

## TRANSLATION:

Mège, Yann (2001).

**Kelly: La nuit des extraterrestres.**

*Phénomèna*, 45, 6-18.

*The opening pages of this magazine article are simply a recital of the canonical elements of the Kelly / Hopkinsville story.*

*The following text (the investigator's report of his visit to the Kelly scene) begins at the bottom of the first column on page 10 of the Phenomena magazine issue.*

*Page break annotations have been inserted to aid the reader in matching text sections below to the published version.*

*A summary listing of translations for the notes and photo captions appearing in the published article is provided after the main text translation below.*

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Here is what I knew about the Kelly incident when I arrived in Hopkinsville 12/4/00.

I already knew a lot more, but not enough - when, five days later, the 17<sup>th</sup>, Russell Ferguson brought me to Kelly in his enormous station wagon.

Of all the police who had [been at] Kelly in Aug of 1955, Ferguson - by now retired – was the only survivor, at least in the area. He had participated as State Trooper in the entire first investigation, August 22 between midnight and 2 am. When I had met him, he had spontaneously offered to lead me to the site of the Kelly Little Green Men Invasion.

Ferguson made an excellent impression on me immediately. He was a calm and thoughtful man who showed a clear need to understand and to be

understood. He gave no visible credit to Suttons' story, and gladly seasoned his skepticism with humor; but he was too meticulous, or too philosophical, to treat the story with contempt or to drown it in standard rationalism. "I can tell you what I have seen, but that's all," he said as a warning. "Everyone saw something, but for myself, I knew nothing."

I believe that the most amusing and astonishing thing to his eyes was not Sutton's story but his widespread popularity, especially his *unspoiled* popularity. It was kind of a mystery that neither ridicule nor expert explanations could pierce, and which a spirit like his had certainly intended. "Still today," he had confided in me, half amused and half astounded, "I regularly receive letters asking me for information about this story. A while back a Japanese university - very polite and charming - came here to meet me." I had learned in the process, not without surprise, that I was the first Frenchman to interview him.

We had just left Hopkinsville and returned to Highway 41. 45 years earlier, on a certain night in August, Ferguson and about 12 police had followed the same route. The countryside, at the same time charming and a little sad, alternated between green meadows and small woods, under a gray sky. Ferguson began to laugh.

"There's one thing that there's no chance of my forgetting, the shock of my superior waking me up in the middle of the night. When they told me that a

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flying saucer had landed near Kelly, I believed they were making fun of me. They had to repeat it three times for me to understand that this was serious. In fact, it was not foreseen that I would be in charge that night, but I was the only State Trooper to live not too far from Kelly. So as it happened, I arrived among the first, just after the Suttons. Then the others arrived with firearms and flashlights. At the beginning of the inquiry, there must have been 15 or 20 of us in addition to the Suttons. In the group there were at least two other Troopers - Simpson and Riley - and four MP's."

I asked him if he remembered the ambiance at the time. He thought for a few seconds.

“You know, it was like a film shot or a scene on stage. Each person had his role, a little like a film, do you see? It was as simple as that. There were already those who believed, those who did not believe. Things were quickly set and they stayed set. The only time that this skidded out of control was when one guy, an MP I think, stepped on the tail of a cat that he didn’t see. The creature yelled and everyone pulled out their gun, it was general panic. It was a big moment (he laughed) ...”

I asked him about the Suttons’ comportment.

“I have no precise memory of the Suttons. I only remember that they moaned and complained they were so excited. I also remember that they were drinking ...”

Would you say that they were drunk?

He shook his head, visibly annoyed.

“Don’t make me say what I haven’t said. I haven’t said that they were drunk. I said that they were drinking. In general, let’s say that these were not really people who were stable, if you see what I mean.”

I asked him to explain to me as clearly and as precisely as possible the results of the inquiry.

“Well, to be clear and precise: I didn’t find anything. Absolutely nothing, you have my word. Everything was absolutely normal. I did not find any evidence of anything unusual – not of footprints, not of anything else.”

And no bullets or empty casings in the yard?

“Me, I didn’t see one, not in the yard, not elsewhere. The only detail ...let us say, interesting detail, was this hole in the screen of a window. A square hole, perfectly square, or nearly. One could say it had been done with a knife or a razor blade. I showed it to the others and I said to them: Well this is what I call square shooting!”

At that moment, were the Suttons with you in the house?

“Sure, they were behind me when I examined that strange hole.”

I asked you this because a number of investigators afterwards claimed that the Suttons did not want to set foot in the house again.

“People say what they want. It’s normal.”

How did the Suttons react when you noticed that square hole?

“As I remember, they didn’t say anything.”

How many signs of impacts were there in the screen? Were there others?

“That’s the only one that I noticed.”

Some investigators saw several holes – apparently caused by bullets – in the screen...

“Really? They saw that – that night?”

No, the next morning.

He shook his head laughing.

“I didn’t know that... those holes were probably made after I left. That night, there was only one square hole, I’m sure of it.”

We had arrived at Kelly. To be honest, we could have passed through the village without my noticing, it was so modest and inconspicuous. At first glance, it was limited to a dozen small houses around a cafe – The Kelly Café - which probably served as well as a shop and a post office...

Quickly, Ferguson turned right to take Kelly Church Road and to meet the railway tracks which followed the highway. On our left, in front of the little freight station which justified the old name of the village (Kelly Station), a couple of foxes walked by the platform

through the grass. A few hundred meters further, we came upon Old Madisonville Road (Highway 41A) parallel to the railroad, which we had crossed [?] to the north. Small wooden houses, all in disrepair, lined both sides of the road. There were only a few indications that they were inhabited.

“In 1955,” said Ferguson, “most of those houses did not exist. The Sutton farm was really isolated. In fact, there was almost nothing outside of the village itself, on the highway. In contrast, this road was a little more frequented. In the past, the people in Chicago used it to go down to Miami. It wasn’t very safe and there were not a few accidents.”

Ferguson had parked his station wagon in the shoulder (?) on the right, in front of number 7650. At this spot, Highway 41, the railway tracks and Highway 41A come together suddenly, only to separate a few hundred meters further. We had not come across a single vehicle since we left Highway 41.

“We’re here,” said Ferguson.

I got out of the car first.

It was there at 7650 Old Madisonville Rd, Kelly, Kentucky, that forty-five years earlier a horde of clawed and phosphorescent aliens had besieged a peaceful family of farmers. And it was there that, according to some investigators, the world-famous story of little green men had its origin. The charming ordinariness of the spot contrasted strangely with its amazing heritage.

In fact, the Suttons’ farm had disappeared - a long time ago I learned later – and you could just perceive its contours and foundations in the grass, about 15 meters from the road. About 20 meters further, at the end of what was formerly the back yard, was a trailer. Between the two stretched a poorly-maintained grassy expanse, in the center of which was a rally car on a trailer. Behind the house, on the north, stood what I supposed to be the last vestige of the Sutton era: the little shed – very weathered – that according to my information marked the former border between the back yard and the fields.

The inhabitants of this property were evidently absent and I was not sufficiently curious, or sufficiently bold, to explore the site without their permission. However, this quick look did not really impress me. So I contented myself by taking a few photos from the front of the property.

Ferguson watched what I did, a little amused and a little stoic while a moist brisk breeze swept the area. How many curious people like me had he led or accompanied to Kelly over 50 years? Doubtless dozens. However, he showed no impatience, or irritation toward me. Doubtless his quasi-official status of “last witness to the Kelly incident” gave him some satisfaction; perhaps also he enjoyed being the star. But was his geniality a sufficient explanation for his patience?

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We had returned to Hopkinsville when at last I asked him for his personal thoughts on the actual Kelly incident.

The comment came quickly and was clear and precise.

“Pure fabrication.”

He added: “You know, at that time, I was very clear about those stories about extraterrestrials. For me, it was hogwash, period. If I were to investigate this kind of event today, I would definitely be more open. But that doesn’t mean that I would swallow everything. A cop looks for evidence, clues, proof. Without clues, there’s nothing there. And I guarantee that that night I did not find a single clue. If an unusual thing had happened at Kelly, I would have found unusual evidence – perhaps [three times nothing]? but I would have found something because things always leave evidence whether they want to or not. But we left empty-handed. So empty-handed that Riley {the trooper who was supervising the inquiry for the state police} did not even make a report, as far as I know.”

Some investigators have claimed that the Suttons had in fact seen monkeys escaped from a circus...

“I heard about that. That’s absurd. Monkeys would have left evidence, there’s not a shadow of a doubt.”

To finish up, I asked him if he considered this to be a major event in his life. He broke out laughing.

“Certainly not.” ... I know that some people here took it as a major event, but not me. A major event changes your life. I can tell you that my wife changed my life, that a big lottery would have changed it more (laughs). ... But this story has not changed my life. Let’s say that it was an interesting experience. You know, some people – people just like you and me – have looked at the things in Kelly. Things which they have remarked on. Others, like me, saw nothing at all, but they did the same investigation, in the same places, at the same time. But this does not give me the right to say that those who have seen these things have seen nothing, or saw incorrectly. This also does not give me the right to ignore people who, come you, travel to Hopkinsville to try to learn more. In fact, this makes one reflect. It’s why I say to you that it’s an interesting experience. But it’s no more than that for me.”

Paradoxically, it was in the classic UFO literature that well before flying away to Kentucky I had found the first reasons to doubt the Suttons’ sincerity. Here is one of these reasons:

According to certain ufologists who were well-informed such as Isabel Davis, the four men of the Sutton clan (Elmer and J. C. Sutton, O. P. Baker and B. R. Taylor) had all left the location a few hours after the end of the horrible invasion – the first three order to take care of some mysterious business in Evansville, the fourth to hunt with a neighbor, leaving the women and children alone at the farms. This seemed to me very curious. How could they act this way at the end of a night of terror? And how could someone have the idea of leaving to hunt after such an event? There was something there at least to ask oneself.

Another troubling detail: why did the neighbors of the Suttons not intervene during that night on heading the shots? The Sutton farm was certainly isolated, but couldn’t anyone hear from five hundred meters or a kilometer away so many shots (200 at least, according to Taylor) in the middle of the night? Wouldn’t they be concerned?

Third, why did the Suttons believe they had to reach Hopkinsville in the middle of the night on an unsure road to convey their SOS? Why hadn't they simply run to a neighbor who had a telephone to alert the police or the other surrounding farmers? All the UFOlogists who investigated the event – Isabel Davis especially, noted that the Suttons did not have a telephone, but forget to mention that the great majority of the domiciles in Kelly (according to my information) were already equipped with them...

Obviously, these disturbing issues did not prove at all that the Suttons had lied. Although fundamental, the witness of Ferguson himself proved nothing. I absolutely had to support it, if possible with other witness statements of all kinds. On April 13<sup>th</sup>, I discovered in leafing through the county's records, that one of the three Lankford children, Lonnie, 57, still lived in Hopkinsville. I contacted him that same night and requested a meeting. Lankford responded – politely and to be honest a little gently – that he was “tired” of interviews and that he did not wish to speak any more about the incident at Kelly or to hear it spoken about. When I insisted, he asked a delay to think about it for a few days. When I called him back on the

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17<sup>th</sup> he asked me off the bat how much I was ready to give for his witness statement; in response to my surprise, he added that on television they always gave him “something” when they interviewed him. (I learned later that he had participated in several broadcasts on UFO's and strange happenings.) I responded that from my point of view, witness statements were not to be bought. Doubtless to get rid of me, he unhappily finally agreed to meet me at my motel on the 19<sup>th</sup>. He did not come to the meeting. I called him back to let him know that I understood and respected his point of view.

The same evening, I contacted Rachel Greenwell, the widow of Russell Greenwell, chief of police of Hopkinsville in '55. Spontaneous and astonishingly lively, this charming elderly woman of 83 quickly made me understand that she did not wish to meet me, but was willing to make her opinion and that of her dead husband known.

“I never saw the Suttons myself,” she told me, “but my husband was acquainted with them a little and respected them. I can tell you that he was very impressed by the statement of Glennie Lankford. You know, that woman was not the sort to tell lies. Also, she seemed very agitated by what she had seen. That’s really what struck my husband most in this story – the sincerity of that woman. Glennie Lankford could never have lied to the police, and even less feigned terror. Of course, that doesn’t mean that the Suttons saw extraterrestrials. It just means that something happened at Kelly. It was my husband’s opinion until the last day of his life, and it’s still my opinion. I believe that something very important happened at Kelly. I don’t know what, but someday we will know, I’m sure of it. You always know in the end.”

Because I had firmly decided to “know in the end,” I quickly oriented my researches towards the archives of the *Kentucky New Era* and the collections of the public libraries in the region (principally Hopkinsville, Madisonville, Clarksville and Evansville.) This is what I discovered:

- Regarding the hole(s) in the window of the farm from the investigation the night of August 22, from the *Kentucky New Era* (22/8/55), “there was a hole in the screen of the window through which [the Suttons] claimed to have fired...” *The Madisonville Messenger* (22/8) which also sent a reporter and a photographer to the Suttons’, states:” When the officers carried out their inquiry, Lucky (Elmer) Sutton shown them a bizarre item: a square hole of an inch and a half (4 cm) on the side of a window screen, resulting according to him from a gunshot...” Jacqueline Sanders, who was the first Ufologist to investigate the incident (two days after the event), wrote for her part: “There was a hole in the screen on the window... There was only one strange detail ... : this hole was square, about an inch by an inch and a half on the side. When asked, no member of the family [Sutton] could explain the shape of this hole.”

- Regarding the number of cartridges found in place by the investigators: the *Madisonville Messenger* (22/8) says: “the investigators report that they only found two .22 cartridges in the area.”

- The *Madisonville Messenger* and the *Evansville Press* (22/8) say that it was all the Sutton “clan” and not only Billy Ray Taylor who saw the flying saucer. The *Evansville Press* says that Glennie Lankford even said that she had seen the machine – a sort of bright circle [gliding/hovering could

be either - lb] in the sky - three times. Interesting detail, which was not mentioned however in any of the later stories, not even in that which Glennie told to ufologist Isabel Davis several months later.

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- I discovered moreover that the Suttons and their friends had not waited for that night in 1955 to learn about ufology: Billy Ray Taylor had seen a “flying saucer” some time before [*Kentucky New Era*, 22/8] and Arlene Sutton had “read a little about men from Mars” (“If they had looked like that, she confided to the *Evansville Press*, there would have been something to be frightened of.”)

- In researching the program of the only movie house in Hopkinsville from mid-July to the end of August '55, I counted not less than three sci-fi films concerning extra-terrestrials (often unfriendly, not to say invaders): *Conquest of Space* and *This Island Earth* (beginning July 13) and *Target Earth* (beginning August 12.) I also found two fantasy films, *Them!* (July 22) and *The Revenge of the Creature* (August 19), followed by *The Creature of (sic) the Black Lagoon*. The poster for *Revenge...* shows a horrible being colored green menacing the crowd with his webbed and taloned hands.

- Finally I learned from the *Kentucky New Era* that an amateur circus, the Shrine circus, playing since August 18 at the Hopkinsville fairgrounds – at the extreme north of the city, so only a few kilometers from Kelly – had offered a large fireworks show at its last evening show on August 21. These fireworks could explain the strange lights that some witnesses said they had seen in the sky on that night – for example, those famous “meteors” that a policeman had seen fly toward Kelly with a sound of “artillery?” It should be noted that a neighbor of the Suttons had himself heard our explosion, which he had attributed to “fireworks” before tying them later, to the presumed “fusillade” of Kelly (*Kentucky New Era*, 22/8 and *Madisonville Messenger*, 23/8.)

Especially, I discovered an astonishing article, printed October 30 in the *Kentucky New Era* and headlined “World Won’t Let Community Forget Kelly Space Creatures.” And here are several instructive extracts.

“One hot summer night 40 years ago, Raymond McCord was sleeping peacefully in his house in Kelly, while a family of farmers settled not far from there...gave battle to some creatures from outer space. I didn’t hear anything, stated McCord, now 70 years old. And I didn’t know anything about it until about 8 the next morning...

It was from a neighbor that McCord heard the story.

I didn’t believe it,” he said laughing, “and I still don’t believe it. {The Suttons} said that they had shot all night. Well, I who only lived 1,000 yards from them, I didn’t hear a sound.”

Some years later, Sutton confessed.

“About six years later,” recounts McCord, “I bought the land they were living on. One day when [Elmer] Sutton was there, he said to me; You remember that story about green men? Well, there was nothing at all in it.”

True or false, the story always attracted the attention of the whole world... Even today, Dorris McCord, who lives in a mobile home on the former site of the Sutton farm, is astonished by the number of strangers who knock on her door to ask her for permission to visit the spot.

“I’m struck by [the number of people] who have heard about this,” she says. “What amuses me is that this continues. I tell them that I’m waiting for the return of the little green men. You never know.”

What happened at Kelly, Kentucky, that night from August 21-22, 1955?

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It’s evident that we will never know exactly. Nevertheless, I believe that I have gleaned enough solid, coherent pieces to reconstitute with some confidence a part of the puzzle and to imagine the rest.

Here then is my version of the facts.

That evening, an unusual state of excitement reigned at the Sutton house. Was this because of an article on flying saucers, which Glennie Lankford

had just received, or because of the photographs of "extraterrestrials" that illustrated it? In any case, the discussion had turned to this topic, and each person wanted to take part. All of the adults present believed more or less firmly in the existence of these visitors who come from another world. It must be said that for several months, observations of "saucers" and "little men" had multiplied in Ohio, Indiana and in Kentucky itself. The very respected chief of police, Russell Greenwell, had himself observed a strange aerial object several summers previously.

For the Suttons, these damn saucers were much more than an exotic subject of conversation; it was their only window on the outside, their only means of escape, their only means to overcome a daily life that was ungrateful, laborious, without end. It was also, given the popularity of saucers in 1955, their only positive and stimulating link with a society which otherwise showed them only contempt or at the best indifference.

The night was muggy and beer flowed like waves. A little tipsy, very excited, Billy Ray Taylor described, for the ninth time the flying saucer which he had seen a few times before. In the group he remembered – this wasn't the first time either – a famous incident which took place in 1952 in his native state, West Virginia, and which had profoundly affected him. This incident had confronted a bunch of kids with a huge creature presumably extraterrestrial, the famous "monster of Flatwoods," which was also called – Taylor loved to emphasize – "the monster of Sutton"...

Inspired by this coincidence, the young man imagined an invasion of the farm in the middle of the night by horrible ill-intentioned little men, which he tried to describe with strong details. His story gave all a terrible shiver. Was it as much a fantasy as that? If you believe the press, the visitors from outer space were less and less timid; further, they seemed to like remote corners of the countryside.

It was then that someone, perhaps Taylor himself, had the idea of a hoax. A silly joke, not very naughty: it involved simply to make public – and "real" – the terrifying invasion that Taylor had just imagined.

The implicit goal of the operation was not to amuse themselves at the expense of the community, but to seduce and "conquer" it by offering it one of those disturbing stories with which it amused itself in reality. A story in which the Suttons, the poor peasants of Kelly Station, would be the heroes.

They knew straight away that this idea would be successful, especially the men. With the exception perhaps of O. P. Baker – a brave guy and not wishy-washy, who was content in general to go with the flow – all the men of the “clan” usually desired to attract attention and the respect of society, to break the contemptuous indifference with which it condemned their miserable condition. This desire was manifest in Taylor, who presented a clear tendency for creating stories and bluster. But he was stronger and more serious even than Elmer and J.C., who had been successively deprived of their father and their father-in-law. Twice orphaned, the two brothers were waiting for the pendulum to swing the other way, and especially for a little attention from their friends.

The women were more reticent but hardly showed it. In fact, the program depended entirely on Elmer, “the man of the family.” Elmer was ready to give it a try, but he wanted to keep hold of the situation. In fact, he distrusted a little Billy Ray. His young friend, who lived under his roof and worked with him for a travelling carnival, showed himself to be often unstable and overly imaginative. In addition, he loved to make himself interesting. If Elmer did not rein him in, he would certainly have done too much and the hoax would have fallen short.

The best of all the Suttons was obviously their mother, Glennie. This calm, serious and reflective woman had no imagination and did not run any danger of getting carried away. Her witness report, as a result, could only be taken seriously. Of course, there was no question of her playing the primary role – she would have been completely incapable, but her participation in the hoax was necessary.

Glennie saw herself playing a part poorly, but on the other hand, she could not do anything else but follow her son. If they decided to attempt the adventure, she was obligated to accompany them by family spirit and to help them to preserve the credibility of the story as much as possible,

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and especially the credibility of the “clan.”

For the same reasons, Vera and Alene Sutton, the wives of respectively Elmer and J.C., joined the plot. Only June, the wife of Taylor, remained hesitant. “Not serious,” her husband said to her, “you will say that you didn’t see anything, that you hid because you were too frightened. No one will find that suspicious.”

Glennie required that the children be kept out of the story. It was clear, in their eyes, that no one could ask that they participate in such a project. “OK,” agreed Elmer, “ we will say that they were in bed, they didn’t see anything at all. That will be better for them.”

The hoax was planned quickly. Billy Ray, far from the most inventive of the group, imagined the essential elements of the story as well as the appearance of the “little men.” But, because he had a tendency to take on the role of leader, and because his plot was too ornate to convince one person, much less future interpreters, Elmer insisted on several corrections. This made the creatures a little less frightening, their behavior a little less strange, and the story in general simpler.

Billy Ray suggested that several shots be fired in the backyard and in the neighborhood to make the story more credible. Too confident or enthusiastic, Elmer didn’t see the utility of pushing the narrative that far; neither he nor the others imagined that this story would take on such proportions and require so much effort, so many explanations so many explanations. Moreover, too many shots risked alerting the neighbors, whose curiosity could have turned out to be formidable. (Perhaps the Suttons had some other reasons to despise their neighbors or some of them.)

You could think that Elmer finally gave permission for Billy Ray to fire a few shots; but it’s more probable that he asked him to toss some empty cartridges in the yard. In any case, he made the hold in the screen of the north window with a knife or razor blade.

At 11 pm the Suttons, very nervous and doubtless impressed by their own gumption, climbed into their cars. They had decided of one accord and without hesitation, to march right to Hopkinsville to the city police station.

This decision owed nothing to chance or to fantasy. First, the Suttons did not have the slightest interest in seeking help from their neighbors – who,

having neither seen nor heard anything abnormal, would most likely have derided their story. Moreover, the general investigation which they awaited could only have come from the town, and not from their neighborhood. Finally and especially, police chief Greenwell was in their eyes the one most likely to offer or at least to favor this investigation. Greenwell was a man of integrity, open and attentive, who enjoyed an exceptional popularity in the town. To convince Greenwell was to convince Hopkinsville. What's more,

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the chief himself had seen a "flying saucer" in 1952, and did not miss any opportunity to make his interest known on this subject.

You know the rest. The Suttons' story interested not only Greenwell and his men, but in addition the sheriff, many state police, reporters, and even four congressmen. This "general mobilization" confused the Suttons, who had not at all foreseen it. Their embarrassment changed into anguish when they realized that the investigation, against all expectation turned into a real criminal inquiry with repeated questioning, deep research, etc. Obviously the majority of the police were reserved not to say very skeptical. The square hole in the screen, the absence of empty cartridges on the ground, the swaggering of Taylor who claimed remarkably to have used four boxes of ammunition [quickly gained] their interest and sympathy. Could the Suttons have at that point backpedaled and confessed their hoax? Certainly. But with difficulty and doubtless at the price of humiliation even more unhappy. Not to mention legal action that could logically have resulted in an unjustified recourse to the forces of law and order.

In fact, for the Suttons, confession was inconceivable. The skepticism of the police had quickly and cruelly put them in their place, in the camp of those without voices. Their anger was stronger than their disarray. Obeying their wounded pride, the men of the clan chose to drive the mail in. After the departure of the investigators, at about 2 am, they riddled the famous window screen with bullets and imagined without much conviction an improbable return of the "little men." However, they didn't have the calm or the courage to face the questions of the police for a second time, and when the police returned early in the morning they found only the women and children.

When Major Albert of the USAF arrived at the farm to inquire about the incident, Glennie, without doubt impressed by this visitor in uniform (who probably did not hide his skepticism) or perhaps his disdain) made some involuntary and clumsy admissions, which reinforced the doubts of the officer.

Later, confronted by the mocking and shameless crowd that invaded their farm, the Suttons decided – as many would have done in their place – to monetize their calvary by promoting the onlookers to pay. It was a complete checkmate, a new humiliation.

There remained only flight. And if possible, forgetting.

## Notes and captions appearing within the article:

At the bottom of the photograph below the Louisville-Nashville railroad, seen from Kelly Church Road, which crossed it to merge with rte. 41 at Old Madisonville Road (rte. 41A).

1. For convenience, I will speak here of “the Suttons” to indicate the Sutton-Lankford family and more universally the eleven witnesses to the incident.
2. Major Albert took away the article to make a copy. When at the end of 1957 those responsible for the Blue Book project were led to look at the Kelly incident, they exhumed the document. Alas, it disappeared before the declassification of the Blue Book archives, in the middle of the ‘70’s. Of course, a good number of searchers have tried to identify this article and its origin. In his report written in 1957 (attached as an appendix to the Blue Book), Albert recalled a religious publication edited in Fort Worth, Texas. Lauren E. Gross (see the bibliography) has unearthed an English publication entitled *The Kingdom Voice*, which had published a series of articles on flying saucers in 1954. I in fact found a *Kingdom Digest* edited in Fort Worth, but no article on saucers.
3. You can find the raw version of this report in the Blue Book appendix. *The Work of Isabel David, Clos Encounter at Kelly and Others* of 1955 offers a “clean” version, apparently reviewed and corrected (see the bibliography.)
4. That’s what they call the Kelly incident in the area (although no witness has ever mentioned the color green in describing the creatures.) It should be noted that according to certain investigators, the expression “little green men” which is now universal originated several days after the incident, in a report in the local newspapers. I took advantage of my stay in Kentucky by attempting to learn more about this issue. But there, of course, it’s a different story.

State Trooper Russell N. Ferguson (currently retired) who took part in all the first investigations.

5. A play on words that can be imperfectly translated as “[?].” “Square” means “carre” but also “frank” or “loyal.” [I think his English is faulty – he’s trying to explain “square shooter” or honest person.]

The event called “of Kelly Hopkinsville” was popularized in France by Lob and Gigi in their [documentary triptych?] in a comic strip devoted to ufo’s.

6. My research confirmed this point.

7. This theory seems to have had the approval of the local police – and of Major John E. Albert – in 1955. The fact is that (in opposition to what certain ufologists claim, Hynek for example) the presence of a circus in the area had been indeed reported the same night as the incident [ note that the French here has the same problem as the English – can't tell if the “the same night” refers to the reporting or the presence. My guess is the presence.] Even more interesting, they knew that this circus, the King Circus, of Springfield, Tennessee, traveled through Hopkinsville and stopped a few miles further on in the middle of the countryside to exercise its animals. And they knew that the menagerie contained monkeys. But this stop took place to the west of the town on rte. 68 – a good 20 km from Kelly – and not to the north on rte. 41 or 41A. Moreover, the management of the circus affirmed that they had not noted the disappearance of any animal. (*Kentucky New Era* 24/8/55 and 17/3/81.) I also discovered that a different circus, the Shrine Circus, had pitched their tent at Hopkinsville on August 18 for three days. In its edition of 18/8, the *Kentucky New Era* lists the menagerie briefly, without mentioning monkeys.

In the center photo, an abandoned house on Old Madisonville Road. The Sutton farm was probably of the same type.

8. In V.O. (?): “Well there wasn't nothing to it at all.” In J. T. Gooch (Stories of the Pennyrile, chap. 8, p. 68), Sutton had said the same : “Well that was just a ??? [colloquial word probably related to “piss” omitted] big lie!” (well, that was just a big damn lie!”)
9. According to a document in the Blue Book (letter of Capt. Hertell to Lt. Kirk 17/9/57), one of the most prominent citizens of Hopkinsville had made a spectacular observation several months before the Kelly incident.
10. It is alleged that Taylor was collecting articles relating to this business (see Close Encounter... p. 84.) In any event, it is probably that this incident having taken place in his home state had not left him indifferent.
11. When the two other sons of Glennie, Tilman and Frank Sutton, residing in Hopkinsville, got wind of the “invasion” of Kelly they thought immediately of a hoax. But when they learned that their mother herself said that she had seen the creatures, they quickly changed their opinion. “If mom saw them, it means they were there.” (“Close Encounter...p. 20.)

The site of the incident as it appears today. The Sutton farm was situated very probably at the end of the “road” which can be seen in the foreground. None of the buildings visible here existed in 1955. One might think that the fountain (visible in the background to the right) has replaced the well.

12. It is certain that Greenwell was a remarkable man. A reporter from the *Kentucky New Era* told me how, having just been made Chief, he had declared war on the

corruption that poisoned the town in general and the policy department in particular.

13. See for example the article *Panic in Kentucky* by Jacqueline Sanders.