

by Laurence W. Foreman

# Passport TO Eternity®

*a look at our  
extra terrestrial  
neighbors...their  
culture and  
intentions  
concerning  
us....*

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# PASSPORT TO ETERNITY

BY LAURENCE W. FOREMAN

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# PASSPORT TO ETERNITY

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## AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

This is a condensed description and history of the Universe and of the people who live throughout its vast environs.

I wish to emphasize that this is *not* a book on Flying Saucers or U.F.O.'s. They are discussed and described only as a part of the overall story of a civilization with a billion years behind it.

Where we on this planet fit into this great system and a drastic change in our future is outlined in the latter part of the book.

This work is published word for word just as it was edited by the people described in it and bound as their books are, with the back of each page blank. This is done because looking at an empty space for a moment helps the processes of your mind assimilate and assess what you have just read. Try it.



It all began in the Spring of 1959. At times I would have the sensation of being watched. My conscience was reasonably clear and, as I had paid my full income tax, I tried to dismiss it, but every so often I would feel that there were a million eyes upon me. This was especially true when I would go out into the desert and mountains prospecting which I did occasionally on weekends, as a hobby.

This feeling of being observed continued for about a year until it began to bug me. I talked over my problem with a psychiatrist with whom I came in contact in my work and he told me to forget it; that as long as I didn't see anyone watching me or hear voices, I was all right. He also advised that I should change my brand of whisky, saying that might prove helpful. The latter advice I discounted because — though I do take a drink occasionally when with friends, just to be sociable — I do not like the stuff.

In the latter part of March 1960, I was mowing my lawn on a Saturday morning when I got a compulsion which I could not resist. I packed my gear and headed for the desert. After leaving Los Angeles, I had driven for about two hours when something told me to turn off the highway. There was no sign of a trail or road there, but I drove up a dry creek bed as if someone else was at the wheel.

This trip proved to be almost too much for my car. It led over some of the bushiest, rockiest and sandiest country I had ever traveled in an automobile. After about fifteen miles of this road, and minus one-third of the paint on my car, I was led to a big stretch of wind-blown sand, up against a massive granite bluff. This was one of the most isolated places I had ever been in: it did not seem that there had been a man there in a hundred years — but still I had the feeling that I was on someone's property. I looked around for some sign of habitation, but there was none though, during the whole weekend, I — at times — had the feeling that I was in a fishbowl.

The bluff and other ravines turned out to be highly mineralized and I spent the weekend picking around, gathering samples of ore, expecting — like all prospectors do — to find the Mother Lode.

The following week end another of these compulsions guided me



back to the same turn off from the highway. This time I had three days off from my regular work and was planning on looking that place over and try to get to the bottom of what was bothering me. Going in I noticed that my tire tracks were still visible; that no one had been over the same trail in my absence. I made my way in without mishap and set up camp where I had before, near a boulder — big as a house — that had fractured and rolled down into the sand from the bluff. It was about noon so I broke out the chuck box and boiled a pot of coffee to go with my can of beans and bread. After thoroughly enjoying my lunch, I stretched out in the sand for a little nap and rest. I was a little restless and, at times, I felt the same sensation of being watched. After awhile I wandered off around the bluff, picking at outcroppings here and there. All of a sudden I knew, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that I was being watched. This feeling continued off and on, all afternoon. When you are off alone as I was, your primitive instincts seem to come back into play more strongly than they do in a herd. I couldn't see anyone and tried to dismiss it, but I still kept up my guard, anyway.

On reaching camp, I knew that I had been right. There were tracks all around my car. The person was wearing a fairly small shoe — size seven or eight. He had not bothered anything, just seemed to have been looking around. At first I was a little disturbed, but after a dinner of bacon and eggs and a pot of coffee, my sense of well-being returned and I enjoyed my evening around the fire, and then a good night's sleep.

I awakened the next morning with the same feeling; as though someone was staring right into my face. After stirring around and getting breakfast, the feeling wore off, but I resolved to follow those tracks and see what my visitor was doing around my camp. The tracks led off across the sand and up a rocky ravine where I eventually lost them.

I made up my mind to pay no attention to them, or to that feeling of being observed, but those tracks did seem to get on my nerves a little.

I prospected around a little — crossed a couple of ravines — and started back to camp for lunch, coming in from a northerly direction. Across a stretch of sand, I ran into something that, — as the kids say —



"made me really flip my wig." It was a set of tracks; but WHAT TRACKS! They were at least two feet long and ten inches wide, roughly in the shape of a human foot, and were about six feet apart. They led across the sand away from my camp, back, generally, in the area from which I had just come. Believe me, I did not follow them but raced back to camp; packed my gear and got out of there in a hurry. Whoever was watching me must have laughed, but I didn't care; I was really scared. It was a good thing that most of the trail was down hill to the highway, because I cut a few corners and got back to Los Angeles a day ahead of time.

The next day after I recovered from the shock of one or two things, I decided that either the desert heat had finally gotten me, or that I had really seen something. I headed for the library; but where would one look up human tracks as big as an elephant's? Finally I remembered reading somewhere about the abominable snow man and research told me that in the snow country they are known as abominable snow men, but in the forests they are known as yuks, or yaks. There are legends among the Indians in northwest Canada about big men with big tracks. These legends have been handed down for years and years. A few pictures have been taken, but nothing concrete as to its existence. One hunter in the Northwest woods said that he had had one in his gun sights, but could not shoot because, as he looked it in the eye, he realized that it was human. I began to wonder if I had seen the tracks of an abominable sand man: however, I did not tell anyone.

After a week had gone by, the sharpness of my encounter with the tracks wore off, and by Saturday I was again at my favorite turnoff from the highway. This time I took particular notice that no one had been over that creek bed since I had come tearing out a week before. I had searched all maps and determined that this was the only way any vehicle could get in without wings.

I got up to my big boulder and made camp without incident; had my usual lunch, except that I didn't make coffee. Then—like Pilgrim's Progress—after taking two steps forward and one backward, I, at last, reached the sand where I had seen the tracks. The wind had come up and had blown any signs of them away—much to my relief—or else

I had had a touch of the heat and had never seen them at all. I sure did, as they say down south, congratulate myself that I hadn't told anyone or brought anyone out to see the missing tracks.

Everything seemed to be normal as I went back to camp, and soon I was off up a ravine looking for the desert rat's dream—the Mother Lode—or a reasonable facsimile.

About five o'clock I ambled back and fixed my favorite supper; homemade biscuits cooked in a Dutch oven, with bacon, beans and a big pot of coffee. Just as I was sitting down to eat, I heard footsteps, and here was a man about five feet ten, a hundred and sixty pounds. His complexion was light and I noticed that he had small feet. He was garbed in some kind of a suit like I had never seen before,—but people on the desert and everywhere else are dressing funny now, anyway. His age puzzled me; he seemed to be mature, but neither young or old. After I had greeted him with the old desert salute of "Hi", he asked me if he could join me and, remembering my manners, I got out another plate and poured him a cup of coffee. He protested that he was imposing upon me—that he did not come over for dinner—but I soon put him at ease and insisted that he eat with me. I was glad to see a human way out there after the tracks and everything, even if I couldn't figure out how he got there.

He seemed to be good and hungry and I enjoyed seeing him eat. He examined every bean and got a kick out of my homemade biscuits. This man was not used to the desert grub, I could see that.

After dinner I put some more wood on the fire and poured another cup of coffee and we settled down in comfortable positions and I had time to study my guest, who was doing the same to me. This man had an air of calmness and the steadiest gaze, then something all at once, told me that he was not of this world. I obeyed the unwritten law of the desert to never ask a stranger questions, that is, until he opens up, but I was really bursting to ask him a few.

We talked about a little of everything. He noticed that I was having to strain to understand some of his language and he informed me that his native tongue was Sanscrit, that he had picked up English by



monitoring our radio and television, with a short course of English in school. My observation that Sanscrit was a language that had not been spoken for thousands of years made him laugh. In fact, he laughed easily and seemed to have a good sense of humor and was getting a bang out of me. He was particularly sharp in history and seemed very well informed on world affairs. I was afraid that I didn't measure up very well to this man's intelligence and knowledge and told him that I was practically a kindergarten drop-out; that all that I knew about world affairs was what I read in the newspapers, and they were probably slanted.

This seemed to strike a chord in him and all at once he seemed to make up his mind about something and I could see that I had been accepted. For what? At the time, I didn't know.

When we first sat down to eat, he had said that his name was too long to remember, so just call him "Bill," and of course I told him to call me "Larry." Finally, after a couple of hours Bill apologized and informed me that he had to leave, but before he did, he wanted to tell me he was the one who had been watching me for the past year and, after laughing, asked me what I thought when I found those big tracks in the sand. By this time we had developed enough friendship and understanding that I could say what I wanted to, so I told him to stop laughing like a hyena and tell me what in the world made those tracks and—if he did it—he surely scared me out of a year's growth. This only made him laugh all the more and he wanted to know how my heart was, and, if I would invite him over for breakfast, he would show me something.

I have always been more or less a loner and have very few close friends, but that night when I shook hands with Bill before he left, I realized that I had met a true friend.

I didn't sleep the first part of the night wondering and trying to analyze Bill. He was certainly different from any man I had ever seen. His thoughts came out so clearly all during his conversation, as though he had a library and everything ever written, at his fingertips. Nor did I detect any of the petty differences that ordinary humans have. Still, he was human with a sense of humor; had nothing against coffee and

smoked cigarettes of a brand I had never seen. I don't usually smoke, but as he insisted, I tried one of his. It tasted just like any other cigarette to me; lousy! Now, why had he been watching me?

I finally drifted off and the next morning was awakened by a loud banging. On looking outside my pup tent, I wished that I hadn't. Here was my car, looking up at the sky with two big rocks under the front end. Sitting beside it was what made me want to go back to bed and cover my head. It was, roughly, in the shape of a man and when it stood up it was over ten feet tall, with arms six feet long and feet which remarkably resembled a human foot—only three times as big. As it came toward me, I backed out of that pup tent and took off across country barefooted and naked as a bird, except for my hat. I would have run back to Los Angeles if Bill hadn't called to me, and then he stepped out of that infernal machine. He was laughing so that he could hardly control himself, until he realized that I was really scared out of what few wits I had. Then he apologized and seemed genuinely sorry for me. As soon as I could stop shaking and my teeth stopped chattering, I examined Bill's machine and it was really a marvel. It was a conglomeration of pipes and molded parts of some kind of shiny metal, run by a hydraulic system with a small motor in the back. The pipes extended along the arms and legs and were built in almost exact duplication of the way human arms worked, except that they were on the outside. The hands and feet were extensions of the human hands and feet even to the toes and thumbs. The body was a little longer than the body of a human. The whole front opened up and the human operator just backed into it, fitted his feet into special shoes, and the hands into gloves, and it obeyed every move like a second body and it gave the strength of a dozen men to the operator.

I asked Bill what he did with this oversized erector set, besides scare the life out of people. He was trying to hide a snicker as he said that it was mostly for work and used in places where gravity was too strong for the human body to function, or where the temperature was too hot or too cold for comfort. However, he added that it did make a great plaything.

I fixed breakfast with Bill helping. He seemed to know just what to



do; the sneak had watched me before. In the daylight I had another chance to size up Bill and it confirmed my idea of the night before; that this was the most remarkable man that I had ever seen. He was just as human as I was, but he was so calm and thoughtful, and not bothered by a care in the world.

Bill seemed to thoroughly enjoy his breakfast of bacon and eggs, coffee and home made biscuits. He remarked that he was glad that he had made my acquaintance and hoped that we could continue on the basis that we had established. I told him that if he ever played another trick like that on me again and didn't quit watching me all of the time, he would have a friend (me) in the cuckoo house with a straight jacket on. He got a kick out of that. He said, "If you think this is out of the ordinary, some day I will really show you something!"

After breakfast Bill let me try out his machine. I was a little awkward at first, but soon got the hang of it and was striding off across the desert six feet at a step, and picking up boulders that weighed a hundred pounds and throwing them like I would ordinarily throw a baseball. Man, oh man! Would I like to borrow that machine for some Halloween night! The lower legs could be extended another three feet so that it stood nearly thirteen feet high. After awhile I got tired of the machine so Bill and I wandered off on a little prospecting tour, but my mind was on something else. Who was this guy, and why was he so different? I wanted to ask him a million questions but didn't, and he volunteered nothing else.

Bill said that he had to leave about eleven o'clock so we came back to camp and he got in his machine, let my car down off the rocks, and asked me when I was coming back. When I said that I would be there the following week end, he waved and said that he would see me.

On my way back home, I went over all of the happenings of the week end and ended up with nothing except; Bill was either out of this world or was a practical joker working on something for the armed forces. I almost came to the conclusion that Bill was someone working on a secret project for the defense department. I couldn't find any company who would say that they were working on such a machine,

but that didn't mean that they weren't. But, if so, how about this Sanscrit bit? I found that I was right; it is a dead language. After getting out the Sanscrit alphabet, I distinctly remembered that some of the buttons in Bill's machine were marked with funny marks that now I recognized as Sanscrit. I was certain, because Bill had to tell me in English, then I had to memorize them to operate that Hallowe'en outfit. Another thing; how did he get there? No one had been over the trail in over a week. I checked on the abominable snow man again and wondered if Bill had been up in the snow with his machine, remembering that he said it was sometimes used for play. One hunter in the northwestern woods said that he was kidnapped by a yak who stood ten feet tall; that it had taken him to where a bunch of them were camped and that they had kept him prisoner for a few days until he escaped. He said that he didn't tell anyone for a long time, fearing that they would declare him crazy. I could see his point there.

Did I have a puzzle! Here was a man who spoke a dead language, in an isolated area with a machine which excelled anything ever produced on this earth, and who had admitted that he had kept me under observation for a year. How had he done it without my seeing him?

After spending the week end pondering these questions, I was up early the next Saturday morning and headed for my favorite spot, full of curiosity and with a million questions to ask Bill—since he had opened up, and didn't seem to mind my queries. In fact, I wondered whether or not he would be there. At last I got through the brush and as I drove up to my big boulder, my eyes almost popped out of my head. Here was something out of the Arabian Nights! It was a tent like I had never seen before, even in the movies. It was bigger and grander than anything imaginable; about forty feet square and thirty feet high with a canopy and rug leading out into the sand. The colors it contained were the most brilliant I had ever seen. I expected to see girls in harem pants come dancing out any minute. I knew that I had flipped; the heat had finally got me! After I had circled the tent two or three times, here came Bill, grinning like a Cheshire cat. "What do you think of it?" he asked. After I had gotten my eyes back into focus, I said that it was "out of this world!"



"You entertained me last week end, now it is my turn. Come in out of the sun," was Bill's invitation. As I walked into that tent, I felt as I had never felt before: I knew that I was in another world. The colors of the rugs, pillows, and everything in it gave me the feeling that I was in another world.

"Don't worry, you will get used to it," were Bill's next words, as he handed me a drink and told me to sit down and have some lunch. I sipped on my drink and found it to be the juice of some berry or fruit, but nothing like I had ever tasted before. Bill served lunch out of some kind of a portable refrigerator and some kind of an oven that seemed to cook everything almost instantly. He first dished me up something that looked like an overgrown artichoke. When I hesitated, he said "Go ahead, it is the heart of a palm." I had heard of the natives in the South Seas eating palm hearts, and now I was all for it; it was really good. I noticed that when he started to cook the meat that it smelled a little strong. He asked me if I liked bear steaks. I hadn't eaten bear meat since I was a kid and had forgotten how good it was—especially the way Bill cooked it. In fact, Bill turned out to be quite a chef. I have never eaten such good food in my life, and I have eaten in some of the best restaurants in Los Angeles and other places, but this food—WOW! Of course, I guess it was like Mae West—it had a lot to start with—but you could tell that Bill was a master at preparing it, and that he was used to the finer things of life. I told him that if he ever needed a job, I could sure get him one as a cook. He laughed and thanked me for the compliment, and said, "Larry, you are a pretty good cook, yourself."

After lunch Bill gave me one of his cigarettes, and as I hesitated, he said, "Go ahead, it won't give you cancer." That wasn't my reason for not smoking, but I asked him how he knew that it wouldn't give me cancer. Then—as if explaining to a child—he delivered one of his lectures which I was beginning to enjoy, even if I didn't understand half of what he said. This is the gist of what he told me. Cancer in animals is a virus, or small seed, which attacks a weakness left over from when they were plants. "You mean that all animals were once plants?" I asked him, because this was a little hard for me to swallow, since I had been taught that animals evolved from a bunch of cells floating a-

round in the sea. "Use your head," he said, "an animal is nothing more than a walking plant. The stomach and digestive organs of an animal or human take the place of roots in a plant. They extract the nourishment and strength from the food eaten and transfer it to the blood in practically the same way that the plants roots extract food from the soil. A person's body just handles it quicker, that's all. Any poison that will kill a tree will kill a person. Lungs correspond to the leaves of a plant. If the surface of your lungs were spread out, they would cover a tennis court. Since you cannot go around with your lungs spread out like a tree, they are compressed in your chest with a mechanism like a bellows to blow the air in and out. An animal—in breathing—gives off carbon dioxide, and a plant, oxygen. This is what caused the great bifurcation."

"What do you mean by the great bifurcation?" was my next question. He explained that it meant "splitting off, or forking, like the two forks in a road"—a body becoming two identities. The split was forced because the plants were not getting the carbon dioxide they needed; therefore the split, and our side of the family started breathing oxygen and giving off carbon dioxide, to correct the balance. We are fortunate that such a thing occurred, otherwise we would not have the mobility nor the vast superiority which we enjoy over the plant kingdom. The oxygen requiring plants evolved faster and more efficiently than their original ancestors, but they still retain marked resemblance to each other.

The blood is red because it contains iron, and the sap in a tree contains aluminum which makes it light green. I asked him where the heart of a tree was, and he said that it is built into the whole tree itself—in fact—some cold blooded animals had the same circulation as a tree.

"You could go on for hours comparing and finding resemblances," was his next declaration, "even including diseases, of which cancer is one."

"You mean," I said, "that with all of the research going on that our scientists don't know that?"

"It took them thousands of years to discover the wheel and the zero; what makes you think they are so smart now?"



That last retort got me; he was right, so I resolved to quit asking foolish questions and listened.

“It is — under certain circumstances or conditions — possible that an animal can catch a disease from a plant: for instance, the gall of an oak is a form of cancer. People and animals that live in oak forests that are infected with gall, especially people who burn oak in their fireplaces, have a far greater incidence of cancer than those living in — say, pine forests. Wheat and rye have a cancerous disease known to you as rust. Animals that eat these diseased grains have a great incidence of cancer. Humans heat their grains in the cooking process and kill a great percentage of the seeds, consequently there is less cancer among humans than among animals eating the raw grain; this is especially true regarding cancer of the stomach and intestines. To cure cancer, you have to understand it. In the first place your scientists say that it is a condition where the cells go wild; that is wrong, it is a parasitic plant where the cells resemble animal cells, but are not. Cancer is a living, growing plant inside its host which grows until it smothers whatever it feeds off of, as does — what you call — mistletoe. For instance, if you examine the cells of mistletoe, you find that it resembles whatever plant it is growing on. If it were a wild cell, how can they tell whether or not it is cancerous? There is a definite difference and as soon as they wake up and treat it with an herbicide, or one of the germ-killing dyes such as iodine — which your thyroid glands use — they will be able to kill it.”

At that point I wished that some of the doctors I know could have heard him, because he was sure talking over my head. Coming back to cigarettes, he said that some tobacco was affected with a cancerous growth, but where cigarettes got their cancer-causing agents was in the way it was cured and from a total lack of sanitary provisions in the manufacture and curing of the tobacco. He said that he did not recommend anyone smoking, but if the tobacco was treated properly it would not cause any more cancer than any other organic substance, and if it eased man's path along his way — used in moderation — it was not harmful. I asked him how he treated cigarettes to render them harmless without destroying their taste and quality. He said, “It is

simple. I will explain it some time."

I have tried to jot down just the highlights of his lecture on cancer; some time I'll get it all and put it in another book. This conversation about cancer and smoking took up most of the afternoon, but we eventually went out prospecting, though I had my mind mostly on that camping outfit of Bill's. Where did it come from and how about palm hearts from the tropics and bear meat from the north?

On our return to camp that evening Bill served dinner. This time it was moose, he said, with more salads of unusual ingredients and coffee which came in crystals, to which he added hot water. I couldn't help but marvel at Bill and his food.

After dinner we stretched out and talked again about various subjects. I had been catching up on my reading and thought that I was ready for Bill on some of his history and current affairs, but after a few moments, I was hopelessly lost. After trying to show off on my conversational ability and getting no where fast, Bill fondly observed, "Larry, you know less about more things than anyone I have ever met." Coming from anyone else but Bill, I would have resented that crack.

That night I slept in one corner of Bill's tent on the softest, downiest mattress and pillows. I was really living it up and would have slept for two days if Bill hadn't awakened me for breakfast. This meal was composed of turtle eggs, parboiled beef jerky fried in butter, and pan fried biscuits. Bill's coffee was better than ever. Once, as I was coming out of a real fancy restaurant in Los Angeles, I heard an older woman—who was obviously a tourist—remark to her companion, "This is really living!" Now I could understand what she meant and how she felt.

After breakfast, as I marvelled at that tent and its contents, I said to Bill, "If you call this camping out, your real house must be a dilly!"

Bill laughed and said, "Larry, some day I will show you something that will really amaze you." Soon we left the tent and ambled around prospecting a little; but I kept looking back and thinking of Bill's camping outfit. The poor, underprivileged kid. Along toward noon we had lunch of the moose meat left over from the night before, and some kind of a bulb that looked like a potato, which was very good.



After lunch and one last look at Bill's camping outfit, I left for Los Angeles, wondering how Bill got that Arabian Nights outfit into such an isolated place; and how was he going to get it out? This man had a surprise for me every time I met him. Either he was out of this world or the heat had got me. I suppose that if I had had any brains I wouldn't have gone back to see Bill and his crazy things, but I couldn't help it. Besides, I was curious as to what all this would lead to. The thought still stuck in my mind, "Boy, oh boy, would that camping outfit make a big hit on the beach at Malibu!"

Later, on checking Darwin's Theory of Evolution, I could see that I had had a lecture that would really have interested Darwin. As far as I could make out Bill was talking about something which preceded Darwin. I will let you be the judge of that.

On Bill's theory of cancer; I talked to several biologists and other research scientists and they were non-committal at the idea of cancer being a parasitic plant, and the idea that we could catch a disease from a plant seemed a little far out. When I asked them how they could tell a cancer cell from a normal one, they did admit that there was a difference. I remembered that I knew an executive in the tobacco industry and, on explaining Bill's theory of cancer, he said that he would talk to them about it. When he explained to his company that cigarettes caused cancer because of having picked up seeds of cancer in the filthy way that they were prepared, he almost lost his job.

One thing I did find out, though, where Bill was right. The thyroid glands do use iodine to kill bugs in the body, and gentian violet—which is a harmless dye—will instantly kill a virus which causes ringworm.

I am not defending Bill's ideas on cancer, because I do not know, but it does sound more logical to me all of the time, especially when all of the research scientists, biologists, etc., say that they do not know. As for his theory that animals once were plants: I may not be very smart, but it seems to me that there is a very marked resemblance—as Bill said—in every living thing on this earth, whether it is a plant, butterfly, earthworm, or any other living thing. They all live and breathe and have the same spark of life.

I suppose that I was so busy thinking and wondering about Bill;

his overgrown tinker toy, Arab's tent, and everything else, that I didn't notice whether or not I was being observed.

Six months later on a Saturday—my day off from work—I got the urge to go back, and seemed to know that Bill would be waiting for me. I made a mental note to ask him how he communicated with me.

As I turned off up the creek again, I, once more, took particular notice that no one had been over that trail since I had. It made me wonder more than ever; how did Bill get in there?

I pitched camp and was cooking lunch when, sure enough, across the hills came Bill with his usual grin and self-assuredness. I had heard a story somewhere that Mohammed had whispered a secret into the camel's ear, and that was what gave a camel such a sardonic "I-know-something-that-you-don't" look about him. Bill sometimes had that look, and laughed when I asked him if it was true about the camel. He said that he didn't try to look more intelligent than I did, but he couldn't pretend to be a moron all of the time! We bantered like this most of the time as the bond of friendship grew between us. I like this guy very much.

Over the usual lunch of bacon and beans, Bill laughed when I recited what the tobacco people told my friend,—that he had better change his association with nuts or, maybe he had better wear his hat when he went out into the sun,—or words to that effect. Bill said not to worry about it; that they would come around to it, eventually.

As we stretched out in the shade for a little rest, he asked if I would like a lecture on the formation of the universe, and of matter, itself. I said that my intelligence would probably not measure up to an understanding of stuff like that. He replied that he would try to keep it simple and not give me any of the tables or mathematics to confuse me. It undoubtedly lost a lot in the language translation and my lack of understanding, but I told him to "shoot", and he went ahead. Here is the gist of what he told me.

Matter in the whole universe is lines of energy spinning clockwise around a nucleus, or pole. In other words, matter itself is formed of gyroscopes; even the earth is a great big gyroscope turning on its axis



once every twenty-four hours. All of the stars and planets spin like a gyroscope—even the sun spins on its axis. The sun, being composed of gases, does not spin evenly—part of it lags behind—and every eleven years when the faster part passes the slower part, it causes the sun to give off tremendous bursts of energy.

Perhaps I should go back to how the universe was, as you would say, put together. It was created by the head-on collision of two great bursts of energy. This energy was composed of straight lines. In the collision these lines became permanently coiled around captured straight lines, forming gyroscopes. The universe, itself, is the mother and the largest of the gyroscopes formed by the collision. Everything—from the smallest particle in this universe, to the whole universe itself—is energy in circular motion around a trapped piece of energy in its original straight form, like a bird in a cage. This straight piece of energy corresponds to the axis of the gyroscope. Matter can be formed by curling these straight lines around a shorter straight line. This straight line does not extend through the circling bodies. For instance, a compass on the earth as you near the north or south pole tends to point inward until—at the pole—it points straight down.

When matter is broken up or changed—as in a fire or chemical action—part of this energy goes back, temporarily, into its former almost straight lines; giving off light. When some of the lines hit an object, it causes the gyroscopes in the object to speed up and give off part of its energy.

While I am here, I might say that not all of these straight lines were curled in the explosion; they are still trapped in the universe. Some of them are bent into magnetic lines with the power to either push or pull, depending upon the direction in which they are pointed. These lines are what we know as gravity, or magnetism: sometimes they are long, sometimes short, sometimes weak and sometimes, strong. For an example, in an iron magnet, they are short and weak. Others are long and concentrated and have enormous strength, and—according to the laws of the gyroscopic action in which they are trapped—hold every star and planet in its orbit. Once in a great while a star will explode with enough force to temporarily alter its surrounding lines, but

they will resume their original forms in a short time.

This gives some of your astronomers the idea that the universe is expanding, but we have charted it and can tell them that it is not. As you can imagine, when the universe was first formed there was a time when everything was in confusion, but for the last four billion years it has been stable and should continue as it is now, indefinitely—unless it strikes another universe, or something we cannot imagine at this time.

Electricity is the result of coiled lines of energy being forcibly semi-straightened. An electric generator—in the turning of its armature, for instance,—pulls some of the gyroscopes away from their axis, resulting in the semi-straightening of some of the lines of energy. These lines travel through a conducting material to an electric motor which returns the lines back into their original coils. In doing this, the energy is released which uncurled them in the first place; resulting in the turning motion of the shaft of the motor. In an electric light the passing of these lines of energy through certain substances such as platinum in a vacuum, or through the air as in an arc between two pieces of carbon, causes these lines to split off part of their energy in the form of light and infrared rays. They do this on their way back into the earth, where they resume their permanent original coiling paths.

Bill saw that I was having a little trouble digesting this lecture: it was a little like a first grader trying to understand Einstein's Theory of Relativity. He gradually led the subject back into something that I could comprehend by suggesting that we take a walk and do a little prospecting. I went along, but was trying to remember all of the lecture he had given. I have included only a part of it here, as it would begin to get boring. I even forgot to ask him why he hadn't shown me where some gold was located.

After we had had dinner and sat relaxing around the fire, I surely wished that Bill would open up and tell me where he was from, and what he was doing away out here in such a desolate spot. I remarked that I had seen more fantastic things, and heard more deep subjects discussed by him, than from anyone that I had ever met. He said, "This



is only the beginning; you are going to see and hear things no man has ever seen or heard since he was loosed upon this earth." I asked him "Why me?" I said that I was the most unlikely subject; that my schooling was next to zero; that my only ambition in life was to get along on this earth and have a good time, as long as it didn't hurt anyone else; that I was independent, and that I would just as soon tell him to go jump in the lake, as anyone else. That, maybe he had better get someone else who was more intelligent and easier handled because I was like the farmer's mule; I wasn't blind, I just didn't give a darn. Bill's response was, "No comment."

After awhile Bill and I went off prospecting, but I couldn't keep my mind off that story about how the universe and matter were formed. I tried to remember it all. I've only written down a part of it for fear it would—as I said before—get boring. Some day I will get the formulas, plans and tables from Bill and write a whole book on that one subject.

We came back before dark and had dinner of beans and Dutch oven bread, and—this time—I had brought along some tea. Bill always had a healthy appetite and enjoyed my desert grub, but said that he preferred coffee to my tea. I told him not to let any of my English friends hear him say that. He chuckled, saying that tea was all right, but that he just didn't care for it.

After dinner Bill said that he had to leave early and wouldn't be back in that area for a couple of months, but he would like to see me again after he returned. I told him that I would surely come again in ten weeks or so. Bill said good-bye and I turned in for the night. I rolled out my bed and, as usual, lay awake mulling over Bill and the things he had said, and decided that when those two lines of energy collided, it must have been a dilly of a bang. Also, if the universe was a gyroscope, it was really a whopper.

Anyway, I finally got to sleep and awoke the next morning still thinking about Bill, but decided to put him out of my mind and do a little prospecting. I had two months to think about him and his wild ideas, so I had a big breakfast, scouted around the hills for awhile, and headed for home.

I spent a lot of time in the library during the next two months. Bill's theory of matter and the formation of the universe was about as good—if not more logical—than anything I could find, and the more I thought about our being like walking plants, the more logical it seemed. Plants have nervous systems and go into shock when they are bruised or cut, and are very similar to animals in many ways. I suppose that we have just never thought about it in that way.

Most of the biologists that I talked to pooh-poohed the idea of cancer being a plant; but what other disease or condition grows until it kills its host, either plant or animal, and if it, cancer—is not a plant, what is it? They didn't know what it was, but they knew that it wasn't a parasitic plant. Maybe I am not very bright, but that seemed to be a conclusion drawn from a position of benign ignorance. Bill was beginning to sound more logical all of the time.

Coming back to Bill: was he a hermit with a bunch of tall tales, or a mad scientist like they sometimes have on T.V? Also, that machine of his, and his camping outfit, lunch of bear meat from the northern woods, and palm hearts from the tropics? It was just too much for me to comprehend in such a short time, and there were certainly a lot of pieces missing. Why me? Was I the object of some plan, or had I just stumbled onto something in the desert that I was not supposed to, and Bill was leading me on?

The sixty days were soon up and the following Saturday morning found me heading for the desert, wondering what Bill would come up with next. You couldn't guess in a million years what he did spring on me. I was a little earlier than usual and had the lunch box unloaded, the beans heating and the coffee boiling. I looked up, and sure enough, there came Bill over the hill with his usual grin and that camel look about him as though he knew something that I didn't. He had a basket of blueberries and strawberries with him. After we had greeted each other and began eating our lunch, Bill asked, "How did your friends receive the idea of the generation of the universe and matter?" I told him that a very few of them said that I might be right, but the majority said that I should be committed to the funny farm. Laughing, he said, "I knew they would, but don't be too hard on them; it isn't their fault.



I suppose the fault lies with me and my world."

"What do you mean by that?" I asked him, and he answered, "It is a long story which I think you are going to be able to tell them some day."

"Right now I am not in the mood to tell them anything—even if I did know something." To change the mood, Bill said that I was still a good cook. We had lunch; his berries were very good.

We prospected around for awhile; dug a few holes, and headed for camp. After dinner we built a big camp fire and settled down for our usual conversation. Bill carried things off very well. He was really full of news about politics, people, and the world in general. I didn't know whether he was well informed or if I was just ignorant, but, anyway I asked him what his business was and how he got around so much. "I can't tell you now, but I will be over to get you for breakfast, and I have a present for you," and he walked off across the sand into the mountains.

That night I wondered what kind of a present he had for me. Maybe it was one of those abominable sand man outfits. If someone didn't shoot me, I could sure have a big time with one of those machines.

The next morning Bill came over and guided me to his camp which was another tent like the first—only bigger and more colorful. This time I wasn't so stunned, but it still took my breath away. I forgot about breakfast admiring that tent and the things in it. I noticed in particular one wall where there was a tapestry of a house and grounds, more beautiful than anything I had ever seen, or imagined. The whole place seemed to have had a woman's touch, and—as Bill was definitely not feminine—I asked him who designed and put together this bunch of old rags. He said, "My wife." I told him that if he ever got hard up for money, his wife could easily get a job in Hollywood as an interior decorator. He said that he might have to do that, sometime.

He fixed breakfast while I sat on a stool covered with some kind of satiny material, with my feet on a rug that felt like down feathers; in fact, I had taken off my shoes so that I could feel it better as I walked around. This was really living!

Bill's breakfast consisted of some kind of eggs, potatoes, coffee, and something that tasted like toasted bread—but still wasn't bread. I asked Bill what it was and he said that it was the inside of specially grown gourd. It was delicious: I would like to have some of the seeds from a gourd like that. Bill made coffee which tasted different from the regular kind, but before I had a chance to ask him about it, he said that it was a new kind that he had picked up in the mountains of Brazil. I didn't know whether to believe him or not, but the coffee was good and I enjoyed it to the last drop. Bill was getting a bang out of my mental process on the coffee; but as my gaze returned to the tapestry, he told me that it was his home.

"Where is your home?" I asked, "It certainly is not like anything I've ever seen on this earth."

"You are right," he answered, "It is not on this earth."

About that time I felt something rub against my legs and—on looking down—I saw the most beautiful cat that I had ever seen. She was a long haired calico. After I picked her up, I could see that her belly was snow white; her feet were also white, and her back was blue-gray with orange spots blended into it. The blue on her back had long white hairs coming out of it; one side of her face was white, the other; blue.

I forgot all about that tent, Bill, and everything else, admiring and petting that cat. She was absolutely the most beautiful animal that I had ever seen. Bill brought me out of it by saying, "That is your present. I remembered that you told me that you had had to have your cat put to sleep some time ago, so I brought you another."

I looked at the cat in my arms and the tent, and everything in it and told Bill that it wouldn't be fair to take such an animal as that out of such luxurious surroundings; that I lived in the city with only one lot and wondered if she would be happy after all of this. This made a hit with Bill and it seemed to cement whatever he was thinking, more than ever. Anyway he said, "Don't worry, she will be happy wherever you are, and I know that you will take good care of her."

I finished my breakfast and Bill accompanied me back to camp with my cat. I didn't do any prospecting that morning as I was too busy



with my new friend. Finally Bill broke in and asked me if I would come down four weeks from Saturday; that he wanted to discuss something with me. I told him that I would, and Susie and I took off for Los Angeles. She was nervous and apprehensive, but finally got under the front seat and stayed there until we got home. Susie immediately took over the whole neighborhood. Everyone who saw her remarked on what a beautiful animal she was. The house became "her house" which she permitted me to share with her. I had wondered what to call her and had asked Bill her name. He said—as near as he could make out—it would be either Susan or Susie in English: so Susie, she was.

The following Monday I took her to a veterinarian and asked him what her blood line was. He looked her over for a long time and then admitted that he didn't know. He believed her to be part Persian, as her face was typically that of a Persian, and though he had never seen a long haired Siamese, her body resembled their breed. He ended up by saying that she was the most beautiful cat that he had ever seen and that if I had any more like her, he would like to have one. I wondered where Bill got her: if he had picked her up out of some alley, or had he raised her, himself. It was a cinch that she had not been raised out in the desert. Anyway, Susie turned out to be the nicest pet I have ever had. Of course she is like all females—slightly, if not wholly—unpredictable, which I suppose, makes us like them all the more. When playing with Susie, I would put on my driving gloves and she would attack my hands with a mock ferocity and claw those gloves like she wanted to tear them apart. When I extended my bare hands, she would still attack, but her paws would be like velvet.

My sister and her granddaughter came to visit me for a few days and Susie decided that it was her duty to entertain them. She stayed right with them; ate with them, and wouldn't let either of them out of her sight. When they left for home, poor Susie was worn out and slept for two days.

I suppose every father's child is the smartest; every crow's baby, the blackest, and I positively know that Susie is the mostest. I could write for months and never describe Susie and her antics. That cat—I de-

cided—was out of this world!

Bill seemed quite serious about wanting to discuss something with me, but I didn't give it much thought. I had learned to expect almost anything from him. Still, he was urgent about it, so that—on the fourth Saturday—I headed for the desert, wondering what Bill wanted to talk to me about. As always, I checked the road and no one had been over it since I had been there a month before. This struck me as being a little odd, because at that time of the year the desert and mountains are full of people with jeeps and motorcycles. I suppose that I should have been afraid to keep meeting and associating with such an out-of-the-ordinary man way out on the desert, but he seemed to be such a nice guy, and entirely harmless. I was going to ask him why no one else visited that vicinity; only me.

I arrived and had lunch ready when Bill came sauntering in grinning, and as amiable as ever. This was the only man I had ever met who was on top of the world all of the time. We had lunch and wandered over to a ledge where I thought there might be a promise of gold. While picking at it, I remembered the question that I had wanted to ask Bill. "You seem to know a great deal about everything; how about showing me where there is some gold?" He answered, "Greed is one of the reasons that you are on this earth now, Larry, and also—if things work out as I anticipate—you are going to have more important things to do, and I don't want you to get mixed up with a gold mine."

"Boy!" I exclaimed, "You mean there are more important things on earth than gold? Anyway, I would definitely like to get mixed up in a few little old gold mines; it might cure my inferiority complex."

Laughingly, Bill answered, "Larry, you are just about the most "un-complexed" human on this earth: that is the reason why I picked you for the thing that I have in mind."

My ears pricked up as I remembered a T.V. program where a mad scientist cut off somebody's head and did a few other little things like that, just for kicks. "Just what kind of things are we talking about?" I asked him. "Let's go back to camp and have dinner; I would like to talk to you," Bill responded. He had brought a plastic box of some



kind, earlier, when he came for lunch. We opened it and it contained venison steaks, watercress and uncooked sour dough biscuits. I broke out my Dutch oven and cooked the venison and biscuits and—with the watercress for salad—it was, without the shadow of a doubt, the best meal I had ever eaten that was cooked over a camp fire.

After dinner we settled down for our usual gabfest. Bill started out by asking me if I thought that he was a little out of the ordinary. This gave me a chance to open up on him and I told him that he really was; that I had spent more time trying to figure him out than I had ever spent on any one or anything; that he must be one of several things. He could be either an educated hermit, a practical joker, or someone from another planet. While I was saying “from another planet” the idea struck me like a ton of bricks; maybe he was! I had read about UFO’s and flying saucers in the papers, but had never paid much attention to them. I stopped talking; pondering the idea. He wasn’t a little green man, or something weird; he was just as human as I was. In fact, his hair was light—as is mine—he bled just as I did (I had seen him snag a finger on a branch). I dismissed that idea and went on to something else that led to a blind alley, until I said, “I give up; who and what are you?”

“Larry, you are thinking,” he said. “that is something. If the veil hadn’t been drawn over your mind, you would have been a smart man.”

“I don’t know what you are talking about,” was my comment, “but whatever—as you say—was dropped over my mind must have been heavy, because as far back as I can remember, my mind has been a blank. In fact, I have enjoyed it that way. Some of my friends have told me that I have a mind like a goose; that when I slept I forgot everything that I had learned the day before, and woke up every morning upon a new world: that to me life was just one great big adventure.”

Bill laughed heartily and said, “Larry, I am from another world, and so are you.” I struggled with this for awhile; if he was right that veil that was dropped on me—or over me—sure did leave a blank. Bill finally said, “This is enough for tonight, let’s talk about something else.”

Bill had a habit of doing this. He would start on one of his theories, then leave me trying to figure it out, while we talked about something

else. We discussed other things for a little while, then I thanked him again for Susie, and we spent the rest of the evening talking about what a wonderful animal she was. I asked him where he got her and he said she was one of his wife's cats. He had been talking to her about me and had mentioned that I had had to have mine put to sleep because of a health problem. I asked him to thank her for me and tell her that I really appreciated having Susie.

Bill left about eleven o'clock that night and, after he left—as usual—I wondered just what he meant when he stated that I was from another world! This guy was truly a mystery, or else he had found someone he could really snow under.

The next morning bright and early, here was Bill. We had a big breakfast and Bill sat for thirty minutes over his last cup of coffee. I felt complimented that a man of obviously better circumstances could enjoy my cooking: suddenly another bunch of questions hit me right between the eyes. Why was he going out of his way to be friendly to me? What was he after? Why was he giving me all these lectures which hardly anyone believed? Bill noticed my preoccupation and asked what was on my mind. I told him what I had just been thinking. With a smile, he replied, "I assure you that I am perfectly selfish; there is a purpose behind it. Besides that, I have grown to like you, and I will never take advantage of you and I don't believe that you will of me: in fact, I know that you will not."

Then I asked him why no one but me ever came over the trail to this area when the desert was full of jeeps and motorcycles? He said that he would explain it all to me one of these days. We prospected around, dug a few holes—as usual — and had lunch. Then, as I was leaving, Bill asked me if I had ever seen a flying saucer. I told him "No, but if there is such a thing, I would certainly like to." To my astonishment Bill said, "I have permission and will show you one the next time you come down. That is what I wanted to talk to you about."

"I'll be down whenever you say the word," I told him and, as I drove off Bill called, "I'll see you then, soon."

For several weeks before I got the message, I haunted the library,



still wondering what Bill meant by saying that I was from another world. I could imagine him being from another world, but when he insisted that I was, too, that idea bugged me. It just didn't make sense to me, then. And, also, he was going to show me a flying saucer? I read all of the data I could find on flying saucers. The government had spent a great deal of time and money investigating what they called UFO's, and came up with nothing. People from all over the world reportedly had seen them and some reports seemed pretty authentic. One of the things that struck me was the fact that they had been reported off and on for hundreds of years, in every country in the world; just like the abominable snow man and yuk. Most of the reports stated that they were in the shape of a saucer with a cup turned upside down in it; that it sometimes flew at speeds up to four thousand miles per hour and never made a sonic boom, or any other sound at these speeds. Discounting nine hundred and ninety per cent of the reported sightings; it was hard to believe — regardless of the government report — that there was not something to these things; but what were they doing here, and why didn't they land?

I read one very interesting article about an immense crater in Russia which had always been regarded as the result of a meteor striking the earth. Now a Russian writer claims that it was the result of a flying saucer exploding. He was quite convincing in a lot of his arguments, especially where he described the trees and other things being damaged miles away which could hardly have been caused by an inanimate object striking the ground.

A few people had claimed to have been on saucers. One person, in particular, said there were people on them who were working for the peace and welfare of the earth. If he was right, they weren't doing much of a job. I was going to ask Bill about that. I read about flying saucers until it seemed they were coming out of my ears. I finally decided that if Bill had a flying saucer, I had a lot of questions to ask about it. I also decided that I was going to watch my canteen the following week end so that no one could slip anything into it; and I wasn't going to smoke any of Bill's cigarettes.

After what seemed a long time, one Saturday I got the message and

headed for my rendezvous with a flying saucer. I refused to admit that I was excited and made my way to our meeting place. I turned off at the usual spot, but about a hundred yards from the turnoff the creek ended in a sheer rock bluff. I backed out and went up and down the road for fifty miles and finally decided that that had to be the place; but where did the bluff come from? Again I went back to take another look at the bluff. On the way I noticed familiar brush and rocks. I knew that I was in the right place so I parked the car at the rock wall and was going to climb over it — or something. I reached out to take hold of it, but there was nothing there! I drew my hand back and the wall was still there. I went back to my car, sat down in it and deliberated for a while. Here was a wall that was as plain as day, but still wasn't there. I looked around for the man in a white coat and butterfly net, but he was missing — or hadn't caught me yet.

At last I pulled myself together and walked up to that bluff and passed right through it! I looked back and there was the wall. To put it mildly, I was more than confused. After I had sat down for awhile and tried to study things out, it occurred to me at last, that this was some of Bill's doings. I walked again through the wall; got in my car, and drove back slowly right through that wall. Was that an experience! I drove on to my regular camp, still pondering. I guess that I should have been scared, but — at any rate — I was plenty confused.

After getting out the chuck box and eating a little lunch and having a good hot cup of coffee, I began to feel better, and was looking forward to seeing Bill. All of a sudden it hit me; that wall was the reason that no one ever came over that road — a very good idea if one wanted to be alone — but how did it work? I'd find out as soon as Bill got there.

At twelve o'clock sharp Bill arrived, hungry, as usual. I got him some lunch and as he ate, asked him about the wall — if he had anything to do with it, and if so, why? He laughed and said that he wasn't expecting me so early or he would have turned it off. Why the wall? He said it was to keep people out and he was sorry that he had forgotten to tell me about it. Naturally, I asked how he did it. He explained that it was a very simple process; a machine sprayed iodine crystals across the road and — at the same time — projected a picture of a rock wall



on the crystals, very much like a movie screen. "It really fooled you, didn't it?" Bill concluded.

"Couldn't I have some fun with one of these machines!" I exclaimed. "Imagine a solid bluff forty feet high appearing across Hollywood Boulevard some day at noon!"

Bill appeared amused at the idea and said "I promised to show you something, so come on; lets go."

He led me over the hills to a little valley and there "IT" was; my first look at a flying saucer! I thought that I was prepared, but it took my breath away for a while. From reports that I had read, I had the idea that they were probably fifty feet in diameter and thirty feet high. This thing was immense — at least three hundred feet in diameter and a hundred feet high. I sat down on a rock to get my breath, and a perspective of this thing. Bill let me sit for a while, and then said, "Come on, let's go; they are watching you."

As we neared the saucer I noticed that I felt cold. I didn't know whether it was a nervous reaction, or if I was really cold. Bill noticed my shivering and said, "It is the saucer that is cold, not you." Soon, I realized that it was extremely cold, and decided this thing must have a dilly of an air conditioner. We went up a ramp and Bill touched something on the wall and a door opened. Inside the atmosphere was nice and comfortable. Entering what I surmised was the lounge, Bill poured me a cup of coffee and gave me some kind of sweet cookies. As I drank the coffee and munched those cookies, I began to look around the room. It was about thirty feet in diameter and had lounges and chairs for about twenty people. The walls were covered with pictures, and shelves with books and art objects. I took special note of the books and found that the titles were in English, German, Swedish and other languages which I did not recognize; but most of them were in Sanskrit—or something similar. The pictures were mostly of landscapes and stars. One was of Bill surrounded by about a dozen men. They were all approximately the size of Bill and near his age. They, too, wore the unusual type of jump suit that Bill did. I questioned Bill about them and he said they were his crew; men of his ship. I asked where they

were now, and he replied, "They are all out playing in the hills and sand, except for the man on watch; we'll probably see him later."

After we had finished our coffee and cookies, Bill took me on a tour of the ship and, believe me, it was some tour! I once saw a picture of a frog looking up out of a pond at a freight train passing by. The frog was trying to figure out what the train was; what made it go; and where it was going. That picture always stuck with me, and now I could understand what a problem that frog had.

I wanted to see what made this thing go, so Bill took me to the power plant first. All that I could see was a bunch of pipes and big shiny box-like enclosures, so I asked Bill to explain and here—to the best of my ability to remember—is his explanation.

"This power plant is a high pressure steam turbine generating plant," he began. I interrupted to ask what they used for fuel; he replied that he was coming to that, "Remember," he said, "that I told you that everything in this universe was composed of coiled energy lines revolving, clockwise, around one straight line of energy—like a bird cage. Well, our fuel is composed of coiled energy revolving around a straight line of energy; only it is counterclockwise. This matter is held suspended in a vacuum by magnetic forces, so that it cannot touch the sides. You can imagine what would happen (and sometimes does happen) when matter—revolving clockwise—comes in contact with this counterclockwise movement. It generates tremendous heat, as we introduce an organic compound into the fuel box. The resulting friction of the two opposite revolving materials generates tremendous heat, which turns the organic material into steam. With this steam we run our turbines to generate electricity for power."

I asked him where he got this counterclockwise matter and he said that it was a nickel iron alloy which is processed in a vacuum; that it is a comparatively simple process, but was very ticklish if it ever touched the sides of its container during—or after—the processing. "Boom!"

I thought about the man in Russia saying that there had been a flying saucer there which had blown up with a tremendous explosion. I asked Bill about it and he said the man was right; that their fuel got



away from its magnetic field and blew up the ship and the surrounding countryside for miles around.

The next question I asked Bill was, "Is this method of power radioactive?" and he said, "No, that problem was licked a long time ago." Remembering the heat dissipation problem with all big generating plants, I asked Bill about his, and he said that the organic compound is one of the secrets of their heat dissipation, and through a special system of exhausts, leaves practically no heat dissipation problems.

Then I asked Bill, "Now that we have unlimited electricity; how do you use it to get this piece of junk off the ground?" "Larry," Bill answered, "if you were going to be hung, you would make wise cracks with the hangman!"

He took me over to what looked like a big electrical generator and motors. Bill continued; "You remember that I told you once that electricity was a first cousin to magnetism and gravity. Here we have magnetic generators that are similar to electrical generators, except that they combine magnetism and gravity. As I told you, when the universe was formed by the collision of two great lines of energy, a part of the lines were curled around a nucleus, and part of them are still straight. Magnetism and gravity are the straight lines which either push or pull. These magnetic generators take these lines and combine them, giving us a thrust that we can use in any direction—or reversed—they can give us a pull in any direction. In other words, we have harnessed gravity and magnetism; which are the same. Here, I'll show you," he said, and pulled a lever, which lifted us a few inches off the ground and held us there until he reversed the lever and we settled back as gently as a feather.

"Why haven't the scientists on earth discovered this principle?" I questioned, and he answered, "Because they haven't had a Nikolas Tesla to tell them." I decided to check up and see who Tesla is, or was.

As we got on an elevator, I asked him how fast this ship would go. He answered that in space there was no limit; but in a dense atmosphere like here on earth; about four thousand miles an hour without any strain. I wondered how the ship kept from making a sonic boom,

and to my query Bill smiled and answered, "Larry, you have been studying; I am proud of you. As you noticed, the outside of the ship was extremely cold; that is the secret. I believe that I told you once—or should have—that when electricity goes through a copper wire at normal temperatures, it loses a part of its energy. When that copper wire gets cold enough you could start a charge of electricity in a copper circle and it would never dissipate. This is the same principle we use. We cool the air that we are passing through, enough, so that it reduces resistance to the ship as it passes through, and the air does not come together as quickly as hot air does, because of the slowing of the gyroscopic action by the lowered temperature. A good example of this is the fact that there are no sonic booms when a plane goes over the north pole; and sonic booms are less in cold weather, anywhere."

I had read somewhere that planes often had trouble with ice collecting on their wings, so I asked Bill about this and he explained that if a plane went slow, it would ice up, but that a little speed would take care of the ice.

The elevator had stopped at the top floor and when Bill got through with his explanation, we stepped out into what seemed to be the observation and control room. It was about thirty feet in diameter and had portholes about every foot—about a foot and a half in diameter. The center of the room had a big bunch of levers and dials; and at one of these controls was my "second man from somewhere." By that time I would have believed anything. If he had been green and had had horns, I wouldn't have been surprised; but he, too, seemed to be just as human as Bill or I. As I was looking out a porthole, Bill brought him over and said, "Here is one of our crew. You will never be able to pronounce his name, so call him Joe." As I shook hands with Joe, I looked him over. He was about the size of Bill and near his age, with almost identical coloring, and had the same look and mannerisms as Bill. Something about these fellows seemed to give me an inferiority complex—like a first grader associating with senior college students.

Joe seemed genuinely glad to meet me and said that he had been looking forward to it. I couldn't help wondering what people like these two could see in a person like me, an uneducated, happy-go-lucky guy.



Joe talked with the same accent as Bill did; but I was used to it now, and had no trouble understanding him. We exchanged pleasantries, and Joe asked me what I thought of the ship. The only thing I could say was, "People will never believe me!"

I looked Bill and Joe over again and asked if they were brothers. Joe said that if I expected to remain his friend to never compare him with that baboon! We laughed and talked awhile and I inspected the control room and, as Bill and I started down in the elevator Joe said, "I'll see you at dinner, won't I?" Bill said that of course he would if Larry cared to stay and eat with them.

We toured the ship for the next couple of hours. It had ten floors—or decks. The top deck was the control room; the lower decks had sleeping quarters, a mess hall and a gymnasium. It was arranged very much like many navy ships I had been on; except that it was round with portholes on all floors. The bottom deck had portholes in the sides and bottoms, too. It had an intercom system and air conditioning—all of the comforts of home. I was beginning to think that I had stumbled onto a secret project for the defense department and asked Bill if he worked for our government;—and why such a ship? He told me that he didn't work for our government, but that I would find out what it was all about in due time. This reminded me of the time when I was taking my lodge degrees: with this, too, I would learn all of the answers in "due time."

Bill said he hoped that I would stay for dinner and meet the crew. I wanted to back out and get away from all of this stuff which reminded me of a T.V. program "The Twilight Zone", but I didn't, and answered that I would be glad to stay.

Bill showed me to a room where I could freshen up and rest until dinner time. The room he gave me was much the same as aboard any other ship. It had a stall shower and a wash basin. The bed, however, was unusual, with the softest mattress imaginable, yet hard and the most comfortable, I had ever tried. In spite of all of the excitement and trying to grasp part of the scientific achievements of a machine thousands of years ahead of any thing I had ever seen, I was sound asleep

when Bill called me for dinner. He remarked that I had done all right with Joe and he was certain that I would like the rest of the crew.

“How many are there in your crew?” I asked, and he answered, “On this trip we are carrying sixteen.”

I must admit that on my way to the mess hall, I was a bit apprehensive. Were the crew going to be little green men, or what? They were all seated, but as we came in, they rose and Bill introduced me to each one—but I promptly forgot their names. Where did they get such names, anyway? But, at least, they all looked like human beings—not very different from Bill and Joe.

They were very friendly, yet seemed in awe of me at first. That really surprised me. How could anyone look at me like I was something extra,—an ordinary guy like me?

Dinner was served and it was superb. I forgot all about these people quietly looking me over. Bill said that the soup was turtle soup, and—as I had never eaten turtle soup—I took his word for it. Anyway, it was really something; just enough meat and vegetables, with a delicate hint of garlic and other spices. Never having had soup like that before, I would have eaten a gallon of it if they hadn’t started to serve the salad. A dressing of oil and vinegar—seasoned to perfection—was poured over lettuce and watercress with French fried chick peas scattered over the top. The main dish was stuffed wild turkey; the stuffing made of cornbread and water chestnuts, seasoned with sage and other condiments: a gourmet’s delight. Vegetables were boiled wild onions and small potatoes baked to perfection, on a bed of watercress. All through the meal I detected a faint odor of something that reminded me of a campfire.

I suppose that those men thought that they had invited a pig aboard, but I didn’t care, and ate more than ever before in my life. I told Bill that—with that cook—I could put every restaurant in L.A. out of business. Bill said, “Before dessert, I’ll introduce you to him. Actually, we have a completely automatic kitchen aboard, but tonight we had a special guest aboard and most of the work was done by hand.”



We went into the kitchen and here was Joe, the man I had met on watch in the control room. Now I understood why he wanted to know if I was going to stay for dinner; he wanted to show off. "Joe," I said, "that was absolutely—beyond the shadow of a doubt—the best meal I have ever eaten." Joe beamed all over as he said, "Glad you enjoyed it. We have been looking forward to having you aboard." I asked Joe if I could see his kitchen and he seemed pleased to show me around. It was quite a place. The food was all cooked electronically, except in one part of the kitchen where special dinners were prepared. It was as old fashioned as my camp on the desert except for the special wood used. For my dinner, the wood used was mesquite—which explained the faint odor and taste I had experienced earlier. This was a wrinkle in cooking which I would have to tell some of my chef friends about. Another thing that really intrigued me was; that for a regular meal, a card was fed into a machine and whatever was written on the card would be prepared and cooked automatically. What would my mother have given for a kitchen like that!

I asked Joe where they found the many different kinds of food and he said that it was all wild stuff they had gathered here on earth; except for some of the spices. However, their regular diet was food which they had brought from home. I told Joe that if he and Bill ever got out of a job, we could sure open up a dilly of a restaurant, especially with his source of supply.

We went back into the mess hall for dessert. It was blueberries on a bed of real snow. Over this had been poured milk sweetened with honey, and just a breath of something like vanilla. When the snow and milk were stirred together it made a real ice cream with blueberries. Needless to say, I slurped that dessert like a pig. It was the most delectable finish to a meal I had ever experienced; I was really living high on the hog!

After dinner cigars and coffee were passed around. Somehow I got the impression that the crew were all looking me over, and that I had been expected. For a guy who had never been anything special, I was beginning to like all of this attention. Bill suggested that I make a little speech, and, of course I had to; but what could I say to a bunch of men

so totally different in every respect, except for the fact that we were all human? Talk about a generation gap! Here was a gap of thousands of years and millions of miles; well educated men and—almost—a kindergarten drop-out.

Anyway, I rose to the occasion and amazed myself by doing a pretty good job. I thanked them for their hospitality and Bill for bringing me aboard; for his warm friendship, and the things that he had shown me—even if some of them had scared me half to death part of the time and had nearly gotten me committed to the cuckoo house when I had tried to explain some of his theories to my friends and scientists. I could see a questioning look, so I stopped and explained that a cuckoo house was slang for an insane asylum. A hand was raised and I was asked, “Why the cuckoo bird?” They laughed when I said that a cuckoo bird was used in the first clocks to note the hour and yell “Cuckoo! Cuckoo!” every hour. Since the clocks were very inaccurate in those days—and nobody knew when the bird was going to yell “cuckoo”—it got the reputation of not knowing what it was doing, or what time of day it was.

I expressed my appreciation to Joe for the wonderful dinner and all of the work he had put into it and stated that if they all thought that I was a pig, they ought to see my brother. That got a big laugh. These people were good at catching little pieces of humor here and there. I wound up by saying I hoped that they didn’t mistake my stupidity for humility, or vice versa. This brought a big hand and I sat down; suggesting that Bill say a few words, which he did. He said that they were honored to have me as a friend and they were all pleased to have me aboard and had been looking forward to it.

At Bill’s suggestion, we all adjourned to the lounge room where I chatted with different ones about a little of everything. For instance, one man and I got into quite a discussion about law. Of course I couldn’t remember his name, but he put me at ease on that score by saying that his name in Sanskrit corresponded to Walter in English, so I should call him Walter. He asked me what I thought of law as it is practised on earth today. I asked him what he meant by law; did he mean in the narrow term of violation and punishment, or in its broader sense; applications in our relations with each other? He said, “In the



broader sense.” For someone who had never given it any thought, I had to dig deep and quick. I finally answered that the rules of law and order as laid down on this earth today seem orderly and simple enough, but that a lot of people lacked the intelligence or understanding to see that it was in their best interest to comply. That some different method of teaching was going to have to be devised to approach people with the idea that to get along with each other was just plain good business; that people were conditioned to accept technical advances, but not advances in the law, and their relationship with each other. If something wasn’t done—and soon—the world would be back in the jungle, literally and figuratively. As an after thought I added, “There seems to be a strange kind of force driving young people all over the world to violence and destruction, which no one can understand. They seem bent on destroying everything and starting over. I have given you my version of law here on earth; what is yours?”

Walter thought for awhile and then said, “I agree with you, Larry, your young people need more respect for law and order. Your remark about lack of intelligence was a little off, because their intelligence is being increased and is greater today, than it has ever been since man was put on this earth. They are being awakened by forces outside themselves; it is all a part of the project, Milana. Don’t blame them; they are headed in the right direction and, I can assure you, they will not throw the world into the jungle. They are unconsciously preparing themselves for the greatest adventure man on this planet has ever experienced.”

I thought over what he had said, and realized that I had made some hasty remarks, without thinking.

“What are these forces,” I asked, “and what is the project Milana you mentioned?”

“These forces are a part of the project I spoke about and, Larry, you are going to play a very important part in this project, yourself, according to our plans.”

I wanted to know more about this project, but someone else interrupted and we got off on another subject. The hour was getting late

and all of these strange surroundings and conversations were tiring me, so I asked Bill to show me the way out. I shook hands all around and believe the men would have talked to me all night, but sensed that I was tired. After I had signed the ship's log, Bill asked me if I would autograph some things for them—which I did—feeling like a movie star.

On the way back to camp Bill asked me what I thought of his ship and crew. I told him that his ship was really something and his crew were very nice guys, but that my friends would never believe what I had just seen. He said, "Don't worry, some day they will believe a lot of things."

All at once I asked Bill what he and his friends were doing here on earth, anyway. He said, "I expected you to ask that question, and one of these days I hope that I can get permission to answer it."

Bill went back to his ship after telling me that they would be leaving during the night, but that they would be back three months from that Saturday, and if I would care to come aboard, they would be glad to have me. I said, "I'll see you then," and he took off across the desert—back to his ship. He knew that I would be back; and so did I.

Just why Bill and his friends were interested in me, I was going to find out if I had to wade through all of this Jules Verne stuff from now on. Besides that, I was becoming genuinely fond of Bill and his crew, and was developing a healthy respect for their intelligence, general fund of knowledge, and good fellowship.

I spread out my bed that night without even stretching my tent, and—in spite of all that I had seen and done—slept like a baby until the sun awakened me about eight o'clock by shining in my face. I hurried through breakfast and walked over to the area where I had seen the space ship the night before, wondering if I had been dreaming. I found a place about a thousand feet in diameter which was extremely cold. The rocks were still as cold as ice and what little vegetation there was, looked as if a heavy frost had frozen it. The ground was strewn with small boulders; they weren't disturbed but I finally found tracks here and there—including my own. I wasn't dreaming, after all.

All of this cold area must have been the result of the cooling of the



outside of the ship to reduce the drag through the air and to keep from making sonic booms that would crush anything and everything for miles around—according to Bill's theories.

Now I had a lot of things to think over, and a lot of research to do in the next three months, if I were to understand—or try to understand—the things that I had seen and heard.

On my way back home there was no wall across the canyon. I stopped and looked around but there was no sign of its having been there except a spot that had been leveled off, and a path which had been cleared through the brush on a straight line across the canyon. I supposed that Bill had been there and picked up his machine. Boy, would I have liked to have a machine like that; it would be a dilly for hallowe'en!

As I drove on toward L.A., I tried to figure out a plan for researching and trying to understand the things Bill had shown and told me, and—for the first time in my life—regretted my lack of schooling. Again I haunted the library and read everything I could find on the probable formation of the earth; but there wasn't much to go on, scientifically, at least. As for matter; it is generally accepted that matter and everything in the universe is energy; and that matter is electrons and protons, revolving around a nucleus. I could find no theory of how it was started in the first place; but—at least—they are approaching Bill's theory on matter.

As for these straight lines of energy being trapped in the universe by the spinning motions of the universe, Einstein was getting warm on that subject several times, but didn't quite make it. Remembering Bill's allusion to Tesla, I read his life story and about some of the experiments he made, and theories which bordered on discovery of these lines of energy. Tesla was really a smart cooky. Probably if he had lived a little longer we would have had a generator to harness gravity. I made a note to ask Bill why certain men like Tesla, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and other men were so far ahead of others, and how did they—seemingly—pull ideas out of the air?

I finally got to talk to an electrical engineer who had an open mind

and was an authority in his field. This man seemed to be able to grasp what I was talking about, in a generator that could gather the straight lines, instead of the circular ones. He suggested that such a generator would have to be operated at a very low temperature—probably—and to ask Bill about it. As for the fuel Bill used on his ship, I could find nothing regarding it. The best magnets were a nickel iron alloy and would be the logical choice, because they could be held in place easier by a magnetic field than any other substance. On the idea of dissipating the excess heat from such a large turbine, I could find nothing would work except a large amount of water. I made a note to ask Bill about that and the shape of the fins on his turbine. After all, I might decide to build myself one of these ships someday.

As for sonic booms, I read an article which confirmed Bill's observation on them; that planes leave no sonic boom in the arctic, and less boom in even moderately cold weather, elsewhere. This article said a great deal of research was being done on sonic booms because of the pending supersonic passenger planes. I concluded that there must be more to it than just a cold temperature on the outside of the ship, and decided to ask Bill to explain it to me in more detail. While I was thinking about this it also hit me, why were these space ships always round? At least most reports that I had read described them as being round with a saucer-like bottom—though a few were noted as being cigar-shaped, with a blunt nose and rear. Maybe the design of earth airplanes was all wrong; another question to ask Bill.

I finally decided that I had spent enough time on the mechanical and electrical aspects of that space ship; besides, it was driving me nuts trying to understand all of the theories and other things that were so strange and different.

I read a lot about the young people of today: how all over the world they are stirring and demanding their rights as never before; how they seem to be trying to grasp something beyond their reach; how they are restless and beginning to expect and demand a better world for themselves. Were Bill and his spacemen responsible for all this? And what about this Project Milana business?



The hardest thing about the whole deal—and the one that bothered me the most—was the fact that I had no one with whom I could talk it over. The instant I mentioned flying saucers, or men from outer space, whamo! I was hit in the face with disbelief; with questions as to my sanity, and was ridiculed. Now I knew what solitary confinement in prison meant. I began to develop a philosophy and demeanor like the camel; that I knew something that the rest of the people didn't. That attitude didn't win me any friends, I'll guarantee you. Another thing that I dwelled on which was more to my understanding and liking, was Joe's dinner aboard the ship. I resolved that the first thing I was going to ask for was a look at Joe's cook book.

The three months of waiting for Bill to get back from wherever he'd gone eventually passed, and after bidding Susie good-bye, I took off for the desert again—full of questions and curiosity.

On my way down I got up a little too much speed and was stopped by a highway patrol man. Of course his first question was, "Where are you going in such a hurry?" When I told him that I had a date with a flying saucer, it surely didn't help his disposition. If he only knew! I couldn't help laughing when it crossed my mind as to just what would happen if Bill suddenly appeared in his Hallow'en suit! He was so mad at my answer about the saucer and my laughing that he just waved me on, saying "A bunch of Hell's Angels passed not long ago and I hope that you will take them along with you when you take off in your saucer!"

When I turned off the highway, here were the Hell's Angels. They had stopped for a little rest and lunch in the canyon. Bill's bluff was just across from where they had stopped. I wanted to go on, but didn't want to give away Bill's secret, so I stopped and chatted with them for awhile—waiting for them to move on. While we were talking I began to wonder what they would do if I drove right through that wall. My love for a practical joke outgrew my resolve to not give away Bill's secret—Bill could take care of himself, I reasoned. So I laid the foundation for it by asking the leader if they had any pills or marijuana, and when he replied "No," I said, "You guys are sure high on something. When did you go on your last trip?" He answered, "Listen, wise guy, are you

accusing us, or are you a cop?" I said, "Well—for instance—do you think I am real; that you are talking to and seeing, a real man?" His reply was, "Of course you are real; you must be a little high, yourself."

"All right, if you think that I am real watch this!" and I got in my car and drove straight through Bill's wall. I stopped on the other side and could hear a bunch of motorcycles really taking off. I've often wondered what went through their minds when they saw me drive my car and all, right through that wall.

Bill was waiting for me when I arrived at camp and had a hearty laugh when I told him what I had pulled on the Hell's Angels.

We had lunch and sat around in the shade talking about one thing and another. He said that his wife had inquired about Susie and wondered how I liked her. Also, was Susie behaving herself, and how was her health? I told him that I thought more of Susie than any other pet that I had ever had. As for behaving herself; she was a little tomboy, and the biggest show-off imaginable. She would climb the trees around my house, get out on a limb, and—as long as anyone was watching her—would climb higher and higher, until I was afraid that she would over extend herself and fall off. I said that I had had a special ottoman made for her to claw and she had clawed the cover several times until it was in shreds. I told him of a neighbor who had a small dog, and one day Susie had chased the woman and her dog inside of her house and had them treed on the woman's bed—both screaming. After I had rescued them, I realized that Susie was just showing off again, so I had a little talk with her which—of course—did no good, whatsoever. Also, I again asked Bill to thank his wife for Susie; that I truly did appreciate her.

Bill was amused at Susie's antics and said that his wife would be pleased to hear all about her. I asked Bill why he didn't bring his wife along on these trips. He said that she would like to come, but that it was a little too dangerous. He brought out his wallet and extracted a picture and said, "This is my wife." She appeared to be a woman of about thirty-five or forty years—not strikingly beautiful—but a very nice looking person with fair coloring; around five feet four inches in height, with a sweet smile and a general air of good breeding.



I handed the picture back to Bill, congratulating him on having a wife like that; and especially one who could design a tent like the one he had shown me.

I told Bill that I had been thinking about the ship and had been to the library doing some research on various things about it, and had decided that it—and everything about it—was so far ahead of anything on this earth, that there was no comparison. When I started to ask him some of the questions that I had been wondering about, he said, “I’ll explain them, but let’s go over to the ship, first.”

As we crossed over the ridge to the ship, I couldn’t help feeling a sense of awe. As I looked at it again, I thought once more of the frog and the freight train. The outside was still very, very cold, and the ice forming on it in the dry desert air, lent it a further look of being something “out of this world.”

This time—as before—we walked up the gang plank and Bill pressed a button and a hatch door opened up for us to walk in. As we went in, I had a feeling of smallness and humility, and took off my hat. This quite amused Bill, “Larry, that is the first time I ever saw you without your hat on. Are you feeling all right?” We both laughed and it relieved the tension that I had been feeling. Bill was very considerate.

We went into the same lounge that we had been in before, with all of the books and pictures around the walls. Bill said, “sit down and I’ll get some coffee and cakes.” As he left, I remembered the books with the different titles, and began looking them over. One of them had a simple title, “Larry.” I opened it and riffled through the pages; part of it was in English, and part in Sanskrit. Of course, I couldn’t read the Sanskrit, but there were several articles in English which I glanced over. All at once I realized that it was a combination dossier and biography of me. Why were these people from a different age, time, and country, interested in me?

Bill came back with the coffee and cakes and I looked up with a guilty expression on my face, but he said, “Go ahead and read it.” Over our coffee and cakes, I skipped through my biography. I couldn’t tell what was in the Sanskrit; but the English part brought back a lot of

things—people and incidents which I had long forgotten.

While I was reading my “This is Your Life,” Bill had excused himself and gone off on some errand, leaving me alone in the lounge. Again I looked through their library. There were several books on Leonardo da Vinci; several on Alexander Hamilton, Nikola Tesla, and Thomas Jefferson. Also one on surveying land, by Putnam; and lots of books in Russian, French, German, and other languages that I didn’t recognize. I could have spent a week in that library and never scratched the surface.

Bill came back in about three hours and asked how I liked their library. I said, “You have some books on great men here; but why the one on that moron, Larry?”

He laughed and said, “That moron, Larry, that you are talking about is—to us—a very important person. Some of these days you will find out.”

“Bill,” I said, “Why do you use English so much, instead of your native tongue, in these books?” He answered, “Because it is easier in a lot of ways; handier, shorter, and more descriptive.” I told Bill that I had read science fiction books where the characters transferred thoughts without using words and asked him if he could do that. He replied, “We have done some work on it and I suppose it could be done, but it would take more effort, and we believe in doing things the easy way.”

Those words of Bill’s started me to thinking. He was right; why do things the hard way? These people had the capability to do thought transference by mental telepathy and a lot of other things we here on earth, cannot even imagine. However, they keep things simple and enjoyed everyday life and happenings. Perhaps some of our, so-called, sophisticates who try these all-out experiences and way of life, are not so bright, after all.

I told Bill, “I have been doing some research in the library in Los Angeles, trying to understand the mechanics of your ship. I am beginning to grasp a few things, but there are some things I missed last time. For instance, how do you dissipate the heat from your power plant? That is the real problem which we have here on earth in our big plants.”



“As I said before, Larry, I am proud of you; you have been thinking. The dissipation of the heat is done through a system of ducts. When a heated gas is diverted through baffles, part of it is cooled. If this is kept up, it will not take many diversions until it is cool. The blades on each turbine are not flat or curved—like your earthly ones—they are ducted on this principle, losing heat very rapidly. Here is a drawing of the blades on one of our turbines.”

He pulled a book out of the shelf and turned it to a drawing of a turbine blade which was similar to any blade on a big steam turbine, except that it was three inches thick, and the face of it was full of holes about an inch in diameter—drilled in a forty per cent oblique to the face of the blade. Each hole had dividers in it so that about eighty per cent of the gas was diverted at a twenty per cent angle to the rest of the gas. I shook my head and Bill said, “This principle has been discovered on earth; they just didn’t follow it up. The next time you go to the library, look it up. In the meantime would you like to freshen up for dinner?” I said that I would, and he showed me to a room, much the same as the one I had had previously. I took a shower and lay down for a little rest, and promptly went to sleep. There was something about this ship and Bill that was unhurried and had a very calming effect on me.

Bill called me in a couple of hours and he, Joe and I went into the mess hall where the crew was already assembled. They all rose as we entered and I greeted them as I would a bunch of old friends. They seemed glad to see me again and were a little surprised that I remembered each one. I sat between Bill and Joe, and again complimented Joe on the dinner he had cooked when I was aboard before. He beamed all over and said, “I am glad that you enjoyed it. We are having a dinner from home tonight—it may be a bit different—but I am sure you will like it.” I asked who was cooking it and Joe replied, “It is coming from our automated kitchen that I told you about.”

The table was in a circle with twelve men seated. Evidently four of them were on duty, or something. A wheel—rather like an oversized lazy susan—brought our salad around. It was some kind of a leafy plant, like lettuce; shredded and molded in a kind of gelatine. I turned it over, smelled it and tasted it. I knew that the whole crew was watching me,

but I wasn't going into a strange place and eat just anything that was placed before me. I could almost hear a sigh of relief from everyone as I placed my O.K. on it and proceeded to eat it. After a few bites, I realized—all at once—how funny I must have looked, and broke into a hearty laugh in which everyone joined. I began to forget where I was, who these people were, and settled down to a good meal with friends.

The next course was meat about two inches thick which had a very even grain, very little fat, and tasted like beef. It was almost burned on the outside and rare on the inside. The vegetable was round bulbs like brussels sprouts, deep fried in oil. After the first bite I realized that this was no ordinary meat, so I asked Joe what kind of an animal it was from.

"Larry," Joe said, "that is what is called a clove."

"It is surely good eating; where does it grow?" Joe smiled and told me to enjoy my dinner and to remind him later and he would tell me about clove.

The dessert consisted of berries similar to strawberries; and a chocolate cake—both very good. After dessert, came the usual coffee—though it was a bit different. Something had been added—or taken away—I couldn't tell which. They didn't serve cigars that night. I found out later that they had discovered that cigars made me sick.

After dinner we gathered in the lounge and joined in conversation about a number of things until Bill said that the movies were ready. The lights were dimmed and I settled back, figuring that I was going to see something special, and guess what it was about? A western cowboy picture which they had picked up from a late T.V., or somewhere. Of all the surprises that I had experienced so far, this was the biggest! The show lasted about an hour and a half, and they really and truly enjoyed it. Not a word was spoken all during the showing, as the hero triumphed over the bad boys. They were sitting on the edge of their seats—hardly breathing. I sat there in the dark and came to the conclusion that these people may be ahead of us in lots of ways, but—under it all—they were just as human as any earth man.

After the show, I cornered Joe and asked him about the clove. He responded, "Larry, a clove is not an animal; it is a more efficient method



of producing meat than growing animals. Actually, the mechanics are fairly simple. As you know, animal cells reproduce and multiply themselves, so we take a few cells out of the parts of the animal we want to reproduce, and grow them. This way we get a more uniform and better meat without the adrenalin and other objectionable secretions from the body of the animal."

"How do you grow these cells?" I asked.

"These cells are bathed in a solution obtained from the sap of trees. Of course this sap has to be treated and a few thing taken out, and some—like iron, for instance—added. Actually, it takes very little treatment due to the similarity of sap and blood. An ordinary oak tree, under ideal conditions, will produce tons of this meat in a year. This is a short cut we learned a great while ago," Joe explained.

"That is about the most interesting and practical thing I have heard on this ship, Joe, do you suppose that I could see one of these machines?"

"Sure, I'd be glad to show them to you," he replied, as he led me down to the store room of the galley. "Here it is," he said, and showed me a container about two feet wide and three feet long. I noticed as I picked it up, that it weighed about forty or fifty pounds. Joe took it apart and showed me where the sap came in at the top, passed through a thin plastic sheet—which Joe told me separated objectionable parts of the sap—then into a mixer where an anticoagulant, iron, and a few mineral salts were added. Then the solution was passed through strainers something like a honeycomb, and came out on the other side. This synthetic blood circulated throughout the cells by a slight pressure, corresponding to the flow of blood through the original animal.

At the top the sap was gathered by a rubberlike ring that surrounded the tree—a small motor for the mixing bowl and blood pressure was the only power needed. Joe said that he was getting ready to hook this machine up to a mesquite tree there in the desert; that mesquite always produced a good strong quality of meat.

"Can you produce filets, hearts, or any kind of meat you wish with this gadget, Joe?"

“Yes, it depends upon the part of the animal it came from.”

After I had examined Joe’s de luxe hamburger machine for awhile, and thought it over, I said, “Joe, this seems simple enough. Why haven’t our earth scientists produced such a machine?” Joe shook his head and answered, “I guess they just never thought of it.”

Joe took a couple of hours showing me around and discussing the different methods, processes, etc. I could write a whole book about just what I saw that night, but I will go on because it is not the intent of this book to bore you with any one part of what I learned or saw.

When I tired of the food business of the ship, we rejoined the others in the lounge. I told them that Joe and I were going to open a hamburger stand in Los Angeles; they laughed and wished us lots of luck.

As I sat around talking to one, then another of the crew, I could feel that they were sizing me up; but for what, I couldn’t figure out. They seemed to be glad to see me and enjoyed having me around, or maybe they were just a long way from home and glad to have anyone around, even me. At least I was enjoying seeing and hearing all these different things, even if I couldn’t understand very much of them.

About one o’clock I decided to go back to camp and the whole crew escorted me—all wearing those funny jump suits. As we were going across the desert, I thought about the Hell’s Angels I had seen earlier. If they could have seen this, they really would have flipped. Mesquite was plentiful, and at about one-thirty the crew decided to build a fire—a big one—and all sat around singing songs and having a big time. One of the songs they sang was an old folk song about Billy the Kid. They sang it with an accent half-Oriental and half something else. When I laughed, they stopped and the leader wanted to know why I was laughing when I should have been crying. When I explained that they were very good and that I didn’t want to hurt their feelings or their ego, but that they would never make Carnegie Hall with their rendition of Billy the Kid. They wanted to know what “making Carnegie Hall” meant. When I told them that only the best artists were allowed to make an appearance at Carnegie, they laughed and said that I had hurt their feelings, but to alert Carnegie Hall, for they would sing there after a



little practise, and if they were persuaded enough.

These fellows were really good sports and always seemed to have a good time at anything they were doing. At three thirty in the morning they were still going strong. Finally Bill—seeing that I was dead tired—took his happy hooligans and went home; after each one had solemnly shaken my hand and thanked me for the party. Oh, yes! Bill invited me aboard the next day, before he left.

After they had gone—tired as I was—I sat by the camp fire wondering what would be next. I made a mental note to ask them what they thought of our astronauts and the progress we were making. Also, how come they were just as human as I was? In fact, if I met one of them on the street, I couldn't tell him from anyone else.

With these thoughts going through my head, I fell asleep sitting up by the camp fire. I woke up the next morning stiff and cramped; but after breakfast I felt better and walked over to the ship. Every time I saw it I felt like the frog looking at the train. The lookout must have seen me coming, and opened the door for me. I found my way to the lounge and was glancing through the book on myself, when Bill came in with the usual cordial greeting and said that he hoped that they hadn't tired me out yesterday and last night. He seemed genuinely pleased when I told him that I enjoyed every minute of it. I then asked Bill; why the dossier on me? He answered, "Larry, you are probably the most talked about man in our world today." I said, "To heck with your world; how about mine?"

"That is coming. We want you to describe what you have seen and heard with us. In fact, we want you to put it in a book for all mankind to read. We have a message for them that is important for every man, woman, and child on earth."

"Bill, I can't even write a letter, and now you suggest that I write all of this stuff into a book? You must be joking!"

"We will help you."

"You will help me get into the nut house. People will never believe it."

"Leave it to us," Bill said, "Just make notes and we will go over them. You have a good approach to life and if we can get that whimsical, devil-may-care attitude of yours down on paper,—along with your association with us, our civilization and the things in it—they will believe it. Don't worry, it will be easier than you think. And, believe me, Larry, we have enjoyed you; you are our kind of people—as they say in the Western movies. Together we will write a book which will—as you say—knock their eyes out."

"O.K." I said, "You have just launched me as an author. I'll take notes. Now that we have that settled, I want to ask you a few questions."

About that time Joe walked in with the usual coffee and sweet cakes. After we'd finished the coffee and cakes—which were especially good today—the three of us settled down, relaxed and Bill said, "Larry, what are the questions you had in mind?"

"The first one is just where did you come from? What is the name of the planet?"

"Larry, that is a good question; one that I expected you to ask. As you know, there are millions of stars, planets and bodies in the universe. If we started to name them, we would run out of names; it would also be the same if we used numbers. We use what you would call spherical trigonometry combined with celestial navigation and—instead of giving the name—we simply state its position in the universe; something like the deed to a piece of real estate. As you can see, there are no two locations alike; it makes a foolproof and exact method for designating any body, or spot in the universe."

"As you know, I am no surveyor or navigator, but can you explain it to me so that I can understand it?" I asked.

"It is fairly simple. As I have explained to you before, the universe is a huge ball or globe roughly, fifty billion light years in diameter, spinning clockwise in space. We have placed a planet in the center of this ball, and six other stars in the shape of an octahedron, surrounding this central star. From these points—using trigonometry—we can locate or designate any point in the universe."



I asked, "But don't the earth and other bodies rotate within this ball?"

"That is where your celestial navigation comes in; by knowing the exact time, we can freeze the location of these objects on our charts so that, when we give the location of an object, we also give the time."

"Let me see the chart you have made of the universe," I asked, knowing that I could never fully understand or comprehend a charting of such magnitude. Bill complied, and after about an hour, I got the idea of what he was talking about. It was like splitting a ball into eight equal parts by designating a north and south half, then cutting through the equator, then dividing both the north half and the south half into four equal parts, each. Then they designated each eighth from there, the part of the eighth, for instance the earth, is designated as north north west quarter 71" 20'—10 Sid. Bill's home as North North West quarter 90" 2'—10 Sid.

After I had mastered their chart and navigation system to a small degree, I asked another question. "Bill, what do you think of our earthly efforts in space flights and rocketry?"

He answered, "You are making progress—remarkable progress—but you have about reached your limit until you develop a better and more reliable power source, and you will have to do more research about gravity and the lines of energy. They will have to be understood and used. Another important thing is, before you can get very far in space, you will have to carry Einstein's Theory of Relativity further out."

"Make it simple and tell me in what way we will have to improve Einstein's Theory," I said.

"I didn't say, improve it, I said that it didn't go far enough, and more work will have to be done on it," Bill said. "For instance—according to Einstein—when an object travels faster than light, it disappears or goes into a higher form of energy. He is right; it is this higher, or different energy, that will have to be used. Here we come again into lines of force and magnetism. Your scientists will understand them, eventually. We use this energy and can reach the most distant stars in a matter of days.

Until you discover this method of transportation and use it, you are limited to a few of the nearest planets, because of the time involved. We have the calculations and the means right here on this ship to, as I said, reach the most distant star in a matter of days. Some day when you get a little more conversant with such things, I will take you to the control room and explain them further."

We talked more about rockets—most of which I didn't understand—and all at once I remembered that I was going to ask Bill why they made saucers in that shape; why not like an airplane? When I asked this, he said that it was easier to break the sound barrier and to accommodate the power plant; also, it acted as a celestial body and parts of it had to revolve in flight, like any other planet or star. I asked him what our best plane was—so far—and he said that the B70 airplane should be built, that it came nearer than anything else to being the perfect plane. When questioned as to what made the B 70 better than other planes, he responded with, "the wing configuration." I am dwelling on rocketry and airplanes more than I should, but there is a lot of interest especially in rockets right now. I would have liked to have had one of our space scientists along sometime to talk to Bill, and to see his ship.

We talked until noon about rockets. One of the questions I asked was, "Do you monitor, or go along on any of our space shots, Bill?" He answered, "Yes, we do. It is very interesting and we are proud of the accomplishments of your space people; considering the handicap they are working under, it is remarkable." At this point Bill suggested that we have a little lunch. On the way I asked Joe if they ate three meals a day, as do earth people. He replied that they did, stating, "The human machine works best on three meals in twenty-four hours."

I asked him, "Joe, are you and I of the same stock?" he assured me that we were, saying, "Of course we are related; we all came from the same place."

As I sat down to eat I recalled that Bill once remarked that I was a stranger on this planet.

Joe had another of his good lunches and I forgot the questions which



had been on my mind and enjoyed my lunch and the good natured banter and conversation of the crew. By this time I was beginning to feel like one of the bunch. I won't go into what Joe had for lunch because—as someone had pointed out—this was beginning to sound like a cook book. I will mention that the main dish was some kind of fish which Joe later told me was sturgeon; it was very good.

During lunch I remarked to Joe that Bill was helping me write a book on my general experiences; how about his helping me on a cook book? Joe said, "Sure, I will help you; when do we start?"

Suddenly it occurred to me that for someone who had never done any more than he had to, to get by in this world, I was biting off a pretty big chunk. Possibly I'd better do more listening and less talking.

As I had to leave right after lunch, when we were finished I rapped for attention and thanked them all for having me aboard. When I referred to them as my "mentally retarded friends from—what was apparently—the great nut house in the sky" it brought a big hand. They solemnly assured me that they would try to do better in the future. They seemed to get a big bang out of me, and the feeling was mutual.

Bill walked back to camp with me and said that they would be back in that location in exactly three months and hoped that I could get away to come and be with them; they would like to have me.

As I neared the highway, I noticed that Bill's wall was still there and wondered what would happen if those motorcyclists were still there and could see me come driving out through a solid stone bluff. Of course they weren't there, and I drove back to Los Angeles trying to make heads and tails of my week end with the boys from space.

It was beginning to dawn on me that I was caught up in a web and practically had to do Bill's bidding—which I didn't mind. Of course he was always very polite and always asked me if I was going to be back to see him, I was beginning to have a sneaking hunch that he knew I was, before he asked me. The more I associated with Bill, and talked to him and his crew, the deeper the mystery grew. They were just as human as I was in every respect, but still they said they were from

another world. This was hard for me to believe because the general idea of men from outer space is that they are little green men; or—at least—totally different from our form of life. They said that they were related to me and the other people on this earth, but why all of this mystery? Bill once remarked that men like us were on numerous places throughout the universe, and that we here on earth were a very small percentage of the total. Why didn't they announce themselves, have a big reunion, and enjoy meeting their relatives? In fact, I might even get them to sing in Carnegie Hall, after all! Every time I met Bill I was going to ask him about the big mystery of why they didn't show themselves, but something always came up that got me off the subject. However, I suppose Bill will tell me when he gets ready, and in the meantime I was being introduced to things that were of interest to nearly everyone on earth; especially now that rocketry and science are on the upsurge; and food has always been a popular subject. Wouldn't it be something if I could get a cook book that had the recipes a million years old, and from a different planet and people?

The next three months passed quickly and—as always—I bade Susie goodbye. That little imp was sure taking up a lot of my time. When no one else would play with her, she always falls back on me. She claws my gloves and stalks me like she would a mouse. She waits at my door for hours just to jump out and scare me as I pass. Of course she never really bites me, but everyone thinks she is tearing me to pieces. Her ears go back against her head and her tail swishes from side to side as she portrays a ferocious tiger stalking her prey. She is surely a little show-off; then when the battle is over she crawls up in my lap and goes to sleep like a baby.

As I turned off the highway, there was Bill's synthetic wall, so I knew that he was there. When I neared the camp, I saw much activity and—sure enough—here was the whole crew. I wondered what was going on; I never knew what these guys were going to do next. It turned out that they were having a barbecue at my camp. The clowns made a big ceremony of helping me out of my car and into the shade where they had stretched an awning. After I was seated, they brought me some kind of punch, berry of some kind, I think, and we all had a drink of



it; it was very good.

Suddenly it struck me; these people never drank or served anything with alcohol in it. I don't drink, though once in awhile I take a drink just to be sociable. As I said before, I don't have anything against it—to me it is just like tobacco—I just don't like it. After we had all exchanged greetings and I had inquired how everybody and everything was, they said lunch was ready as soon as the girls got there.

“Girls,” I said, “What girls?”

Bill said, “Our wives. We finally decided to bring them for just one day. They have been looking forward to meeting you. This was their idea to celebrate the occasion by having a barbecue.”

“I have been looking forward to meeting them, too, Bill. This is a pleasant surprise. As you had once said that it was dangerous for them to come, I had about given up hope of ever seeing them.” Bill reiterated that it was risky for them and that they would have to go back directly after dinner.

I settled back with my drink and began to look around camp. The boys had really gone all out. They had dug a hole for an old fashioned barbecue, had put up a big awning and laid rugs on the ground, and had set up a long picnic table with benches. Joe was in charge of the food, and was beaming all over.

After a few minutes the girls, as Bill called them, joined us. I picked out Bill's wife at once, because I had seen her picture. I was introduced all around and became the center of attention for the girls; which didn't annoy me at all. There were sixteen of them and I was surprised to find that they were dressed about as any sixteen women here on earth would have dressed for such an occasion. They were a well bred group of women; nice looking; not overly beautiful, but with a warmth and manner about them which made me feel as Bill had previously said, “they were my kind of people.”

I particularly liked Bill's wife. She had the same sweet smile in real life which I had especially noted in her picture. At the table I sat between her and Joe's wife. With all of the women on my side of the ta-

ble, to heck with the men! They put on an act of being jealous of me which, of course, their wives saw through at once—but they went along with the joke. I was in my glory. Every dog has his day, and I was having mine.

Bill's wife told me to call her "Mary" and as we waited to be served, we had quite a little chat. Her first question was about Susie. How did I like her, and how was she? I told her how much I appreciated her giving me such a wonderful animal, and that Susie was my most prized possession. She said, "I hear that you and the boys have been having quite a time." I replied, "Yes, we have. I can't make up my mind whether they are what they say they are; or if I am just a mixed-up kid that they are snowing under."

She smiled and said, "What do you mean 'snowing under?'" I explained that "snowing under" meant to find someone who is not very bright and tell him all kinds of fancy tales after winning his confidence. The rest of the girls heard our conversation and joined in the general laughter. Mary said that she didn't know what they had told me; that they were a bunch of practical jokers, but—as she didn't think that I was by any means dull, to stay with them—that they weren't a bunch of prizes, but meant no harm.

"All right," I said, "but they tell me that their wives are here from another planet and you show up wearing clothes just like they do on earth. Where did you get them; or the idea?"

They laughed again at my bewilderment, and Joe's wife said, "Did you ever think that they might have gotten the idea from us?" This rather stumped me. Maybe we did get styles from somewhere else, because some of the styles—lately—sure looked like they were from another world.

As they saw the wheels beginning to turn in my head, one of the women said, "Larry, we are sorry if things are a little strange to you, but you will understand, eventually."

"There you go again, talking just like your husbands," I said. This got a big laugh and we all chatted about various things until they served the barbecue. It was super-delicious; beef done just right with



sour dough bread and beans seasoned with chili. Everything was just like I remembered the barbecues when I was a kid. I asked Joe where he had learned to barbecue like that, and he said he had learned by watching the cowboys when they drove the cattle from Texas to Kansas. I turned to his wife and said, "See what kind of answers I get from these guys? It has been at least eighty years since they drove cattle from Texas to Kansas." She smiled and said, "Perhaps he is telling the truth."

I said, "Well, perhaps he is, but if I were you I'd have a psychiatrist look him over when I got him back home; this kid seems a little dingy to me." We went on bantering in this manner until the meal was over, when Bill rapped for order and asked if anyone wanted to say anything. Walter rose and said, "I think our wives are getting too friendly with this fellow Larry; let's throw him out." His wife immediately got up and replied, "Maybe we should get rid of you and keep Larry." This brought a nod of approval and a laugh from the women.

Bill suggested that I make a little speech. As I rose, I thought; these guys may be smarter than I am, scientifically and in other ways, but when it comes to women, I was on my own ground and would give them something to think about. I took a moment and looked every woman there right in the eye, and, of course, they looked back. When this was over I said, "Of all the creatures, all the flowers, all the beautiful things Nature creates, a good looking woman is Nature's masterpiece. When I see women like these, I can say—without reservation—that I am right." I followed this up by saying that it is my opinion that women are the living proof of the Supreme Master's idea of the perfect concept; men have a self blown up idea that they are more intelligent, but they are only the mirror of the women in their lives; that if it were not for women's influence, they would still be wallowing in mud holes and living like pigs. I paused for a second and the girls all said, "Go ahead; tell us more." This really warmed me up to the subject and I continued with "And furthermore, women like these were made to be fussed over; told that they are beautiful; petted, waited on and pampered. If their husbands don't do it, they are selfish, inconsiderate, dirty dogs who don't appreciate the Supreme Architect's greatest achievement." I paused again and looked the girls in the eye and could see that I had made

contact. Each and every female there knew that I was talking to her alone. I continued with, "When the Creator made women He left the most important and beautiful part to the last—their eyes. Into them he poured compassion, warmth, graciousness, love, and the million other things that go into the make up of the greatest of all blessings a man has ever had." I paused to let that sink in and proceeded to say, "And I want to thank each and every one of you girls for the idea of the barbecue. I can't imagine why you were interested in me that much, but, in all humility, I appreciate and thank you from the bottom of my heart." I reached over and kissed Bill's and Joe's wives on the top of their heads and sat down.

My little speech brought a big hand. Joe's wife rose and said, "Larry, the trip here was worth it. Never in my life have I heard a more complimentary speech about women, and you sounded as if you really meant it. Evidently there is a side to you that the boys haven't told us about."

As we finished eating, a couple of the men had gone ahead and brought the spaceship closer, so that everything could be loaded into it. Everyone bade me goodbye, and boarded the ship. Bill was the last aboard and closed the hatch. As he did so, he said, "Larry, we will see you in a couple of months."

Every time I saw that ship, I couldn't help feeling a sense of awe and amazement. As it took off I waved "Goodbye" and shook my head. Imagine a bunch of women going billions of miles for a picnic, I guess women will be women!

After the ship had gone I sat on a rock and thought over the events of the picnic. It was certainly something out of the ordinary. Women who were—supposedly—from an area billions of miles away, yet as ordinary appearing as sixteen women one would meet in a club, or anywhere else on earth. Their clothes; could it be that Joe's wife was right? Could they plant the thoughts in people's minds as to what to wear? This seemed far fetched but, as I said before, some women's clothes certainly did look out of this world.

Another question, too; why were they so concerned about the safety of the women, and why did Bill refer to his trips as being dangerous?



Were they afraid of other space men, or what?

I thought it all over, but came to no conclusion; except that I would like to have a long talk with Bill.

The following two months passed and I, again, headed for the desert. As I turned off the highway, there was Bill's wall. As I passed though it, the thought struck me that I should have brought along some of the people who had branded me a nut for discussing flying saucers. I'd tell them to wait there for me while I drove through that bluff. That would curl their hair!

I drove up to camp and was fixing lunch when Bill arrived. Over lunch and coffee, Bill told me that I had certainly made a hit with the girls. I asked him if I had laid it on too thick and he said, "No, that's what they liked."

I asked, "Bill, why are you so concerned about their safety; is it other space people, or what?"

He answered, "It is the people here on earth. They are making an effort to find out more about us. Suppose they drew up a division of troops with tanks and airplanes and started to take us prisoner. There would always be some earth man who would panic and start shooting, or something. And if they did take us prisoner, what would happen? We would probably be quarantined and held in custody indefinitely, waiting for your people in Congress to make up their minds. All in all, it would be a real circus; we would probably be caged like animals. Earthmen aren't ready for our appearance yet; but it won't be long, now." This opened things up for my next question which was, "What are you people doing here on earth, anyway? From what I gather, there have been flying saucers or things like them—reported ever since the beginning of history; and before that—in legends."

Bill answered, "Larry, we are keeping this world under surveillance, and have been, ever since man was placed on it. This surveillance is about to come to an end, and we are going to show ourselves; that is where you come in."

I said, "All right, let's land that ship of yours on the Mayor's heliport

in Los Angeles, beside the City Hall. I know where I can get an ape suit. We will fix a deer's head with antlers along side the ape's head. When I step out of your ship with an outfit like that on and say, "Take me to your leader" I guarantee that that will REALLY shake them up and start us off with good public relations." We both laughed—especially me—since it was my idea.

Bill said, "Larry, you have an odd sense of humor which I enjoy. But, seriously, have you ever thought what would happen if I contacted the President of the United States and announced that I was from another world and would like an audience with him? He would alert the armed forces, Congress, the F.B.I., and the news correspondents. There would be such an uproar no one would get anywhere. How about those Senators and Congressmen who are against the administration and everything that it does? They would hold up the meeting or any other relations with us, just for pure perversity. If we contacted the United States, Russia would say that it was a trick, and vice versa, if we contacted Russia."

"What makes you think they will believe me?" I asked. "Why don't you get a scientist who can understand all of your advancements? He could certainly explain it better than I could."

"We have discussed that angle," Bill said, "but people would say that a scientist would know enough to imagine these advancements, while if they were to examine you and your educational background they would know that you could never imagine anything like the things that we will disclose to you. Besides that, with all due respect to your scientists, they have a tendency to argue and refer to the book as the absolute truth. We have looked around for a long time to find a mind like yours; it is as free and untrammled as the far reaches of outer space."

"In other words, you are telling me that my brain is as good as new because I've never used it," I remarked, remembering that—as I said before—my friends had once stated that I was like a goose because I forgot everything that had happened the day before and woke up on a new world every day; that life to me was one great big eye-opening, backslapping adventure. I resumed, "But they could say that I did research



in the library and came up with this stuff.”

“Larry, please don’t take offense at what I have to tell you, but the truth is, you haven’t the training, time, or will, to apply yourself to research the things we are going to tell you and show you; much less, imagine them. Besides, there isn’t even a hint of some of the things we are going to tell you and show you, in any library in the world.” I thought this over for a little while and I could see that Bill was worried that he had hurt my feelings. I realized that he was right and said, “Lead on, Bill, I am your pidgeon!”

“We will explain and give you enough of our technology and science to convince them. Everything that we give or show you will be logical and within reason,” Bill stated.

“There are a lot of things I want to ask you, Bill: for instance, all of this mumbo jumbo about us being related, and why—as you say—the surveillance for all these years?”

“I have been chosen to explain the space ship and the scientific things. Our being related and the purpose of the surveillance will be explained to you by my superiors; but I can assure you that there is a logical and meaningful purpose and explanation for it.”

There we go with this mysterious stuff again, I thought; but didn’t say anything. Later I remarked, “Another thing I have been meaning to ask you, Bill. You smoke tobacco and drink coffee as we do, but I never see anything of alcoholic content around. Don’t you drink?”

“No, we do not use alcoholic drinks of any kind. I know that you are going to ask me why, so I will tell you. It is because alcohol destroys the cells of the brain.”

“You mean that it actually kills cells in the brain?” I asked. “Yes,” he answered, “Let’s go over to the ship and I’ll introduce you to our doctor. He has been wanting to have a chat with you, anyway.”

We walked over to the little valley where they always landed the ship and, as always, when I saw that ship, I had this feeling of awe. They hadn’t been there very long because the ship was intensely cold. We went into the lounge and Joe served coffee and cakes, as usual. Bill ex-

cused himself and came back with one of the fellows. I had seen him before and recognized him, but, of course, couldn't remember his name. He smiled and said, "Call me, Bob". Bill said, "Bob is our medical man. After we finish refreshments, perhaps he will take you down to look over the hospital."

Bob nodded approval and said, "I'll be glad to; however, since that speech he made to our wives the other day, my wife has sure made life miserable for me. She thinks she is a kitten and should be treated like one. I will not be responsible if Larry never gets back." We all laughed and I said, "I'm sorry. The next time I'll call them a bunch of husband neglecters, and sit down." "No, Larry," he answered, "I am seriously glad that you talked to them and us, as you did. Maybe, in spite of our advances and culture, we have neglected a few things. Anyway, you are her hero; and my sworn enemy!"

After we had finished our snack Bob led me to his infirmary, where I got my first glimpse of the workings of their medicine—certainly more advanced than anything here on earth. My only contact with medicine beforehand had been through the Reader's Digest and my infrequent visits to my family doctor (who's name, incidentally, is Bob). I would surely have liked to have brought him along to talk to Bob and see all of this.

"Bob," I said, "Of course you have observed medicine as it is practised on earth; how does it compare with yours?"

"Well, I would say that yours is a little behind ours, but you are catching up very rapidly; in fact, medicine on earth is the most advanced science that you have."

"I was asking Bill about alcohol and he suggested that I ask you why your people don't drink it."

"I will explain by beginning with the brain. Your body is a laboratory where millions of actions, reactions and decisions are made every day. Your brain—unconsciously to you—controls all of this system by electrical impulses, or currents. The brain is like a storage battery which is charged once and, gradually as the cells die, runs down. It does not renew itself like other parts of the body. As you grow older and the



brain gets weaker, it loses control of the body and its regenerative processes; resulting in the collapse of the body. As I said, it is charged once and cannot recharge itself. That is the reason dogs live on an average of fifteen years; horses; twenty. Every animal has a different life span, according to the way its brain is charged. When the brain is flooded with alcohol it literally burns up cells in the brain and upsets its control over the body and, carried to excess, it is like committing slow suicide. You have undoubtedly noticed the degenerative mental and physical conditions of chronic alcoholics. Alcohol is especially deadly to our people because their brains have been recharged."

I said, "Doctor, are you telling me that you can keep a man alive beyond his regular life span?"

"Yes, we have learned to recharge—or renew—the brain, eliminating the degenerative conditions and by strict sanitary precautions and other means, have eliminated diseases resulting in an almost indefinite life span, barring an accident where the charge is totally destroyed. As long as we can get one spark, we can stretch it out indefinitely," he added, proudly.

"Doctor, this sounds too good to be true. What do you do about over population?"

"We don't worry about that; the more the merrier, and there is room in the universe for us all for an indefinite period."

This conversation took us up to dinner time and Bob said, "Let's eat, and you can come back with me after dinner." I said, "O. K." and we took the elevator to the mess hall. I always enjoyed being with these fellows. This time they hailed me as their "earthbound traitor" and got a big bang out of telling me their wives had them in—what we here on earth call—"the doghouse" over my little speech at the barbecue, in which I praised the girls. I told them that they should have warned me that the girls were coming; that I didn't realize what ladies their wives were and what clodhoppers their husbands were. I had forgotten that they weren't used to some of the slang we use, so I explained that a clodhopper was a term usually applied to a dull, uneducated person who hopped over clods of dirt while plowing the ground. They got a

charge out of my description of them, and the meal went along very pleasantly, with the usual good feeling of fellowship and camaraderie which I had never experienced here on earth.

This meal consisted of a salad comprised of sprouts—similar to brussels sprouts—venison, sour dough biscuits, and my favorite dessert of real snow and blueberries, which was mixed with cream at the table. It “froze my gizzard,” as my grandfather used to say, but I sure liked it.

While eating, I thought about Bob’s saying that they recharged the brain—the human brain, anyway—and started over again; a neat trick if you could do it. Also, I resolved to never take another drink of alcohol. Bob was right, I had seen some very fine people destroy their bodies and their minds with alcohol.

After dinner Bob and I went back to his office and started over again. My first question was, “If the brain cells do not renew themselves, do you do it artificially?”

“Not exactly artificially, but we do renew it. The renewal process was a tough nut to crack, but—like all seemingly difficult things—had a simple answer. We go back to when the baby’s brain is being formed in the mother’s womb, and get a small portion of the brain at the time when it starts growing, and plant it in the brain we want rejuvenated. This implant takes hold, and in a matter of six or eight months, rejuvenates the whole brain; leaving the memory, reason and other functions unaffected. This usually lasts about fifty years before it wears out and has to be replaced.”

“That sounds simple and logical enough,” I conceded. My next question was, “Doctor, how do you get around the body rejecting this implant?”

He said, “There is no rejection system in the brain like in the rest of the body; however, we have several drugs which will nullify the rejectionary processes of the body; in fact, you have them on earth, too. As I said, your medicine on earth is advancing very rapidly.”

“Doctor, how about transplants; do you do anything like that?”

“Yes, we do; but since we control the brain and diseases so well, there



is very little transplanting done. However, if a transplant is necessary, we grow them from the part of the body affected." He explained that they take a few cells from the affected organ, or part, and grow them like Joe had told me that they grow their meat. I asked him if it were possible to take a few cells from the human heart—or other organ—and grow a new heart, or organ.

His reply was, "Yes, the heart or cells from any part of the body, except the brain, have built-in orders to reproduce themselves, and will form a whole new heart—or other organ—if fed the right nourishment and electrical orders similar to the brain's. Growing a whole leg or arm is a little more difficult, though there is no rejection problem with these parts as they grow from—and are a part of—the original body. However, they have to be transplanted in strict sanitary conditions. In fact, that is the reason some transplants are failing today on earth. Not because the doctors are careless, but because they do not know how to maintain absolutely sterile conditions. Come with me, I'll show you."

He took me into what looked like any other operating room, except, dangling from the roof were several objects which looked like gas masks; each one hooked to its own hose. He pulled a mask down and fitted it to my face very carefully; then put one on himself. He turned a few valves and said, "We are now surrounded by a disinfecting gas which maintains an absolutely sterile field; including all of the instruments and everything in the room. In fact, if we were operating, we wouldn't even have to wear gloves."

"How about the patient?" I asked. "He would be wearing a mask like ours; except when having an operation on his face, lungs, or throat. In that case, we would by-pass the blood through an artificial lung," he said.

"How about this gas," I asked, "Doesn't it seep through the skin or into the blood when an incision is made?"

"Of course there is a small amount which enters the blood and tissues, but we prevent the most of it by adding a heavy molecule and a very slight amount of coagulant, to the gas. What little gas that does get into the body is neutralized very rapidly by the enzymes in the liver.

In all serious operations, we tie off the blood from the body and feed the brain separately so there is little chance of it being destroyed by the gas. It is risky, but as soon as your doctors learn to use this gas, they will have developed something that will help them a great deal in the success of their operations."

"I can understand most of these things, Bob, but can you duplicate the messages from the brain to the body?"

"Yes," he said, "They can be duplicated; we do it all the time. It takes a little doing, but it can be done."

This rejuvenation of the brain intrigued me and after studying it for awhile, I said, "Doctor, you said that you got a few cells from the brain of a fetus six weeks old and planted them in the brain of an adult, where it replaces the original brain cells?"

"Yes," he answered.

"When a baby's brain first starts to grow in its mother's womb, where does it get its electrical messages, and will it grow?" I asked.

"From its mother's brain," he replied, "In fact, until the baby's brain is developed enough to take over, the mother's brain is in command."

"Then I take it, this transplanted part of the brain of an unborn child gets its command from the brain of its host, producing cells to take the place of the dead ones. Am I right, Doctor?" I asked.

"You are right, Larry, and you are catching on fast."

"Where in the brain do you put this transplant?" I asked.

"Next to the root of the spinal column; it has to be planted on both sides of the brain, of course. We don't know just how it works but both sides of the brain will be reproduced. Leaving the memory and personality of the host untouched. The trick in this transplant is to not break electrical contact for even an instant; large doses of choline citrate is a must during the operation."

"How about the fetus, does this hurt, or kill it?"

"No, at the stage we remove the section, the fetus is not injured in



the least.”

“Not to change the subject, but how about a person who had lost an arm or a leg; could you fix him up with another?”

“Yes,” he said, “When you are conceived—within a few hours after the fertilization—your whole body and everything in it was laid out like blue prints for any other intricate machine. In growing, your body followed these plans. We can take your body and go back and retrace these plans and take a few cells from the part of the body we want to reproduce and grow you a new leg or arm and graft it onto your body—just like putting a new part in a machine. We use this method in many ways, as I said before.”

We talked until midnight about a lot of things; methods, etc., which I will not go into here because it would tend to bore persons not interested in medicine. To the people who are interested in medicine, I wish to state that I may not have everything just like he told me because, as I mentioned before, the translations and my ineptness at getting things on paper in their true perspective have proved somewhat of a handicap. Anyway, Bill has given his approval, after a few changes. Before I leave medicine, however, there is one thing I would like to say. After questioning Bob on penicillin and other antibiotic drugs; he said that they had discarded most of the antibiotics—as we know them—in favor of dyes—like gentian violet, silver nitrate and iodine. It seems that, properly used, they kill bacteria, etc., more effectively and with less stress to the body. As I mentioned before, I am just skipping through things as I go along, to keep things moving and also, to keep the length of this book within reason.

After I had left Bob and the ship that night to go back to camp, my mind was really in a whirl. I had seen and heard about medicine as practised thousands of years ahead of anything on this earth; yet it seemed as logical as Bill had said. Ordinarily I am a calm man, but trying to comprehend so much was sure making a wreck out of me. As usual, Bill accompanied me back to camp and, sensing my mood and nervousness, said, “Tomorrow, Larry, we will play a little and forget all of this stuff. I’ll come and get you for breakfast.”

I said, "O.K." and rolled out my sleeping bag, wondering what he meant by "playing" and how they would do it. As my friends said about me, I slept good and, like a goose, woke up the next morning on a new world. Bill came over about seven and we walked over to the ship, an awe inspiring object, as usual. Bill noticed my look and said that I would get over it. He also said that he appreciated what I was doing for them and that he didn't think they could have picked a better man for the job. I said, "Bill, at least you couldn't have picked a nuttier one." He responded with, "You saw the biography of yourself on the ship. I can tell you that it is about the most widespread book in the universe today, and I have told our people that you are going to give us your impressions of us and our culture, and they are waiting."

All of this made me feel very important and I told Bill that if he would give me three months, I'd have it all down, but that he'd better edit it before turning it loose. He said that he would look it over and for me not to worry. He also told me not to forget the episode with the girls, that they would eat it up. By this time we were in the galley and Joe had learned that I like hot cakes, and he had made blueberry pan cakes with butter and maple syrup. We also had some meat which tasted like bacon. As usual, I stuffed myself which always seemed to make Joe happy. He certainly liked to see me eat and enjoyed my compliments on his cooking. I asked him how he made such good hot cakes and he told me that he mixed a thin dough of hard wheat flour, sugar, water, yeast, and a small pinch of salt; set it in a warm place the night before and let it work all night. The next morning he added the rest of the ingredients—including leavening—and used a grill with even temperature. I told him that—with that recipe—I could chase every pan cake house in Los Angeles out of business.

After breakfast we all adjourned to the lounge. I had to have a little rest after such a bountiful breakfast. All of the crew seemed to be in fine fettle, joshing and horse-playing around like a bunch of high school boys. Evidently this was their morning to play, and—whatever they did—they went into it "whole hog," as my grandfather used to say. It was a pleasure to see a bunch of men enjoy themselves, without a care or worry in the world. I thought that if our earth people could get together



and enjoy themselves once in awhile, there would be fewer heart attacks, etc.

After awhile we went down in the machine shop and the fellows got into their suits—like the one I'd seen Bill in—and they insisted that I get into one, too. I had been in Bill's suit, but it had been some time ago and I had forgotten how to operate it. I had one heck of a time in that thing. I finally wound up flat on my back like a turtle, legs and arms clawing the air, trying to get back on my feet; but with no luck. Talk about a bunch of laughing hyenas! They really were. Finally, after all of the laughter had died down, four of them picked me up and carried me out of the ship to where they had cleared off a space as big as a baseball field. They propped me up so that I could watch while they played a game of baseball, or their version of it.

Imagine ten-foot tall monsters knocking a baseball as big as a bowling ball around; taking steps eight and ten feet apart, running after the ball and around bases faster than any race horse. One would think that they would be clumsy in those oversized tinker-toys, but they weren't. I thought, Boy! Would I like to take a baseball team like that into the Stadium and play the Dodgers! It would be a one-sided game, but imagine the people who would be there to see it!

While sitting there watching the game, I began to experiment with my machine, and soon picked up the mechanics of it. It also helped not to have a bunch of clowns watching me. Pretty soon I was standing up and getting around pretty well. That was a marvelous machine. I have described it before, but believe that I forgot to mention that it was air conditioned. After I had gotten the hang of it, it answered every motion of my body, and behaved like a part of me; in fact, it reminded me of a saddle horse I used to have, which, when we were working cattle, seemed to be a part of me.

After watching the men play, I could believe the story of the abominable snow man and the Yuks in the North Woods, and understood why they were never captured, and seldom seen. It was these men playing around, or doing whatever they had to do.

When the game was over, I walked back to the ship right along with

the best of them; at least, I thought I did. We all had dinner, at least their lunch seemed like a dinner to me, then all adjourned to the lounge; a happy-go-lucky bunch.

I told Bill that I had better be getting back to L. A. and thanked them all for their hospitality. Bill said, "Before you leave, I have someone who wants to say 'hello' to you. He took me into another room, motioned for me to be seated while he twisted a dial a few times and said "Hello, here he is, and remember, I am listening!" Bill handed me an instrument similar to our telephone, and I said, "Hello." On the other end was a familiar voice; it was Bill's wife. She said, "Larry, how are you, and how is Susie?" It was quite a shock and it took me a few seconds to gather my wits together—but she waited—and I told her Susie and I were fine. We carried on quite a conversation. She said that all of the girls sent me their regards. She also sympathized with me when I told her about falling on my back in that machine and not being able to get up, and the fellows all laughing at me. I told her that I sure thought a lot more of the female species of the outer space bunch than I did of the men. This tickled her and she said she would tell the girls. After we hung up, I asked Bill where she was, and he replied, "At home."

Bill accompanied me back to my camp and car, and we made an appointment for meeting again in three months.

I was almost back to Los Angeles when it hit me, I had talked to Bill's wife on a planet billions of miles away, and here was a civilization with billions of people scattered throughout the universe, and we on earth had never picked up any of their communications. I racked my brains but couldn't come up with anything else; except that they must use something that our instruments won't pick up. I made a note to ask Bill about it the first thing, when we met again.

During the next three months I labored as they say "with might and main" transferring to a documentary form what had happened between Bill, his people and myself. I suppose that I am like a lot of people who aren't familiar with writing, who pick up a book and read it without realizing the amount of time and effort that the author has put into it. It was especially hard for me who had never written anything more



complicated than a grocery list. Anyway, as Churchill said, "through blood and sweat and tears" I got it all down into what I thought was—a fairly accurate account of what had happened. At the end of the three months I bade Susie goodbye and, with my notes, headed for my rendezvous with Bill and the space men.

Bill and some of the crew met me at camp; evidently Bill had told them about the book. They had lunch ready and, as I sat down to eat, they burst into their version of "All Hail the Conquering Hero." What a bunch of comics! I arose and presented my notes to Bill and told him not to bother me, as I was hungry. Bill read the first few notes and passed them on to the next fellow. While we were eating, they read what I had finished to date. As they read, I watched their faces—especially Bill's. When they came to some of my attempts at humor, Bill and the others beamed all over. After the last page had been read I asked, "Well, what is the verdict?" Bill replied, "Larry, it is very good; you surprise me," and they all nodded agreement. I told them to take them and revise them any way they wished. Bill said, "O.K." and we all started for the ship. As we neared it, I noticed that the outside of the hull had fins about four inches deep, and three inches apart. These fins seemed to go clear around the ship. It had always been covered with ice before and I hadn't noticed them. I asked Bill about them and what their purpose was. He said that they were there to control the direction of the air and channel it into eddies behind the ship, and this—along with the extreme coldness of the ship—kept the air from coming together too fast and making a sonic boom. I remembered then that I had thought there was something missing on the sonic boom deal.

We sat in the lounge room while Bill put my notes on—what I guessed was—a teletype machine. When he had finished I asked him about my talking to his wife, and why messages like that weren't picked up by our earth receivers. He said, "We use the straight lines of energy; they are easier to handle and have a quicker response. As I've told you, your earth people use electricity which is the coiled energy lines—temporarily straightened out. Your receivers will pick up electricity, but not gravity or magnetism. Here, I will show you." He went over to an instrument board and turned a few dials and got a message from earth on

different channels, then turned to another board and turned it on and we monitored calls and communications from all over the universe. Surprisingly enough, several of them were in English, while the others were in Sanskrit, or other languages which I couldn't understand. There was one, however, which was very interesting; it was in English and was an educational program—coming from an all-educational station. I asked Bill why there was so much English used and he stated that it was becoming more common all of the time. Evidently we had contributed something to their world—our language—if nothing more. The thought struck my mind that if some earth engineer constructed a set that would receive this type of message, he would sure think he had blown his lid.

“Bill,” I said, “You always have game around to eat that you have killed here on earth; how do you do it?” He answered, “I’ll show you”. We went down into what seemed to be the armory. He picked up an ordinary-looking rifle, with sights on it and everything, but, as he explained, it was powered by a small battery and short lines of energy, instead of bullets. “You mean,” I queried, “that you can knock down a deer with lines of energy out of that gun?”

“Yes,” he answered, “We store magnetism in that battery practically the same way you store electricity, and it is fed into a crystal arrangement something like a laser, and comes out with tremendous force. Open that porthole and I will show you.”

He aimed the rifle across the valley and cut holes in solid rock, then turned it on full power and pulverized granite boulders as big as an automobile three hundred yards away. I said, “Let me see that gun,” and I fired it the same as any other rifle, except when I turned it on automatic, it tore up everything in sight. I told Bill that with a thousand rifles like that, I could rule the world. He answered, “Yes, I know; and now you can see one of the reasons why we can't be captured, or come in contact with your people. Imagine the wrong people getting these guns or this ship—they could terrorize the world.” I said, “You could leave the guns at home.” “Then we'd have nothing to protect ourselves with if we fell into the hands of a crazy mob,” he replied.

I nodded agreement and examined the gun again; then said, “Bill, you say this battery has the straight lines of energy stored in it and when



they go through that crystal tube they are speeded up and come out in tremendous bursts of energy and when they come in contact with matter, actually, what they do is cause a subatomic explosion."

"You are right, Larry, you are picking things up better all of the time."

I said, "Yes, in fact, I am thinking of building myself one of these flying machines and one of these guns. With them, I could make Captain Kidd look like a boy scout." In another vein, I continued, "Bill, have you and your people had anything to do with the way some of the great men have achieved such wonders, and stand out above the rest?"

He answered, "Oh, sure we do. We have what is known as subliminal impulses where we can plant ideas in men's minds without them knowing it. This is all a part of our surveillance and responsibility."

"You mean," I said, "that you can plant an idea in a man's mind and he doesn't know but what it is his own?"

"Yes, we are not allowed to do it at home, but here on earth it sometimes becomes necessary."

"How do you do it;?" I asked.

"It is something like the wall you encountered in the canyon—except that it is more complicated: we do it with pictures. We pick out a man we want to give an idea to, and flash these pictures and instructions around him, but they are so fast and of such short duration, that his eyes register them and relay them to his brain. That is where the short duration comes in; the message is so short that it registers on the subconscious, but not on the conscious, and he never knows where it comes from."

"How do you get close enough to focus these pictures so that he can see them?" I asked.

"That is simple. We can focus these pictures like you would a laser beam from as far away as the moon," was his explanation.

"Bill, you dirty dog," I said, "Did you plant the idea of me coming to our meeting place in my mind and get me out here in the desert to meet you?"

"Yes, Larry, I'm afraid that I did, and your subsequent actions and behavior prove that we picked the right man—even if you do have an odd-ball sense of humor."

This had been in the back of my mind for some time; I had suspected that something was leading me on. "Bill," I asked, "Can you observe or keep a watch—from a distance—on any certain man or thing, with that machine, or one like it?"

"I know what you are thinking, Larry, yes, we can and that was what bothered you for so long. I am sorry to have put you through it; but how were we going to select anyone to deliver our message, otherwise?"

I answered, "Well, I am glad it is all over and—to repeat—I hope you knew what you were doing when you selected me. While we are at it, there is another thing I would like to know. Are you responsible through that machine or other paraphernalia, for planting things in people's minds, resulting in the great achievements and works of our civilization?"

"Not entirely, but we have helped."

"Coming back to this television camera," I said, "You can observe anything that any man on earth is doing. That seems to me like Big Brother is really watching. I'll bet if a lot of people knew you could do that, they would really squirm." Bill said, "To borrow one of your phrases, Larry, 'if you only knew!' But we respect everyone's privacy and only go so far; besides, we are not here to punish you, and certainly do not interfere with your people any more than we have to. I have told you before, we all came from the same stock. The people on earth are just as intelligent and have just as great capabilities as we do. However, they are working and living under a great handicap. As I have said previously, a veil was drawn over earthman's mind before he was loosed on this earth. Once in awhile we reduce part of the handicap on certain men and give them a few ideas but they often do some very remarkable and wonderful things on their own." I mulled this answer over in my mind and finally said, "Bill, could you lift this veil that is over my mind?"

"Yes, but only for a little while."



"Why, for only a little while?" I wanted to know.

"Because it is not time; your sentence is not over," he answered.

"All right," I said, "I don't know what this sentence is all about, but I'll settle for a little while. When do we start?"

He laughed and replied, "Larry, what you lack in intelligence, you make up for in gameness."

"Maybe what you mistake for gameness is—as I said before—my likeness to the farmer's mule; I am not blind, I just don't give a darn," was my answer.

"We have already applied for permission to do it," he said. "It will take about a week to get the final answer. In the meantime, let's go and have a little rest and get ready for dinner. You can go to the same room." By this time I was well enough acquainted with the ship to find my own way around. On the way to my room I marvelled at the workmanship and detail of everything. It must have taken millions of man hours to build that ship; but what difference does a few man hours make if you are going to live, practically forever, anyway? If Bill is right and we do go home it is going to take a lot of adjustment.

I washed my face and lay down for a short nap, but, before I dozed off, I thought about Bill being able to plant ideas in men's minds, and decided that now I had the answer to a lot of questions. Bill's answers all seemed to be logical and seemingly, reasonable—as; he had once told me—they would be. With this thought in mind, I drifted off to sleep. Joe awakened me in a couple of hours, shook my hand, and greeted me with "Hi, Pardner!" I guessed that he had been seeing more of those western films.

"What's for dinner, Joe?" I asked. "I hope you have some of that snow and blueberries for dessert."

"We shore have, Pardner," he answered. "Also, we got a son-of-a-gun just like they made it on the trail." Now, I knew that he had been watching those westerns.

As we walked down to the mess I said, "Joe, my grandfather used to

“ride trail” as they called it when they herded cattle, and he was a crack shot.” Joe’s ears pricked up and he said, “He was really good, huh?”

I said, “Yes, he used to shoot fly specks out of black pepper at a hundred yards, with a six shooter.” I said this with a straight face, as though I meant it. Joe thought for awhile until the ludicrousness of it hit him, then he laughed until I thought he would burst.

As Joe brought out the main course; it really was a son-of-a-gun. The first one that I had eaten since my grandfather had cooked one when I was a kid. The contents of a son-of-a-gun do not appeal to some people. It is the mar-gut, liver, heart, pancreas and other parts of a heifer calf, cooked into a stew. It originated with the cowboys on their long cattle drives from Texas to Kansas. If you don’t know what is in it, and the parts are sauteed and mixed right and made into a stew, it is one of the greatest dishes of all time.

As I took a second helping, I said, “Joe, this is the best son-of-a-gun I’ve ever eaten. Where did you get the recipe?” He answered, “From the cowboys on the trail.” I believed him because it tasted just like what my grandfather used to make. I said, “Joe, have you introduced this dish back in your home?” He answered, “Yes, and it is a great favorite with a lot of people,—especially if they are going to do a lot of heavy work, or unusual exercise. It sticks to your ribs, as the cowboys used to say.”

On my third dish of son-of-a-gun, I reflected that there are three things that we have given the space people; English, cowboys, and now, son-of-a-gun; and—if I ever get there—I will teach them a few practical jokes.

Joe came out with my favorite dessert—snow and blueberries. I was in my seventh heaven, and about the “fullest” I had ever been in my life. I expressed my appreciation to Joe for the dinner, and we adjourned to the lounge, where Bill asked me if I had liked the last movie I had seen there. After assuring him that I did, he said that they had another and—believe it or not—it was another western. I asked Bill if the whole universe was hooked on these cowboy films and he said it was. I asked him if they got them all from earth and he admitted that they did. I told him that when I got back home I was going to tell the studios in Holly-



wood and that they would send him a bill. He said, "I guess they really should; if we had a way to pay it, we would."

They showed the western and afterward the same man who sang the song about Billy, the Kidd, before; asked me if I would like to hear some songs and music from their home. I told him that I certainly would. They played music on various instruments and sang. Their first song sounded a great deal like "Begin the Beguine." Of course I couldn't understand the words as they were in Sanskrit. I asked Bill if this was a new one and he said it was.

"Do you have any old folk songs like we do?" I queried, and they brought out some crude instruments which might have been used in the Stone Age, millions of years ago; a drum made of a log, a flute-like reed with one hole in the middle, and an instrument which looked like the jawbone of a horse.

Bill said, "Now, you are going to hear music and songs from our ancestors, as they played and sang them hundreds of millions of years ago." The rhythm was one-two-three, but the words were more like the guttural sounds of pigs grunting. They were good, and I could sit there and see our ancestors, clothed in skins around a campfire, eating half-done meat and having a big time. After awhile they changed instruments and swung into a rock and roll beat. I asked, "Where did they get that?" Bill said, "It is current, now, throughout the universe."

"You mean to tell me that they have that Elvis Presley stuff everywhere?"

"They sure do: listen to this," and they swung off into one of Elvis's numbers, "Love Me Tender."

"Bill," I said, "You mean that you listen to that everywhere; that you haven't progressed any more than we have in music?"

"We sure haven't," he replied, "as one of your music writers once said, 'Music is the universal language;' he didn't know how right he was!"

"How about something about a thousand years old?" I requested. Then they swung into a marching song—using horns and drums. I had studied a little Latin, so could pick up a few of the words here and there.

I was sitting beside Bill and I asked him what the song was. He said that it was an old Roman marching song. I said that I had heard that the Romans had some very sad funeral songs and wondered if they would sing one for me. They did, and it was the saddest thing I had ever heard. They used trumpets and cymbals on that one.

I have never been much of a music lover—probably because I had never been educated to it—but I certainly enjoyed their songs and music. I suppose that they would have played for me all night, except that Bill noticed that I was getting tired about midnight and suggested that they adjourn. I—very reluctantly—nodded in agreement; wishing that some of my music-loving friends could have heard what I had been hearing. I thanked them very much for the music and songs and said that I felt honored that they would perform for me, and that I was sorry that I had made fun of their singing before. I told them that Carnegie Hall could easily be filled at a thousand dollars a seat, for a performance like that. The leader said, “Larry, don’t go soft on us, we liked you better when you were giving us the business. Anyway, we are glad you liked it.”

I started back to camp and the whole crew—except the lookout—all had to go along. In a lot of ways these people reminded me of overgrown, friendly children and if, as Bill says, we are to rejoin them, I know that they will welcome us with open arms, and we couldn’t help but like them and get along with them.

They all tried to help me put up my pup tent and make up my bed—getting in each other’s way and having a big time. For the first time, I found myself wanting to go home with them. Before they left, Bill said that they would be back in six months; and we set a date. I told them I hoped that they would be able to make something out of the hodgepodge of notes which I had given them. He said, “Don’t worry, we’ll fix them.”

I went back to Los Angeles the next day and to bed for the greater part of a week. Writing the story of my experiences; seeing and trying to understand all of those strange machines, etc., for so long, had tired me out. I made a firm resolution to put all of this out of my mind and not think about it anymore. But—as hard as I tried not to—I couldn’t help



wondering what my book was going to be like. Also, was I going to get this much talked-about veil lifted, and if so; what would be the result?

While I was waiting for Bill to return, I began to look at my fellow men and wonder at their futile efforts and actions to get something, and somewhere. I couldn't help but feel like the camel looks, I knew something that these people didn't, and I wasn't going to tell them. Everyone seemed to be in a hurry, and for what purpose? They were only spinning their wheels.

Eventually the six months were up, and as I turned off the highway, I couldn't help being a little nervous; but as I met Bill at the camp, it all disappeared. He seemed to be in even better spirits than usual. After we had greeted each other warmly and shaken hands, he said, "Come on over and have lunch on the ship." This seemed like a good idea since I hadn't brought along much food, anyway. So we walked over to the ship, and on the way over he told me that he had had my papers edited; that they were on their photo machine ready for me to copy. Also, that they were going to lift the veil so that I could have command of all my senses and see things as they did. I told him that some day I would return the favor and lift his veil so that he could see things my way and quit messing around tending to other people's business here on earth. He laughed and said, "I'll tell the boys."

At lunch Bill announced that I was going to lift the veil from their minds so that they could view things in a new and better light. I rose and said, seriously, that I would jerk off whatever it was that was over their minds—if I could decide whether or not they had minds, to begin with. This brought laughter all around. I have never been able to figure out why they liked me to razz them so much, but they did; and I was getting to be a master hand at it. After lunch we went up to the lounge, as usual, and Bill ran my papers on their photo machine. They had stuck to the original, general idea and the way things had actually happened; but they had put it together into a fast reading, lucid, factual account, with few wasted words. I couldn't believe it. I had handed Bill a lot of memoranda, notes, etc., and here was something written like a real author. They had left in some of my corny language and expressions—probably as a favor to me—so I could, at least, say that I had writ-

ten it. There is a hint of it being from another world—I couldn't put my finger on it—but could sense it through the whole thing. I had wondered what their style of writing would be. They have a little different way of putting things together and of expressing themselves, than our writers do. Of course it may be that I couldn't see the forest for the trees, but I decided that it was good, and told Bill so. He said, "I think it is, too, because it is just like you. Your reactions to everything that we have shown you and told you, are faithfully expressed, and should cause a lot of people to stop and think." I asked Bill, "When we get this book finished, who is going to publish it?" He answered, "Don't worry, it will be published." I said, "All right, I'll take your word for it; now, how about this veil business?"

"Of course, Larry, you know where Socorro, New Mexico is?" I told him that I did—that I had been raised in that part of the country. He said, "We are having a rendezvous there in three weeks. Some people that I would like to have you meet will be there; can you make it?" I nodded that I could and asked him, "Can you rendezvous there without being seen?" "Yes, I will give you directions," he replied.

"Bill, about this veil business; just what it is? Is it mental or physical?"

He replied, "It is purely mental; just a curtain drawn over your senses and intellect. We want to withdraw yours, so that you can describe part of it to your fellow earth men. You will never be able to describe it all, though, because it would be like trying to describe color to some one who had been blind all of his life."

"Why is it there in the first place?" I inquired.

"It is part of your sentence and it will all be explained to you in due time."

We discussed the partially written book some more and I retired to my room for the afternoon siesta—wondering about this veil, or curtain. I was apprehensive, and not quite sure I wanted to go through with it but, as Bill said it was nothing to cause any anxiety, I banished it from my mind and went to sleep. In a couple of hours Joe came for me, as usual. Again he greeted me with, "Hi, podner." I said, "Podner, you had



better stay away from these purloined westerns; you are getting hooked." He replied, "Yes, I know. My wife has nicknamed me "The Lone Ranger" and she threw my boots away—but I found them."

I looked down and, sure enough, this nut had on a pair of cowboy boots. I asked him where he got them and he said, "I had a shoemaker make them for me. How do you like them?" We both laughed as I said, "They are both literally and figuratively out of this world."

On my way to the mess hall I asked Joe if he subscribed to the theory that a person is what he eats. He answered, "Absolutely, definitely, yes. Our stomachs and bodies are like delicate, living plants; the most valuable thing we shall ever possess, and should be treated as such. To mistreat your stomach by stuffing it with too much food, or poisons, is a sin against your Creator; in fact, that is one of the reasons why you are here on this earth today."

"Do you pay more attention to food and what is in it, than we do on earth?"

"We certainly do," he said, "Our cooks and others who prepare our food are some of the most respected and best paid people in our universe." I agreed with Joe, and told him so, and said that we people here on earth ate things that shouldn't be fed to hogs. Furthermore, our cooks and food preparers are not held in the respect their profession should be, which results in some of the best qualified people ignoring such work. What mother would take pride in raising her son to be a cook? However, there are some cooks who are dedicated men and women and they should not be belittled.

As usual, I sat between Bill and Joe. As the meal progressed I turned to Joe and said, "You mentioned cooks being paid, what is your remuneration set up? Do you have the same system that we have here on earth?"

Bill interrupted with, "Joe, this guy, Larry, is getting more observant and sharper all of the time—of course he has a long way to go, yet."

I replied, "Joe, I apologize for my rude friend breaking into our conversation; I believe that we were discussing fiscal policies." The humor

of our interplay wasn't lost on the crew, who smiled broadly and chuckled audibly.

Joe said, "We have the same system that you have here on earth. We have a medium of exchange which we use for exchange of goods and services."

"How about your banking system?" I asked.

"We have practically the same banking system that you use; in fact—through Alexander Hamilton—we introduced it to you. It, more than anything else, has contributed to the well being and prosperity of your world today."

"How about the Communistic part of the world? Do they use Alexander Hamilton's ideas?" I asked.

"Yes, Marx was an avid student of Hamilton's works, and the banking system of the Communists contains a lot of his ideas."

"This is all news to me," I said. "All I ever knew about Alexander Hamilton was that he got shot by Aaron Burr." This caused more mirth and an "I told you so" look from Bill. I enjoyed the camaraderie of these men and the fact that they had taken me into their midst and treated me like one of their own.

After dinner I headed for the library and—as I had noticed before—there were books on Alexander Hamilton in several different languages. I picked out the one in English and thumbed through it. Joe was right; he did lay down the principles of banking for the United States which were later adopted in part, by the rest of the world. According to their biography of him, he was quite a man. While I was at it, I picked up a volume on Napoleon who was also, quite a guy. This biography dealt with his legal tendencies. It seems that he was the first man to codify criminal law, and see that it was obeyed. Bill was standing close to me as I came to this section. I observed to him that we still have the written law, but that no one obeys it. He agreed, "You are so right, Larry."

I started on my favorite Leonardo da Vinci, but couldn't finish it, and announced that I had better go back to camp for the night. Everyone—including Joe in his high heeled boots—came along. They kidded me



and wanted to know who tucked me in bed when they weren't around. I told them that it was hard, but I managed to tuck myself in.

Before they left, Bill gave me instructions on how to find the place where I was to meet them—close to Socorro, New Mexico. Then I piled into bed, dog tired, but still wondering about all of these strange happenings. Bill must have trusted me very much to have given me the directions to this meeting of the patrols. What was to stop me from waiting for them with the sheriff and other authorities? Probably, though, no one would believe me, anyway, if I told them about my appointment with flying saucers! I remembered that there had been quite a lot in the papers about flying saucers being seen around Socorro some time ago. Maybe Bill and his people had a base over there somewhere.

I slept like a log that night, and the next morning went prospecting for a change, and—as usual—found nothing.

The following Monday I asked for a leave, telling my boss that I had business in New Mexico. I wondered what he would have said if I had told him that I wanted to go to New Mexico to meet some people from outer space! Anyway, I got the leave and headed for Socorro and a visit with some of my old friends and relatives who still lived in that area. The day before my appointment with Bill, I went to the meeting ground to make sure that I wouldn't be late. While I pitched my tent I noticed that it was an ideal spot for what he had in mind: a dead-end canyon with high walls on three sides and very little brush. A twist in the canyon made the fourth wall to the east practically a hidden spot from every angle, except up. I camped close to the north wall, not wanting one of those ships to land on me. About nine o'clock the next morning I had finished breakfast and was watching the sky. I had never seen one of these ships land; it was really something. The first ship circled the canyon, then took off—evidently it was to see if anyone was around. In about two minutes it came back from a very high altitude, and dropped down very fast—almost straight down. When it got within a few thousand feet, I could see that it was coming down, but it seemed to be bouncing. The bounce became less pronounced in the last hundred feet: then it landed, soft as a feather. I knew that it must be Bill's ship because it landed close to where I was standing. Sure enough, down the

gang plank came Bill—grinning and happy as usual. He said, “Hello, Larry; glad to see you.” I returned the compliment and he invited me aboard to see the view as the fleet landed. We went up to the top of the saucer into the control room where we had a grand view of the canyon—which was about a mile wide and two miles long, with the walls, as I described before, all around us.

While we were waiting Bill said, “Larry, this veil business doesn’t amount to anything. Actually, I wanted you to meet the boys and our superior. His approval of you means a lot in our plans. Don’t be awed by him or his ship. He is a human and not any better or superior to you in any way; perhaps a bit more fortunate in birth and environment, that is all.”

Bill loaned me some binoculars and I noticed that all of the ships came in from a very high altitude—like Bill’s ship had—with that bouncy motion. Bill was busy at the instrument board so I asked one of the crew about that bouncy action. He said that it was caused by the method they were employing; of using less compacted lines to come in on until they got close to landing, then they switched to better controlled lines.

I said, “A lot of the reports I have read where people have seen saucers in flight, say they seem to float along with just a little bouncing motion. Is that why they bounce?”

He replied, “Yes, that is right; it saves fuel. The lines do not have to be so concentrated; we only use this concentration to land, or hover.” I didn’t have time to catch or comprehend it, but nodded my head and watched the ships land. I figured out one thing at least, and that was, that a good way to land a ship with the minimum chance of detection was this dropping straight down method. Within an hour, twenty ships had landed and it was quite a sight. They formed a circle and the last ship landed in the middle. It was really a whopper. I’ve never seen anything that knocked my senses for a loop like that thing did. It was at least a city block in diameter and stood at least fifteen stories high. After it had landed and I had got my breath back, Bill turned the instrument over to someone else and came over saying, “What do you think of that?” I told him that it was the first portable skyscraper that I had ever



seen. He said, "Yes it is a big ship, but you should see some of our passenger ships; they make that look like a toy. That is the boss's ship and we are invited over for tea and crumpets. Would you care to come along?"

"Yes," I said, "Count me in, but tell <sup>m</sup>he how I should act: should I wisecrack, be serious, or what?"

"Just act yourself, and play it by ear, and don't worry—that just makes it worse," was his advice.

"Don't tell me not to worry, I can't help it." He laughed and said, "Let's go."

As we approached the ship and they let down the gang plank, I wondered just what I had gotten into and wished that it was possible to back out gracefully. Bill sensed that I was a bit nervous and said, "Larry, I know how you feel, but, buck up, everything is O.K." His presence was reassuring. It was one thing to meet one ship and its crew, but when they came in bunches, it was overwhelming. As we ascended the gangplank, the men from the other ships gathered, and came along. They all seemed to know each other. Evidently these men had been on patrol—or whatever their job was—for a long time. They all waved and exchanged greetings with Bill. For once in my life I was silent; the strangeness and overpowering size of everything got me. All of these people from another world, ships all over the place, and the immense size of the ship I was on: it all made me feel about as big as a grain of sand on the beach.

After we got inside of the ship Bill guided me to what was, evidently, the Commander's office, where Bill introduced me to him. He turned out to be as human as Bill had stated. He greeted me with a warm hand shake and—as we looked each other in the eye—I knew that I had met another friend and a warm human being.

He said, "I hear that you have a little difficulty with our native names, so, if you will, call me Lee." I answered with, "Lee, it is a pleasure to meet you and to see your ship." Lee was about my size; approximately forty-five years old, with red hair and complexion. If I had met him on the street I would consider him a well-bred, intelligent man—probably

a lawyer or doctor. His next words were, "What do you think of our little gathering, Larry?" I thought for a moment and then said, "It reminds me of a frog looking at a freight train, wondering what it is and where it is going. It is certainly the biggest thing I have ever seen."

I could see that this made a favorable impression on him, as he chuckled and said, "Let's go into the lounge for a little refreshment." We went into a room that—roughly—resembled Bill's lounge, except that it was much larger. By this time the other commanders of the ships were there and Bill introduced them to me. They all seemed to be a friendly bunch and, of course, looked me over like I was something from another world, and—to them—I guess I was.

We were served tea and crumpets, as Bill had said we would be. I watched him as he drank his tea; knowing that he didn't like it. He caught my glance and we both smiled. I guess humans are alike the universe over. We sat around for a couple of hours making small talk about a little of everything; our families, our past, etc. After awhile I got over the strangeness of everything and started asking questions which they seemed to vie with one another in answering. I observed that there was no provision for tying things down to the deck, or anything. What kept things in their place while they were traveling? They all tried to answer at once. Eventually I got the idea that when the ship was in motion there is a central gravity system which tunes in on the revolving motion of the universe; making it an independent unit like the earth or any other celestial body.

"When the ship is in motion does it revolve like the earth?" I asked.

"Yes," some one answered. I thought a minute and stated, "I have seen reports where people on airplanes could see portholes as the saucers flew alongside of them. If the spaceship was revolving, the reports must have been wrong?"

Bill cut in saying, "You see, gentlemen, Larry is getting sharper all the time," and he beamed at me like a proud father who's son had just received his first A on his report card. Bill must have been sponsoring me all along, and said, "I'll answer that one, Larry, the spaceship was revolving at the rate of once every twenty-four hours. It was so slow



that your observers didn't notice it."

"Then that is another reason for your ships being round?" I observed, thinking that a lot of plans and ideas were going to have to be scrapped when earth people start building ships around this method of transportation. Coming back to the present, I asked another question. "You mean that you can make a right angle turn with this ship at four thousand miles per hour and not spill a drop of coffee out of a cup?"

"That is right," one of them answered, and started to give me the mathematics of the actions. I stopped him and said, "I'll take your word for it; this is getting too deep for me." My next question was, "There have been a lot of sightings of your ships reported which say they were in the shape of big cigars. Do you have any different shaped ships than these?"

"No. All of our ships are built like the ones you see here. They might have been traveling at an angle which gave the impression of a different shape, but this model has been used for thousands of years," they answered.

"Are there any other beings from outerspace that visit the earth, besides you people?" I asked.

"Not that we know of; however, it is not impossible because space is absolutely limitless and probably there are other universes which have been formed as ours has: or in an entirely different set of circumstances. We have never ventured outside of this universe because our mode of life and transportation are geared to the results of the way our universe was formed and the physical laws that go along with it."

I said, "Well, it looks to me as though you people are just about where we were a thousand years ago when the sailors thought that the world was flat and that they would sail off the edge." This stunned them for a minute until Bill started to laugh and they realized that I was joking. I asked if they had ever built robot ships and sent them out of this universe. They said, "Yes, but we never knew what happened to them. They were either swallowed up by space where there were no lines of energy, or they ran into different forms or lines of energy, and were obliterated."

About this time Bill said, "Larry, we have a meeting of all the Commanders at two o'clock. I'll turn you over to Joe; he will show you around until dinner time."

We went downstairs where Joe was waiting. He said, "Would you like to tour the area and see the other ships, Larry?" I replied, "Sure, I don't want to miss anything; Disneyland was never like this!" As I said before, there were twenty ships, plus the big one. We visited them all. Everywhere we went we were served coffee and cakes; or tea and cakes, until I felt like a walking coffee pot. All of the ships were approximately the same size in diameter, though some of them were not quite as high as Bill's ship. Everyone was friendly and they all looked me over until I felt like a prize calf at the fair. They all called me Larry, and must have known that I was to be there. All in all, I had a very enjoyable afternoon. With all of this collection, I could have put Socorro on the map, if they would have let me sell tickets to see the show.

On our tour I asked Joe where all of these ships and people came from. He said that they were stationed in this hemisphere. I said, "You mean that they are here permanently?" "More or less," he answered. "But why, if they never contact anyone and just circle around? What is it all about?"

"They have a very definite purpose here and I think that you will find out what it is," he said. I had to let it go at that, but asked him another question. "You say that these people are on patrol. Do they speak the language of the area where they patrol—or guard—or whatever it is?"

"They usually speak a little of the language of the area where they are stationed, but English—or a modified version of it—is the universal language that we use. In fact, I think that it will be used throughout the universe, eventually." All at once Joe got confidential and said, "Larry, I never thought that you would make it; this must have been a real ordeal." I answered, "It sure has. At times I felt that I couldn't make it; if I had had any brains to start with, I couldn't have. Joe, I still can't figure out where I come in on this deal. Am I supposed to be the contact, ambassador, or what?"



“Joe said, “The way I get it, you are going to write a book explaining some of our scientific achievements and our culture; and why you and your people are here on earth. It is a sort of preparation for the next and final chapter of your habitation of this planet.”

“You mean that my people are going to be wiped out?”

“No! No! Of course not. It will be a very happy occasion; one that all of the people throughout the universe are looking forward to.”

I thought it over and decided not to pump him any more. “Joe,” I said, “It would be something for me to go through the big ship.” He agreed, and we went back up the gangplank to the big ship. We started at the bottom, in the engine room. As I looked things over, it reminded me of the engine room of an aircraft carrier that I had once been on. Joe informed me that this engine room was about the same as the smaller ones, except for size. I asked him just how much power they could generate with the machinery in that room. He said, “I don’t know, but we could probably sink a good sized mountain right into the earth, or change the orbit of a body almost as big as the moon.” That much power was beyond my comprehension, so I said, “Let’s go to the observation tower.”

On the elevator going up I asked Joe a question which had been on my mind for a long time, but I had never seemed to remember to ask it. “How do you keep from hitting objects in space?”

“We have an automatic steering device which steers us around the big ones, but we pay no attention to the small ones because our speed is so great that it disintegrates anything we hit.” I remarked that that was something that our astronauts worried about all of the time. He replied, “Yes, I know; but if they don’t hit something big, they have nothing to worry about.”

“How about the solar flares which they keep talking about so much, and are so afraid of?” I asked.

“They are not as bad as generally believed, and the effects of radiation are greatly exaggerated by your earth people,” he said.

By this time we had reached the observation room and, as I gazed

out over this great fleet assembled here on earth from outer space, it made me think how very little and very backward we here on earth really are.

I was brought out of my reverie by Bill calling for Joe and me on the intercom. We went back into the Commander's conference room where they had concluded their business and were served another cup of tea! Everyone seemed to be in a good mood and we bantered around for awhile, until Lee suggested that we take a little rest before dinner. I started to leave with Bill, but Lee said, "Stay here, Larry, on my ship and be my guest; you have been around Bill too long, anyway; it is beginning to rub off on you."

Bill pretended to be hurt by Lee's bantering and observed that "rank and bureaucrats are the same the universe over." This brought a chuckle from everyone. These people were certainly good natured. Lee escorted me to a room something like the one on Bill's ship, except that it was larger and more ornate. On the way Lee asked me, "Would you like to have the veil lifted from your consciousness for a little while?" I answered, "I am game, but just what is this veil bit that I keep hearing your people refer to? Where did it come from, and what is its purpose?"

"It is part of the curse; the penalty that was placed on you and your people when you were loosed on this planet," Lee said.

As I lay down to sleep, I forgot all about the lifting of the veil; wondering about the curse, and all this "loosing" stuff. I slept about an hour and when I woke up, it was on an entirely different world. I could feel the blood running through my veins; my heart pumping; my brain making decisions. I felt that I was master of my body—physically, as well as mentally. I wish that I had the ability to describe it better. It seemed as if a very vital part of me which had been missing, was back and I was whole again.

Ordinarily humans have five senses. I can tell you that there are other senses which we have never dreamed of. Now it was possible to believe that God made man in His own image. Trying to describe these senses is like attempting to explain color to a person who has been blind all of his life. It has to be experienced to get any inkling of it, whatsoever. I



could see things in their true perspective for the first time in my life, without a conscious effort. I realized now, that when I thought that I was awake; I was in a half-coma. This doesn't begin to describe the veil and its effect upon me; but it is my best.

I was out wandering around looking the ship over and thoroughly enjoying my freedom of thought, when Bill found me. His first words were, "Well, what do you think of it?" "Think of what?" I asked, innocently—knowing full well what he meant. "The level of your consciousness, you idiot," he said.

I laughed and answered, "Bill, it is the greatest thing that I have ever experienced. Is your mind as clear all of the time, as mine is now?"

"Yes, it is," he said.

"It must be a wonderful feeling to have the full possession of all of your faculties all of the time," I observed; thinking of all the people on earth, millions of them, going around in a fog. I asked Bill why they had to be deprived of so much. He said, "It will all be explained to you in due time."

"Bill, if you give me that "in due time" stuff just once more, I'll crown you," I said.

"This man, Lee, whom you met this morning, is the head of the surveillants on this earth, and you made a very good impression on him. I knew that you would, after having associated with me for so long; I knew that some of it would rub off on you—as Lee said." Bill was really feeling good.

I replied, "Yes, I know, Bill, but there is something that I haven't told you. I have prospected and associated with a donkey for a long time; now, thanks to the two of you, I am a polished product!"

Bill laughed and said, "We are having a big dinner in your honor tonight, and it is about ready, so let's go."

At my suggestion, we walked down the stairs, and on the way I told Bill that I hadn't quite gotten my role straight on whatever I was supposed to do: was I going to be the contact between them and the earth

people, their ambassador, or what? His response was, "Larry, all that we want you to do is write a book on us, explaining our civilization, advancements, our relationship to earth people, and lay the ground for our plans for them to return to where they belong."

"Has anyone from earth ever before done what I am supposed to do?" I asked.

"Yes, several times, but not on such a large scale."

"But I have never read of such a happening."

"It has, though not in your recorded history," he answered.

By this time we were in the banquet hall and it was quite overwhelming. I had been in the main dining room of some of the most lavish and ornate hotels in Los Angeles and Beverly Hills, but this place outdid anything that I had ever seen. The ceiling was at least fifty feet high. There were four chandeliers made of crystals of every color imaginable; the chairs were covered with velvet, and the head table was in the form of a slight curve outward, and seated ten people. The row next to the head table curved slightly around and in front of it; and so on, so that everyone sat facing the head table. There were about five hundred people seated when we came through a curtain and took our seats at the head table. Everyone rose and Lee introduced me, saying, "This is Larry, the man you have all read about who is cooperating with us—as you all know—on the largest and most ticklish mission we have ever undertaken on this globe. He has stood up very well and taken in stride the things that were so different to him. Here is a man whom we can all be proud of, and happy to call a blood brother." He concluded with, "Larry, would you care to say a few words?"

I rose and said, "Lee, I want to thank you for the kind words, but if I have—as you say—stood up well, it is because I have been acting from a position of ignorance, and I still don't know what this is all about. However, it has been a wild adventure from the first time that I rode in Bill's snowman suit until today when I saw all of these ships from another world. It has been more than I could have ever imagined in my wildest dreams. Just what you people are up to, I don't know, but I am



glad to have a front seat on the show and, as my old grandad used to say, I'll try anything once. I am glad to have met all of you and hope to see you again."

They all gave me a big hand and, as I sat down, Bill remarked, "Larry, lifting that veil helped, didn't it?" I answered, "It sure did; but how long will it last?" He answered, "A few days."

The dinner was superb; turtle soup, followed by hearts of palm salad, sturgeon with creamed wild onions, black-eyed peas seasoned with bacon, and sour dough biscuits. We finished dinner and I was looking around for dessert when Lee rapped for attention and suggested that we adjourn. We all went to a kind of drawing room where everyone stood or sat—as he wished—and visited with old friends and neighbors.

Lee and Bill took me in tow and introduced me to almost everyone there. I had met most of them that afternoon with Joe, but was glad to see them again. Needless to say, I was the center of attention—being the only stranger there—and I certainly enjoyed it, and being able to talk to them with my mind clear. From one man in particular, I learned something which had always baffled me and a lot of other people. Bill introduced me to him and said that his area was southern Mexico. His name, of course, was as long as your arm,, but he said to just call him Al. I asked Al how long he had patrolled Mexico. "About four thousand years—off and on," he answered, and smiled as I caught my breath. Here I was talking to a man at least four thousand years old who looked ten years younger than I did. I made a double mental note to look into their rejuvenation methods again, because I was going to need it before long. It was just a little hard to talk to Al because his English had a heavy Spanish accent along with his native accent; but we managed. It also helped that I spoke Spanish—after a fashion. I asked Al where he got his Spanish accent. He said, "I took a course in Spanish, and in monitoring their radio and television, I have gradually picked up a working knowledge of the language."

I asked him if he had seen the people in Mexico build the pyramids, and those huge temples and cities. He said that he had. My next question was, "How did they move such heavy stones around when they

didn't even have the wheel, and how did they shape them when they didn't have steel implements?"

"Larry, I'll answer your last question first. They did have steel alloy instruments and they did have the wheel; in fact, they were—in a lot of ways—more advanced than your people today. We destroyed records of their later achievements to keep them out of the hands of people who were not entitled to them. The power they used to move heavy objects was based on utilization of straight lines of energy, the same as we use in our spaceships."

I thought awhile and decided that everything sounded reasonable, but there was another puzzle; where did they go, and why? When I asked Al where they went, he told me to ask Bill, and when I asked Bill, he told me that I would find out, eventually. I consoled myself that some day I would find the key to all of these mysteries.

"How about the people who built the other great civilizations and cities in other parts of the world? Did they use the same methods?" I asked.

"Yes, they did. They were far from the savage, ignorant people they have been pictured in your history books," was Al's observation.

While we were on the subject of history, I thought I would ask one more question which has bothered a lot of people. "Al, was there ever such a continent as—what they call—Atlantis?" Al replied that there was such a continent.

"Tell me, was it peopled by an advanced race like the legends say? If so what made it sink; and did all of the people drown?" I queried.

"The legends were right; there was an advanced civilization living there. They didn't drown because we removed them; in fact, they were among the first people we repatriated from the earth. We sank the island because it would have upset our time-table to have let the people in the Meriterranean see their works," Al recounted.

"You mean that you could sink a whole continent?" I asked.

"Yes. We could split it at the faults and sink part of it, at least."



Thinking about Lee's mobile skyscraper, I nodded my head; I guess that they could do it. "One more question, Al," I said. "We find evidences at the North Pole which show that at some time or another it has been a tropical zone. What accounts for that?"

He laughed and said, "Larry, you got me there. It happened before we ever came here. We have been using this globe for about fifty thousand years. Our first exploration of it dates back about twice that long. However I can tell you that the magnetic poles are stationary and probably the continents drifted because the earth is not a solid."

I would have liked to have been able to talk to Al longer, but dessert was served. It was my favorite—blueberries, snow and cream. I guess that I made a bad impression on my new friends by eating too much dessert, but everyone has to have a hangup somewhere. After dessert and coffee—plus cigars, we had a lively evening, conversation-wise. I certainly enjoyed having the full possession of all my faculties. It made thinking, exchanging ideas and general conversation a pleasure that is hard to describe. About midnight I caught up with Bill and asked him, "When does this party break up? For once, I am talked out."

"I'll take you to your car and you can go back to town if you like. We will be here all of tomorrow conducting our business."

I bade everyone goodbye and Bill accompanied me to my car. On the way he said, "Larry, we will see you in California in four weeks. We all, —Lee, myself, and everyone connected with this project—thank you from the bottom of our hearts."

"Bill, before you go; one question. Are your people patrolling the whole world, and if so, why?"

"Yes," he said, "there are about fifty ships altogether. You will not have to wait very long, as we are going to give you the answer to the whole business."

I said, "I hope so. You keep a mystery hanging in front of my nose like a carrot dangling in front of a donkey—leading me on all of the time."

I stayed that night in Socorro. The next day, while I still had control

of my full consciousness, I decided to go over to the School of Mines and talk to the people there. I had been told that at the School of Mines they had some of the best minds in the country, and I believe it; but when I talked to them while in my advanced state of consciousness, they seemed dull, incomprehensive, and struggling from behind a murky, half-solid wall. From there I went to Los Alamos where, I know, they have some of the most brilliant people in the world. Those people, too, all seemed the same way. No person in the world realizes what a dark cloud hangs over his intelligence and consciousness, and I sincerely hope that it will be lifted soon so that all may enjoy the consciousness we once had.

I trust that I have not fallen flat—as they say—in describing this third-dimension in our consciousness. All that I can say in summation is, that it is different and better, and is like being out in the light of day after spending years in the dark. We will enjoy it and everything connected with the process of reasoning and intelligence, like we have never enjoyed anything before.

The second day, on my way back to Los Angeles, I awoke. My veil was back in place and I was going through the same old struggle to think and try to see things straight, or right. I suppose, as Bill said, my mind was free and untrammelled, or the assimilation of all these strange things and experiences would have gotten me down—especially when I knew what I was up against on this curtain business.

I had four weeks before I saw Bill again and, as I prepared my notes on the happenings in Socorro, I certainly wondered about a lot of things. Why were all of these ships patrolling the world, never showing themselves and never contacting anyone? I wondered if they did contact us and control part of our thinking and actions. As I have said before, Bill once told me about their planting ideas in people's minds with—what he called—subliminal action. “Raising my level of consciousness” as Bill called it, gave me a lot to ponder over. How did they do it, and why can't we here on earth have it?

One evening I went to the library to check up on—what is generally spoken of as—the sixth sense. As I understand it, it is the ability to fore-



tell the future; what is behind a closed door, or the ability to pick out a certain card out of a deck. While I was in the third level of consciousness I could detect no evidence of any increase in my ability toward such powers. I decided to ask Bill about that.

The four weeks passed and I headed for my rendezvous with Bill in our regular California meeting place. I decided to take Susie with me so that Bill could see her. After a fight, I got her into the car, but when we had gone one block, she started in again. She howled, clawed, and pretended to bite me, but I was determined that she should go along with me, and she was just as determined that she wasn't going. After the fourth block—you guessed it—the stronger character won out, and Susie stayed home; the little devil!

Bill and the crew were glad to see me, as I was to see them, and we all had a good week-end together. When I first got there Bill went over my notes and said that they were very good. As usual, I noticed that he put them on a kind of teletype machine. When he had finished with that—while we were having coffee and cakes—I asked him about the sixth sense, as interpreted by people on earth. He said that they had experimented with it, but as far as being able to visualize something in another room, or pick out a certain card from a deck; it didn't come under any senses that a man is supposed to have, as far as he knew. I asked him, again, how they kept earth people from the third consciousness.

"Don't worry," he said, "It will all be explained to you and your world soon, I think. In fact, I am waiting for the final decision now. Go and talk to the boys and enjoy yourself."

I went up into the control room and said "Hello" to the two men on duty. As always, we exchanged pleasantries and they showed me more of the controls, and how they worked. The thought went through my sneaky little mind: boy! would I like to have control of this ship for forty-eight hours. I would land on the lawn at the City Hall in Los Angeles, land in Washington, Moscow, Paris, Rome, London, and the rest of the capitols of the world. It would certainly give people something to think about for a long time. One of the fellows noticed me and wanted to know what I was thinking about. When I told him, he said

that it was a temptation, sometimes, to do just that.

I said, "Bill told me once that what we call pulsars are really homing and directional signals for you. You use free lines of energy in your communication system. Why can't you use them for signals and not have to bother with two sets of receivers?"

"We did use energy lines for a long time but found that, occasionally a star, or other distraction—even a generating plant somewhere in our own ship—sometimes distorted the lines, or bent it. Now we use a radio signal because it is more dependable and has less chance to being interfered with."

I ranged over the ship and spent the week-end with the boys and had a very pleasant time. I could take up twice the space that I have, already, in describing the ship and my conversation with Bill and his crew, but it would be boring to anyone except an engineer. Bill came to me Sunday morning and said, "We are going to rendezvous in Socorro again in two months. They are going to open up and give you the answers you have been waiting for, and you can finish your book."

"You mean they are going to tell me what you guys are doing here; where we on earth came from, and so on?"

"Yes, they are," he answered.

"It will be a satisfaction to me," I said, "but how about all of those other people? They won't believe all of these things which I have seen and heard; and who is going to publish this book?"

"That will be taken care of, don't worry," he replied. "It will be read and discussed by every engineer in the world, and by all of your politicians, theologians, and other people."

I said, "You are biting off a lot in this book; I hope that you can chew it all." He laughed and answered, "Larry, why all of the pessimism all at once?"

"No pessimism, but it will be interesting to see how you do it."

"By the way, they liked your description of the meeting in Socorro. You have, as the Indians say, been adopted as a blood brother."



We were sitting in the lounge while this conversation was taking place. The telephone rang and Bill answered it; but he said to me first, "It is probably your girl friend. She wanted to say "Hello" when I talked to her this morning." After a few moments he handed me the phone, saying, "Yes, it is she."

When I said "Hello," a female voice on the other end answered, and I immediately recognized it as that of Bill's wife. It was good to talk to her again, and we carried on quite a conversation. She inquired how I had been, and laughed when I told her about Susie winning the battle and staying home. The last thing she said was, "Larry, Bill told me the news. Congratulations! The girls all send you their regards and want you to know they are behind you one hundred per cent, so don't let Bill and the other Dead-End Kids bug you."

"I won't, but where did you get the idea of calling them "Dead-end Kids"; have you been seeing old movies, too?"

"Yes, Larry. I enjoyed seeing the Dead-end Kids very much and I'm sorry that I couldn't relay my regards to your Hollywood studios."

I answered, "I used to get a bang out of the Dead-end Kids, myself, and I am glad that your taste in movies is better than Bill's and Joe's Westerns." She enjoyed this and said she would tell the girls. After bidding her goodbye, I hung up and remarked to Bill that it was comforting to know that I had a few friends, at least, from the outer world.

Bill laughed and said, "Larry, as they say, you are a card."

Sunday, after lunch, I bade everyone goodbye and thanked them for a very pleasant week-end, and started for Los Angeles. On the way home, I got to thinking about Bill and our book, and how he was going to get it published. I knew no one in the publishing field, or anyone even remotely connected with it. I finally dismissed it from my mind, deciding that Bill was infinitely smarter than I was and would find a way. Besides, I had nothing to lose, and had had some very fascinating and enjoyable experiences; even if some of them had been hair-raising and unbelievable.

While I was waiting for our next rendezvous, I read everything I

could get my hands on about ancient civilizations, legends and myths; but could not get an inkling as to what they were going to tell me at Socorro. The only plausible thing that I could figure out was that man is a transient on this earth, and that my friends had something to do with it.

The next two months eventually passed and, at last, I headed for Socorro still wondering what it was all about. I nearly ruined my car, but I arrived at our little valley ahead of everyone else. Bill and his ship were the first to appear. They dropped straight down—as before—almost on top of me. They landed that close, probably to give me a scare. At least, I accused them of it when I got aboard. This was at eleven o'clock in the morning. Bill invited me up to the control room to watch the others land, as he had before. It was a great sight to see them come in. They seemed to drop right out of the sun at tremendous speed, till just before landing. I could see why there were not more sightings by earth people. These things travelled at unbelievable speed and could hover like a humming bird. While they were landing, I asked Bill, "Do you ever lose ships on maneuvers?" "Yes, once in awhile we do and when that happens, it is usually a total loss of machine and life." I began to understand now, what he meant when he said that it was dangerous. When a man gets killed who has only a few more years to live, it is bad; but when a man who is almost immortal gets killed, he has really lost something.

All of the ships landed as before, around the edge of the valley, and the last to come in was the big ship, which landed in the center. I asked Bill if that was the same ship; the huge one which had come last time. He said that it was; that it was Lee's ship, and that we were invited aboard for lunch. He said, "If you are hungry, we will go over and eat with them; and if you are not hungry, we will go over and eat with them, anyway."

"Thanks, old pal," I said, "for giving me a choice"—and slapped him on the back. I really liked this man, and I think the feeling was mutual.

Lee met us at the gangplank and—after a cordial welcome—escorted us to his office, where he introduced me to a man he said to call John.



Evidently he remembered that I had trouble with their names. As I shook hands with John, I could see that he was just a cut above the rest of the people I had met on these ships—even my friend, Bill. As he shook hands with me, he laid his left hand over our clasped hands and gazed steadily into my face and eyes; out of the grayest-blue eyes I had ever seen. Here was a man among men: one who could command respect and give it in return. Later I found that everyone felt as I did. Some of the other commanders joined us and we had a very pleasant lunch. I sat between Lee and John. While the others were talking about various things John turned to me and said, “Larry, I have you at a disadvantage. I’ve read everything about you and can almost tell you how many fillings you have in your teeth; while you know nothing about me.” I answered, “John, you are right; just who and what are you, if I may ask?” He smiled at my straight-forwardness and answered, “I am a very old man, measured by your time. I grew up on a very distant planet and have specialized in—what we call—socialized law. We have combined law and—what you call—social work, into one profession.” He let this sink in and after I agreed with him that maybe we here on earth could profit by such a combination, he went on. “I am now the head of our profession throughout the universe; in fact, I hold the same position as the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court in the United States,—except that we call it the United Universe.”

“You mean to say that this universe is inhabited throughout, and all are bound together and act under the same laws and rules?” I asked.

“I wouldn’t say that they are bound, but they do subscribe to and abide by the same general ideas, rules, etc.,” he said.

“Do these people travel throughout the universe on business, social and political errands?”

“Yes, they do, and I might add that we have a very harmonious relationship, except for a very few isolated instances.”

I said, “Bill and some of the others have told me that men inhabit the universe, but when I started to ask them questions, they always told me to wait. Now, are you going to give me the same treatment, or do I get the whole story?” I stopped and realizing to whom I had been talking;

stuttered and stammered and started to apologize for being so blunt. John interrupted and said, "Larry, never apologize for coming to the point or for the differences in our positions. Remember that, as Thomas Jefferson said, "There is no difference in any man except that made within himself." Yes, we are going to reveal to you anything you want to know about us, and tell you about the project, Milana, as we call it. I believe you asked me a question about our people inhabiting the universe. Yes, we do. There are billions and billions of peoples such as you <sup>are</sup> and I living on thousands and thousands of planets throughout the universe."

This was staggering to my imagination. I thought that the world we live in was big enough, and here was a man talking of thousands, with people by the billions living on them.

By this time lunch was over and John said, "Why don't we take Larry for a stroll around the ships so we can stretch our legs?" Everyone agreed that it was a good idea. They took me around and we visited the ships. There were twenty there—same as before—and I couldn't remember the crew's names, but I did remember their faces and was glad to see them all again. I think they enjoyed seeing me again, too; at least they acted like it. When we came to Al's ship, he greeted me like an old friend, and I returned the greeting in kind. He asked, "What do you think about all of us dropping out of the sky like this?" I said, "Well, in Old Mexico monkeys drop down out of the trees, and in New Mexico, they drop down out of the sky." John seemed to enjoy my rapport with Al and his crew; also, Al and his crew appeared to get a kick out of my comparison, and promised to take me to Mexico sometime to see the other monkeys.

Anyway, we finished the tour of the ships which took a couple of hours; then we returned to the lounge of Lee's ship. After we had gotten settled in good comfortable chairs, John turned to me and said, "Larry, you have wanted to know what we are doing here and I am going to tell you. Most of your religions on earth teach you that God created man; while some people think that man is the product of evolution. Perhaps they are both correct. God may have used the tools of evolution to create man. Some of your religions teach that God created



man in one day. One day to God might mean a hundred million years in man's conception of time. At any rate, in whatever manner you may think of man's creation it wasn't on this earth. His first appearance—as far as we can figure out—was on a globe similar to yours; in their solar system there were numerous planets similar to your earth. These people, our common ancestors, multiplied and settled the planets in their galaxy, and eventually, spread throughout the universe. Prior to fifty thousand years ago, there were no men such as ourselves on this earth; that is the reason no human bones are found among the animal fossils. This planet was considered to be too inhospitable for human habitation, until it became necessary to have a place to keep our people who had committed crimes against the common good. In other words, for the past fifty thousand years we have used this earth as a penal institution, or a modified Devil's Island; if you want to take the name of a famous French institution. Your archeologists have found the remains of cities and civilizations. They have wondered why these people disappeared, or vanished, into thin air, so to speak. I can tell you that they served their sentences, and we transported them and their belongings back to where they came from. As you have been told, their accomplishments—in some ways—exceeded anything on earth today. This will explain why man is so different and, intellectually, so far above any animal on this earth. He is a transient and did not originate here, and has nothing in common with any animal on this globe. He is here for a short time—as you call it—paying his debt to society. As your sentence on earth is about finished, we are preparing to take all men off this globe and return them to their homes, where they belong. Believe me, it will be the most grand and glorious reunion that has happened in the universe in a long time. For obvious reasons, you can see why we, as strangers, could not drop in and say, "All right, we are taking you home."

"As to what Lee, Bill and others are doing here in their so-called flying saucers, they have been keeping the earth under surveillance. In a way, you might say, they are your jailers. The reason they never associate with the earth people is because that was part of the sentence imposed, when your ancestors were loosed here. They were to be cut off, and never associate with their own kind until their sentence was completed. Also, part of their sentence was that their consciousness was

to be lowered to a level just above that of the animals already inhabiting this globe.

"Your surveillants were given the power to lift this curtain—or parts of it, and give other assistance—which they have done occasionally, on certain groups and individuals, as you have experienced. That is why some such as Leonardo da Vinci, Einstein, Tesla, and others were so much above their contemporaries; plus the fact that we placed certain ideas before them, as Bill has explained to you. You will notice that there has been an awakening on a greater scale in the last few years, than ever before. Your achievements in space, medicine, and social adjustments all have been greatly accelerated in just the last twenty years. Your young people all over the world are concerned, thinking more, and their minds are stirring as never before. It is all in the plan for your return to your home. Preparations are being made for you; our long separated kinsmen, to take your place once more in the grand scheme of the universe."

I said, "Give me a little time to digest all of this." After having mull-ed it over for awhile, I came back with, "Now let me get this straight. The ancestors of the men on this globe committed a great crime—or crimes—and were tried and found guilty, by a group of their peers from the universe. Their sentence was that they be uprooted from their homes and station in the universe and deposited upon a forlorn, inhospitable planet; with their minds clouded by a hypnotic spell which left their intelligence very little above that of the animals they were to live among.

"These men in their space ships are—in effect—their jailers and guardians, too. Now we have served our sentence and are about to be restored to our original consciousness, and taken back to our former home and friends, where we belong."

"That is right, Larry. Your grasp of the situation is correct," John replied. "Think it over while we have dinner and I'll be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask, if I can."

As we adjourned to the main dining room, I was again amazed at the size of Lee's ship. How anything that large could possibly move, was beyond my comprehension. All of the commanders and most of their



crews joined us and we had, as usual, a very good meal; accompanied by good natured and interesting conversation. As I had done before, I forgot all about why I was there and seemed to fit in with the bunch. I suppose it will not be hard to become one of them when we are all together again, at that.

After dinner John and I wandered around over the ship for an hour or so, letting our dinner settle, and finally made our way back to the lounge. "John, "I asked, "Why should the people now on this earth have to suffer for what their ancestors did?"

"That was part of their sentence; a part that made them suffer all the more knowing what was ahead for their descendants."

"What was this crime? It must have been a bad one to cause all of this suffering?" I asked.

John answered, "That is one thing I can't tell you, because the records of their trial were ordered destroyed, and never mentioned again. This was done so that when they had served their sentence, the records could no longer be a source of embarrassment. Your courts on earth do it all of the time. I think it is called "sealing the record."

This seemed to me to be an enlightened way to do it, but I thought to myself; I would still like to know what they had done—or what crime they had committed.

"John," I said, "There is a question I would like to ask you while we are on the subject of crime. Are your laws more severe than those we have here on earth?"

"No, Larry, they aren't nearly so severe, and don't worry about them; you and your people will, probably, never have to go through this again."

"As you say, men—when they were first turned loose on this earth—were barely above the animals in intelligence; they have progressed to a great extent. How do you account for that?"

John smiled, "Larry, you are thinking. That is a good question. As I said before, man's consciousness was placed under a hypnotic spell and, as it is unconquerable, it is fighting this spell all the time and is gradual-

ly overcoming this foreign influence. Of course, once in a while, we help by planting ideas in someone's mind, but, without our help, it would take tens of thousands of years to lose all traces of the veil that was put over your consciousness."

"How about the people who will not want to leave this earth?"

"Don't worry about that. When we get through with their health, and they get the full picture, they will be glad to give this planet back to the animals."

Bill and some of the other people came in and John said, "Larry, I think it would be a good thing for you to ponder over what I have told and we will have another session tomorrow morning, if that is all right with you." I nodded assent. It was quite a story, even if I had guessed at parts of it from things I had heard here and there from Bill and the others.

We all joined in general conversation for awhile; everyone gathered around me until I felt like the Queen of the May. We exchanged jokes and experiences, and I was glad to hear their stories and humor. Imagine talking to men who were millions of years old who had been all over the universe. Sometime I may repeat some of their adventures in a future book. Everyone seemed to be enjoying himself, until the intercom announced something in Sanskrit. Bill interpreted for me and said that they were being reminded of the ballgame that evening, and asked if I would like to see it. Of course I wanted to go; so off we went.

An area about three times the size of an ordinary baseball diamond had been cleared and seats for the spectators had been erected. I sat between John and Bill, and jokingly, asked Bill, "If this is going to be a ballgame, where is the popcorn?" I had hardly gotten the words out of my mouth when here came Joe with the biggest sack of popcorn I'd ever seen. "You thought we would forget, didn't you?" he asked. I said, "No, Joe, you guys think of everything."

By this time it was getting dark so they turned on the lights from the control rooms of a couple of the ships to illuminate the field. As I looked around, I saw and waved to several of Bill's crew in the audience. I ask-



ed Bill if his crew were going to play. I suppose he was beginning to use some of my slang, for he answered, "No, the knot-heads got washed out in the first few games: this is the semi-finals."

Soon the teams came on the field in their abominable suits. The first team on the field lined up in front of the spectators, kneeled, straightened up, saluted, and the leader said in English, "Larry, you are now looking at the team that is going to win." This brought a lot of good natured booing. After this was over, I stood up and gave them a salute and said, "Good luck!"

As they took their places on the field, and one of the opposing team came up to bat, I thought; what a game! I'll bet the citizens of Socorro would like to be seeing this—played, practically, in their back yard. The baseball they were using was as big as a basketball, and the players were as nimble as a bunch of antelope. Practically everyone was rooting for the underdog team; but the team that did the boasting won the game.

After the game was over, the men scattered rocks around to hide the diamond. I thought if they had left the place cleared, and someone from Socorro had seen it, he would certainly have wondered what had been going on! As we were walking back to Lee's ship, I asked John, "What kind of religion do you have in outer space? When I begin to write this book, a lot of people are going to be interested in that to a great extent; perhaps more than anything else. Also, how does it compare with ours?"

"Larry, I have anticipated that question, and have debated a long time as to the way I should answer it," John replied. "In the first place, any discussion of our religion is, necessarily, going to bring up a comparison with yours on earth, and we certainly do not intend to cause any friction, or intimate that anyone's religious beliefs are wrong, or distorted. We have had a billion years to think about it, with an unclouded mind; while you have had to struggle with the same questions greatly handicapped by a clouded intellect. I don't say this patronizingly; it is just a statement of fact which has to be taken into consideration, when discussing such a delicate and sensitive subject. We know no more about who, or what, started this universe than you do, but have accept-

ed it as a Divine Plan, and do not worry about it, as some of your people do. As I said, after a billion year's study, it is generally accepted throughout the universe that we have developed our civilization to the point where we have reached—what your religions describe as—heaven.

“A great number of your religions are the result of a left-over knowledge of a better world, which still threads through your intellect. When you join us, you will know what I mean. We may not walk with God, but we live as we think He intended us to. Like one of your French authors once said, “We are here to enjoy life; not worry about it.”

By this time we had reached Lee's lounge, and I said, “Let me sit down and think this over.” John told me to take my time, and added, “I know it is a little different.”

To say that it was different is no exaggeration, I said to myself, as I tried to get what he had just told me into focus. As I thought it over, I could see that he was right. The religions on earth—at least the ones that I knew anything about—envision just about the kind of existence John and his people live; except that they don't have wings and sit on the throne with God.

“John,” I finally asked, “Is this the reason all of our religions have a tendency to teach that man is an inferior being, because he has sinned, and is sinning? Also, that it is—or was in the beginning—a flash-back to the time before we were convicted and sent here for punishment?”

“That is correct,” he answered, “If you stop to think, you will see a longing to return home in all their beliefs; also, you will see a belief that God will return and take them to whatever their idea of Heaven is. This too, is a manifestation of a subconscious knowledge that we—their brethren—will come and get them, eventually, when their sentence and suffering are over. Of course, some Higher Power than we, may have a hand in all of this; we don't know. Also, you will see where all of your religions teach that man has sinned against God. That is another illusion created by a handicapped intellect. It is a reference to the crime they committed against their fellow-man, and their conviction thereof.

“In our religion, we look at man as the image of God, and anyone



who wrongs another man, wrongs God. In light of this theory, sin and crime are the same thing, and we treat them as such. Let me emphasize, again, that we mean no depreciation of anyone's view of God, and will not interfere with any man's concept of his Creator. In religion—as in other relations—we respect the dignity and freedom of any man, and recognize the fact that all men are free and equal.”

I thought a long time about John's religion and ours, and finally said, “John, your religion sounds reasonable; I'll buy it, but it may shake up a few of our fundamentalists: anyway, I'll give them the message.”

By this time several of the boys had crowded in on us and John said, “I'll see you tomorrow at breakfast: you will probably have a few questions to ask about us and our project, Milana.”

“Before we get separated, I want to ask you; is Milana a word, or what?”

“It is a word meaning reunion, coming together, or rejoin,” he answered.

Everyone gathered in Lee's gymnasium to celebrate the ballgame and toast the winners,—with coffee, that is. These people always seemed to have a good time without alcohol, or other mind-altering drugs; sometimes I think they even take the caffeine out of their coffee.

After awhile I hunted up Bill and he took me to his ship for the night. As was my custom, I had to get away and think over what John had revealed to me. There was one question I wanted to ask John; just how was he going to carry us all back home? Was it going to be two by two, like Noah's Ark, or how? The idea of transporting over two billion people billions of miles and getting them settled in new surroundings, staggered my imagination. I went to sleep pondering over all I had heard. As soon as I got away from all of these strange and different things and had time, I would straighten them out in my mind.

Joe awakened me the next morning with the Indian salute of “How! Paleface;” I said, “How! Lone Ranger. Where is Tonto?”

“Tonto, him gone to fetch Big Chief John, to have breakfast with Pale-

face Larry. Hurry, we have 'um sour dough biscuits with buffalo steaks."

I said, "Joe, besides getting you a job as a cook, we might land you one as a comic. Where did you gettum buffalo steaks?"

"That was easy. There are buffalo in park, so we borrow one. Nothing like old times, and nothing too good for Paleface."

I said, "Joe, you will probably be the first spaceman hung for stealing a buffalo."

After I had taken a shower and shaved, I went down to the mess hall, where John was waiting for me. He greeted me very warmly and inquired if I had slept well. I thanked him for his concern, and asked him about his rest. He said that he had slept well, but was a little worried that he might have thrown too much at me yesterday. I told him, no; that I awoke on a new world every day and enjoyed our conversation yesterday, very much, and would get off by myself soon and digest what he had told me. He said, "Larry, when we get all of this Milana business finished and you are with us, I want you to be my house guest for as long as you care to stay; it will be a pleasure to have someone around with your outlook on things."

As he said this, Joe, the Lone Ranger, came in with our breakfast, and he did have buffalo steaks and sour dough biscuits. I wondered what Forest Ranger was out looking for a lost buffalo. I complimented Joe on his breakfast, and John and I went up to the lounge for a continuation of our discussion of yesterday. When we got settled, my first question was, "How are you going to physically transport the hundreds of millions of people on this earth back to where they belong?"

John explained, "Of course Lee will be in charge, but I have seen the plans. As I have told you, Larry, there are billions upon billions of people throughout the universe. If we had to, we could requisition enough ships from them to transport every human on this globe in a week."

"With all of these ships throughout the universe, I wonder why our telescopes haven't seen them."

"Because your telescopes aren't strong enough; they couldn't locate a



ship on the moon, and this solar system has nothing in it to interest us, except the earth; consequently, no ships ever come this way. Also, when our ships are in space flight they can't be seen by the naked eye."

I thought this over, and should have known better than to have asked such a simple question as that. Coming back to a little different subject, I asked John, "Are you going to take them back like they are?"

"Yes, but when we get them back, we will treat their ills and bring them up to the standards of health you see here among our space crews."

"You mean to say, you are going to cure all of their deformities and ills; restore their sight, and regenerate the old back to their youth?" I asked.

"That is right; they will all be made whole and healthy again—mentally and physically."

I gasped at the enormous task ahead of these people and said, "But that will take millions of doctors and hospital facilities; do you have them?"

"I assure you that we have them and will be glad to do it. The plans calculate that it will take five medical men to every patient; some people will take a year to cure, others, only a few days. Our reward will be to be present when a blind man regains his sight, or a deformed person is made whole. Also, don't forget that you have great numbers of doctors on earth who can be easily trained in a short time."

"John," I said, "From what you have told me, you and your people live, practically, forever. Bill once told me that, at one time, there had been an explosion of a spaceship, which caused loss of life, and that when such an accident occurred, you have no power to bring back the life, or lives, lost, is that correct?"

"That is right; every man's being is different. He is an infinitely small but a fully integrated and revolving part of the energy of the universe which remains intact, unless disintegrated by a strong and violent explosion of matter; or a very, very strong conflict of magnetic or electrical currents."

John could see that he was trying to explain something that was over my head, so he changed the subject by saying, "I believe Bill has explained to you that we have the means to place thoughts and ideas in people's minds, and we have done it in your young people all over the world. They are engaged in a struggle for a better world, and are dreaming dreams, as never before in your history. We are not going to let them down: we are going to give them a world beyond their wildest and most extravagant dreams."

"Coming back to another subject," I said, "the way I get it from you and Bill, through me you are making your first attempt to actually contact—in person—the people on this planet in relation to the end of their sentence and rehabilitation, as free and equal members of the peoples of the universe."

"That is right, Larry, we have shown you things no member of mankind on earth today has seen since he started his sentence on this earth."

"John," I asked, "Where in the universe is our home?"

"I believe you are familiar with the way we designate the different planets. It is fairly close to the center of the universe: it is North North East  $\frac{1}{4}$  10' 2" - 10 sid. It is composed of two planets about the size of the earth you are on. They are very close together, both using the same air, which makes for better pollution control. I could go on for days telling you about them, but you will see for yourself, soon. However, neither you, or your people, will be tied here; you will be free to go anywhere in the universe."

"John, where is the capitol of the universe?"

"It is, also, near the center, except in the south half: its designation is S. S.W.  $\frac{1}{4}$  9' 3" 10 sid."

"The way I get it; in this world of yours—into which we are about to be reintroduced—everyone leads his own life and, so long as he doesn't bother anyone else, no one bothers him."

"You are right, Larry, we live in a society that has had a billion years of trial and error behind it and I think we have developed patterns of



behavior that, as I have said before, let a man walk and live in dignity and respect: no wars, no bickering; we live by the Golden Rule. If someone needs help, we help him, knowing that he will help another, and so on, ad infinitum; making a living, never-ending ring of help for every man in the universe to hold onto."

I said, "John, you are throwing the results of a billion years of government at someone who has never thought about such things. I'll just have to jot them down and let my readers study them. Also, John, how about the people who have died here?"

"They will not be neglected, but to go into that, now, would take too long. If you give the living our message, it will be a great help in our Project Milana."

"You mentioned a billion years awhile ago; how old is your civilization?"

"Our records date back a little over a billion years."

At the moment, I couldn't think of any more questions to ask, though I knew that afterwards, I would think of a million, so we joined Bill, Lee and some of the boys in a gabfest about hunting and sightseeing. I guess from what they said, on some of the planets—in different stages of evolution—there must be some great hunting and sightseeing. They said that there are planets like ours was, a hundred million years ago: imagine visiting a planet like that!

I had lunch with them and, after making the rounds to tell everyone goodbye, I started for home—wishing that my sentence was up and I could leave with them. As I passed through Socorro, I thought, if they only knew what had been transpiring—practically—in their back yard!

After I had arrived back in Los Angeles and had time to sort out and digest what I had been told by John—added to what I had seen and picked up in my association with Bill and the other spacemen—it began to sum up to the facts that, leaving the mechanics out, the universe is a great ball spinning in space, containing millions of bodies held together, and apart, at the same time, by great lines of energy. On some of these bodies, life has evolved, either by design or evolution. Included in this

life is a unique individual; a man, with enough intelligence and imagination to become the master of his destiny and environment—which includes the entire universe. He lives and thrives throughout this great ball and, in a billion years, has developed an ideal and harmonious society. Once in a great while a section of these men violate a part of the behaviorial patterns which are subscribed to by the whole culture. These people are punished by a temporary loss of their birthright and are isolated on an inhospitable planet for a set period of time. This punishment also extends to their descendents. We, here on earth, are the descendents of a group of such men and our sentence—having been almost served—are about to be given back our birthright. We are to be transported to our homes and restored to our original place—as a free and equal member—in the grand scheme of the peoples of the universe. As for the time of our departure, the countdown has already started.

In looking back over my nine years' association with Bill and the other spacemen, I believe that I have had the greatest adventure of any man on earth. But it is only a taste of the far greater adventure that lies ahead for every man, woman and child during the implementation of Project Milana, and after.

As time would permit, I think that I have covered most of the points of interest in our past and future. So I leave you with, as my space friend, Joe—also known as the Lone Ranger—would say, "Good luck, Podners. I'll see you all when the last roundup is over, and we all get back home."



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by Laurence W. Foreman

# Passport TO Eternity

a look at our  
extra terrestrial  
neighbors & their  
culture and  
intentions  
concerning  
us ....