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The White Sands Incident

By DANIEL W. FRY



Illustrated

In loving gratitude to Alan
and all our other
extra-terrestrial friends,
who came to help us
in our time of need.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

DANIEL W. FRY was born in Verdon, Minnesota (a small steamboat landing on the Mississippi River, in the northern part of Aitken County). The date of his birth was July 19, 1908.

He was left an orphan at the age of nine, and from that time until he reached the age of seventeen, he was reared under the guardianship of his maternal grandmother, with whom he came to California in 1920.

There was little to distinguish his childhood and early youth from that of any other normal American boy except, perhaps, that his craving for knowledge (especially

scientific knowledge) was out of all proportion to the natural curiosity of the young boy.

His parents had left practically no estate and at the age of eighteen, he found himself entirely dependent upon his own resources. He completed his high school training and attempted to go on to college, but because of the great depression which was then causing a desperate competition for all types of employment, he found it impossible to support himself while attending school. Realizing that he might never have the opportunity of matriculation at a recognized seat of learning, he thereupon instituted a night school class of one in the textbook and reference section of the Pasadena Public Library. Here he spent most of his evenings for several years, studying the same subjects which he would have been taking if he had been able to attend a college or university.

He became especially interested in the chemistry and use of explosives, with the result that he became an explosives technician and blaster. He followed this trade until it eventually led him into the field of rocketry.

He was married in Pasadena in 1934, and has had a happy and peaceful domestic life, marred only by the necessity of frequent moving which was required in the pursuit of his profession. They have three children, one son and two daughters.

Mr. Fry has been employed for the past five years by Aerojet General Corporation, the world's largest developers and manufacturers of rocket engine.

During the years of 1940 and 1950, Mr. Fry spent most of his time at the White Sands Proving Ground in New Mexico, where he was engaged in setting up instrumentation for the testing of a series of very large motors.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

At a time when people everywhere are becoming conscious of the existence of other people from other worlds and when men of earth are about to realize their age-old dream of interplanetary travel, it is most timely to learn from a competent observer just what it takes to understand the meaning and purpose of the persistent visits to our atmosphere of Flying Saucers and extra-terrestrial people.

It takes considerable courage and determination to relate an incident which may seem incredible to the average person who has no corresponding experience with which to compare it, especially if one's reputation, position and livelihood are at stake.

The White Sands Incident would perhaps never have become publicly known had not Daniel W. Fry realized the vital need of the world for just the kind of information the extra-terrestrial people had given him. Yielding to the urgency of the situation he has at last (after four years of silence) revealed his astounding experience which includes a ride in a remote-controlled space ship from White Sands to New York and return in approximately 30 minutes, which represents a speed of some 8000 miles an hour. Were it not for the fact that Mr. Fry is a highly trained technician and rocket expert fully conversant with all the scientific import and value of his unusual experience, one might wonder if he had correctly observed or interpreted all the facts. It is extremely fortunate that there can be no question of Mr. Fry's competence to accurately observe and evaluate facts. His daily occupation requires this faculty in the highest degree.

While Mr. Fry is a self-made man what he lacks in academic education is amply compensated for by his innate fitness for scientific and technological study and research. It is to this younger generation of technicians, engineers and physicists

that civilization must look for its future advancement, for they are less hampered by the stereotyped and out-moded concepts of a bye-gone day. Many of them are self-made and hence are more resourceful and pliant in the face of the new and unknown which is now fast becoming the domain modern physics which is in the process of embracing parapsychology and metaphysics, as the investigation of matter inevitably leads into the realm of the imponderables.

The vital significance of the message contained in the White Sands Incident is not so much in the scientific information revealed as in the way it points up the tragic situation of the nations of the world of today, standing at a crossroads, on the brink of

disaster, where understanding of the danger and the way of solution might well save civilization from impending destruction. The extra-terrestrial people have made the way plain if humanity will accept it.

In presenting to the world the knowledge and wisdom revealed with such clarity and simplicity by the extra-terrestrial people Mr. Fry has performed a signal service to humanity which may well be the beginning of a trend toward the re-evaluation and re-orientation of our efforts. With a corresponding spiritual progress going hand in hand with the greater development of our resources and a better understanding among nations we may yet eliminate the causes of conflict and thus prepare for the dawn of the New Golden Age.

FRANKLIN THOMAS

The White Sands Incident

White Sands Proving Grounds, July 4, 1950.

Tonight I joined the ranks of the F. S. B. (Flying Saucer Believers). Not only have I seen one, I have touched it, entered it, and ridden in it. Also, if I can still trust my senses, I have communicated at some length with the operators.

Now that it has gone, and I am back in my quarters, it seems more and more incredible that it could really have happened. With all the scientific brain and talent that is available at White Sands Proving Grounds, why should I, a simple technician, be chosen, either by chance or design, to be the first human of the present day earth, to ride in a true space vehicle? The improbability of the event is so great that I have almost begun to doubt my own sanity. Naturally, if I were to attempt to convince anyone else that I rode in a "saucer" tonight, I would soon find myself occupying a nicely padded cell in the nearest Booby Hatch. Still this is the greatest event in my life, and I can't keep it entirely to myself, so I am writing this down exactly as it happened while it is still sharp and clear in my memory.

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This being the Fourth of July, I had intended to go into Las Cruces to see the fireworks display and perhaps do a little celebrating on my own. Owing to a bit of misinformation on bus schedules, I missed the last bus into town and found myself stranded in an almost deserted army camp with nothing whatever to do except sit in my room and read (a textbook on heat transfer, by Cork).

At about seven thirty in the evening, the blower on the air conditioning system quit operating, as it does every few days, and always when the weather is especially hot.

By eight-thirty it was unbearably hot and stuffy in my room, and I decided to take a walk in the hope that it would be cooler outside. I started down the back road which goes by the static test stand near the base of the Organ Mountains and ends up in El Paso, some sixty miles to the south. Before reaching the test stand area, however, I turned off to the right on a small dirt road which goes past the rifle range and on into the flats at the base of the Organ Mountains.

I had gone about half a mile past the rifle range on this road when I first saw it. The sun had been down for some time, and there was practically no daylight left, but the sky was bright with stars, and the moon, though not yet above the horizon, was

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producing considerable diffused light in the sky. As I looked up at a group of especially bright stars hanging just over the peaks of the mountains, one of the stars suddenly went out. This, of course, immediately riveted my attention on that spot, for stars don't just go out, (not in a cloudless sky anyway). At first I thought that a passing plane had cut off the light, but even with the thought, I knew it couldn't be that, for a moving plane would require less than a second to pass a given spot, and the star started out. Also, in the silence of the desert area around the proving grounds at night, a plane could be heard much farther than it could be seen, and there was no sound at all. No weather balloons were sent up at night, and a weather balloon would be rising quite rapidly: therefore it would only eclipse a star for a few seconds. Then another star just to the right went out, and a few seconds later two more just below. By this time a strong prickling sensation was traveling up my spine. Whatever it was that was cutting off the light of the stars, was increasing rapidly in apparent size and since the bearing remained constant, it could only mean that it was coming directly toward me.

Then finally I saw it and at the same time realized why I had not been able to see it sooner. It's color appeared to be so neatly that of the night sky that even when it was quite close it was difficult to see

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anything but the outline. It was still coming toward me, and I felt a strong inclination to run, but long experience in blasting and rocket work had taught me that it is foolish to run from an approaching missile until you are sure of its trajectory; since you are just as likely to run into it, as away from it. Also, you have no chance to judge its trajectory while you are running.

The object was now very close, and I could see that it was an ovate spheroid about thirty feet in diameter at the equator or largest part. It was now traveling at not more than fifteen or twenty miles per hour and seemed to be decelerating at a rate that would bring it to zero velocity by the time it reached the ground. I could also see that unless it changed course, it would miss me by at least fifty feet. Somewhat reassured by its slowness of motion, I remained where I was and watched it glide in as lightly as a bit of thistle down floating in the breeze and settle to the ground about seventy feet away without the slightest bump or jar. Except for the crackling of brush beneath it, it hadn't made a sound. For perhaps twenty or thirty seconds I stood staring at it like a child at his first circus performance.

I have been working for some years in the field of rocket and other missile development, and through my work and connections at White Sands, I had thought that I was fairly well acquainted with most

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of the developments in the aircraft field. But here was a craft so far advanced over anything I had ever heard of, that I felt like the backwoods farmer who, on first seeing a giraffe, said, "Well I see it, but I don't believe it." My first conscious thought was, "if the Russians have ships like this, God help America!" But with the thought came the realization that this could not be a craft from Russia, or anywhere else on

earth for that matter; for whoever had built this craft had solved a lot of problems of which our best physicists are only beginning to dream.

The ship's operation was silent. There had been no thrumming of propellers, no flash and roar of incandescent gases being hurled from nozzles to produce thrust. The ship had simply coasted quietly in from the "great blue yonder" and settled gently to earth. Perhaps that was the answer. The craft had been coming down since I first saw it. Perhaps it was just gliding in; but before landing it had slowed down to only a few miles per hour and had shown no evidence of falling. Only a helicopter or a "lighter than air craft" could do this, but there were no propeller blades whatever on this vehicle, and the fact that the brush was crushed flat under it when it settled to the ground proved conclusively that this was no "lighter than air" craft. Whatever this vehicle was and whatever else it could do, it could

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certainly play "hob" with Sir Isaac Newton's best known law.

Suddenly I realized that while all this had been going through my mind, I had been unconsciously approaching the ship. I am not and have never been a hero. Every instinct and bit of reason I had shouted that I should be putting as much distance as possible between myself and this unknown, and therefore unpredictable, device. Unfortunately, I have always been cursed with an overactive curiosity, and when the object of that curiosity is of a scientific nature, especially an important advance in science, the curiosity becomes a mania which sweeps all reason before it.

I approached within a few feet of the craft and then began slowly circling about it. It was as it had appeared from the air, a spheroid, considerably flattened at the top and bottom so that the vertical dimension was about sixteen feet. While the horizontal diameter was about thirty feet at the widest point, which was about seven feet above the ground. Its curvature was such that if viewed from below, at an angle of less than 45 degrees from the vertical, it might appear to be saucer-shaped, although it was shaped more like a soup bowl inverted over a sauce dish. The dark blue color which it appeared to have when I had first seen it in the air, was gone now. It was just a polished metal surface, silver

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color, with what seemed to be a very slight violet iridescence. I walked completely around the craft without seeing any sign of opening or seams. "If there is anyone inside," I thought, "they must get in through the top or bottom."

I paused then, to take stock of the situation. What should I do next? Should I return to the base and report the advent of the craft? This, at first, seemed the logical thing to do, but then another thought intervened. It would take at least three quarters of an hour for me to get back to the base, find someone in authority, and return with other observers. What if the craft took off in the meantime? There would be nothing but a crumpled patch of brush to substantiate my story. Who would believe me? If any one did believe, who would dare to admit it? I had read enough of the ridicule heaped upon those who had been incautious enough to admit having seen some unexplained objects flying in the air. How much worse would be the lot of one who claimed to have seen one land and to have been close enough to touch it, yet had no proof except a flattened patch of brush! This thought reminded me that; although I had been close enough to touch the craft for several minutes, I had not, as yet, actually done so. Perhaps I could learn something about the material of which it was made by the feel. At any rate I could tell the temperature. I stepped forward and gingerly

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placed a finger tip to the polished metal. It was only a few degrees above the air temperature, and it was incredibly smooth. It is difficult to describe the degree of smoothness. If you were to run your finger over a large pearl which had been

covered with a thin soap film you might receive a sensation somewhat similar to that which I felt when I touched the metal. I stroked the metal with the palm of my hand and felt a slight but definite tingling in my finger tips and the heel of my palm. Then a crisp voice came out of the air at my side, "Better not touch the hull, pal, it's still hot!"

I had not realized how much tension I was under until the voice suddenly shattered the silence. I leaped backwards several feet, catching my heel in a low bush and sprawling at full length in the sand. I heard something that sounded like a low chuckle and then the voice came again in a somewhat friendlier tone, "Take it easy, pal, you're among friends."

The humiliation of my ungraceful posture, combined with the mild tone of the voice and its familiar phrases, served to sweep away all the fear which I had felt and replaced it with a mild irritation. I arose brushing off my clothes and tugging at a sand burr which had found a home in my hair.

"You could have turned the volume down," I grumbled. "You didn't have to blast out at me like that. You scared me out of a week's growth."

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"Blast out?" the voice hesitated. "Oh yes, you mean the amplitude of the warning was too great. Sorry, buddy, but you were about to kill yourself and there wasn't time to diddle with controls."

"You mean that the hull is highly radioactive?" I asked. "If so, I am still much too close."

"It isn't radioactive," was the reply. "I used the term 'hot' because it was the best I could think of in your language to explain the condition. The hull has a field about it which repels all other matter. The field is very powerful at molecular distances but diminishes by the seventh power of the distance so that the force becomes negligible a few microns away from the hull. Perhaps you noticed that the surface seemed very smooth and slippery. That is because your flesh did not actually touch the metal but was held a short distance from the surface by the repulsion of the field. We use the field to protect the hull from being scratched or damaged in landing. It also lowers air friction tremendously when it is necessary to travel at high speed through an atmosphere."

"But how would this kill me?" I asked. "I did touch the hull and felt only a slight tingle in my hand and what did you mean, by that crack about *my* language? If you aren't a Yank, I never heard one."

"As to your first question," the voice replied imperturbably, "it wouldn't have killed you at once."

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In fact, it might have taken several months, but it would have been just as certain as if it had been instantaneous. The best way that I can explain it to you is to say that exposure of the human skin to the force field causes the skin to produce what you call 'antibodies' in the blood stream. For some reason which we don't yet fully understand, these antibodies are absorbed by the liver, whose function they attack causing the liver to become greatly enlarged and congested. In cases where the skin is exposed to the field for a minute or more death is practically certain. In your case, I don't think you have been exposed long enough to be in any great danger; although you will undoubtedly feel some effects sooner or later, provided, of course, that your biological functions are identical with ours and we have every reason to believe that they are.

"As to your second question, I am not, as you call it, a 'Yank'; although my present assignment requires me to become one. The fact that you believed me to be one of your countrymen, is a testimonial to the success of the effort I have expended during the last two of your years to learn and practice the use of your language and idiom.

As a matter of fact, I have never yet set foot upon your planet. It will require at least four more of your years for me to become adapted to your atmosphere and gravity and to become immunized to your biotics."

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I stood silently for what seemed a long time but was probably only a few seconds, attempting to digest the full meaning and implication of this speech. At last I said slowly, "If I had not with my own eyes, seen this craft come in and land, I would have said that you were some nut who had been reading too many 'science fiction' stories. As it is, I am prepared to admit the possibility of almost anything. Besides, since my being here and seeing you land was entirely accidental, it is obvious that my belief or disbelief could not be of the slightest importance to you."

"On the contrary," replied the voice. "It is important to us that you be given every opportunity to acquaint yourself with the facts and to form your own opinion accordingly. One of the principal purposes of this expedition is to determine the basic adaptability of the earth race, particularly the degree of their ability to adapt their minds quickly and calmly to conceptions which are completely foreign to their customary modes of thought. Previous expeditions by our ancestors met with almost total failure in this respect. This time there is hope that we may be able to find minds sufficiently receptive so that we may be of some assistance in the progress of your race. In your case, at least up to the present moment, your conduct has surpassed our best expectations."

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"I can see," I said, "that your race, what ever it is, and ours has at least one thing in common; that sarcasm is the principal form of humor. However, you can't annoy me that way. I've been kidded by experts.

"I realize that everything I have done since you first came into sight, has been wrong. In the first place, if I had any sense, I would have gotten out of here fast when I first saw you coming, instead of waiting, perhaps to be crushed under the ship. When you landed, instead of leaving, or at least remaining at a comparatively safe distance, I had to come snooping around your craft. Then, when your warning voice came through your speaker-or whatever it is-instead of accepting the warning calmly and quickly, I jumped like a scared rabbit and landed in the sand in about as undignified a position as it is possible to imagine. Last, but not least, you apparently suppose that I believe the statements which you have made. As I said before. I am prepared to consider the possibility that they are true. I am also prepared to consider the possibility that they are a lot of 'hooey.' "

"Precisely," replied the voice. "Let me explain my position. No sarcasm was intended. I meant exactly what I said. In the first place you said that curiosity impelled you to investigate the craft, subjecting yourself to unknown hazards rather than to

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seek safety in flight. This typifies the struggle between the desire for knowledge and the desire for the safety of the status quo. I believe that there is an old saying among your people that self-preservation is the first law of nature. It is encouraging to note that the desire for knowledge can occasionally overcome the animal instinct. When I called a warning to you, your reaction was not one of fear as you seem to think. A reaction of pure fear would have frozen you into immobility at least for a moment. Instead, you acted instantly and in the proper manner. The fact that you stumbled merely indicates that your concentration on the details of the ship was so great that you failed to maintain a clear avenue of retreat.

"As for believing what I say, merely because I say it, that is the last thing which we desire. What we need are minds sufficiently open to receive evidence (even though that evidence be contrary to all preconceived opinion) and minds sufficiently agile to assimilate that evidence and arrive at logical conclusions. The fact that in spite of

being in circumstances completely unique in your experience, you are listening calmly to my voice and making logical replies, is the best evidence that your mind is of the type we hoped to find."

"Thanks for the compliments," I said. "I wish I could believe that I deserved them, but your statement

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implied that you propose to use me in some project which involves the scientific advancement of the people of earth. Why pick me? Just because by the merest accident I happened to be here when you landed. I could easily put you in touch with any one of dozens of men right here at the base, who are far more advanced than I in science."

Basic laws

"When you say that you happen to be here by the merest accident, you greatly underestimate us," was the reply. "The brains of many earth men transmit readily, but you are one of the very few whose brain also receives well. If you inquire when you return to your quarters, you will discover that the air conditioning system did not break down tonight although it has frequently done so in the past. But to get back to the subject of discussion, we have investigated the minds of many of your top scientists. In every case we found that their minds had hardened into the mould of their present conceptions. They have advanced too far. Consequently they would have too far to retreat. I can make my meaning plainer by an analogy. A man seeking scientific knowledge is like an ant climbing a tree. He knows when he is moving upward, but his vision is too short to encompass the entire trunk. The result is that he is likely to get out on a lower limb without realizing that he has left the main trunk. All goes well for a time. He can still climb upward and even pluck

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a few of the fruits of his progress, but soon he begins to become confused as the solid branch suddenly begins to break up into myriads of twigs and leaves all pointing in different directions. So the seeker of knowledge finds that the great 'Basic Laws' which have always been so unshakeable, now begin to divide and to point in opposite directions. The scientist comes to the conclusion that he is nearing the limit of the knowledge which can be conceived by the mind and that all physical laws ultimately become purely statistical. When he has reached this point he can make further progress only by following a line of abstract mathematical reasoning. This is like traveling on a train in one of your subways. You will probably eventually arrive at your destination, but since you cannot see where you are going along the way, you have no way of being sure that there was not a much shorter and easier way to get to the same place. Your science is now in this position. For example, your scientist is now obliged to state that the electron is at the same time both a particle and a wave motion. They attempt to rationalize this by saying that the electron is a particle in a wave of probability. This is a condition which cannot be visualized by the mind and the only means of progress are through the subways of abstract mathematics.

"The fundamental truths are always simple and understandable when viewed from the proper perspective.

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So the branch becomes simple and understandable as a 'branch' when viewed from above on the main trunk. In short, what your science must do if it is to continue to progress, is to go back down the limb on which you are trapped to the point where it joins the main trunk and then start up again. This we can and will help your people to

do, but only if they wish it and are able to follow the path which we will point out. This, however, is for the future. Before we can be of any assistance to the people of earth, two things must be accomplished. First: Our bodies must become biologically adapted to your environment, so that when we come among you we will be identical with your people. This as I said before will require at least four more years. The second condition is more difficult. The political tensions which now exist between your nations must be eased. If either of the two dominant nations of earth were to achieve conclusive scientific superiority over the other, under present conditions, a war of extermination would be certain to follow. We are not here to assist any nation in making war but to stimulate a degree of progress which will eliminate the reasons for wars on Earth, even as we, some thousands of years ago eliminated the reasons for conflict among our own people. But I see you are becoming weary of standing out there in the sand and listening to these dissertations on science and sociology.

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"Which reminds me of my duties as a host. Would you like to enter the ship and perhaps make a short flight? It is only a cargo carrier with remote control, but it does have a small passenger compartment with several seats which are plain but quite comfortable."

"I would be very glad to be allowed to see the inside of the ship," I replied. "And would give anything to be allowed to ride in it, but how can I get in? I have been completely around the ship and saw no sign of any opening. Also you said you are not yet accustomed to our atmosphere. If I come in I will have to bring my atmosphere with me. How will that affect you?"

"As I said before," replied the voice, "the craft is a remote controlled cargo carrier. I am not in this craft. I am in the central, or what you would call the 'mother ship,' which is at present some nine hundred miles above the surface of your planet. This cargo craft is being used to bring us samples of your atmosphere so that we can accustom ourselves to it. The cargo hold is evacuated so that when I open the intake port, the hold becomes filled with atmosphere at whatever temperature and pressure exists there. Also any bacteria which are in the air are brought along for study and for the production of antitoxins. The intake port is on the top of the craft. I will open it now."

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I heard a sound which was partly a hiss and partly a murmur which came from the top of the ship. It lasted for about fifteen seconds. I was surprised at the small volume of the sound. Any port large enough to have filled a ship that size with air in fifteen seconds should have produced quite a roar. Then I realized that the hull was almost, if not entirely, sound-proof and since most of the sound of the entering air would have been produced inside the hull, very little would be audible outside. Then I heard a single click come from the surface of the ship, a small but sharp click such as might have come from the operation of a single arm relay or a small solenoid, and a portion of the hull just to my left, moved back upon itself for a distance of several inches and then moved sideways, disappearing into the wall of the hull, leaving an oval shaped opening about five feet in height and three feet wide. I moved over to the port or hatch, whichever it might be called, and ducking my head slightly, advanced into the opening. Because of the curvature of the hull of course, my head was inside the craft while my feet were still on the ground. The compartment into which I was looking occupied only a small portion of the ship's volume. It was a room about nine feet deep and seven feet wide, with the floor about sixteen inches above the ground and the ceiling slightly over six feet above

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the floor. The walls were slightly curved and the intersections of the walls were beveled so that there were no sharp angles or corners. Of course, the wall nearest

me, through which the opening led, was the hull itself and had the same curvature inside and out. This wall was about four inches thick and it was into this wall that the door or hatch had been drawn. The room contained four seats which looked much like our modern 'body contour chairs' except that they were somewhat smaller than the ones to which we are accustomed. The seats were facing the opening in which I was standing and were arranged in two rows of two each in the center of the room, leaving an aisle between the seats and either wall.

In the center of the rear wall, where it joined the ceiling, there was a box or cabinet with a tube and lens which resembled a small moving picture projector, except that there were no visible film spools or any other moving parts. Light was coming from this lens. It was not a beam of light such as would come from a moving picture projector but a diffused glow which, while it did not seem especially bright still furnished enough light for comfortable seeing.

The seats and the light seemed to be the only furnishings in the otherwise bare metal room. "Not a very inviting cabin," I thought, "looks more like a cell."

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"As I said before; it's plain, but you'll find the seat comfortable," said the voice.

"Step in and take a seat if you wish to ride. We don't have too much time."

Almost automatically I stepped up on to the floor of the cabin and started for one of the seats. Before I reached it, I heard a click as the door began to slide out of its recess in the wall behind me. Instinctively, I half turned as though to leap out to the comparative safety of the open desert behind me, but the door was already closed. If this was a trap, I was in it now and there was no use struggling against the inevitable.

"Where would you like to go?" came the voice again, and this time it did not seem to be coming from beside me but rather from inside me, as though I were hearing words which I myself were speaking.

"I don't know how far you can take me in the time you have," I replied. "And since this compartment has no windows, it won't matter which way we go, as I won't be able to see anything."

"You will be able to see," was the reply. "At least as much as you could see from any vehicle in the air at night. If you would like a suggestion we can take you to New York City and return you here in about thirty minutes. The light pattern of New York City at night from about twenty miles up has always been

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to us one of the most impressive sights to be seen on your planet."

"To New York-and back-in thirty minutes!" I said. "That's eight thousand miles per hour! How can you produce energies of that order on a craft like this, and how can I stand the acceleration? You don't even have seat belts on these seats!"

"You won't feel any ill effects from the acceleration," was the reply. "In fact, you won't feel the acceleration at all. Just take a seat, and I will start the craft. I will explain some of the things which puzzle you, during the ride."

I sat down in the left front seat which was the one nearest the door and found that it was indeed very comfortable. The material of which it was made felt like foam rubber with a vinylite covering. However, there were no seams or joints such as an outer covering would require, so the material, whatever it was, probably had been moulded into its frame in a single operation.

Then the voice broke into my thoughts again. "I will now turn off the compartment light and turn on the viewing beam."

For a moment the room became utterly dark. Then the projector again became active. This time it was not a diffused glow, but a beam-just as in a movie or slide projector. The beam, or that part of

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it which was visible at all, was a deep violet, at the very top of the visible spectrum, The beam spread over the door, through which I had come, and the door disappeared. It did not slide back into the wall as it had before. It simply ceased to exist, at least visually. It was as though I were looking through the finest type of plate glass or Lucite window.

"There isn't time to give you a complete understanding of all the things which you would like to know about this craft and about us, but perhaps I can explain a few of the basic principles about which you seem to be curious," the voice said---or rather my voice said---for I was just beginning to realize that the words which I had been hearing were not coming to my ears as sound waves at all but rather were originating directly in my brain.

Transparent door

"The door, as you see, has become transparent. This startles you, because you are accustomed to thinking of metals as being completely opaque. However, ordinary glass is just as dense as many metals and harder than most and yet transmits light quite readily. The beam of energy, which is now acting on the metal of the door, is what you would call a frequency multiplier. The beam penetrates the metal and acts upon any light that reaches it in such a way that the frequency of the light is multiplied to that of the range between what you know as the "X-ray" and the "Cosmic Ray" spectrums. At these

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frequencies the waves pass through the metal quite readily. Then, when these waves leave the metal on the inside of the door, they again interact with the viewing beam, producing what you would call 'beat' frequencies which are identical with the original frequencies of the light, so that while you are apparently seeing through the metal you are actually seeing a reproduction. If you are ready I will now start the craft." Instinctively, I braced myself in the seat and gripped the sides with my hands. A moment later, the ground suddenly fell away from the ship with incredible rapidity. I say that the ground 'fell away' because I did not feel the slightest sense of motion myself, and the ship was as steady as a rock. In spite of the fact that we must have been accelerating at the rate of at least ten g's, I could have sworn that we were standing still.

The lights of the army base at the Proving Grounds, which had been hidden by a small hill, sprang into sight instantly and began drawing together like a flock of baby chicks when called by the mother hen. A few seconds later the lights of the town of Las Cruces came into view in the lower left hand corner of the window, and I knew that we had risen at least a thousand feet in those two or three seconds. The ship was rotating slightly to my left as it rose, and I was also able to see the highway

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from Las Cruces to El Paso, a very narrow but brilliant ribbon illuminated by the headlights of the thousands of cars that were upon it. The lights of El Paso and Ciudad Juarez were just a solid glow on the horizon, but as we continued to rise, they seemed to draw nearer and to break up into patches of varied brilliancy. I could see the patch which represented the Presidio area, the hundreds of thousands of lights of Fort Bliss, and the intensely bright spot which was downtown El Paso. I even imagined that I could distinguish the thin dark line which was the Rio Grande separating El Paso from its Mexican twin, Ciudad Juarez. A few more seconds and the ship had rotated until the lights of these cities passed out of view on the right hand edge of the viewing screen.

The viewing screen was now pointed southeast and had stopped revolving. The surface of the earth now appeared to be glowing with a slightly greenish phosphorescence. At the same time, the sky outside of the ship had become much darker, and the stars seemed to have doubled in brilliance.

"We must have entered the stratosphere," I thought. "If so, we must have risen more than ten miles in what can't have been more than fifteen or twenty seconds, yet I have not felt the slightest sensation of acceleration."

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"You are now about thirteen miles above the surface," I heard the voice say. "And you are rising at approximately one-half mile per second. We have brought you up rather slowly so that you could have a better opportunity to view your local cities from the air. We will take you up to thirty-five miles for the horizontal flight. At that level the residual atmosphere is attenuated to a degree which offers no appreciable resistance to the motion of the craft."

"By the way," I said. "What happened to the moon? It was just coming up when I entered your ship, and it must be somewhere in the sky, but everything looks so dark outside."

"It looks dark," was the reply, "simply because there is not sufficient atmosphere at this level to diffuse the light. You would not see any evidence of the moonlight unless it were shining directly on the viewing screen. I have purposely kept the craft from rotating far enough for this to happen, as the light is quite intense above the atmosphere, and it would be difficult, if not impossible to see anything else while it was visible. You are now high enough that I can begin to add a substantial horizontal component to your vertical motion.

"Since there will be little of interest to see during the next few minutes, I will take this time to explain a few of the things that puzzle you. In the first place; you mentioned something about 'seat belts' and questioned

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whether you could endure the acceleration. This is a question which seems to have come up quite frequently in the minds of the men of science of your planet.

"Whenever our vehicles have been observed by any of your people, and when the velocities and accelerations of these craft are described, disbelief is always apparent. We have heard some of your most learned men make the statement that: 'No human being or other higher form of life, as we know it could survive acceleration of this order.' This has always been a matter of disappointment to us in our evaluation of the intelligence of the people of earth. It seems to us that even a moderately intelligent lay man with the average knowledge which you people possess should be able to refute this statement a once. The answer is, of course, simply that the force which accelerates the vehicle, acts, not only upon every atom of the vehicle itself but also acts equally upon every atom of mass which is within it, including the pilot or passengers.

"In your airplane the situation is entirely different. You have propellers or jets, which produce a thrust upon one part of the ship. This local thrust accelerates the ship but not the pilot. The pilot is accelerated only by thrust against those parts of his body which are in contact with the seat. Because of the inertia of the remainder of the body, compression

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is produced which causes the feeling of acceleration, or in extreme cases, blackout or actual crushing of the body. Our only limit of acceleration is the limit of available force."

"But in this case," I thought, "why am I not floating around in the air as things are supposed to do within a missile which is in free fall?"

"The answer to this also should be fairly obvious," was the reply. "Before the ship was put into motion, you were resting upon the seat, and there was a force of one gravity acting between your body and the seat. Since the force which accelerates both the ship and your body acts in exact proportion to the mass, and since the earth's gravity continues to act upon both, the original force between your body and the seat will remain constant, except that it will decrease as the force of gravity of the planet decreases with distance.

"When traveling between planetary bodies, far from any source of natural gravity, we find it necessary, for practical reasons, to reproduce this force artificially. The gravity to which we are accustomed is but little more than one-half of that which exists upon the earth. This is the principal reason that it will take so much time for us to become ordinary members of your race. If we were to land now upon the surface of your planet and leave the protection of our ships, the high gravitational force would put

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a severe strain upon our internal organs, which in a few days would produce serious illness, and eventually death. This is not merely calculation. We know it to be true because it has been tried several times in the past. By remaining in our ships where we can control the force to which we are subjected, and by increasing that force by small but regular increments, we can build up the supporting tissues and strengthen our muscular systems until, eventually, your gravity will become as natural to use as our own is now.

"When this time comes, it is our hope that you and a few other members of your race, who have retained sufficiently open minds, will be able to assist us in bridging the considerable gulf which exists between our culture and yours. However, as I have said before, we will never attempt to force either our knowledge or our culture upon you and will never come to your people unless there is substantial evidence that they desire it.

"It is true that the purpose of this expedition is not entirely philanthropic. There are some materials upon your planet which we could use to the advantage of both our peoples, material which you have in great abundance but which are rather scarce elsewhere in this solar system. While we desire the use of these materials, our service to your people will not be made contingent upon such use. Any knowledge or assistance which we can give will be freely offered."

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"Could you explain to me the principles of operation of this craft?" I asked. "How do you produce the tremendous amounts of energy necessary to accelerate a ship like this to such high velocities, and how do you apply that energy without producing any outward evidence of its application?"

Nuclear Submarine

"In order to do this" was the reply, "I would have to give you an entirely new groundwork in Basic Physics. As I said before, your science is attempting to make one lower limb take the place of the entire tree of knowledge, with the result that your science has become greatly overcomplicated. Then, when this science is applied to practical ends, the resulting apparatus becomes prohibitively complex. For example: Certain engineers and scientists of your country are now engaged in planning a submarine to be driven by what you call atomic or nuclear energy. They plan to do this by constructing a 'pile' in which the lighter isotope of uranium fissions producing heat energy and free neutrons which are absorbed by the heavier isotope of uranium converting it into the next heavier element in the transuranic

series which also, in turn, is fissionable. This method, while rather complicated, is still the most potent source of energy differential which your people have yet produced, but in order to convert this heat energy into propulsion of the ship, they plan to circulate a working fluid through the 'pile'

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to absorb the heat; circulate the 'working fluid' through a heat exchanger to convert another fluid to vapor under pressure, pass the vapor through a turbine to produce torque and, finally, use the turbine to drive a generator to produce an electrical current. If they achieve an overall efficiency of thirty per cent it will be a great feat of engineering.

"If they were capable of thinking in simpler terms, they could, with the knowledge which they now possess, construct a simple thermopile about the fission pile and convert the resulting temperature gradient directly into electric energy with an efficiency of at least ninety-four to ninety-eight per cent, with no moving parts, at a smaller cost, and considerably less mass per unit of energy output. Compared with our methods, even this system would seem wastefully complex.

"Your greatest need is to discover the utter simplicity of the basic laws or facts of nature. Then you will easily be able to produce effects which now seem to you to be impossible.

"When your engineers design a vehicle for transportation of freight or passengers, they feel it necessary to provide a means of producing an energy differential within the vehicle itself as a motive power. Yet your ancestors, for thousands of years traveled to all parts of your planet in ships which had no internal energy source but which were operated

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entirely by the kinetic energy of the atmosphere. While this was not always a reliable source, it was sufficiently successful that it should have made your people realize that there are many types of energy differential constantly available and it is only necessary to design a means whereby the flow of energy can be made to produce the desired result.

Matter and energy

"One of the principal obstacles to the rapid progress of your science is that your scientists have not yet fully grasped the simple unity of matter and energy. One of your greatest thinkers, a professor, Albert Einstein, published, many years ago, the mathematical formula which described quantitatively the equivalence of matter and energy. This formula, while perfectly correct mathematically, leads to the incorrect conclusion, that matter is convertible into energy and vice versa. The truth is that matter and energy are merely different aspects of the same entity.

"Consider a geometric plane surface having two dimensions. If this plane is perpendicular to your line of sight you perceive it as a plane surface. This represents the matter aspect of the entity. If now you rotate the plane through an angle of ninety degrees, the surface will disappear from your sight, leaving only one dimension. This is the energy aspect of the entity. You have not changed the plane in any way. You have merely changed your point of

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view, or technically you have changed your point of reference. The amount of energy which is apparently contained by a given body of matter depends entirely upon how far it has rotated upon the mass energy axis with respect to the given observer. Another observer, observing the same body from a different reference point, would find an entirely different amount of energy contained. Assume that we have an

observer upon each of two planets which are traveling through space at, say half of the speed of light, but which are traveling at exactly the same speed and upon parallel courses. If no other bodies of matter existed in the universe, the observers would, inevitably, come to the conclusion that their respective planets had no kinetic energy, since the only reference points available are at the same energy level. If we now postulate a third planet, and assume that it is at rest in space, both observers will note that, while their respective planets have no kinetic energy relative to each other, they both have a very high energy with respect to the third body. There would still be no means of determining which of the bodies were actually moving. It could only be determined that there was a relative motion or an energy differential between them.

"Another clue which your Dr. Einstein brought to light through abstract mathematical reasoning was that: As a body of matter increases in velocity, its

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dimension decreases in the direction of motion. When the body reaches the velocity of light, it ceases to have any dimension in the direction of motion. This, of course, is because it has rotated upon the mass energy axis, relative to that observer, until it has ceased to be matter and has become pure energy. Thus you will see that it requires 9×10^{20} ergs of energy to accelerate one gram of mass to the speed of light. Since at this velocity it ceases to be matter, it is obvious that no amount of energy could further increase its velocity with respect to the given reference point.

"However, there will be time enough for further discussions of physics later. Since this is principally a sight-seeing tour, I should be pointing out the sights to you.

"The large city to the north of you is Saint Louis, and the glow on the horizon dead ahead is Cincinnati. You will be over it in less than two minutes, and soon after you will be able to see the lights of Pittsburgh.

"You see that we have learned a great deal of your geography as well as your language. Your history is not so well known to us, since your race does not think much in terms of the past. Of course the history of the original civilizations are much better known to us than to your race."

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This last statement did not register on my consciousness at the time, as I was engrossed in watching the lights of Cincinnati swimming silently toward me on the earth's surface thirty-five miles below.

Due to our eastward travel, I knew that the moon must now be almost directly overhead, but the surface of the earth gave little evidence of its reflected light. The greenish phosphorescence which I had seen when rising in New Mexico, had almost disappeared. I have never heard any estimate of the earth's albedo, but, judging from its almost total darkness at this level, I think that the reflectivity of the land areas at least, must be very low. Of course it was only moonlight I was judging by, and I was not nearly far enough from the earth's surface to form any true estimate of the albedo.

The lights of Cincinnati were almost underneath me now. There were too many lights, and they were too close together to distinguish many of them individually. The general effect was that of looking down upon a bonfire, which had burned down to a bed of bright coals, with a few much brighter points which flashed and sparkled like rhinestones in a spotlight.

Of course Cincinnati was not the only city visible from this point. At an altitude of thirty-five miles the line of sight becomes very long, and even in the restricted area of the viewing screen, I could see,

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at any one time, literally hundreds of various size "embers," sparkles and pin-points of light, all representing human habitations, enterprises or guiding beacons.

"You will be over New York City in a few minutes," I heard myself say. "And I am going to begin to bring you down to the twenty mile level. Since the craft in which you are riding was not designed to carry passengers (the passenger compartment being only an emergency provision) it was not considered necessary to provide complete negative gravity compensation such as we have in all of our larger ships. Consequently, as you start downward, you will be acceleration in the direction of your own gravity, so that your body weight will become somewhat less. If this becomes distressing to you I will lower the rate of acceleration."

I felt a mild lifting of my stomach, such as one feels when starting down in rather a slow elevator, except that in this case the sensation persisted for about thirty seconds. Then my weight became normal again.

"You are now moving downward at a constant rate which will bring you to the proper level in another minute. The levelling off process, of course, involves positive gravity acceleration, so you will not feel it. You did not seem to be greatly disturbed by the gravity change, but since your race has not

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yet developed gravity compensation devices for your transportation vehicles, I suppose that you may be more inured to such changes than we."

"If you think that I should be distressed by a change as mild as that," I replied, "you should try riding one of our roller coasters or doing an `outside loop' in one of our `squirt jobs!'"

"Just a moment," was the reply. "I am afraid that you have me at a disadvantage. I had flattered myself that my understanding of your language was practically perfect. Yet you have just used two terms whose meaning is unknown to me. Would you please explain them or give me synonyms?"

Roller Coaster

"You mean `roller coaster' and `squirt job?'" I asked. "The roller coaster is a mechanical device found in many of our amusement parks. It consists of a low open car with seats for passengers and equipped with hand rails for the rider to grip. It has steel wheels which roll upon a pair of steel tracks laid upon an elevated framework. When the passengers have taken their seats, the car is connected to a moving chain between the tracks, which tows the car to the highest point in the structure. There the car is released from the chain and gravity is allowed to take over. The tracks dip downward at a very sharp angle, until they reach the ground level and then again rise sharply almost to the level of the starting point. These sudden climbs and drops are

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repeated a number of times, and there are several steeply banked short radius turns so that the track is circular, and at the conclusion of the ride the passengers have been returned to their point of departure, and the car is ready for another load of thrill seekers. The feeling of exhilaration produced by the ride is caused by the fact that the reflex portion of the brain, upon sensing the rapid change of gravity, causes adrenalin to be released into the blood stream. This, of course, occurs whenever the body is confronted by sudden peril, but in this case, the rider knows that there is no real danger. So he is able to enjoy the stimulation produced by the adrenalin without being subject to any actual hazard.

"A `squirt job' is a term in American `slanguage' which refers to one of our jet propelled aircraft. I presume that you are fully familiar with these since you should have had ample opportunity to study them. An `outside loop' is a maneuver, in

which the aircraft describes a circle in a vertical plane with the upper side of the craft remaining at the outer periphery of the circle."

"Thank you," replied my host. "I know now that we made no mistake when we chose you as a means of direct contact.

"You are now on the twenty mile level, and your city of New York lies before you. The craft is approaching it from the northwest side and will continue

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on this course until it reaches the ocean at the northeast extremity of the city. It will then circle the city until it is travelling westward. At the same time the craft will rotate so that the viewing screen will always be toward the center of the city. Your velocity has been reduced to about six hundred miles per hour so that you will have more time to enjoy the view."

If I were a writer or a poet I could, perhaps, do some small justice to the sight which met my eyes as the greatest metropolis in the world rotated slowly before me. Since I am neither a writer nor a poet, but only a simple technician with a limited vocabulary and faltering construction, I fear that it is almost hopeless to make the attempt. At the twenty mile level the lights were much brighter and had greater individuality than they had seemed to have from the higher level. This was no glowing bed of coals with a few brighter sparks. This was a vast array of millions of blue white diamonds, scintillating and coruscating against a black velvet background. The differing temperatures of the various air strata beneath me, combined with the rapid motion of the ship, caused the lights to twinkle violently, so that the entire city was a sea of pulsing, shimmering luminescence.

"If I were an artist," I thought. "This would probably be the greatest moment of my life, but my

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hunger for knowledge must greatly exceed my appreciation of purely aesthetic values. Beautiful as this scene is and interesting as the ride has been, I would gladly have traded it all for a five minute tour of the mother ship."

"We regret that there was not enough time to arrange such a tour," was the reply.

"But you will remember that we are not yet adapted to your atmosphere and as you yourself said `if you were to come into our ship you would have to bring your atmosphere with you.' It is true that, given enough time, we could have prepared a suit such as your people wear when they go beneath the surface of the sea. This would have enabled you to come into our ship without changing either your atmosphere or ours. But this would have required considerable time. While we are not nearly so enslaved by time as your race appears to be, nevertheless, we are aboard a craft which derives its operating energy principally from natural differential sources and we, even as the sailors of your race, often find it necessary to `sail with the tide.'

"We must leave this area shortly, but we will return to your planet within a few months. We have stored enough of your atmosphere to mix with ours for the time we will be gone. When we return we will contact you again."

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"But I will not be at the Proving Grounds then," I said. "My work here will be finished and I will have to return to California. Incidentally I don't even know your name, or do you people have given names?"

"We have names," was the reply. "Though there is seldom any occasion to use them among our own people. If I become a member of your race, I shall use the name of Alan, which is a common name in your country and is nearly the same as my given name which is A-Lan. As to your being in California; when we return this should make little difference in our ability to contact you. As I said, your mind receives well. In fact, if you had a little more practice in resolving mental images, it might have

been possible for us to have shown you the details of our own craft without the necessity of your being in it."

"I should like very much to attempt this," I said. "The best way to improve is to practice, and if the details of your craft are too difficult as a starter, how about trying me out on the details of the one I am in? If I close my eyes and concentrate, won't it be possible for you to give me at least a cross-sectional view of this ship?"

"Hardly," Alan replied a little dryly. "You are making the error which your people almost always make, when attempting what you define as extrasensory

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perception. In the first place, it isn't 'extrasensory' at all. It is just as much a part of the body's normal perception equipment as any of the other senses, except that it has been used so little by your people that it is still in a rudimentary state of development. Some of your animals and many of your insects have developed this sense to a higher degree than your people.

"You have been accustomed from birth to receiving and resolving visual impressions with your eyes open. You will remember that when you first learned to use a microscope, you were taught that even though there was only one eyepiece, it was best to keep both eyes open. Therefore, do not close your eyes. I will turn off the viewing beam so that there will be no distracting influence.

"Secondly, do not concentrate. Concentration is the attitude of transmission and is almost a complete bar to reception. To receive properly you must achieve a state of complete relaxation. This you have the ability to do, an ability which is remarkable in one of your race.

"In fact it was through this ability that I first made contact with your mind. It was three nights ago. You had returned to your bed but found it difficult to sleep because the pressure of the events of the day had been unusually great. You made use of a mental device which was very interesting to me because of

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its simplicity and effectiveness. Do you remember what it was?"

"Oh yes," I said. "I use it often when sleep doesn't come readily. I simply visualize a room which is completely dark except for ten luminous numerals on the far wall of the room. I focus my attention upon these numerals until all other thoughts have been excluded from my consciousness. I then begin, one by one to erase the numerals, keeping my mind focused upon the remaining ones, but lowering the degree of concentration with each erasure. I usually fall asleep while there are still several numbers to go, but in no case have I ever remained conscious more than a few seconds after the last one is gone."

"Exactly," Alan replied. "And not only does this process relax the conscious mind but it also returns all extraneous thoughts to their proper place in the filing cabinet of the unconscious portion of the mind. Under these conditions the unconscious mind transmits and receives much more readily than the conscious mind ever does.

"I should, perhaps, be ashamed to admit it, but in your case the temptation was too great to resist, and I am afraid that I ransacked your mind as perhaps no mind has ever been ransacked before. I think I can fairly say that I know much more about you than you know about yourself. What I found in your mind was not all that could be desired. Of

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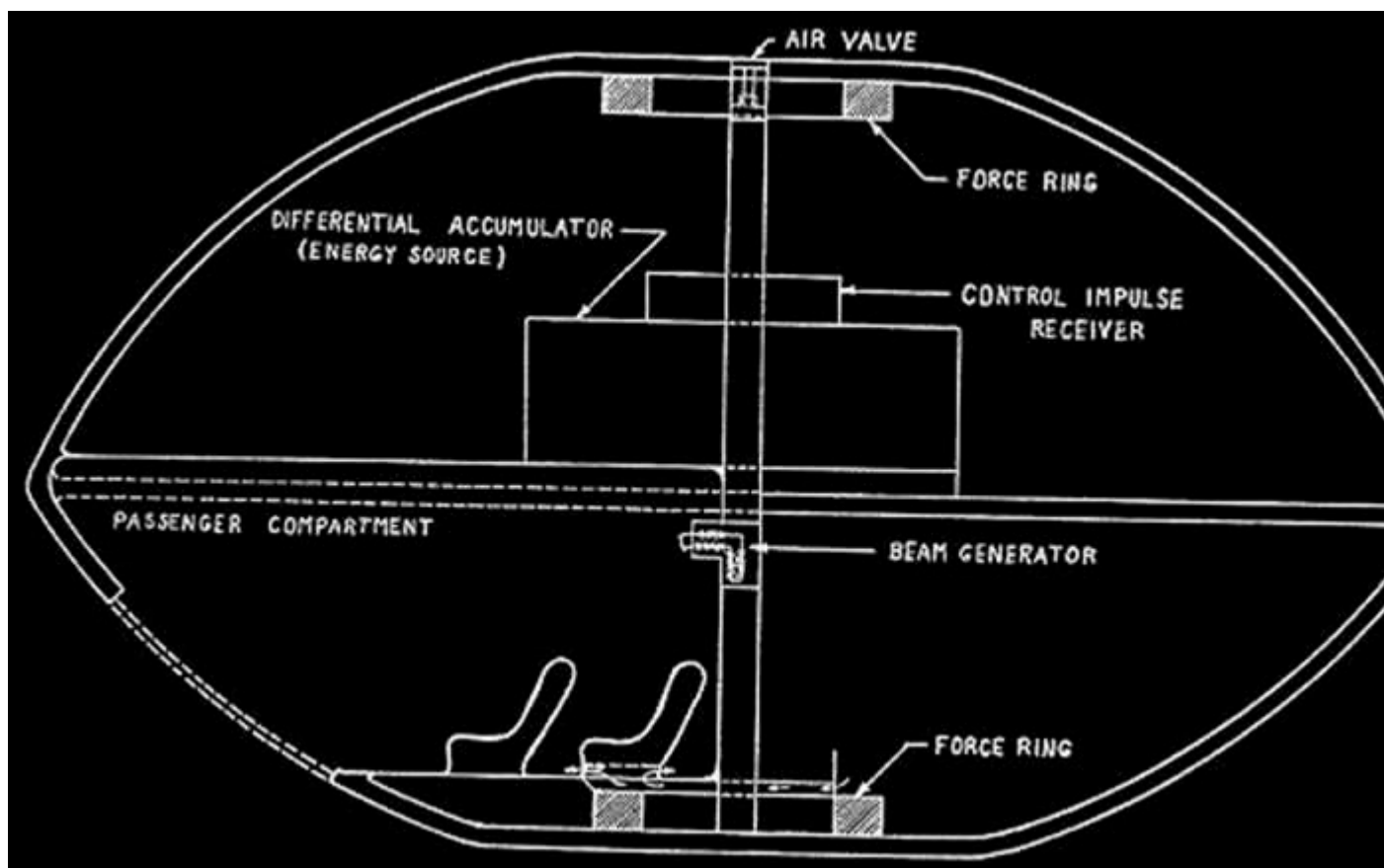
course, life has been rather harsh with you at times, and I found many scars and a few wounds which are still only half healed. I also found that these same buffetings of fate had given you an unusual depth and breadth of perception and understanding. I decided then that you would be an ideal contact.

"But again we have strayed from the project at hand. I was going to suggest that you use your own method of relaxing your mind. Keep your eyes upon the area of

the viewing screen which is now dark, and when your mind is relaxed, I will attempt to give you a mental picture of the interior of the craft in which you are riding." It was not necessary for me to visualize a darkened room for, with the viewing beam turned off, the compartment in which I was riding was totally dark. I had no difficulty in visualizing the luminous numerals on the area of the viewing screen, but when I attempted to exclude the dozens of questions which were beating an insistent tattoo upon the fringe of my consciousness, I found it practically impossible. Eventually I gave up trying to exclude them entirely, and sweeping them as far back as possible, I began to erase the numerals. So great is the force of habit that, as I mentally erased the numerals, my mind cleared, so that by the time I reached the last one I was almost asleep.

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Diagram Of Ship



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With the removal of the last numeral, I became aware of a picture upon the viewing screen which I had not noticed before. It did not appear suddenly. It seemed as though it had always been there but that I was seeing it for the first time. In the left hand portion of the picture I recognized the compartment in which I was riding and I knew that the picture must represent the interior of the entire craft. I heard a voice coming to me but this time as from a distance. Somehow, I knew that it was Alan's voice even though the timbre had changed entirely. The voice I had been hearing

had been crisp and almost sharp. This one was soft and flowing, with an almost musical quality.

"You are seeing the parts of the ship and its mechanism which your mind is capable of grasping. The large drum like structure just above the central bulkhead is the differential accumulator. It is essentially a storage battery which is capable of being charged from any of a number of natural energy differentials which may be available. By the word 'charged,' I merely mean that a potential difference is created between two poles of the accumulator. The material of the poles has available free electrons in quantities beyond anything of which you could conceive. The control mechanism allows these electrons to flow through the two force rings which you see at the top and bottom of the craft. You are

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familiar enough with electrodynamics to know that a moving electron creates a magnetic field. The tremendous surge of electrons through the force rings produces a very strong magnetic field. Since the direction and amplitude of flow can be controlled through either ring, and in several paths through a 'single' ring, we can produce a field which is in opposition or in conjunction with any magnetic field through which we wish to travel. This also gives us control of the attitude of the craft with respect to the given field.

Magnetic Field Propulsion

"All bodies of matter which are in motion have magnetic fields about them for the reason just given: that all matter contains electrons and all electrons in motion produce magnetic fields. The magnetic field of your earth is very weak in proportion to its gravitational field and it may be difficult for you to understand how acceleration against a strong field can be produced by opposition to a weak one. Just remember what happens when you bring together the 'like' or opposing poles of two 'permanent' magnets, how the lines of force are pushed outward almost perpendicular to their normal position. So the field of the craft fans outward until it intersects sufficient lines of earth's field to produce the required repulsion.

"You may have wondered how long you could breathe the air in the small passenger compartment

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before it became stuffy and vitiated. You can see here that there are small vents beneath each of the two rear seats with a mechanism to circulate the air from the cargo hold through the passenger compartment. There is no means, in this craft, of renewing the air, but the large volume of air in the hold would, in an emergency supply even four passengers with adequate oxygen for many hours.

"The case which you see just above the differential accumulator contains the control equipment. There is no particular point in going into this since you are already familiar with many types of remote control equipment and servo mechanisms. While ours are infinitely simpler and more dependable than yours, here again it would require several hours of reorientation in physics to give you an understanding of their operation.

"Our time is running out. We have returned you at a velocity somewhat greater than that of the outward trip and you are now almost directly above your point of departure. Since your people, unlike ours, appear to derive a certain degree of pleasure, or as you call it 'thrill' from experiencing wide variations of gravity, we can, if you wish, produce during the descent, a condition approaching Zero Gravity or what you would term a 'free fall.' To reach this condition fully, would be distressing to anyone, as well as somewhat dangerous, but we can approach it

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closely enough so that while you will still retain some stability you will experience the sensation of weightlessness."

The sudden realization that the trip was nearly over snapped me out of the state of semi-trance in which I had been since I had first entered the craft.

"O.K.," I said. "Lead on McDuff." As the condemned criminal said, when he mounted the scaffold, "I'll try anything once."

Instantly the compartment light came on. After the total darkness in which I had been, the light was blinding. While I was attempting to adjust my eyes to the light, my stomach suddenly leaped upward into my chest. For a moment I could plainly feel my heart beating against the lower end of my throat, while my lungs and other upper organs seemed determined to extrude through my ears. I had been through steep dives and sharp pull-outs in airplanes, and have ridden in many amusement devices calculated to produce the feeling of weightlessness, but had never felt anything like this before. There was no sensation of falling. It simply felt as though my organs, having been released from a heavy strain, were springing upward like elastic bands, when released from tension. Fortunately this sensation was of short duration. In a few seconds I felt almost normal again.

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"I don't feel very weightless now," I thought, and pushed down sharply with my hands on either side of the seat. I rose in a slow and more or less graceful sweep, almost to the ceiling of the compartment. My rise would have been more graceful except that I had apparently applied the force somewhat to the rear of my center of gravity so that my body tipped forward as I rose and also rotated to my left. By the time I had started to fall back, I was almost head downward and I was forced to reach out and grasp the back of the seat to right myself. The result was that I came to rest with my knees in the chair and my eyes only a few inches from the back cushion.

It was then that I saw something which I had overlooked when I had first entered the ship. It was only a simple design imprinted in the material of the seat, but I recognized the symbol and the recognition must have produced a powerful mental shock wave which Alan misinterpreted for fear or pain, for the gravity was immediately normalized, causing me to experience another rough moment as my organs all attempted to occupy the space normally assigned to my intestines.

"What is it?" I heard Alan's voice, and for the first time there seemed to be a definite trace of concern. Then-"Oh, I see you have noticed the symbol and recognized its significance."

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"Yes," I said. "Anyone who has ever read to any extent would recognize the symbol of the tree and the serpent. It is found in the original inscriptions and legends of every race on earth. It has always seemed to me to be a peculiarly earthly symbol and it was startling to see it appear from the depths of space or from whatever planet you call home."

Atlantis and Mu

"These are things which I had hoped to put off until our next contact," Alan said.

"There is so much to tell and so little time. Our ancestors came originally from this earth. They had built a great empire and a mighty science upon the Continent which your legends call 'Mu' or 'Lemuria.' At the same time, there was also a great empire upon the Continent of Atlantis.

"There was rivalry in science. Friendly at first, but becoming bitter with the years, as each nation flaunted its achievements in the face of the other. In a few centuries their science had passed the point of development which exists here now. Not content with releasing a few crumbs of the binding energy of the atom, as your physicists are doing now, they had learned to rotate entire masses upon the energy axis. Under the circumstances, it was inevitable that the two nations should eventually destroy each other, just as the two major nations of the earth of today are preparing to do.

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"But this discussion must wait until we return. Our time is more than up. Already it is requiring too much energy to keep our ship in its present position and we cannot abandon the cargo craft. It is on the ground and I will open the door. So long for now, Dan. Take care of yourself until we return."

Like a person walking in his sleep, I stepped down from the floor of the craft and stumbled a dozen paces through the sand, before turning to look back. The door had closed behind me and as I turned, a horizontal band of orange colored light appeared about the central part of the ship and it leaped upward as though it had been released from a catapult. The air rushing in to replace that which had been displaced upward, impelled me a full step forward and almost caused me to lose my balance. I managed to keep my eyes on the craft while the band of light went through the colors of the spectrum, from orange to violet. By this time it was several thousand feet in the air and as the light passed through the violet band the craft disappeared entirely from my sight.

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A strong sense of depression settled over me then. I felt as though my work and my life had lost all of its significance. A few hours before, I had been a rather self-satisfied technician setting up instrumentation for the testing of one of the largest rocket motors ever built. While I realized that my part in the program was a small one, nevertheless I had felt as though I were at least travelling in the forefront of progress. Now I knew that the motor, even before it was tested, was pitifully obsolete. I was a small and insignificant cog in a clumsy and backward science, which was moving only toward its own destruction. For a long time I stood in the sand, looking from the crumpled patch of brush up to the stars.



Alan had said that they would return in a few months, and that when they did, they would contact me again. Did they really mean it or was it just a polite parting gesture? There must be thousands of people in this country who could be of more assistance to them than I. I can only wait and hope.

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POSTSCRIPT

My contact with the extra-terrestrial group did not end with the events described in the foregoing text, but has become a continuing association. To relate all that has passed between us would require many hours of speaking, or if reduced to writing would fill several volumes.

If the reception of this text is such as to indicate that there is any considerable number of persons who are genuinely interested, I shall do my best to place before the public the entire body of information which I have received.

I shall be glad to receive your comments whether favorable or otherwise.

DANIEL. W. FRY

Los Angeles, Calif.

May 22, 1954.

[All communications intended for Mr. Fry may be sent to him in care of the publisher of this book.]

Alan's Message:

To Men of Earth

By DANIEL W. FRY



"IT IS EASIER TO RIDICULE
THAN TO INVESTIGATE,
BUT IT IS NOT AS PROFITABLE."

--Alan.

FOREWORD

Ever since the publication of the White Sands Incident we have been besieged by the public for further information from the same source. Finally we have prevailed upon Mr. Fry--who is a very busy man--to make written report of his subsequent contact with ALAN of the extra-terrestrial group. This he has done, and the content of *Alan's Message to the People of Earth* is so filled with information of vital significance to mankind, and particularly to the people of our time, that we have decided to release it to you just as we have received it, with no attempt to enlarge or embellish it in any way, and with but very little comment from Mr. Fry. While it thus becomes a very small book which may be quickly read, it will be found to be power-packed. Every sentence is vital and there are no unnecessary words.

We are sure Mr. Fry could have written at great length of the wisdom of his extra-terrestrial friend; but he has preferred to let the *message* speak for itself. Those who have heard Mr. Fry in lecture halls or on radio or television programs, will realize that his only concern is that the people understand the urgency of the message and the wisdom revealed by his extra-terrestrial friends.

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In the years which followed Daniel W. Fry's first encounter with the extra-terrestrial people and their spacecraft, many other people have come forward to relate experiences which confirm the presence of people from other worlds, within our atmosphere if not upon our earth. While many attempts at communication have been made by the space people, they have not always been successful.

In recent months, however, there have been a few instances of contacts and communication with extraterrestrial people in widely separated parts of the world which corroborate Dan Fry's experience both as to method of reception and the content of the message. It seems quite obvious by now that from whatever place they come the extra-terrestrials have a similar message for the people of our time. As this book goes to press there has just come into our hands a most remarkable communication of this kind. It is from Austria and is written in German but we are translating it into English for the benefit of those who have read the White Sands Incident or have heard Alan's Message to Men of Earth direct from the lips of Mr. Fry, but who may have felt that he stands alone and unsupported in his claims, or that the ordinary form of telepathy may have been involved. Other recent contacts, besides the one in

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Austria, have shown clearly that there is a mode of communication, far superior to ordinary telepathy, in use by our extra-terrestrial friends whereby the voice of the communicator is heard within one's own head in a sort of clairaudience which it is not possible to confuse with the telepathic reception of thoughts and ideas from another person or with thoughts or impressions arising within one's own mind from subconscious levels.

With this type of communication it matters not if the mind wanders or if other thoughts pass through the mind, for the voice still remains strong and clear, and is not in the least disturbed by your fleeting thoughts and questions. We have been so intrigued with this aspect of the experience of Mr. Fry and several others that we have made inquiry into the mode of reception wherever messages from people of other worlds are being received. We are convinced we are confronted with a true clairaudience and are approaching the independent voice which the scientific investigator longs to encounter.

The recent contact in northern Canada has been considered by some to be a bit fantastic, but becomes more comprehensible and acceptable the moment we realize that the three huge "spacemen" may have been wearing space suits! However the fact that

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the badly frightened and uneducated Italian lad also stated that the spaceman did not speak to him from the outside, but actually *within his head*, lends more credibility to genuineness of the encounter than any detail related. This young man had never heard of "flying saucers" and certainly he had never read about spacemen, extra-sensory perception, telepathy, clairaudience, independent voice or *voice-in-head* phenomena. This fact alone gives it the appearance of a very real experience.

In the case of Mr. Von Cihlar of Vienna he was made to comprehend exactly what the man from Mars wished to say to him, although he is convinced the man uttered no sound and probably did not speak German anyway.

According to Mr. Fry it is entirely possible that the extra-terrestrial people may have an electronic device capable of modulating the auditory nerve currents in such a way that speech may be heard by us although no one is speaking within range of our Bearing. That this is easily possible is evidenced by the fact that the ear is not essential to hearing, nor is sound for that matter. Any electronics engineer can easily

set up a device whereby the human body as a whole may become a radio receiving set with the nerves carrying the modulated current which will

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in consequence be heard as sound and interpreted as speech. As their scientific knowledge is quite evidently much superior to ours, this type of communication should present no difficulty to them, but it is also entirely possible that they are so far beyond us in science that they may have discovered a way to modulate our nerve currents or brain waves directly without the need of intervening electronic gadgets. Perhaps they have learned how to activate some dormant or little used brain cells which open up these new, or at least little used, faculties. In view of the fact that we find frequent references to the third eye in the communications coming from the people of other worlds, it is not unlikely that they have also made this discovery. In no other way can we hope to account for some of the things contained in the text of the messages received.

This particularly applies to the knowledge of the remote past exhibited by Alan in his Message to Men of Earth, and in his ability to probe the working of Dan's mind as narrated in *The White Sands Incident*, and then there is the prophetic aspect of this contact, and in fact of all the other contacts, which implies the possession of a superior faculty of insight and intuition at least in regard to the future of mankind.

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Clearly we have here to deal with unusually highly developed type of individuals, in all probability not of the rank and file of the inhabitants of other worlds or planets, but rather the most advanced individuals of their sphere of life, beings similar in many respects to those usually denominated Masters when appearing among men. At least they certainly manifest some of the accomplishments of Adeptship. At all events they have achieved a mastery over space travel, magnetics, gravitation and other scientific matters, not likely to be possessed by the rank and file of their people any more than our advances in nuclear physics are understood by average layman. Because we are privileged to receive a vital and spiritual message from such advanced and perfected beings, delivered with clear and prophetic insight, it behooves us to give heed while there is yet time to change the trend of events. In this way yet may perhaps avoid the pitfall from which only Michael and his angels could save us by direct intervention.

An ever-increasing number of our people unbecomingly uneasy over the apparently impending fulfillment of prophecy and the imminent dawn of another world war—this time of a most destructive sort. The development of nuclear weapons, guided missiles, nerve gases, and bacterial warfare does not

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help to allay the suspicion that we may be on the verge of a war of extermination instead of merely self-preservation and freedom.

So it comes almost as an answer to our prayers and fondest hopes, that in all contacts with the extra-terrestrial people, through whatever channel they reach us, the cheerful view prevails, and they assure us that the greatly feared catastrophe may be averted if we will but heed their oft repeated warnings. But it has remained for Daniel W. Fry and his extra-terrestrial friends to tell us exactly what is the problem confronting humanity and exactly how it may be solved. But most important of all just what we may do to help prevent the impending world war and world conflagration, which threatens to bring about the doom of our era of civilization. The situation is so serious that it becomes necessary to make an attempt to alert all thinking people to the dangerous trend of events while there is time to take corrective measures, and so find the way to peace. It is obvious, however, that there can be no lasting peace until there is mutual trust and understanding among nations and a willingness to live and let live. Tyranny and despotism have always been short-

lived yet many great civilizations have vanished from our earth mainly from such causes. Surely it is high

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time for the people of earth to find a way to prevent this tragedy, and if the voice of the little people could be heard they would certainly insist upon it. The day of war lords has passed, for no longer can they find safety in rear ranks or sanctuary in castles. Indeed in this era of nuclear weapons and radiation problems many in high places are fast becoming convinced of the truth of what extra-terrestrial people have long been telling us, namely, that war is obsolete as a method of settling differences. They fear there might be no one left to enjoy the settlement! While this alone will not usher in the millennium, it is indicative of a new trend in world affairs.

We should be duly thankful that other eyes than ours have seen the handwriting on the wall and have given the warning to men of earth in time to prevent the repetition of the ancient tragic error.

In any event, the future is bright with a new hope and perhaps even intervention by extra-terrestrial friends should the need arise!

Remember, WE ARE NOT ALONE!

FRANKLIN THOMAS

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ALAN'S MESSAGE

TO THE PEOPLE OF EARTH

INTRODUCTION

For the benefit of those who have not yet read THE WHITE SANDS INCIDENT, some explanation should be made as to the source of this message, and the means of its delivery.

For the past seven years, as every reader knows, our newspapers and magazines, our radio and television stations have carried countless stories concerning the sighting of various objects, usually in the air, but occasionally upon the ground, whose appearance and whose actions do not correspond to any pattern with which we are familiar upon this earth.

To many persons, these objects are still classified as unknown. There are even a few who, in spite of the overwhelming mass of evidence, still dogmatically assert that these objects "cannot exist."

Some reputable scientists, after casual investigation, have dismissed these phenomena as "meaningless." Many others have dismissed them without any pretense of investigation.

On the other hand, there is a large and ever growing group of people whose intense interest, and whose realization of the tremendous import of these

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visitations, have given them the energy and the patience to gather and to examine minutely, all of the available data. To every one of these persons, three facts become evident beyond any reasonable doubt. First, that these objects are real. They do exist. Second, that they are extra-terrestrial, being far above and beyond anything with which we are familiar on earth. Third, that they are guided by intelligence, an intelligence obviously greater than our own, although we may not always be able to fathom its purpose or follow its workings.

The book called THE WHITE SANDS INCIDENT, IS the factual and objective account of an experience which the writer has had with one of these extraterrestrial craft, and the establishment of communication with the guiding intelligence.

During the last few years, it has become more and more evident that our earthly civilization has entered a critical stage of its development. Great problems have arisen which appear to have no solution, and which seriously threaten the very existence of humanity on earth.

The message which comprises the following text, was given to me by one of the extra-terrestrial group with the request that it be given the widest possible dissemination, and with the expressed hope that in its light. the simple solution to our "insoluble problems," might become manifest.

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ALAN'S MESSAGE

It was on April 28, 1954 that Alan established direct contact with me for the third and perhaps the last time. There was a sense of urgency in this contact which had not been present during our previous meetings. It was also the first time that it was made clear to me that I had a personal duty and responsibility in the effort which Alan and his friends are making to alter the natural flow of events, and thus avert the holocaust which is otherwise inevitable.

I am going to repeat as nearly verbatim as my memory will allow, the entire conversation which took place between us, in the hope that the purpose and the message of these extra-terrestrial friends may become as clear to you as it was to me.

I had gone to my place in the Oregon woods, in the hope of making this contact, because I wanted guidance as to what use, if any, I should make of the information I already had.

My place in Oregon is at the end of a small road which leads deep into the woods. It is extremely isolated, and I felt that it would be an ideal spot for the contact which I was seeking.

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I had been absolutely alone for three days when, early in the evening of the third day, Alan's voice came to me in its usual abrupt fashion. "Well, Dan, how much longer are you going to hide your light under a bushel?"

In spite of the fact that I had come eight hundred miles, and had been waiting for three days in the hope of making this contact, I was just as startled as though I had never heard Alan's voice before. I looked quickly around the room half expecting to see someone standing in the shadows, although my reason told me that there could be no one there. Finally I recovered enough to make an answer, but all I could say was, "What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean," Alan replied, "in your great book of wisdom and philosophy which you call the Bible, it is stated that when a man has lighted a candle, he does not place it under a bushel, but holds it forth that all men may be guided by its light. We have expended considerable time and patience in the effort to light a few candles among the races of your planet. It has been our hope that the light of these candles

might grow in brilliance until it exposed the terrible abyss toward which the peoples of your world are so blindly rushing.

"We have given you information which is both of interest and of value to your people. Why do you keep it to yourself?"

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"But what can I do?" I said, "I am an unknown. How can I reach the public, and who would listen if I could?"

"Those who are not blind to truth will recognize the value of the message, regardless of who the messenger may be. Write what you have learned from us, in a book. You have already met the man who will publish it. Tell the story through your newspapers, your radio and television stations, and if necessary, shout it from the house-tops, but let the people know."

"You don't realize what you are asking," I said. "If I adopt this course a few people may listen, but many more will not. There are too many people in this world who are afraid of the truth, and who are more afraid of anything which might change the existing order of things. If I attempt to make public the information which you have given me, it will only mean that I will be scorned and ridiculed. I will be called a liar by some, a fool by others, and a charlatan by still others. If I give a statement to our newspapers, they will either ignore it entirely. or they will print a comic distorted version which will make me appear stupid and ridiculous."

Alan's voice took on the patient but slightly strained tone of a teacher who is attempting to explain a simple fact to a somewhat backward student.

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"Of course you will be ridiculed. Ridicule is the barrier which the ignorant erect between themselves and any truth which frightens or disturbs them. Can you name any man of your planet who has ever accomplished anything of great value to your people, who was not ridiculed and scorned by some? It is the price which is exacted from every man who is as much as one step in advance of his contemporaries. There is a saying in the records of the previous civilization of your world which I believe should be on the frontispiece of every book of philosophy. "It is easier to ridicule than to investigate, but it is not as profitable." Yes, you will be called a liar by some and a fool by others. If you seek or accept any financial assistance, however small, you will immediately be accused of commercialism, and yet the expenditure of at least some money is a prerequisite among your people, to the accomplishment of almost anything. There are many problems which you will have to face, but remember that they are by no means peculiar to your position. They have been faced and met by every individual who has ever offered his services and his knowledge to his neighbors, in the attempt to advance the culture of the race. Remember also that you will have friends, more friends than you ever dreamed of. While it is true, as you say, that there are too many persons who fear anything which might change their way of life,

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there are others, more than you think, who sense the critical position of your civilization, and are searching diligently for the remedy. They will look before they laugh, and for every one who looks, you will have another friend.

"Don't forget what I have told you about the power of thought. When you have friends, you are never alone no matter where you may be. Every mind that is for you will be with you, and will give you added courage and ability."

"I hope so" I said. "I have a feeling that I am going to need plenty of both."

"It has been almost four years since you first contacted me. In a few more months you should be completely adapted to our environment. Why don't you simply set your craft down on the White House lawn some morning, ask for worldwide communication facilities, and give the whole world your message at once?"

"This 'simple solution,' is only wishful thinking on your part," Alan replied. "We have discussed this before, and if you will think a little, you will see that there are many reasons, both general and specific, why such a course would not be successful. In the first place there is the psychological aspect. If we were to appear as members of a superior race, coming from above to lead the people of your world,

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about thirty percent of these people would insist upon considering us as Gods, and would attempt to place upon us, all responsibility for their own welfare. Of the remaining seventy per cent, most would consider that we were potential tyrants who were planning to enslave their world, and many would immediately begin to seek means to destroy us. If any great and lasting good is to come of our efforts, the actual leaders must be your own people, or at least men who are indistinguishable from them.

No Landing on the White House Lawn

"From the practical standpoint, you know as well as we that if we were to land our craft near the seat of your government, we would immediately be surrounded and taken in charge by those military forces whose duty it is to protect the heads of your government from any possible danger. We would be questioned for hours, perhaps days before any request which we might make would even be given consideration. We would be forced to display our superiority in the realm of the material science. Once this superiority had been demonstrated, the military leaders would inevitably adopt the position that it was imperative that their country acquire and 'protect' this advanced scientific knowledge. The attitude of your government, in common with the governments of other advanced nations of your planet today, is that all new knowledge, particularly scientific knowledge, is the property of the state.

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This is not the fault of any individual or political faction, but is simply a philosophism of government which developed during the last two great wars upon your earth. It was given much impetus in your country by the necessary secrecy attending the development of your nuclear weapons. However the secrecy of military 'security' has now grown far beyond the bounds of its reason, and has become, in many cases, only an excuse to conceal anything which might embarrass any member of your governing bodies. As a matter of fact, most of the tension which exists between your nations today is the direct result of this excessive secrecy.

"You must realize that any information which your government might acquire concerning us, our craft or our knowledge, would be considered the most vital 'military' secret which they had ever possessed."

"But supposing that you did land. Supposing that you did give our country the benefit of your knowledge, wouldn't that tend to prevent the outbreak of another war?" I said. "Surely you don't think us so barbaric that we would attack another country simply because we felt that we possessed the means to conquer it?"

"Not at all," Alan replied. "You miss the point entirely. If we were to land in your country, your

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government would attempt to keep it a secret, but it would not succeed any more than it succeeded in keeping the secrets of its nuclear weapons. The government of Russia upon being apprised of the fact that the military forces of the United States were acquiring highly advanced technical knowledge, would decide that their only hope of avoiding complete domination by the United States was to launch an

immediate attack. Have you so soon forgotten the lessons of your Pearl Harbor that you do not realize this?

"If we were to land in both countries simultaneously, the result would be only to intensify the existing race for armaments, and would eventually bring about the very holocaust which we are attempting to prevent.

"We will point out the way, and give you such help as we can, but you and the other people whom we have contacted must 'carry the ball.' Whether or not your children have any future to look forward to, will depend largely upon the success or failure of your own efforts."

"I realize the danger to our civilization which the possibility of atomic warfare poses," I said, "everyone whose work is in the technical field does. Almost every one of the top scientists of our country has, at one time or another made the statement that full

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scale atomic warfare will probably result in the virtual destruction of our civilization, but no one seems to pay any attention to them."

"That is because they have stated only the problem, without offering any solution," Alan said. "Actually, the possibility of atomic warfare on your earth is not the problem, it is merely a symptom, and no one has ever had any great success in curing an illness by treating only the symptoms.

"Your civilization is facing a great problem, and during the last few years it has become a critical one. Its existence is not the fault of any race, creed or political faction, but is purely the result of natural tendencies. It is an extremely simple problem, and like most simple things, its importance has been overlooked by too many of your people. Also, like all simple problems, the solution is inherent in the complete understanding of the problem. In order that you may understand it thoroughly, I will state it in the simplest possible terms.

Three Branches of Science

"There are three types or branches of science which are necessary for the proper development of mankind: the Spiritual Science, the Social Science and the Physical or Material Science. The spiritual and social sciences must come first. There can be no development of the material science unless there first exists a foundation of the spiritual and social sciences. You can prove this to yourself by considering

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the difference between man and the animals. The animal has no spiritual or social science and consequently has never developed a material science. A few of your insects such as the ant and the bee have developed a rudimentary form of social science to the extent that they are able to live together in large numbers, work together for their mutual welfare, and have a form of discipline which is common to all. As a result of this they also have developed a very limited material science, in that they do erect structures, and store food against a future time of need. The fact, however, that they have no spiritual science has proven an absolute bar to further development with the result that they have not advanced a single step in thousands of years.

"Mankind, on the other hand, has, from the very beginning of his development, sensed the fact that there is a supreme power and intelligence which pervades and controls all nature. Man's attitude toward this power has varied from fear and resentment, to reverence and love, but always he has had the desire to learn more of the nature of this power. Thus the spiritual science had its beginning in the very dawn of human intelligence. With the realization that man could improve the

conditions of his life only by co-operation, came the first tribal gatherings which were the beginning of the social science.

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"From the foundation provided by these two sciences the superstructure of the material science began to emerge, and here begins the problem. The development of the material science, being constantly stimulated by the ever increasing needs and desires of the body, progresses normally according to the square of time. This too, you can prove to yourself if you consider the inventions and material developments which have taken place within the last thirty of your years, compare them with the development of the previous one hundred years and then compare that in turn, with the previous one thousand years. You will see at once that the development of the material science takes place at a rate which is constantly accelerating. The spiritual and social sciences on the other hand, progress normally; only directly with time, and even this rate of progress is not always maintained.

"You now have the problem of a huge and massive structure, growing at an ever increasing rate, standing upon, and supported only by a foundation which is growing at a much smaller rate. It is obvious that unless some means are found to stimulate greatly the growth of the foundation, a time will inevitably come when the structure will collapse upon that foundation, bringing ruin and destruction to both. This has occurred before upon your earth, and your

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civilization has now entered the stage where it is likely to occur again.

"Your race is now in constant danger of total destruction by an agency which it has itself produced. Why should a people be menaced by their own creations? Simply because they have not progressed far enough in the spiritual and social sciences to enable them to determine the uses to which their creations shall be put.

"Most of the thinkers of your race are well aware of the danger inherent in the use of nuclear weapons, but there is another aspect of the problem which is not generally recognized. That is the fact that unless unity is achieved between your nations, the very existence of such weapons will eventually bring about the downfall of your civilization, even though they are never used. The truth of this fact can be understood by anyone who will think a little. Civilizations are built and maintained by men of vision, who think and work for the future. What man will be willing to dedicate his life and his work to the benefit of generations yet unborn, when the foreseeable future does not extend beyond the next twenty-four hours?

"Already many articles have appeared in your newspapers and magazines, commenting upon the rapid rise of what they describe as juvenile delinquency. Some writers place the blame upon the

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parents, some upon the schools, others blame the church or the state. Actually none of these agencies are especially at fault. The condition is due principally to the fact that youth is particularly sensitive to a condition of insecurity, (any of your psychologists will verify this) and never in the history of your race has the future been less secure.

"It has been publicly stated by one of your highest government officials, that the political and military tension between your government and the government of Russia may continue at its present level for the next forty years. This would mean that two more generations of your people would be born and reared under the constant threat of imminent annihilation. No civilization which the universe has yet produced could endure under these conditions."

"I think I understand the problem now," I said. "But what about the solution? There are many people who sense the hazard of our present position, but their advice varies. Some say that we should halt the development of the material science, stop

working with advanced conceptions of any sort, and prohibit the study of nuclear physics. Others go even further and say that we should destroy the material science entirely and 'go back to nature,' living as the animals do."

"If you were in the process of erecting a large new building," Alan replied. "and you suddenly discovered

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that, because of a miscalculation, the foundation was not going to be strong enough to support the structure, would you at once begin to tear it down? Hardly! You would instead, if you were at all intelligent, begin at once to seek the means to enlarge and strengthen the foundation.

"The progress of the material science cannot successfully be halted. Either it will go forward, or it will go back. If it goes back, it will collapse because of the fact that the principal supporting members will be the first to weaken under a program of retrogression. There is nothing that is intrinsically wrong with your material science. It will progress and expand to horizons as yet undreamed of, if only your people will provide a foundation capable of supporting it."

"And if they do not?" I asked. "Then your civilization will go down," Alan replied slowly. "It will destroy itself in a holocaust which will leave few survivors. Those few who do survive will have neither the ability nor the desire to rebuild their science. In a few generations their descendants will have returned almost to the level of the animal. Then the process of evolution will begin again. In fifteen or twenty thousand years another civilization will emerge. It will face the same problems and have the same opportunity for their solution. If it fails, it will in turn go down. This is an immutable

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law of the universe, but one which operates according to the free choice of the race. Your race and your culture are not doomed to extinction, they may continue upon their upward course until they have left this danger behind them forever. The choice is yours."

"There is little doubt," I said, "which choice the people would make, if they were aware of the alternatives between which they were choosing."

"Precisely," Alan replied. "That is why we are here, and that is why you are here."

"As I have said before: our ancestors were a group of survivors of the last complete collapse of civilization on this planet. This was more than thirty thousand years ago as you measure time today, but even then they had developed a material science which was, in some respects at least, considerably advanced over your present position. They followed the natural laws, instead of pitting one against the other as your science does, so that their devices were much simpler, and yet they could accomplish things which you have not yet been able to do. They, too, failed to realize the absolute necessity of an equal development of the spiritual and social values.

"A political and social cleft developed between the two principal nations of that era. Friction between the two increased yearly, until at last it exploded

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into a war of annihilation. Weapons of absolute energy were used by each nation against the other, weapons whose destructive power was a thousand times greater than that of the Hydrogen bomb which threatens your race today. There was no question of victory or defeat. They simply destroyed each other. There were few survivors and the radiation level of the entire surface of the planet had been raised beyond human tolerance. This did not mean that all survivors were doomed to immediate death from the radiation, but it did mean that progressive deterioration of the mental and biological functions, together with the large number of mutations which would be produced in succeeding generations, would, eventually, bring their level of existence down almost to that of the beast.

"On a high plateau, in what is now the country of Tibet, six of our aerial craft had been landed by their crews. A council was held to determine what, if anything, could be done.

"It was suggested that an attempt be made to reach another planet. The aerial craft then in use were capable of traveling in space and had been frequently used to reach elevations of a few hundred miles above the surface of the earth. However, no attempt had yet been made to leap the gulf between planets and the crew members were far from certain that such an attempt would prove successful.

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"The planet, which you now know as Mars, was then in conjunction with the earth and, at that time, the surface conditions of temperature, atmosphere, water, etc., were much better suited for human survival than the conditions which your astronomers report to exist at the present time.

"A vote was taken and the members of the crews of four of the craft elected to take the huge gamble in the hope of preserving thereby, at least a portion of the culture of the race.

"The remaining crew members believed that because of the elevation of the plateau on which they were gathered and the comparatively low level of the radiation which existed there, that they could continue to live in this area without suffering complete physical or mental degeneration in themselves or their descendants. They elected to remain.

"Since I can see the question which is forming in your mind, I will explain that this race had achieved perfect equality of the sexes and both were about equally represented in this council. Of the four craft which essayed the great leap, three arrived safely at their destination. There is no record in our history as to the fate of the fourth.

"For many generations the grim struggle for survival demanded the entire time and energy of the people. These were the dark ages of the new race

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and we have comparatively little knowledge of this period. However, the original crew members, immediately after their arrival upon the new planet, compiled a carefully written history of the races of earth, pointing out the reasons for their downfall. Throughout the intervening centuries this history has been carefully preserved. It is known as 'The Great Lesson' and is the first thing which is taught to all of our youth when they begin to prepare themselves for active life.

"As the battle for survival was gradually won, the development of the material science resumed its normal pattern but with the lessons of the past constantly before our people, it was maintained always in its proper relationship to the social and spiritual values. We have found that all three of the sciences have the same basic natural laws and we have come far in their understanding.

"We are now essentially independent of planets. Some of our craft are very large, judged by your standards. They are many times the size of your largest ships. We are able to produce all of the necessities and comforts of our physical lives within these craft and since we have mastered the problem of energy, we have no personal need to land upon any of the planets, except occasionally to obtain raw material for new construction.

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"The satisfaction of our own physical needs now requires but little time and effort, consequently we are able to devote much of our thought and energy to the assistance of those races which have not yet passed the critical point in their development."

"Can you give me some specific instructions?"

I said. "Some definite information which I can pass along to anyone whom I can persuade to listen?" "There is little need to do this." Alan replied. "Your own philosophers, both past and present; have given your people ample instruction, ample wisdom to enable them to chart the proper course if they can only be made to realize the absolute necessity of following it.

"If a man with a blindfold over his eyes were rushing toward a cliff, a great effort might be to turn him away from the danger. However, if the blindfold is removed, (a much less difficult task) no further effort is necessary, since the man will now turn of his own accord.

"There are many statements in your books of religion and philosophy which show that the great thinkers of your race down through the ages, have been well aware of the dangers of concentration on material science. In the first book of your Bible there is the story of the Tower of Babel, of a race which had lost sight of the spiritual science entirely

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and were attempting to reach God by the work of their hands. The attempt ended, of course, in frustration and chaos as such attempts always do.

"The development of the social and spiritual sciences becomes almost automatic if the vital necessity of that development is understood by everyone.

"If reduced to the simplest terms, social science is the study of man's relationship to his fellow man. The spiritual science is the study of man's relationship to God. The indispensable requirement for progress in either of these sciences is a sincere desire for a better understanding.

Incorrect Translation of Bible

"One of the errors which was made in the translation of your Bible was that the words 'love' and 'charity' were used when the words of the original text actually meant 'understand' and 'understanding.' In your Bible it is stated that the greatest commandment of all is this--'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind and with all thy strength.' The translation should have been 'Thou shalt strive to understand.' There is no need to command man to love God. If man understands God, love follows inevitably.

"Again, there is the statement, 'Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels and have not charity (understanding) I am become as sounding

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brass or a tinkling cymbal.' It is obvious that no matter how fluently a man may speak, his words can have no real meaning unless he understands that of which he speaks.

"Your books of philosophy state that man should love his neighbor and forgive his enemies. Ours say that if a man understands his neighbor and his neighbor understands him, they will never become enemies. Understanding your fellow man requires the ability to put yourself in his place and to see things as he sees them. There is a great difference between knowledge and understanding. The seat of knowledge is in the head but the seat of understanding is in the heart.

"The vital need of your world today is simple understanding between the people of your nations. There is but little value in a treaty, a pact or a guarantee between governments, if understanding is lacking between the people.

"You have developed the means of rapid, worldwide communication through your radio, television, telephone and telegraph. Why are these means not devoted to a much greater extent to the propagation of understanding between nations? True,

you have a few radio broadcasting stations which have been dedicated to the task of spreading truth, but they are far too few and the programs they carry consist

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principally of propaganda. Propaganda is merely the means of `selling' another person or nation an idea or a course of action which you believe should be followed.

"What the people of your world must recognize is that the needs and desires, the hopes and fears of all the people on your earth, are actually identical. When this fact becomes a part of everyone's understanding, then you will have a sound basis for the formation of the `One World' of which your politicians speak so glibly, and your spiritual leaders so wistfully.

"The people of your nation, through your government are spending billions of dollars each year in `Foreign Relief,' treating the symptoms of the illness. You are spending tens of billions yearly in preparation for the global conflict which, if it comes, will only prove that the illness has become fatal. If ten per cent of this money and effort were spent in an attack upon the illness itself, (which is simply the lack of knowledge in the individual and the lack of understanding between them) in a few years the illness would be cured.

"The industries of your nations, released from the necessity of expending half of their time and energy in producing the means of destruction, could raise the standard of living of everyone on your earth to

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the point that there would be complete freedom from want. With freedom from want comes freedom from fear and your civilization would be safely past the critical point in its development. Your greatest era, your Golden Age lies just before you. You have only to go through the proper door.

"I have given you as much instruction as you are capable of absorbing at this time. Do everything possible to bring our words to the attention of your people. If you make any progress we will contact you again. As I have said before, we will not and cannot force our knowledge or our culture upon your race, nor can we appear in person before your people as a whole unless and until there is substantial evidence that the majority desire it. This is far from being true at the present time.

"I will leave you with a final quotation from your own philosophy, `Examine all things. Cling to that which is good.'

"Good-bye, Dan. Do your best."

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POSTSCRIPT

I have done my best to bring to you the message, exactly as it was given to me. It may appear to the reader to be rather terse, and perhaps almost curt in some of its passages. The criticism may be made that it should have been amplified, and more specific data given. However, it is written as I received it, and since I have never had the advantage of any specialized training, either in theology or sociology, it would be very presumptuous of me to attempt to enlarge upon this message by drawing upon my own opinions and limited knowledge.

While I cannot claim credit for any value which may be found in this message, I am bound to accept the responsibility for any errors of commission or omission, and for any lack of coherence in its presentation.

I earnestly solicit your comments, regardless of their nature.

DANIEL W. FRY