

THE STORY BEHIND THE BOOK "BEHIND THE FLYING SAUCERS".

By Francis L. Kelsey.

The book "Behind the Flying Saucers" by Frank Souilly has a sequel that is just as fantastic as any of the lines in the book, and either bears out his statements if they be true, or adds to the hoax, if hoax it is.

Last July my wife and daughter Joan and I were motoring from New York to Reno, Nevada, and were in the eastern part of Nevada on the last leg of the trip, in the desert, when we saw a car stopped at the roadside. As it was miles in either direction to any town or even any habitation, we stopped to see if there was any trouble and if we could help.

When I approached the stopped car on foot a young man about 27, crawled out from under it with an open end wrench in one hand and a screw driver in the other. He was dressed in well tailored slacks and a sport shirt, both of which as well as his face were besmudged with dust and muddy grease. I asked him if we could be of any help and he replied that he had found the trouble and would be able to correct it himself. I then offered him a bottle of orange ade, with which we were well supplied, and he accepted, and we all had some with him. While we were having the refreshments Joan and the young man were having quite a chat. I noticed that the back seat compartment of his car contained one suit case, and several black and brown rich leather cases, some with shoulder straps and some with substantial handles. The cases did not look like those carried by travelling salesmen, but rather more

like cases containing high class photographic or other technical equipment. There was also a very unique looking tripod in chromium, with elevation and angle adjustments. None of this seemed important to me at the time.

After we got on our way again my daughter informed me that the young man, whom I shall now call Mr. Fee, had learned from her where she was going to stay in Reno, and had asked her permission to call upon her during her stay there. Here I might add that we knew where she was going to stay for I had sat in a lawyer's office in Ossining ^{WITH HER} while he put a phone call through to Reno and made the arrangements.

I saw no more of Mr. Fee while out West as my wife and I stayed in a tourist cabin in the outskirts of the town for a two-week period, and then returned to our home in New York, leaving Joan there.

A couple of months later Joan returned to our home in New York and got a job in the city. It was then that she told me that Mr. Fee had called upon her several times in Reno, and that he had taken her on tours to various resort places in the vicinity. In all this I was but mildly interested until she mentioned quite casually that Mr. Fee had said he was formerly in Army Intelligence. This information was a little more than mildly interesting to me because I too had been in Army Intelligence

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way back in those days when our only equipment was a pencil.

Another two months passed and Mr. Fee showed up in New York, and was invited to spend a couple of days and nights at our house. Again he was dressed only in slacks and sport shirt, and although the weather was getting quite snappy, he did not wear coat or tie. During his visit I learned that he was a very personable young fellow, and willing to talk briefly on almost any subject that came up. He never seemed to care to talk about himself, and if he did it was in a reserved, even restrained manner. He had driven here from Nevada, (or New Mexico) in his own car, and was on his way to Boston, on business. He had had more trouble with his car on the way across the country, and as before, had made his own repairs on the way with his own tools. He still had the very technical looking equipment in the back seat compartment, which I noticed he kept well locked at all times. At meals with us he discussed the possibility of war, its possible course and outcome. To my untrained mind he seemed to be exceptionally well informed on the subject from every angle, particularly any angle involving technical military equipment such as radar, airplanes and jets. I learned that he would travel to Boston in his car, and that he would later be required to make frequent long trips in the car in the line of duty, the nature of which I never exactly learned. Casually he passed the remark that he never travelled in any kind of public conveyance. This was easy to believe, as I do not either if I can avoid it.

Sometime later we received word from our friend in Boston that he would like to return here for a short visit. Of course such a pleasant and informed young gentleman was perfectly welcome. He came, and in his car, which was still loaded with the leather cases locked in the back. During his stay we discussed everything from the latest vitamins and sulfas to the intricate workings of hydramatic drives. The conversations certainly included flying saucers, and Mr. Fee did most of the talking, but as I was not extremely interested, I cannot remember to this day just what all he said.

But now a story was getting ready to break. During his discourse on flying saucers, my daughter was unusually quiet.

I thought at the time that her reserve was due to lack of interest. I found out later that it was no such thing, but a determination not to betray a trust (at the time).

Sometime later Joan presented me with the book "Behind the Flying Saucers" by Frank Scully. I read the book twice before laying it down, and then wrote a letter to Mr. Scully, mentioning some of the possibilities which I suggested he might have overlooked. However, after studying the book for several days, I came to the conclusion that it was a hoax. Although very interesting reading, I could not swallow it hook, line and sinker without more substantial evidence than had been presented, and I think a large percentage of readers felt the same.

The book at Denver College was mentioned as

During our friend's second visit Joan invited him to return here for the Christmas Holidays and he accepted. So it was all set, but just as we were getting ready to start the decorations she received word from him that he would be unable to be with us as he had to return to New Mexico at once, but that he would be back here again in about two weeks.

At this time I suggested to Joan that I felt our friend had not only BEEN in Army Intelligence, but in my opinion, still was. She replied that she did not know but thought he might be a very high class accountant. I then commented that all F.B.I. Agents are lawyers or accountants, or have some other special training; that they are all versatile, and can shoot accurately from speeding cars, make repairs to cars under adverse conditions, contrive and install secret starters, instantly render criminal's cars inoperative, and perform various other tricks that would have interested Huidini.

Her eyes suddenly sparkling with enthusiasm, and her face twisted into a peculiar sort of cunning, she began slowly and hesitantly to unfold a story. It seemed to me that she was proud because I had been clever enough to get Mr. Fee on a line, and that she just had to tell the story to satiate the vanity of both of us. (I really was working).

Mr. Fee was still working on highly secret assignments;

Mr. Scully did not get all the facts. The ship from outer space which the lecturer at Denver College had mentioned as

the "one that got away" had not gotten completely away, with all its cargo -- and passengers. The little men had landed and left the ship and set up an elaborate signal system, with which they planned to signal their home planet. Two of the little men were operating the signal set, and the rest of the crew had started back to the ship. Surprised by our field party, they had embarked and took flight, leaving the two little men behind.

The field force had found them after Mr. Spully's Mr. Gee had left the area, and had captured them with all the signal equipment, and taken them to a headquarters building for examination. The men are still alive and thriving.

Mr. Fee was not a field man, but spent his time in the building assisting in investigations after field man had produced the evidence. There were ten scientists on the staff. Each was a specialist in his work. The little men were shown a drawing of our Solar System, and asked by sign language if their home was among our planets. They denied this and illustrated that they came from another Solar System. Their radios could not be used over such a great distance, and were used only for communications from ship to ship when in flight. They did not use nor understand our nods and shakes of the head. Their eye expressions and facial movements served them for all ordinary conversations, while involved conversation required words, which they spoke much as we do, but almost in whispers, because they have very keen hearing.

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They were astonishingly brilliant, and mastered our language in a few days, so that it became easy to exchange thoughts with them. Compared to them our own Einstein is a moron. They know the age of our Earth, and the age of the planet from whence they came. They have a full understanding of atomic energy, and used it more than ten thousand years ago, but discarded it for magnetic power, which they have mastered completely. Magnetic power, they said, is easy to harness and is inexhaustible. There never were any wars on their planet, there being but one people and no differences.

They were allowed to complete the signals to their planet, and were requested to invite other visitors from there to come and land at a designated secret spot. (Probably Nevada) Although brilliant, they seemed unable to understand government as we know it. It was learned from them that they could not approve a Communistic State, nor even our type of Democracy. Our investigators could not understand just how they live, but thought perhaps in some sort of Anarchy, which would be possible among a people with the character and disposition of those little men.

This story was told to my daughter Joan in confidence, and she was pledged not to repeat it, but she did, and I do, and I will repeat it again and again, true or false.

Francis L. Kelsey