

• Ob of down to stard and drive lesser or grift ms I
• Van tassel to Dorsey sea of eqoh .ooj skood rwoy fism jail

All this time the ship (about 36 feet in diameter) was hovering behind him about a hundred yards. About 12 feet off the ground. There was a strange feeling and a fluctuating hum like a bee noise coming from the ship. It was bathed in flourescent whiteness which seemed to also vary in intenseity, especially underneath.

I remember clearly going with him to get aboard the ship but can't seem to remember how we entered it. I had nothing except my skivey shorts and was otherwise naked.

There was a very peculiar feeling around the ship but I didn't notice it inside. I remember distinctly there was a hole in the floor and he took me down thru it. There was not room to stand in the lower compartment without bending over. The lower compartment was full of coils though they did not look like copper. There were three men in the ship when we went aboard. The upper deck was furnished for comfort and had built in or retractable furnishings. There was a lense in the top which was shielded down thru the center of the ship, so you couldn't get under it. I noticed the hum increased while I was aboard.

The man who talked to me had a quarter moon screscent scar on the left side of his jaw about the diameter of a nickle.

When he escorted me back to bed I wondered if this feeling I had would injure me physically. He stood there and said, "You will be alrright." Then slowly disappeared in the spot he was standing. About 10 seconds later the ship slowly moved away to the North West and picked up speed so fast that it dissapeared in the distance around 2 seconds.

Needless to say I am quite excited even yet.

Here is the strange part about it. Norman was so sure a ship was going to land that night that he set the alarm for 11 P.M. and went to bed early.

The next morning he said when the alarm went off, he just turned it to the time he gets up in the mroning and went back to sleep.

Dan Boone said something woke him up and he looked at his watch and it was 5 minutes to two. He said he heard a hummimg sound and had an extremely powerful urge to get up and walk in the moonlight, which he has never wanted to do before. He said he couldnt figure out why he seemed unable to to get up. He was sleeping where he couldn't have seen the ship but he did notice a peculiar flourescense and the ground near Yorks house which was in the opposite direction from where the ship was.

Mr Bell who has been with us all week was sleeping in the cabin. The next morning I asked him how he felt, before telling him about the occurance. He felt like he had been "de-magnetized" or vampired. Strange coincidence. Eva said the next morning that she just felt happy.

over

I am trying to recall everything but have so much to do. Must mail your books too. Hope to see you soon. ~~W. H. D.~~ Please rsv.

Yours truly
Van

I remember seeing Vizir's wife with him to see the sultan
but could never see her before now we were married.
I had no idea she was his wife when I met her.

The next morning I had breakfast at the hotel and then went to the beach to sunbathe.

series of new neurons. It turns out that a single cell can give rise to many different types of neurons.

The new miles left were about seven and one-half miles.

Mr. BELL AND HIS SON WERE RECEIVED WITH GREAT APPRECIATION BY THE MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY.

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BROTHERHOOD OF COSMIC CHRIST

P. O. Box 45

JOSHUA TREE, CALIF.

Wed, Aug, 26, 1953

Dear Glenn,

Tuesday morning at 2.00 A.M we had a sunken land here. As you know we sleep outside. I awoke with a feeling that was very strange yet very calm. It seemed that I must have been sitting up in bed before I became fully awake, because my first look was at the Rock which was behind me. As I turned my head around, there was a man standing about 8 feet from me at the foot of our bed. He smiled at me. Without stopping to think, the words "Welcome Stranger, What do you want?" came out of my mouth. Let this! These were the only words I spoke during our 5 or 6 minute conversation.

Then he said, " You people should remove all metal from your clothing and stop
(over)

carrying metallic "things in your pockets.
Make up a pouch to carry your things
in. Sew your pockets up."

Then this thought went through my
mind. (Typically human and argumentative)
"Well Jesus Christ we've got brains
enough to take things out of our
pockets if it becomes necessary."
Before I could say it he replied,
"You people forget to easily and
when one of our ships ~~had~~ to
pick you up, you will not
have time to think of all these
things, then all you will have
to do is drop the pouch."
He almost laughed when I had
the above thought.

Eva hadn't awakened when I did,
so all this time I was pinching
her under the covers trying
to wake her up so she could
see him and the ships. Every
time I pinched her, he would
spread a big smile across his

face like he knew what I was doing. All the time we were carrying on this thought word conversation, he was turning a small brown object over and over in his hands. It was about the size of a short cigarette package with all corners rounded. Suddenly he opened one end and the opposite end and pointed it at the mountain and a beam of light came out of it about the size of a lead in a pencil and went to the rock. He didn't explain this gadget and as suddenly he re-folded it and kept it in his hand.

Eva never did wake up until after it was all over and I had smoked a cigarette. Then she asked me if I had smoked and I said "yes & just threw it away"

(over)

On the morning she never recalled waking or saying anything to me. I think they had her under some kind of control to keep her sleeping, cause I pinched her hand, and she always awakens easy.

All this time the ship (about 36 feet in diameter) was hovering behind him about a hundred yards. There was a strange feeling and a fluctuating hum like a bee noise coming from the ship. It was bathed in fluorescent whiteness which seemed to also vary in intensity, especially underneath.

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(over)

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Here is the strange part about it.

Norman was so sure a ship was going to land that night that he set the alarm for 11 P.M. and went to bed early.

The next morning he said when the alarm went off, he just turned it to the time he gets up in the morning and went back to sleep.

Dan Boone said some thing woke him up and he looked at his watch and it was 5 minutes to two. He said he heard a

humming sound and had an extremely powerful urge to get up and walk in the moonlight, which he has never wanted to do before. He said he couldn't figure out why he seemed to be unable

to get up. He was sleeping where he couldn't have seen the ship, but he did notice a peculiar fluorescence on the ground down near York's house, which was in the opposite direction from where the ship was.

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Eva said the next morning she "just felt happy."

I am trying to recall everything but have so much to do. Must mail you books too. Hope to see you soon,

Yours very truly

Giant Rock Airport
P.O. Box 419,
Yucca Valley, Calif.

Thurs., Feb. 4, 1954.

Dear Frank & Alice

You are cordially invited to participate as one of the speakers at the Interplanetary Spacecraft Convention at Giant Rock Airport, 17 miles North of Yucca Valley, California, on Sunday, April the 4th, 1954.

All who have investigated, contacted, or written books on the subject, are being invited to speak. This is your opportunity to meet those whom you have not met before.

We are holding this first convention outside the confines of a city, with the hope that one of the craft will appear for those who attend to see.

From all appearances there should be a crowd of around 5000 interested people here.

Air Force Intelligence has been invited.

All people have been requested to bring their own food and refreshments, in all publicity.

There are no charges to the public and all who participate must pay their own expenses. No one is to be paid.

Sincerely yours,

G.W. Van Tassel
G.W. Van Tassel

Yours to you,

RIVERSIDE ENTERPRISE

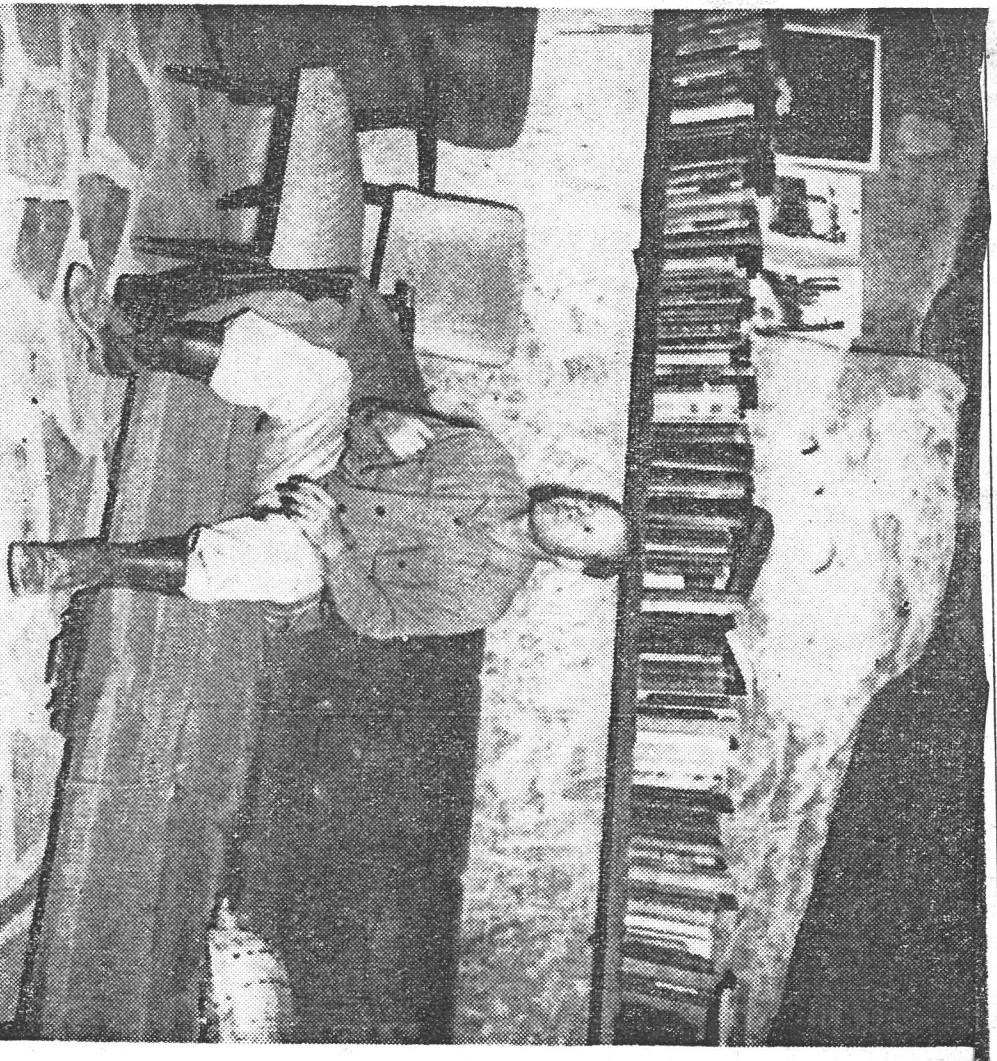
INDEPENDENT

A NEWSPAPER FOR RIVERSIDE COUNTY

DESERT AND PASS EDITION

CALIFORNIA

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1954



"Venutians have visited us several times in this room," says George Van Tassel.

THEY'RE FRIENDLY

Scientist Tells of Space Visitors

Story and Photo

By ED RITTER

SPACE SHIP LANDING STRIP NEAR JOSHUA TREE, Dec. 1.—"The crew of a scout ship from a carrier out of Venus stopped in here just the other night," my host opened casually after gesturing me to a comfortable chair. "One of the Venutians sat down right there in the chair you're occupying."

It's natural enough for George Van Tassel to assume that his guests want the conversation to turn to things extra-terrestrial.

Now that his fame as a "flying saucer" authority has been spread through his book, a television appearance, a San Bernardino service club address and publications of his College of Universal Wisdom, scores of Southlanders invite themselves to the giant rock in the desert under which Van Tassel makes his part time home.

"It's lucky you didn't come on a weekend," he told me. "I have to talk to folks in groups here on Saturdays and Sundays."

Saucer Convention

The largest group — a crowd of several thousand — showed up for a couple of days last April when

Van Tassel hosted a "flying saucer convention."

Callers who make the trip without advantage of airplane or spaceship get a good shaking up on the 28 miles of washboard desert road from Joshua Tree to the rock.

Under the rock, which is about as tall as a three-story building, Van Tassel has a comfortable living room where he studies and entertains guests. A wall is lined with books, most of which deal with interplanetary matters, philosophy or aircraft. (Van Tassel was a flight test engineer before coming to the rock seven years ago.)

A thick guest book on the table bears thousands of names and far flung addresses. Desert scene paintings lend graciousness to the rockbound room.

Other Quarters

Elsewhere on the 2,600-acre ranch, Van Tassel and his family have more commodious living quarters.

A tall man with thin sandy hair, modulated voice and a versatile vocabulary. He apparently has read widely on religion, aircraft, psychology and philosophy. Gentle and well mannered, he is solicitous of his guests' comfort and is a thoroughly courteous conversationalist.

Though the personal experiences he describes are spectacular, his manner of telling them is in no way boastful. He renders his account of being singled out to travel with a Venutian in a spaceship as blandly as if he were telling about a ride in a neighbor's new car.

Unexpected Involvement
He got involved in extra-terrestrial communication in an entirely unexpected way, Van Tassel told me.



1954

Saucerian View of Giant Rock Convention of Believers in Objects
From Outer Space. Giant Rock is 50 miles east of Palm Springs

GIANT, ROCK May 14 (S) Space Chief to Seek Presidency

YUCCA VALLEY, May 13.—of a New Age. Help Prepare Our Climaxing the fourth Annual In-World for the Interplanetary terplanetary Spacecraft Conven-
tion yesterday at Giant Rock Airport north of Yucca Valley, where a sign invited people to George Van Tassel announced to become petitioners "To End Destruction Nuclear Explosions." a crowd of more than 4,000 he will be a candidate in the 1960 U.S. presidential race.

He is the originator and founder of the IS convention, and op-

erator of the Giant Rock Airport.

Van Tassel said he had made many contacts with space people.

They have trained him and only recently informed him that he is to be a candidate for President of the United States, he said.

Space people have indicated he may lose the race, he added. However, he said, they hint he would fill the presidential post when the person who is holding the position dies.

"There will be changes made in Washington when I get there," he said.

The IS conventions each spring since 1954 have tended to draw fewer and fewer persons. Each group seems more fervent though smaller, according to a reporter who has covered most of the con-

ventions.

On May 1, 1956, Van Tassel played a tape recording he said was made by a person from Arc-
turas. The space person, speak-
ing slowly with a rather hollow
sounding voice urged the conven-
tioners to oppose war, work for
peace, and unlimited happiness
and prosperity would be theirs.

The Arcturian warned:

"The people of the Earth have not chosen wisely. In their reli-
gions, governments. . . they have
been subject to custom and class
distinction. . ."

Right in line with that theme:

was a large sign inviting volun-
teers for "Peace, Plenty and
Prosperity, With Prior Choice.
Join the Economic Security
Party. A New Economic System

Last year a table was set up Copies were to be sent to the President of the U.S., presi-
dent of the U.N. and the U.S. secretary of state, the sign added.

At Giant Rock

Deputy Takes 'Saucer' Picture

YUCCA VALLEY — A reserve deputy of the San Bernardino County Sheriff's Department—who

maintains that he is "no spaceship crackpot"—apparently took a picture of a flying saucer at Sunday's Sixth Annual Spacecraft Convention at Giant Rock near here.

Deputy Franz Ackerman said that he didn't know he'd gotten anything in front of his Polaroid lens "except about 1,500 people and Giant Rock."

"It's an odd picture."

SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY — Sheriff Frank Bland said he had utmost faith in Ackerman's "ability and integrity—as I have in all my officers—but I'd have to see a saucer myself before I'll believe in them."

Sheriff's Sgt. Don Meyers, in charge of the substation at Twentynine Palms, said it could have

been a bad piece of film, "or some-thing."

THE PICTURE is reported to show the crowd of convention attendees listening to a lecturer in front of Giant Rock. In the Ackerman photo, a circular object appears to be hovering above the rock with white "rays" shooting downward.

"I don't want to tell you what's in the picture," Ackerman said. "I'm not sticking my neck out. I'm not a crackpot. But it sure does look like what people say saucers look like."

The two-day meeting brought

such speakers as Dr. George Hunt

Williamson, Frank Scully, Truman

Bethurum, G. W. Van Tassel, Mike

Probert—who talked "in trance"

and others before audiences esti-

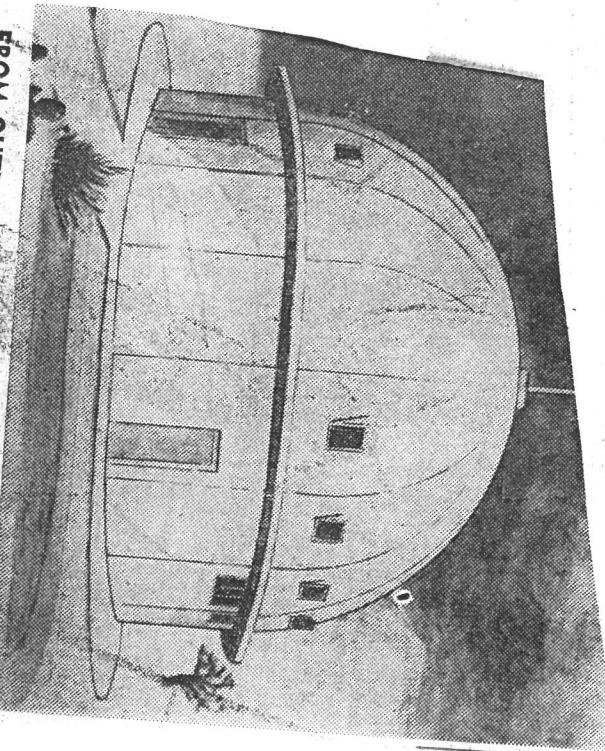
mated in excess of 3,000 by the

sheriff's department.



17 YEARS AGO—Times motor tour party took this Giant Rock Airport photo in '37.

Times photo



FROM OUTER SPACE

Airport Operator George Van Tassel insists this building was designed in outer space.

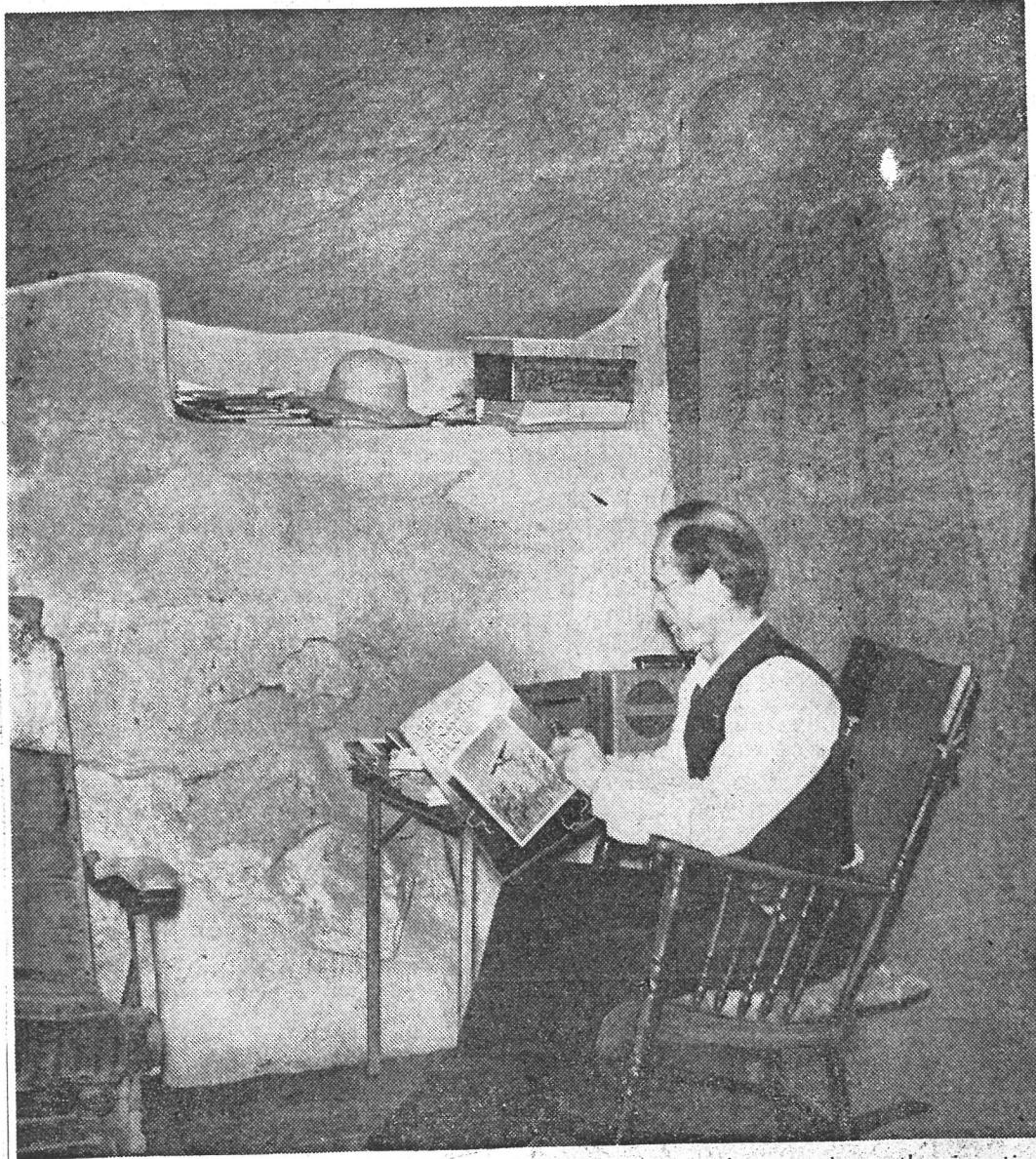
Los Angeles Times

Classified Advertising Number, MADISON 9-4411

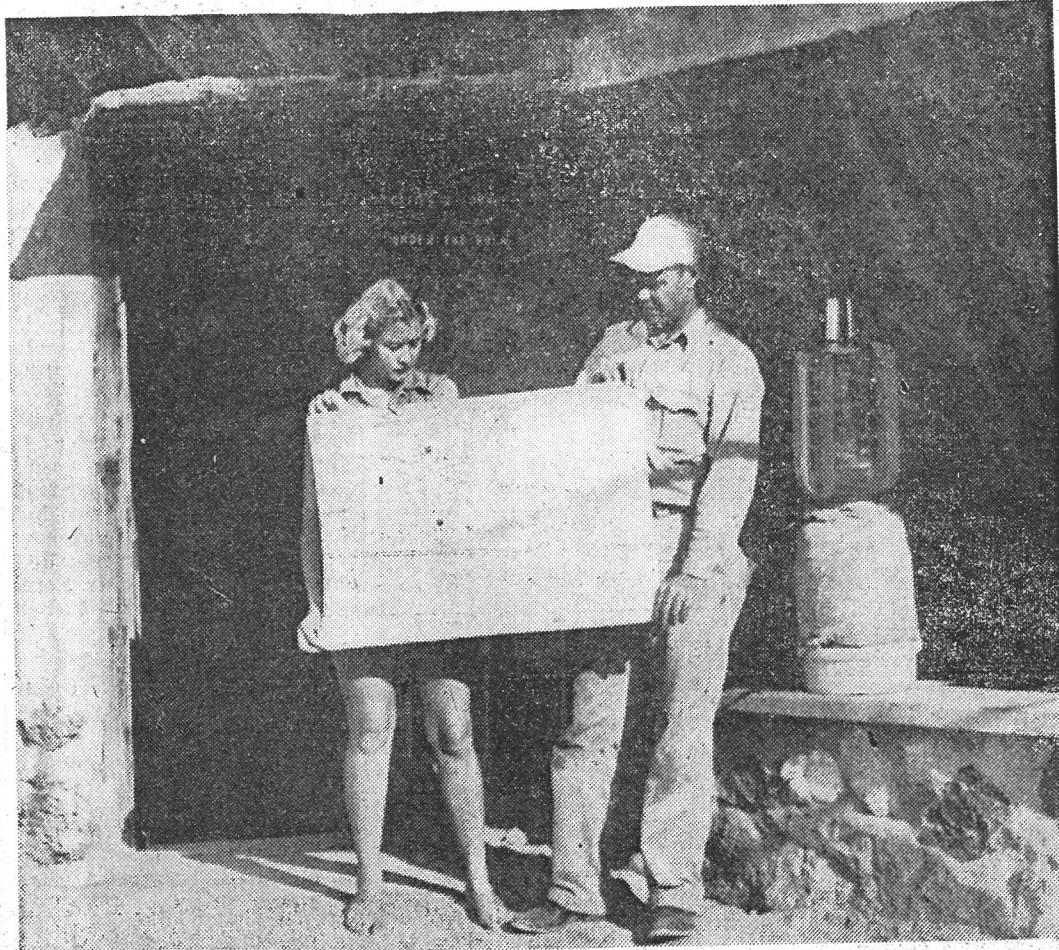
THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 17, 1954

LOCAL
EDITORIAL

Times Office: 202 West First Street, Los A



WHERE CRITZER DIED—Frank Critzer shown in room dug out beneath gigantic boulder at Giant Rock Airport. It was here that Critzer blew himself to pieces in '42.
Harlow W. Jones photo



AIRPORT OPERATOR—George Van Tassel with his daughter, Sandra Lee. Van Tassel declares thousands of people from outer space speak to the world through him.

Dr. J. P. Higgins photo