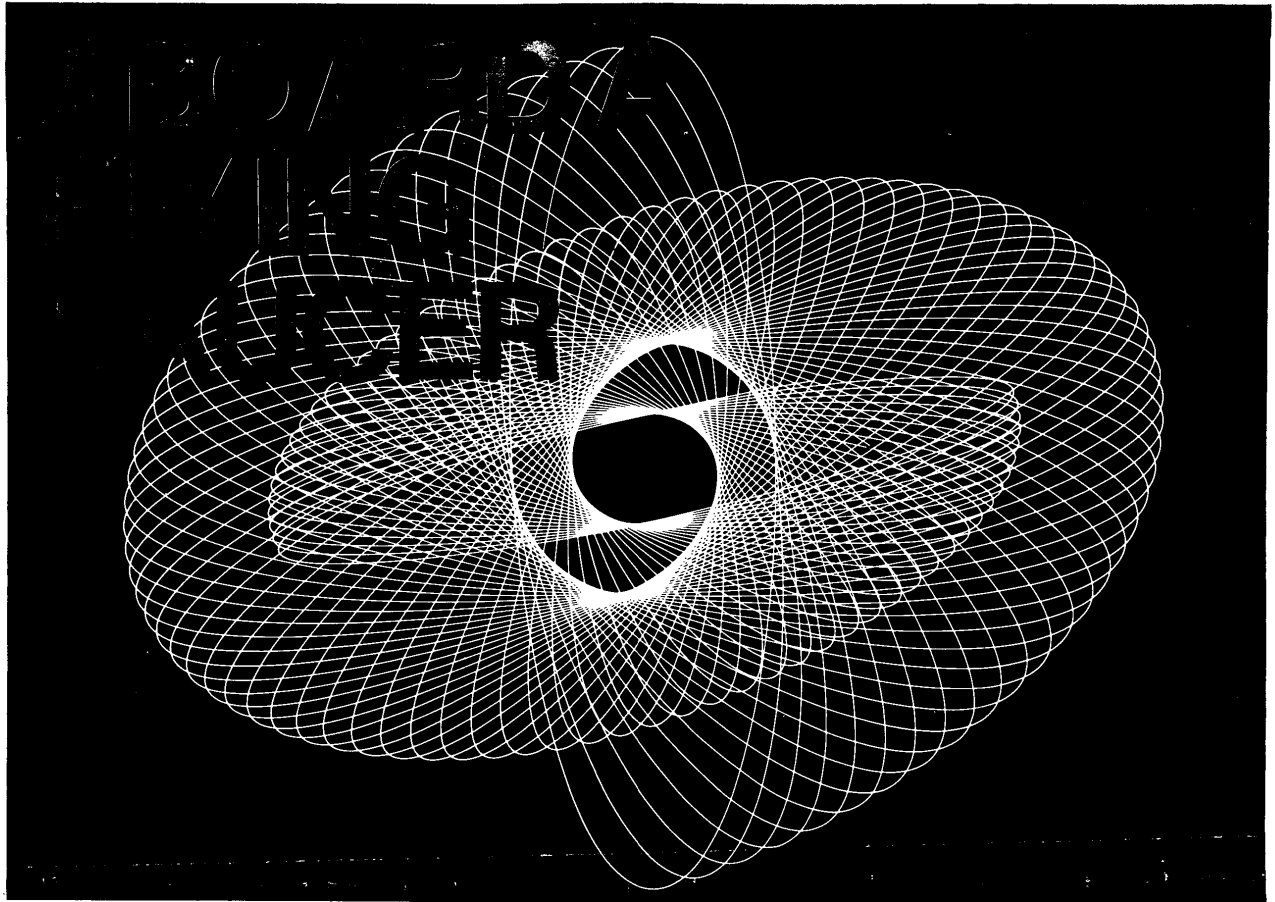
BARNEY: No.

DOCTOR: You had no idea why this was done?

BARNEY: I was anxious to get home and look at my groin. . . . I thought, this is proof that something happened to me. And I was unsure. And I would waver, feeling that it can't be. And then I would think: But it did happen. And I would think: When I get home and look at my groin, I will touch whatever touched me and see if there is a mark. I drove home, and I went into the bathroom and examined myself and saw nothing wrong. And I went into the bedroom, and I kept thinking that something is around me. I went to the window, and I looked up into the morning sky, and I went to the back door and opened it and looked at the sky. And I thought: Something is around, somewhere. And Betty and I retired, talking. Wasn't that strange, whatever happened. And I could not remember anything that happened except that I was at Indian Head. And I went to bed. And when we woke up, we decided we would not ever tell anyone. . . .

When the second session was finally over, Dr. Simon reviewed the case in the first real light that had been thrown on the amnesic period. Although he was still somewhat skeptical at the end of this session, he was beginning to believe that some incident involving a UFO was at least partly responsible for Barney Hill's severe emotional upheaval. But he was baffled by the second part of his patient's story—the part detailing the supposed "abduction" by humanoid beings. He hoped that Betty Hill could provide some explanation for her husband's account, and he scheduled a session the following week in which *she* would retrace, under hypnosis, the long journey home.

In the next issue of LOOK: Under hypnosis, Betty Hill relives a strange physical examination aboard the UFO, describes an unusual book she tried to take from the ship, a space map on the wall and recounts her conversations with the uniformed men, in Part Two of *The Interrupted Journey*, to be published by The Dial Press, Inc.



Part Two: An "abducted" woman describes her incredible experience

BY JOHN G. FULLER

RETURNING FROM a brief vacation in Canada in September, 1961, Barney and Betty Hill had a deeply disturbing experience that they could remember only vaguely. They had sighted what may have been an Unidentified Flying Object that seemed to be following their car. Their anxiety about the incident led them to the office of Dr. Benjamin Simon, the distinguished Boston psychiatrist, on December 14, 1963. Because of the cloudiness of the Hills' conscious recollection of the episode, Dr. Simon decided to use regression under hypnosis in the hope that this would help them reconstruct the event more clearly. He also decided to tape-record these sessions for later study and reference.

During World War II, Dr. Simon, as Chief of Neuropsychiatry and Executive Officer at Mason General Hospital, the Army's chief psychiatric center, had extensive experience with hypnosis in the treatment of many psychiatric disorders among military personnel.

Barney Hill, who is a Negro, told of the journey from the Canadian border to their home in Portsmouth, N. H., and described a glowing UFO that seemed to follow them during part of their trip. Under hypnosis, he recreated the scene in much greater detail, and

added an incident he had not mentioned during the earlier interview. The low-flying UFO had descended, Hill told the doctor, and humanoid creatures had then blocked the road. They had "abducted" him and carried him aboard the UFO for a strange physical examination. After several sessions with Barney, Dr. Simon decided to question Betty Hill, who is white, under hypnosis the following week.

Within the first moments of her trance, Betty Hill 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 there's a corridor. We go up the corridor, and there's 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 said: What are you doing with Barney? Bring him in here where I am. And the man said: 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 a doctor. . . . They push up the sleeve of my dress, and they look at my arm. . . . and then they turn my arm over, and they look at the underside. . . . And they rub, they have a machine. . . . it's something like a microscope, only a microscope with a big lens. . . . I had an idea they were taking a picture of my skin. . . . And then they took something like a letter opener—only it wasn't—and they scraped my arm. . . . And there was like little—you know—how your skin gets dry and flaky sometimes, like little particles of skin? And they took a piece of cellophane or plastic or

continued

"They" seem puzzled by time and aging

something like that, and they scraped, and they put the flakes on this plastic. . . . And the leader of the group puts it in the top drawer. And then they put my head . . . in this thing that holds your head. . . . And the examiner opens my eyes and looks into them with a light, and he opens my mouth, and he looks in my throat and my teeth and in my ears. . . . And then he takes like a—oh, a swab—and he puts it in my left ear, and he puts this on another piece of this material. And the leader rolls it all up and puts it in the top drawer too. Then they take a couple of strands of my hair, and they pull it out, and he gives this to the leader, and he wraps that up and puts that in the top drawer. . . . And then he feels my neck, behind my ears, under my chin, around my collar bone, and—oh—and then they take off my shoes and look at my feet and at my hands. . . . And he takes something, and he goes underneath my fingernail, and then he . . . cut off a piece of my fingernail. And then the doctor, the examiner, tells me to take off my dress . . . and so I slip my dress off. . . . I 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 too. He did it around my ankle. And then they have me roll over on my stomach and they touch all along my back. . . . Then they roll me over on my back, and the examiner had a long needle in his hand. . . . And I ask him what he's going to do with it . . . and he said 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 hand, 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.

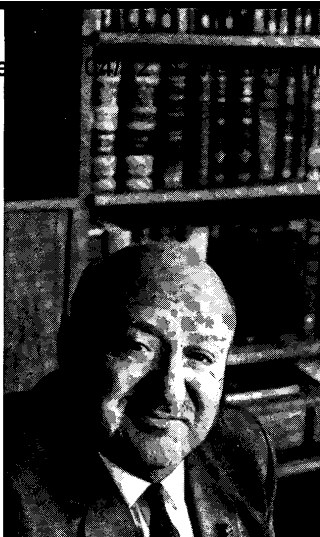
The Hills returned to the office for Betty's second session on March 14, 1964.

DOCTOR: About this needle. How far in did he inject the needle?

BETTY: Oh, it was a long needle. I don't know, I thought it—I didn't look, but I would say the needle was four inches long, six, maybe. . . . Something like a tube was attached to it. They didn't leave it in very long. Just for a second.

DOCTOR: What kind of pain was it?

BETTY: All I could think of was a knife. . . . Then, I was grateful to the leader for stopping the pain



Bothered at first by the account given by the Hills, Dr. Simon (above) was convinced after a few sessions that they were telling him the truth as they understood it. The Hills (right) stand near the scene of their disturbing experience.



. . . then they said that was the end of the testing. And the leader helped me up. . . . 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 could find something I would like to take. And I did—and there wasn't much around—but on the cabinet, there was a book, a fairly big book . . . and I said: Could I have this? And he told me to look in the book, and I did. It had pages, it had writing, but nothing like I had ever seen before. . . . The writing didn't go across, it went up and down.

DOCTOR: Did it look like any language that you know or was it in English?

BETTY: No, it wasn't in English.

DOCTOR: What language do you know that goes up and down?

BETTY: I don't know it, but I can recognize it. I can't read it: Japanese.

DOCTOR: Japanese. Did this look like Japanese?

BETTY: No.

DOCTOR: Was it writing or printing?

BETTY: It was different . . . it had sharp lines, and they were, some were very thin, and some were medium, and some were very heavy. It had some dots. It had straight lines and curved lines. And the leader laughed, and he asked me if I thought I could read it. And I told him no . . . but this was going to be my proof that this happened. . . . And so he said that I could have it. . . . And I was delighted. . . . And so then I said . . . I knew he wasn't from the earth, and I wanted to know where he did come from. And he asked me if I knew any-

thing about the universe. And I told him, no, I know practically nothing. . . . And he went across the room and pulled out a map, and he asks me had I ever seen a map like this before. . . . There were all these dots on it, scattered all over it. Some were little, just pinpoints. And others were as big as a nickle. And there were lines . . . going from one dot to another. And there was one big circle, and it had a lot of lines coming out from it. A lot of lines going to another circle quite close, but not as big. And these were heavy lines. And I asked him what they meant. And he said that the heavy lines were trade routes. The other lines, the solid lines, were places they went occasionally. And he said the broken lines were expeditions. . . . I asked him where was his home port, and he said: Where are you on the map? I looked and laughed and said I don't know. So he said: If you don't know where you are, then there isn't any point of my telling where I am from. And he put the map away. . . . And I thought: Well, I still have the book. . . . All of a sudden, some men came in with the examiner. They are quite excited. . . . The examiner has me open my mouth, and he starts checking my teeth. And he tugs at them. I asked what they are trying to do. . . . The examiner says they could not figure it out—Barney's teeth came out and mine didn't. I was really laughing and said Barney had dentures, and I didn't. They asked me: What are dentures? And I said people as they got older lost their teeth. They go to a dentist and get dentures. Or a person sometimes—Barney had to have dentures because he had a mouth injury. He had to have his teeth extracted. . . . I said it happens to almost everyone as they get older. And he said: What is older? I said: Old age. So he said: What is old age? And I said—well it varied, but as a person gets older, there are changes in him, particularly physical. He begins to sort of break down with age. So he said, what did I mean by age? And I said the life span—the length of time people live. He said, how long was this? And I said, well, about 100 years at the most. People can die before that—most of them do. . . . I think the average length of time . . . I don't know . . . was 65 or 70. So he said, 65 or 70 what? I said: Years. He said: What is a year? And I said it had to do with how many days, and the days had so many hours,

and the hours had so many minutes. . . . I tried to explain, but he did not understand. . . . I said, all these things you ask me—I am a very limited person, when trying to talk to you. But there are other people in this country who would be most happy to talk with him, and they could answer all his questions. And maybe if he could come back, all his questions would have answers. But if he did, I wouldn't know where to meet him. And he laughed and said: Don't worry, if we decide to come back, we will be able to find you. We always find those we want to. . . . And then Barney is coming. . . . I hear the men out in the corridor. And I said: Barney's coming. And he said: Yes, you can go back to the car now. And I got the book, and Barney is coming. . . . and his eyes are still shut! He missed an awful lot. . . . And then we are out in the corridor. . . . I am all ready to go down the ramp when some of the other men—not the leader, but some of the others—are talking. They are very excited. And then the leader comes over and takes my book. And I say—ohh—I'm furious. And I said: You promised that I could have the book! And he said: I know, but the others object. But, I said, this is my proof. And he said: That is the whole point. They don't want you to know what has happened. They want you to forget. . . .

Now, she speaks as if talking to the leader. She screams with intense emotion.

I won't forget about it! You can take the book, but you can never, never make me forget! . . . I'll remember it if it is the last thing I do! And he laughs and says: Maybe you will remember. But I hope you won't. And it won't do you any good if you do, because Barney won't. . . . It would be better if you forgot it anyway. I was standing there by the side of the ramp, and I'm not so mad now. They have taken Barney ahead. . . . I said: I do wish I could have some proof of this, because it is the most unbelievable thing that ever happened. We were walking and . . . he said: I am going to leave you here. . . . And he said he was sorry that I was badly frightened in the beginning. And I said, well, this has been a new experience, and I don't know what was happening. But I certainly wasn't afraid now. And then they all turned around and started to go back. And I get up to the car, and Barney is inside. Barney is still in a daze, but his eyes are open, and he is acting more normally now. . . . And the object starts glowing again—it is getting brighter and brighter. . . . Now, it rises and goes down, and there is a dip, and then—zoom—it keeps going away farther and farther. . . . And Barney starts the car, and we start to ride. And I'm just so happy, and I said: Well, Barney, now try to tell me that you don't believe in flying saucers. And Barney said: Oh, don't be ridiculous! And I think he is joking. But then, all of a sudden, we got this beep-beep-beep-beep on the trunk of the car again.

DOCTOR: This is the second time you are getting the beep?

BETTY: Yes. And I said: Well, I guess that is their farewell. They are off, wherever they are going. And I don't know, it is just so fantastic I suppose we should forget all about it. . . . I kept looking all the way home. . . . I think I wanted to forget about it. I might as well. What could I do about it? But I wonder if they ever will come back. I go around looking for them. . . .

DOCTOR: Why would you want to keep it a secret?

BETTY: Because I wanted to please the leader, because he told me to forget about it.

DOCTOR: Why did you want to please this leader so much?

BETTY: I don't know. . . .

At the conclusion of Betty's story, the doctor brought Barney in and put him under hypnosis to check his account against Betty's version. In trance, Barney is now aboard the craft.

BARNEY: . . . I was afraid to open my eyes. I had been told *not* to open my eyes, and it would be over with quickly. But occasionally, I peeked. And I could feel them examining me with their hands. . . . They looked at my back, and I could feel them touching my skin right down my back. As if they were counting my spinal column. And I felt something touch right at the base of my spine. . . . And my mouth was opened, and I could feel two fingers pulling it back. And then . . . something scratched very lightly, like a stick, against my left arm. Only one man seemed to be moving around my body all the time. Then my shoes were put back on, and I stepped down. And I think I felt very good because I knew it was over. And again, I was led to the door where my feet kicked against this thing at the very bottom of the door, like a high doorjamb. And I stepped over it, and . . . I went down and opened my eyes and kept walking. And I saw my car, and the lights were out. . . . And I couldn't understand. I had not turned off the lights. I got in and felt for Delsey, the dog. . . . And Betty was coming down the road. . . .

DOCTOR: Was she alone?

BARNEY: She was alone. And she was grinning. . . . And she got into the car and said: Well, no one will believe this. . . . And I was thinking what had happened, and that we were sitting there, looking down the road, and I could see this glow get brighter and brighter. And we said: Oh, my God, not again. And away it went. And then I put on the lights and started the car up, and drove silently down the road.

DOCTOR: What did you say to Betty?

BARNEY: Betty said to me: Well, do you believe in flying saucers? And I said: Oh, Betty, don't be ridiculous.

DOCTOR: Did you tell her about your experience in this vehicle?

BARNEY: I had forgotten the experience.

Both Betty and Barney maintained, under the doctor's questioning, that their memories of the "abduction" were completely obscured after they left the vehicle. The doctor continued probing.

DOCTOR: Did she tell you about her experience?

BARNEY: No. She did not.

DOCTOR: Then neither of you spoke about your experience in the vehicle?

BARNEY: No.

DOCTOR: Why not?

BARNEY: I didn't remember it.

DOCTOR: I see. This memory had just been wiped out? Do you think that she had seen the vehicle?

BARNEY: I didn't know.

DOCTOR: And you don't know it today?

BARNEY: No.

DOCTOR: All right, then. We'll stop there.

Dr. Simon had already decided that the Hills were not lying, and he felt it highly improbable that both were suffering so markedly similar hallucinations. He still wished to explore in detail the possibility that the experience they both described was an illusion—an elaboration of some far more limited actual experience.

After the first session with Barney, the doctor had assumed that Barney had all the illusions and fantasies and that Betty had absorbed them from him. But at the end of Betty's second trance, it appeared that the reverse of the doctor's initial assumption might be true. Dr. Simon reasoned that most of the things Barney told of experiencing in the "abduction" portion of the incident were also included in Betty's story. On the other hand, very little of Betty's "abduction" sequence was included in Barney's story. His recall of being taken through the woods was vaguer than hers. Betty's story of the examination aboard the craft was much more detailed than his.

If Dr. Simon's assumptions were correct, then the question of how Betty's dreams were absorbed by Barney would have to be carefully examined.

AT THE NEXT SESSION, March 21, 1964, the doctor talked with Barney on a conscious level before putting him into a trance. Barney told the doctor that for the first time in his life he had dreamed about UFOs, on three different nights during the past week. In the dreams, Barney was standing on the ground, looking at UFOs in the sky, and Betty was screaming about them.

DOCTOR: Betty had been troubled with dreams and nightmares?

Now, in trance. . . .

BARNEY: Yes. . . . She said that she had a dream, and that she had been taken aboard a UFO. And that I was also in her dream and was taken aboard.

DOCTOR: How did she tell you this?

BARNEY: Usually, when someone was visiting. . . . She would tell that she had gone into the UFO and talked to the people on board. And she was told that she would forget. And she told these people in the UFO that she would not forget. And I told her they were only dreams, and that I can't believe that, whatever these things are. But she says no. That somehow she feels there is a connection between these dreams and what happened. Because she has never dreamed of UFOs before. And she would tell that they stuck something in her navel. And she was not telling this to me, but I would be listening as she told this to Walter Webb, scientific adviser to the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena, as she told about the UFO sighting that we had had. . . .

DOCTOR: But she did tell you something about them? continued

FLYING SAUCER continued

"Could she have planted these thoughts?" Dr. Simon asked Barney Hill.

BARNEY: Only that they had come into the room with my teeth, and they were quite startled that my teeth would come out and hers would not.

DOCTOR: How about the other things you described to me, about what happened to you when they were examining you. Did she tell you about that?

BARNEY: No. She never told me that. I was lying on the table, and I felt them examining me.

DOCTOR: Is this part of Betty's dream?

BARNEY: I am telling you what actually happened. At the time Betty was telling about her dream, I was very puzzled, because I never knew this happened. . . .

DOCTOR: Now, what about these men on the road? Are you sure they were there? . . . Did you dream this?

BARNEY: No. I did not dream it.

DOCTOR: You mean these men actually stopped you?

BARNEY: Yes.

DOCTOR: All right. Go on from there.

BARNEY: And I started to get out of my car. And I felt myself supported by two men, and my eyes were closed. . . .

It was obvious to the doctor that Barney was going to stick to his previous story.

DOCTOR: Just a minute. Didn't Betty tell this to you while you were asleep?

BARNEY: No. Betty never told me this.

DOCTOR: How do you account for this? Do you think it really happened?

BARNEY: It did happen. I don't want to remember it. I suppose I won't remember it.

DOCTOR: Who told you you won't remember it?

BARNEY: I was told in my mind that I would forget that it happened. It was imprinted on my mind.

DOCTOR: Imprinted on your mind? Who told you?

BARNEY: I thought it was the man I saw looking down at me, and I was looking back at him. . . .

DOCTOR: You said before that you don't know what happened—but you also said that Betty told you a lot about what happened in her dream.

BARNEY: She told me about herself. I did not know about what happened to Betty on the highway, but I never believed her dreams.

DOCTOR: If you don't believe her dreams, why do you believe yours?

BARNEY: I never dreamed about UFOs until last Sunday. . . . I had them on Sunday night and on Tuesday night and on Wednesday night. And this is the first time I have ever dreamed of UFOs.

DOCTOR: You told me some time ago that you felt dissociated when you saw this UFO. What did you mean by that?

BARNEY: . . . As if I had my body moving, and yet my thinking was separate from it. . . . And I never experienced this feeling again until I was in your

office. And you made a little doggy come into the room. And I got hypnotized, and it made it seem as if the little doggy was there.

He is referring to a test the doctor made with him.

DOCTOR: This was an hallucination then, was it?

BARNEY: That was an hallucination.

DOCTOR: Then, how about this story of being kidnapped? Couldn't that have been an hallucination too?

BARNEY: I wish I could think it was an hallucination. . . . I feel very sure it happened.

DOCTOR: Did these men speak to you?

BARNEY: Only the one I thought was the leader. . . . He did not speak by word. I was told what to do by his thoughts making my thoughts understand. . . .

DOCTOR: Was this some kind of mental telepathy?

BARNEY: I could understand his thoughts. His thoughts came to me, like I feel your thoughts—when you talk to me, that is. And I know you are there, and yet my eyes are closed. And you ask me questions. And I know you are there, but I don't know where. . . .

DOCTOR: Didn't Betty hypnotize you?

BARNEY: No. Betty did not hypnotize me. . . .

DOCTOR: Do you often sense her thoughts?

BARNEY: Yes, we sometimes do this. . . . We sometimes try to see if we can sense what the other is thinking. It's not too effective.

DOCTOR: Could she have planted all these thoughts about the UFO in your mind? You said that she wanted to hypnotize you.

BARNEY: I know Betty didn't hypnotize me. I wanted to think she had hypnotized me. I wanted to think that the object wasn't there. . . . And yet it kept staying and going down the highway with us. . . .

AT THE END of this trance, Barney said to Dr. Simon: "I'm puzzled. . . . I can remember things . . . about today's session that I couldn't remember about any session that we had."

DOCTOR: What do you remember now?

BARNEY: About the UFO sighting that I was talking about and—uh—certain things puzzled me that I could not quite understand. . . . We would talk about our sighting, and I would . . . come right up to the men in the craft turning to the panel. And I never could go further than that. But now I can almost see just what that fellow looked like that was looking down at me. . . . And when I said that he was going to capture me, uh, I used to remember that—but never could remember why I felt he was going to capture me. . . .

DOCTOR: Well, now, some strange things from here on out will occur to you as we go along. And you're going to become more and more conscious of what is going on in hypnosis.

Up to this time, neither Barney nor

Betty had been allowed to recall what happened in the hypnosis sessions. But instructions from the doctor to permit this are now beginning to take effect. Barney is dismissed. Betty is brought back and put in trance.

DOCTOR: Now, your dreams—Were they the things that happened in this experience you thought you had? The dreams were of being placed aboard this vehicle?

BETTY: The dreams were something like it, but . . . there were still a lot of differences. . . . In my dreams, the last dream I had was of being captured. . . . I could see the men in the road, and then they were trying to pull me on to this object. And it seems as though in my dreams, I walked up some steps. Oh—and I dreamed of them putting a needle in my navel. I dreamed this. . . .

DOCTOR: Did Barney know? . . . Did you tell him about your dreams?

BETTY: I told him I had dreams. He wouldn't—he didn't like to hear about them. . . .

DOCTOR: Did you tell anyone these dreams in Barney's presence?

BETTY: I think he must have heard me talk about them.

DOCTOR: Didn't all these things that you feel happened—didn't they happen in your dreams? Couldn't this *all* have been in your dreams?

BETTY: No.

DOCTOR: Why do you feel sure of that?

BETTY: Because of the discrepancies.

DOCTOR: Tell me about the discrepancies that make it clear that it couldn't have been your dreams.

BETTY: Well, I dreamed in my dreams I walked up steps. And here, I didn't walk up steps. I walked up a ramp.

DOCTOR: Is that a very significant difference, do you think?

BETTY: I don't know. . . . But the map—I could almost—in here . . . in here, I could almost draw it. If I could draw, I could draw the map. . . . I can't draw perspective.

DOCTOR: Well, if you remember some of this after you leave me, why don't you draw it. . . .

BETTY: I'll try to.

DOCTOR: How can you account in this experience for these men who seemed to speak our language and yet didn't know a lot of things about our lives. Like dentures? You felt they came from another world, didn't you?

BETTY: Ummm—yes.

DOCTOR: Did you feel that they could communicate with you in any other way than words? Were they able to transfer thoughts?

BETTY: I don't know about thoughts.

DOCTOR: Have you been able to transfer your thoughts to anyone or receive someone else's thoughts?

BETTY: Barney and I are always saying the same thing at the same time. That type of thing.

continued

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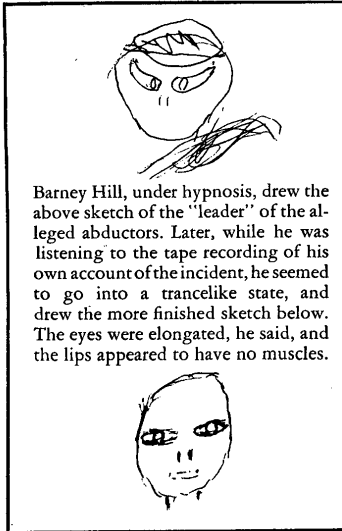
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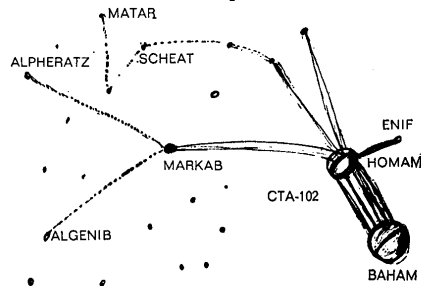
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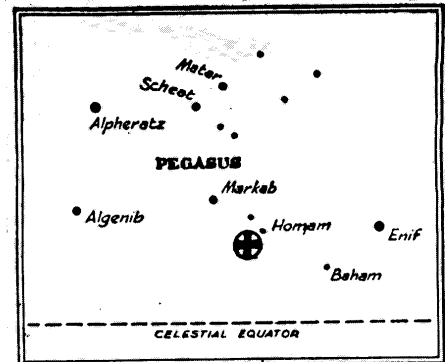
FLYING SAUCER continued



Barney Hill, under hypnosis, drew the above sketch of the "leader" of the alleged abductors. Later, while he was listening to the tape recording of his own account of the incident, he seemed to go into a trancelike state, and drew the more finished sketch below. The eyes were elongated, he said, and the lips appeared to have no muscles.



Under hypnosis, Betty Hill described a map she was shown "by the leader aboard the ship." Later, she sketched it. She said she was told that the heavy lines marked regular trade routes, and the broken lines recorded various space expeditions. The following year, the map seen at right was published in the *New York Times*. (Note the caption.) Mrs. Hill, struck by the similarity between the *Times* map and her sketch, then added the corresponding names.



The *New York Times* map FROM DEEP IN SPACE: Radio source called CTA-102 (cross), in direction of constellation Pegasus, may be sending intelligent radio emissions, Russian believes.

Hill has nightmares about the possible return of the UFO

DOCTOR: Well, do you communicate in any other ways? Could you have communicated all this to Barney through thought transference?

BETTY: No. I don't know as I could believe to that extent. Like, sometimes I used to have a teacher in college, and I would sit in the front row. . . . And I would think: Scratch your face, you know, scratch your leg. And then wait to see how long it would take him to do it.

DOCTOR: But you had no such communication between yourself and these strangers?

BETTY: I don't know if I did hear them in English. . . . I've been telling myself I heard them in English, with an accent. But I don't know.

DOCTOR: Well, did you hear them in any language? Or was it by thought transference?

BETTY: I knew what they were saying.

DOCTOR: You knew what they were thinking. You rather liked this leader, didn't you?

BETTY: I was afraid of him at first.

DOCTOR: But afterwards?

BETTY: I—you know—began to feel that they weren't going to harm me. . . .

After the Hills had left, the doctor dictated a brief summary: "There seem to be indications that a great deal of the experience was absorbed by Barney Hill from Betty, in spite of his insistence that this was his own. . . . The implications are self-evident, and it is planned now to continue these interviews at a more conscious level. Both of them appear to have been remembering more now after the sessions."

On March 28, Dr. Simon asked Betty: "Do you recall much of your experience now?"

BETTY: Yes, I think so. I've also had a couple of nightmares again. . . . And Barney's been having nightmares all week. He seems to be trying to figure this out: Are they going to come back?

DOCTOR: Are you going to come back?

BETTY (*Laughing*): The UFO. The people on it. We are quite convinced that they are going to come back and get us. . . . And I think this is because—because they had told us to forget about it. And we defied them by not forgetting about it. And he's feeling guilty, probably feeling that he deserves to be captured again. . . .

Barney was full of doubts and confusion as the recall of the sessions with Dr. Simon began to flood back to him. He revealed this on the morning of March 28.

BARNEY: I just can't seem to believe—well, I'm just flabbergasted. . . .

DOCTOR: Flabbergasted about what?

BARNEY: At what I remembered from our sessions last week. . . . This business of seeing a UFO, an object, and personal contact with it seems to stretch my imagination as to the incredibility of the whole thing. I wanted to ask you: What are the elements, what are the chances of a person, uh, hallucinating something? I want to know the answers to these things. . . . I had never dreamed consciously of a UFO in my life until here recently. And I wanted to ask: Is it possible I could have dreamed of a UFO unconsciously and not have had—To clarify what I am saying: I have had many dreams over many periods of times of my life, and in many instances, I can't recall what I dreamed about. But I do know that it was along a certain particular line. If I had dreamed of being in Philadelphia, I would waken and forget the dream. But I would know that somehow that dream content was somewhere in Philadelphia, and I would not be totally unaware. But I had never, to my knowledge, dreamed of a UFO until recently. . . . Could I, after 1961, have dreamed of a UFO and then under hypnosis my dream is coming out?

DOCTOR: You're asking me could it have been a dream. . . . What do you think? Could it have been?

BARNEY: Well, now, in the truthful answer, try-

ing now to not conceal my feelings of being ridiculed, I would say it was something that happened. But I - I - I put a protective coating on myself, because I don't want to be ridiculed. . . . I knew I saw a large object. I knew this, but I didn't think much of it.

DOCTOR: Well, you were pretty well convinced of having sighted something. But you have some doubts in mind about the rest. Of whether it was reality, or dream, or what it was. . . . Then, why would you and Betty have the same experience? Could you give me some possible explanation there?

BARNEY: Uh, these are the questions I'm asking: Could she have influenced me?

DOCTOR: Well, you were always afraid she would influence you, weren't you?

BARNEY: . . . When I was standing out there, I knew she wasn't influencing me. What I was thinking is that I would rather not talk about it. Okay, we see something, now let's get in our car and drive about our business. And this irritated me when she kept saying: But look, it's right over there. And even as I would slow down to take a peek, I would see this object out there. And this greatly irritated me. And so I said: What are you trying to do? Make me see something that isn't there? Knowing that it was there, and not wanting it to be there. And I think this is a part of why I'm confused. . . .

As the discussion continued, Barney brought up the fact that the small circle of warts that had developed in an almost geometrically perfect circle around his groin some four months after the incident at Indian Head had become inflamed after his therapy with Dr. Simon had begun. As the conscious memory of what he had revealed under hypnosis came back to him, he became aware of the recollection that in the examination on the craft, a circular instrument had been placed at exactly the same point where the warts had now appeared. He wondered: Had these been caused by the examination and the instrument used? Barney was also intelligent enough to realize that the reverse could be true: The


continued



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Dr. Simon accepted a sighting, but found the abduction improbable

warts might be a psychosomatic symptom connected with the feelings experienced under hypnosis. And yet, Barney reasoned, they had initially appeared back in 1962, when he had no conscious memory of the events aboard the craft. Now, in 1964, during the sessions, they became inflamed.

Neither Dr. Simon nor the skin specialist appeared to be concerned about the warts, which were easily removed by electrolysis. But to Barney, the gnawing thought remained that this could be evidence—if indeed there was anything to this totally incredible story.

On April 5, 1964, the day of the next session, the Hills knew they might be permitted to hear some of the playbacks of the tapes.

DOCTOR: Well, I think now we want to talk to the two of you together a bit and see where we go from there. . . . What I'd like to do is to get this into consciousness and discuss it freely. There are two things involved. I mean each of you has had a common experience, and you have had separate experiences. I can take you each individually, and then together, or just take you two together. How do you feel about it?

BARNEY: I think that we can work together, don't you, Betty?

Betty nods in agreement.

DOCTOR: So you can get a complete sharing of this thing, and see it from each other's side. All right. Number two: I can talk about it, and give you the experiences. Or we can take a certain amount of risk in terms of your anxiety by going over all this together and playing it back.

BETTY: Play it back.

DOCTOR: There is quite a bit of it, and it's probably the better way, and I think that I would rather not discuss the realities and fantasies until you've really gotten all the material that I have, of which you are unconsciously aware, but of which you know little consciously at this point. . . . Now, if these recordings get hard to bear—and some of it isn't going to be easy to take—let me know right away, and I can always help ease you.

"When I first began hearing my voice under hypnosis," Barney said later, "I couldn't believe it. It was difficult for me to really understand that this was me, saying that this has actually happened. . . . I wasn't too concerned about the first part of the tapes—coming down through Canada and upper New Hampshire. I remembered practically all this detail in my consciousness. But as the tapes moved along toward Indian Head, I didn't know what was going to happen. I could feel my ulcer. I mean I could feel my stomach churning, my muscles tighten. I just didn't know what to expect. . . ."

Betty's reaction was similar: "I began to get scared. I said to myself, 'Oh, good Lord—I'd just as soon go home and not hear them!'"

Slowly, the tape approached the portion involving the "abduction" at Indian Head. "I knew I was getting to the point of which I had no complete memory," Barney continues, in describing his reaction at a later date. "Then, I was suddenly startled. . . . I heard myself saying that the eyes seemed to be burning into my senses like an indelible imprint. And I began to feel the pieces unfolding. I was beginning to remember. . . . I suddenly realized how I had broken my binocular straps [by pulling them from his neck violently

after seeing the figures aboard the UFO]. And I remembered that for days after Indian Head, I had an intense soreness in the back of my neck. Listening to the tapes, this came back to me sharply. . . . As the tapes went deeper and deeper into the part I had never remembered, there was the feeling as if heavy chains were lifted off my shoulders. I felt that I need no longer suffer the anxieties of wondering what happened. . . ."

"At the part of the tapes where my voice said that I was just 'floating about,' I then knew that I wasn't really floating about. I was being half-dragged to the ship. I could actually feel being suspended with the arms holding me. And what was so curious is that I could feel the pressure of the arms. When I talk about this, I feel chills about the whole thing, the pressure of the arms, of these small men holding me and dragging me along. . . . I knew, I felt, I was almost sure as I listened to the tapes that this was no fantasy or dream. . . ."

Barney continued to sum up his overall reaction: "I felt so overwhelmed and relieved. Now, parts of my life that had been missing were added to it again. Parts of my life were being put back together."

The playback of the recordings stimulated release into their conscious minds further details, some of which had not been expressed during the hypnotic sessions. This release of new material is a product of the "working through" process in psychotherapy, either with or without hypnosis.

BARNEY FOUND himself remembering that "The men had rather odd-shaped heads, with a large cranium, diminishing in size as it got toward the chin. And the eyes continued around to the sides of their heads, so that it appeared that they could see several degrees beyond the lateral extent of our vision. And something that I remembered, after listening to the tapes, is the mouth itself. I could not describe the mouth before, and I drew the picture without including the mouth. But it was much like when you draw one horizontal line, with a short perpendicular line on each end. This horizontal line would represent the lips without the muscle that we have. And it would part slightly as they made this mumumumming sound. The texture of the skin, as I remember it from this quick glance, was grayish,

almost metallic looking. I didn't notice any hair—or headgear for that matter. Also, I didn't notice any nose, there just seemed to be two slits that represented the nostrils.

"When I was in the corridor, I was surprised that the leader didn't follow me into the room. But again—the eyes seemed to follow me. . . . Wherever he was, he was still able to convey messages to me, such as recognizing when I would become more fearful or needed calming down. . . ."

"I only got a very brief glance at the room, through the door. The room was pie-shaped, but as if the point of the pie had been cut off. . . ."

"The main thing I was impressed by was the table that I was to lie on, because it was so much shorter than anything that would ordinarily hold a human being. So that when I got on the table, my legs dangled over the end."

Inconsistencies and paradoxes were reexamined as the playback sessions continued over the next several weeks.

The Hills retraced the route of the journey with Walter Webb, filling in further details, and were convinced that they had found the exact spot of the roadblock on a side road two or three miles east of Route 3.

The final session in which hypnosis was employed seemed to sum up the dilemma that had carried through the entire six months. Was the experience dream or reality?

In a sense, among the principals, there were three points of view. Dr. Simon felt he could accept the probability that the Hills had had an experience with an unusual aerial phenomenon, a sighting that stimulated an intense emotional reaction. He felt that the "abduction" itself was improbable. Betty felt that the hypnosis had demonstrated marked evidence that her dreams were a reflection and remembrance of reality. Barney vacillated between these points of view, although his ultimate conclusion was that he could not distinguish between other known reality and the sequence of events that finally came out under hypnosis. In other words, once the amnesia was overcome, he could sense no difference between what he remembered consciously and what he recalled revealed under hypnosis: The entire journey had been a complete, uninterrupted continuum, including the "abduction" sequence.

Everyone recognized by June that there would be no full conclusion either to the therapy

continued



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"Oh, come now, Fred. If there were 686 million people in China, I would have heard something about it!"

FLYING SAUCER continued

The unsolved mystery: the almost identical stories under hypnosis

or the incident that played so big a part in it. Both the doctor and Mr. and Mrs. Hill regretted that it would be impractical to continue into deeper therapy over the long period of time that would be necessary.

As the sessions drew to a close, the question of illusion or reality dominated the discussions. The doctor pointed out that he was not going to say it was either; that he and the Hills together would both have to continue to reason for the truth, but that ultimately, the acceptance or non-acceptance of the occurrence would have to rest with them.

From the long and intensive exploration of the case, however, certain nearly irrefutable points emerge:

1. A sighting of some sort took place.
2. The object sighted appeared to have been a craft.
3. The sighting caused a severe emotional reaction.
4. The anxiety and apprehension engendered by Barney Hill's racial sensitivity served to intensify the emotional response to the sighting.
5. The Hills had no ulterior motives to create such a story. They had confined their experience to a small group of people for four years.
6. The case was investigated by several technical and scientific persons who support the possibility of the reality of the experience.
7. There is a measurable amount of direct physical circumstantial evidence to support the validity of the experience.
8. Under hypnosis by a qualified psychiatrist, both the Hills told almost identical stories of what had taken place during the period of amnesia.

There are no final answers.

Barney and Betty Hill are not crusading to convert nonbelievers or skeptics into the acceptance of the phenomenon, although they are hopeful that some new evidence might come to light to clarify without question the strange circumstances of their experience. They are content now to let whatever facts that have come out of their story speak for themselves.

But as Tennyson has said: "Maybe wildest dreams are but the needful preludes of the truth."

END



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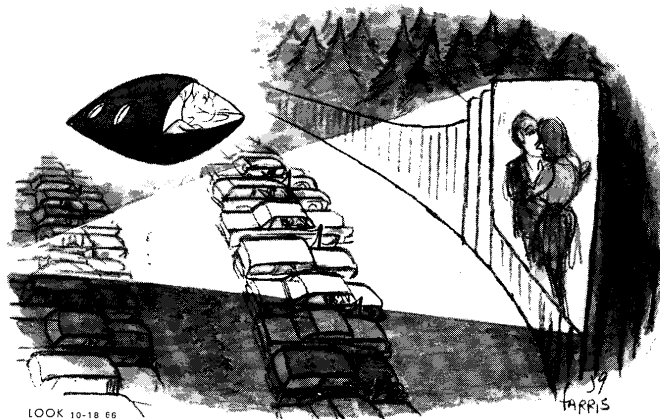
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dischen spuken: Das Ufo-Fieber, seit zwei Wochen im Schwange, ist weltweit.

Die Signale gehen wieder einmal sowjetische Wissenschaftler. Funkzeichen, geregelt und mehrmals täglich, waren von der Universität in Gorki aufgefangen worden. Und daß sie von Außerirdischen stammten, war — laut Tass — „nicht auszuschließen“.

Aber die Ankunft der Besucher wurde dann doch weiter südlich zum erstenmal wahrgenommen: in Schwarzafrika. Dem Staatschef von Uganda, Idi Amin, erschien eines der gleißenden Dinger, über dem Wasser des Viktoriassees aus einer Rauchwolke herniederfahrend. Der Herrscher wertete es als „Zeichen einer glücklichen Zukunft“. Dann nahm es offenbar Kurs auf die Neue Welt.

Wie in Uganda, so sichtete auch in den USA ein Politiker das Phänomen. 30 Minuten lang, so gab Ohio-Gouverneur John J. Gilligan am vorletzten Wochenende zu Protokoll, habe ein „zigarrenförmiges, bernsteinfarbenes Objekt“ am Himmel verharrt, als er mit seiner Frau Katie nach Hause fuhr.

Von einem „rübenähnlichen Objekt“ wiederum sah sich ein Lastwagenfahrer in Missouri geblendet. Und nicht viel anders erging es einem Trupp von Polizisten, die in einem Wald nahe der Ortschaft Pine (US-Staat Louisiana) gleich fünf Ufos aufgespürt haben wollten.

Ein Lichtblitz habe den Motor ihres Wagens abgewürgt, behauptete eine verschreckte Autofahrerin in Tennessee, die weil eine Grüne Witwe in New Orleans meldete, eine Art von Riesenauster sei über ihrem Haus dahingezogen. Und ein Polizist aus Falkville (Alabama) legte gar ein Photo vor von einem Außerirdischen, der ihm auf dem Highway begegnet war.

Schließlich klickten die Fremdlinge vom Himmel — Reminiszenz an „Raumschiff Enterprise“ — auch in die irdische Elektronik: 15 Minuten lang berichtete Radarbeobachter James Thornhill aus Columbus (US-Staat Mississippi), sei sein Radarschirm ausgefallen — und das, nachdem er vorher einen oszillierenden, auf der Stelle verharrenden Punkt gezeigt habe.

Hysterisch — auf einer Autobahn bei Mobile verursachten 1000 Autofahrer auf Ufo-Suche ein Verkehrschaos — reagierten anfällige Gemüter jedoch besonders, seit eine Horrorgeschichte aus der Heimat Mark Twains verbreitet wurde.

Beim abendlichen Angeln, so hatten vorletzten Donnerstag zwei Männer aus dem Mississippi-Nest Pascagoula versichert, habe sich ihnen ein blaustrahlendes Licht genähert und zu einem Raumschiff materialisiert. Drei Kreaturen („ohne Lippen, mit Spitzohren und Krabbenscheren an den Armen“) hätten sie sodann in das unirdische Vehikel abgeführt. Mit einem Glasauge, „so

groß wie eine Pizza“, seien sie untersucht und wieder entlassen worden.

Daß amerikanische Zeitungsleser solche Behauptungen so glaubwürdig halten mochten, dafür sorgte ein schon bekannter Ufo-Anhänger, der einen Professoren-Titel trägt: der Astronom J. Allen Hynek, der die beiden Angler angeblich unter Hypnose hatte verhören lassen. „Es muß definitiv etwas hier gewesen sein“, lautete sein Befund, „das nicht terrestrischen Ursprungs war.“

Hynek, der in nützlichem Zusammentreffen mit der jüngsten Ufo-Welle soeben ein neues Buch („The Ufo Experience“) gestartet hat, ist Kennern der übersinnlichen Szene schon seit 1948 bekannt; damals drängelte er sich als „wissenschaftlicher Berater“ in



Nebelspalter, Schweiz

„... ich würde es melden, wenn ich nicht überall als Witzbold bekannt wäre.“

die Ufo-Untersuchungskommission der US-Luftwaffe.

Die jahrelangen Nachforschungen der Air Force gingen gleichwohl nicht zugunsten der Ufo-Gläubigen aus: In fast allen Fällen, so stellte sich heraus, hatten die Beobachter Schweifsterne und Meteore, Düsenjäger oder Satelliten, Wetterballons und Vögel, Lichtreflexe oder Feuerwerk als unirdische Erscheinungen mißdeutet.

So war es auch, als die Serie von Himmelserscheinungen letzte Woche nach Europa übergriff. Die Hamburger Hausfrau Elisabeth Kühne, 76, hatte als erste frühmorgens um sechs Uhr „das Ding“ wahrgenommen: „Ein Feuerball, halb so groß wie der Mond, mit einem Schweif aus vielen Tausend Sternen...“

Ein Wetterballon, so erfuhren die Anrufer bei der Hamburger Sternwarte, war in 10 000 Meter Höhe, eine geplatzte Ballonhülle als Schweif hinter sich herziehend, mutmaßlich aus der Sowjet-Union herübergekommen. Er spiegelte die Sonnenstrahlen

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Winterangebot 1973/74



*He has sought the answer for 18 years—
Dr. H. Allen Hynek, head of the astronomy
department at Northwestern University and chief
scientific consultant on UFO's to the Air Force.*



*He believes flying saucers are "modern
superstitions"—Dr. Donald H. Menzel of the
Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory,
Cambridge, Mass.*

Look Magazine

OFFICIAL U.S. AIR FORCE UFO FORM

Page 1

U.S. AIR FORCE TECHNICAL INFORMATION

This questionnaire has been prepared so that you can give the U.S. Air Force as much information as possible concerning the unidentified aerial phenomenon that you have observed. Please try to answer as many questions as you possibly can. The information that you give will be used for research purposes. Your name will not be used in connection with any statements, conclusions, or publications without your permission. We request this personal information so that if it is deemed necessary, we may contact you for further details.

1. When did you see the object?

____ Day ____ Month ____ Year

2. Time of day: _____ Hours _____ Minutes

(Circle One): A.M. or P.M.

3. Time Zone:

(Circle One): a. Eastern
b. Central
c. Mountain
d. Pacific
e. Other _____

(Circle One): a. Daylight Saving
b. Standard

4. Where were you when you saw the object?

____ Nearest Postal Address

____ City or Town

____ State or County

5. How long was object in sight? (Total Duration)

____ Hours _____ Minutes _____ Seconds

a. Certain
b. Fairly certain

c. Not very sure
d. Just a guess

5.1 How was time in sight determined? _____

5.2 Was object in sight continuously? Yes _____ No _____

6. What was the condition of the sky?

DAY
a. Bright
b. Cloudy

NIGHT
a. Bright
b. Cloudy

7. IF you saw the object during DAYLIGHT, where was the SUN located as you looked at the object?

(Circle One): a. In front of you
b. In back of you
c. To your right

d. To your left
e. Overhead
f. Don't remember

Page 2

8. If you saw the object at NIGHT, what did you notice concerning the STARS and MOON?

8.1 STARS (Circle One):

a. None
b. A few
c. Many
d. Don't remember

8.2 MOON (Circle One):

a. Bright moonlight
b. Dull moonlight
c. No moonlight—pitch dark
d. Don't remember

9. What were the weather conditions at the time you saw the object?

CLOUDS (Circle One):

a. Clear sky
b. Hazy
c. Scattered clouds
d. Thick or heavy clouds

WEATHER (Circle One):

a. Dry
b. Fog, mist, or light rain
c. Moderate or heavy rain
d. Snow
e. Don't remember

10. The object appeared: (Circle One):

a. Solid
b. Transparent
c. Vapor

d. As a light
e. Don't remember

11. If it appeared as a light, was it brighter than the brightest stars? (Circle One):

a. Brighter
b. Dimmer

c. About the same
d. Don't know

11.1 Compare brightness to some common object:

12. The edges of the object were:

(Circle One): a. Fuzzy or blurred
b. Like a bright star
c. Sharply outlined
d. Don't remember

e. Other _____

13. Did the object:

(Circle One for each question)

	Yes	No	Don't know
a. Appear to stand still at any time?	Yes	No	Don't know
b. Suddenly speed up and rush away at any time?	Yes	No	Don't know
c. Break up into parts or explode?	Yes	No	Don't know
d. Give off smoke?	Yes	No	Don't know
e. Change brightness?	Yes	No	Don't know
f. Change shape?	Yes	No	Don't know
g. Flash or flicker?	Yes	No	Don't know
h. Disappear and reappear?	Yes	No	Don't know

Official U.S. Air Force UFO form continued

Page 3

14. Did the object disappear while you were watching it? If so, how?
 (Circle One) Yes No Don't know. If you answered YES, then tell what it moved behind: _____

15. Did the object move behind something at any time, particularly a cloud?
 (Circle One) Yes No Don't know. If you answered YES, then tell what it moved behind: _____

16. Did the object move in front of something at any time, particularly a cloud?
 (Circle One) Yes No Don't know. If you answered YES, then tell what in front of: _____

17. Tell in a few words the following things about the object:
 a. Sound _____
 b. Color _____

18. We wish to know the angular size. Hold a match stick or arm's length in line with a known object and note how much of the object is covered by the head of the match. If you had performed this experiment at the time of the sighting, how much of the object would have been covered by the match head?

19. Draw a picture that will show the shape of the object or objects. Label and include in your sketch any details of the object that you saw such as wings, protrusions, etc., and especially exhaust trails or vapor trails. Place an arrow beside the drawing to show the direction the object was moving.

Page 4

20. Do you think you can estimate the speed of the object?
 (Circle One) Yes No
 If you answered YES, then what speed would you estimate? _____

21. Do you think you can estimate how far away from you the object was?
 (Circle One) Yes No
 If you answered YES, then how far away would you say it was? _____

22. Where were you located when you saw the object?
 (Circle One):
 a. Inside a building
 b. In a car
 c. Outdoors
 d. In an airplane (type) _____
 e. Aisoa _____
 f. Other _____

23. Where you (Circle One)
 (Circle One):
 a. In the business section of a city?
 b. In the residential section of a city?
 c. In open countryside?
 d. Near an airfield?
 e. Flying over a city?
 f. Flying over open country?
 g. Other _____

24. If you were MOVING IN AN AUTOMOBILE or other vehicle at the time, then complete the following questions:
 24.1. What direction were you moving? (Circle One)
 a. North b. East c. South d. West
 e. North
 f. Southeast g. Northwest h. Northwest
 24.2. How fast were you moving? _____ mile per hour.
 24.3. Did you stop at any time while you were looking at the object?
 (Circle One) Yes No

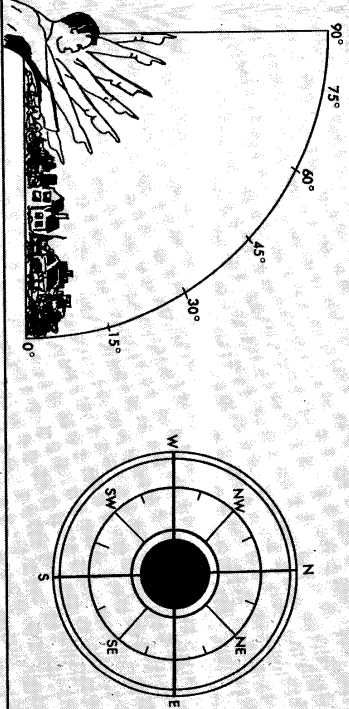
25. Did you observe the object through any of the following?
 a. Eyeglasses Yes No b. Binoculars Yes No
 c. Sun glasses Yes No d. Telescope Yes No
 e. Windshield Yes No f. Theodolite Yes No
 g. Window glass Yes No h. Other _____

26. In order that you can give as clear a picture as possible of what you saw, describe in your own words a common object or objects which, when placed up in the sky, would give the same appearance as the object which you saw.

Official U.S. Air Force UFO form continued

Page 5

27. In the following sketch, imagine that you are at the point shown. Place an "A" on the curved line to show how high the object was above the horizon (skyline) when you first saw it. Place a "B" on the same curved line to show how high the object was above the horizon (skyline) when you last saw it. Place an "A" on the compass when you first saw it. Place a "B" on the compass when you last saw the object.



28. Draw a picture that will show the motion that the object or objects made. Place an "A" at the beginning of the path, a "B" at the end of the path, and show any changes in direction during the course.

29. If there was MORE THAN ONE object, then how many were there? _____
 Draw a picture of how they were arranged, and put an arrow to show the direction that they were traveling.

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30. Have you ever seen this, or a similar object before. If so give date or dates and location.

31. Was anyone else with you at the time you saw the object? (Circle One) Yes No

31.1. If you answered YES, did they see the object too? (Circle One) Yes No

31.2. Please list their names and addresses:

32. Please give the following information about yourself:

NAME Last Name First Name Middle Name

ADDRESS Street City Zone State

TELEPHONE NUMBER AGE SEX

Indicate any additional information about yourself, including any special experience, which might be pertinent.

33. When and to whom did you report that you had seen the object?

Day Month Year

Official U.S. Air Force

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34. Date you completed this questionnaire:

Day

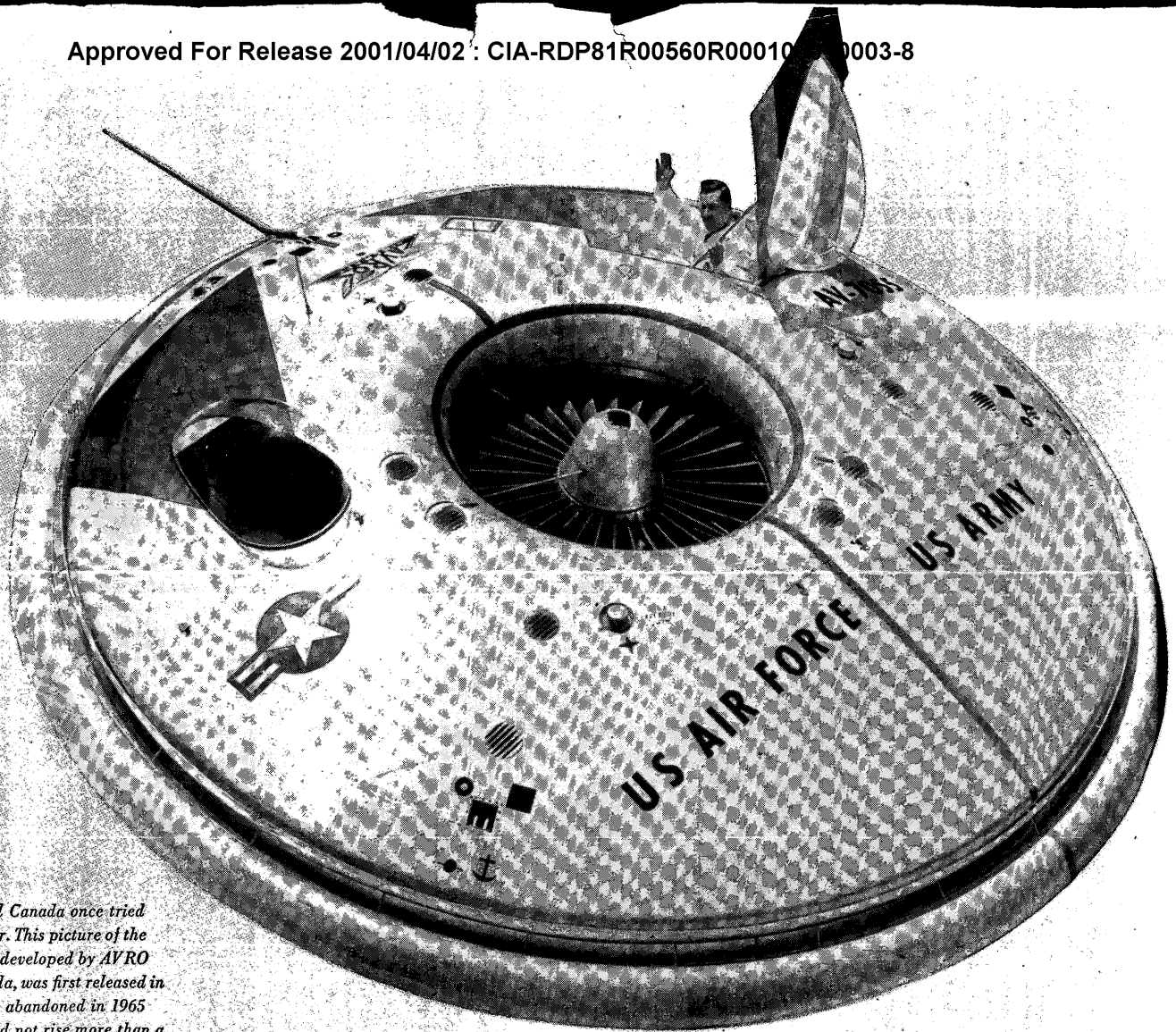
Month

Year

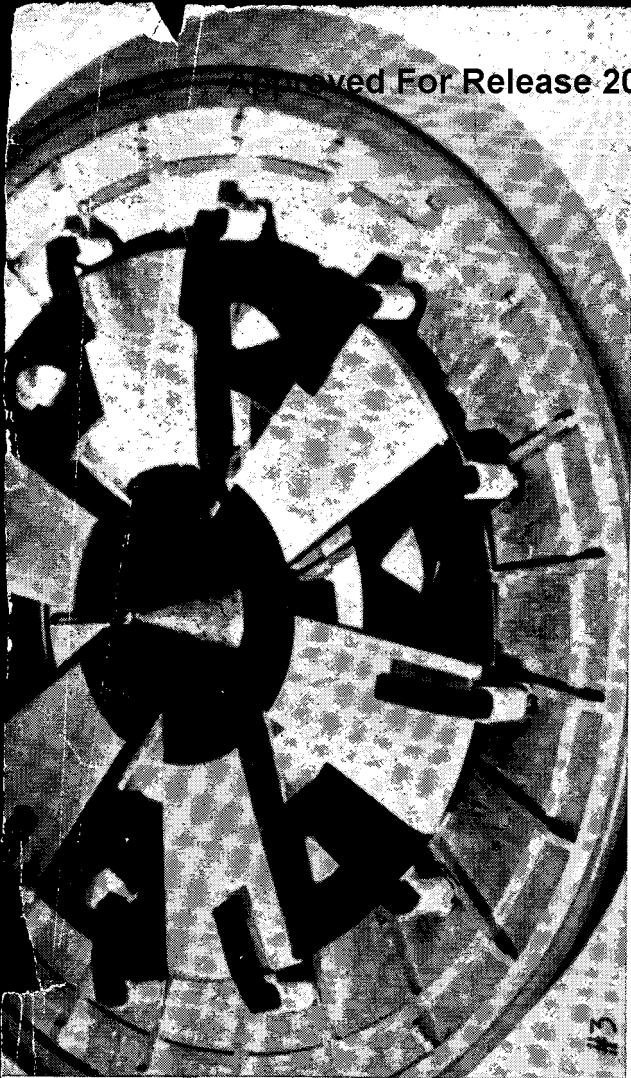
35. Information which you feel pertinent and which is not adequately covered in the specific points of the questionnaire or a narrative explanation of your sighting.

JFO form continued

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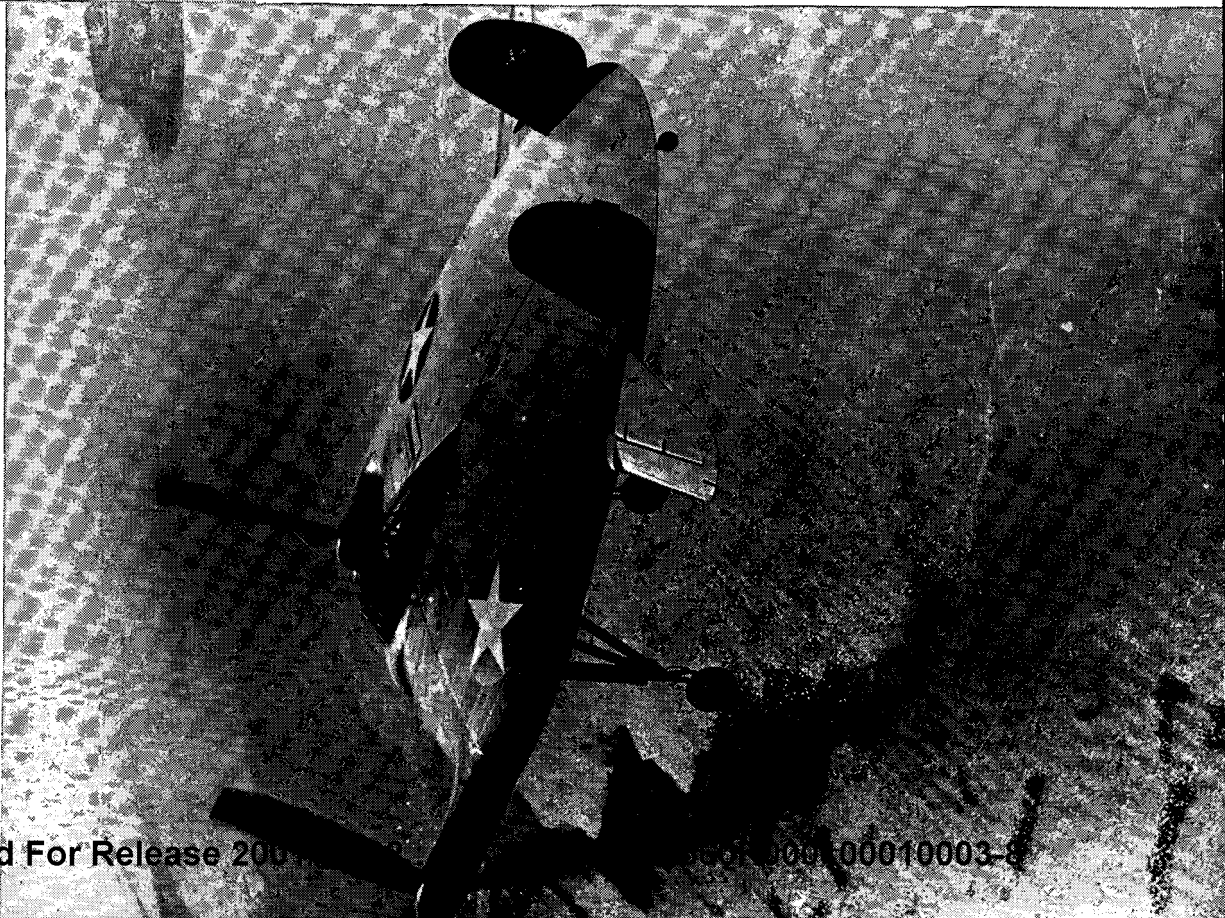


The United States and Canada once tried to build a flying saucer. This picture of the disc-shaped Avro car, developed by AVRO Aircraft Ltd. of Canada, was first released in 1960. The project was abandoned in 1965 because the craft could not rise more than a few feet in the air with stability.



This "flying flapjack" was an experimental craft of the U.S. Navy and it did get off the ground. This picture was released in 1952.

but the Defense Department turned us do.



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Letters

UFO's Merit Scientific Study

Twenty years after the first public furor over UFO's (called "flying saucers" that reports of UFO's continue to accumulate. The Air Force has now declined to give increased scientific attention to the UFO phenomenon. I feel under some obligation to report to my scientific colleagues, who could not be expected to keep up with so seemingly bizarre a field, the gist of my experience in "monitoring the noise level" over the years in my capacity as scientific consultant to the Air Force. In doing so, I do so not like a traveler to exotic lands and faraway places, who discharges his obligation to those who stay at home by telling them of the strange ways of the natives.

During my long period of association with the reports of strange things in the sky, I expected that each lull in the receipt of reports signaled the end of the episode, only to see the activity renew in just the past two years it has risen to a new high. Despite the fact that the great majority of reports resulted from misidentifications of otherwise familiar things, my own concern and sense of personal responsibility have increased and caused me to urge the initiation of a meaningful scientific investigation of the residue comprising UFO cases by physical and social scientists. I have guardedly voiced this suggestion in the literature and at various official hearings, but with little success. UFO was a term that called forth buffoonery and caustic banter; this was both a cause and an effect of the lack of scientific attention. I speak here only of the puzzling reports; there is little point to concern ourselves with reports that can be easily traced to balloons, satellites, and meteors. Neither is there any point to take account of vague oral or written reports which contain only be concerned with "hard data," defined here as reports, made by sev-

eral responsible witnesses, of sightings which lasted a reasonable length of time and which were reported in a coherent manner.

I have strongly urged the Air Force to ask physical and social scientists of stature to make a respectable, scholarly study of the UFO phenomenon. Now that the first firm steps have been taken toward such a study, I can set forth something of what I have learned, particularly as it relates to frequently made misstatements about UFO's. Some of these statements which lead to misconceptions are:

1) *Only UFO "buffs" report UFO's.* The exact opposite is much nearer the truth. Only a negligible handful of reports submitted to the Air Force are from the "true believers," the same who attend UFO conventions and who are members of "gee-whiz" groups. It has been my experience that quite generally the truly puzzling reports come from people who have not given much or any thought to UFO's.

2) *UFO's are reported by unreliable, unstable, and uneducated people.* This is, of course, true. But UFO's are reported in even greater numbers by reliable, stable, and educated people. The most articulate reports come from obviously intelligent observers; dullards rarely overcome their inherent inertia toward making written reports.

3) *UFO's are never reported by scientifically trained people.* This is unequivocally false. Some of the very best, most coherent reports have come from scientifically trained people. It is true that scientists are reluctant to make a public report. They also usually request anonymity which is always granted.

4) *UFO's are never seen at close range and are always reported vaguely.* When we speak of the body of puzzling reports which excluded all those which fit the above description, I have in my files several hundred reports which

are fine brain teasers and could easily be made the subject of profitable discussion among physical and social scientists alike.

5) *The Air Force has no evidence that UFO's are extra-terrestrial or represent advanced technology of any kind.* This is a true statement but is widely interpreted to mean that there is evidence against the two hypotheses. As long as there are "unidentifieds," the question must obviously remain open. If we knew what they were, they would no longer be UFO's—they would be IFO's, Identified Flying Objects! If you know the answer beforehand, it isn't research. No truly scientific investigation of the UFO phenomenon has ever been undertaken. Are we making the same mistake the French Academy of Sciences made when they dismissed stories of "stones that fell from the sky"? Finally, however, meteorites were made respectable in the eyes of science.

6) *UFO reports are generated by publicity.* One cannot deny that there is a positive feedback, a stimulated emission of reports, when sightings are widely publicized, but it is unwarranted to assert that this is the sole cause of high incidence of UFO reports.

7) *UFO's have never been sighted on radar or photographed by meteor or satellite tracking cameras.* This statement is not equivalent to saying that radar, meteor cameras, and satellite tracking stations have not picked up "oddities" on their scopes or films that have remained unidentified. It has been lightly assumed that although unidentified, the oddities were not unidentifiable as conventional objects.

For these reasons I cannot dismiss the UFO phenomenon with a shrug. The "hard data" cases contain frequent allusions to recurrent, kinematic, geometric, and luminescent characteristics. I have begun to feel that there is a tendency in 20th-century science to forget that there will be a 21st-century science, and indeed a 30th-century science, from which vantage points our knowledge of the universe may appear quite different. We suffer, perhaps, from temporal provincialism, a form of arrogance that has always irritated posterity.

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